











**THE**  
**LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL,**



THE  
LONDON  
SATURDAY JOURNAL.

"On for the coming of that glorious time  
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth  
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,  
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit  
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*  
Them who are born to serve her and obey."—WORDSWORTH.

VOLUME II.

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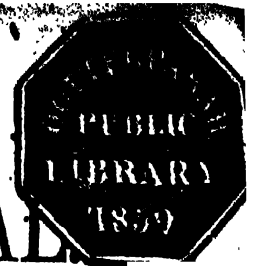
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## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

It has been exceedingly gratifying to us to observe the great increase of visitors to this noble collection of master-pieces of art, since its removal to its present situation. Whilst it remained in Pall Mall, we do not remember ever meeting there a single person whose dress and appearance indicated the mechanic; whilst the rooms in Trafalgar-square are often visited by individuals of this class, enjoying the beauties by which they are surrounded, with apparently as much zest as those of any other class of society. The situation in Pall Mall was so secluded as to cause it to be much neglected, save by country cousins and connoisseurs. We beg it to be understood, that we do not imagine that country cousins are, in general, to be included under the latter head, but still they had heard of this *lion*, probably neglected or forgotten by "my cousin in London," and of course would not let him—albeit unwilling to enter—to pass it by, for "What would they say in the country?" The conspicuous site of the building in Trafalgar-square, and the close neighbourhood of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy (always a popular sight) have been main causes of this change. Numbers have gone on, incited by mere curiosity, and we hope—nay, we believe—that very few who have paid one visit, will be satisfied without returning again and again. The beneficial influence of a well-directed taste for art upon the public mind, is undeniable, and the aspect of the visitors to the National Gallery is an evidence that the designs of Parliament, in establishing this institution, are at length beginning to be fulfilled. When we behold the sailor and his sweetheart enjoying *à sea*-piece by Vandervelde, and the toil-worn mechanic refreshing his wearied eye with the clear sunshine of Claude, we perceive the legitimate end of art fulfilled in those profitable pleasures.

It appears to us, that if a little more gratuitous information as to the subjects of the various paintings were afforded, it would render them of much more use. Unless that is possessed, a picture loses half its interest, and many of the visitors cannot conveniently afford to purchase a descriptive catalogue. The name of the painter is indeed affixed to most of the pictures, and to some few the subject is added; but this should be universally done, and might easily be effected at a trifling cost, yet without in the slightest manner injuring the effect. The propriety of such an arrangement has been made very evident to us by the questions which have frequently been put to us by other visitors, when we have been in the Gallery. It is true that in most instances the subjects may be recognized by those who possess the advantage of education, and are somewhat acquainted with pictures: but the benefit of this exhibition was never intended to be confined to the educated, and nothing which can facilitate the objects of the collection ought to be neglected. There are, besides, historical circumstances connected with several of the pictures, which should, with the name of the artist and the subject of the picture, be briefly noticed on a tablet fixed on the bottom of the frame, in the same manner as the names of the artists are at present given: all that would be necessary would be, to extend the width of the tablet.

To those who are not acquainted with the National Gallery, and perhaps even to those who are, a brief notice of its origin and progress, with a few remarks on some of the principal works of art it contains, may not be unacceptable; and with that view we invite them to accompany us in a walk through the National Gallery.

In the year 1823, the collection of pictures formed by Mr. Angerstein, the banker, a man of consummate taste in the fine arts, was, in consequence of his death, submitted for sale. It consisted of thirty-eight pictures, the greater part of them masterpieces of the highest schools of art. So favourable an opportunity of forming a nucleus, around which a national collection, worthy of Great Britain, might be drawn, was not lost sight of, and the sum of 60,000*l.* was voted by Parliament for the purpose; of which, 56,000*l.* were paid for the pictures, that being their estimated value, the remainder being for incidental purposes. Since that time the collection has been greatly increased. In 1825, three capital pictures were purchased from Mr. Hamlet; and one, the celebrated Correggio (No. 23 of the catalogue), known as "La Vierge au Panier," of Mr. Nieuwenhuys, a picture-dealer. In 1826, Sir George Beaumont presented his collection, consisting of sixteen pictures, valued at 7,500 guineas. Amongst these was one, a lovely little Claude, (No. 61 in the catalogue,) which was so highly prized by him, that he had made it his travelling companion during a great part of his life. After seeing it placed in the National Gallery, he still yearned after his favourite; he felt he could not wholly part with it, and sought and obtained leave to take it with him to his country residence, where he died soon afterwards; and it was returned to its place, according to promise, by his widow. In 1834, the munificent bequest of the Rev. William Holwell Carr, consisting of thirty-four pictures, among which is a series of admirable works of the school of the Carracci, and several masterpieces of Titian, Luini, Garofolo, Claude Lorraine, and Rubens, was added to the Gallery; and more recently it has been enriched by fifteen excellent pictures, bequeathed by the late Lord Farnborough. Besides these, many other additions have been made by purchase, gift, and bequest; some of which we shall presently have occasion to notice more particularly. The total number of pictures at present contained in the Gallery is 170; of which number, fifty have been obtained by purchase, fifty by gift, and seventy by bequest.

So much for chat on the road; and now, entering the building designed for the reception of the national collection, we cannot but regret that so much space has been appropriated for the display of internal architectural magnificence, whilst so little has been allotted to the main purpose of the building. We pass through no less than three vestibules, reaching the whole height of the building (with the exception of the basement), and up a wide and extended staircase, before we reach the rooms destined for the permanent reception of the pictures. Another set of vestibules, precisely similar, occupies the same space on the other side of the building, used for the purposes of the Royal Academy; and thus fully one-third of the available area of the whole erection is wasted in unmeaning halls and antechambers, of no service whatever, save as a field in which to display the taste and talents of the architect;

and consequently the exhibition-rooms, similar in each wing, are so limited in size as to be totally inadequate to the purpose for which they were destined, even at the present time; and should the number of national pictures increase as fast as it has hitherto done, no alternative will very soon be left, than either to eject the Academicians, and appropriate the rooms in both wings to the National Gallery, or to erect a new and better-arranged building for its reception.

Passing up the staircase, we observe three large cartoons hung on the walls of the landing-place,—two by Annibale Caracci, and one by Peruzzi,—all very worthy of attention, but not easily viewed in consequence of their inconvenient situation. It cannot be helped, *for there is no other place to put them.*

We now enter a suite of three rooms, well lighted from above; the walls covered, for about two-thirds of their height, with wainscot of a greyish colour, hung all round with the glorious pictures which each Englishman may call his own. The pictures in the first room we enter are of a very miscellaneous description; the second is glowing with the warm colouring of Rubens; whilst in the third we find the choicest gems in the collection.

With the pictures in this last room the numbering in the catalogue begins, the first being that magnificent and widely celebrated painting, "The Resurrection of Lazarus," by Sebastian del Piombo.\* Its great size (twelve feet six inches high, and nine feet six inches wide,) strikes every eye; but we find few of the uninitiated who care to bestow upon it more than a passing glance. The coat of old varnish and dirt by which it is disfigured, and the injury it has suffered from the hand of time, by whose action many of the shadows have been much darkened, have materially impaired the harmony of the colouring: some bright colours, especially the green in some of the garments, have become far too prominent, whilst other parts, which formerly served to connect these brilliant portions with the deeper colours, are obscured, and now injure the effect which they once assisted. But look at the picture with some attention, and fixing yourself in the best position to take advantage of the light, contemplate the action there displayed. Jesus has just concluded his address to the Father, "I thank thee that thou hast heard me," &c.—his right hand is still elevated towards heaven, whilst—his left stretched out to the charnel-house—he issues the all-powerful words, "Lazarus, come forth." The echo of that "loud voice" is yet floating in the air, and the dead Lazarus has bounded into life, and stands before you, struggling with his grave-clothes, and his eye, so lately an inanimate jelly, now flashing bright,—filled with mingled fear, love, reverence, and astonishment,—gazes fixedly upon the man who had so loved him, and who stands before him in an attitude commanding and sublime, but mournful and filled with exceeding grief. Christ worked the miracle, "that the people that stood by might believe that His Father had sent him;" yet full well he knew that those Jews, whom we see in the back-ground, were even already seeking to turn this very action against him, and would hasten "their ways to the Pharisees, and tell them what things he had done." He knew his own approaching fate, and he mourned over Israel. The grouping is most admirable:—on the one hand, we see Jesus surrounded by his disciples, and a crowd of those Jews who followed, some to listen reverently, but more to betray; on the other, Lazarus, his sisters, their friends, and a party of hired mourners. Both groups are beautifully united by the figure of Mary, who kneels at the feet of Jesus, looking up with eyes of faith. Martha, on the contrary, stands with averted head, unable yet to look upon the resuscitated dead. It is a noble picture, and the powerful genius of Michael Angelo may be traced throughout. Sebastian

\* Born 1485, died 1547.

del Piombo was one of the best painters of Venice, whose school was unrivalled in colouring, but somewhat too neglectful of the correct drawing which particularly distinguished that of Florence. To perfect himself in drawing, Sebastian repaired to Rome, where being employed by Cardinal Giulio di Medici (afterwards Pope Clement VII.) to paint this picture, as a companion to the celebrated Transfiguration of Raphael, commissioned at the same time, (both being designed for the cathedral of Narbonne, of which the cardinal was archbishop,) he sought the aid of Michael Angelo, who entertained some jealousy of Raphael's fame, and by him was assisted in the general design, and particularly in the figure of Lazarus, which is strongly marked by the vigour and correctness of delineation peculiar to that great master. It has been thought by good judges, and it is so stated in the printed catalogue, that the whole figure of Lazarus was painted by the hand of Michael Angelo; but the better opinion appears to be, that he only furnished a cartoon, and did not himself touch the picture. Indeed, when we recollect that he practised oil-painting so little, that, at the present day, not a single picture in that style exists which is *certainly* by his hand, it does not appear likely that he would interfere in that department, in a picture painted by one of the best colourists who ever existed. In contemplating this fine work of art, we cannot help regretting that it spoils Sebastian as a painter. It gained him such favour with the cardinal, that he loaded him with honours, and at last even ecclesiastical preferment; and Sebastian, growing rich and indolent, seldom afterwards exercised his pencil.

Turn we now to a picture which delights every eye, connoisseur and country cousin, peer and peasant, master and man, the lady and her maid. Murillo's picture, "The Holy Family," (No. 13 of the catalogue,) is a recent addition, having been purchased in 1837, and it is the only worthy representative of the Spanish school in the whole collection; but its excellence is so great as to atone for any deficiency in that respect. The brilliancy, harmony, and clearness of the colouring, the noble conception of the design, and the beauty and expressive grace of the details, command our admiration. The child, a figure of infinite beauty and most exquisite expression, appears between the Virgin and Joseph, who are kneeling on each side, in the attitude of adoration of God the Father, whose figure, with attending angels, occupies the upper part of the picture. The face of the Virgin, full of fine expression, is of a decidedly Spanish cast, and is probably a portrait. Murillo\* was one of those extraordinary men who are born with such a decided taste for a particular pursuit, and possessed of such energy, as to carry them over all the difficulties in their path. After a short period, during which he obtained very imperfect instruction from an uncle, who, on removing from Seville, Murillo's birth-place, left him, at an early age, totally dependent on his own resources, Murillo supported himself by his pencil, and attained such excellence in his art, unaided by teachers, or even by the study of the pictures of the Italian schools, as to produce in this period many of his finest and most valued works. The picture before us was painted in what is called his second manner, after he had studied under Velasquez, another celebrated Spanish painter, who resided at Madrid. To raise funds sufficient to carry him to that city, Murillo was obliged to execute a number of little pictures of devotional subjects and flowers, for which he could find a ready demand. When he presented himself to Velasquez, he met with a kind reception, and the best instruction and advice. He entertained the idea of going to Italy, but Velasquez, disregarding his own interest, (for the scholar was soon deemed to equal, if not to surpass, his master,) advised him to remain in Spain. Withdrawn

\* Born 1613, died 1666.

from the obscurity of a provincial city, and introduced to a court in which a taste for the fine arts prevailed, Marillo quickly obtained distinction, and passed the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of well-earned wealth and reputation.

It is with a melancholy feeling that we turn from Murillo to Correggio,\* an artist who, led on by the same native power, achieved yet greater things under the pressure of yet greater discouragements. Nothing certain is known of his history, except that, born of poor parents, in Correggio, a town in the duchy of Modena, he, unaided by friends or fortune, made himself a master of his art, and in the knowledge of light and shade, the rounding of the forms, and the knowledge of aerial perspective, the delicate and true expression of distance in painting, he was pre-eminent, and in other days served as the model by which the Caracci formed themselves when they gave a fresh impetus to art, which had already begun to decline. Notwithstanding his great excellence, he did not meet with his reward. His eyes never beheld the treasures of Rome or Florence. He worked, almost unknown and quite uncared for, in his native place. Tormented by a termagant wife, his life passed in discomfort and poverty. There is a tradition, that one of his best master-pieces was given to an apothecary in discharge of a paltry bill of a few scudi; and the fever which caused his death, at the age of forty, was caused by over-heating himself, in carrying home from Parma a small sum which had been paid him in copper. Yet here hang two pictures, for which alone 11,500*l.* have been recently paid, and the price is not considered excessive. It is probably more than Correggio ever received in the whole course of his life.

Let us attentively observe this "Ecce Homo." Christ crowned with thorns, his hands bound with cords, looks forth upon you with a face of mingled agony, resignation, and pleading. "This I have borne for you," he seems to say, "will you not yet believe?" His mother lies fainting at his feet, the heavy eyelid just closing over the eye sunk in painful unconsciousness, the drooping hands just falling from the convulsive clasp of misery. Mary, the sister of Lazarus, supports her, and gazes upon Christ with an earnest gaze, as if she would almost doubtfully ask, why does not He, who broke the bands of death, exert his power, and free himself from human bondage? The stern Roman soldier seems moved to pity, whilst Pilate looks on from a window in the back-ground. Study this picture, for it preaches to us, in dumb eloquence, the essence of many sermons.

The other works of this master, "Mercury instructing Cupid in presence of Venus," (No. 10 of the catalogue,) and "The Holy Family," (No. 23,) are both of surpassing excellence. The two studies of heads (Nos. 7 and 37,) are beautiful in the extreme, but they are not painted by Correggio: they are fine old copies of portions of the fresco painting with which he adorned the cathedral of Parma. The original has now fallen into decay, and these are therefore doubly valuable.

Many years after Correggio's death, the study of his works excited the ardent spirit of Ludovico Caracci to emulate his excellence, and inspiring his cousins, Annibale and Agostino, with his own fervour, the three established a school, in which Guido and Domenichino,—five specimens of whose works are in the Gallery,—learnt to aspire above the level to which the arts were sinking, and to attempt at least to reach the excellence of the days of Raphael. "Christ appearing to Simon Peter after his Resurrection," (No. 9,) when, according to the Roman Catholic legend, he fled from Rome to avoid persecution, and meeting the Saviour, demanded where he was going, when he replied, "To Rome, to be crucified,"—a reply which filled Peter with repentance for his cowardice,—is an admirable example of the excellence of Annibale, in which he nearly approaches Correggio. A large piece, attributed to Ludovico, "Susannah and the Elders," (No. 28,) is doubtful. The colouring, though managed with skill, and of a fine tone, is too heavy for that master, and the expression of the heads is not equal to his reputation. There are several other

pieces of Annibale's and Ludovico's workmanship, of great excellence; particularly "Ermina discovering the Shepherds," (No. 88,) by Annibale, which has been attributed to Domenichino, and a copy of Correggio's "Ecce Homo," by Ludovico," which is curious as an instance of the difficulty of even a great master copying the works of another, without losing somewhat of the truth of expression.

"The Vision of St. Jerome," (No. 33,) by Parmegiano, another follower of Correggio, is a very magnificent painting, although liable to some objections: the figure of St. Jerome, who is represented as sleeping whilst he perceives the vision which forms the main subject of the picture, is singularly inelegant,—nay, almost grotesque. St. John, on the contrary, pointing upwards to the Virgin and Child enthroned in glory, is very striking, and the painting and composition is very good, being a not unsuccessful attempt to combine the grandeur of form of Michael Angelo with the grace of Correggio. Parmegiano was but twenty-four when he painted this picture at Rome, and so intent was he on his work, that he heeded not the noise and turmoil of the assault when the city was taken by the army of the Constable Bourbon, and knew nothing of what happened until some German soldiers entered his work-room; but so struck were they with the painting they beheld, that they drew back in astonishment and admiration, and not only refrained themselves from outrage or plunder, but prevented others from injuring the artist. This picture was presented by the British Institution, as well as four others, which have been purchased with their funds, and liberally made over to the National Gallery.

The Gallery is rich in the works of Titian, the great master of the school of Venice, whose art was so regarded, that on occasion of a general impost which was levied on the proudest, inscribed in the "Golden Book," he and a fellow artist, Sansovino, were alone excepted, not on account of poverty, (for in wealth they were not wanting,) but as a mark of honour due to art. The finest picture as a work of art is No. 35, "Bacchus and Ariadne;" the glowing tints and harmonious colouring are exquisite, but the action of Bacchus, leaping from the car with one leg suspended, is ungraceful: we fear he will fall, as he does not appear quite ethereal. This is perhaps hypercriticism, and the fault, if it be one, is well redeemed by the grace and animation of the other figures. The "Rape of Ganymede," though not a pleasing subject, is admirably treated, and proves that Titian was not deficient in drawing; a reproach to which the Venetian school was, as we have before noticed, too open. The "Venus and Adonis" (No. 34) has no claim to be considered as an original; it is a good copy, but wants wholly the peculiar character of Titian's colouring.

But we have lingered too long, and have passed by even the "divine Raphael." Alas! there is but one specimen here, and that very recently procured by purchase at a high price from Mr. Beckford. It is a Saint Catharine, a half-length, the size of life, and although a very beautiful picture, and an undoubted original,—a circumstance that much enhances its marketable value,—it appears to us to be deficient in that depth of expression which Raphael knew so well how to impart.

Rubens, the scholar, the diplomatist, and the artist, who, whilst in the full enjoyment of wealth and splendour, forsook not the palette and the brush; Nicolas Poussin, the classic; Gaspar, who delights in dark woods and stormy skies; Rembrandt, who from the midst of darkness flings out his glorious light; Claude Lorraine, who saw nature ever in sunshine; and many, many others, demand our attention; but, gentle reader, unless we take another walk together, we can do no more than name them. And our own English painters, are they to be forgot? Our Hogarth, Wilson, and Wilkie, where are they? Banished to narrow apartments on each side of the staircase, where there is no room to view them properly, and scarcely air to breathe, the space is so confined; and yet these little rooms contain some of the largest pictures in the collection, by West, Lawrence, Angelica Kauffmann, &c. &c. This causes a feeling of regret and disappointment: but yet, under whatever disadvantages the pictures are seen, from all, even the worst, something may be learnt, in all we behold traces, at least, of beauty; and we cannot too strongly urge you, gentle reader and kind companion, to go again and again, for the greater your acquaintance with works of art, the greater and purer will be the enjoyment you derive from their contemplation.

\* Born 1494, died 1534.



## THE POLISH LANCER.

A PRUSSIAN TALE OF NAPOLEON'S WARS.

"HALT! who goes there?" cried the sentinel in a hurried tone, whom we had already discerned through the gloomy shades of the forest, patrolling to and fro before the glaring light of the watch-fire.

Our party were returning from the cavalry bivouac of the Pomeranian Jägers, which lay at Courtray, in Flanders; and we were now nearly at the end of our toilsome march, when again the watchful advanced sentinel hailed us—

"Halt! who goes there?"

This was the second time, and given in a louder, fiercer tone; at the same instant the sharp click of the musket-lock gave fearful warning that the third challenge would be followed by a swift-winged bullet.

"Reconvalescent!" answered the discharged wounded who accompanied us.

"Reconvalescent?" growled the sentinel, at the same time shaking his head thoughtfully; "what may that mean? halt! the parole! or—" and the sentinel presented his musket.

"Gently, gently, comrade; how, in the name of Heaven, can we, who are but just discharged from the hospital of Hoogstraaten, know anything of the parole? Our discharged comrade here merely wishes to inquire where he may find his regiment."

"Hum!—this may be all very true, but it won't do to a sentinel upon his out-post. 'Reconvalescent' is not the word; and I'll tell thee what, if thou dost not give me Berlin for the parole, I will whip a bullet through thy gizzard."

"Berlin! Berlin!" cried I in a hurried tone, for I did not like the looks of the musket-muzzle which was pointed directly at my breast.

"Reconvalescent, advance!—forwards!" cried the now-pacified sentinel, shouldering his musket, and commencing his march with heavy tread.

I hurried first to my major, whom I found seated near to a fire, the flame of which was fed with chairs, tables, and other furniture. Having introduced myself to his wondering notice, I informed him that I was just out of hospital, where I had been cured of a slight shot-wound, and a much more serious slash from a sabre.

The major received me with a hearty shout—"You are not a ghost, then, after all? Here, my lad, take this goblet of wine, and drink success to the arms of our Prussian king, who has promoted you."

I then proceeded towards the quarters of my comrades, who, upon recognising me, set up a simultaneous "Hurrah! hurrah! the dead is returned alive!" They had not seen me for some weeks—not since the battle of Hoogstraaten, where I had fallen to rise no more, as they supposed, in the attack of a square of Napoleon's old guard.

In exchange for my military tatters, I now received a new uniform of good Flanders cloth, which our major had procured by requisition; and in lieu of my broken-down steed, I was presented with a gallant-looking though fretful charger. Napoleon himself, with his golden sword of honour, was not prouder, when he returned from his Italian campaign, than I was of my newly-ground sabre, and of having escaped from the hospital and the surgeon's knife. I approached the sparkling bivouac-fire, over which was slung a huge camp cauldron, from which issued forth a savoury steam: one of my good comrades, fancying that I must needs be hungry after my long march, drew his sword, gave point, plunged it into the camp-kettle, and tugged forth a fine fat capon, and with many a friendly oath, by way of vesper grace, bade me to eat, and make up for lost time.

The night was keen and bitter cold. The report ran that General Maison had concentrated his divisions near to Courtray, and was disposed to give us battle; so that a warm day might be expected after this cold night. "I wonder," said one of my comrades, "if the white flying lancer will show himself?"

"Can you doubt it?" replied another; "why, man, he is here, and there, and everywhere."

"Aye, indeed! a very flying dragon, whose lance has fattened in the heart's-blood of our brave comrades; our balls refuse to enter his carcase; and why? because some say that he has sold himself to the *Old One*; but if ever I meet him hand to hand . . ."

In answer to some minute inquiries, I was informed, that as our Prussians' daily came in contact with Napoleon's troops, a Polish lancer had, by his daring deeds, rendered himself the fear and

wonder of all. In every skirmish was he to be seen, and ever in the thickest of the fight. He was not only rashly brave, but he was the best rider, and the most expert hurler of the deadly lance: there was not a better horseman, at least in the French ranks. Like the rapid lightning was he seen here, and there, darting amid our Prussians upon his fleet white steed—whirling his lance, and striking with unerring aim some gallant breast—then dashing away singing his Polish song, as if in derision of his wondering foes.

"Give an attentive ear to these accounts of the white lancer, which a stander-by observing, said—"All true as gospel, comrade; if he pricks thee with his lance, thou wilt have no need of troubling the leech for some time after, for he bleeds freely enough."

"Ay, ay, the Kerl's lance is sharp," said another; "and he daily treats us to a pistol-shot, a sharp stab, or a sharper word."

"Do you know," said a third, "that the General had a narrow escape from him to-day as he was reconnoitering?"

"So—the General! but an adjutant is above a match for this lancer; let him catch the adjutant sleeping with both eyes shut if he can. This white lancer met the adjutant in a narrow way; well, what was to be done? escape was impossible; but then the adjutant's wit was keener for once than the Polish lance. Well, up comes the flying lancer, and without reining up, made a stab at the adjutant in a part that shall be nameless—no joke though to be spitted in such a tender place. Off his horse rolled the wily adjutant into a soft comfortable ditch full of green weeds and mud; and there he lay as if stone-dead. The Pole recovered his lance, shook it till its bloody pennon fluttered, and continued his mad career; then the adjutant crawled out, shook his ears, and for that time cheated the dead list of his name."

Many other wondrous tales were related of the wild Polish lancer,—how he sometimes tickled the ribs, and at others the midriff, with the point of his unerring lance.

It was midnight;—many were calmly reposing near the bivouac-fire; I also stretched myself in the most comfortable spot I could find, and drew over me a female's mantle, which a *Cossaken* had bartered with me from his load of plunder for a glass of *modka*. An unperceived door, wrenched probably from some chateau, sheltered me a little from the bitter wind. My ready-saddled horse, fastened to the piquet, was slumbering upon three legs. It was a beautiful, clear, starlight night, and the crescent moon sailed majestically through the blue ethereal vault of heaven.

All was calm and still, save the munching of a hungry guard just relieved from a distant post; they were diligently plunging their swords into the great cauldron, and cramming themselves with the still plenteous fragments of fowls and geese, and washing them down with cups of potent *schnapps*. At a short distance might be seen a party of anxious gamblers seated upon the bare ground, a knapsack serving to throw their dice upon. Another group were huddled together over some flasks of wine, which, doubtless, they had fallen in with in some of their marauding parties. Close to the fire sat one, sabre in hand, scraping together the scattered remains of the dimming fire; another, full of strong drink to the point of mischief, was amusing himself with throwing gunpowder out of his flask into the fire. Here tossed and tumbled some, and others lay scattered, snorting away most inharmoniously. The outpost continued his silent melancholy march backwards and forwards, occasionally humming a war-song, to keep himself in spirits, or listening to the clanging of his own sabre. In the rear of the bivouac, huddled together, lay the camp-followers, ready to sell their potent fire-water, or to purchase from the marauders their plunder at one-third of its value. I would fain have slept; but to sleep was impossible; the snorting, snoring, and trumpet-bass of my envied comrades, kept my weary eyes from closing. Oft would our Jägers fancy themselves in pursuit, or pursued by the white lancer, whose image met them in their dreams, and his name was upon their sleeping lips.

At this moment a bullet came whistling by the outpost, and struck the earth not far from one of the sleepers, who merely raised his head, rubbed his heavy eyes, and dropped into a deeper sleep. The horses snorted, and pricked their ears. "Let them fire away!" muttered one near to me, "that is no novelty to us;" and again he laid his weary head upon his knapsack. Then whizzed by another, and another bullet. "Oho!" cried the outpost starting aside, "there is a storm near at hand, if one may judge from these heavy drops." Then the careful sentinel listened attentively, and he heard a rushing sound approaching, and afterwards the hasty hoofs of horse, and the clang of sabres.

"Halt! who goes there?" cried the alarmed sentinel.

"The General and his suite," was the answer.

"Halt, General! forward, one of the suite!" said the well-instructed sentinel, who now demanded the parole before he would let even the general pass.

In the meantime the distant firing had become much more lively, and approached nearer and nearer; the roar of the cannon was heard, and the vast iron balls rattled through the air, plunged into the earth, or scattered the bare branches of the trees, as if in scorn of their feeble opposition. The enemy was making a general attack upon our outposts, and our trumpets sounded the shrill alarm.

Up sprang our sleeping men like a swarm of angry wasps disturbed in their nests, and flew to saddle. One could not find his horse; another limped upon one leg, the other being cramped, or not yet awake; a third snatched a roasted potato out of the ashes; a fourth hurried to fill his *fläschchen* with *schnapps* from the busy camp-follower. One sleepy dog, who, contrary to orders, had unsaddled his steed, had now in his hurry girthed in the projecting bough of a tree under his saddle, and set his horse kicking mad: another, only half-awake, sat nodding upon his horse, but could not move forwards, because his steed still remained fast bound to the piquet-stake. Here, one stumbled over the camp-line; there, another floundered into a hole which had been dug in the ground for cookery purposes. Many wandered hither and thither, and did not seem quite certain whether they were about to meet friend or foe. A strange and curious night-piece is an alarmed bivouac, particularly when illuminated by the enemy's fires.

As our men mounted, they were instantly formed into line; and already our advanced party was performing in a piece where the sabre played the principal part. "Take care! take care, my lads! lest in the dark you sabre your friends. Listen for the French tongue, and then slash away," said our prudent commander.

Doubtless, from our resistance, the French judged that we were in much stronger force; but as the day began to dawn, they were astonished to find that ours was a mere cavalry post, and instantly ordered fresh men to attack us. The tardy sun at last arose, and the cry of our commander was—"Forwards! forwards, volunteers!" and a gallant crowd sprung out of our ranks, and joined the front.

"There he is! there he is!" exclaimed a dozen voices; and at this moment was seen in the dim distance, rapidly advancing upon a white horse, in front of the chasseurs, a slightly-formed lancer; his sky-blue uniform was faced with crimson, and from his scarlet hat, like a comet's tail, streamed the milk-white horse hair—his glittering lance, from which fluttered the red and yellow bandrol, sparkled in the morning sunbeam. Reader, this was the dreaded Polish lancer. This Pole was one of the last of that gallant band, the flower of cavalry, which had helped to gain for the French many a glorious victory. Doubtless he had been deceived with the false sound of freedom, and was thus induced to fight against the Prussian, who he was led to believe was the enemy of his country; but our people seeing him approach within hearing, called out to him,—"Komme zu uns, Kamerad! weit hinter uns liegt schon dein Vaterland." ("Come over to us, comrade! far in our rear lies thy fatherland.") To which the lancer answered—"Noch ist Polen nicht verloren." ("Poland is not yet lost.")—Then he fired his pistol at us, and recommenced his war-song.

The chasseurs followed fast upon the flying hoofs of the lancer's white steed. "Forwards!" cried our commander. "Strike hard, my sons, for the honour of your fatherland." The word was again thundered forth—"Forwards!" Then came the dread shock—then throbbed many hearts, as we firmly clutched our swords, spurred our willing steeds, and with a loud hurrah! rushed upon the foe. But what pen can portray, or tongue describe, the mixed sensation of that awful moment? The rush was made, there was no longer time for thought.

I was that day mounted upon a wild, unbroken mare; and when she heard the trumpet sound the charge, the skittish jade broke from the ranks, and hurried me onwards directly towards where the lancer was wheeling and careering upon his managed milk-white steed.

"Be not so rashly valorous, my young comrade," cried the veteran major.

Would to heaven that my mare had understood the warning words! for it was this skittish beast, and not exactly my hot courage, which was hurrying me into the lion's jaws. In the same manner had she only a few hours before brought to us an unlucky French chasseur, and delivered him into our hands, and now it appeared very probable that a Frenchman would shortly again back this unruly brute.

The white lancer witnessed my forced ignoble career, and laughing, and uttering one of his bitter jests, he twirled his fatal lance and stabbed me slightly. At this very moment, and before he could repeat his blow, the enemy (most fortunately for me) was driven back. Though probably the proud haughty French merely intended to show their disdain of us by turning their backs upon us!

The white lancer was, by this last beautiful manoeuvre of the French, the rearmost of the rear. He coolly dismounted to give breath to his smoking steed, and then seated himself upon a great stone, and, as if in disdain of our flanking fire, began to eat his breakfast as if he were upon the parade-ground of his father-land, and had heard the order "Stand at ease."

"Look at that impudent rascal!" and several of our irritated men dashed at him; but, like lightning, the lancer sprang upon his horse, and flew laughing upon his fleet steed right and left, seeking for a prey for his sharp lance, and then miraculously escaped from a crowd of enemies, and regained the ranks of our foe, who, strongly reinforced, advanced again, and then came our turn to retreat.

The lancer upon his white greyhound galloped lightly over the fields, fluttering his lance as a hawk high in air quivers its wings ere it stoops over its destined victim; then he laughed exultingly—"Ho! ho!" cried he in tones of derision, "which of you valiant Prussians will try his sabre against my lance? Come on—come on, Prussians!"

Many of our bravos, who had loudly sworn to eat this lancer and his horse, now pretended not to hear the challenge. But the generous blood of a young jäger was up, and he was determined to conquer or die. Many of his comrades laughed scornfully and said—"Ay, ay, away with thee, my lad; the lancer will surely tickle thee under the rib."

The brave young man, disdainful reply, but with sabre swinging to his wrist he left our line. The lancer, perceiving his advance, presented his lance, and in the middle space between the opposing combatants they met, and instantly exchanged cut and stab; but neither rider fell; then they faced about, sprang at each other again, and cut and thrust with might and main. The firing ceased at either side to watch the issue of the champions' strife. Blood streamed from the young jäger first, for which he returned a lusty blow, and slightly wounded the lancer.

"Ha! ha! thou art a brave Prussian," cried the Pole; "such an enemy have I never met before. Come hither, comrade, thou must drink out of my *flasche*."

"I feel assured now that there is no deceit in thee," said the jäger, "and I will pledge thee;" and in full confidence he sheathed his bloody sword and approached the Pole, who had laid the lance in the hollow of his arm pointing backwards. The Pole held out the *flasche*; then the warriors surveyed each other with curious eye, and their horses laid their heads together as if they also would make acquaintance.

"Drink, comrade! drink success to the brave, whether friend or foe," said the Pole to the young Prussian.

"Here's to your health, comrade," replied the young jäger; and, as he took the *flasche*, added—"though at this moment my sharp sabre may perhaps have endangered it."

"Why, ay; thy sabre bites keenly enough, but thee and thine have often felt the sting of this good lance, and so far we are quits."

"If we gain a victory to-day," said the jäger, "how long do you think it will take us to march to Paris?"

"Comrade, this is a matter we need not speak about," replied the lancer. "Here, drink once more out of my *flasche*; we are friends yet?"

"Ay, but once we join our ranks we are foes again!"

Then they quietly turned their horses; and, at twenty paces, puff—puff went their pistols at each other's head, as they galloped to rejoin their comrades.

The rattle of some thirty muskets, from a thicket where Prussian fusileers lay in ambush, was heard, and the brave lancer and his white horse were seen to roll upon the ground together. In a moment the advanced guard of the enemy was broken and took to flight, leaving the white lancer in our hands; he was not yet quite dead, but raising himself with a dying effort, he exclaimed, "Po—land for ever!" His gallant spirit fled with the words he uttered. Though every one feared, yet all admired the brave white lancer; and we buried him in a deep grave, and fired over him three volleys in honour of his bravery: his lance and white horse we buried with him.

## POSSIBILITIES OF AEROSTATION.

ONE great advantage enjoyed by modern philosophers over their predecessors, is the superior certainty and accuracy of the inductive process of reasoning. The old experimentalists, indeed, possessed neither the extensive knowledge of facts, nor the comprehensive powers of calculation, requisite to trace out the connexion between their various discoveries, or to lay the foundation of systems which could link together the isolated results of their experiments. Their art was still a mystery, as much almost to the best adepts, as they called themselves, as to the most unlearned. Nature and its elements were displayed to their researches under the same forms as to ours, but they could not yet interpret the hieroglyphics. They ventured upon an untried ocean, and lighted upon many new and undiscovered regions, but they had not science enough to determine their position, or even to ascertain their qualities.

The process of induction was to them unknown; the reasoning from analogy, from the found or fancied resemblance of different products, was in their hands most fallacious. We have found it most profitable, when based on careful experiments, and established by sure calculations; but they were as ignorant of the composition of the world as Columbus was of its size, and like him imagined those points *one*, which were, in reality, separated by vast intervals. As he concluded that his new-found lands were part of the much-coveted Indies, and named them accordingly, so these chemists, from the brilliant nature of some of the compounds of sulphur, imagined themselves on the brink of the golden discovery for which they toiled. This uncertainty continually retarded their progress; being unable to recognise the true path, they were perpetually led aside into a vain pursuit of a profitless object. Fruitless efforts to square the circle, or find the multiple of the cube, consumed time and ingenuity that might have been much better employed, had they known those formulas by which we prove the last to be impossible, and have accomplished the first within so near an approximation, that in a circle whose diameter equals that of the earth's orbit, 190 millions of miles, the error of our computation shall not be two square inches.

Another invention, on which a vast amount of misdirected labour has been, and indeed still is, wasted, merely from the want of a simple calculation, is the art of flying. With so many examples in nature of animals possessing this power, and with such prospects of rapidity and ease in that kind of locomotion, it is no wonder that men in all ages should have believed in its possibility, and laboured for its attainment; yet all who tried met with nothing but disappointment, and for obvious reasons: they did not, or could not, rightly estimate the powers by which they proposed to accomplish their object. The many endeavours to imitate the fabled waxen wings of Dædalus might have been spared, if the projectors had considered for how short a time the muscles of the arm can bear alone the weight of the body, even when holding by a fixed support; and for how much shorter could they endure the exertion of both sustaining and pushing that weight through the air, if the difficulty of providing sufficient wings had been surmounted.

The Jesuit, Francis Lanc, vainly tried to put into practice his ingenious idea of the hollow exhausted globes. A little knowledge of the pressure of the atmosphere would have saved his labour. Even the surprising and popular invention of the balloon we look on as only operating to retard the discovery of the more perfect method. It bears so great an appearance of performing the desired work, that it has monopolised the attention of ingenious men, diverting them, with false hopes of grand results, from more profitable experiments. "The principal uses," says M. Cavallo,

"to, which these machines may be subservient, are numerous indeed; and it may be sufficient to say that hardly anything that passes in the atmosphere is known with precision, and that from want of any means of ascending into it, the formation of rain, of thunder-storms, of vapours, hail, snow, and meteors in general, require to be attentively examined and ascertained; the action of the barometer; the refraction and temperature of the air in various regions; the descent of bodies; the propagation of sound, &c., are subjects which all require a series of observations and experiments, the performance of which could never have been properly expected before the discovery of aerostatic machines." Such were the sanguine expectations of advantage from this invention; that they can never be realised a very short proof will establish. A balloon unguided, merely floating about, driven by any wind that may happen to blow, can be of little service in performing those important experiments to which M. Cavallo alludes. Now the force of air, when moving a little more than 14 miles an hour, or 21 feet per second, is equal to a weight of one pound on every square foot; and a wind blowing with that velocity, a very moderate one, merely constituting "a gentle pleasant gale," would oppose, even to the "monster" balloon (and to one of less size the pressure would be more in proportion) a resistance equal to the whole attached weight it would raise; so that, in contriving a machine to conquer this resistance, it would be easier to make it lift of itself the required burden than even keep the balloon stationary in the face of such a breeze.

The conditions of possibility of ever perfecting this art may be thus stated. A surface of one square foot, when moving against the air, would, as above-mentioned, encounter a resistance of one pound avoirdupois, or would lift that weight if its motion were diverted perpendicularly downwards. Now this resistance increases as the square of the velocity; so that, if moving at 100 feet per second, its power would be nearly 25lbs, or 40 feet of surface would raise 1,000lbs. It does not appear possible that we shall ever construct wings light and yet strong enough to endure this resistance; and, besides, the alternate or vibrating motion occasions a great waste of power, and cannot be made very rapid. A rotator having large vanes set obliquely, and revolving with a continuous motion, affords the most likely prospect of success, if we can ever find some motive power which shall be able to exert that force for a sufficient length of time, and yet whose whole machinery shall not weigh more than a part of the 1,000lbs. None exists, after all our improvements and the triumphs of steam, that approaches such a capability; but we do not despair of finding, among the discoveries of chemistry, one which shall endow our engines with energy even for this herculean task.

## SINGULAR INSTANCE OF THE PRESERVATION OF ANIMAL LIFE.

PROFESSOR EATON, of New York, states that the diluvial deposits through which the Erie canal was made contained ridges of hard compact gravel. On cutting through one of these near Rome village, sixteen miles west of Utica, the workmen found several hundred *live* molluscous animals. They were chiefly of the *Mya cariosa* and *Mya purpurea*. The workmen took the animals, fried, and eat them. He adds, "I was assured that they were taken alive forty-two feet deep in the deposit. Several of the shells are now before me. The deposit is diluvial. These animals must have been there from the time of the Deluge; for the earth in which they were is too compact for them to have been produced by a succession of generations. These fresh-water clams, of three thousand years old, precisely resemble the same species which now inhabit the fresh waters of that district. Therefore, the lives of these animals have been greatly prolonged by their exclusion from air and light for more than three thousand years."—*Silliman's American Journal*.

## HOURS WITH THE POETS.—COLERIDGE.

Of all the travellers into the fairy regions of poetry, who bring back to us such wonderful stories of what they have there beheld, commend us to Coleridge for the example of a poet's enjoyment of his own discoveries!—for wrapped in his luxurious visions, absorbed in the magic powers of his "faculty divine," he forgot but too often that both the one and the other were in trust, that he might by their means aid in the advancement, and promote the happiness, of his less-gifted fellow-creatures. Poetry to him was certainly its own great reward; we can scarcely reverse the proposition, and say, that he was to poetry all he might have been. The Muse endowed him profusely with her richest gifts, but he did not always repay her in the true spirit; for he was often idly and selfishly enjoying, when he should have been earnestly and laboriously expounding: during the most valuable portion of his life, he was doing little else but charming a circle with the qualifications meant for mankind. Our quarrel, then, with Coleridge, is not that his poetry is deficient in power, in beauty, or even in steadiness of purpose; it is a more reverential as well as affectionate chiding;—it is, that he has given us so little, yet made us desire so much; that he should write so few poems, whilst almost every one of these poems renders it impossible for us to resist the desire for more.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary's, in Devonshire, in 1772; of which parish his father, a man of learning, and who died much regretted in his sixty-second year, was vicar. Coleridge was educated in the same school as two of his eminent cotemporaries and friends, Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt,—namely, Christ's Hospital, London. He was here considered a boy of acute but eccentric mind. His master was the Rev. J. Bowyer, a teacher alike eminent for his talents and his severity. To him Coleridge was greatly indebted for the benefit of a good classical education. "He habituated me," says Coleridge, "to compare Lucretius, Terence, and, above all, the chaste poetics of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the so-called silver and brazen ages, but even with those of the Augustan era; and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic, to see and assert the superiority of the former, in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons, too, that required the most time and trouble to bring up, so as to escape his censure. I learned from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest and seemingly that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle and complex, and dependent on more fugitive causes. In our English compositions, (at least, for the three last years of our school education,) he showed no mercy to phrase, image, or metaphor, unsupported by sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. Lute, harp, and lyre,—muse, muses, and inspirations,—Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now exclaiming—'Harp! harp! lyre!—pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, muse!—your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring! O, ay! the cloister pump, I suppose!'" Of his mental habits at this period Coleridge observes—"At a very premature age, even before my fifteenth year, I had bewildered myself in metaphysics and theological controversy." From the Blue-coat School, Coleridge went to the university, where the persuasion of Bowles's Sonnets turned his mind into its native course, towards poetry. In November, 1793, in a paroxysm brought on partly by pecuniary anxieties, and partly by an unrequited love for a young lady, the sister of a schoolfellow, he abandoned the university, and came to London; and shortly after enlisted as a private soldier, in the 25th Dragoons, under the assumed name of Comberback. He became, of course, the talk and wonder of the regiment. An evidence of his generous and affectionate disposition is recorded of him at this period, in the circumstance of his sitting up night and day to watch by the side of a sick comrade. His friends at length discovered his situation, and procured his discharge. In 1794, Coleridge published his first volume of poems: among them was the following, which, once the butt of much witless ridicule, is now universally admired for its simple touching pathos, and which we extract, for the additional reason of showing the healthy sense of humanity exhibited by the young poet, in the display of such feelings on such a subject.

## TO A YOUNG ASS,

*Its Mother being tethered near it.*

"Poor little foal of an oppressed race!  
I love the languid softness of thy face:  
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,  
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.  
But what thy dulled spirits hath dismay'd,  
That never thou dost sport along the glads?  
And (most unlike the nature of thine young)  
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?  
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,  
Meek child of misery! thy future fate?  
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches  
'Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?'  
Or is thy sad heart thrill'd with filial pain  
To see thy wretched mother's shotten'd chain?  
And truly, very pitious is her lot—  
Chain'd to a log, within a narrow spot,  
Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,  
While sweet around her waves the tempting green!

Poor ass! thy master should have learnt to show  
Pity—best taught by fellowship of woe!  
For much I fear me that he lives like thee,  
Half famish'd in a land of luxury.  
How askingly its footsteps hither bend!  
It seems to say, 'And have I then one friend?'  
Innocent foal! thou poor deserv'dst no more!  
I hail thee brother—spite of the fool's scorn!  
And fain would take thee with me, in the dell  
Of peace and mild equality to dwell,  
Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,  
And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribbles side,  
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in game some play,  
And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay!  
Yea! and more musically sweet to me,  
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,  
Than warbled melodies that soothe the breast  
The aching of pale Fashion's vacant rest!"

In the same year Coleridge wrote, in conjunction with Southey, "The Fall of Robespierre," an historical drama, which was begun at seven o'clock one evening, and finished by noon of the next day. Coleridge was now an ardent enthusiast in the cause of liberty and the regeneration of mankind. He found two coadjutors, equally fervent, in the persons of Robert Southey, the present distinguished poet, and in one Robert Lovell. They were to found in the deep woods of America a new and happier world, where all the evils of European governments were to be avoided!—where the golden age was to be restored! While their scheme was in progress of formation, the three philosophers (curiously enough) fell in love with three sisters of the name of Fricker, and eventually married them. This broke up the scheme, and the two principal projectors lived to oppose all the advocates of their own former opinions. Whilst Coleridge was yet an advocate of "liberty and equality," he started a weekly paper, called "The Watchman," to forward the progress of "true liberty," and canvassed personally the northern counties for subscribers. It stopped about the ninth number. In 1797, he went with his family to reside at Nether Stowey, in the neighbourhood of Wordsworth, and of his friend and benefactor Mr. Poole. At this time he contributed poems to a London paper, and thus obtained a scanty and precarious subsistence; for he had married without possessing the means of supporting a family, and was consequently in continual anxiety on that score. Here he wrote his tragedy of "Remorse," (which was brought on the stage some years after by Sheridan,) and his principal poems. He was now a Unitarian, and preached in a chapel belonging to that sect at Taunton. Whatever political changes his mind had undergone, they were certainly honest,—they sprang from uncontrollable conviction. In a poem written at Nether Stowey, during the alarm of an invasion from France, we have a passage among many exquisite ones, that, after expressing in few words his view of parties at home, ends with a noble and beautiful exemplification of the feelings in which all parties may join,—namely, love of country.

"Some, belike,  
Groaning with restless animity, expect  
All change from change of constituted power;  
As if a government had been a robe,  
On which our vice and wretchedness were tagg'd  
Like fancy points and fringes, with the robe  
Full'd off at pleasure,

\* \* \* Others, meanwhile,  
Dote with a mad idolatry; and all  
Who will not fall before their images,  
And yield them worship, they are enemies  
Even of their country!

*Such have I been deem'd.*  
But, O dear Britain! O my mother Isle!  
Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy  
To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,  
A husband and a father! who revere  
All bonds of natural love, and find them all  
Within the limits of thy rocky shores.

O native Britain! O my mother Isle!  
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy  
To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,  
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,  
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,  
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,  
All adoration of the God in nature,  
All lovely and all honourable things,  
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel  
The joy and greatness of its future being.  
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul  
Unborrow'd from my country. O divine  
And beautiful island! thou hast been my sole  
And most magnificent temple, in the which  
I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,  
Loving the God that made me!"

In 1798, the late Thomas Wedgwood, Esq. enabled Coleridge to proceed to Germany, "to finish his education," as the poet expressed himself, in company with Wordsworth. He became now deeply imbued with the spirit of German literature, and probably formed that taste for German philosophy which induced him in later years to prosecute its study. To this visit we probably owe also his translation of "Wallenstein." His religious opinions were now again changed; to use his own words, he had a "re-conversion" to the belief in which he was educated. On his return from Germany, he resided at the Lakes, where Southey and Wordsworth had already taken up their residence: the name applied to the three, of "Lake Poets," is well known. Coleridge's next step was to edit the "Morning Post" newspaper. After this situation was abandoned, he became secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, in Malta; and although he remained there but a very short period, he became entitled to a pension. "The Friend," another periodical paper, appeared in 1809, but was not more successful, in a pecuniary point of view, than its predecessor, "The Watchman:" as a literary work, however, it possesses a high value. Coleridge finally left the Lakes for London in 1810, where he resided, first with Mr. Basil Montagu, and afterwards with Mr. Gillman, of Highgate, in whose house he died, in 1834, aged sixty-two years. Coleridge's many and close friendships, including, as many of them did, great pecuniary obligations, show strikingly the amiableness of his disposition, as well as the attractive qualities of his mind.

Of the dreamy voluptuous character of Coleridge's poetical enjoyments,—for by that name, it seems to us, the materials of his poems are most fitly designated,—we have many exquisite instances. Here is one glimpse of

#### THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

"O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,  
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,  
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,  
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes  
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould  
Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low,  
And cheek astant, see rivers flow of gold  
Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go  
From mount to mount, through cloudland—gorgeous land!  
Or lisening to the tide, with closed sight,  
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand  
By those deep sounds possess'd, with inward light  
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey  
—Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea."

How magnificently sublime is the thought expressed in the last five lines!—how happy the dwelling upon the enjoyment of going

"From mount to mount through cloudland—gorgeous land!"

is conveyed in those last two emphatic words, with their partial repetition! Here is another vision, which appears to us inimitable for its dreamy tenderness, and for the beauty of the melody which is its appropriate voice.

#### A DAY-DREAM.

"My eyes make pictures when they're shut :—  
I see a fountain large and fair,  
A willow and a ruin'd hut,  
And thee, and me, and Mary there.  
O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow!  
Bend o'er us like a bower, my beautiful green willow!"

"A wild rose rooFs the ruin'd shed,  
And that and summer well agree;  
And lo! where Mary leans her head,  
Two dear names carved upon the tree!  
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow:  
Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow."

"'Twas day! But now, few, large, and bright,  
The stars are round the crescent moon!  
And now it is a dark, warm night,  
The balmiest of the month of June.  
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge remounting,  
Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet fountain!"

"O, ever, ever be thou blest!  
For dearly, Nora! love I thee!  
This brooding warmth across my breast,  
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah, me!  
Fount, tree, and shed are gone, I know not whither;  
But in one quiet room we three are still together."

"The shadows dance upon the wall,  
By the still-dancing fire-flames made;  
And now they slumber, moveless all!  
And now they melt to one deep shade!  
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee:  
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee."

"Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play;  
'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow!  
But let me check this tender lay  
Which none may hear, but she and thou!  
Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,  
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women!"

But the most remarkable of his poems, illustrative of the mental habits of this greatest of visionaries, is also highly curious and interesting as a psychological fact,—being, in short, the results of an actual dream, composed in profound sleep. He says, "In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair, at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's 'Pilgrimage:—' Here the khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses; during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines: if that, indeed, can be called composition, in which all the images rose up before him, as things with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking, he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour; and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that, though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had 'passed away.'"

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree,  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round:  
And here were gardens bright, with sinuous rills,  
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests, ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

"The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves,  
Where were heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome, with caves of ice."

"A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
That, with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome—those caves of ice," &c.

Coleridge's greatest poetical works are the poems of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," and the translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein." This last is esteemed one of the noblest translations our language can boast of: the former are no less eminent for their strange supernatural power, combined with touches of surpassing sweetness and tenderness, and for their originality of conception and style. It is, however, impossible to do justice to these remarkable poems in our present limited space; we may therefore return to them at some future opportunity. In the mean time our thoughts fly over the whole range of his poems, in order that we may choose some characteristic of his high powers; but it is difficult to choose where all are so good. Hark! a sound has decided us. Through the warm and balmy air of this June evening, now fast closing in, and which seems but to wait for the vanishing of that long rich streak of light upon the edge of the horizon, to cover all the scene with darkness, there comes the note of a bird—the simple prelude to a wonderful song. No other sound disturbs the intense silence; Nature herself seems hushed, and waiting in mute expectation the melodies of its favourite bird. It is the Nightingale!—and the very word recalls to our memory a description, that perhaps no poet, ancient or modern, has surpassed. Sweet bird! exquisite as are thy native "wood-notes wild," can I listen to them whilst my soul hears such music as this?—

"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!  
A melancholy bird? O, idle thought!  
In nature there is nothing melancholy.  
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced  
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,  
Or slow distemper, or neglected love;  
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,  
And made all gentle sounds toll back the tale  
Of his own sorrow: he, and such as he,  
First named these notes a melancholy strain;  
And many a poet echoes the conceit.

We have learnt  
A different lore. We may not thus profane  
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love  
And joyance. 'Tis the merry nightingale  
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates  
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,  
As he were fearful that an April night  
Would be too short for him to utter forth  
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul  
Of all its music!

far and near,  
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,  
They answer and provoke each others' song,  
With skirmish and capricious passings,  
And murmurs, musical and swift, jug! jug!  
And one low piping sound, more sweet than all,  
Stirring the air with such a harmony,  
That, should you close your eyes, you might almost  
Forget it was not day!"

There is a passage on the same subject in one of our old dramatists (Ford), scarcely less beautiful, whilst its pathos carries it even still more directly home to the heart:—

"One morning early  
This accident encounter'd me: I heard  
The sweetest and most ravishing contention  
That art and nature ever were at strife in.  
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather  
Indeed entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,  
Invited by the melody, I saw  
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,  
With strains of strange variety and harmony,  
Proclaiming (as it seemed) so bold a challenge  
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,  
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,  
Wondering at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

A nightingale,  
Nature's best-skilled musician, undertakes  
The challenge; and for every several strain  
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;  
He could not run division with more art  
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,  
The nightingale, did with her various notes,  
Reply to.  
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last  
Into a pretty anger, that a bird,  
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,  
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study  
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:  
To end the controversy in a rapture,  
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,  
So many voluntaries, and so quick,  
That there was curiosity and cunning,  
Concord in discord, lines of differing method,  
Meeting in one full centre of delight.  
The bird, ordain'd to be  
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate  
These several sounds: which, when her warbling throat  
Fall'd in, for grief down dropped she on his lute,  
And brake her heart."

Charles Lamb might well say, this equals the contention it celebrates. As a contrast to the other quotations herein given, we conclude with the following:

#### THE EXCHANGE.

"We pledged our hearts, my love and I—  
I in my arms the maiden clasping,  
I did not tell the reason why,  
But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.  
"Her father's love she bade me gain;—  
I went, and shook like any reed:  
I strove to act the man—in vain!  
We had exchanged our hearts, indeed."

#### EARLY CIVILISATION OF IRELAND.

MEN of various characters and opinions—men not disposed to take romance for history, nor to turn history into romance—are beginning to agree in the belief that Ireland contains traces of having been occupied by a civilised race at a period far remote in the annals of humanity. Stone buildings, sepulchral mounds, bronze instruments, weapons of classic form and elegant workmanship, with mines which have undoubtedly been worked at very distant periods, constitute the evidence—dim and indistinct, indeed, but still *evidence*—on which this remarkable fact is based. On the banks of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane, there are four great sepulchral mounds, termed by Mr. Petrie (a gentleman who exhibits the rare union of the higher qualities of the artist and the antiquary, exquisite taste and sound judgment) the "Pyramids of Ireland," and which he thinks equal in antiquity to the Egyptian Pyramids, if they do not even exceed them! "What a subject for thought and wonder," exclaims the Rev. Mr. Otway, (as he stands gazing at one of the *cahirs*, or stone forts which abound in the country) "running into distant and dreamy speculation, is the well-founded suspicion, that all over the world, in times beyond genuine historic record, there was a powerful and clever people, the erectors of the Cyclopean walls, and stone circles, and cromlechs, and pillar-stones—the Stonehenges, the Aburys, and Carnacs! The temple caves of New Grange, [those to which we have alluded as the Pyramids of Ireland] the lofty cairns on the mountain tops, not only of Europe and Asia, but also of America—the Pyramids and Cyclopean cities of Mexico—the mighty mounds amidst the forests of Ohio—all speak of one race superior to those who came after; and, at the same time, stranger to say, exterminated, by barbarians that seemed to know nothing of their arts, but, brutal as they were, and ignorant of the power of mind, supposed that what they saw was the effect of bodily force, the work of giants."

A hard-headed Scotchman, one who would certainly not allow imagination to play fast and loose with judgment, thus concurs

in the opinion, after reviewing what Mr. Moore, Sir William Betham, and other Irish authors have advanced:—"The period of the first civilisation of Ireland," says the Editor of the Pictorial History of England, "would, under this view, be placed in the same early age of the world which appears to have witnessed in oriental countries a highly advanced condition of the arts and sciences, as well as flourishing institutions of religious and civil policy, which have decayed and passed away. Nothing can be more certain than that the first period of human civilisation is, at any rate, much more ancient than the oldest written histories we now possess. The civilisation of Egypt was on the decline when Herodotus wrote and travelled, nearly twenty-three centuries ago. The vast architectural monuments of that country were of venerable antiquity, even when his eye beheld them. The earliest civilisation of Phœnicia, of Persia, and of Hindostan, was, perhaps, of still more ancient origin. We know that the navigating nation of the Phœnicians had, long before the time of Herodotus, established flourishing colonies, not only in the north of Africa, but also on the opposite coast of Spain. Even the foundation of Marseilles, on the coast of France, by a Greek colony, has not been stated by any authority to be more recent than six hundred years before the commencement of our era, and there are some reasons for believing a town to have been established there at a much earlier date. There is, therefore, no such improbability as is apt to strike persons not conversant with such investigations, in the supposition that Ireland also may have been colonised by a civilised people at some very remote period. It seems, indeed, to be scarcely possible otherwise to account for the relics and memorials of a formerly advanced state of the arts which the country still contains—the extensive coal-works and other mining excavations which appear in various places, and the many articles of ornamental workmanship in gold and silver which have been found in almost every part of the island, generally buried deep in the soil—all unquestionably belonging to a time not comprehended within the range of the historic period."

It thus appears exceedingly probable that Ireland was known long before our era, as "an abode of science and the arts, and the seat probably also of some strange and mysterious religion, placed in the midst of the waters of the farthest West, and withdrawn from all the rest of the civilised world." "Some speculators have been disposed to trace to the Ireland of the primeval world, not only the legend of the famous island of Atlantis mentioned by Plato and other writers, but also the still earlier fables of the isle of Calypso, and the Hesperides, and the Fortunate Islands, and the Elysian Fields of Homer and other ancient poets." At all events, the many indications of an oriental connexion "have appeared so irresistible to many of the ablest and most laborious inquirers into the antiquities of Ireland, that, however variously they may have chosen to shape their theories in regard to subordinate details, they have found themselves obliged to assume an early colonisation of the country by some people of the East, as the leading principle of their investigations."

When this first civilisation of Ireland was broken up, is, of course, as much a mystery as the period of its duration. It would seem that Ireland was in much the same condition as Britain on the landing of Julius Cæsar, nineteen hundred years ago. During the Roman occupation of England, a tribe or race became conspicuous in Ireland, from whose name, the Scoti, the island was known exclusively by the name of Scotia for a period of eight or nine centuries. (Scotland was known as Caledonia, the Roman or classical form of *Caollin Daoin*, the people of the woods, or the wild people.) It was by an immigration of these Scots from Ireland to Scotland, that the northern part of Britain gradually

acquired its present name; while Ireland, which up to the eleventh century had been known exclusively as Scotia, lost that name, and returned to its old appellation, by which it had been known long before the Scoti invaded it—Erin or Iran, or Eiriu, the sacred island of the west.

The second civilisation of Ireland commences with the introduction of Christianity, which appears, between the sixth and seventh centuries, to have all but triumphed over Druidical superstitions. And strange to say, as in its first state of civilisation, long before the Christian era, it had been known as a sacred or holy island, so now, in its second state of civilisation, it was known as a sacred or holy island once more. When Europe was in a chaotic stage, and Charlemagne was trying to erect a new empire out of the floating ruins of the Roman dominion, Ireland enjoyed the light of science and religion; her schools produced learned men; her kings and chieftains built abbeys and churches, and endowed the priesthood with riches and fat lands. "That during a considerable portion of the period which we are accustomed to call the dark ages, the light of learning and philosophy continued to shine in Ireland after it had been extinguished throughout all the rest of Christendom, although so remarkable a circumstance has been little noticed by most of the historians of modern Europe, must be regarded as a fact as well established as any other belonging to that period. From about the beginning of the seventh till towards the close of the eighth century, Ireland, under the name of Scotia, was undoubtedly the recognised centre and head of European scholarship and civilisation. This is abundantly proved by the testimony of contemporary writers in other countries, as well as by the remaining works of the early theologians and philosophers of Christian Ireland themselves."

But this second civilisation of Ireland began to totter. The wild piratical Danes, landing upon the shores of the "sacred island," left the marks of their wasting destruction wherever they came; and though repeatedly defeated and driven off, it was only to return again with redoubled force and fury. It is to this period, when anxiety and insecurity became familiar to the minds of the Christian Irish, that the erection of the far-famed Round Towers is attributed by Mr. Petrie, and other antiquarians. The able Editor of the Pictorial History of England adopts the late Mr. O'Brien's theory, that these Round Towers are not Christian but Ante-Christian erections—that they belong not to the second but to the first and earliest period of Irish civilisation. But this is quite contrary to the opinion of those best qualified to form a judgment; and it would appear to be all but incontrovertible, that the Round Towers of Ireland are Christian erections, whose object was to shelter the clergy, with their sacred vessels, when an alarm was raised that a band of wild Danes had landed, and were sweeping over the country. While gazing on the beautiful Round Tower of Clonmacnoise, the Rev. Mr. O'Byrne says that it confirmed his opinion, that these structures were intended as places of retreat and watch-towers. The Round Tower of Clonmacnoise "commanded the ancient causeway that was laid down, at a considerable expense, across the great bog on the Connaught side of the Shannon; it looked up and down the river, and commanded the sweeping reaches of the stream, as it unfolded itself along the surrounding bogs and marshes; it could hold communication with the holy places of Clonfert, and from the top of its pillared height send its beacon light towards the sacred isles and anchorite retreats in Lough Rea; then it was large and roomy enough to contain all the officiating priests of Clonmacnoise, with their pixes, vestments, and books; and though the Pagan Dane or the wild Munsterman might rush on in rapid inroad, yet the solitary watcher on the tower was ready to give warning, and

collect within the protecting pillar all holy men and things until 'the tyranny was overpast.'"

But Round Towers, though for the moment they could protect the priests with their property, and baulk the hasty-footed spoilers who were ravaging the surrounding country, could not preserve the second civilisation of Ireland from decay and ruin. Before ever the Norman English set foot on the island for the purposes of conquest, the Irish had entered upon that career of barbarism in which they have continued down to the present day. Irish nationality may be said to have perished with Brian Boroihme. This celebrated king, who made himself monarch of Ireland—who is recorded to have defeated the Danes in twenty-five pitched battles, and confined them during his lifetime to the cities of Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, and Limerick, fell in the battle of Clontarf (near Dublin), on Good Friday, 1014; and though, in this action, he gave the Danish power in Ireland a blow which it never recovered, yet Ireland herself sank under it; her civilisation was trampled down by internal struggle; and to this day she has never held up her head. When the Saxons were invited into England, they found it in a state of weakness, triumphed over it, and finally established themselves, their institutions, and their language throughout the country. The Normans, again, conquered the Saxons; and though they did not succeed in rooting out either the Saxon language or the Saxon institutions, they so far succeeded as to engraft their own upon them, and to combine the two. But the English Normans never triumphed over the Irish, though, when they first arrived, they found them weakened by internal dissension, and barbarised by their internal wars. The English in Ireland have ever remained English in their language, literature, and feelings, and the Irish have kept their own. There has been no mixing, no amalgamation: for such of the English as crossed the "pale," and settled themselves down amongst the Irish, became *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, more Irish than the Irish themselves. The second barbarism of Ireland began with the Danes; it was kept up by the natives themselves; the Norman English found them savage, and have helped to keep them so.

Now, if Ireland is, as some fondly imagine, about to emerge from her eight hundred years of barbarism, and to enter on her third career of civilisation, we are inclined to set a high value on the subsidiary exertions of those tourists, whose animated descriptions of the country and people arrest the attention of strangers, and attract visitors to her shores. "Ireland is the land of ruins and memorials—of powers and people that have successively passed away. The ruined fortress—the devastated abbey—the lonely *dun*—the fairy-footed rath—the round tower, that sends its slender shaft on high to assert that the almost imperishable simplicity of its form can survive human record, and even outlast man's tradition,—these are what render Ireland a land interesting to the traveller; and not all the magnificence of America—not all its mighty mountains, lakes, or waterfalls,—can supply to the passenger such trains of mental association, such stores of romantic thought, as a few miles wandering in Erin."

We cannot, perhaps, better illustrate these eloquent expressions, than by quoting the author's (the Rev. Mr. Otway) description of his visit to Clonmacnoise, extracted from his recently-published "Tour in Connaught." We have been compelled to *abridge* the description, from want of space, as well as other considerations.

#### A VISIT TO CLONMACNOISE.

"I had long wished to visit the Seven Churches at Clonmacnoise: I had been at almost every other place in Ireland, where, by the erection of seven churches, round towers, and other tokens of cenobitical holiness, the ancient Irish desired to sanctify a peculiar place, and consecrate it to a patron saint. But to Clon-

macnoise, the great central place of superstitious resort,—the Mecca, as I may say, of Irish bagiolatry,—I had not yet gone, for it is much out of the way; it is surrounded by bogs on all sides, except where that extraordinary chain of gravel-hills, the Aisir Riada, leads to it.

"The morning sun was gilding the spire of St. Mary's steeple, when we loosed our little cot, and committed ourselves to the Shannon, a broad and rapid stream just here, where the town of Athlone (signifying the ford of the moon\*) rises on either bank, and strongly fortified on the Connaught side. This town has an interesting appearance; and as you glide down the stream, and get away from its narrow streets, and other disagreeable appendages to an Irish town, it has a very fine effect.

"The Shannon—once you clear the rapids which lie on either side of Athlone, until it enters Lough Derg—is perhaps the ugliest and least interesting stream of any in the three kingdoms. Surrounded by bogs, it creeps through dismal flats and swamps; and the narrow tracts of meadow, and small patches of cultivation along its banks, only tend, like green fringes to a mourning drapery, to mark off, as by contrast, the extreme dreariness of the picture. Oh! how unlike is Father Shannon to Father Severn or Father Thames: here no traffic, except that carried on by one steam-boat, no timber, no smiling lawns, no cultivation; the solitary hopelessness of the bog is all around, and nothing interrupts the silence of the waste but the wild pipe of the curlew, as it whistles over the morass, or the shriek of the heron, as it rises lazily from the sedgy bank, and complains aloud against our unwonted interruption of its solitary speculations. If ever there was a picture of grim and hideous repose, it is the flow of the Shannon from Athlone to Clonmacnoise.

"The ruins of Clonmacnoise were within ten minutes' walk of us; so we proceeded to the first ruin, which lies separate from all the rest, on the northern side of the church-yard. Little remains of this church but a beautiful arch of the most florid and ornate Gothic workmanship, forming the opening from the body of the church into the chancel: it now totters to its fall; it is even surprising that it does not tumble, and I suspect it would long ago have fallen a victim to the elements or to the barbarous violence of the people, were it not that it is considered as part of an expiating penance for the pilgrim to creep on his bare knees under this arch, while approaching the altar-stone of this chapel, where sundry paters and aves must be repeated, as essential to keeping the station. Adjoining this is a holy stone on which St. Kieran sat, and the sitting on it now, under the asstance of faith, proves a sovereign cure for all epileptic people. What a contrast did this ancient arch, so exquisitely carved, tottering in all the grey antiquity of a thousand years, present to a new house erected by a half-pay captain, who has turned his sword into a ploughshare, and in this dreary place set himself down on a farming speculation. He could not be more lonesome on the borders of the Dismal Swamp in Virginia. His ugly tub of a house, in all its raw newness, had no business at all to plant itself near that fine old time-touched religious edifice. I take the man to have a Yankee mind who would bring his geese to gabble, and his cocks to crow, near what ages had made lonely and consecrated to solitariness.

"Here is the largest enclosure of tombs and churches I have anywhere seen in Ireland. What a mixture of old and new graves—modern inscriptions recording the death and virtues of the sons of little men, the rude forefathers of the surrounding hamlets; ancient inscriptions, in the oldest forms of Irish letters, recording the deeds and the hopes of kings, bishops, and abbots, buried a thousand years ago lying about broken, neglected, and dishonoured; what would I give could I have deciphered! I should have been glad, had time allowed, to be permitted to transcribe them. And what shall I do with all those ancient towers, and crosses, and churches, without a guide? I looked around: there were many people in the sacred enclosure—some kneeling, in the deepest abstraction of devotion, at the graves of their departed friends: the streaming eye, the tremulous hand, the bowed-down body, the whole soul of sorrowful reminiscence and of trust in the goodness of the God of spirits, threw a sacred solemnity about them, that few indeed, though counting their act superstitious, would presume to interrupt,—he who would venture so to do must be one, indeed, of little feeling. I saw others straggling through the place,—some half-intoxicated, sauntering, or stumbling over the grave-stones; others hurrying across the sacred enclosure, as

\* So says Vallancey, but the good General was fanciful in his etymologies; perhaps, the ford of Luannus, a respected saint in those parts, would be the right derivation.



if hastening to partake of the last dregs of debauchery in the tents of the patron-green. One little boy, rather decently clad, seemed wandering about from tombstone to tombstone, reading their various legends, and at length I observed him accost a beggar-woman by the familiar name of Judy, and ask where was his mother's grave? 'Oh, then, it's I will tell you, alanna; and more than that would I do for your mammy's son; for didn't I folly, along with all the neighbours, her berrin, when you were not larger than my milk-pitcher, and it's little she thought that your daddy would put so soon a stepmother over her sweet charge. Come, jewel, and I will put your two knees down upon the very spot where the bones rest of her who bore you.' This woman will do for my business, says I: a beggar is generally an intelligent sort of creature, male or female, if not too old, or quite blind; such have their wits in exercise; they often are the depositories of the traditions of the country, and but too often the conveyancers of mischief; they endeavour, by being news-carriers and story-tellers, to make themselves acceptable with the people, by reporting, not what is true, but what is wished for. This woman now before me was such a person, and I soon adopted her, nothing loath, as my guide,—and, poor soul, she did her best. I found that she made it part of her occupation to attend here, and direct the people where and how to make their stations,—here so many turns round an altar or a church on the bare knees, there so many paters and aves; such a cross you were to embrace, to avert the pains of child-birth; yonder stone you must sit on, to cure the pain in the back; there is the place you must scrape at, to gather the holy clay that is around St. Kieran's remains. After looking about vaguely for a time, this church of St. Kieran was what caught my particular attention. It was extremely small,—more an insignificant oratory than what could be called a church; a tall man could scarcely lie at length in it; a mason would have contracted to build its walls for a week's wages;—yet this, my mendicant guide said, was the old church of St. Kieran: the walls had all gone awry from their foundation, they had collapsed together, and presented a picture of desolation without grandeur. Beside it was a sort of cavity or hollow in the ground, as if some persons had lately been rooting to extract a badger or a fox; but here it was that the people, supposing St. Kieran to be deposited, have rooted diligently for any particle of clay that could be found, in order to carry home that holy earth, steep it in water, and drink it: and happy is the votary who is now able, amongst the bones and stones, to pick up what has the semblance of soil, in order to commit it to his stomach, as a means of grace, or as a sovereign remedy against diseases of all sorts. Alas! I would ask my dear countrymen—could I obtain their patience but to hear me—is any superstition of Yogees or Fakirs of India more degrading or grovelling than this?

"From the little oratory of St. Kieran, the woman led us on to the largest of the ruined churches, which, after all, is of no great size; but still it is the most remarkable of any, not only for its greater size, but for the beauty of its western entrance, and the exquisite and elaborate workmanship of its northern doorway. This church is said to have been originally erected by the M'Dermots, princes of the northern parts of Roscommon; a tablet on the wall, near the eastern window, records that it was repaired in 1647, by M'Coghlan, the lord of the adjoining territories.

"Proceeding from M'Derrnot's church, our attention was directed to a very fine stone cross, the largest in the place, formed of one piece, and covered with carvings in bas-relief and inscriptions, which, had I the ability, my time would not allow me to decipher. 'Come, my good woman,' said I, 'tell what may be the stories told of these figures?' 'Why, then, myself cannot tell you anything about them, they are all out ancient: maybe, Darby Claffy yonder, the oldest man about the churches, could tell you somewhat.' Now Darby Claffy was standing idle, leaning not far off, against the wall of Dowling's church, looking up at O'Rourke's tower; and a fine studio for a sketcher than the head, face, and form of the venerable-looking man could not be seen: eighty winters had dropped their flakes as light as snow-feathers on his head; and there he stood with his hat off, his fine Guido countenance and expressive face a living accompaniment to all the grey venerability that was around. 'Come over here, Darby Claffy, honest man, and tell the strange gentleman all you know about them crosses and things—musha, myself forgets. Heaven be wid yeas, gentlemen, and don't forget poor Judy.' A shilling given to her seemed a source of unutterable joy; her little son, that was beside her, appearing as if he never saw so large a coin, snatched it in raptures from his mammy, and danced about the grave-stones in triumph. I was pleased to buy human joy so cheap. The old

man did not belie his fine countenance; his mind was stored with traditional recollections concerning Clonmacnoise, which, if not according to recorded facts, were founded on them; and he spoke with perfect assurance in the truth of what he said, and of the sanctity of all around.

"From thence we proceeded, the old man following us, to the church and round tower which stands in the north-western extremity of the cemetery, and which is usually called M'Carthy's church and tower. The round tower, though small, is one of the most perfect in Ireland: it is conically capped, and the ranges of stone, forming the cover, are of the most beautiful and singular arrangement. The tower stands on the south side of the chancel of the church; and the doorway of the tower, instead of being elevated ten or fifteen feet from the ground, is on a level with the floor of the chancel from which it leads; it is within a few feet of the altar: moreover, the archway leading from the nave of the church into the chancel, which is of the most finished and at the same time chaste order of Gothic construction, is wrought into the body of the round tower, part of whose rotundity is sacrificed to give room and form to the display of its light and elegant span. Now these two circumstances convince me that, in the first place, the church and tower were built at the same time; moreover, that as the church was placed more remote than other churches, and nearer invaders coming across the Shannon, the tower was provided as a look-out station and place of ready retreat, for the priests to retire to with their sacred vessels and books.

"M'Carthy's church, in the north-west corner of the cemetery, was built by the M'Carthy More of Munster, the greatest sept in Cork; he who held under his sway the O'Learys, and the O'Sullivans, and the O'Donohues, and I don't know how many more Milesian O's and Macs. It is a curious and peculiarly interesting ruin, because, as I have said before, there is here evident proof that the round tower and church were built at the same time; for, besides that they both are formed of the same kind of stone, and are constructed with the same range and character of masonry, there is part of the rotundity of the tower sacrificed, to give play to the full span of the chancel-arch, and exhibit one of the most chaste specimens in the world of what is called the Saxon arch. This tower is not large or lofty; it measures but seven feet in diameter within, and is but fifty-five feet high; it has a conical cap, which is essential, according to antiquarians, to make a round tower perfect; and a freemason, suppose he was master of his craft, would say 'Well done!' to the artist who constructed the beautiful courses of cut stone by which the conical cap was brought to a point. As I have already said, the door of the tower is level with the ground; and I think I could discern the marks of stairs that rose spirally to the top; unlike all other round towers, which, though there are marks of floors, story over story, in no other instance present marks of spiral stairs. On the right side of the altar, connected with the tower, there is, unusual, a niche in the wall, forming a receptacle for holy water. It is a prettily carved shallow stone basin, with a small aperture in the bottom; introduced, no doubt, to let off, after a term, the water that had been used, in order to substitute fresh. This receptacle was now covered, and almost filled, with as curious a *mélange* of articles as ever I saw collected together:—a bent nail, a shankless button, a bit of unripe apple, a tobacco stopper, a broken comb, a decayed human tooth. I might have supposed that such a thievish animal as a pet magpie, in its indiscriminate larceny, had made this hole its hiding-place, and here was its treasure. 'What can be the meaning of this?' said I to my cicerone, Mr. Claffy. 'Och, please your honour, this is the greatest place in the varsal world for curing the tooth-ache. Any one that comes here on the paternday, if a tooth, or sound or rotten, pained them, so that they could not eat a boiled pratie, always, by course, saying the proper aves and paters, and leaving something, as you see, behind them, as their offering to the saint,—why, as you may say, in no time the pain would pass off, and they might, as a body may say, go crack nuts. But troth, sir, if I must tell the truth, the virtue is very much gone out of this same place ever since a policeman came here, and that not long ago; for before he came, do you see me, there never was wanting a drop of water here,—no, not in the driest of seasons,—that a body might take up in their fingers, and put it, hoping in the merits of St. Kieran, to his tooth. But that policeman (may bad luck and fortune ever attend him!) drove the point of his walking-stick into the hole, and from that day to this never a drop of water came up out of the same; so that it is as dry as any other part of the wall, as your honour now sees.'

"Removing from this, we proceeded to a higher part of the enclosure, where a slated building appeared, which our attendant

informed us was the English church. In any other place it would have been considered a venerable, though a small structure; and there was a chaste and solemn simplicity in the doorway at its western end, that well deserved attention; but the windows were closed up with jealous care by wooden shutters, and altogether it looked out of place in this scene of ruins: and my admiration was, how, in this wild, superstitious spot, where crowds of prejudiced and ferocious beings assemble, it has been permitted to stand unscathed. My friend who had accompanied me to Clonmacnoise, and to whom I owe the pleasure of seeing it, was not only anxious to show me the interior of the only entire church amidst this crowd of ruins, but also, as rural dean of the district, was desirous of taking this occasion of inspecting the interior, so as to make in due time his report to his diocesan. Accordingly, he despatched a messenger to the house of a man who was reported to have the care of the church, and to keep the key. It was a long time before he returned, during which period we had leisure to observe the many inscriptions, in the oldest form of the Irish letter, scattered about, and had reason to lament that there is no one here to prevent the destruction of old monuments, or put a stop to the barbarous breaking, defacing, and utter destruction of inscriptions of kings, chieftains, bishops, abbots, and learned men; inscriptions that might serve to verify existing history, or supply the lacunæ and correct the errors in our annals. The place belongs to the bishop of Meath: all the lands around are his.

"On returning from the Protestant church, we repassed the fine cross opposite the west end of M'Dermot's church; a number of persons were attempting to span the shaft with their arms—few succeeded. It required a tall and thin man so to do. Such being my case, I succeeded; and my guide, in praising me for my success, assured me that I merited, for my wife, that no evil should happen her in her next accouchement. This ought to satisfy me, as, no doubt, it would every affectionate husband. 'Do you know anything, Mr. Claffy, about the erection of these two crosses?' 'But a little, sir, and it is this:—There was one of our old saints, called Colman, that once took a great fancy to gadding away from his church, and his excuse was, that he must needs go and kiss the foot of his holiness the Pope, and nothing would satisfy him but off he would go: so a brother saint, of the name of Berachy, came to him, and very decently and wisely gave it as his advice, that it would be much better for his own soul, and that of others, to stay at home, and keep minding his devotions and offices; but to brother Berachy he gave no heed. Well, says his friend, come off to St. Kieran, and maybe he will say what will satisfy you. So off they came here to Clonmacnoise, and to be sure our saint did his best; but if he was arguing with the wilful man until the cows came home, it would avail not, for go he would, to bless his own two eyes with the sight of the holy father of the Christen world. Well, as wilful will do it, to be sure St. Berachy and St. Kieran gave him their blessing; and St. Kieran, moreover, lifting up his hand, made the sign of the cross over his head; whereupon, my dear sowl (for wonderful is God's power in the hands of his saints), St. Colman saw all Rome, and his holiness the Pope sitting in his easy chair, as plain as I, Darby Claffy, see O'Rourke's tower that is there forinnt me. This, by course, satisfied my curious gentleman, and he gave up his gadding; and more than that, in memory of all the time and money that was saved him, he set up these two crosses; the little one in memory of the miracle, the larger in honour of St. Peter, St. Patrick, and St. Kieran.' Mr. Claffy's allusion to O'Rourke's tower directed my particular attention to it;—particular, I say, for it is the great prominent eye-attracting object of the whole scene; without any exception, it is the most beautiful round tower in existence; it stands on an elevation at the western side of the churchyard, and in a line with the principal buildings; the ground sinks from it abruptly towards the Shannon, and just under it, to the north, is the holy well. Nothing can equal the beautiful effect of this simple pillar-tower, cutting, as it does, on the horizon, and relieved by the sombre back-ground of the bog on the other side of the Shannon, that spreads for miles, cold, flat, and desolate; and then the tower itself is so beautifully time-tinted, I think I never saw anything erected by human hands so painted by fortuitous vegetation. I might conceit that Time, proud of his secret, so well kept by these Irish towers, had called on Nature to deck out this master-piece in its kind, with all its lichens and mosses, producing every colour that could or ought to harmonise, in order to present what art could not imitate, and what the painter would despair of picturing, or the narrator of describing. Other round towers that I have seen, (and few have seen more of them than I have,) are excellent specimens of masonry: some of them more, some less, exhibit indubitable proofs that in

early times the line, plummet, and hammer, were used with considerable handicraft in Ireland; but here, instead of the ashler or stone-chisel work of other towers, a marble pillar has been erected almost as smooth as Pompey's in Egypt; or, if a more familiar comparison will better suit, almost as smooth as the chimney-piece in your drawing-room. It is composed of that immense secondary limestone formation that covers, with little interruption, the central plains of Ireland, which in many places assumes the compactness, the ringing sound, and the capability of polish, which constitute what in commerce is called marble.

"Having now seen the most remarkable things in the churchyard, we proceeded south-west towards those picturesque ruins which are called the Castle, and which writers concerning Clonmacnoise call the bishop's residence, but which, according to the people's tradition, was the palace of O'Melaghlin, king of Meath. It stands out, in singular loneliness, on the last spur of the southern limb of the amphitheatre of gravel hills that formed the Aisgir Riada. The slow-flowing Shannon forms a bend round it. If I wanted to call forth a draughtsman to exhibit, with his creative pencil, a building that time had ruined in the most grotesque and singular manner, I could not expect he would venture on such a vagary as this. It stands on a ground, where art has added to the natural elevation of the ground, and is surrounded by a dry but deep fosse. I have just said that time had ruined it;—that could not be: some mine, some explosive shock, must have rent the massive works, and thrown them into the various positions and shapes they now exhibit. Some parts lie in masses, larger than human habitations, in the fosse; others lie rolled in immense heaps in the ballium, or court-yard; an immense curtain-wall, at least ten feet thick, undermined, lies at an angle of forty-five degrees, reclining upon about half a foot of its thickness, and presents at a distance one of the most singular and picturesque hanging ruins I ever looked on. It is surprising how coarse are the materials of this building,—what a large proportion the mortar bears to the stones, which consist of rounded pebble-stones taken from the adjoining hills; and it would appear to me, such is the predominating proportion of mortar to stones, that the building was erected by forming a sort of case-work of boards or hurdles, within which these stones were thrown at random; and that then a grouting mortar was poured in, which was left to settle and solidify; and then the exterior case-work was removed. I cannot in any other way account for the extraordinary proportion of mortar in this building. I am quite sure that, if any mason at present were to attempt to rear up a wall, twenty or thirty feet high, of rounded stones, cemented with so large a quantity of lime and sand, the whole concern would tumble at once about his ears. But the works of Clonmacnoise Castle are now anything but crumbling,—no breccia, no pudding-stone, can be harder than the composition: time has made the mass so compact, that I am sure it would be just as easy to break the limestone pebbles of which the walls are composed, as to separate the mortar. The view from the staircase is very fine: the tortuous Shannon sweeps calmly underneath; southward are the high grounds about Shannon bridge; and more to the west, the wooden elevation on which the ancient episcopal church of Clonfert stands, where St. Brendon erected his seven altars, and which, amidst surrounding bogs, like Clonmacnoise, seems to challenge equality of desert seclusion.

"Mr. Darby Claffy, whose age approached eighty, was nothing loth to follow me up the broken and tortuous staircase, which I had ascended to view the surrounding country. What a fine vegetable is the potatoe, that can give to extreme old age such an elasticity of step, such a lightness of limb, which many of the beef-eating, turbot-gorging, calipash-swilling citizens of London or Bristol, of half his years, could not imitate! Potatoes are fine food for man, woman, or child, provided there is little hard work required. Darby, I believe, was all his life a herd, and had little to do with spade, shovel, or pickaxe. 'These are pretty green hills, my good friend, here all around,' I observed to my companion; 'all quiet and lonesome, except on station days—a likely spot, as one may suppose, for a meeting of the good people.' 'Och, then, it is yourself may well say that. The stars on the sky that covers us, or the merry dancers around the plough-star, are not so plenty of a frosty night, as the good people are on these hills and lonely meadows in the middle of the moonlight.'"

But here we must quit company with Old Darby Claffy, the good people, and even the interesting ruins, with a simple allusion to the fact, that Mr. Petrie is preparing a work on Clonmacnoise, which will, doubtless, be an antiquarian and pictorial curiosity.

## THE RESPECTABLE ROGUE.

There is a very general prejudice against rogues of all sorts, especially against rogues in rags. The world detests and despises the unsuccessful knave. The prosperous rogue is treated with more lenity,—nay, with a degree of tenderness, if not absolutely with respect. It may, indeed, look askance at him occasionally, with an equivocal sort of glance; but it is afraid to speak out, and never tells him its mind of him freely. It feels delicate, and cannot think of accusing a person who dresses so well, who looks so much of the gentleman, and whose domestic establishment is so respectable, of being a—what shall we say? Why, we feel a little delicate in speaking out too—say, of being a little queer or so in his dealings. This is the most gentle phrase that occurs to us at the moment. No, the world cannot think of being so rude; the world is a polite world to all who face it boldly, and who keep a good coat on their backs. Yet is there, certainly, somehow or other, a very general prejudice against the particular class of the community of which we have been speaking. There is no denying that. It is a prejudice, however, in which we are proud to say we do not partake. It would be most ungrateful of us if we did; for two of the finest fellows we ever knew—the kindest-hearted, the most hospitable, and in whose kindness and hospitality we have often shared—were a couple of the greatest, the most decided rogues in Christendom—rogues of the first water. But they were respectable rogues, men of substance, men of pleasant manners and benevolent dispositions; kept elegant houses and superlative tables. You had, in fact, nothing to do but to avoid dealing with them—for they were both a sort of general merchants or traders—to find them all you could wish, agreeable companions and most intelligent men. But as to trusting them—hem!

Rogues, as has been already indirectly insinuated, and as every body knows, are of many descriptions. They are, in the language of advertisements, "too numerous to mention," nor is it our intention to mention them, far less to describe them. In our present essay we intend to confine ourselves entirely to one particular class, the respectable rogues. Who the respectable rogue is we shall now endeavour to give the reader as accurate an idea of as we can; for, although he may often have met with him, and very likely to his cost, he may not, without some description, at once recognise him under the designation which we have bestowed on him.

Before, however, entering on this description, let us, to prevent mistakes, state generally, and at once, that our rogue is not an open, professed robber,—not a pilferer, pickpocket, housebreaker, highwayman, nor thief. By no means. He is a decent member of society,—a good, worthy, church-going man, and generally in the mercantile line, although not strictly confining himself to any particular pursuit.

The respectable rogue is usually a middle-aged man, of grave, staid demeanour; calm, placid countenance; mild and pleasant of speech, and with very much the look of a philosopher. His dress is generally composed of a sober suit of dark-coloured cloth; a narrow, very clean, white neckcloth is neatly and modestly wound round his somewhat scraggy throat; his shoes are always well blacked; and the respectability of his appearance is completed by a rather broad-brimmed hat, which, as every one must have observed, gives a sort of substantial air to the wearer, especially if he be pretty well up in years.

Will the reader permit us to pause here for a moment, to indulge in a short digression? It is for the purpose of calling his attention to a stray fact or two connected with our subject, which we could not well work into the body of our matter. Having, then, described our rogue as a quiet, calm, grave personage, we would beg to remark, that such description of practitioners have greatly the advantage of, and are generally more successful than, your smart, bullying, blustering, out-spoken, flashily-dressed rogue,—the devilish active and clever fellow, as he thinks himself, and as he is sometimes called by others. But it's a mistake—a gross mistake. This sort of rogue has, generally, little or no management or method about him, but, thinking to carry things with a high hand, goes direct to his point, and in nine cases out of ten misses his mark: his noise and bustle only creating alarm and suspicion, and finally scaring away the prey.

We have known several of this class. Bright, broad, yellow-waistcoated, and gold-chained rogues, who carried high heads, and talked much and loudly; but they, somehow or other, never did much good; certainly never half so much as the quiet, steady, low-speaking, and little-speaking practitioner, whom we have introduced to the reader. The former, in fact, has no chance

whatever with the latter, clever as he may think himself; and this we take upon us to assert roundly, without the smallest fear of contradiction.

But to resume. The respectable rogue, as already hinted, is a great church-goer. His calm, honest-looking, candid countenance is to be seen as regularly, in its wonted place there, of a Sunday, as the clergyman's. Nay, on these occasions, his appearance is absolutely patriarchal; for he is seated in the midst of his family, all well-dressed, and most becomingly demure. The father himself is the very personification of piety: his devout attention to the sermon is truly edifying to behold, and—a word in your ear, good reader,—it is worth two hundred a year to him, if it be worth a farthing; for there are many sitters in the church, warm men, with whom he may deal, and has dealt, in various articles, and very much (as he manages matters) to the benefit of his worldly interests.

We have said that the respectable rogue is generally in the mercantile line, but we have also said that he does not strictly confine himself to such pursuits: neither does he. He has, in fact, no objection to enter into any sort of *spec.* that promises to pay, and it will be a very queer one that he will not make pay, in some shape or other. He will buy—no, that's not exactly the word, as buying implies paying, and our friend never pays;—deal, then, is the more correct expression; he will deal in anything—bricks, coffins, treacle, hardware; any commodity, in short, which can by any process be converted into money. He will enter into any project, where it is not an imperative condition that there should be a tabling of cash previous to admission; and, even where it is, he often contrives to get in without advancing a copper. He squeezes himself, or rather glides in, through chinks or openings, which, having been unseen, are left unguarded,—and once in, all's right. Try who'll get him out again, until he finds it convenient to retire! and when he does so, see if he goes empty-handed.

We come now to the most delicate and most interesting point for consideration in the conduct of the respectable rogue. How does he manage in his transactions? What is his particular mode and manner of *doing* the natives? What are the sort of proceedings that have obtained for him the flattering reputation he enjoys? These are curious and interesting questions, but they are not easily answered; or, rather, it is impossible to answer them—at least, in plain definite terms; for the respectable rogue manages things so adroitly, and with such cautious dexterity, that nobody can ever charge him with any distinct, palpable piece of rascality. They can only say of him, generally, that he is a dangerous customer, and that they had need to have all their eyes about them who deal with him. Further than this they cannot go; more than this they cannot say, for the lives of them. Even those who have come in contact with him, and lost by him,—the latter being invariably an inevitable sequence to the former,—cannot tell how they have been *done*; they only know they have been losers, but how it has come about, they never can exactly tell. It is a mystery to them; for, during the whole transaction with our friend, he was so grave, so sedate, so reasonable, so open and candid, explained matters so fully and plausibly, met impatient and angry demands with such a quiet pleasant smile, that, although there was evident loss to accrue, and some things that certainly looked a little odd or so, yet there was nothing (whatever they thought) which they could venture to call, or think of calling, positive knavery.

One point of management, however, on the part of the respectable rogue, we may advert to. It is one which is of the utmost service to him in baffling all attempts at saddling him with any particular or special grounds of accusation. This is, the rendering all transactions as complicated as possible; giving them as many twists and turns as they are capable of, in order to bewilder and mystify. If he can only manage *that*, the rest is comparatively easy; he can then accomplish a little comfortable juggling with tolerable safety, and finish by fobbing something neat. It is true that he will sometimes come across a sharp customer, who will not be thrown out by his turnings and windings, but will track him, nose him through them all, with an unflinching diligence, and finally insist on a fair and square settlement of accounts. In such case, our friend has nothing for it but to come down with the *rhino*, or to throw himself on the shuffling system, as practised on the excessively civil principle, and try what that will do for him, and ten to one but it does a good deal for him, in the end; partly by exhausting the activity of the creditor, blunting the edge of his urgency, and partly by disarming him of his more savage purposes.

The respectable rogue has, as a matter of course, tried two or three bankruptcies in the course of his life, and made out pretty

well with them. On these trying occasions his conduct was most becomingly decorous, and he looked the unfortunate man so well—appeared so meek, so resigned, so patient under his sufferings, so very like a philosopher in distress,—was so quiet, and so candid in his explanations, so sensible in his remarks, that his creditors could not find it in their hearts to be severe with him, nor to press him very hard on certain points of a delicate nature, involving the disposal of certain sums of money. They could not; they rather felt for, and pitied the man; for he wiped his eyes two or three times, when under examination, and spoke of his small family: not much, however, nor ostentatiously, but in that quiet allusive way best calculated to touch the heart.

One other characteristic only of the respectable rogue now remains to be touched upon. His words are sweet and balsamic, and flow over his smooth tongue like candy-syrup. There is no withstanding his gentle, insinuating "My dear sir," especially when accompanied by the still gentler smile with which unsuspecting flats are cozened. Many, many a score of pounds have these honeyed words and this bland smile put into his pocket;—many a day of count and reckoning have they averted, and many a storm, raised by disappointed and impatient creditors, have they allayed—blessings on them!

Reader, have you any "respectable rogues" among your acquaintance? If you have, don't you think our sketch of him a tolerable likeness?

#### THE EPSOM SALTS CAVE, INDIANA, UNITED STATES.

THE state of Indiana abounds with caves; one of them, near the Ohio, is famous as containing Epsom salts in lumps. The hill in which this singular cave is situated is about four hundred feet high, having the top covered with oak and cedar trees. The entrance is about mid-way from the base to the summit, by an aperture of twelve or fifteen feet wide, and three or four in height. The descent is by easy and gradual steps, into a spacious room, which continues about a quarter of a mile, varying in height from eight to thirty feet, and in breadth from ten to twenty. In this distance the roof is in some places arched, in others a plane; and in one place particularly, it resembles an inside view of the roof of a house. At the distance above-named the cave forks; but the right-hand fork soon terminates, while the left rises by a flight of rocky stairs, near ten feet high, into another story, pursuing a course at this place nearly south-east. Here the roof commences a regular arch, the height of which, from the floor, varies from five to eight feet, and the width of the cave from six to twelve feet, which continues to what is called the *creeping-place*, from the circumstance of visitors having to crawl ten or twelve feet into the next large room. From this place to the *pillar*, a distance of about a mile and a quarter, are found an alternate succession of large and small rooms, variously decorated; sometimes mounting elevated points by gradual or difficult ascents, and again descending as far below; sometimes travelling on a pavement, or climbing over huge piles of rocks, detached from the roof by some convulsion of nature, the visitor contiguates his route until he arrives at the "Pillar."

The aspect of this large and stately white column, as it comes into sight by the dim reflection of the torches, is grand and impressive. Visitors have seldom pushed their inquiries farther than two or three hundred yards beyond this pillar. The column is about fifteen feet in diameter, between twenty and thirty in height, and regularly recedes from the top to the bottom. Near it are some inferior pillars of the same appearance and texture. Lime forms the base of the constituent parts of these columns.

The precise period at which this cave was discovered cannot be ascertained. About the year 1807, several men had made visits to it, and some of them describe the salts to have been at that time from six to nine inches deep on the bottom of the cave, in which lumps of an enormous size were interspersed, while the sides presented the same impressive spectacle as the bottom, being covered with the same production. Sulphate of magnesia abounds throughout the cave, being found in a great variety of forms, and in many different stages of formation; sometimes in lumps varying from one to ten pounds in weight. The earth exhibits a shining appearance, from the numerous particles interspersed throughout the huge piles of dirt collected in different parts of the cave. The walls are covered in different places with the same article; and reproduction goes on so rapidly that every vestige of salt having been removed from a particular place in order to ascertain the fact, in four or five weeks the place was covered with small needle-shaped crystals, exhibiting the appearance of frost.

The quality of the salt in this cave is excellent, and its production inexhaustible; the worst earth that has been tried will yield four pounds of salt to the bushel; and the best from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

The next production is the nitrate of lime, or saltpetre earth: Of this there are vast quantities, and of excellent quality. There are also large quantities of the nitrate of alumina, or nitrate of argil, which will yield as much nitrate of potash, or saltpetre, in proportion to the quantities of earth, as the nitrate of lime. The three articles above enumerated are first in quantity and importance; but there are several others that deserve notice, as subjects of philosophical curiosity. The sulphate of lime, or plaster of Paris, is to be seen variously formed—ponderous, crystallised, and impalpable; or soft, light, and rather spongy. Vestiges of the sulphate of iron are also to be seen in one or two places. Small specimens of the carbonate, and also of the nitrate, of magnesia have been found. The rocks in the cave principally consist of carbonate of lime, or common limestone.

Near the forks of the cave are two specimens of painting, probably of Indian origin. The one appears to be a savage, with something like a bow in his hand, showing that it was done when that instrument was still in use; the other is so much defaced that it is impossible to say what it was intended to represent.

#### CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG AT HAMBURG.

I WAS crossing the great plain adjoining the burying-grounds, near to the city of Hamburg, when I beheld a number of men arranging several waggon loads of tar-barrels upon the summit of the ground. Upon inquiry, I found that they were about to form them into one vast pyramid, and the men told me that they were for the *Sieges-feier*, or *Turnerfeier*—to be lighted on the 18th of October, 1838, which would be the 25th anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, and that there were to be numerous fireworks on the Alster upon the same night.

The *Binnen-Alster* (a basin formed by the river Alster) is a large sheet of water, probably larger than the square of Lincoln's Inn, and within the ramparts of the city; and the walks around this water are the favourite promenade of the Hamburgers. I entered the city, and beheld many workmen busily completing a vast raft in the centre of the Alster, from which the fireworks were to be let off. These fireworks were to be of the most splendid and costly description, worthy of the liberal spirit of the great and commercial city of Hamburg, and the peculiar epoch they were intended to commemorate, namely, a battle which had unfettered them from the galling chains of the French, and had given freedom to Germany.

I was told that the *Sieges-feier* was under the management and at the expense of the youths and students of the Johanneum—the High School of Hamburg, where young men are prepared by learned professors in the various branches of physics, jurisprudence, divinity, &c., &c. The number of these students amounts to many hundreds.

On the evening of the 18th I was early at my post, and beheld the tar-barrels, to the number of one hundred and forty, arranged in a pyramidal form, and kept firmly together by a frame-work of wood. The crowd had already begun to assemble, and although the night came on stormy and cold, the people continued to arrive in considerable numbers, and several private carriages were already upon the ground. There was a still silence amongst the spectators as if they were awaiting the ceremony of a funeral. Doubtless many now present had been compelled to fight in the French ranks as conscripts against their countrymen and fatherland. Many wore military orders won at the well-fought day of Leipzig.

The oscillating crowd conversed, if at all, in low suppressed tones, whilst the dark pyramid reminded one of some mycetic sacrifice which was about to be offered up. As yet not a light was to be seen. The sky over Hamburg was pitchy dark, and nothing gave token of rejoicing. In the background, between the pyramid and the city, extend the long, dark, funeral groves of the "City of the Dead," which reach almost to the gate of Hamburg. To the left is the swelling-mound of the *Pes-berg*—an artificial hill ploughed with firs over the ashes of those who fell victims to the plague more than one hundred years ago. Long vistas of paths lead to the *Damm Thor*, one of the chief entrances into Hamburg, and through this gate the procession of young academicians was to pass on their way to fire the pile—each carrying a torch.

The torch-bearers were now anxiously expected, and about seven o'clock a lurid light was seen reflected on the dark sky, and "They

come, they come!" was the cry. The ruddy light approached nearer and nearer, whilst ever and anon a trumpet-blast was heard; at last a long train of wavering lights was seen threading through the dark avenues of the dead, a glittering of helmets and sabres, as of an armed host, was seen; and the heavy tread of approaching feet and a hum of distant voices was heard; nearer and nearer, with measured step, marched the embodied youths, and when the head of the column was near to the pyramid there was a cry of "halt!" Then the Hanseatic dragoons cleared a space, and the youths formed an oblong square. Then an oration was made in honour of the patriot dead of considerable length, at the conclusion of which they burst forth in a patriotic hymn. The Germans are a musical people, and amid these young voices might be heard every tone, from treble to bass, blended in one full chorus of harmony. Who that has been in Germany has not heard these bursts of harmony in her groves and upon her hills from wanderers of every class?

As the last cadence of the hymn died away, suddenly there shone over the dark groves a stream of wondrous light, and looking towards Hamburg, I beheld not one sky-rocket, but at least one hundred, ascending into the sky;—red—blue—white—yellow, with their trails of light, then bursting with a loud report and emitting thousands of stars of fire; it was a beauteous—a glorious sight. A shout of enthusiasm burst from the youths, and breaking their ranks at the signal, they flew like frantic bacchanals to fire the gloomy pyramid, and in a few moments a vast sheet of fire flared from the beacon, which must have been seen for many miles around. Loud and continued shouts now broke from the crowd of spectators in one deafening hurrah! which was repeated by the youths as they madly climbed almost to the topmost height of the pyramid torch in hand.

It was said that forty thousand persons assembled around the Alster to witness the fire-works.

#### CULTIVATION OF THE CLOVE AT ZANZIBAR.

THE following account of a visit to the Clove-plantations in Zanzibar, belonging to the Sultan of Muscat, is taken from a "Narrative of a Voyage round the World, in the years 1835-6-7," by Dr. Ruschenberger, an American M.D., who accompanied the expedition as surgeon:—

"A broad road, leading through vistas of dark-green clove-trees, very carefully cultivated, showed that we were now on the grounds of Tayef, formerly Izimbanè, an extensive plantation belonging to the Sultan of Muscat. We rode on, highly delighted with the view, reached the house just in time to escape a shower of rain, and there found the Abyssinian captain ready to receive us. We alighted at the outer gate, and crossing a large yard, entered the mansion by a flight of wooden steps. It is a building of only one story, about fifty feet square, having in front a pyramidal roofed observatory or veranda, beneath which there is a kind of porch. The front door opens upon a small court, from which, on the opposite side, we entered a cheerless room, extending the whole length of the house, and lighted by several large windows. Cut-glass chandeliers hung from the raftered ceiling; and on shelves, in flat recesses about eight inches deep, arched at the top, there was a display of glass and French china ornaments. At one end of the apartment were two or three large pine boxes, upon which lay the mirrors they had contained, partially hidden by cotton cloths. Near the centre was an oblong mahogany table, supported by an antiquated claw-foot; the rest of the furniture consisted of Chinese arm-chairs. One-half of the floor was laid with squares of marble, and the other was covered with chunam.

"Cocoa-nuts were opened, and offered to us in profusion; and the stalk of the young cocoa-nut, divested of its outside, was given us to eat: its taste resembles that of raw chestnuts.

"Being a little refreshed after our donkey-jolting, we sallied forth to view the plantation. The house stands in the centre of a yard about 120 feet square; its walls are of coral, about seven feet high, and inclose several out-buildings for slaves; near the mansion there was a small garden, in which the rose-bush and nutmeg-trees were flourishing together. As far as the eye could reach over the beautifully undulated land, nothing was to be seen but clove-trees of different ages, varying in height from five to twenty feet. The form of the tree is conical, the branches grow at nearly right angles with the trunk, and they begin to shoot a few inches above the ground. The plantation contains nearly 4000 trees, and each tree yields, on an average, six pounds of cloves a year. They are

carefully picked by hand, and then dried in the shade; we saw numbers of slaves standing on ladders, gathering the fruit, while others were at work clearing the ground of dead leaves. The whole is in the finest order, presenting a picture of industry, and of admirable neatness and beauty.

"It is pretty generally known that the Dutch, for nearly three centuries, have been deriving great commercial advantages by their exclusive possession of those islands in the Indian Archipelago which produce the nutmeg and clove trees. In order to appropriate these spices to themselves, they either destroyed or enslaved those persons who possessed them. They uprooted numberless trees, and even burned the fruit which they had already prepared, lest, by bringing a large quantity into the market, the price might be reduced, though it was in their own hands. Such barbarian avarice excited the indignation of many, who longed to foil and afterwards laugh at their policy.

"M. Poivre, who had visited many parts of Asia, in the character of naturalist and philosopher, availing himself of the official station he held as governor of Mauritius, or Isle of France, sent to the least-frequented of the Moluccas in search of those precious plants. Those whom he had commissioned were successful in the enterprise, and on the 27th of June, 1770, they returned to the Isle of France, with 400 nutmeg and seventy clove-tree stalks, 10,000 nutmegs in blossom, or ready to blossom, and a box in which clove-seeds were planted, many of which were above the earth. Two years afterwards, he obtained even a larger supply.

"Some of the plants were sent to the Sechelles, to Bourbon, and to Cayenne, but a greater number were retained in the Isle of France. All those distributed to private individuals perished; and in spite of the care of skilful botanists, a most unremitting attention, and considerable expense, only fifty-eight nutmeg and thirty-eight clove trees were saved. In 1775, two of the latter bore blossoms, which became fruit in the following year; but it was small, dry, and light. Little hope of final success was entertained, and it was thought, at the time, that the Dutch had been unnecessarily alarmed. It appears, however, that the enterprise and industry of the cultivators were rewarded in the end, and they had the pleasure of seeing these spice-trees flourish in their new location.

"They were introduced into Zanzibar from Mauritius in 1818, and are found to thrive so well, that almost everybody on the island is now clearing away the cocoa-nut to make way for them. The clove bears in five years from the seed: of course, time enough has not yet elapsed for the value and quantity of Zanzibar cloves to be generally known; and it may be said that the clove-trade is still in the hands of the Dutch. It has been a monopoly ever since they obtained supremacy in the Moluccas; in their possessions, the cultivation of the tree is restricted to the single island of Amboyna.

"Cloves are now 55 per cent. dearer than when first brought round the Cape of Good Hope, and are sold to the consumer at an advance of 1258 per cent. on the first cost of production. The price for Molucca cloves, in the Eastern market, is from 28 to 30 dollars per picul of 133 lbs.; for those from Mauritius, 20 to 24 dollars per picul."

#### PIZARRO'S BIRTH-PLACE.

PIZARRO here was born; a greater name  
The lists of glory boast not; toil and pain,  
Famine, and hostile elements, and hosts  
Embattled, failed to check him in his course;  
Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,  
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm  
He overran, and, with relentless arms,  
Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons;  
And wealth, and power, and fame were his rewards.  
There is another world beyond the grave,  
According to their deeds where men are judged.  
O reader! if thy daily bread be earned  
By daily labour,—yes, however low,  
However wretched, be thy lot assigned,  
Thank thou, with deepest gratitude, the God  
Who made thee, that thou art not such as he!

SOUTHEY.

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## METAPHORICAL PROSPECTS.

IN all ages all orators, from Demosthenes and Cicero down to Canning and Brougham, and from O'Connell and Sheil down to Saunders Souplejaw, have been aware of the influence and value of rhetorical exaggeration. Masses of men are not to be moved to exert their united strength for the accomplishment of great purposes by the naked, simple, cold, abstract value of the object aimed at. If it is thought necessary to stir the hatred of a people or nation, or to thoroughly alarm them, for the purpose of sustaining some large effort, or to ward off some danger, there is nothing like concentrating their attention, and heaping epithet on epithet. Elizabeth and her ministers knew this, when, as the Armada approached, the earliest English newspaper told not merely of the approach of the huge ships, but of the bolts, bars, chains, instruments of torture, scourges, and brands, which were on board, to be applied to the bodies of free-born men. Napoleon was aware of it, when, to sustain his vast military operations, he caused the English to be held up constantly to the French as desperate demons, who, unless crushed, would ruin France; and the official *Moniteur* teemed with the most ridiculous and absurd stories, all calculated to foster the idea. Nor were we unaware of it, when, in the height of his power, Napoleon appeared to us as a kind of incarnation of the evil principle,—a little man transformed into a colossal despot, straddling over Europe, and darkening our vision by his shadow, until his very name became a bugbear to frighten children. The same principle is followed out in minor matters. Take a single individual, (just as Sterne selected his dungeon and his captive,) and make him the type of the evil which you want to overthrow, or the danger you want to avert. Heap on his devoted head all the epithets you can invent—make him a tyrant, a traitor, an atheist, a deist, an enemy of God and man, a monster, a demon, a devil, or anything else you like; and should the luckless individual enter the room where we are sitting, we start amazed to see him in human shape, and can hardly trust ourselves near him should he happen to smile!

Thank God, this latter species of rhetorical exaggeration is going out, though it still exists among us. The Christian Fathers were great adepts in it, and, whenever they got into controversy with one another, used to lay it on tremendously thick. Dogs, beasts, brutes, asses, idiots, and such-like, were amongst the mildest forms of compliment bestowed on their adversaries; and controversialists of all ages have too much followed the practice, taking care generally to add insinuations about moral or personal character, and to express strong doubts about the unhappy individual's salvation. But this is a disagreeable topic, and, moreover, not the topic we wish to treat, which is the bright side of rhetorical exaggeration, or that which we have termed "Metaphorical Prospects."

We have said that masses of men are not to be moved for the accomplishment of great purposes without rhetorical exaggeration; and this holds particularly true when the object aimed at is some great good to be obtained. Then imagination enhances the imme-

diante value of the object; orators coin felicitous phrases, which, striking when the iron is hot, leave an almost indelible impression; and when the minds of many men are in a state of excitement or exaltation, metaphorical allusions, which at other times might appear tame, if not ludicrous, seem to open vista glimpses of futurity, and to reveal the "glory that is to follow." Thus, in 1825, before the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, and before Catholic Emancipation was won, but when the minds of men were in a state of excitement, Lord Brougham, when chosen rector of the Glasgow university, told the students, in his "Inaugural Discourse," that the "evil spirits of tyranny and persecution, which haunted the long night, now gone down the sky," were about to be put to "sudden flight;" and the announcement caused a roar of applause to ascend upward, like a blast driven up a tall chimney. Alas! the "long night" has not yet quite "gone down the sky," though doubtless it is going; and the "evil spirits" are not yet put to "sudden flight;" we fear that, instead of flying off suddenly, we shall see them going off slowly, and shall have to contest our ground with them by inches. Still, the announcement was a magnificent one; it sank into minds prepared for its reception; and at the moment it appeared a "Great Truth," which had "finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth," opening a new day of glory for the human mind and the human race.

So, in like manner, Dr. Chalmers, when pleading in behalf of Catholic Emancipation, and contending that there was no danger now to be feared from the ascendancy of Roman Catholicism, compared the Bible to a machine, and, in imitation of Sheridan, produced one of his most powerful strokes, by telling of what would be achieved by the working of this "mighty engine." Chairman and audience rose, and three tremendous—we might say dreadful—hurricanes of applause shook the hall, as if all the people present wanted to give an embodied representation of the engine at work. Yet nobody doubts that Roman Catholicism is on the increase, in spite of all the working of the "mighty engine;" it is a perfectly natural result of Catholic Emancipation. But, at the same time, Dr. Chalmers uttered a "Great Truth" on this memorable occasion—a truth that has "finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth;" a truth which, however obscured by local circumstances and party heats, is yet our surest guarantee of the ultimate emancipation of the human mind;—the basis of our hope in the progress of man!

O'Connell, Sheil, and their coadjutors, dealt enormously in rhetorical exaggeration, when they were working up the Roman Catholics of Ireland to the attainment of emancipation. A dark night of oppression had brooded over the "green isle;" Irishmen were clanking the fetters of the slave: but the young sun of freedom was about to rise—a morning of brightness was to succeed a night of thunder-storm. We can hardly say that emancipation has added to the potato crop in Ireland: but that great and just measure was the beginning of a beginning; it was a legal affirmation, by the most remarkable government of the world, of the sublime truth, the very essence of Christianity, that man is not

accountable to his fellow man for his religious belief; a truth which will be understood in its length and breadth, and height and depth, only when the spirit of Christianity has thoroughly entered the minds of men.

We might proceed thus through all the great questions which have agitated our community in modern times. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts was like serving an ejection on Intolerance—she might henceforth go beg. Many people thought that Catholic Emancipation would be like pouring oil on stormy waters, and that thenceforth Bigotry would be hunted like a rat to its hole. The Reform of Parliament was to be a new era in the country—a great moral revolution, and the working classes were about to rise in social dignity. The opening of the trade to the East Indies was to be the creation of a new world for our arts, manufactures, and commerce: China itself was but guarded from us by the mere “ribbon” of despotic interdiction, stretched across the highway that led to the public mind. Mechanics’ Institutions and cheap knowledge were to irradiate our land, and the rising generation, instead of joggng onwards in the steps of their forefathers, were to be heaved upwards, like a man tossed out of a blanket. More than one “Great Truth” was affirmed to have “finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth;” and in the whirl of the public mind, what with Greek, French, and Belgian revolutions, emancipation and reform acts, the abolition of slavery in all our colonies, the reduction of taxation, the commutation of tithes, the rushing of steam-boats, the hurrying flight of rail-road trains, opening of trade to the East, emigration, education, &c. &c., it was imagined that Europe was to be regenerated, the East unended, new empires founded; and that, by-and-bye, in our happy island, not only was every man to have a “fair day’s wages for a fair day’s work,” but the chance of having a sovereign in his pocket, and a fowl in his pot.

Were we rigidly to examine the speeches of orators, made for the purpose of inducing the people to demand the settlement of the questions to which we have alluded, and severely to test the “metaphorical prospects” which inspired the demand, we might be tempted to say—but we would say it unjustly—that there was much of humbug in all the proceedings. We have said that Catholic emancipation has not added to the potato crop in Ireland; the freedom of the negroes in our colonies has raised the price of sugar; and the opening of the trade to the East Indies and China has deteriorated the general quality of tea. Education, after all the tremendous talk about it, is yet distant from masses of the working population, who, in spite of new churches and cheap literature, are grovelling in a darkness that may be “felt” by those who come in contact with them. The Reform acts, instead of satisfying our population, have only laid deeper the foundations of discontent with existing institutions. Corporation reform, in many cases, instead of closing the breaches, made by party strife, and leading local sections to unite in loving harmony in the self-government of cities and boroughs, has only made the breaches wider, and brought out local animosity in an intenser and more concentrated state. And rail-roads, that were to unite the extremities of our empire, to enhance the value of cabbage-gardens, by bringing their produce nearer to markets, and to make Great Britain but a mere hop-step-and-jump to all the population, have already shown symptoms of becoming rank monopolies, run coaches off roads, injured turnpike bond-holders, and nearly rushed roadside innkeepers, with poor coachmen and ostlers. Such, when looked at narrowly, and on one side, are a few of the actual results of all those bright visions, those “metaphorical prospects,” which rose before the public mind during the agitating scenes of a few years ago.

Have there been no real results? Have our “metaphorical prospects” all melted away, so that we may truly say of them, in the language of the Dictionary, that they were “not literal, not according to the primitive signification of the word—figurative?” Far be it from us to say so! There was much of dazzle and glitter—much of humbug and claptrap—in the useful knowledge and cheap literature agitation; and now, that the excitement has gone down, it is found that a large body of readers, whether reading to idle away their time, or reading in the intervals of toil, prefer a descriptive “Head of the People,” or an absorbing “Nicholas Nickleby,” to cramming themselves with zoology, mechanics, geology, and the whole art of making shoes. Yet useful knowledge and cheap literature have left imperishable results; and it was a belief in the “metaphorical prospects” which they opened before the public mind, which produced such a rush to study the “economy of manufactures,” and such an intense anxiety to know all about “the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters that are under the earth.” Catholic Emancipation and reform have neither stilled the “tumult of the people,” nor answered the expectations of many who thought that satisfaction, peace, and harmony, were to flow from them—nay, the one has assisted materially in the development of Roman Catholicism, and the other has spread a spirit through the under stratum of society, whose influence may yet be seen and felt on the surface. But it was a belief in the “metaphorical prospects” held out, that led many “moderates” to join in the demand for those great measures: and thus, by uniting together men of various shades of opinion: was there accomplished a legal affirmation of the truth, that man is not accountable to man for his religious belief; and a great demonstration of the fact, that a vast alteration may be made in the “balance of power,” without bringing in the scythe of civil war to cut down the fairest products of social life. In like manner, the abolition of slavery was won, not without exaggeration respecting its evils, not without bad logic in the arguments drawn from Scripture, not without false hopes and “metaphorical prospects,” as to the result. The best friends of that measure are not without “fear and trembling,” lest something should interfere with the progress of that slow experiment, by which the negro is to be raised from the feelings and habits of a slave to the hopes and actions of a free man: Yet what a grand event was the abolition of slavery in all our colonies! It was a solemn recognition, (and not a recognition merely, but an expensive demonstration,) by the greatest nation of the earth, of the fundamental principle of the New Testament, which, though it does not prohibit slavery, yet enjoins man to do unto his fellow-man that which he would that others should do to him.

We might thus enumerate all the great measures of recent times, and show that the evils attending them are unavoidable, or incidental, or local, while the good is vast and permanent; or, at least, if the evil should happen to be great, and might have been avoided, it is only another proof that man is an imperfect creature. But in doing so, we might be led into a statement of our own “metaphorical views,” in the very act of commenting on those of others. But why should not we have our “metaphorical views?” What is life without its visions? or hope without its exaggeration? or labour without its reward? Are not steam and the English tongue girlling the earth? Ay, steam still lures us on! Its “metaphorical prospects” are yet bright and dazzling; and were Canning alive to return to Liverpool, to repeat his steam speech, how the noble vessel can face the wind, and stem the tide, “walking the waters like a thing of life,” instead of having any deductions to make, he would be astonished at the addition. No longer bounding on the tranquil waters of a river, or rushing hastily across a

stormy but narrow channel, but stretching over that vast Atlantic, decked out in all the magnificence of a "British Queen!" Somehow or other, we begin to feel as if the oratorical steam was expanding in our cylinder, and that we were willing to give it vent by the safety-valve of "Hip, hip, hurrah!" Let our orators, therefore, speak away upon steam—we can tolerate them all. Brougham, in Glasgow, may still raise a triumphant shout, by reminding the citizens that in their good city, "Black once taught, and Watt learned;" Sheil, who, by a single touch of his sparkling and rhetorical tongue, built a bridge across the channel, and made steam to unite the two islands, may now extend his bridge across the Atlantic, and throw out a mound in the Pacific—we can even sympathise with that notable director of a Railroad Company, who, when expatiating on the magnificent prospects opening on Britain, by means of these metallic highways, mentioned, as a proof of Milton's soaring, prophetic, penetrating genius, that he had a dim perception of the future advantages of railroads, when, instead of making his angel to depend on his own wings, and cleave the "ambient air," he caused him to descend on a sunbeam.

#### ITALIAN BANDITTI.—ANTONIO GASPERONI.

[The reader is doubtless familiar with the fact, that the south of Italy, especially the Roman and Neapolitan States, have long been famous for organised bands of robbers, who, under the name of banditti or brigands, set police and military forces at defiance, and were the terror of travellers. Nor need we remind him, that these brigands have had their Salvador Rosas, and their Washington Irvings, to invest their wild lives and deeds with all the romance of painting and poetic description.—These organised bands of robbers have been fostered in Italy by the mountainous nature of a great part of the peninsula, by the division of the country into numerous small states, which too often enabled the robbers, by crossing a frontier, to put themselves in safety.—and by frequent revolutions and weak governments. In modern days, however, their excesses have almost been confined to Lower Italy, and the States of the Church, and the kingdom of Naples; regular or numerous bands of robbers have been unknown in Upper Italy, in Lombardy, Piedmont, and Tuscany, for many years. Their principal haunts in recent times have been the country about the frontiers of the Roman and Neapolitan States, from the southern end of the Pontine marshes to the districts of Terracina, Itri, and Fondi; and the valley of the Ponte di Bovino, a narrow mountain pass, through which runs the high road from Naples, the capital of the kingdom, to the vast plains of Apulia, and the rich provinces of Bari, Lecce, and the Terra d'Otranto. In the first of these positions they were beaten up, and almost exterminated, by the Austrian troops in 1823; and a little later, the valley of Bovino was wholly cleared of them. There have been occasionally highway robberies since then; but organised societies, with their captains, their lieutenants, and chaplains, have never been again formed; nor have we since heard of any band at all like those which, from 1812 to 1823, exercised their calling on a grand scale, and caused universal consternation to such as had to travel through the districts which they frequented.]

I was seated at table at Civita-Vecchia, impatiently waiting for something to appease my appetite: I had already asked twenty times, in all the idioms of the Romish states, for something to eat, but not even a crust of bread had yet appeared. By way of passing the time, I inquired for the *carte*: at last this was brought to me, but upon it I merely found that the price of eating was six pauls. Out of all patience with sitting so long with the napkin on my knee, I insisted upon seeing the host, that I might complain of such scandalous delay. The host appeared, shrugged his shoulders, and assured me by every saint, that it was not intended for any mark of disrespect, but that they had fifteen English families, who had actually cleared the house of everything eatable for the present. I then requested that he would show me a room where I could have a bed.

"Alas! signore, that is also impossible; for our last bed is just given to an English admiral."

"Then I will take a stroll through your town. Pray, what is there worthy of a stranger's notice in it?"

"What is there to see in Civita, signore? Why, not much, unless you can obtain permission to view the citadel; and there you may behold the famous Gasperoni, the bandit of Terracina, and the terror of the Pontine marshes."

"Gasperoni! is it possible?" said I; for I was about to quit Italy without having seen the face of a single brigand;—"and from whom can I obtain this permission?"

"Go to your consul, and he will easily manage that matter for you, signore."

I instantly went to the consul's, and there I obtained a card of entry to the citadel, and an officer of the pope's to attend me.

The citadel of Civita-Vecchia was built by Michael Angelo; he was also the engineer. The style of his frescos and statues is marked upon every stone; its bastions are large enough. This citadel defends itself; for there are neither cannon nor soldiers to oppose to an enemy, except merely the pontifical arms, carved over the gate, which serve instead of garrison or battery.

On our way, the officer who accompanied me spoke of Antonio Gasperoni, and his forty-five cut-throats.

"It is enough to make one tremble, signore, when one stands in the presence of this dreadful bandit, who has been guilty of the most horrible crimes, and was the terror of the country, for upwards of seventeen years. Once, upon the route to Naples, he stopped the carriage of an English gentleman, who was travelling with his daughter: he robbed the Englishman of all his gold, but did him no personal injury, except carrying off his daughter, a most beautiful creature!—Yes, signore, Gasperoni carried her off into the mountains.—When the almost heart-broken father arrived in Rome, he instantly set a price upon the brigand's head. The pride of Gasperoni revolted against that of the aristocratic English my-lord. How! an Englishman to dare to set a price upon the head of an illustrious chief, who had waged war against the pope, and had fought twenty pitched battles with the pontifical dragoons! It was a degree of insolence which inflamed the brigand's blood. One morning this Englishman, whilst still at Rome, received a trunk to his address: he hastily opened it, and the first thing which met the poor father's eye was the head of his lost daughter!"

At the dénouement of this recital, I started back horror-struck, and almost regretted that we were already within the walls of the citadel. The architectural monument of Michael Angelo was now in my eyes nothing better than a den of tigers; but curiosity overmastered my impressions of horror, and I determined to achieve the adventure.

We now passed a number of small cells, both upon our right and upon our left. On the right was a long vaulted passage, leading to a spacious court. In this corridor a score of the brigands were walking and amusing themselves, but upon my approach they came to a sudden halt. I could not help smiling at the idea of having thus arrested so great a part of the band of Gasperoni. These men saluted me in a polite manner, which assured me a little; for I did not feel quite at ease in the midst of these noted ruffians.

At last I ventured to inquire for Gasperoni; instantly every finger pointed him out, and there he stood, like a picture in its frame, in the doorway of his cell. He did not deign to advance towards me, but contented himself with coldly saluting me with an air of calm dignity. Conversation is difficult to begin when a man is upon his stults;—however, I thought I might as well ask the fellow some trifling question; so, with a boldness of tongue which belied my heart, I said, "Good day to you, Gasperoni! how do you find yourself?"

"When one is not in freedom, one always feels just so-soish," replied the bandit, shrugging his shoulders.

"But how came you to suffer yourself to be taken by the dragoons, Gasperoni?"

"Taken! by the dragoons!—ha! ha! ha! No, signore; I surrendered, together with my whole band. The holy father promised me liberty! He has spared my life, but broken his word of honour."

The officer, my cicerone, then drew me apart into an angle of the corridor, and said, "I will explain this matter to you, signore, as it really happened. Gasperoni was tired of a life that he had led from fifteen years of age, and once, when at confession, he informed the priest that he felt a strong wish to abandon the bandit's life upon certain conditions. The priest promised to write to his holiness, praying him to grant the bandit's pardon, and allow him to re-enter into society. Negotiations began;—our government had a strong desire to disembarass itself of these bandits, who had so long infested the route to Naples, levying contributions, murdering and committing a thousand excesses.



Soldiers had been sent against them, but the soldiers had drunk and revelled with these robbers, instead of combating with them. The peasants also took the part of the bandits against the military, because these latter always gave them a small part of the booty taken from the travellers. The pontifical dragoons were only laughed at, for the rocks sheltered the brigands from these terrible cavaliers; therefore the authorities did not hesitate in making a treaty with Gasperoni, through the mediation of the priest; the conditions were communicated to the chief of this robber-band by the confessor, and were as follows:—The holy father grants to Gasperoni his life; therefore, let the sinner hasten to make his act of submission, and he shall receive pardon for the past. But in the first place, Gasperoni and his entire band must voluntarily surrender themselves prisoners in the citadel of Civita-Vecchia. The wily Gasperoni reflected for some time upon the proposed conditions. The confessor used his influence, and it is said that he promised to intercede more effectually, and obtain all the favours he required, if Gasperoni obeyed the will of the holy father; and repeatedly assured him that the gates of the citadel would be thrown open to him, as soon as he had proved himself to be a respectful and submissive Christian. Gasperoni at length suffered himself to be persuaded by the priest, and, more than usually wearied with his criminal mode of life, he consented to surrender. His followers, who had for so long a time been in the habit of obeying him, gaily marched with him into the fortress. They have now been expecting their pardon for some years past, which I am of opinion will never be granted; and, besides, the holy father has already given all that he promised. They ought to be kept here, for they are dangerous men."

I now advanced again towards Gasperoni, who remained where I had left him. He did not in the least resemble any of our brigands of the theatres. His features were regular, and his smile bland and amiable. His black hair was lank and long behind, and negligently tied with a bit of packthread. He spoke in a friendly but indolent manner, moderate in his gestures,—which is the reverse of the Italian, who is generally prodigal of them; but if I chanced to ask a question which touched him too nearly, and to which he must give a reply that was repugnant to him, then, and not till then, a superior mind was visible;—his visage became menacing, his eye fiery, his lip convulsive, his language lively, bold, picturesque, and he looked the chief of forty-five—brigands!

"What is your true name?" said I; "I have been informed that it is Barbonne?"

"That was my surname in the mountains. My name is Antonio Gasperoni."

"You have made it a renowned name;—you are spoken of in Italy as one who may be added to the number of those who have declared war against Rome."

The bandit smiled, and bowed modestly.

"What cause, Gasperoni, induced you first to enter into this profession?"

"A row at Naples."

"A row! Why that was a trifling cause;—it was a light motive for making war against society."

"Yes—but in this row I killed my enemy."

"Ah! that is another affair. How long have you exercised this profession?"

"Seventeen years."

"Were you ever wounded?"

"Twenty times."

"Then you have been in frequent engagements?"

"Oft enough—oft enough."

"With the pope's soldiers?"

"Soldiers, indeed! No." And then, with an action of contempt, added, "With the dragoons."

"I have heard probably a partial account of your adventure in the charcoal-maker's hut;—here his eyes sparkled, and his looks became cloudy;—might I venture to ask the favour of hearing the real facts of this case from your own lips?"

All the band drew near, surrounded us in silence, and lent an attentive ear to this terrible recital from the mouth of their chief:

"There were seventeen of them—seventeen of these sooty-faced charcoal-makers, and the rascals had sold me, as they thought, to the pope's soldiers; whilst I—silly, credulous fool!—thought these foresters were my friends. We were eating, drinking, and enjoying ourselves in their hut—only to think of it! I had not posted a single sentinel;—I was wrong, that was a great fault;—but I had always said, these charcoal-makers are brave trusty fellows! But I pray you to listen:—in the middle of the night, my ear caught the measured tread of soldiers—I could swear to

the sound at a league's distance. 'Treason! treason!' cried I, in a voice of thunder; 'up! up! up!' We clutched our arms. These Hector's of the pope were within twenty paces of the cabin. We mustered twelve—the enemy thirty! We waited for another moment, and then we poured our balls and slugs into the rascals. For my part, I killed only four! I was wounded in the arm—see!—look, this is the cicatrix! These *Papalins* were now glad enough to let us pass: they did not make one prisoner, nor did they kill one of ours. These *Papalins* are wretched marksmen! If we had had this brush with dragoons, we should not have come off so easily. But we are not come to the end of the story yet—so listen. On the third night after our betrayal, we descended from our fastness in the mountains, and I silently conducted my infuriated troop to the den of these charcoal-makers. The rascals were asleep, and one of them cried in his drowsy voice, 'Who knocks at the door?' 'Open, open! 'tis your friends the soldiers.' Then we heard a voice in accents of terror cry, 'In Heaven's name, do not open! it is Gasperoni!' Then with one blow of the butt of my musket, I made the door fly into splinters. We entered foaming with rage, and massacred every mother's son of these Judases! And was not this an act of justice? did not their treason deserve death? I counted their smoking bodies, and found that we had only slain fourteen! I searched every corner of the hut, but they were not to be found. Three had escaped; our vengeance was incomplete; tears of rage coursed down my cheeks. 'But we will hunt them out; we will find them,' I cried to my comrades; 'we will traverse all Italy, but we will find them!'

"Two years after this, one evening we entered into a small isolated cabin, near to the sea, to seek for some refreshment. We were well known hereabouts, and we found a number of peasants seated around a table. I have a quick eye in discovering an enemy, and I espied our three long-lost rascals hidden in a corner. Oh! how delighted I felt! 'Here they are at last, my lads,' cried I. 'Come forwards! come forward, you skulkers! what are you ashamed of? Forward! I say, and let us look at your pretty faces. Why, you are afraid!—and you may well. I have long sought you. Ay, you do well to tremble and look so pale, cowards! I have long sought you, I repeat!' Then they threw themselves at my feet, to implore pardon. I said not one word, but I made a sign to my executioner; three pistol-shots were the reply. The fellow aimed well—one short struggle, and our game lay still enough. As for myself, I never shed blood, unless in action. I never murdered any one—no, not even one of these betrayers who would have sold my blood."

All the listening brigands attested the fact by a significant sign of the head or the hand: it was a certificate of morality given in pantomime to their respected chief.

"There are many strange things said of you in the world, Gasperoni."

"Yes, yes—I know it, I know it; they will tell you a hundred lies."

"As, for instance, the daughter of the Englishman who set a price upon your head."

"Not one word of truth in that," said he, hastily interrupting me; "I was never a woman-slayer!"

"But you have carried them into the mountains sometimes?"

This question made Gasperoni smile, but he seemed determined by his silence to let me draw my own conclusions.

"Perhaps you now regret the independent life which you voluntarily quitted. If the holy father were now to grant you full pardon, what use would you make of your liberty?"

"I would be an honest man; go to Naples, and gain my bread by labour."

"I am afraid you would find that a difficult task to perform, Gasperoni, after your long habits of—"

"No, no; I am tired of roving the mountains. Seventeen years have I wandered amongst them. But then I was young, and felt not fatigue; but now I am getting into years—my wounds pain me—and I have need of repose."

"But would you be responsible for your comrades!"

"Ay, for every one of them."

"And he whom you call your executioner? your man with the quick eye and prompt hand?"

"Even so, and here he is!"

If a serpent had glided into my hand, I should not have experienced a greater chill of horror. The loathsome wretch was actually at the moment in personal contact with myself! Until I had heard the words from Gasperoni, I had not remarked this fellow. It appears that he never quitted his captain, sleeping or waking. Accustomed to this upon the mountains, he seemed still to await

the command for taking life from his master's lips. Nothing can be more horrible or disgusting than the sight of such a wretch!—stupidity and crime imprinted upon the pale meagre features, an habitual scowl, and a contraction of the low forehead; the fiery eye, half shut, peering about, with malicious and oblique glance, under the lank black locks; the sinister smile upon the skinny lip, the cadaverous tint, and the stealthy step, mark the ferocious murderer.

Whilst I was examining him, he fixed his eye with dull attention upon the buttons of my coat, as if he had a desire, but had not intellect enough, to count them.

"What is your name?" said I, wishing to rouse the dull villain. He remained in the same attitude, and without giving himself the trouble to raise his eyes, his lips partially unclosed, and in a harsh voice he replied, "Geronimo."

"And you were the executioner?"

"Yes, signore." Still the eye fixed upon my buttons.

"And hast thou despatched many, Geronimo?"

"Yes, signore. When the captain cried '*amuzza!*' I always obeyed his commands."

"Surely, thou canst not expect to be pardoned by his holiness?"

A roar of laughter from the band was the answer to my remark. Geronimo made a vulgar gesture of carelessness, and continued his attempt to count my buttons. Then I addressed myself to the band, saying,

"My lads, you seem to be all in good spirits, and, judging by your looks, there is no short commons in your prison."

"No," said one of the bandits, shaking his fat paunch with laughter, as if pleased with the idea of idleness and plenty. "The holy father feeds us well—plenty of fish, flesh, and vegetables, as much as we can stuff and cram; and two *pauls* a day," (about ten-pence.)

"Why, you are better off here than half of the people of Italy, than all the beggars of the Roman states. How! do they grant you two *pauls* a day?"

"Yes, signore," replied Gasperoni; "and it is the most politic thing government can do. Those who follow our profession know that, if they surrender themselves up as prisoners, they will be well fed, have good beds to sleep upon, and be well paid: and they do not always find these comforts in their roving life upon the mountains. It is a pleasant retreat enough, when one is wearied of scouring the rocks and rugged passes of the mountains; and, besides, it is highly gratifying to the traveller."

"Good day to you, Gasperoni; may you long enjoy your present happiness."

My guide confirmed all the bandit had said respecting the generosity of the pope.

Before I quitted the citadel, I examined for some time in detail the band of Gasperoni; and, excepting the figure of the chief and his executioner, there was not a figure or a feature worthy of a painter's notice. They had such common, every-day faces, so prosaic, that one might have fancied them good honest souls, the mistaken victims of the police. I do not know if they had ever worn the picturesque costume which artists give to the Neapolitan bandits. The vestments they now wore were similar to the Italian labourer—grey pantaloons and brown or blue jackets. The colour and the form of their vestments ruined the poetry of their profession; there was nothing picturesque in these men or in their grouping; a mere crowd, which contemplated in the most unfeeling manner the luminous atmosphere of the Italian sky,—the bright sun of spring, which gilded the arcades, and glittered like a friend of the mountain upon the roofs of the houses. The waves of the sea, which murmured at the foot of the citadel, did not soothe them into a soothing reverie. No, they appeared alike indifferent to all, without any visible emotion, either of hope or despair. They silently smoked, with the smile upon their lips, or stood with their arms folded in listless inanity.

Such was the dreadful band who for years had desolated and ravaged the Pontine marshes, and made the soldiers of the pope to tremble; fought pitched battles with the dragoons, and despoiled so many of the rich English, the indefatigable travellers of the Appian way. Probably these fellows would die in the citadel, whilst daily awaiting their pardon, and with them will be extinguished the last of the bands. We may perhaps hear of some isolated marauders between Viterbo and Ronciglione, between Rome and Terracina, but no more congregated bands, with chief and banner. It is a fortunate thing for the traveller, but unlucky for the artist. The Campagna di Roma, without its groups of

bandits, is like the desert of Syria without its camels and caravans. The romance of poetry is extinguished by morals and civilisation. Ay, but still the East remains, the land of magic and romance! No, not so; for the Turk already is clothed in a blue surtout; the sultan wears jack-boots, and a beaver hat *à-la-mode de Paris*; and the heavy Bavarian revels in the heritage of Pericles.

#### STUDIES FROM NATURE—TREES.

LET us walk forth and see the treasures which summer has bestowed upon us. Whither shall we bend our steps? At present we need no shelter from the noon-day sun—we rather enjoy his warmth; yet if we wish for shade, we may find it under those noble horse-chestnuts, which have already expanded their fanlike leaves, and are putting forth their waxen flowers. How exquisitely beautiful is this tree, whether we observe its rich viscous leaf-buds, its noble foliage, or its floral pyramids; nay, even the prickly husks which encase its veined nuts are beautiful, although the latter tell us that the glory of summer has given place to the ripeness of autumn. The first bursting of the horse-chestnut is one of the most welcome sights of spring, and we may almost fancy we can see the rapid unfolding of the young leaf. As soon as the leading shoot is come out of the bud, it continues to grow so fast as to form its whole summer's growth in the short period of three weeks or a month; after which time it grows no more in length, but thickens and becomes strong and woody, forming the buds for the succeeding year's shoots. Evelyn calls the horse-chestnut blossom "a glorious flower," and truly it is so. See these petals, so rich, yet so delicate in texture, and powdered with pink and yellow spots; mark the graceful bend of the stamina, as they seem to lift their heads to look back upon the beauteous covering whence they emerged. The common horse-chestnut, *Æsculus hippocastanum*, comes originally from the East, and its introduction to England has been placed as lately as the year 1629, but Evelyn says "we have reason to believe that this tree was brought from Constantinople and made a denizen of England almost a hundred years before the above-mentioned period." It is now completely domesticated with us, thriving best in a loamy soil, but growing well even on a poor and chalky earth. The horse-chestnut is late in coming into leaf, and drops its leaves early; we have made interesting observations upon the dependence of trees in this respect upon some hidden but highly influential circumstance. One fact was, that among eight horse-chestnut trees apparently of the same age, we, for three years that we resided within view of them, remarked that one particular tree was each spring a week or ten days earlier in putting forth its leaves than its companions. It had apparently no advantage of situation or aspect, nor was it a finer tree than the others, nor the flowers more numerous nor splendid, but it was more forward in the spring. After many suppositions respecting the cause of this, we concluded that the ground might have been more completely broken up and disturbed when it was planted, and that the roots might therefore spread far and extract a large quantity of nourishment. In a row of old thorns with which we have been on terms of friendship for more than twenty years, we have each spring remarked one which is in full leaf before the others have burst their buds; and this so apparently as to strike the eye and raise the curiosity even of a child as to the cause of it. No solution can be given; aspect, soil, are the same—the cause is hidden from us.

Besides the *Æsculus hippocastanum*, there are other varieties less common but equally beautiful, some more so. These are natives of North America, that prolific garden of the beautiful as well as the grand in nature. *Æsculus carnea* may be sometimes seen in the neighbourhood of London; near Dulwich there are specimens. The timber of the horse-chestnut is not valuable; the tree thus offering a contrast to its namesake the sweet or Spanish chestnut. Modern botanists have dissolved the relationship between these trees; Linnæus placing them in different classes, and Jussieu ranking the former under the natural order *Hippocastaneæ*, and the latter under that of *Amentaceæ*. The sweet chestnut is, except with respect to its blossom, by far the more valuable tree, both on account of its timber and its fruit. Much has been written upon the question whether the chestnut be indigenous in Britain, or indeed in any part of Europe. Evelyn says that Cæsar brought it from Sardinia to Italy, and that after having been improved by culture by Tiberius, it arrived in France, and thence came to England. Pliny mentions many kinds growing about Tarentum and Naples; and the mercantile communication between Asia Minor and Spain was so intimate, that we may readily imagine the chest-

nut to have been imported thence to the latter country, as well as to Italy. In Spain it is grafted at the present day in order to make it produce good fruit. The timber of the chesnut is excellent. Evelyn says, "it hath formerly built a good part of our ancient houses in the city of London, as does yet appear." I had once a very large barn near the city, framed entirely of this timber, and certainly the trees grew not far off, probably in some woods near the town; for in that description of London written by Fitz-Stephen, in the reign of Henry II., he speaks of a very noble and large forest which grew on the boreal part of it." The roof of Westminster Hall is built of chesnut wood. In altering a chimney in our house a few years ago, the workmen discovered a beam lying directly across the aperture, and some feet below the ceiling of the room; of course they were ordered at once to remove it, and with some difficulty a beam of chesnut wood was extracted, of about five feet in length, and more than two feet in thickness, which in the centre was charred half through by the action of the fire. The date of the house upon an old leaden pipe was 1628; and thus the beam had lain for upwards of two hundred years in the dangerous place in which we found it; a proof of its non-inflammability.

Does not the usefulness of the sweet chesnut compensate for its straggling and ugly growth? Its leaves are handsome, but they are even more tardy than those of the horse-chesnut in making their appearance; its flowers are inconspicuous, but the shell of the nut is bright and handsome. The fruit does not ripen in all situations, and requires a warm summer and autumn to bring it to perfection.

Now look at that hill covered with birch-trees, the fine ladies of the grove; already have they decked their satin stems with delicately cut leaves. Most fitting guardian is the weeping birch for the tower which crowns the hill dedicated to Mary of Scotland. There was feeling and sentiment in him who planted the grove. Poor Mary! modern investigation has destroyed the charm which heretofore was around thy name; but while it has shown that the conduct of Mary was not blameless, how much has it deepened the shade upon the character of Elizabeth! How graceful is the weeping birch! we might almost fancy that Mary herself would have chosen it for her badge. The operations of nature are wonderful, her laws in many cases difficult to understand: thus Evelyn says, that in some "goodly woods" belonging to his grandfather, that were all of oak, "after felling they universally sprang up beech; and it is affirmed by general experience, that after beech, birch succeeds." Holly has been seen to grow out of ash, and ash out of several trees, and the writer above-mentioned speaks of a tree in Northamptonshire which, when cut in the middle, was found to have its heart of ash-wood, and the exterior of oak.

The birch is probably a native of England; its wood, although not fit for more important purposes, is valuable in domestic utensils, as spoons, platters, and other such wooden ware as is still in use among us; it is also used by the patten-makers. It makes good fuel; in many of the mosses in the West Riding of Yorkshire are often dug up birch-trees that burn and flame like fir; and Evelyn says that the ancient Gauls extracted a sort of bitumen from the birch.

In the same natural order (*Amentacæ*) with the birch is placed the beech, *Fagus*. This beautiful and useful tree also we may claim as the native growth of our island, although we have an observation of Cæsar's to the contrary, who denies that either fir or beech was to be found in England. That the great conqueror and historian was wrong respecting the former of these trees, is proved by the quantity of them which have been dug up in old bogs; and Mr. Hasted, the historian of Kent, says, that beech was in the greatest plenty in that county at that very time. Till within the last few years only two species of beech were known in England, *Fagus sylvatica* and *Fagus ferruginea*; but in the year 1830 two others were brought over. The beeches generally found in England are varieties of the first-named species, varying in colour from bright green to a rich purple. Even upon the same tree many shades may be seen: we had an extremely handsome copper beech, the upper branches of which were of as bright a green as we ever saw, and exhibited no tendency to drooping, while the lower limbs swept the grass with their dark purple foliage. The copper-beech, as it is called, makes a pleasing variety in a shrubbery: there is a fine tree of this kind in the gardens at Sion House. The schoolboy's first feelings of romance are awakened by reading of the beech-tree; in after years, when he has tasted of the bitter realities of life, let him read of it again, and let him see how worthless are the objects of worldly ambition.

"What is grandeur? what is power?  
Heavier toil, superior pain."

Thus Walpole felt when he wrote to General Churchill, "This place (Houghton) affords no news, no subject of amusement and entertainment to fine men. My flatterers are mutes; the oaks, the beeches, the chesnuts, seem to contend which shall best please the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive; they will not lie. I, if return, with sincerity admire them, and have as many beauties about me as fill up all my hours of dangling; and no disgrace attends me from the age of sixty-seven." Horace Walpole mentions with affection the beech-walk in which it was his father's delight to saunter, the trees of which had been planted by the minister's own hand; he seems to have inherited the love of nature and of gardening; it is a redeeming feature in any character, and whatever may be said of the public acts of Sir Robert Walpole, the sentences above quoted prove that he carried into retirement a tolerably easy conscience.

We cannot go back to our inanimate friends of the grove at present, but will merely add a few lines from Wordsworth's *Laodamia*.

Yet tears to human suffering are due;  
And mortal hopes defeated and overthrown  
Are mourn'd by man, and not by man alone;  
As fondly he believes;—Upon the side  
Of Hellespont, (such faith was entertained)  
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;  
And over when such stature they had gain'd  
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,  
The trees' tall summits wither'd at the sight;  
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

#### A LINK BETWEEN THE PAST AND PRESENT.

I HAVE had the rare privilege of seeing one of those links that unite us to past history—one of the few individuals who now remain as noble specimens of our forefathers, surrounded by every association that can give us an awakening interest in the past.

Between Philadelphia and German-town is the country-seat once owned and occupied by a secretary to William Penn. There, too, lives now, at the age of seventy-five, his grand-daughter, standing like a solitary, graceful pillar on classic ground. Every thing under her roof speaks of former days, except her warm and tender affections, which, though they shine on the memory of the dead, revolve with a bright philanthropy around the living.

We rode up an avenue through an open lawn skirted with woods, until we reached the old brick edifice. We entered, and received from its occupant the beautiful Quaker salutation, "Welcome! I am glad to see thee, friend." She belongs to the true aristocracy of our country. She is upright in person, with a clear, intellectual eye, and a softness of manner fitted to the higher walks of society. She was dressed in a nice Quaker cap, a short chintz wrapper, and neatly folded muslin kerchief. This is her usual costume; and it would make a fine lady blush to see how *mind*, towering mind, throws a glory over this simple array.

I was soon seated in one of her high-backed chairs, and, as I glanced at the china tiles around the wide fireplace, with Scripture illustrations, showing how David slew Goliath, and how the wicked Herodias danced before the king; at the *beaufet*, filled with old china, from whose minute cups was drank, if drank at all, the stunted revolutionary draught; at the three-legged tables, with their broad tops turned up against the wall; at the ponderous bookcase, whose mahogany had assumed almost the hue of ebony, yet shining with the housekeeper's brightness; and as our hostess pointed to the sofa and chairs on which William Penn had sitted, the table where his secretary had written, and where ink (to which the revolutionary ink was young) still lay,—looking, as she said, as if it were sometimes spattered in agitation; as I saw the letters of William Penn, and read familiar words, which bring the dead so near to the living; when I heard her tell how, when a little girl, she climbed the fence, and heard the Declaration of Independence read; while she spoke of Washington, and Pinkney, and Rutledge, and Jefferson, as companions and friends,—I felt the spirit of the past sweep on and brood over the scene.

There was a sofa, the back of which was higher than our heads, which her grandfather had boasted was sent from England as the last fashion, and which, she said, was probably the kind described by Cowper as large enough for two.—*Poetry of Travelling*, by Mrs. Gillman.

## THE MARCH OF LUXURY.

ABOUT thirty years ago there lived, in a retired village fifteen miles from Glasgow, a decent farming couple, tolerably well to do. They were pure specimens of that agricultural genus which flourished in abundance before steam and machinery began to turn the world upside down—sturdy, honest, blunt, linsey-woolsey folks, who daily, night and morning, performed their devotions, ate huge messes of *parritch*, and never missed a Sunday at the kirk. They had, of course, a large family, stout healthy sons and daughters, who, in their infancy, cut their teeth without ever causing their parents to lose a wink of sleep, and as they grew up flourished, like their decent *forebears* before them, on

“Halesomo parritch, chief o’ Scotia’s food.”

Various circumstances caused the honest farmer to feel himself getting *warmer* and *warmer* as he advanced in years. A new road had been cut close by his farm; the secluded village began to be more frequented; a house of “entertainment for man and beast” was established in it; increased facility of communication with such a market as Glasgow presented led to more frequent intercourse with it, Douce Davie himself venturing there with potatoes, meal, and even *sour milk*, until “siller,” whose clink had been rather unfrequent in his ears during his young days, became no novelty to him: though, in this instance, familiarity did not breed contempt.

But though every neighbour knew that Davie and Phemie were a comfortable couple, not an outward indication betrayed it. Duly did they preside at the head of their board; men and women, boys and girls, delving, with horn spoons, in wooden noggins heaped to the brim with smoking *parritch* or *sowens*. Davie was made an elder of the kirk; and on Sundays his thoughtful weather-beaten face might be regularly seen, as he stood at the kirk-door watching over the *plate*: for be it known to you, reader, at the entrance of Scottish kirks are placed metal plates resting upon stools, into which the worshippers, as they enter, chuck their *barbees* for behoof of the poor. Phemie and the *hairns* were sure to be in their pew before the minister entered the pulpit: for though clad in all the gorgeousness of a scarlet *duffle* (Anglicè, a hooded cloak or mantle), such an idea as taking care to be late, in order to attract attention, would never have entered into her head. Thus they went on, from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year; not an alteration could be seen, except that Davie and Phemie began to look as if they were sliding into years, and their children were fast shooting up from “laddies” and “lassies” into “braw” men and women.

“Changes are lightsome” is a Scottish saying, but it depends much on the nature of the changes whether they are so or not. One of the boys grew restless as he grew up; he got tired of the monotony of his country life; and having got hold of a tattered copy of *Robinson Crusoe*, he preferred it mightily to the catechism compiled by the assembly of divines at Westminster, which has been so long in general use in Scotland. Now and again he would talk about the sea; and his honest father, to divert him from such a purpose, would turn up the 107th psalm, which so eloquently describes the dangers of those who “go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;” how when the storm rises, they “reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit’s end.” But though this might silence the recusant landsman, it did not change his rambling resolution; he was not a fluent debater, and when pressed home, he would carry his obstinacy up to a climax—“Weel, I’ll gang to Glasgow, and list for a sodger.” The young rogue soon found out what a tremendous influence this threat had upon his parents. Probably neither Davie nor Phemie had shed a tear since they passed the period of blubbery infancy; but the threat of the “graceless callant,” that he would “gang and list for a sodger,” would often make the tear start to their eyes; and more than once, the good old souls, on retiring to bed, instead of going off sound asleep, and, as the Irishman said, “paying attention to it,” as in all their past lives they had never failed to do, would lie awake and cry like children at the idea of having in their carefully-trained household a “black sheep,” who seemed likely to bring their “grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.”

Jock (or to give him the somewhat more dignified appellation of Jack) disappeared one day; and the only tidings which the distressed parents could gather about him were some vague communications from neighbours, that he had intimated his intention to a few companions of never returning again. “It’s a’ owre wi’ Jock noo,” said Davie to Phemie, trying to look stern; “he’s gane his ain gate; he’s made his ain bed, and he may just lie doon

in it.” But Davie, when he had uttered this speech, felt something tugging at his heart; he tried to appear unconcerned, but it would not do; so, in a choking kind of voice he exclaimed vehemently—“The *fule* that he is!” and stalked out of the house as if he were in high dudgeon, but in reality to hide that struggling parental feeling which was melting anger into sorrow. As for Phemie, she sighed, said nothing, sat down on a little stool, patted the floor with her foot, and was then obliged to take off her spectacles, and wipe the glasses, bedewed with tears.

But nothing very romantic resulted from Jock’s adventure. He had gone to Glasgow, and had met with a shopkeeper, who dealt with his father in the articles of meal, potatoes, and butter, and who, from his experience of the unbending integrity of the honest old man, had contracted a warm regard for him. He now showed his friendship by inducing the runaway to reside with him until he could communicate with his father, which he did without loss of time. When Davie got the news, he gave a kind of grunting “Humph!” as if he did not care a button where his son was; but he set about getting horse and cart ready, and he and Phemie were on the road for Glasgow in about an hour afterwards. The old couple had never much to say to each other at any time; and on the present occasion they probably did not exchange ten words in the course of the slow journey of fifteen miles. The cart at last rumbled through one or two of the streets of Glasgow, and finally stopped opposite a shop in the Gallowgate. Jock saw his father and mother arrive, and retreated into a little parlour, into which they were immediately afterwards ushered; and here the parents and son sat for a few minutes without a word of recognition proceeding from either side. At last, Davie said,—“Weel, Jock, what do you think o’ yersel’ noo?”

“I think naething ava, father,” replied the youth, doggedly; “I dinna think that I ha’e dune muckle that’s wrang.”

“Ye’re a neer-do-weel fellow, that’s just what ye are—gin I had ye at home, I would—” break your back, he was going to say; but he wisely checked himself, for it occurred to him that the best way of inducing his refractory son to return home was not by threatening prematurely.

The afternoon was somewhat advanced; and the kind shopkeeper urged this as a reason why the old people should become his guests for the night. There were, however, some difficulties in the way of acceptance. Phemie had never passed a night out of her parents’ or her husband’s house, and there seemed a kind of undefinable strangeness, amounting almost to fear, at the idea of doing so now. Davie had seen rather more of the world than that; but he had never spent more than one night in Glasgow; and that was during the “fair,” held annually at Midsummer, when he had been induced to spend such a large sum on “shows” and pies and porter, as to have left a blister-mark on his memory. Davie and Phemie were at last, however, induced to stay; an opportunity occurred, by which the family at home would be made acquainted that night with the cause of their detention; and so the old couple sat down contented for the evening.

Tea was introduced. Davie had only tasted tea once before during his lifetime; and that “tasto” induced him always to declare that he would sooner prefer the water in which a few straws had been boiled. But he was now induced to try tea once more; and though he handled the tiny, elegant, china tea-cups, not as if he loved them, but as if he was afraid that they would slip out of his horny hands, and get smashed, still he managed to drink three cups, and was graciously pleased to say that the stuff was better than he thought it was. Phemie, like a discreet woman, drank hers in matronly silence; carefully watching her female companions, and endeavouring, as well as she could, to brandish her cockery after their approved fashion.

The shop was shut; and now—the first time in a long series of years—did douce Davie spend an evening without a supper of *parritch*. The Scotch are not a supper-eating race, in the English, or, perhaps, more strictly speaking, the London sense of the word “supper.” But, at the time our story lies, the snug folks of Glasgow were not indifferent (and the habit has certainly not abated) to the comfort of rounding off their evenings with “just” a crust of bread and cheese, accompanied by a bottle of porter, or a glass of “toddy;” and therefore our friend, the shopkeeper, amongst other comforts, had adopted this comfort in particular. So, by-and-by, douce Davie and quiet Phemie witnessed in silence the placing of the china punch-bowl on the table, and the display of the pretty-looking cut glass; they had seen the like before at their minister’s, but had always been of the opinion that a godly man might dispense with such superfluity; as for themselves—“Gude forgive them!”—they would just as soon think of flying

in the face of Providence, as bring the glittering temptations within their walls. But a "Welsh rabbit," and one or two glasses of "toddy," had a most powerful effect on Davie's taciturnity; and he was soon in a condition to listen to his friend the shopkeeper's proposal, which was, that Jock should stay with him, and learn the art and mystery of selling butter, meal, eggs, and potatoes, by retail. Jock had already given his joyful assent, for a residence in Glasgow, without danger, seemed to him, on the whole, not a bad substitute for a perilous post on the salt seas. The old man's consent was at last obtained; and Phemie quickly added hers. Another bowl of punch, or rather "toddy," was proposed to be made, to crown the success of the scheme: "Na, na," said the honest, resolute old man, "let us ha'e the books first," and when family worship was over, he and Phemie retired.

Next morning they were up betimes; breakfast was soon over; Jock was installed, and his parents were soon jogging homewards. Davie's emotions were those of a quiet kind of thankfulness that his son was in good hands. But Phemie, now that all was right with Jock, was brooding upon other thoughts. She was not naturally a narrow-minded woman: but having spent her youth under the humble roof of her parents; and from thence, having been transferred to the then as humble roof of her husband, she walked in his footsteps, with scarcely an idea beyond her earthen kitchen floor. But it so happened, that in her youth she had been a companion of the shopkeeper's wife, and who, from being a Glasgow servant, had risen to be a comfortable shopmistress. Phemie was now contrasting her own appearance with that of her once youthful companion. Her imagination, whose wings had been bound, now made some fluttering attempts to fly—the tea, the china, the cut glass, the punch-bowl, and "knobs in the lobby for hanging the hats on," all struck her as marvellous nice enjoyments and conveniences. She had seen some of the youngsters of the family enter, and hang up their hats so "manfully" on these all-interesting "knobs;" and the idea hooked her fancy. Thus did she muse during her journey, leaving Davie to his own reflections.

We must now, as the scene-shifters say, suppose a period to have elapsed between what has passed and what is to come. Jock, who was not deficient in sense, gradually shook off his country loutishness, and exhibited appearances as if he was capable of receiving a Glasgow polish. He paid one or two visits to home, and then the strong contrast between his father's and his master's house became too obvious for him to hold his tongue. His family, also, remarked that Jock was becoming somewhat of a comparative gentleman; they began gradually to be proud of him, and to listen to him as an oracle. He used to suggest alterations and improvements in the domestic concerns; and his mother, who had never forgot the "knobs," would tolerate all his reforming talk, merely trying to silence him, now and again, with "Hoot awa, ye daft fallow!" But, still, nobody ventured to insinuate any destructive projects to the old man.

One of Jock's sisters was invited to spend a few days in Glasgow; and she returned, not only with a very lively impression of the convenience of "knobs in the lobby," but actually with—a pound of tea! How to break this fact to the old man was a puzzle. The female portion of the household at last entered into a regular conspiracy to brave his anger; unknown to him, the minister, and the minister's wife and daughter, were invited, tea-cups were borrowed, and Davie, on his return from the field, was rather startled at the scene. He appeared, however, to take it very good-humouredly; and condescended to honour his guests by partaking of the tea: but, scornful to drink it in his own house out of a borrowed vessel, it was served up to him in a brown earthen-ware basin, and he sipped it with a horn spoon. Phemie was afraid of the consequences of leaving her husband in solitary singularity, so she caused her tea to be served up to her in like manner, the daughter being mistress of the ceremonies, and the spectacle of the two old folks sipping away with horn spoons was, perhaps, as funny an affair as ever occurred in the annals of tea-drinking.

The ice was broken; tea was fairly introduced into the household; the old man, with a little grumbling, consented to pay for a tea-service; and Phemie, who soon found out that the constant use of *parritch* gave both herself and daughters the *heartburn*, gradually established the habitual use of tea for the female portion of the family, and occasionally for the men, such as on a Sunday afternoon. The change produced was amazing. The old man was confounded one day by being told that John was coming to visit them on the following day. "Do ye mean Jock?" said he. Yet, even as he spoke, the difference between Jock and John struck on his own dull ear. He said nothing; but when Jock

arrived, the whole family were delighted by the visible evidence the old man gave of being fairly on the road to refinement—for, though yet unable to say *John*, he hailed his son cordially—"Weel, Johnnie, ho, are ye the day?"

Some time after, a strange kind of rumour ran through the village, that douce Davie was about to pull down his old thatched-covered house, and to build a snug slated habitation in its stead. Wherever two or three women could be gathered together, the subject was discussed. One pious lady thought she saw a fulfilment of that parable which speaks about the fool whose soul was required of him, when he pulled down his barns, and built greater. Another was eager to impress her auditors with a due sense of her far-seeing or prophetic powers, repeatedly affirming, that she had predicted all this from the moment she heard that tea had been introduced into the house. A third remarked how nice and fine the daughters were getting, and how *thick* they had become with the minister's wife and daughter—even Jock himself, whom she remembered as a dirty, barefooted boy, was becoming quite a *bravo* young gentleman. "Wheest, wheest!" says a fourth, with a satirical lowering of the tone of her voice; "it's no Jock noo, na, na! naething will serve their turn but *Mister John*!" "Ay," chimed in a fifth, "the auld fule gets nae ither name, even frae Phemie, but *Daavid*!—what do ye think o' that!" "See till him, see till him!" screamed out a sixth, and sure enough, in the direction of her pointed finger, douce Davie was seen approaching in all the dignity of a new broad-brimmed hat, and—top boots! The very children ran to the doors, to gaze on the spectacle. "Gude e'en to ye," said one of the more forward of the women, and Davie, returning the salutation, inquired after her health, and that of her companions, with their respective families. While he stood talking with them, the women seemed to vie with each other in showing him an unusual degree of respectful attention: but the moment he set forward in his homeward walk, a tittering ran through the group, one malicious creature hoping he was not touched in the head, and another, "willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike," devoutly trusted that all was right with the "siller" that was gathered at the kirk-door for the poor.

Davie's slated house soon arose, at a short distance from his old cottage; some nice furniture was brought out from Glasgow to adorn it; and Jock—we beg pardon, Mr. John—now felt that he could introduce Glasgow companions to see the modest decency of his father's house. The old man himself began to stir with ambitious projects. In conjunction with a Glasgow manufacturer, he built a row of cottages, and introduced into the village the sound of the loom. An entire change came over the aspect of the place. Davie's example was imitated, not indeed by the old residents, whom the alterations annoyed, but by many of the more modern intruders—the "incomers," as they were contemptuously styled—by those who thought they had a patent right to the exclusive possession of the place. One of Davie's younger daughters, who had been sent to a Glasgow school, returned, and brought a piano-forte with her, though, it must be confessed, if it had been put to Davie whether or not it was only a piano-*twenty*, he would have found it hard to answer the question. The old minister of the parish was removed to a better living, and the new minister, a young bachelor, married Davie's eldest daughter. John, who had started into business, drove his own gig. And Davie himself, booted and spurred, might be seen jogging through the main street of the village on a sleek mare: had all this been held up to him in vision a few years before, he would have started back, and exclaimed, "Am I a dog, that I should do such a thing!"

But there is an end of all things; and there was an end of Davie and Phemie. He died first, fairly and properly dividing his worldly goods amongst his descendants; and Phemie went to live with her son-in-law the minister. John came to London, leaving his Glasgow business to a younger brother. Here he has ever since flourished; is a wealthy ship-owner, an influential director in more than one company, wears civic honours, and reposes at night—oh, that the ghost of his father could see it!—on a china-posted bedstead.

#### CONNEXION OF RELIGION WITH RATIONAL LIBERTY.

ENLIST the interests of stern morality and religious enthusiasm in the cause of political liberty, as in the time of the old Puritans, and it will be irresistible; but the Jacobins played the whole game of religion, and morals, and domestic happiness, into the hands of the aristocrats. Thank God that they did so! England was saved from civil war by their enormous, their providential blundering.—*Coleridge*.

## HEAVING THE LEAD, AND HEAVING THE LOG.

"To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
And to the pilot cheerily sung,  
By the deep nine."

"Heaving the lead" and "heaving the log" are terms often used in conversation by nautical men, without the smallest suspicion that by the generality of people they are imperfectly, or probably not at all understood. As we are flattered to believe that our navy articles are agreeable to our readers, the information they convey being genuine and somewhat exclusive, we shall, from time to time, endeavour to explain the meaning of these and other terms, and the manner in which the operations to which they apply are performed at sea.

"Heaving the lead" is the act of sounding the depth of water in which the ship floats; and it is a precaution necessary in narrow channels, or in approaching the land, to prevent the vessel's keel coming in contact with the bottom, or "running on shore" as it is called—one of the most dangerous accidents that can befall the navigator; for, independent of the rise and fall of tides, as the sea is almost always undulated, more or less, even in fine weather, it is to be apprehended that the concussion produced by the frame of the vessel striking against the ground would speedily destroy her, or, by loosening some of the fastenings of her planks and timbers, cause her to leak; and such a mishap always renders it necessary to examine and repair the damage before it is considered prudent to prosecute a voyage or a cruise, and is, therefore, to say the least of it, a cause of considerable expense.

There are two operations of sounding the depth very different in practice—the one called "heaving the lead," the other "striking soundings." The first is adopted when the water is not deeper than eighteen or twenty fathoms, such being the extreme length of the hand lead-line, which is attached to a plummet about eight pounds weight, of an oblong conical shape, being the apparatus used for the purpose. The line has peculiar marks; and the perfect knowledge of these, and the ability to perform the operation called "heaving the lead," is considered one of the tests of seamanship. As the depth of water is reckoned by fathoms—each fathom being six feet—the line is marked in divisions thus:—At two and at three fathoms a strip of black leather, at five white\*, at seven red, at ten and thirteen black, at fifteen white, and at seventeen fathoms red. These marks are by no means the best that could be designed, neither do they enable the leadman to ascertain the depth of water with the greatest facility, particularly in the dark; nevertheless they are the same as have always been used, and will probably continue to the end of the chapter.

In ships of war two men are generally called to the lead, one on each side, when in shoal water, to cast alternately. The person on the weather side has, however, the greatest facility, being placed with his feet resting on the extremity of the chains†, his upper body projecting over clear of the vessel's side, and bearing upon a breast-rope, which is slung under his arms. Supposing him to be on the starboard side, he heaves the lead with his right hand, using his left to hold a coil of the line, which he loosens as the plummet sinks. It is immaterial, however, to the well-practised seaman which arm he uses, for he is taught to heave with the left as well as the right hand, as this would be required of him if placed on the other side.

Taking a peculiar turn round his hand and thumb with the lead-line at about six feet from the plummet, the operator swings it back and fore longitudinally, until the lead has acquired sufficient velocity to enable him to turn it completely round once or twice centrifugally. He then pitches it forward with more or less force, dependent upon the speed of the ship and depth of water, so as to

The white and red marks are strips of bunting, a woollen substance of which the signal-flags are made.

† The "chains" is a small platform attached along the side of the ship, formed by planks placed to bear off the chain-plates to which the lower extremities of the shrouds are attached. By this means a greater spread is obtained for the rigging, which is also prevented from coming in contact with the hammocks.

be able to plumb precisely perpendicular under his feet, when the vessel has arrived over that spot whereon he stands. Having ascertained where the line cuts the surface of the water, when this is the case, he makes known the depth to the pilot by a peculiar song; and seamen pride themselves greatly upon the style in which they proclaim the soundings. If the line cuts at any of the marked divisions, the leadman chaunts, by the *mark five*, or seven, or ten, or thirteen, as the case may be. If he estimates the depth at any particular fathom between these marks, then he calls, "by the *deep*" six, or eight, or nine, &c. If he considers it a half fathom, then he chaunts, "and a half five," or six, or seven, &c.; and if three-quarters, then he calls, "quarter less" seven, &c.; meaning, that the depth is six fathoms and three-quarters, or one-quarter less than the mark next above water.

Whilst chaunting the song he draws in the line, and makes ready for another throw, or *cast*, as it is called; the intervals between the casts, and the measure of his chaunt, depend upon the nature of the navigation. Should the water shoal very suddenly in tending to windward through a narrow channel, if the depth denotes that it is time to tack, he calls out sharply, cutting his song short; and the "watchful pilot" often overlooks him, to make sure that he handles the apparatus effectually and proclaims correctly. In running along shore, when the soundings do not vary much, the leadman takes his casts more leisurely, prolonging his song; and this—the only case in which anything approaching to the "yeo heave yeoing," so general in merchant vessels, is permitted in ships of war—has a very pleasing effect.

Mariners reared as apprentices in the coal trade and coasting generally are considered the most expert "leadmen." They are initiated very early, for the nature of the navigation between the northern ports and the Thames, the numerous guts and intricate channels through which vessels thread their way, often in dark nights beset with strong tides and eddies; all this makes it imperative to keep the lead constantly going, as the surest guide in aid of their experience—for these vessels have no pilots; and it is by "heaving the lead" that the persons in charge of them are enabled—

"Through snares of death, the reeling bark to guide,  
When midnight shades involve the raging tide."

The reader will perceive that the operation respecting which he has doubtless heard a good deal, is, after all, a performance very greatly dependent for its correctness upon the skill and judgment of the operator. It is wonderful that some better mode of marking the line has not been adopted, or that at least every fathom has not some particular mark by which it can be readily distinguished. So it is, however, as described above; and we have never heard that even the attempt to improve it has been suggested, further than placing a blue mark at thirteen, which has been done in some ships of war.

Sounding in deep water is a very different affair: it is performed with a stronger and longer line, attached to a plummet weighing twenty-five or thirty pounds. This operation is necessary when ships approach the land after a voyage, and when, probably owing to the haziness of the weather, the opportunity for getting an observation of the sun or the planets has not occurred for several days. The "deep-sea-lead," being the same shape as the hand-lead, is *armed* (as it is called) with a piece of tallow stuck in a hole in the bottom of the plummet; and when this strikes the ground, sand, or mud, or shells, or whatever may be the nature of the bottom, adheres to it, and thus becomes known to the navigator. The sea's bottom is indented, like the earth, into mountains, valleys, and table-lands, of varying extent, and the labours of nautical surveyors have produced charts, whereon these alternations are pretty correctly described. To ascertain the depth and nature of the bottom is therefore an excellent guide as to the ship's position. The deep-sea-line is marked, with knots at every ten fathoms, commencing at twenty fathoms, denoted by two knots, thirty by three, and so on; between each of these is a single knot, and by means of these divisions, the depth is known when the water-line

cuts a mark, or the distance from the mark estimated by the operator, as in the case of "heaving the lead."

When a ship is running on her course, and it is deemed necessary to try for soundings, in order to cause as little delay as possible, the plummet is taken far forward, and men being stationed along outside the vessel, with portions of the line coiled in their hands, a quartermaster, or frequently the master himself, takes post upon the weather quarter; the ship is then brought to the wind, or one of the sails thrown aback, so as to impede her progress, and orders given to "heave," on which the "deep sea-lead" is pitched into the water, clear of the ship. The persons stationed along throw the line, and after it, calling "watch" successively as the ship passes the spot, until the plummet is perpendicular under the master, when, if it rests upon the ground, he gathers in the slack, and raises it once or twice, so as to make sure that he "strikes soundings;" and having exercised his judgment, in allowing for any obliquity from the perpendicular, caused by the ship's drift, the depth of water, as well as the nature of the soil below, ascertained by the precaution we have described, is noted on the log-board. When it happens that soundings cannot be struck, the attempt is sometimes renewed with more line, or delayed until the ship has run further on her course. The arming is sliced off and placed in the binacle; and by comparing this with the soundings and nature of the ground described in the chart, and the ship's presumed position by the reckoning, a pretty correct approximation to her true place may be arrived at.

So much for "heaving the lead." It remains to explain the operation of "heaving the log."

This is performed, in order to measure the progress that the ship makes in sailing on any particular course denoted by the compass, and the nature of the process may be conceived, by supposing a person travelling along a road, to drop a stone, having a string attached to it, and to walk forwards, veering away the line from a reel, and keeping it just so tight as not to drag the stone after him. By measuring the extent reeled off in half-a-minute of time, and multiplying the same by 120, he arrives at the distance gone over in an hour, always supposing that he does not vary his pace, but walks steadily forward. Heaving the log is precisely on this principle, the apparatus consisting of a piece of wood of a triangular form, or rather the quadrant of a circle of about seven inches diameter, the outside edge of which is loaded with a strip of lead so as to make it swim upright, having its apex level with the sea, the weight being calculated to immerse it to that extent, and no more. To a hole in each corner a piece of line is attached, and the three legs being knotted together at about a foot from the board, the log-line is fastened thereto. In fact, it is slung somewhat on the principle of a boy's kite, and intended to present its surface to the stern and draw the line off the reel, without altering its own position by towing or dragging after the vessel. In order that it may be hauled in with the greater facility, one of the three legs is not tied to the corner, but pegged in a hole; and as this leg is purposely left somewhat shorter than the other two, a check of the line serves to withdraw the peg, and allow the log to be pulled back on its edge, affording of course but slight resistance, compared to what it would do but for this contrivance.

The line is carefully and frequently measured by the master. About thirty feet next the log being allowed for stray line, in order to carry it clear of the ship; but this may be more or less according to taste. From the spot where the stray-line ends, and where a rag is inserted in the strands, divisions of forty-seven feet are precisely measured and marked, one, two, three, &c. up to fifteen, that being the greatest speed a sailing vessel has ever been known to arrive at. These divisions represent the nautical mile, or knot as it is called at sea\*, and they are calculated to correspond with a

\* The nautical mile differs from the common mile, the last being to the first as 21,600 is to 24,000. In fact, the nautical mile is about 6079 feet; and it is arrived at by the following formula:—The circumference of the earth is estimated at about 24,000 miles, and divided into circles of 300 degrees, the nautical mile is one-sixtieth of a degree of a great circle of the earth; or, more commonly speaking, one minute of such great circle.

half-minute glass, the sand in which runs just twenty-eight seconds, two seconds being allowed for turning and stopping. The number of knots drawn out during the time the sand is running is therefore the rate at which the ship is sailing.

Heaving the log takes place every hour in ships of war, and is performed by the mate of the watch, assisted by a quartermaster, one of the mizen-topmen to hold the reel, and another to recover the log. In merchant-vessels, the person in charge of the watch effects the business generally every two hours with any help he can obtain.

The master's-mate having made known his intention to heave the log, fixes the peg already described sufficiently tight to insure the resistance of the surface until the line is checked; and having ascertained that the quartermaster has the half-minute glass ready, he coils up a portion of the stray line in his hand, and "heaves the log" clear of the ship over the lee-quarter, the person holding the reel, which revolves on a spindle, so as to let it turn freely. When the mark at the end of the stray line passes through his hand, he calls "turn," on which the glass is immediately reversed; and when the sand has run out, the quartermaster calls "stop," when the mate ascertains the quantity reeled off, and whether it be precisely at the end of a division or between, calling it five, six, or seven, or a half, or a quarter, or three quarters, as the case may be. The half divisions of the log, like the deep sea lead-line, are denoted by a single knot.

The act of stopping the log generally withdraws the peg; if not, it must be jerked until that is accomplished: if too tightly inserted, and the ship is sailing fast, it is probable that the line will give way, for the resistance which even the small surface of the log presents is considerable. The precise mode of performance is only to be acquired by practice. In stormy or hazy weather, when observations cannot be obtained, the correctness of the ship's reckoning will greatly depend on the judgment and proficiency of the person who performs this duty. The rate is always reported to the lieutenant of the watch, and he again exercises his discrimination as to whether the ship has been sailing at the same speed during the whole of the preceding hour as at the moment when the log was hoisted. Increase or decrease of wind, or of sail, or any deviation of the course, will produce alteration; therefore, in ordering the rate to be marked on the log-board, he takes these things into account.

Although it appears impossible to produce any instrument capable of the first operation we have described, and "heaving the log" must still continue to be a manual performance best effected in the present mode, and only to be improved by substituting some better arrangements of marks, many persons have employed themselves in devising machines for ascertaining soundings at great depth, and also for measuring the ship's progress through the water.

There are two or three sorts of sounding machines, of greater or less pretension, the principle on which they perform being, that the resistance of the water during the plummet's descent, acting upon spiral fins, turns a spindle, which communicates with racked wheels and pinions, so arranged as to describe upon an index the number of revolutions made, by which the depth is calculated. The action is suspended by the shock disengaging a catch, when the machine strikes the ground. Much ingenuity has been displayed to effect this, which in fact does not appear very difficult of accomplishment; but the great objection to complicated machinery at sea is its liability to get out of repair, the impossibility of remedying the mishap with the means on board, and the difficulty of instructing seamen in the careful management of these things. Therefore, although sounding machines are supplied to all vessels of war, should the commander so require, they are seldom or never implicitly trusted to, and it is still considered desirable, when absolutely necessary to sound, to resort to the old plan.

It appears that greater difficulty exists respecting a self-acting log than a sounding machine, which may be caused by the necessity for the apparatus working at some distance from the ship,

clear of the wake or the dead-water, which would give a false datum. Towing a machine having a spindle with spiral fins, so arranged, by means of cranks and wheels, as to direct an index, is certainly feasible and accomplishable, for the spindle would be revolved and set the whole in motion quickly or slowly, in exact proportion to the ship's speed. We have never seen these at work, but apprehend that the reason why so few instruments, made with this view have been adopted, is the liability to damage, not only from catching every floating substance, but from fishes of prey, which have been attracted to and actually seized upon them, and also that such a thing would impede the ship's progress. Still we think both these latter measures are to be accomplished, the principles to keep in view being strength, simplicity, and means that shall, under all circumstances, insure correctness.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

##### VALENTIA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

VALENTIA, Duchess of Orleans, was the daughter of Galeas Visconti, Duke of Milan, and Isabella, daughter of John, King of France. The noble dowry which her father, one of the richest and most politic princes of the day, was enabled to bestow upon her, comprising the rich county of Asti and a considerable sum in ready money, led the Duke of Touraine, brother to Charles VI., to cast his eyes upon his cousin the wealthy heiress, as a fitting match for one of "the children of France." His proposals were favourably received by Galeas, and the marriage was celebrated with much pomp and magnificence in the year 1389, when Valentia was in the 19th year of her age.

Her husband, who, in 1393, exchanged the lands and title of Touraine for those of Orleans, was a gay and thoughtless young gallant. Skilled in the exercises and accomplishments of a soldier and a gentleman, he soon inspired the heart of his young wife with a deep and ardent love, which death alone extinguished; but which, alas! he did not return, and which he insulted by manifold infidelities.

The illness of the king, which first occurred in 1393, and which took the form of a periodical insanity, attended with dreadful paroxysms, threw the kingdom into great disorder. The king's uncles and brother exercised the royal power, each attempting to overbear the other, and, while seeking their own advantage, paid very little attention to the public safety. Orleans was even more than suspected of taking advantage of his brother's condition to carry on a successful intrigue with his queen. His ill-judged and overbearing ambition also involved him in a violent dispute with the Duke of Burgundy, which threatened to overturn even the little authority possessed by the government, and was only terminated by his own violent death.

Whilst Isabella of Bavaria abandoned her unfortunate husband for the society of his brother, Valentia supplied the place by the side of the suffering king, which should have been filled by his wife. Her gentle cares charmed away his sorrows, and her presence alone could calm his agitated spirits; in her conversation alone could Charles regain tranquillity: no wonder then that he distinguished her by the fond appellation of his dearest sister, *sa sœur chérie*; and when on more than one occasion, stung by the calumnies that were heaped upon her, she retired from the court, he used the warmest entreaties to prevail on her to return. The Parisians, who were exasperated at the oppressions the country suffered under the rule of the Duke of Orleans and the king's uncles, and to whom Orleans was particularly obnoxious, took advantage of the intimacy between the king and the duchess to accuse her of witchcraft, and it was currently reported that she had studied magic in Italy, and had cast her spells upon the king, the better to secure her husband's influence and authority. She was even accused of having administered poison to the king, and by that means produced the fits of insanity by which he was afflicted, although it was well known that his malady originated in a nervous affection, brought on by over fatigue and a sudden alarm. Without doubt Valentia used all her influence to support her husband against the faction of the Duke of Burgundy, who was adored by the Parisians, and was bitterly opposed to Orleans, but all her magic lay in the charms of a mind inaccessible to malice or revenge.

Although the infidelities of her husband occasioned her exquisite suffering, yet she is never represented by contemporary writers as permitting jealousy to get the mastery; on the contrary, she is

described as acting in concert with the faithless queen, in pursuing the measures calculated to establish the duke's authority, and advising with him on the difficulties in which he was involved. Such a course would naturally be ascribed to the influence of an unworthy and debasing ambition, did not her conduct after her husband's death fully exculpate her from such an imputation. Love alone for a man, whom, however unworthy, she could not survive, actuated the pure mind of Valentia.

The death of a beloved child was seized on by the partisans of the Duke of Burgundy as another occasion of slandering this unfortunate princess. They spread a report that it was caused by eating a poisoned apple, prepared by the duchess, with the purpose of destroying the dauphin. Her distress was aggravated tenfold, since her husband himself pretended to give some credence to the calumny, and obliged her to retire to Neufchatel. Her presence was perhaps a check upon the unbridled course of licentiousness which he pursued, but her counsels were soon found necessary to him, and she again returned to court.

The career of the Duke of Orleans was now drawing to a close. Not content with publicly boasting of delinquencies he had really committed, he laid claim to a disgraceful distinction to which he had no pretensions, and paid for his vain-glorious folly with his life. After a solemn reconciliation with the Duke of Burgundy, he again kindled the flames of discord, by an unfounded vaunt reflecting on the character of his rival's young duchess. He fell a victim to the anger of the insulted husband, who caused him to be assassinated in the streets of Paris, in the latter part of the year 1407. The Duchess of Orleans was at Château-Thierry when she received the news of her husband's murder. Her first step was to remove her children to an asylum, where they might be secure from any attempts against them by the powerful faction who had been bold enough to commit such a daring action. She removed them to Blois, and immediately set out herself for Paris. She traversed the streets of that city, followed by a long train of women clothed in the deepest mourning, and, throwing herself at the feet of the king, demanded justice. The feeble sovereign promised, with sincere emotion, that it should not be denied her; but the queen, whose interests were no longer the same with those of the grief-laden widow, obliged her to leave the court. Valentia retired to Blois, to her children, and from thence continued to send forth her cry for justice; she even presented a second time to the eyes of the Parisians the spectacle of her procession of woe, and again reiterated her mournful petitions, but in vain. The power of the house of Orleans no longer rivalled that of its proud enemy; and the king, however willing to listen to the demands of justice, was not his own master.

The spirit of Valentia gave way, when she found all her efforts of no avail; overwhelmed with grief at beholding the impunity with which so great a crime was suffered to pass; tortured by the triumph of the guilty, and sorrowing deeply for the death of a husband, whom, notwithstanding all her wrongs, she had never ceased to love, she sank into a state of despair, which she felt she could not survive. She called her children around her; and among the rest, she sent for Dunois, "the bastard of Orleans" (the son of the deceased duke and Mariette d'Enghien), then a child of six years old, and consequently born after her own marriage; a singular instance of her affectionate fidelity to her husband. She would not forsake anything that had been his, even though the sight awakened her most painful remembrances. Valentia addressed them, exhorting them to uphold the glory of their house, and never to cease from pursuing the murderer of their father. Dunois, young as he was, gave tokens of the spirit by which he was afterwards so distinguished, and replied with more earnestness than the others. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "I have been defrauded, for I ought to have been his mother."

This princess died in 1408, at the age of thirty-eight years. In the midst of a profligate court, surrounded by scenes exhibiting all the excesses caused by the indulgence of unbridled passions, she ever preserved the purity of her manners, displaying the mildest virtues and the noblest mind. During her widowhood she adopted a device which is worth preserving, from its touching simplicity:

Rien ne m'est plus,  
Plus ne m'est rien.

The hereditary rights of Valentia over the Milanese were afterwards the occasion of the wars prosecuted in Italy by Louis XII. and Francis I., both of whom were her grandchildren.

\* It is almost impossible to translate these words, at the same time preserving the point of the original. The meaning is, "Since I have lost my all, nothing now remains for me."



## REMINISCENCES OF A WITTY LADY.

A WOMAN had better be born with no more brains than a goose, than be heiress to that dangerous possession—wit. In the former case she is sure, soon or late, to find some honest gander for her mate, and, perhaps, some good uncle or aunt to make his or her will in her favour; but in the latter she is destined to die an old maid, and cut herself out of the good graces of all her friends and relations, by the sharpness of her tongue.

Having suffered all my life from the ill effects of this mischievous propensity, I would, from motives of pure philanthropy to the rising generation, entreat—advise—admonish and implore all guardians of the young of my own sex, mothers, aunts, and governesses, to check, crush, and exterminate all tendency to mimicry, satire, repartee, sauciness, smartness, quickness; in short, all lively sallies that may grow up to form what is usually termed a *witty woman*. Let their young charges be dunces—the veriest pieces of affectation that ever minced steps at a dancing-master's ball. Let them be pedants—stuff their poor brains with astronomy, geology, conchology, entomology,—but let them not be wits—and, above all, do not let them imagine themselves possessed, in any way, of this most offensive weapon, for, ten to one, they will make fools of themselves through life.

While I was yet in my cradle, my mother discovered an unusual precocity about me, and a love of the ridiculous, which made me laugh ten times more than any of her other children had done at the same age; nay, she even attributed a certain comical cast that was perceptible in one eye during my childhood, to the droll way in which I used to slant up at nurse's high-crowned cap, which was at least half-a-foot higher than that of any old dame in the village. I always thought it was turning that eye in an oblique direction to watch the movements of the pap-spoon, which, I shrewdly suspect, oftener visited the old woman's lips, than the open mouth of her hungry, squalling nurling.

By the time I was three years old I was the veriest imp of mischief that ever lived; unfortunately, my freaks were laughed at, all my smart speeches duly repeated by a fond and foolish mother, and when I deserved to be whipped, I was forgiven on the score that I was so clever and such a *wit*. Now I verily believe half what is called wit in a child is *folly*, and if timely discouraged, the world would be spared much trouble in chastising, mortifying, and disinheriting grown-up culprits of this description.

At four or five I could mimic the voice, tone, gait, and manner of every one I saw—even a comical face in a picture-book was a study for me, and once I amused myself at a lady's house, where my mother had left me to spend the day, by moulding my little face into an exact resemblance of the brass lion's head on the handle of the bell-pull, to the great amusement of all the company. For one frolic I got a sound box on my ear from my father—(it is a source of regret to me I have so few of those valuable salutations to record).

Our landlord was a stiff old major, who wore a single-breasted coat, flapped waistcoat, a three-cocked hat, and a big curled wig. At his quarterly visitations not a syllable must be spoken, but, ranged on our four-legged mahogany stools, my sisters and myself must sit as mute as mice, not a giggle must be heard, not a whisper, while politics (I remember it was Pitt and Fox time) were discussed between my father and the old major.

Oh, it was dulness of the most refined order to keep our tongues still, our hands in our lap, and our ears open.

I had somehow managed to secrete the clean-picked drum-stick of a goose from the dinner table, one Michaelmas-day, to make what we called an apple-scoop. Well, I looked at my dry bone, and I glanced at the wig. The major was in the act of describing a *chevaux-de-frise*—I thought what an admirable one I could make of his wig. Unseen, unheard, I cracked my bone into a hundred splinters, and, favoured in my retreat from the circle by my quietly mischievous companions, I succeeded in sticking the wig as full of the white shivers of the goose-bone as I have since seen a sponge-cake soaked in wine and custard, (called a hedgehog,) stuck full of blanched almonds.

Imagine the grave, withered, crab-apple face of the major, and then think of the wig and its adornments—he wore, besides, a pig-tail coming from beneath the wig. I was just putting the *cour-de-grace* to his appearance, by fastening a long bit of rag to the end of this appendage—it was too much for the risible organs of my sisters—a universal burst of laughter took place—it was like the bursting of a long-pent-up volcano—it rolled on in spite of the awful frown of my father and the agitated look of the poor major, who was only partly unconscious of the ridiculous figure

he cut. I shall never forget the scene, or the suppressed expression of mirth that gleamed and twinkled in my poor father's eyes, as he assisted to re-compose the ruffled wig, (no easy matter,) and, in a thundering voice, demanded who had played the trick.

"I was only making a *chevaux-de-frise*," I said, trying to laugh.

A thundering box on the ear sent me reeling to the further end of the room; given, I verily believe, more out of respect to the feelings of the offended major, than from genuine displeasure against the culprit—but it would not do—the dignity of the old soldier was mortally wounded; he never entered the house again, to the great mortification of my mother, who counted his few formal visits a great honour, and was wont to boast of the major as one of her grand acquaintances.

My next freak was a more fatal one to my own interests, as, by an unlucky speech, I made an implacable enemy of a maiden aunt who occasionally visited our house; sometimes in company with a younger sister. Aunt Martha seldom inflicted her society on us for less than a month at a time, to the infinite regret of every member of the household, from the tom-cat up to my honoured father.

Aunt Martha was a tall, lean, sour-faced woman of thirty-two; her nose had a sort of pinch at the top, which was very red, and her cheeks were somewhat of the colour of a red cabbage, only wrinkled a little more after the manner of a savoy-leaf; moreover, to complete the pleasantness of her physiognomy, she wore what was then in fashion, a cropped head, called a "Brutus;" no wonder that I should draw an unfavourable comparison between her young, pretty, good-natured, lively sister and herself—the latter I called my pretty aunt, by way of distinction.

One day a coach stopped at the door—one of my aunts was expected—I eagerly ran to peep through the banisters of the hall stairs, half-dressed as I was, and in no very low tone asked if it were "my pretty aunt or my ugly aunt that had come?" A withering glance from Aunt Martha, as she hastily brushed past me on the staircase, proved she had heard the question; she curled up her little red nose, and looked ten times uglier than ever. She never forgot nor forgave the insult—nay, she carried it to her grave, for in her last will and testament the unlucky speech was recorded against me, as a sufficient reason for cutting me out of her will. Younger sisters and brothers, tom-cats, parrots, and cousins to the eighth remove, being sharers of her wealth, to the exclusion of poor me, though I had been scolded, starved, and lectured into obedience to her auntly authority, till she had not outwardly a more dutiful niece in the whole list of brother's and sister's brats than myself.

Experience should have taught me wisdom, but a very small portion of that valuable acquirement fell to my share.

It was my misfortune to be the god-daughter of a proud, mean, vain old woman, some very, very distant relation of my father's, who graciously condescended to bestow upon me her own *beautiful* name, "Deborah Anne,"—horrible compound!—and when I had attained the mature age of sixteen, she benevolently signified her intention of taking me by the hand, and introducing me into company. In other words, I was to be her companion, *alias*, *white slave*, and if, on the supposition that I might in time become her heiress, I had the good fortune to marry some wretched old bachelor, ancient widower, or sickly dandy of family, I was to bless for ever the goodness and generosity of Mrs. Deborah Anne Pike.

In the mean time, till such eligible connexion could be formed, I must favour, flatter, and attend to the whims and caprices of my patroness and worthy godmama; fill the important place of ladies' maid and milliner, butler, and housekeeper, amuse morning visitors, play the amiable to evening ones, play backgammon till my head was bewildered by the rattling of the dice-box, or pursue the monotonous draughtsmen across the board, till the white chickens looked black and the black white; and, of a rainy day, play billiards or *bangatelle*.

Our mornings were passed in solitary dulness, till the carriage was at the door to take us our daily round of calls on people as dull as ourselves; from five till six the business of the toilet occupied our time, and I was expected to attend to admire a face that even rouge could not improve, and a figure that resembled two boards bound together.

"Hum—ha—how do you like me now, Miss, that I have beautified a little?" was generally the closing speech, as she cast a satisfied glance at her withered charms in the old japanned dressing-glass.

Once I gave mortal offence by carelessly replying to "How do I look now?" "Much as you generally do, madam."

The first month was intolerable. In it I had given offence to one old beau and two danglers, and expressed my intention of

pleasing myself in the choice of a husband—a glaring piece of folly and ridiculous assertion of my independence that could not be tolerated. The next—but happily my tongue for once did me a worthy service, and set me free from my worse than Egyptian bondage before the second month was out.

The old lady used to pester me to admire the beauty of a faded green stuffed parrot that stood in an old-fashioned hideous case, among Chinese Mandarins, cups and saucers of old Dresden china, and other odd knick-knacks that filled up an ancient Dutch cabinet.

One day I unluckily was tempted to say, "I suppose, madam, you starved the parrot whilst it was alive, and stuffed it after it was dead." I said it playfully and in joke, but an awful cloud gathered on the offended lady's brow—silence ensued for a moment; then came a torrent of rebukes, and reproaches, and invectives. I apologized—it was only said in joke. Joke!—to joke with a person of her wealth—her dignity—and I a poor country curate's daughter, that she had taken from obscurity and beggary to make something of. This was too much—the pride of all my race rose up to my aid, and I retorted. The carriage was ordered to the door, and the old woman flung into it, commanding me to go to my room and pack my trunk. Next morning I was duly installed on the outside place of the mail—and—the right owners got me by six the same evening. The same mail brought a letter, the essence of spite, from my amiable relative, which, after dwelling on the heinousness of my enormities, concluded with these emphatic words:

"Miss was too independent and too great a wif for her station; humility had become the daughter of a poor curate better, and might have been rewarded with not less than £3,000."

I lost the chance of this fine fortune, but I did not lose my detestable name, for the insiction of which I was never remunerated, but I gained what was inexpressibly dearer to me than ever it had been before—my liberty. Nay, even to this hour, though something old, and poor, and single withal, I cannot help congratulating myself on my miraculous escape, convinced, as I am, that had I remained the abject dependant of my rich relative, I should have been left, after a life of slavery, with no better recompense than a broken spirit and an empty purse; the too frequent reward of a rich old woman's companion.

I was a little tamed for a while after I came home, but by degrees all my old propensities returned, and I now became worse than ever. I quizzed all my acquaintance, laughed at the old beaux and bachelors of our village, teased the young ones, ridiculed my female friends, with the exception of one or two whom I made my companions: these aped my fashions and manners, and repeated all my sayings. In short, I considered myself as a star among them.

So sharp was my wit at last that few dared enter the lists to answer me, and if I happened to be in one of my brilliant humours no one was safe from my railery. I could not endure to pass by an opportunity of displaying my talent—friend or foe, young or old, were alike exposed to my sarcasm.

I had nick-names for all my acquaintance, and prided myself on their significance, though now I think the practice is vulgar, illiberal, and foolish to a degree, besides being excessively ill-natured. In more than one instance I had the mortification of finding these names had reached the ears of the only persons they were not intended for, and that they gave much offence.

The surgeon and apothecary of our village, a huge bachelor with large unmeaning glassy eyes, and whiskers of no common size, with an extensive practice, a new white stuccoed dwelling, with vinery and green-house at the end of the village, a stud of horses, and a kennel full of wretched cur dogs, was held in great esteem by the single ladies of the neighbourhood and their mamas, who did not fail to say the doctor would be a good catch for some one.

For some time the doctor was looked upon almost as my declared lover, but I happened to hear that he should say, if I had come in for my share of Aunt Martha's legacy, or had been the certain heiress of Mrs. D. A. Pike, he might have been induced to offer his hand, his house, his vinery, his horses and dogs to me, for I was very clever and a dashing sort of a girl, though, 'pon honour, rather too sharp for him. I was incensed at his mercenary conduct, and resolved to revenge myself in some way. As to my mother, she excused his foible and hoped for the best; and my sisters still thought something might yet be done to bring him on, if I would but be a little meek, and not tease his dogs, and talk very affectionately of my rich godmother.

But the doctor's dogs were my aversion, a set of wretched living skeletons, that followed yelping at his heels, scratching and whining at his patients' doors like fiends of ill omen.

The oft-repeated proverb of "love me love my dog," which he never failed to repeat with a tender squeeze of my hand and a

languishing stare, failed to win my admiration. One might have managed to tolerate one dog, but the doctor had six, though to be sure the whole half-dozen would not have made one respectable-sized lady's spaniel. I called these miserable beasts the doctor's patients—himself, the "mad of pills," and the "gooseberry-eyed monster," while his assistant, the elegant, dandified Mr. C——, was the "stork"—he was six feet three inches, and slender to a degree—both were extravagantly proud of their perfections, and, though on the fortified side of thirty, the doctor was quite as vain as the youthful Adonis his companion.

It was Valentine's day. I was resolved to revenge myself for the slighting manner in which of late the man of pill had treated me, and I dashed off a caricature, in which my quondam admirer, with huge bear's whiskers, and eyes as big as saucers, was in the act of drawing an old woman's tooth; his huge frame ridiculously contrasted with a crowd of half-starved—not patients—but puppies of all sorts and sizes. Over the surgery door in legible characters was written TETH DISTRACTED HERE. The centre figure was an admirable likeness of Mr. C. mounted on a stork's legs, and with a bird's head; on the bill were inscribed pills, draughts, powders, &c., with an enormous sum-total added up. The resemblances were excellent; in spite of the incongruous appearance of the unhappy doctor and his assistant, every one that saw the group recognised the originals with shouts of laughter.

"Oh do let them have it," "Pray send it, they will never find out." "It is so clever they can't suspect," cried several of my best friends; and go it did, to be returned, not by the postman, but by the dignified, offended object of my satire.

One of my treacherous bosom friends had betrayed me, for the sake of ingratiating herself in the doctor's favour. I was mortified, vexed, ashamed; forced to apologize; but all to no purpose. As I grew meek, the doctor grew more spiteful, and ended with telling me I should soon become an ill-natured, satirical, sour old maid. I lost my admirer, and had the mortification of seeing my treacherous acquaintance become mistress of the stuccoed house, vinery, &c., and flaunt past me at church, in a pink satin hat and feathers, with the six dogs prancing before and behind her.

After this adventure, I received an invitation to stay at——Hall, with the aunt of Sir Charles S——. He was an elegant, sentimental young baronet; just recalled from his continental tour, by the death of his father. I had been ill, and was a little tamed by my misfortunes. Sir Charles was interested in me; was delighted with my singing, my drawing—I had been making sketches of the Hall, its old chapel, and the romantic scenes of his native village. I was proud, pleased, gratified at his praise. I began to indulge in visions of future bliss, to feel that I was not indifferent to the young baronet; I felt I could love him. Matters were in this train, when Sir Charles, one morning, announced his intention of taking his aunt and me to a race ball, at——.

His good aunt presented me with a beautiful gauze and satin dress. I had never seen myself full-dressed, in such a style. I was elated by my good looks. I should appear to advantage in the eyes of Sir Charles; my conquest would be complete. Sir Charles was a London-bred man. I must lay aside my country manners, and show him what I could be. I was all animation and gaiety, full of repartee and lively sallies. I did not notice at first that as my spirits increased, so in proportion did Sir Charles become silent, abstracted, and grave. I rallied him at last, teased, quizzed; he looked displeased, and said little. I was blind to my danger, and when we reached the ball-room, I flirted with the officer to whom I was introduced as a partner, with the hope of raising my lover's jealousy; but it would not do. I became reckless; pride would not allow me to notice Sir Charles's coldness and neglect. I exerted all my powers of wit to fascinate and charm. I heard my words repeated with admiration on all sides; but one voice alone was mute. Sir Charles hated a spirited woman; a wit or female satirist was his detestation; he admired the soft, the gentle, the silent, the unaffected, simple country girl, more than the fashionable bel-esprit.

Sir Charles never renewed his attentions, but left the Hall soon after; I saw him no more. Disappointed and grieved at my folly, I left a spot where I had been only too happy to mourn over hopes that my unfortunate propensity had blighted.

And now, on the verge of fifty, I find myself with a narrow income, shunned and feared by a limited circle of acquaintance, that unfortunate person, a poor satirical old maid. The only reparation I can make to society, is by publishing this short memoir, as a warning example to my sex, to shun that too common error, a sarcastic temper, and flee from the reputation of being thought a wif.

The Gift.

## FOOD AND DIET.

HUNGER and thirst are sensations common to all sentient beings, and those which produce the most marked effects upon their actions and habits. They constitute the earliest motives: the first to be experienced, they are perhaps the last also, and during the whole period of existence are constantly renewed at short intervals. Nor do they belong to that class of sensations which frequent repetition renders us inattentive to, and almost unconscious of; their intensity is seldom diminished by age, but continues, in most cases, in full force, even after all other sensations are blunted and dimmed by the decay of the organisation.

Hunger and thirst may be regarded as *instincts*. The newborn animal needs no instructor to teach it how to satisfy the cravings which they occasion, but at once employs its feeble powers to procure food; and in every case they act specifically upon the individual in the same manner.

But though these sensations thus unerringly accomplish their essential purposes, yet comparatively few persons understand what those purposes are, and hence their natural operation is frequently thwarted by the interference of man, whose habits pervert the sensations, and render them incapable of perfectly fulfilling the ends for which they are designed. As the principal part of the art of dietetics consists in due attention to hunger and thirst, we will first state what physiologists have ascertained respecting them.

The gastric juice, a fluid secreted by the blood-vessels of the stomach, is the prime agent in effecting the digestion of food. It has lately been discovered that the quantity and quality of this fluid vary greatly even in the same individual, and that these variations depend on, and are indicative of, corresponding conditions of the system; the quantity being great in proportion to its exhaustion and need of restoratives. Now, there is good reason to believe that hunger is simply the sensation produced by the action of the gastric juice upon the nerves of the inner coat of the stomach; so that hunger not only calls attention to the necessity for food, and impels us to procure it, but, in addition, by its various degrees of intensity (arising from the different quantities of gastric juice), furnishes an accurate index to the *proper quantity* also, becoming less and less powerful as food is taken, and at length disappearing, and with it the desire for food. But most men regard appetite merely as a means of enjoyment, and wholly overlook its more important uses. Hence the numerous devices to create *artificial* appetite, or to prolong a natural one, which give rise to many of the most severe diseases with which civilised man is afflicted, by causing the habitual consumption of a superabundance of food.

If the quantity of gastric juice is proportioned to the need of food, as indicated by the feeling of hunger, it is evident that disregard of that monitor must occasion the frequent oppression of the stomach with a mass of which it cannot dispose, and thus enfeeble it by over-exertion. Nor is this, though a great, the only evil of excess. Suppose the whole of the food digested and assimilated, the reparatory process will, in that case, proceed more rapidly than the opposite *o.e.*, and a plethoric state of the system, attended with manifold evils, ensues. This latter consequence, however, more seldom attends intemperance than imperfect and insufficient nutrition; for, as the supply of the solvent fluid is not adequate to reduce the food to the proper state for passing into the other digestive organs, and yet is intimately mixed with its whole mass, the food remains in the stomach, sometimes so long as to undergo fermentation, by which it is rendered incapable of furnishing nourishment, besides irritating the alimentary canal, giving rise to those vague but highly distressing feelings which are grouped together under the name of indigestion.

While such are the evils of excess, the effects of habitually leaving the appetite unsatisfied are still more injurious to health. They are the same in kind as those which long-continued total abstinence produces,—namely, the diminution and deterioration of the blood, with the inevitable consequences of weakening the whole body, and through that the mind, stopping the development of both in the young, and surely tending to undermine the health

\* We are aware that this explanation of hunger is disputed by some physiologists, on the ground that no gastric juice enters the stomach until it is excited by the presence of food. But though not actually excreted from, there can be little doubt, as Dr. Beaumont states, that it already exists secreted in the capillaries; for, as soon as food is taken into the stomach, it is poured forth in great abundance: and surely it may act upon the nerves, even though contained in the inconceivably minute tubes by which it is secreted.

and abridge the life of the adult. Undue abstinence is seldom, in this country, voluntarily submitted to; the persons principally exposed to it being the poor and the young; the former, by reason of their want of means, or of misapplication and improvident use of those which they possess; the latter, by reason of ignorance of the laws of the animal economy on the part of those on whom the care of children devolves. The plan of youthful training prevalent among the higher classes in our own country, is most erroneous: it proceeds upon fixed general rules, without reference to individual peculiarities or temporary circumstances; and perhaps its most pernicious part is that which relates to diet.

Children require abundance of nourishing food. Their system is one of vast activity, of constant change and of rapid development; a state of things obviously demanding large supplies of aliment, and one which satisfactorily accounts for the never-failing appetite of the young, so much more vigorous than that of most adults. At this period of life, the instincts are unperturbed by vicious habits, and may be safely trusted to in whatever relates to regimen; and therefore, instead of adhering to a fixed standard as to the quantity of food and the times of meals for children, their appetite ought to be consulted, and to a great extent complied with. By some persons, it appears to be assumed that children, unless restrained, would eat far more food than is beneficial, and hence they make a point of leaving hunger unappeased; a plan rigorously acted upon in many boarding-schools. But for this notion there is little reason: on the contrary, the sense of oppression and satiety which too much food occasions is so painful, that healthy children never voluntarily exceed the proper limit in this respect; the sense of taste, so acute and so much gratified by food when hunger exists, becomes dull, and the most grateful nutriment loses its agreeableness when the wants of the system are satisfied, so that the strongest inducement to take food is removed as soon as the necessity for doing so ceases.

The consequences of the mistake referred to are most lamentable. Not only is the physical constitution weakened in every part, its development retarded, and its vigour destroyed, but the *moral* constitution also is injured. An habitual feeling of pain and want induces a gloomy, selfish state of mind, represses the generous and cheerful emotions natural to youth, not unfrequently laying the foundation of a sordid and selfish character, while the intellect partakes of the stunted and enfeebled condition of the body. We have ourselves been informed by persons educated at schools where this erroneous plan was pursued, that the children were universally addicted to pilfering whatever edible came within their reach, being driven to this mean practice by the incessant cravings of hunger. Vain, indeed, must be all attempts to educate, in the wide and only proper sense of the word, without reference to the physical as well as to the mental nature of the beings to be educated.

The rule just laid down as to the quantity of food applies only to persons in a *state of health*, to whom our remarks will throughout be confined; the exceptions are the province of the physician. It may be observed, however, that even in disease, appetite is generally the safest guide in all that relates to diet, and the enlightened physician always consults its indications with care.

Food may be regarded as to its relation to the solvent power of the stomach—the ease or the difficulty with which it can be reduced into its elements, which is called its *digestibility*; or in relation to the similarity or dissimilarity of those elements to the constituents of the living body which it serves for food,—that is to say, as to the proportion of matter which it contains fit to become part of that body; and this quality is its *nutritiveness*. Before we can determine whether one species of food is better than another in any case, we must know its qualities in both these respects; digestibility being frequently as important as nutritiveness.

The properties of the gastric juice vary in every species of animal, and even in individuals of the same species, so that digestibility, according to the definition given above, is a *relative*, not an absolute quality: in other words, food which is easily digested by the stomach of one animal may be difficult of digestion in that of another. Hence it is useless to lay down rules for universal guidance in the choice of the various articles of diet: this is a matter in which individual experience alone can, in most cases, decide. The following observations, therefore, are general in their scope, and liable to many exceptions.

Bearing this in mind, it may be stated, as the result of experiment, that animal and farinaceous food are the most digestible kinds of aliment, vegetables and soups requiring a longer time for their assimilation; that the flesh of young animals is more difficult of digestion than that of the middle-aged; and that fish is gene-

rally indigestible, as also whatever contains much fatty or oily matter.

Whatever facilitates the exposure of the food to the action of the gastric juice is an aid to digestion, and it is on this account that *mastication* is of so much importance. When this process is properly performed, the food, before entering the stomach, is ground down into a soft pulp, easily separable, and capable of being readily mixed with the gastric juice. Solid food ought, therefore, to be thoroughly masticated: to neglect of this rule, indigestion, with all its train of evils, is frequently to be ascribed.

The mode in which food is prepared or cooked is of importance, chiefly in reference to its effect on digestibility; and in this respect the art of cookery deserves serious attention. It is, of course, impossible for us to enter into details on this subject; but we may mention, that roasting and stewing are modes of preparing animal food far preferable to boiling: meat subjected to the former processes becomes more tender and digestible, and fewer of its nutritious and savoury particles are lost, than when boiled. Vegetables should generally be boiled, and that thoroughly: crude or half-cooked, they are among the most indigestible of viands.

The principal use of condiments is to assist digestion, and for this purpose some of them, as salt and vinegar, are of great service; the former especially is universally sought after, and is beneficial in several ways. It enters into the blood, stimulates the alimentary canal, prevents the generation of worms, and renders food more acceptable to the palate. Vinegar is useful when taken with veal and other young meats. Mustard and pepper excite the languid stomach and facilitate digestion, but are more required in warm than in cold countries. Moderation is highly necessary in the use of spices, pickles, and indeed of all condiments.

The most satisfactory explanation of that quality of food which is called nutritiveness is given by the celebrated French physiologist, Magendie, according to whose views alimentary substances may be divided into three classes:—1. Those composed of azote, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. 2. Those which contain carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; and 3. Those which consist of the two latter elements alone.

The food of man consists principally of substances comprised in the first class, which are the most nutritious, and at the same time most digestible, kinds of food,—namely, the flesh of animals, the various species of grain, and the seeds of peas, beans, &c. Butchers' meat is more nutritious than the flesh of fish or fowls, and the flesh of middle-aged animals is preferable in this respect, as well as on account of its easier digestibility.

The alimentary substances composed of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, belong almost exclusively to the vegetable kingdom, in which they are found combined, in the form of gum, starch, sugar, and oil; all highly nutritious articles of diet, but less easy of digestion than animal food. In this class also are included animal fat and oil, two substances containing a large proportion of nutriment, but indigestible unless mixed with other articles.

The digestive as well as all the other organs of infants are feeble, capable of performing their functions only under favourable circumstances, and consequently easily deranged. Their food, therefore, should be of the most simple and digestible kind, such as nature has itself provided for their sustenance. During the earliest period of life, artificial food should not be resorted to, except in cases of necessity. To the development of the child's organisation we must look for guidance in regulating its diet. The importance of mastication proves that to give solid food, especially of an animal kind, before the appearance of *teeth*—the organs which perform the principal part in that process—cannot but be hurtful. Until this period the mother's milk, or, should that fail, a mixture of milk and water, as closely resembling it as possible, should form the exclusive food of infants; and even after most of the teeth have emerged from the gums, simple farinaceous substances, such as sago, arrow-root, &c., prepared with milk, or broth thickened with rice or bread, ought to be the principal articles of diet.\* Animal food requires for its elaboration organs of considerable strength, and, if supplied to children too early, disorders the digestive functions, and unduly excites the whole system. It is the opinion of medical men, that scrofula and consumption are frequently produced by too stimulating a diet in early

\* The proper time for weaning depends upon the state of both mother and child. The more delicate the infant, the longer ought this event to be deferred. It is well known that the poor in this country suckle their children too long, to the great injury of their own health as well as that of their children.

life, by the liberal use of meat, wine and other fermented liquors. During childhood and youth, the proportion of vegetable should be larger than that of animal food, the quantity of the latter being gradually increased. After the age of five or six, the system is remarkably vigorous, growth proceeds rapidly, and a plentiful supply of nourishment being indispensable, animal food may be given less sparingly.

The due regulation of the diet of adults depends so much on individual peculiarities, that it is impossible to give any but very general directions respecting it.

The effect produced on the stomach by food is the best test of its fitness and wholesomeness. A little observation will suffice to acquaint every one with the kinds of food which he ought to prefer as being adapted to the condition of his digestive organs, to run the risk of deranging which, for the sake of the momentary gratification of the palate, is a folly which bespeaks a childish impotence of will truly remarkable, though by no means uncommon. Perhaps if it were generally known that the feelings of pain and uneasiness which accompany dyspepsia are merely *symptoms* of an evil ruinous to health, this error would not be so prevalent. Let our readers bear in mind that whatever disturbs the processes of digestion, to some extent prevents the renovation of the blood, the general mass of which is thus diminished and deteriorated, occasioning deep and lasting injury to every part of the frame; and whenever they are tempted by delicate viands to disregard experience, knowledge of this truth may enable them to exercise the requisite amount of self-denial.

The quantity of food is much more important than its quality. Even invalids may generally eat what they please, provided they are moderate. The stomach will readily digest a small quantity of an aliment, which in greater abundance would completely derange it. Moderation, then, is the most efficient means of securing the uninterrupted working of those organs which prepare the vital fluid and exercise a powerful influence upon the physical and mental condition. On account of their tendency to make us overstep the bounds of moderation, meals consisting of a large variety of articles are to be shunned: in the pleasure of the palate, men are apt to forget the pain of the stomach, although the latter soon follows to convince them of their folly.

A common error in this country is the notion that a very abundant supply of animal food is indispensable to the maintenance of vigour and health. That a diet wholly vegetable is not desirable, is undeniable, but one far less stimulating than that preferred among us would be amply sufficient to maintain the frame in the best condition; and those who make animal food the principal article of diet, however ruddy and robust they may appear, are ever on the verge of active disease: among these, inflammation finds its easiest victims, hurrying them from a state of apparently perfect health, either into a condition of great debility or into the grave.

#### USES OF METALS.

If a convincing and familiar proof of the extensive application of the metals to the common purposes of life were required, we need only refer to the case of many a common cottager, who could not carry on his daily concerns and occupations without the assistance of several of the metals. He could not, for instance, make his larger purchases, nor pay his rent, without silver, gold, and copper. Without iron, he could neither dig, nor plough, nor reap; and with respect to his habitation, there is scarcely a part of the structure itself, or of the furniture contained in it, which is not held together, to a greater or less extent, by means of the same metal; and many articles are either entirely iron, or of iron partially and superficially coated with tin. Zinc, and copper, and antimony, and lead, and tin, are component parts of his pewter and brazen utensils. Quicksilver is a main ingredient in the metallic coating of his humble mirror; cobalt and platina, and metals perhaps more rare and costly than these, as chrome, are employed in the glazing of his drinking cups and jugs. And if he be the possessor of a fowling-piece—which commonly he would be—arsenic must be added to the foregoing list, as an ingredient in the shot with which he charges it; for it is arsenic which enables the shot, during the process of its granulation, to assume that delicately spherical form by which it is characterised. So that, of the whole number of metals made use of by society at large for common purposes, amounting to less than twenty, more than half of them are either directly used by the mere peasant, or enter into the composition of the furniture and implements used by him.—*Kidd's Bridgewater Treatise.*

## THE HALF-SAVAGES OF PROVENCE.

WE frequently explore distant countries at a great expense, with a view of obtaining a knowledge of their manners and customs, without being aware of what lies almost at our own doors. For example, few people, even in France, are aware that the central part of Provence is inhabited by a class of men, whose state of civilisation is of so low a grade, that they almost approach the condition of savages. These people are found scattered between Frejus, Nagoule, Cannes, Grasse, and Fouence, in the enormous forests of Esteril (so named by the Moors), and also in the vicinity of the Gulf of St. Tropez, very near Garde-Freinel, the ancient Moorish head-quarters.

The greater number of these European savages live in huts composed of rough stones, with the chinks filled up with clay. These huts are generally divided into three parts, which, however, are only indicated by rough pieces of wood laid across the floor: the largest of these divisions is occupied as a kitchen and store-room; the second is the bed-room, in which the father, mother, children, and very frequently the grandfathers and grandmothers of the children sleep; and the third division is occupied by the cattle. The food of this people consists of a very black and badly-prepared bread, which is seasoned by a few herbs or boiled pulse. They use small solid pieces of wood, or roughly-hewn stones, for seats; and tables are seldom seen among them. Their occupation consists in cultivating a few acres of land, tending goats, or making charcoal.

They preserve, more or less the religion of their forefathers. If an oak in the forest is struck by lightning, it inspires them with a holy fear; and when they pass by it, they repeat to themselves in an under-tone the day on which the misfortune happened, and generally discover that the visitation must have been in consequence of some evilly-disposed person having taken shelter under the trees. Many caves are said to be inhabited by spirits, which they sometimes invoke by the repetition of mysterious sentences; but they more generally pass by such places in silence, for fear of paying too dear for disturbing the repose of the spirit within. They have also Fetishes, because they have very great veneration for every object which belonged to their forefathers, and are fearful that the most trifling neglect towards those articles may occasion the greatest misfortunes.

Their clothing is composed of very coarse stuff, frequently lined with goats' hair. M. Beaglet asserts, that he once saw one of these men at the market at Frejus purchase three pieces of coarse stuff, and with the knife hanging at his girdle make two large holes, through which he put his arms, and then fastened together this quickly-made coat with two wooden pins. When he had finished it, he hastily ran away, because the presence of strangers seemed not agreeable to him. His wandering glance fixed upon nothing, he changed his position every minute, only answered "yes" or "no" to our repeated questions, and seemed totally indifferent about the very numerous objects which generally delight country people.

The most disgusting dirtiness prevails in the dwellings of these people, as well as in their persons. Their hair falls in disorder over their shoulders; they do not cut their nails, which frequently break while performing their laborious operations. Their beards in general are allowed to grow so long as to be troublesome to them, and only those who frequent the markets subject themselves to the operation of shaving. The extent of their ideas is very limited, and, in general, a stupid silence reigns among them. A sudden shrill cry is often heard in the woods, which is probably a sign made to some of their party at a distance.

These people live but a few months of the year in their huts, and many of them only enter them to renew their stores, and sleep the whole year by the sides of the rocks, near which they form an enclosure for their flocks, by means of the branches of trees, and make a large fire. In summer they sleep the whole day, so as to be enabled to protect their flocks from the attacks of the wolves during the night; and, if business did not draw them to the markets for the sale of their goods and charcoal, it is probable they would become complete savages. Their children are seldom seen; and, indeed, none of the Provençals appear among other men till they are arrived at the age of manhood, when they seem rather to be idiots than rational beings. A step, however, has lately been made towards their civilisation. A clergyman at Adrech, in the mountains of Esteril, was much struck on hearing of the uncultivated and degraded condition of these poor men, and, coming down among them, by degrees gained their confidence, preached the gospel to them, and built a simple chapel among their huts, where they had not previously the smallest place for Christian worship.

## INFUSORIA.

AT different epochs, in the time of famine, the Laplanders have mixed a farinaceous mineral substance (bergmehl) with the flour of grain, to make bread. Examined with the microscope, this substance, which the Laplanders regard as a gift of the great Spirit of the Woods, is found to be composed entirely of fossil *infusoria*, more or less imperfectly preserved. It may give an idea of the "diminutiveness" of these animalcula, to state that this siliceous farina is as impalpable as wheat flour. In 1833, Berzelius, the distinguished chemist, analysed this extraordinary substance, and discovered that it was composed of silex and animal matter, but it was not imagined by any one that it was entirely formed of animalcula; that the ground from which it was taken was nothing but a vast cemetery, filled with the remains of an incalculable number of little animals that had ceased to exist centuries before. Lately, as was stated in the American Journal of Science and Arts, for October, these fossils have been discovered in great quantities in America, and their localities pointed out by Professors Bailey and Hitchcock.

Many of the rocks which contain fossil *infusoria*, appear to have been exposed to the action of volcanic fires, without having undergone an alteration of form. This will be easily understood, when it is considered that pure silex is, of all substances, the one which longest resists the action of heat. The experiments made directly upon these mineral coverings of the animalcula by the learned Berlin naturalist, show us what an extreme heat they can bear without suffering any change.—*New York Review*.

## THE VISIONARY.

My heart had dreams in childhood's hours,  
And then they were the bright and gay;  
Their hauntings were with light and flowers,  
But soon their brightness pass'd away.

And then came visions darkly wild,  
Dim shadows that I loved to see;  
Their presence sadder thoughts beguiled,  
And dreams became a home to me.

But now they glad my heart no more,  
Beneath their power its wings are bound;  
Those dreamings, like the clinging flower,  
Have withered what they wreathed around.

The heart upon whose central page  
The spirit Love hath set his seal,  
Where shall it seek, from youth to age,  
An image that its depths can fill?

Amid the altars called his own,  
What shrine can consecrate a sigh,  
Whose incense is not claimed alone  
By selfishness and vanity?

The world, the world, the human world,  
The darkened stage of toil and strife,  
The war-field where the flag's unfurl'd,  
Are those of agony and life.

Is it amid this jarring scene  
The heart can seek or find its home?  
Where hate and suffering have been,  
Can Love find aught except a tomb?

But earth—the bright and changing earth,  
Whose very strifes are harmony,  
Linked even from his spirit's birth,  
With all of man that cannot die;

The greenwood shade, the river's rush,  
The gentle flower—the mighty sea—  
Oh! these may claim the purest gush  
Of the heart's vital melody.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF A RAMBLE IN WALES.

It is now nearly four years since the writer of this paper found himself, on a fine September morning, in company with a single companion, descending from the Holyhead coach at the door of the little road-side inn in the village of Chirk, just within the boundary of the principality, and which was destined to be the starting-point of a pedestrian ramble in North Wales, the chief object in view being the ascent of Snowdon.

Here divesting ourselves of great-coats, and all the apparatus of stage-coach travellers, we proceeded to put ourselves in trim for prosecuting our journey on foot. We had each provided ourselves with a travelling dress of light stuff. The coats, being cut somewhat in shooting-jacket style, afforded space for capacious side-pockets; one furnished with—blame us not, kind reader,—for be it known to the uninitiated that a gentle puff of tobacco is a mighty restorative to the tired traveller, even though he be on the breezy mountain's brow, scenting the balmy gales of morning;—one pocket, then, furnished with a short travelling-pipe and a swelling tobacco-bag, (wofully shrunk at the journey's end,) and the other with a modest pocket-pistol, with our feet encased in merino socks and stout walking-shoes; leather knapsacks furnished with one entire change, and the apparatus of the toilette, strapped to our backs,—we prepared for our start.

And here one word of advice to "walking gentlemen," which being the result of our pedestrian experiences, we expect to be received with all due deference. When you start on a long tramp don't wear boots or cotton stockings. The first are more wearisome than shoes, which afford the foot and ankle better play, and enable you to exert your strength with greater effect, and consequently render a smaller expenditure of power necessary;—the second (cotton stockings) are a harsher wear than worsted or merino, and are more apt to blister the feet; but the best wear of all are fine knit lamb's-wool, but those you should buy in Wales; indeed, they keep a stock of these at many of the inns for the benefit of travellers, and you often meet with women carrying them about for sale. Some we bought at Tan-y-Bwlch were long our favourites, and when their date was out, we sighed to think that all things here below must have an end. We were provident enough to carry extra external clothing, as well as linen; for the traveller must expect many a wetting, and an umbrella is a thing not to be thought of; it would be utterly useless. But to save the cumbersome carriage of a cloth suit, we contented ourselves with a pair of linen trowsers, (don't mistake, we mean a pair a-piece, and not a pair between us,) and a light jacket, which we found quite sufficient, whilst our travelling dresses were, many a time and oft, drying by the kitchen fire. A Macintosh cape would be an excellent companion; it may be easily rolled up and carried like a soldier's great-coat on the top of the knapsack, but this we did not find out till it was too late to supply the deficiency. Macintosh knapsacks, much lighter than leather, are also manufactured; we rather think this improvement had not been achieved at the time we are referring to, but, at any rate, we had not the good fortune to meet with any. The knapsack must, of course, be proportioned to the shoulders that are to bear it, and the luggage it is intended to contain; about twelve inches by seven is a convenient size, but by all means have a knapsack; you soon

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get used to it, and the weight you have to carry is more evenly distributed, and requires much less effort to support in that mode of conveyance than by any other. Some tourists carry bags slung under one arm,—some content themselves with the pockets of a shooting-jacket, but neither way is so pleasant or easy as the knapsack. We have seen it recommended in some guide-books that when two travel together on foot, the travelling-case, whatever it may be, should be sufficiently capacious to hold the stores of both, and be carried alternately. We never felt any inclination to try the experiment; our own burden, though not oppressive, was enough, but we are very sure that the extra fatigue of carrying double for one-half of the day, or for one hour, would not be compensated by carrying nothing the next. The traveller becomes insensibly accustomed to the weight on his shoulders, if not excessive, and soon learns so to manage his centre of gravity as to disregard his burden. But we have run on dogmatizing concerning our travelling experiences to an inordinate length—pardon, pardon, gentle reader!—we will return to Chirk without a moment's delay.

Behold us then equipped, but, previous to "taking the road," we visited Chirk Castle, the seat of the Middleton family, leaving, however, our knapsacks behind us. This mansion is worth visiting, as it contains an extensive collection of pictures. True it is, that when we are bent upon the full enjoyment of the beauties of nature, we are inclined to look upon houses and enclosed rooms as necessary evils, which our weak mortal nature obliges us to tolerate, but which our spirit revolts against as degrading curbs upon those bent to "run wild in woods," and commune with nature in her dignified and solitary majesty. This enthusiasm, to be sure, is apt to be damped by a shower, or dissipated by the inward agitations of hunger, and one then begins to think that rocks and streams and even the glories of "cloud-land," are somewhat savage and uncivilised, and that it is not so bad a thing as we had imagined to behold nature at second-hand, especially if her representatives, pictures, are hung around the dining-room. So, subduing our rising enthusiasm by such prudential reasonings, we walked to Chirk Castle, about a mile from the inn; and even had we not entered the house, we should have been well repaid. It is situated on a height which commands a most magnificent view, extending into no less than seventeen counties. On the one side you look over the fertile plains of England, and on the other, behold the lofty mountains towards which lies your onward course. To contemplate such a scene while standing encircled by the fine old trees of an extended deer-park, to see the shadows drifting over hill and vale, changing each moment the tint of the mountain-peak, to breathe the free air and feel the life-giving sun, are pleasures worth living for.

The house, which is an antiquated building built round a large interior court-yard, contains a fine suite of apartments; what is termed the picture-gallery, being an excellent specimen of such an apartment in an old English house; the polished oak floor, the Indian cabinets, Chinese jars, and family portraits, combine to form an exceedingly picturesque whole. There are several pictures worthy of attention, but our time would not allow us to make a minute examination. Our attention was more particularly attracted by a portrait of the Countess of Warwick, the wife of Addison, interesting more from the circumstance of her connection with that distinguished man, than from any peculiar excellence of the painting, or beauty in the features;—a very well painted head by Carlo Dolce; a spirited portrait of Charles the Second;—a por-

trait of Sir Thomas More, by Holbein;—Christ taken down from the cross, by Ludovico Caracci, a very fine painting;—and two good specimens of Wouvermans, a *Battle-piece*, and *Soldiers in Camp*. We happened to arrive just as the servants were about to dine, and were much amused at seeing a procession of from twenty to thirty men and maids crossing the large interior court-yard, issuing from the kitchen-door on one side, each carrying his or her plate, and passing across into the dining-hall on the other side of the quadrangle. The ceremony had a somewhat ludicrous appearance: it may very possibly be customary elsewhere, but we had never before chanced to behold it, and we could not prevent the action of our risible muscles, which would, however indecorous, shake most abominably.

Returning to the inn, we donned our knapsacks, and addressed ourselves to the road in good earnest, first fortifying ourselves with a substantial dinner,—a prudent precaution, by no means to be neglected. We should have mentioned that, about half a mile before reaching Chirk, an aqueduct, which conveys the Ellesmere canal over the river and vale of Ceiriog, presents a most beautiful picture. Its ten light and elegantly-turned arches contrasted against the wooded hill beyond;—the brawling streams and green valley below, viewed from a different point each moment as the road turns and winds, delight the eye with changing forms of beauty. At this point the peculiar character of Welch scenery first becomes apparent, and as you go forward, pursuing the route which we have traversed, you gradually approach the scenes of its wildest grandeur, and are enabled the better to appreciate its splendour than if at once introduced to it. This position may possibly be regarded by many as untenable, but the eye unaccustomed to mountain scenery, and even the frame unused to mountain air, are alike unfitted for its full enjoyment, until they have, as it were, served a short apprenticeship—endured a probation—by drawing on, step by step—till at last, mind and body being both wound up to the right pitch, both are capable of full enjoyment.

The road to Ruabon (five miles) is pleasant and agreeable; the mountains are rising up before us; we see the varied hues upon their sides, and we speculate upon the causes of these appearances—to us lowlanders so strange. The inn at Ruabon deserves the meed of the traveller's praise. The landlord is (or at least was, four years ago; but what changes may not even four years produce!) an ex-butler of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, the head of the first native family in Wales, and who, we believe, claims to be the rightful representative of the princely house of Powys. Verily his ancient butler learnt hospitality within his walls; for although the "Eagles" be not a very extensive hostelry, yet its accommodations are such as even princely visitants need not despise; and in the earnest desire to please his guests, he proves that he will not be outdone, even by his old and open-hearted master—a real good old English—no, we mistake, *Welsh* gentleman.

Here we must bring in another of our boring travelling experiences;—skip it, if you please, gentle reader, but it is necessary for our peace of mind to care for the ease of your feet. Neither of us having been previously in the practice of much walking, we both, although we had traversed little more than seven miles, felt some twinges about the toes, indicative of incipient blisters. To avoid this pestilent evil, the bane of the foot-traveller, we bathed our feet in warm water, in which nearly as much salt as it would dissolve was thrown: this we repeated for three successive nights, and we never felt any uneasiness from blisters.

The next morning was occupied in viewing the grounds of Wynn-stay, but, the house being full of company, we could not gain admission there. The park is very extensive, and the gardens good. The stable-doors exhibit the shoes of many racers, who in former times were honoured in their day for their glib achievements on the turf, and who won many a gold cup, each feat being duly recorded; but Sir Watkin has left the turf, and these trophies are no longer regarded.

A more interesting monument is the column erected by his mother to the memory of the late Sir W. W. Wynne, who gained

glory by leading a regiment of devoted Welchmen to support their country's cause, in the Irish rebellion of 1798. It is constructed of freestone, and is 101 feet in height. A circular stair conducts to the summit, whence a very beautiful view is obtained. In another part of the grounds, a tower is erected to the memory of those Welchmen who fell on the occasion to which we have alluded. Some very inviting marble baths are among the *agréments* of Wynn-stay; but as we are not writing a guide-book, but simply recording our reminiscences, we forbear to detail every minute circumstance.

After viewing the church, a sort of point of duty with a traveller, but which offered little of interest, we set forward, by a cross-road, towards the far-famed Llangollen. The natural magnificence of the country increases as you advance; but the romantic vale, the beloved retreat of Lady Emily Butler,—the desired abode of each romantic maid who fears dread man, and fain would be alone—a most mistaken wish,—is ruined by dreadful blast furnaces for forging iron, and the sweet brow of nature is disfigured by dingy heaps of ashes and scorias.

About two miles from Ruabon, we crossed another, and a yet more extraordinary aqueduct, than that over the Vale of Ceiriog, but like that forming a portion of the Ellesmere Canal—the Pont-y-Cysylltau. The name is certainly puzzling when spelt, and, to save our reader's brains from a racking, we charitably would insinuate that the vulgar pronounce it Pontycasult. What may be the classic, or rather the *druidic* mode, we know not. It is an astonishing work, consisting of nineteen arches, stretching across the valley through which the rushing Dee pursues his course, the aqueduct crossing that impetuous stream. The view from its summit is particularly striking, hills upon hills stretching out before the eye, but it is only from below that the full effect of the aqueduct can be beheld. Descending the precipitous bank overgrown with copse-wood that overhangs the river, you look up with wonder to the long extending line of arches that tower 126 feet above the river banks. The brawling stream dashes and foams around the firm basements of the piers, seeking to shake them from their foundations; thrown fiercely back, it recoils in anger, yet still again and again urges its ceaseless attack. Shrieking with impotent rage, the river-god beholds his territories invaded, and overcome by the power of man. This magnificent work, and the aqueduct near Chirk, which we have already mentioned, are both the works of Telford, the able architect and engineer who planned and executed the celebrated Holyhead road, which, passing over mountains, torrents, and valleys, is yet one of the most perfect highways, in every point of view, that exists in Great Britain, or indeed in the world.

Shortly after passing the Pontycasult, we missed our track; stepping into a cottage to inquire our way, we for the first time beheld the *goffre*, or enlargement of the throat,—that unseemly disease, so prevalent in Switzerland, and there attributed to the quality of the water. We afterwards met with many similar cases, but they were most numerous in the neighbourhood of Llangollen. What may be the real occasion of this disease, we do not know, and believe that it has never been certainly ascertained; but it is a melancholy sight, distressing to the sufferer, and disgusting to the beholder.

Were it not for the detestable iron-works, the Vale of Llangollen would long have retained its pristine celebrity; but their huge heaps of ashes, and alternate blazing, smoking, and roaring, "fright the soul," and drive the spirit of romance far, far away, and make even Plas Newydd, erewhile the residence of the mysterious recluse, Lady Emily Butler, and her chosen friend the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, tame and uninteresting. We walk sulkily to our inn, and, looking at the bridge and the river, declare that the one is good only to walk over, and the other for trout-fishing. We shake our jackets, for it has been raining, and call lustily for dinner. We are in no mood yet for Vale Crucis Abbey, and could scarcely call up a smile as we walked down the valley, at the devoted looks of fond affection manifest in a young bride, who, in an easy open

landau, was reclining her fair head on the shoulder of her beloved. We faced them afterwards on their way, and it may be, we may speak of them again, but it must not be now. We have introduced you, gentle reader, to the sweet Vale of Llangollen, the abode of the immortal "Jenny Jones," and there for the present we must bid you farewell; under promise, however, that in our next paper we will lead you to the foot of Snowdon.

#### THE SPERM WHALE AND SOUTH-SEA WHALE \* FISHERY.\*

THE natural history of the Sperm Whale has long been the object of the naturalist's inquiry, but, until the publication of Mr. Beale's book, no certain information had ever been afforded, and some very incorrect descriptions had been adopted by those ever who stand foremost in the ranks of science. The public is indebted to Mr. Beale for a very minute and lucid account of this remarkable animal, differing so greatly in its formation and habits from the well-known Greenland whale. He accompanied a South-Sea whaling vessel on her three years' voyage, and made good use of the ample opportunities he enjoyed of investigating the structure and habits of the Sperm whale. We gladly avail ourselves of his labours in the following brief sketch, but must refer our readers to the book itself for more minute details.\*

The Sperm whale attains a greater size than even the Greenland or common black whale. The average length of the latter is not more than 70 feet, while it is common to meet with male Sperm whales measuring 84 feet and upwards. There is, however, a great difference in the size of the two sexes, the female being not more than one-fifth as large as the male, a most curious fact—indeed so peculiar as to have raised doubts as to its correctness. Mr. Beale, however, assures us that the case is so, and there is no reason to doubt his assertion.

The head of the sperm whale presents in front a very thick blunt extremity, called the snout or nose, and constitutes about one-third of the whole length of the animal; at its junction with the body is a large protuberance on the back, called by the whalers the 'bunch of the neck;' immediately behind this, or at what might be termed the shoulder, is the thickest part of the body, which from this point gradually tapers off to the tail, but it does not become much smaller for about another third of the whole length, when the 'small,' as it is called, or tail, commences; and at this point also, on the back, is a large prominence of a pyramidal form, called the 'hump,' from which a series of smaller processes run half way down the 'small,' or tail, constituting what is called by whalers the 'ridge.' The body then contracts so much, as to become finally not thicker than the body of a man, and terminates by becoming expanded on the sides into the 'flukes,' or tail properly speaking. The two flukes constitute a large triangular fin, resembling in some respects the tail of fishes, but differing in being placed horizontally; there is a slight notch, or depression, between the flukes, posteriorly—they are about six or eight feet in length, and from twelve to fourteen in breadth in the largest males. The chest and belly are narrower than the broadest part of the back, and taper off evenly and beautifully towards the tail, giving what by sailors is termed a 'clear run,'—the depth of the head and body is in all parts, except the tail, greater than the width. The head, viewed in front, presents a broad, somewhat flattened surface, rounded, and contracted above, considerably expanded on the sides, and gradually contracted below, so as in some degree to attain a resemblance to the cut-water of a ship.

At the angle formed by the anterior and superior surfaces on the left side, is placed the single blowing-hole, or nostril, which in the dead animal presents the appearance of a slit or fissure, in form resembling an *f*, extending longitudinally, and about twelve inches in length.

This nostril, however, is surrounded by several muscles, which in the living state are for the purpose of modifying its shape and dimensions, according to the necessities of respiration, similar to those which act upon the nostrils of land animals.

In the right side of the nose, and upper surface of the head, is a large, almost triangular-shaped cavity, called by whalers the 'case,' which is lined with a beautiful glistening membrane, and covered by a thick layer of muscular fibres and small tendons,

\* The natural history of the Sperm Whale, to which is added a Sketch of a South-Sea Whaling Voyage, by Thomas Beale, Surgeon, &c. &c. London, Van Voorst, 1839.

running in various directions, and finally united by common integuments. This cavity is for the purpose of secreting and containing an oily fluid, which, after death, concretes into a granulated substance of a yellowish colour, the spermaceti. The size of the case may be estimated, when it is stated that in a large whale it not unfrequently contains a ton, or more than ten large barrels, of spermaceti!

Beneath the case and nostril, and projecting beyond the lower jaw, is a thick mass of elastic substance called the 'junk;' it is formed of a dense cellular tissue, strengthened by numerous strong tendinous fibres, and infiltrated with very fine sperm oil and spermaceti.

The mouth extends nearly the whole length of the head. Both the jaws, but especially the lower, are in front contracted to a very narrow point, and when the mouth is closed, the lower jaw is received within a sort of cartilaginous lip, or projection of the upper one; but principally in front, for further back, at the sides, and towards the angle of the mouth, both jaws are furnished with tolerably well-developed lips: in the lower jaw are forty-two teeth, of a formidable size, but conical shape; there are none, however, in the upper, which instead presents depressions corresponding to, and for the reception of, the points of those in the lower jaw,—sometimes, however, a few rudimentary teeth may be found situated in the upper jaw, but never projecting beyond the gums, and upon which those in the lower jaw strike when the mouth is closed.

The tongue is small, of a white colour, and does not appear to possess the power of very extended motion.

The throat is capacious enough to give passage to the body of a man; in this respect presenting a strong contrast with the contracted gullet of the Greenland whale.

The mouth is lined throughout with a pearly-white membrane, which becomes continuous at the lips, and borders with the common integument, where it becomes of a dark-brown or black colour.

The eyes are small, in comparison with the size of the animal, and are furnished with eyelids, the lower of which is the more moveable: they are placed a little above, and behind the angle of the mouth, at the widest part of the head. At a short distance behind the eyes, are the external openings of the ears, of size sufficient to admit a small quill, and unprovided with any external auricular appendage.

Behind, and not far from the posterior angle of the mouth, are placed the swimming paws, or fins, which are analogous in their formation to the anterior extremities of other animals, or the arms of man; they are not much used as instruments of progression, but probably in giving a direction to that motion in balancing the body in sinking suddenly, and occasionally in supporting their young.

In a full-grown male sperm whale, of the largest size, or about eighty-four feet in length, the dimensions may be given as follow:—depth of head from eight to nine feet,—breadth, from five to six feet,—depth of body seldom exceeds twelve or fourteen feet, so that the circumference of the largest sperm whale of eighty or eighty-four feet will seldom exceed thirty-six feet,—the swimming paws or fins, are about six feet long and three broad; the dimensions of the flukes or tail have been previously mentioned.

The food of the sperm whale consists of a species of polypus, called by the sailors "squid," ("sepia octopus") and it is supposed that they are attracted by the shining white of the inner part of the whale's mouth, who floats with his jaws open till he perceives his prey within his reach, when he closes his mouth and secures his victims. Being furnished with teeth only in one jaw, he is not capable of attacking and destroying other fish, as has been represented by some naturalists.

The haunts of the sperm whale are extensive, as he is found in almost every part of the warm latitudes. The fishery was first practised by the Americans, who appear to have first directed their attention to it about 1720, and, in 1771, we find them extensively engaged in it, in both North and South Atlantic oceans; but it was not till 1775 that England took any share in it. Government stimulated the trade by high bounties, and a large capital was soon embarked. The first whaler that was sent round Cape Horn, to prosecute the fishery in the Pacific, was despatched in 1778, by Mr. Enderby, a London merchant and ship-owner who had taken the lead in pushing forward the sperm-whale trade. Our vessels now find profitable fishing grounds on the shores of Chili and Peru, off New Zealand, in the China seas and the coasts of Japan, and it has been attempted at the Seychelle Islands, and at the entrance of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf.

"The importance of the southern whale fishery," says a gentle-



man who is deeply conversant with the whole subject, 'has never been duly appreciated; it is not generally known,' says he, 'that it is to this important branch of trade, and nursery for seamen, that we owe the opening of commerce with South America, and which even caused the separation of the Spanish colonies in the Pacific Ocean from the parent state. So meanly jealous was Spain of the interference of foreigners with the trade of her American colonies, that it was with the greatest difficulty, on the opening of the sperm whale fishery in the Pacific, that we could obtain permission for our ships to cruise within a hundred Italian miles of their coasts—and it was only through a few of our ships at first claiming the right of wooding and watering in a friendly port that a trade was first established, which spread in all directions the moment the great mutual advantages were felt. The enterprise of the ship-owners,' he continues, 'engaged in the whale fishery, knew no bounds. They sent ships to all parts of the world—to places at which no merchant vessel would have had cause to venture, so that lands were visited upon which important colonies have been formed:—what merchant vessel would have visited Van Diemen's Land, or even Australia? Having no object or prospect of gain, and lying, as they both did, out of the track of our merchantmen, it is not to be believed that they could have been much visited by them. But our whaling vessels, cruising for whales, examined their shores and brought home information respecting their value, and what was still more important, they carried out people to reside upon them, and established a regular communication between them and our own country—by which the wants of the primitive settlers could be supplied and their persons protected, and which could not have been done by other ships except at a frightful expense—at a time too, when the settlement of the above now valuable and flourishing colonies was a mere experiment, with many sneering at the project as an *ignis fatuus*; evidence inclines us to believe that these colonies would never have existed had it not been for whaling vessels approaching their shores. It is a fact, that the original settlers at Botany Bay were more than once saved from starvation by the timely arrival of some whaling vessels.

"But if our commerce has received benefit from our southern whaling expeditions, our intimate knowledge of the Polynesian islanders has also arisen from the same means; and if missionaries have gone to reside among these people with the view of spreading among them a belief in the Christian faith, these messengers have been preceded by the whaler, who has opened a barter with the savage, and brought about a friendly regard towards us, by which he has secured a ready welcome to the missionaries; and they are doing so at the present hour at New Guinea, New Ireland, New Britain, and at hundreds of islands in the South Pacific; New Zealand has been succeeded with in the same way, and if it was not for these preliminary meetings, not a missionary would dare to step upon their shores."

"During the year 1821, the government finding that the sperm whale fishery was fully established, thought proper to discontinue the system of the bounties, so that the crews of the various ships which resorted to the fisheries were made to depend altogether upon the success of their own exertions.

"In 1823, the first introduction of sperm oil from the colonies took place, the principal part of which was brought from Sidney; and when in 1836 the imperial measure was introduced, we find the enormous quantity of sperm oil altogether imported into London during that year, amounted to 6083 tons! while the ships that were employed in the fishery were of from 300 to 400 tons.

In 1827, 5552 tons were imported; in 1828 there was a great decrease in the supply, as only 3731 tons arrived; but in 1829 the importation again increased to 5558 tons.

"In the year 1830, from some cause the supply was again greatly reduced, as only 4792 tons were imported; but in the following year of 1831, the importation rose suddenly to its maximum height, as the enormous quantity of 7605 imperial tons were introduced. In 1832 a slight decrease to 7165 tons took place, and in 1833 a still further reduction to 6057 tons; but in 1834 it rallied again slightly, and 6731 tons was the importation. The ships engaged at this time in the fishery from this country, were about ninety in number, and from 300 to 400 tons burthen, the average duration of their voyages being three years and three months."

"In the year 1836, 7001 tons were imported, by which we perceive scarcely any or no diminution in the proceeds of the fishery, although it was not so great as in the successful maximum year of 1831, when the importation amounted to 7601 imperial tons,—a success which still stimulates the adventurer in this 'most perilous mode of hard industry.'"

"The scenes which sometimes occur during the chase and cap-

ture of this whale defy description. Let the reader suppose himself on the deck of a South-seaman, cruising in the North Pacific ocean at its Japanese confine—he may be musing over some past event, the ship may be sailing gently along over the smooth ocean, every thing around solemnly still, with the sun pouring its intense rays with dazzling brightness; suddenly the monotonous quietude is broken by an animated voice from the mast-head, exclaiming, 'There she spouts!' The captain starts on deck in an instant, and inquires 'Where away?' but, perhaps, the next moment every one aloft and on deck can perceive an enormous whale lying about a quarter of a mile from the ship, on the surface of the sea, having just come up to breathe—his large 'hump' projecting three feet out of the water, when at the end of every ten seconds the spout is seen rushing from the fore-part of his enormous head, followed by the cry of every one on board, who join heart and soul in the chorus of 'There again!' keeping time with the duration of the spout. But while they have been looking, a few seconds have expired—they rush into the boats, which are directly lowered to receive them—and in two minutes from the time of first observing the whale, three or four boats are down, and are darting through the water with their utmost speed towards their intended victim, perhaps accompanied with a song from the headsman, who urges the quick and powerful plying of the oar, with the common whaling chant, of

'Away my boys, away my boys, 'tis time for us to go.'

"But while they are rushing along, the whale is breathing; they have yet perhaps some distance to pull before they can get a chance of striking him with the harpoon. His 'Spoutings are nearly out' he is about to descend, or he hears the boats approaching. The few people left on board, and who are anxiously watching the whale and the gradual approach of the boats, exclaim, 'Ah, he is going down!' yet he spouts again, but slowly, the water is again seen agitated around him, the spectators on board with breathless anxiety think they perceive his 'small' rising in preparation for his descent; 'He will be lost,' they exclaim, for the boats are not yet near enough to strike him—and the men are still bending their oars in each boat with all their strength, to claim the honour of the first blow with the harpoon. The bow-boat has the advantage of being the nearest to the whale; the others, for fear of disturbing the unconscious monster, are now doomed to drop astern. One more spout is seen slowly curling forth,—it is his last; this rising,—his 'small' is bent, his enormous tail is expected to appear every instant, but the boat shoots rapidly alongside of the gigantic creature. 'Peak your oars!' exclaims the mate, and directly they flourish in the air; the glistening harpoon is seen above the head of the harpooner; in an instant it is darted with unerring force and aim, and is buried deeply in the side of the huge animal. It is 'socket up;' that is, it is buried in his flesh up to the socket which admits the handle or 'pole' of the harpoon. A cheer from those in the boats, and from the seamen on board, reverberates along the still deep at the same moment. The sea, which a moment before was unruffled, now becomes lashed into foam by the immense strength of the wounded whale, who with his vast tail strikes in all directions at his enemies. Now his enormous head rises high into the air, then his flukes are seen lashing everywhere, his huge body writhes in violent contortions from the agony the 'iron' has inflicted. The water all around him is a mass of foam, some of it darts to a considerable height—the sounds of the blows from his tail on the surface of the sea, can be heard for miles!

"'Stern all!' cries the headsman; but the whale suddenly disappears; he has 'sounded;' the line is running through the groove at the head of the boat, with lightning-like velocity; it smokes—it ignites, from the heat produced by the friction, but the headsman, cool and collected, pours water upon it as it passes. But an oar is now held up in their boat; it signifies that their line is rapidly running out; 200 fathoms are nearly exhausted: up flies one of the other boats, and 'bends on' another line, just in time to save that which was nearly lost. But still the monster descends; he is seeking to rid himself of his enemies by descending deeply into the dark and unknown depths of the vast ocean. They next bend on the 'drougues,' to retard his career, but he does not turn; another and another have but slight influence in checking the force of his descent; two more lines are exhausted,—he is 600 fathoms deep! 'Stand ready to bend on!' cries the mate to the fourth boat (for sometimes, though not often, they take the whole four lines away with them—600 fathoms!); but it is not required, he is rising. 'Haul in the slack,' observes the headsman, while the boat-steerer coils it again carefully into the

tubs as it is drawn up. The whale is now seen approaching, the surface; the gurgling and bubbling water which rises before also proclaims that he is near; his nose starts from the sea; the rushing spout is projected high and suddenly, from his agitation. The 'slack' of the line is now coiled in the tubs, and those in the 'fast' boat haul themselves gently towards the whale; the boat-steerer places the headman close to the fin of the trembling animal, who immediately buries his long lance in the vitals of the leviathan, while, at the same moment, those in one of the other boats dart another harpoon into his opposite side, when 'Stern all!' is again vociferated, and the boats shoot rapidly away from the danger.

"Mad with the agony which he endures from these fresh attacks, the infuriated 'sea beast' rolls over and over, and coils an amazing length of line around him; he rears his enormous head, and with wide-expanded jaw, snaps at everything around; he rushes at the boats with his head,—they are propelled before him with vast swiftness, and sometimes utterly destroyed.

"He is lanced again, when his pain appears more than he can bear; he throws himself, in his agony, completely out of his element; the boats are violently jerked, by which one of the lines is snapped asunder; at the same time the other boat is upset, and its crew are swimming for their lives. The whale is now free! he passes along the surface with remarkable swiftness, 'going head out;' but the two boats that have not yet 'fastened,' and are fresh and free, now give chase; the whale becomes exhausted from the blood which flows from his deep and dangerous wounds, and the 200 fathoms of line belonging to the overturned boat, which he is dragging after him through the water, checks him in his course; his pursuers again overtake him, and another harpoon is darted and buried deeply in his flesh.

"The men who were upset, now right their own boat without assistance from the others, by merely clinging on one side of her, by which she is turned over, while one of them gets inside and bales out the water rapidly with his hat, by which their boat is freed, and she is soon again seen in the chase.

"The fatal lance is at length given,—the blood gushes from the nostril of the unfortunate animal in a thick black stream, which stains the clear blue water of the ocean to a considerable distance around the scene of the affray. In its struggles the blood from the nostril is frequently thrown upon the men in the boats, who glory in its show!

"The immense creature may now again endeavour to 'sound,' to escape from his unrelenting pursuers; but it is powerless,—it soon rises to the surface, and passes slowly along until the death-pang seizes it, when its appearance is awful in the extreme.

"Suffering from suffocation, or some other stoppage of some important organ, the whole strength of its enormous frame is set in motion for a few seconds, when his convulsions throw him into a hundred different contortions of the most violent description, by which the sea is beaten into foam, and boats are sometimes crushed to atoms, with their crews.

"But this violent action being soon over, the now unconscious animal passes rapidly along, describing in his rapid course a segment of a circle; this is his 'flurry,' which ends in his sudden dissolution. And the mighty rencontre is finished by the gigantic animal rolling over on its side, and floating an inanimate mass on the surface of the crystal deep,—a victim to the tyranny and selfishness, as well as a wonderful proof of the great power of the mind of man."

#### POLITENESS.

THE students of a certain literary institution were assembled in commons at tea, at the commencement of a new academical year. A new class were thus for the first time brought to eat together. Their advancement in life and in education was such, that each one ought to have been a gentleman. As they sat down, one says to his friend at his right, "We shall soon see who is who." Presently a large brawny hand came reaching along up the table, and pushing past two or three, and seizing the brown loaf, in a moment had peeled it of all its crust, and had again retired with its booty to the owner. "Hold, there!" cries one; "to say nothing about politeness, where is the justice of such a seizure?" "Oh! I love the crust the best." "Very like; and perhaps others may also have the same taste." Here the conversation ended; but that unfortunate coup-de-main fixed an impression concerning the student which was never removed. He was at once marked as a man destitute of politeness, and justly too; all believed that his heart was more to blame than his hand.—*Todd's Student's Manual.*

#### MUSEUM OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

A SMALL museum at the East India House is now open freely to the public on Saturdays. The day is rather awkward one for the majority of London sight-seers; but as the museum is, of course, private property, that is, the property of the East India Company, it is a privilege to be admitted to see it on any day that the directors may choose. It would add considerably to the privilege if the objects in the museum were labelled with a few descriptive particulars, which might inform the visitors, not merely of names, but of history, meaning, or use. At present the majority walk round, stare at some uncouth-looking figures, and come away with a kind of vacant idea of having seen a number of things both odd and wonderful.

The museum is contained in two apartments—or rather there is one apartment specifically termed the museum, containing a small collection of preserved objects in natural history; while in the other, which is one of the rooms of the library, there is a number of sculptures, and a variety of artificial curiosities.

The room containing the museum is entered by a narrow passage, lined with a few pictures, models of Eastern boats, a couple of Burmese musical instruments, &c., and at the end of it a number of serpents, whose stuffed spotted skins look different indeed from the variegated living creatures, when dancing to the sound of the music of the "charmers." From this passage we enter the larger apartment of the museum, containing specimens of Eastern mammalia and birds. The collection of birds is very good; chiefly from Java and China. The birds and smaller creatures are contained in glass cases disposed round the room. There are also a few larger animals—a Malayan tapir, deer, the huge skull of an elephant, &c.

We have to return by the passage back to the staircase, in order to get access to the library. Facing us, as we enter, is a very characteristic sculpture, representing Surya, the god of the Sun, attended by Aruna, the Dawn, and other attendants. Surya, the god of the Sun, is one of the eight *Iokapulas*, or "guardians of the world," who, according to Hindu mythology, rank next to the *Trimurti*, or three personified powers of creation, preservation, and destruction—Brahmā, Vishnu, and Siva. On a pedestal, representing a car, from which spring seven mimic horses (seven is a sacred number with the Hindus), stands the principal figure, Surya, supported on either side by a couple of figures, male and female, whose attitudes are very grotesque, with a humorous expression in their countenances. The elaborate carvings, and singular combination of beautiful and delicate workmanship with disproportionate and grotesque absurdity, render this sculpture quite a study for the artist. One, too, is disposed to ask what connexion there is between *Aruna* and *Aurora*, and how it is that both the Eastern and Western mythology have given a car and coursers to the sun. The worship of the sun, in the character of a charioteer, is, of course, extremely ancient. The Phœnicians did so; and the disciples of Zoroaster described the chariot of the sun as being of a white colour, wreathed with garlands of flowers; the sacred horses were white also, and four in number. A chariot of this kind was placed, in honour of the sun, before the gate of the temple at Jerusalem, by Amon and Manasses, idolatrous Kings of Judah, who lived nearly seven hundred years before our era. The idea of the sun travelling—"rejoicing as a strong man to run a race"—is more natural and obvious under Eastern skies than in our cloudy island. A witty Italian, who had exchanged his musical notes for some hard cash, was asked, on his return to Naples, how he contrived to live so long in London without seeing the sun. "Oh," replied he, pulling out a piece of gold, "that is the veritable English sun!"

"Oh, mark again the coursers of the sun,

At Guido's call their course of glory run!"

Whether any Hindu Rogers has paid a similar compliment to a Hindu Guido, is not within our range of information; but, at all events, the mimic horses of the sculpture in the museum at the East India House, are not without fire and expression, though a carman might think that, considering their size, they have rather a *tightish* load to run away with.

There are various sculptures and figures round the room, illustrative of the strange and multifarious religious systems of Hindustan, especially of Buddhism, which is said to be the faith of three hundred millions of the human race. There are also glass cases, containing curiosities of all sorts, Arabian and Hindu astro-labes, sabres, daggers, Chinese compass, abacus, or counting-board, writing-materials, models of a Chinese villa, &c., not forgetting the little shoe of a Chinese lady, bricks from Babylon,

## A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE JEWS.

NO. I.—FROM ABRAHAM TO NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

THE striking similarity between the cases of the Jews and the Gipsies has led some earnestly-fanciful readers of the Bible to imagine that the latter must be a "peculiar people," like the former; and they have accordingly discovered in the Gipsies the long-lost ancient inhabitants of Egypt, of whom Ezekiel prophesied—"I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and disperse them among the countries." There is, certainly, a very considerable resemblance in the cases of Jews and Gipsies. Both have been a people moving over civilised life, yet never received into its bosom. Both are to be found in almost every country, yet apparently settled in none. Both have preserved their identity, their peculiarly-marked features, and their peculiar speech, even though mixing with various people, and speaking the language of the country that for the time is their homeless home. Both have been persecuted, yet never cast out; both have become "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to their despisers, and their names have become each a type of something mean and vile: yet still they cling together and wander about as if under the influence of some awful curse, and doomed, like Satan, to walk perpetually "to and fro upon the earth."

In some respects the separate existence of the Gipsies is a more wonderful matter than the continued separate existence of the Jews. We can trace out in human nature some of the causes by which a proud and exclusive people, who live upon the past and the future, and deem the present a shadow, can continue to exist amongst and yet apart in the nations. The Jews have had a kingdom, a literature, splendid recollections, dark yet magnificent prospects, to sustain them. The Gipsies are unrecognised wanderers, whose origin is not altogether free from dispute, who have no records and no literature—the past a blank, the future nothing. How then is it that this poor ignorant horde of outcasts, far lower in the scale of humanity than the Jews, continue, even under the sickly, cloudy sky of England, to pitch their tents, as their forefathers did under the burning sun of the East?

The truth is, we do not regard the continued separate existence of the Jews as a matter of so much wonder, as the continued influence of Judaism on the Christian Church. The TEMPLE has flung its shadow far into space—the whole atmosphere of Christianity is still filled with the fumes of the incense that rose from the altar of Shittim wood. The inviolable nature of the priesthood, the sanctity of houses of worship, the pomp and circumstance of sacerdotal life, the Millennium, or Sabbath of the world, the personal reign of Christ, the re-occupation of the Holy Land, are all baptismal regenerations of Jewish notions. Two thousand four hundred years have elapsed since the Jews ceased to be a "peculiar nation;" the "dispersion" began when Nebuchadnezzar burned Solomon's Temple; and when all the purposes of the "dispersion" are accomplished, and the Christian Church emerges from the shadow of Judaism, then will the Jews melt into Christianity as snow in April disappears into the earth.

Looking back to the origin of the Jews, we perceive them flowing from Abraham, as a great river comes down from a fountain in some distant hilly country. Like that river, too, it is narrow and feeble in its first course. Abraham has a son in his old age, when hope seemed to be against hope; that son has two children, Esau and Jacob, of whom the youngest becomes the wider channel of the river; and the twelve sons of Jacob are the heads of the Jews. This family is sent down to Egypt, there to become a people. Is there one of our readers so grossly unjust to himself as not to have read, again and again, all the domestic history and varied fortunes of this most interesting family, as recorded in the Book of Genesis? When the family "grew and multiplied," and were rapidly rising into a great people, then the jealous despots of Egypt oppressed them with cruel bondage, and made their lives bitter unto them. But the time came when the PEOPLE were to be led out to become a NATION; and so with a high hand were

they brought forth under the guidance of Moses, carried across the Red Sea, and brought into the deserts of Arabia.

When a nation is doomed to destruction, it is divided into parties; mean-minded and selfish men aspire to be leaders; and ruin follows. But when a nation is to be "born," God raises up some noble, far-piercing spirit, who, with a disinterestedness which none but a prince of nature can feel, brings courage and skill to overcome difficulties, patience to bear with folly and ingratitude, magnanimity to resist opportunities of mere personal aggrandisement, and to plant the liberties of the people in a fruitful soil. Such a man was Moses, to whom was entrusted the care of the Jews. No sculptor ever had a rougher block to hew into a statue. The people whom he led out of Egypt presented, as raw materials as ever lawgiver had, to mould into a nation. Something of a parallel case might be found, if we could suppose our emancipated negroes all gathered together, led out into "a dry and thirsty land where no water is," and entrusted to one of their own race to guide, to control, to shape, even to feed, and to lift them out of the degradation of slavery, and make them a nation of men. For the Jews were ejected out of the land of Egypt, the old world of civilisation, where, like our negroes, they had been bond-servants to a superior race; but, instead of remaining amongst their former masters, slowly to learn the arts and feelings of free, as well as civilised life, they were sent out on their own resources, to become great by their own efforts. They were thus, in the deserts of Arabia, without patriotic feeling, for they had no "fatherland;" the only fatherland which many amongst them seemed to know being the dainties, the onions, the leeks, the flesh-pots of Egypt. They had no literature; no laws but the traditional patriarchal observances, analogous to the mere natural laws observed in a family; no religion but the dimmed knowledge of the true God, which had come down from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; no public spirit, for their standard of conventional morality was very low; scarcely any courage, for their hearts were the hearts of slaves, now ready to impel them into some outburst of folly, or else to make them cringe with abject fear; many of them labouring under an obnoxious cutaneous disorder; almost all of them grossly ignorant;—such were the people entrusted to Moses, to be moulded into a nation.

The first thing thing to be done, was to stir the patriotic feeling in them, by pointing to a fine and fertile country as their own. This feeling had, indeed, been latent during all their sojourn in Egypt; but now it was brought out, and made a principle of action, for they were advancing on Palestine. Soon they drew near, and spies were sent forward to view the promised land. These came back with tempting reports of the country they claimed as the land of this prospective nation: but their teeth chattered, and their lips quivered, as they told of the gigantic inhabitants, and how they had cities walled up unto heaven. A cry of fear ran through the congregation;—the people were men, but they had not men's hearts; they had come out of Egypt, but they were Egyptian bond-servants still. And in this we read a lesson that the nature of man is not to be changed in a day; and that, in all great national changes, one generation must go and another come, before the change is worked into the habits and feelings of the people.

Moses, by divine direction, led them back, to wander in the desert, till the Egyptian generation had sunk into the earth, and a new race had sprung up, breathing the atmosphere of freedom, and educated into bravery by hardship and privation. Then began Moses his great work. The horde was to be organised into an army. A tabernacle was built, a costly movable tent, towards which the wandering vacant feelings were to be gathered, and God, as dwelling visibly amongst them, became the focus of their faith. A moral code was inscribed on stone, and preserved with awful veneration in the ark of the covenant. A priesthood was instituted to minister unto holy things; and all the laws and regulations given to this people display the wisdom which dictated them, the extent of the care which the people required, and how low in the moral and social scale they were. For we have in the Pentate-

teach laws of all kinds—some intended merely for their nomadic existence in the desert, and some looking forward to their settled existence as a nation. We have laws of medical police—laws of social and personal cleanliness—regulations inculcating mercy, kindly feeling, temperance, and purity,—all calculated to shape into national form a rude, ignorant, wilful, unlettered race. Yet many of these laws—some intended only for the desert, and some for a secluded agricultural people in Palestine,—have been quoted as of force and obligation in the Christian church; and at this very hour there are some good men amongst us, to whom Paul would turn round and say, “I am afraid of ye, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain.”

Moses, having hewn out the statue, was not permitted to place it on its pedestal. He died “on this side Jordan:” yet, ere he died, he saw “afar off the promised land.” Before he died, his vision, undimmed by natural decay, was anointed with prophetic eye-salve; his generous spirit, yearning over the people he had ruled and guided for forty years, pierced the future, and hedged their pathway with blessing and cursing. Moses the Lawgiver departed, and Joshua the Conqueror came. He and his companion Caleb, with some of the Levites, were the only living links that connected Egypt with Palestine,—the only survivors of the host that had come out of “the house of bondage.” All the rest of the cowardly, ungrateful, murmuring race had died; and, in their stead, their children were to show the influence of the desert training, in the conquest of the promised country. Yet, full as the Book of Joshua is of wars and rumours of wars, the history of the conquest of Palestine there recorded gives us but a poor idea of the courage, military skill, or the generous humanity of the conquerors. The slave-taint was still in the blood of the children of the slaves; the “hearts of the people melted, and became as water,” because thirty-six men were struck down at the siege of Ai. Success inspired them with greater boldness; and at last, though the land was not all conquered, nor all the inhabitants subdued, it was divided by lot amongst the tribes of Israel.

Rapidly now must we pass over a period of several centuries, known as the period of the “Judges.” The Jews were in a state of great rudeness and great simplicity; their manners and their government were patriarchal and agricultural; they existed as a simple federal republic, offering a rough outline of the government of the United States. Each tribe was governed by itself, but all were linked in union, and the Judge for the time being was the President. The Judges, indeed, were frequently only temporary officers, raised up in some emergency, when the nation was distressed by its neighbours. But from Joshua to Samuel is the republican era of the Jews, when they were simple, ignorant, sometimes interesting, often foolish and perverse, with little national forethought or spirit, yet primitive as well as often cruel in their habits; a period which includes the marvellous adventures of Samson, the singular deeds of Gideon, the affecting story of Ruth, and the enigmatical incident of Jephthah’s daughter.

During all the time of the Judges, the nation was gradually—though slowly—advancing. There is a perceptible difference between the earlier and the later portions of its republican history. The people were more numerous, wealthier, had advanced in social life, and had attained a higher national spirit. At last they demanded a king, and a king was given them. Saul, whose varied, inconstant, flickering reign was ended by an ignominious death, was succeeded by David the Warrior—David the Bard,—under whom the Jewish nation, as a monarchy, rose to splendour and glory.

The glorious period, then, of Jewish history commences with the reign of David. By his time, the Jewish population of Palestine is supposed to have nearly trebled in the six hundred years that had elapsed from the time of leaving Egypt;—David ruled over six million Jews, and many tributary nations. In his time, too, was Jerusalem—hitherto a hill-fortress in the possession of a Canaanitish nation—taken, and made the seat of government, and the central place of the national religion. When the Jews wandered in the desert, the tabernacle occupied the centre of the

camp; and after they arrived in Palestine, the place where it rested was the point of union—the place of rendezvous—the spot where the annual celebration of the three great festivals took place, those annual festivals appointed, under God’s direction, by the wise and provident Moses, that the bond of union might be strengthened by the tri-annual intercourse and meeting of the entire nation. But from the accident of David’s having selected Jerusalem as the seat of his government, that city became intimately interwoven with the religious faith of the Jews; and when the Temple was built, that moveable IDEA, whose primary place was the centre of the Jews, wherever the Jews might be, became a fixture, irrevocably settled at Jerusalem.

In some respects, the reign of David contains a parallel to that of George III. Tremendous war raged, and conquests were made on every side; yet the nation, as a nation, advanced rapidly, became outwardly great, while a vast improvement was made in the art of government, in financial regulation and political economy, in the arts, and in literature. But the parallel—if parallel it can be called—extends no further; for David himself was the greatest literary character of his age; and left a son behind him, not only to occupy his throne, but to fill his literary station; for though Solomon had but a small portion of that poetic genius which immortalised his father, he had a far more varied knowledge, a more diversified and exquisite taste, and a much more extensive range as a writer. The world owes much to these two men, whose rank as king was but a mere adjunct to their higher character as noble men. Not only did they cause to be gathered, and placed in security, those earlier productions which are to us the only authentic documents of the first history of the earth, but their own writings will descend to the latest posterity, and fill many hearts yet unborn with inspiring thoughts and maxims of divine wisdom.

David the Warrior and the Bard died, after a glorious reign; and Solomon the Wise and Magnificent succeeded. Under him the Tabernacle disappeared, and the TEMPLE rose; the wandering Ark, with its sacred deposit, which David had brought into Jerusalem, that it might wander no more, was received into the “Holy Place” of the Temple, there to remain till it perished with the Temple itself. Truly was Solomon’s reign a magnificent one. In peace he spent the rich treasures gathered in his father’s wars; he built “Tadmor in the wilderness,” supposed to have been the original of that city, whose more modern ruins are known as those of Palmyra; his ships went out with the Phœnicians, and he carried on a land commercial intercourse with the Egyptians and other nations—in oriental style he is said to have “made silver in Jerusalem as stones, and cedar trees made he as the sycamore trees that are in the low plains in abundance.” Yet, said the TEACHER, pointing to the lilies, “Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one these.”

Solomon the Wise was succeeded by Rehoboam the Foolish. We have said that David’s reign, in some respects, presents a resemblance to that of George III.—if comparisons are worth any thing, we may also say that it resembled the reign of Louis XIV. of France—for the weight of David’s glory and wars fell upon his grandson, and produced a revolution. At least, Solomon’s expenses far outran David’s gatherings—for David accumulated vast treasure. The people, groaning under the weight of taxation, came to Rehoboam, and desired to be lightened of their burdens. The Fool consulted the old men, who had been with his father, and they advised a meek and kind answer to be returned to the suffering people. Then he turned to his young companions, and they, in that spirit of sneering imbecility characteristic of pampered idiots in all ages, advised the king to return a mocking answer. “Keep the people down, by all means, was the tenor of their advice: but sometimes the bent wand starts back and smites the bender in the face. “My father,” said the Fool, “made your yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke; my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.” “Now when all Israel saw that the king hearkened not unto them, the people answered the king, saying, What portion have we in David? or inheritance in the son of Jesse! To your tents, O Israel! Now

see to thine own house, David!" The infatuated king sent "Hadoram that was over the tribute"—a chancellor of the exchequer—to expostulate with a people clamouring for relief from taxation: "and the children of Israel stoned him with stones that he died."

Now here begins the decline and fall of the Jewish nation: The revolt of the Ten Tribes rent Israel into two kingdoms. Rehoboam retained only two tribes, and but a fourth part of the dominions of his father, while the other Ten went under the rule of a clever, crafty adventurer, who had been the representative of the demands of the revolutionists, and who had headed the revolt. From this period, nearly a thousand years before the birth of Christ, the Jews began to cease to be peculiarly a peculiar nation. A large portion of the people was cut off from participation in those services and rites, and from a knowledge of that Law, which alone constituted the Jews a distinct and privileged race: and though the two tribes, by the possession of Jerusalem and the Temple, and by the adherence of the priesthood, could still boast that to them were entrusted the "braces of God;" in no large or general sense can we say that, from henceforth the seed of Abraham "inherited the promises."

We shall not pursue the melancholy subject of the approaching ruin of the Jews, from the time of Rehoboam down to Nebuchadnezzar's destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple. The Ten Tribes were the prey of successive adventurers and tyrants, whose annals are blood-stained; the people sank lower and lower in ignorance and idolatry; until, at last, country and people were conquered and swamped by the king of Assyria, who carried off the higher classes of the people, and mixed up the lower with a colony of foreigners, producing a mongrel race, known in later times as the Samaritans. Yet adventurous, exploring souls have been searching, even in our day, for the Ten Tribes, in the delusive notion that they may yet be found, pure and preserved, in some quiet nook of the earth!

The downward progress of the two tribes, or the kingdom of Judah, was not so rapid, but it was sure. Some good kings appeared at intervals, such as Hezekiah and Josiah; Hezekiah made a vain attempt to re-unite all the tribes of Israel in the celebration of the great national observance of the Passover. With the consent doubtless of his contemporary, the king of Israel, he sent out "posts" "throughout all Israel, from Beersheba even to Dan," inviting the people to come to Jerusalem, and celebrate the feast. But so completely were the minds of the Israelites alienated by their separation, that they "laughed the messengers to scorn, and mocked them"—Rehoboam the Foolish had snapped the bond of union, and long disuse had made the idea of going up to Jerusalem appear absurd and ridiculous, especially on the suit of one who was a foreign king. A few, indeed, complied with the invitation, as if to afford a contrast to the general refusal.

Our minds are so pre-occupied by the later destruction of Jerusalem, by the Romans, as recorded in the graphic pages of Josephus, that we allow far too little weight to that great destruction which took place by the Chaldeans, nearly six hundred years before our era. But Nebuchadnezzar was, in fact, the instrument, in the hands of Providence, for breaking up the Jewish government and polity; and ever since that period, now two thousand four hundred years ago, the Jews have been wanderers over the face of the earth. Here, however, we may fitly pause, and resume the subject in another paper.

#### MEN VERSUS POSTS.

To talk to a post, or otherwise treat it as if it were a man, would surely be reckoned an absurdity, if not distraction. Why? Because this is to treat it as being what it is not. And why should not the converse be reckoned as bad?—that is, to treat a man as a post; as if he had no sense, and felt not injuries which he doth feel; as if to him pain and sorrow were not pain, happiness not happiness. This is what the cruel and unjust often do.

*Wollaston's Rel. of Nature.*

#### CHARACTERISTICS AND PECULIARITIES OF TRADES.

##### THE MASON AND BRICKLAYER.

THE Londoner, familiarised with his "everlasting" rows of brick, has but an indistinct idea of the strange effect which the general appearance of his great city has upon a stranger who has been born and bred in a stone-built town. We have no quarries in our neighbourhood; indeed, a veritable cockney, who has never been far from home, has but a very indistinct notion of a quarry or a coal-pit. But we have plenty of clay, and no wonder; our bottom is all clay together—London clay, it is called; and so, in different directions, in the suburbs, brick-fields, and the "manufacture of brick," break in too frequently on our rural notions. This abundance of clay causes London to have more brick buildings than any other city in the world—it is pre-eminent in brick! St. James's Square is affirmed to be the best specimen of brickwork in Great Britain. The tilers and bricklayers of London form a corporate body, by virtue of a charter granted in 1568.

Stone-built cities, we must confess, are far more to our taste than brick-built ones, even though they should contain the finest specimens of brickwork in the world. The best situation in the world for a fine-looking city would be spoiled, if the city itself was built of brick. Bath, for instance, built with the freestone worked from quarries in its neighbourhood—how clean, rich, and beautiful it appears, when viewed from any appropriate position. The new town of Edinburgh, also, when seen from the Castle hill, has a fine appearance; and Glasgow, though not destitute of brick, has a vast advantage over its smoky rival, Manchester, on account of being principally built of stone. In Glasgow the brick is banished to mills, or factories, and public works, while the entire commonalty may be said to be encased in stone; while we, of London, are obliged to be content with a gaudy paper stuck over our lath-and-plaster walls.

Wherever bricks predominate, the bricklayer crows over the mason, and looks upon himself as a skilled labourer. In London, the bricklayer earns 8s., 5s. 6d., and even 6s. a day. Brickwork was not common in London till after the great fire of 1666; when the citizens, convinced that old rotten wood was not the best security against fire, resorted to brick. But though the brickmaker and the bricklayer can claim the merit of making London *what it is*, the mason is the graver and the heavier man. In fact, it has never occurred to us to watch the operations of the bricklayer with the same interest as we have done those of the mason. The most interesting portion of a bricklayer's business is about arches, and arches are, somehow or other, out of the way; while the trivial, toy-like manner in which he lifts a brick, chips it with his trowel, and lays it down in its proper place, always seemed to us to want the dignity of work. But the mason is a quiet, sedate, grave-looking personage, somewhat heavy and slow in his motions, and lugubrious of aspect, indeed, but with an air of thought and intelligence about him. In all his proceedings he is slow and deliberate. Put a question to him when he is at work, and it is several seconds before he answers you. Before doing this, if the question requires but the slightest consideration, he rests his mallet on the stone he is cutting, turns round and spits out a mouthful of liquid tobacco, raises his grave, weather-beaten face towards yours, surveys it for an instant, and then, but not till then, slowly answers your query.

But it is in the operation of building that this peculiarity of the mason, slowness of movement, is most conspicuous. Did the reader ever watch the proceedings of three or four masons laying large stones? If he ever did, he must have wondered that the work they were about was ever done at all. Suppose the block of stone brought to the spot where it is intended to be laid down. Well, you would imagine there was little else to do than to prepare a proper bed for it, and pop it into its place, for all of which proceedings you would allow some three or four minutes, and think yourself pretty liberal on the score of time. What a miscalculation! From three to four minutes! Why, my good sir, take out your watch, and you will find it to be a good hour before that stone is finally adjusted in its proper position. Nay, it will not be left in peace even then; for a mason seems never to have done with a stone which he has just deposited in its place. He, somehow or other, can never think of leaving it; he fiddle-faddles about it, shifting its position, testing its levels and bearings, chipping here and plastering there, till no curiosity nor anxiety to see the end of it, however great, can possibly hold out till that consummation arrives. We have watched a thousand instances of the proceedings just alluded to, in passing buildings in progress of erection, and have a thousand times seen the beginning of these proceedings

—that is, the laying and adjusting of a stone, but never yet saw the end of them; never yet saw the stone left as satisfactorily disposed of.

Indeed, when you mark the details, you must very soon feel satisfied that its completion is a thing that you need not expect to see in your day. Let us trace a step or two of it. The stone is brought by half-a-dozen labourers close to the spot where it is intended to be placed, and where there are, say three or four masons or builders waiting its arrival. Well, when it comes—when it is placed on the ground near to its ultimate locality, the four masons gather around it, and contemplate it in profound silence for several minutes, looking very grave, and ever and anon spitting out a torrent of liquidised tobacco. At length one speaks; he delivers a sententious opinion that the stone is, as he thinks, a little off the square. To this remark no answer is made by any other of the members of this solemn conclave; they are, however, taking it into consideration, and at the same time pursuing their calm and deliberate survey of the subject. By and by another, slowly, and still without speaking a word, pulls out a limber-jointed foot-rule, which he applies with great deliberation to the stone in various directions. This foot-rule he again composedly folds up and replaces in his pocket, and when he has done so, remarks—after the usual preliminary, a discharge of tobacco fluid,—that the stone seems to be fair-enough cut. No reply is made to this remark, not even by him who occasioned it; for a council of masons, on such occasions, is as grave and taciturn as a meeting of American Indians.

The stone thus carefully and calmly surveyed, there now appears some indications of a new move. The members of the council are looking around them; they are looking for rollers, crow-bars, and other similar implements necessary to assist in removing the stone to its place. This is a serious business, and not to be done precipitately. Crow-bars and rollers, however, are at length obtained; every man arms himself with one or other of these instruments, and by means of the first the stone is raised a little way, and a roller thrust beneath it. The whole is then subjected to another long, calm, and deliberate survey, the result of which is a general suspicion, followed in due time by a general conviction, that the roller is not properly placed. The crow-bars are again put in requisition, and the situation of the contumacious roller altered. This done, the stone is again viewed, and an opinion or two is expressed as to the fitness of its position for locomotion. The general verdict on this point being finally favourable, measures are forthwith taken to impel the stone forward, and it is at length lodged in its place. Well, surely the worst is now over: by no means—the work is yet only half done. Having never, however, as before mentioned, seen the end of it, we can carry our description no further.

We do not know how stone buildings are ever got up; but up they are got, somehow or other, and that, after all, with astonishing rapidity. With all this ponderosity of manner and movement, the mason is a quiet, decent, unobtrusive sort of person; you never find him mobbing, or rioting, or taking any part in rows of any kind. He is too peaceable in his disposition, and too sedate in his nature for such things.

#### CULTIVATION OF THE FINE ARTS IN GENEVA.

M. DE CANDOLLE, professor of botany at Geneva, but whose reputation is European, made use, in a course of lectures, of a very valuable collection of drawings of American plants, intrusted to him by a celebrated Spanish botanist, who, having occasion for this collection sooner than was expected, sent for it back again. M. de Candolle having communicated the circumstance to his audience, with the expression of his regrets, some ladies, who attended the lectures, offered to copy, with the aid of their friends, the whole collection in a week; and the task was actually performed. The drawings, 860 in number, and filling thirteen folio volumes, were executed by 114 female artists: one of the ladies, indeed, did forty of them. In most cases, the principal parts only of each plant are coloured, the rest only traced with accuracy; the execution in general very good, and in some instances quite masterly. There is not, perhaps, another town of 23,000 souls, where such a number of female artists—the greater part, of course, amateurs—could be found. Notwithstanding the wide dispersion of the drawings, there were not any lost; and one of them having been accidentally dropped in the street, and picked up by a girl ten years old, was returned to M. de Candolle, copied by the child, and is no disparagement to the collection. This taste for the arts and for knowledge in general is universal.

*M. Simond's Switzerland.*

#### A TALE OF THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

ON the summit of a bold and commanding cliff, on the wild banks of the Isère, in Dauphiny, are the ruins of an ancient castle, which appears to have fallen into decay, not by the gradual hand of time, but by some sudden and violent revolution. The walls are blackened by fire, and the stones appear to have been forced asunder with battering rams, or shattered by cannon. The once-trim garden is become a wilderness; the noble terraces have been partly broken up, and their marble ornaments thrown down and defaced; the fountains have ceased to play, and the shady bowers and pleasant groves have now no inhabitants but the wolves, which occasionally descend to them from the neighbouring mountains.

Towards the close of the last century, this castle was inhabited by Count Grenoble, a nobleman of great wealth and very ancient family. He was kind and good to his dependants, but he was proud of his high descent, and looked upon them as his subjects; while they, in their turn, paid homage to him as their sovereign. Few monarchs, in fact, were more absolute or more implicitly obeyed. His simple tenantry, far removed from the busy world, thought much more of their master, who constantly lived amongst them, and administered justice to them in person, than of the king of France, whom they had never seen, and could form no idea of.

The count had been married, but his wife was dead; and he had an only son, who had been educated at a German university, and of whom report spoke as an amiable and highly educated youth. It was only by report, however, that he was known to the vassals, for he had never been at the castle since his infancy. Various reasons were assigned for this: some said that the count could not bear to see him, on account of his resemblance to his mother, who had died in the bloom of youth; others, that he was afraid of the youth's being spoiled, if he were brought up among his dependants; and others, that the old count wished his son to have the advantage of a better education than he could procure in so remote a province. Whatever the cause might be, however, it could only be guessed at, as the count was far too absolute among his tenants to think it necessary to give any explanation of the motives of his actions.

In a deserted cottage lived the count's forester, Ronald, a fine, bold, active mountaineer, and his beautiful sister, Victorine. Their parents were both dead, and they loved each other with the tenderest affection. Ronald, indeed, watched over his young and lovely sister with the fondness of a parent; while the gay and innocent Victorine looked up to a brother, so much older and more sedate than herself, with respect.

The forests of the count were very extensive, and all of them, even those which clothed the Alps that backed the valley, were under the charge of Ronald. The duty of attending to them occasioned him to be frequently absent from home for several days together, and at these periods Victorine was left alone in the cottage. Ronald, however, had no fear for her; the simple state of society in which they lived, indeed, prevented the idea from ever entering his mind. The villagers were all like members of one family, and there was too much brotherly kindness and friendly feeling among them for any evil to be apprehended.

On one of these mountain-visits, Ronald had been detained rather longer than usual, and it was night before he reached his home. He opened the door of the cottage, which was only on the latch, and went in. There was a cheerful fire, and near it the polenta prepared for his supper. The hearth was swept clean, and the newly-baked cakes were lying upon it, to keep them warm till his arrival; while a large bowl of milk, carefully covered, was on the table. A clean tablecloth was laid, everything was in order, and showed that he had been expected; but there was no Victorine. He looked through the few rooms the cottage contained, but she was not there. He was not, however, alarmed: it was a bright moonlight night in summer; so no doubt Victorine, finding that the fire necessary for cooking had made the cottage too warm, had walked forth to meet him. He looked out, and as he fancied he saw her light form gliding between the trees, he left the cottage,

and walked towards an old lime-tree, the blossoms of which smelt sweet in the evening air. As Ronald approached, he distinctly saw his sister sitting under the tree, while before her was standing a young man, clad like a hunter, in a tightly-fitting vestment of dark green. Ronald saw his figure distinctly in the bright moonlight, and he felt quite convinced that it was not any of the villagers, as there was an air of elegance, and even delicacy, about his light and graceful form, quite different from the athletic figures of the neighbouring peasants. As Ronald approached, the stranger appeared to be taking leave, and having kissed Victorine's hand, he bounded into the forest.

Ronald had now reached his sister; and she started up the moment she saw him, running to embrace him with an eagerness and warmth of affection that would have disarmed suspicion, had Ronald felt any. He did not; but yet he could not dismiss the thoughts of the stranger from his mind, and he had scarcely returned her embrace when he asked his name.

"I don't know," said Victorine.

"Not know!" cried her brother, harshly. "Is it possible that you were speaking so familiarly, and at this hour, to a man whom you do not know?"

"I know him, but I don't know his name."

"And pray how long have you known him?"

"Only three or four days. Last Wednesday I expected you home, and as you did not come, I went up to the lime-tree, to watch for you. The flickering of the trees in the moonlight made me fancy several times I saw you; and at last I did see a figure, that I thought was yours, but it seemed trying to hide itself among the trees. Thinking that you were playing me a trick, I ran to meet you, and found, to my astonishment, that it was this stranger."

"Have you seen him since?"

"Oh, yes! every night:—he talks so delightfully, you never heard anything like it. If you were to hear him, you would be as much enchanted with him as I am."

"My poor sister!" said her brother, looking at her affectionately; "I wish you had never seen him."

The following morning saw Ronald and his sister on their way to the little town of St. Marcellin, in a convent adjoining which Ronald had determined to place Victorine. Poor Victorine!—her young heart sank beneath the load of care thus suddenly thrust upon it. Time passed away; and the cheek of Victorine became every day paler and thinner. The air of the convent felt close and unwholesome to her, and its heartless duties became every day more and more wearisome and monotonous. She pined for the fresh mountain-breeze, and for the liberty of the forest; but, alas! even Ronald was far away, and she had no one to listen to her complaints. Day after day she tried to comfort herself with the hope of his return, but day after day passed without bringing her any relief. At length news arrived that the young Count Adolphe Grenoble was coming to visit his father; that a grand procession was to greet his arrival at St. Marcellin; and that the boarders of the convent, under the care of a lay-sister, were to witness the spectacle from one of the houses in the town.

It would be difficult to describe the sensation excited in the convent by this intelligence. The good nuns could think of nothing else, and they bustled to and fro, and talked so incessantly, that the convent might have been compared to a great hive, the bees of which were on the point of swarming. Victorine felt weary of the ceaseless hum and bustle, but she longed for change, and anything that would break the monotony of her present life was agreeable to her.

The streets of the small town of St. Marcellin were hung with tapestry, intermixed with green boughs and flowers; and here and there were silver tankards and vases, images of the Virgin, and, in short, everything of value that the people possessed, and which they had brought forward in the exuberance of their devotion to their master. The sounds of music swelled in the air; the magistrates of the town, in their sweeping robes, and with all their insignia of office,—the monks of a neighbouring monastery,—and the children of the vassals, scattering flowers, preceded a young man, who, seated on a noble charger, and with his head uncovered, was bowing graciously on all sides; while a long train of the principal tenants, walking two and two, brought up the rear. The procession had already advanced about half-way through the town, when a girl in one of the balconies uttered a faint shriek, and bent over the railing, as if fainting. The young count looked up, and his eyes met those of Victorine! It was but for a moment that they saw each other; for the nuns and boarders crowded around their young companion, and hurried her from the balcony.

Two months had passed, and Ronald, having returned from the mountains, hastened to the convent to visit his sister; but what was his horror, when, inquiring for her at the gate, he was told that she had disappeared, and no one knew how, or with whom! The portress began hastily to relate all that had happened on the discovery of her flight; but Ronald sickened at the recital, and he turned away from the gate in sadness and bitterness of heart. He did not even ask to see the abbess, for he felt that she could tell him nothing but what he already knew too well—Victorine had eloped. What a world of misery was in that single word!—he cared not for the particulars.

He was roused by the gentle touch of a human hand, and indignant at having the privacy of his sorrows broken in upon, he started on his feet, and fiercely confronted the intruder. His anger was, however, soon disarmed, when his eyes fell on the slight form of a stripling, whom many years before, he had rescued from the gripe of a wolf. The boy was one of the domestics at the castle, and he told Ronald—what the forester had indeed suspected—that the young count was the lover of his sister, and that he had carried her off with him to Paris. Ronald listened in gloomy silence to the details given to him by the page, and when they were concluded, he only asked if Victorine had gone willingly; and when the boy answered in the affirmative, he begged to be left alone.

For some time his thoughts were too confused to enable him to reason, or to decide what he ought to do; but as he grew more calm, the idea struck him of appealing to the old count for justice. "He is just," thought he; "and when the steward's son would have deserted the bailiff's daughter, he compelled him to marry her. This case is similar, and if he will make his son marry my sister, all may yet be well." Poor Ronald!—he had yet to learn that we deal out a very different measure of justice to others, to what we apply in our own case; but he was carried away by his feelings, and forgot everything but the wrong that had been done him. When he arrived at the castle, however, and entered the lofty halls crowded with liveried domestics, and when he recollected that the man he came to seek was the lord of all this wealth and power, his heart somewhat failed him, and he inquired for the count with a faltering voice. The servant he addressed told him that his master was sitting in his justice-hall, deciding some cases; and then, in a familiar manner, he asked Ronald to go with him into the buttery, to have something to eat and drink before he saw the count. "It will hearten you on," continued the man, "if you have anybody to complain of."

For a moment Ronald paused; for the contrast between his condition and that of the count rushed with all its force upon his mind. Yes, he was considered, and indeed was, the equal of this menial, who would crouch like a chidden cur before his master; and yet that master Ronald was about to ask to marry his only son to the sister of his vassal. "But it is not my fault," thought he; "it is the young count who has overstepped the barrier between us. He forgot his rank when he descended to injure us, and I will not suffer it to prevent me from seeking for reparation."

Nerved by these feelings, he strode with a firm step into the justice-hall of the count; and, when his turn arrived he plainly but strongly stated his case. The count heard him patiently, and when he had finished shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "Well, my good fellow, and what is all this to me?"

"What is it to you?" cried Ronald, bursting with indignation.

"Are you not the father of the villain?"

"Softly, softly! my good lad; you forget the respect due to the son of your master. Young men will have their follies, and I do not see that my son is worse than others of his rank and station."

"Follies!" repeated Ronald, indignantly.

"What else can you call them?" said the count. "The girl seems to have gone willingly, and no doubt thought herself honoured by having attracted the notice of her young master. As to your appealing to me, I do not see what I could do, excepting I were to force my son to return your sister; and that, if you will only have the patience to wait a little, he will no doubt soon be ready enough to do without compulsion."

The count smiled as he said this, and instantly a half-suppressed titter ran through the crowd. Ronald looked round at his mockers as a baited tiger might be supposed to do at its hunters, and sprang madly at the count.

On the 1st of May, 1789, a foot-sore man, wasted by long imprisonment, and mental anxiety, crawled slowly and painfully through the streets of Paris, and inquired his way to the Fau-

bourg St. Antoine. Exhausted with fatigue, and famishing\* for want of food, he had difficulty in dragging his weary limbs along, but he had scarcely entered the Faubourg, before a sight presented itself of so exciting a nature that every feeling of bodily fatigue was forgotten. A number of men and women, or rather demons, uttering wild shrieks, and with torches in their hands, were tearing down and setting fire to a house; and as the terrified inmates, half suffocated by the smoke, appeared one by one, trying to make their escape, they were received with yells and cries by the furious multitude, and hunted like wild beasts. Some were knocked down, and trampled to death; and others, panting and bleeding, with their clothes hanging in shreds from their shoulders, sought holes and corners where they might find refuge, or, at least, be enabled to stand a bay against their persecutors.

Ronald, for he was the way-worn stranger, astonished at this scene, at length ventured to ask a man, of mean appearance and dark complexion, who was standing near him, what it meant. The man, who had been standing with folded arms and calmly looking on, replied sternly, "that the people were burning the house and manufactory of M. Reveillon, a paper-manufacturer, who had declared that wheat bread was too good for the working people, and that they would be much more peaceable if they were fed on potato-flour." This story threw Ronald into despair; for it was a workman in this manufactory, a native of Grenoble, whom he had come to seek.

The man he had spoken to was struck with the distress his words had excited; and as the military were beginning to disperse the mob, he told his new acquaintance to follow him. The aspect of this man was stern and forbidding, and he led the way into an adjoining street, the gloom of which was only broken by the fitful light thrown upon it by the flames from the burning manufactory. Ronald, however, was too much excited to be capable of fear, and when the stranger unlocked the door of a small, mean-looking house, he entered without hesitation, and partook greedily of the food that was set before him. The man stood with folded arms, as he had done when gazing at the rioters, looking at Ronald, and when the repast was finished, he left his guest to the repose he so much needed.

The 4th of May, 1789, was an important day for France. On that day the States-General assembled at Versailles; and before they commenced business, they went, according to ancient custom, accompanied by the king and his nobles, to church. Their devotions being performed, they returned in solemn procession; the king wearing his crown and dress of state, the nobles their most splendid robes, and even the higher dignitaries of the clergy glittering with gold and jewels. The commons followed clad entirely in black; and, though they formed a part of the procession, their sombre garments harmonised ill with the splendid dresses of those who went before; they looked, indeed, like an ominous black cloud ready to sweep over and overwhelm the aristocracy.

As the *cortège* advanced, a man rushed from the crowd of curious and gazing spectators, and threw himself before the king, holding a paper in his hand, and imploring justice. The young Count Grenoble and several other noblemen who belonged to the royal household, rushed forward to defend their sovereign, while the crowd beyond shouted out, "He is one of the people. Let him have justice." The king paused, and looked at Ronald, (as he stood still held back by the young nobles,) more in pity than in anger. "My poor fellow," said he, "in these days it is hard to say what is justice. Give me your petition, however, and I will take care that your case shall be inquired into." The young nobles immediately relaxed their hold, and Ronald advancing, presented his petition on his knees. The king received it graciously, and the next moment the procession swept on with the same state and solemnity as before.

It was evening, and the gardens of the Palais Royal were thronged with anxious citizens, murmuring at the dismissal of their favourite Neckar, and at the resumption by the king of the liberties he had conceded to the citizens, when the crowd suddenly opened to make way for a man of dark and forbidding aspect, who appeared among them, and who was accompanied by a pale, thin, melancholy-looking girl, dressed in the deepest mourning. "It is Camille Desmoulins," murmured the crowd among themselves, as the dark man pushed forward to the elevated platform from which he was accustomed to address them. He gained the platform, and shortly the heaving waves of the crowd became still, and a death-like silence prevailed. The orator began by pointing out to them how they had been deceived. He told how the concessions wrung from the king at Versailles had been abandoned at the Royal

Session at Paris; and how the nobles exulted in the idea that the old order of things should be restored. "They promised us," said he, "that the *lettres de cachet* should be abolished; and yet the brother of this girl was torn from her by one only a few weeks since, and is now languishing in that infamous Bastille. And what was his offence? But a few months have passed away since the girl you now see beside me was lovely and blooming as a rose, and gay as the innocence of her own heart could make her. What is she now? And what was she a few weeks ago, when her brother and myself found her crawling along the streets, and singing her wild-mountain melodies for bread? How must the heart of that brother have bled, when he heard the strains that breathed of home and happiness thus profaned? But this is not all. He appealed for justice to the king, and his majesty promised—we all know how he can promise—that his case should be inquired into. We will suppose it was, for kings like other men should keep their promises, but what was the result? The brother, who only asked for justice, is in the Bastille; and the count is driving his splendid equipage through the streets of Paris, ready to crush the bodies of his fellow-citizens, as he has already crushed the hearts of those poor victims. Say, my friends, shall these things be?" "No! no!" burst simultaneously from the crowd; and in three days from that time, the Bastille was levelled with the ground.

The young Count Adolphe, of Grenoble, had remained in Paris till all hope of saving the king had been abandoned; and, when he retired to Dauphiny, it was with the intention of raising an army there in support of the royal cause. The revolutionists were aware of this, and a strong detachment of troops was sent to St. Marcellin, to reduce the count and his vassals to obedience. Count Adolphe, on arriving at the castle, was deeply mortified to find that the most efficient of his father's dependants were unwilling to encounter the army of the republic. The old count himself was also in a most provoking state of imbecility. He either could not, or would not, believe the changes that had taken place; and he would not sanction any of his son's preparations for the defence of the castle; because he could not believe it possible that it would be attacked. In this emergency Adolphe felt justified in taking the authority into his own hands, and confining his father to his own room, he gathered together what troops, time and the circumstances of the case, would allow.

The castle was ill-manned and ill-provided; and, though the count and a few determined followers did all that men could do, they could not long maintain the contest against the numbers by whom they were assailed. The republicans had already battered down the great gates, and had thrown fire-brands into the castle court; and the hurried intelligence that the castle was on fire burst from mouth to mouth. In the desperation of despair, the count and his followers made a sortie, but they were encountered by the republicans before they had half descended the hill, and the battle raged fiercely under the branches of the old lime tree. The castle was now a sheet of flame, and the old count was seen at one of the windows, shrieking for that help which no one could afford him, while the tall statues which had decked the terrace looked ghost-like in their whiteness and rigidity, as the fire curled round them; while the dazzling light sparkled in the gushing fountains beneath, and the leaves of the trees crackled in the flames. Meanwhile Count Adolphe was engaged in a mortal struggle with his deadly enemy Ronald. The struggle was long and severe, but, at last, Ronald overpowered the count, and, kneeling on his breast, was just about to bury his dagger in his heart, when a young page suddenly threw himself between them, and received the blow. The sacrifice was, however, offered too late, for the count was fast bleeding to death; but, dying as he was, he recognised Victorine in the page, and knew that she had died in a vain attempt to save him. He drew her to him, tried to press her to his bosom, and expired with her in his arms; while Ronald stood gloomily looking at the youthful pair, and the old castle was burning above them, like a vast hecatomb to their manes.

TRUST not to the omnipotency of gold, or say unto it, thou art my confidence; kiss not thy hand when thou beholdest that terrestrial sun, nor bore thy ear unto its servitude. A slave unto Mammon makes no servant unto God; covetousness cracks the sinews of faith, numbs the apprehension of anything above sense, and, only affected with the certainty of things present, makes a peradventure of things to come; lives but unto one world, nor hopes but fears another; makes our death sweet unto others, bitter unto ourselves; gives a dry funeral, scencal mourning, and no wet eyes at the grave.—*Sir T. Browne's Posthumous Works.*



## A SYDNEY "ROBINS."

NONE of our readers—that is, the readers of the "LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL"—can be possibly ignorant of the name of the greatest CAPITALIST in the known world. But in case there should be any (whose case we pity,) who are not aware that, as London is the greatest city of the earth, so it contains within it the greatest of earthly citizens; and, amongst other men, all pre-eminent in their professions, has a princely, pre-eminent auctioneer; we repeat, what has been repeated a thousand times, that all the Robins in the universe are not equal to our single Capital Robins. The veritable, original Robins is dead, to be sure—but even "in his ashes live his wanted fires"—old Robins lives in young Robins. Oh! we have no patience with the man who pretends to read the newspapers, and has not, again and again, luxuriated in a Robins' advertisement. How gloriously the landscape rises up under his wandlike touch! The rivers meander like streams in paradise—the hills become, intensely, superlatively blue—the houses are crammed with every comfort, and shrouded in splendid woods—in truth, if Milton had not written "Comus," Robins would have done it for him. How nicely, too, the climax is wound up with the possession of a seat in Parliament!—they say that there are no boroughmongers now, but Robins flourishes in spite of schedule A.

We had thought Robins to be *sui generis*—that is to say, a man all alone by himself. We cannot tolerate any attempts at imitation which we have seen in London newspapers. It may appear a very easy thing to divide an advertisement into a certain number of lines, and to make some of those lines start out prominently in great flaring capital letters: but that is just the mistake committed by all our lady-birds and juvenile whipsters, who fancy that when they have got a nice steel pen, glazed paper, and a couple of rhymes in their heads, they can produce poetry equal to Byron, Moore, Campbell, or Barney Bodkin. No!—it requires *Genius*; and none but a CAPITAL genius can do the thing. Guess, however, our amazement at discovering a duplicate Robins at the other side of the world! What! we exclaimed, is Robins no longer unique? Has his spirit been transported? Was his emigration voluntary or involuntary? But we were relieved by the consideration that the universe is full of duplicates. Even in this world there are two hemispheres, and why should we not, reasoning by analogy, admit the existence of two Robinses?

Kind reader, give us time, and we will tell thee all. Looking over one or two Sydney newspapers, we saw a great many advertisements "displayed," as the printers call it; all sorts of capital letters, from the white shaded to the black shadeless. This is no new thing—therefore we regarded it not. But somehow or other the advertisements of a Sydney auctioneer struck continually upon our eye. In vain we turned away, never even dreaming that the delicate spirit, taste, and tact of a Robins could exist in the atmosphere of Sydney. Yet we found ourselves compelled to read; sometimes, like the monk of Cambray, we read backwards instead of forwards: but the spell began to work—we found ourselves in the all-powerful grasp of a Sydney clutcher. To convince you, reader, that we are not exaggerating, we will pick a few specimens at random from the lucubrations of our Sydney hammerman:—

## "SPLENDID LANDED PROPERTIES.

To the ARISTOCRACY OF AUSTRALIA, Speculators in Land. Lovers of Interest, Admirers of Scenery, and Fathers of Families."

Pretty well for a *hadding*, we should think! We really defy our own inimitable man to match it. First, he makes his bow; in duty, to the ARISTOCRACY OF AUSTRALIA—an exquisite alliteration!—then, commencing with "speculators in land," he appropriately links them with these disinterested souls, *lovers of interest*; and joins "admirers of scenery," with "fathers of families." Really, if this is not a coming home to men's businesses and bosoms, we do not know what is!

But wait a bit. We can only give snatches, for our space is limited; but we will try to give some of the "concentrated essence!"—

"The above-described property, it is almost needless to say, is situated in the

## MOST WEALTHY DISTRICT

of New South Wales; it has been selected by the ELITE OF SYDNEY as the spot where they may abide in peace, and seek repose apart from the din of this busy city, where they might steal to the quiet cot, and renew their wearied frames—where they might

## INHALE THE PUREST AIR

that Nature ever gave—where they might ensure the health of themselves, their *consorts*, and their children.

"It is indeed an established fact, that while the whole of this Capital has been suffering under one of the most fatal diseases that ever attacked a Metropolis, the residents here have enjoyed the blessings of health in

## ONE CONTINUED STREAM."

There's a "stream" for you! What do our medical men say to it? The health of this enviable district does not come to it by "passes" or "jerks," but flows in "one continued stream." When Sir Humphrey Davy was inhaling "laughing gas," it acted so strongly on his sensorium, that he called out, "There is nothing in the world but *Thoughts!*" Our worthy Sydney auctioneer must have been under a similar influence when he wrote this advertisement. Very likely he passed from the unhealthy to the healthy district; and, being suddenly exposed to the strong influence of "one continued stream," he felt his brain getting into a pleasant state of combustion; and instead of foolishly betraying his secret, and exclaiming, "There's nothing in the world but *Thoughts!*" he sat down and expended his superfluous energy on paper.

But to return. "The scenery from these allotments is beyond description magnificent—and the auctioneer feels, that, *although he has viewed the unbounded Landscape from the spot*, that 'tis not in his power to do justice with his pen; still there are some beauties which, nevertheless, 'tis his duty to endeavour to portray. First, then, it must be borne in mind, that this Land, having the highest elevation of the Neighbourhood, commands an immense extent of

## LANDSCAPE SCENERY;

In the front is seen, winding its sinuous course in gentle ripples, the calm waters of Cook's River, while further in the distance is the wide expanse of

## BOTANY BAY."

Mr. De Quincey, in the last number of "Tait," tells us that Southey, in a frolicsome mood, once threw off a petition to the king, part of which ran thus:—

"Therefore, old George, by George we pray  
Of thee forthwith to extend thy way  
Over the great Botanic Bay!"

We wonder our ingenious hammerman did not hit on a similar improvement; Botany Bay is certainly "redolent of thieves and pickpockets;" and "the wide expanse of the great Botanic Bay," would have been a more suitable phrase. This, however, is but a small speck on the face of beauty; nor need we mention the "Bold Headlands seen lowering aloft," as this may be a printer's error for "towering aloft." On second thoughts, "lowering aloft" may be correct—for it is certainly a bold, striking, and original figure.

Passing over the "Bosom of the Mighty Deep," we come down to where "the purity of the air is not surpassed in the world, and the scenery has been justly said to rival in beauty the much-admired

## HARBOUR OF RIO DE JANEIRO!"

A common-place describer would have talked about the "Bay of Naples"—or, if an Irishman, he might have said something about Dublin Bay and the "big hill o' Howth." We hasten, however, to conclude; and therefore we come to the conclusion.

"On the north is overlooked a richly-wooded country, studded thickly with the residences of the private gentlemen of Sydney; on the east, the Bays, Inlets, and Islands of Port Jackson in all their endless variety; on the south, the town of Sydney, with its costly and majestic buildings, and the basin of the cove laden with the wealth of various nations; whilst to the west, the Parramatta River, with her host of trading craft, and an extent of

#### WOOD AND WATER SCENERY.

form a *tout-ensemble* much easier imagined than described."

Here we leave our "Sydney Robins," heartily wishing "more power to his elbow," and "long may he flourish." It is a great satisfaction to us to see that the *arts* of civilised life are travelling; but, indeed, what else could we expect, seeing, that though a London pickpocket is held fit for nothing but keeping sheep in Australia, he may yet, by diligence, industry, and good conduct, rise to form one of the "élite of Sydney."

Seriously, Sydney is thriving, in spite of all the monstrous evils of the convict system. Is it to be the future capital of the great empire of Australia?

#### THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

The following interesting account of the growth, cultivation, and uses of the Cocoa-nut tree is extracted from the valuable work published, about ten years back, by Mr. Ellis, the well-known missionary to the South-sea Islands, entitled "Polynesian Researches."

The fruits of the South-sea Islands are not so numerous as in some continental countries of similar temperature, but they are valuable; and, next to the bread-fruit, the *haari*, or Cocoa-nut, (*cocos nutifera*) is the most serviceable. The tree on which it grows is also one of the most useful and ornamental in the Islands, imparting to the landscape, in which it fails not to form a conspicuous object, all the richness and elegance of intertropical verdure.

The stem is perfectly cylindrical, three or four feet in diameter at the root, very gradually tapering to the top, where it is probably not more than eighteen inches round. It is one single stem from the root to the crown, composed apparently of a vast number of small hollow reeds, united by a kind of resinous pith, and enclosed in a rough, brittle, and exceeding hard kind of bark. The stem is without branch or leaf, excepting at the top, where a beautiful crown or tuft of long green leaves appears like a graceful plume waving in the fitful breeze, or nodding over the spreading wood, or the humble shrubbery. The nut begins to grow in a few months after it is planted; in about five or six years, the stem is seven or eight feet high, and the tree begins to bear. It continues to grow and bear fifty or sixty years, or perhaps longer, as there are many groves of trees, apparently in their highest perfection, which were planted by Po-ma-re, the chief of Tahiti, nearly fifty years ago. While the plants are young, they require fencing in order to protect them from the pigs; but after the crown has reached a few feet above the ground, the plants require no further care.

The bread-fruit, the plantain, and almost every other tree furnishing any valuable fruit, arrives at perfection only in the most fertile soil; but the cocoa-nut, although it will grow in the rich valleys and in the bottoms of them, and by the side of the streams that flow through them, yet flourishes equally on the barren sea-beach, amid fragments of coral and sand, where its roots are washed by every rising tide; and on the sun-burnt sides of the mountains where the soil is shallow, and remote from the streams so favourable to vegetation. The trunk of the tree is used for a variety of purposes; their best spears are made of cocoa-nut wood; wall-plates, rafters, and pillars for their larger houses, were often of the same material; their instruments for splitting bread-fruit,

their rollers for their canoes, and also their most durable fences, were made with its trunk. It is also a valuable kind of fuel, and makes excellent charcoal.

The timber is not the only valuable article the cocoa-nut tree furnishes. The leaves, called *niau*, are composed of strong stalks, twelve or fifteen feet long. A number of long, narrow-pointed leaflets are ranged alternately on opposite sides. The leaflets are often plaited, when the whole leaf is called *pava*, and forms an excellent screen for the sides of their houses, or covering for their floors. Several kinds of baskets are also made with the leaves, one of which called *arairi*, is neat, convenient, and durable. They were also plaited for bonnets, or shades for the forehead and eyes, and were worn by both sexes. In many of their religious ceremonies they were used, and the *niau*, or leaf, was also an emblem of authority, and was sent by the chief to his dependants, when any requisition was made: bunches or strings of the leaflets were also suspended in the temple on certain occasions, and answered the same purpose as heads in Roman Catholic worship, reminding the priest or worshipper of the order of his prayers. On the tough and stiff stalks of the leaflets, the candle-nuts, employed for lighting their houses, were strung when used.

Round that part of the stem of the leaf which is attached to the trunk of the tree, there is a singular provision of nature, for the security of the long leaves against the violence of the winds. A remarkably fine, strong, fibrous matting, attaching to the bark under the bottom of the stalk, extending half-way round the trunk, and reaching perhaps two or three feet up the leaf, acting like a bracing of net-work to each side of the stalk, keeps it steadily fixed to the trunk. While the leaves are young, this substance is remarkably white, transparent; and as fine in texture as silver paper. In this state it is occasionally cut into long narrow slips, tied up in bunches, and used by the natives to ornament their hair. Its remarkable flexibility, beautiful whiteness, and glossy surface, render it a singularly novel, light, and elegant plume; the effect of which is heightened by its contrast with the black and shining ringlets of the native hair it surmounts. As the leaf increases in size, and the matting is exposed to the air, it becomes coarser and stronger, assuming a yellowish colour, and is called *Aa*.

There is a kind of seam along the centre, exactly under the stem of the leaf, from both sides of which long and tough fibres, about the size of a bristle, regularly diverge in an oblique direction. Sometimes there appear to be two layers of fibres, which cross each other, and the whole is cemented with a still finer, fibrous, and adhesive substance. The length and evenness of the threads or fibres, the regular manner in which they cross each other at oblique angles; the extent of surface, and the thickness of the piece, corresponding with that of coarse common cloth; the singular manner in which the fibres are attached to each other—cause this curious substance, woven in the loom of nature, to present to the eye a remarkable resemblance to cloth spun and woven by human ingenuity.

This singular fibrous matting is sometimes taken off by the natives in pieces two or three feet wide, and used as wrapping for their arrow-root, or made up into bags. It is also occasionally employed in preparing articles of clothing. Jackets, coats, and even shirts, are made with the *Aa*, though the coarsest linen cloth would be much more soft and flexible. To these shirts the natives generally fix a cotton collar and wristbands, and seem susceptible of but little irritation from its wiry texture and surface. It is a favourite dress with the fishermen, and others occupied on the sea.

The fruit, however, is the most valuable part of this serviceable, hardy, and beautiful plant. The flowers are small and white, insignificant when compared with the size of the tree or the fruit. They are ranged along the sides of a tough, succulent, branching stalk, surrounded by a sheath, which the natives call *Aroe*, and are fixed to the trunk of the tree, immediately above the bottom of the leaf. Fruit in every stage, from the first formation after the falling of the blossom, to the hard, dry, ripe, and full-grown nut, that has almost begun to germinate, may be seen at one time on the same tree, and frequently fruit in several distinct stages on the same bunch, attached to the trunk of the same stalk.

The tree is slow in growth, and the fruit does not, probably, come to perfection in much less than twelve months after the blossoms have fallen. A bunch will sometimes contain twenty or thirty nuts, and there are, perhaps, six or seven bunches on the tree at the same time. Each nut is surrounded by a tough fibrous husk, in some parts two inches thick; and when it has reached its full size, it contains, enclosed in a soft, white shell, a pint or a pint and a-half of the juice usually called cocoa-nut milk.

There is, at this time, no pulp whatsoever in the inside. In this stage of its growth the nut is called *Oua*, and the liquid is preferred to that found in the nut in any other state. It is perfectly clear, and in taste combines a degree of acidity and sweetness, which renders it equal to the best lemonade. No accurate idea of the consistency and taste of the juice of the cocoa-nut can be formed from that found in the nuts brought to England. These are old and dry, and the fluid comparatively rancid; in this state they are never used by the natives of the South-sea Islands, except for the purpose of planting or extracting oil. The shell of the *Oua*, or young cocoa-nut, is often used medicinally.

In a few weeks after the nut has reached its full size, a soft, white pulp, remarkably delicate and sweet, resembling in consistency and appearance the white of a slightly-boiled egg, is formed around the inside of the shell. In this state it is called *Niaa*, is eaten by the chiefs as an article of luxury, and used in preparing many of what may be called the made-dishes of Tahitian banquets. After remaining a month or six weeks longer, the pulp on the inside becomes much firmer, and rather more than half an inch in thickness. The juice assumes a whitish colour and a sharper taste. It is now called *Omoto*, and is not so much used. If allowed to hang two or three months longer on the tree, the outside skin becomes yellow and brown, the shell hardens, the kernel increases to an inch or an inch and a-quarter in thickness, and the liquid is reduced to less than half a pint. It is now called *Opa*. The hard nut is sometimes broken in two and broiled, or eaten as taken from the tree, but is generally used in making oil.

If the cocoa-nut be kept long after it is fully ripe, a sweet, spongy substance is formed in the inside, originating at the inner end of the germ which is enclosed in the kernel, immediately opposite one of the tree apertures or eyes, in the sharpest end of the shell. This spongy substance ultimately absorbs the water, and fills the cavity, dissolving the hard kernel, and combining it with its own substance, so that the shell, instead of containing a kernel and milk, encloses only a soft cellular substance. While this truly wonderful process is going on within the nut, a single bud or shoot, of a white colour but hard texture, forces its way through one of the holes in the shell, perforates the tough fibrous bark, and, after rising some inches, begins to unfold its pale green leaves to the light and air; at this time, also, two thick white fibres, originating in the same point, push away the stoppers or covering from the other two holes in the shell, pierce the husk in an opposite direction, and finally penetrate the ground. If allowed to remain, the shell, which no knife would cut, and which a saw would scarcely penetrate, is burst by an expansive power, generated within itself; the husk and the shell gradually decay, and, forming a light manure, facilitate the growth of the young plant, which gradually strikes its roots deeper, elevates its stalk, and expands its leaves, until it becomes a lofty, fruitful, and graceful tree.

The cocoa-nut oil is procured from the pulp, and is prepared by grating the kernel of the old nut, and depositing it in a long wooden trough, usually the trunk of a tree, hollowed out. This is placed in the sun every morning, and exposed during the day: after a few days the grated nut is piled up in heaps in the trough, leaving a small space between each heap. As the oil exudes, it drains into the hollows, whence it is scooped in bamboo canes, and preserved for sale or for use. After the oil ceases to collect in the trough, the kernel is put into a bag, of the matted fibres, and submitted to the action of a rude lever press; but the additional quantity of oil, thus obtained, is inferior in quality to that produced by the heat of the sun.

In addition to these advantages, the shells of the larger old cocoa-nuts are used as water bottles, the largest of which will hold a quart; they are of a black colour, frequently highly polished, and, with care, last a number of years. All the cups and drinking vessels of the natives are made with cocoa-nut shells, usually of the *Omoto*, which is of a yellow colour. It is scraped very thin, and is often slightly transparent. Their ava cups were generally black, highly polished, and sometimes ingeniously carved with a variety of devices, but the Tahitians did not excel in carving. The fibres of the husks are separated from the pulp by soaking them in water, and are used in making various kinds of cinet and cordage, especially a valuable rope.

It is impossible to contemplate either the bread-fruit or cocoa-nut trees, in their gigantic and spontaneous growth, their majestic appearance, the value and abundance of their fruit, and the varied purposes to which they are subservient, without admiring the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator, and his distinguishing kindness towards the inhabitants of these interesting islands.

#### WHAT IS LOVE?

'Tis a child of phansie's getting,  
Brought up between hope and fear,  
Fed with smiles, grown by uniting  
Strong, and so kept by desire:  
'Tis a perpetual vestal fire,  
Never dying,  
Whose smoak, like incense, doth aspire,  
Upwards flying.

It is a soft magnetick stone,  
Attracting hearts by sympathetic,  
Binding up close two souls in one  
Both discoursing secretlie:  
'Tis the true Gordian knot that ties,  
Yet ne'r unbinds,  
Fixing thus two lovers' eies  
As wel as minds.

'Tis the spheres' heavenly harmonie  
Where two skilful hands do strike;  
And every sound expressively  
Marries sweetly with the like:  
'Tis the world's everlasting chain,  
That all things ti'd,  
And bid them, like the fixed wain,  
Unmov'd to bide.

#### SUBORDINATION.

"ORDER is Heaven's first law." From the earliest dawn of reason to the hour of death, when we reluctantly take the last bitter medicine, we have to submit our wills, more or less, to the will of others. We cannot, in childhood, see that the motive which induces our parents to lay us under restraints, is a regard to our future happiness. It seems to us to be caprice, or at least arbitrary dictation. But we learn to submit our wills to theirs; and here is the foundation of government, and here commences a system of bonds and obligations which abide on us through life. As we advance in life, we see that the reason of family-government is not a love of authority, or of an infliction of punishment; but it arises from compassion to our ignorance, and a desire to form our characters for the world in which we are to live and act.—*Todd's Student's Manual.*

#### TENACITY OF LIFE IN THE VULTURE.

MR. FELLOWS, in his account of his Travels in Asia Minor, relates the following surprising fact, proving the extreme tenacity of life possessed by the vulture. He states that, at Loadicea, he shot one of these voracious birds. "It was," he says, "shot at about nine o'clock, and at the time was washing itself in the stream after its hearty meal upon the dead camel. It was wounded in the head and neck, and dropped immediately; but, upon taking it up, its talons closed upon the hand of my servant, making him cry out with pain. He placed it on the ground, and I stood with my whole weight upon its back, pressing the breast-bone against the rock; when its eye gradually closed, its hold relaxed, and to all appearance life became extinct. It was then packed up in my leather band, and strapped behind the saddle. The day was oppressively hot, for we trod upon our shadows as we rode across the plain. Until this evening (at eleven o'clock) the vulture remained tightly bound behind the saddle. My servant, on unpacking, threw the bundle containing it into the hut, while he prepared boiling water for cleaning and skinning it. Intending to examine this noble bird more carefully, I untied the package, and what was my surprise to see it raise its head, and fix its keen eye upon me! I immediately placed my feet upon its back, holding by the top of the tent, and leaning all my weight upon it; but with a desperate struggle it spread out its wings, which reached across the tent, and by beating them attempted to throw me off. My shouts soon brought Demetrius, who at length killed it by blows upon the head with the butt-end of his gun. My ignorance of the extreme tenacity of life of this bird must exculpate me from the charge of cruelty."

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## THE BRITISH NAVY.

### NO. X.—QUARTER-DECK OFFICERS, THEIR QUALIFICATIONS AND DUTIES.

“Order is Heaven’s first law; and this contest,  
Sine arc, and must be, greater than the rest.”—POPE.

WE resume our description of the remaining officers with the MASTER, whose situation is one of great trust.

This office is always filled by a seaman of first-rate ability, and he is usually educated in the merchant’s service. Of late years, the attempt to rear masters in the navy has been made, but with questionable success; and the policy of such a course is doubtful, because it is unwise to draw greater distinction than can possibly be avoided between the queen’s and merchants’ service, on which latter, as the principal element of our maritime power, the navy is so greatly dependent for its resources.

In practice, it is found that training from childhood through the different gradations of the naval service produces the most accomplished officers in the superior departments; but masters educated in trading ships have always proved equal to the duties required of them, and better contented with their condition than others of higher aspirations, who are induced to accept—or *bear up* for, as it is called—a master’s warrant, when all hope of promotion in the regular line has passed away.

In the earliest records of our naval history, we find “masters” retained to navigate ships, whilst the captains—generally soldiers—were selected for their reputation and courage to command them in battle; and this was the case in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears by statute v. cap. 5 of that reign, and down to the time of the Commonwealth.

The qualifications at present necessary to constitute a master are, that he shall have served seven years at sea—two of which in the navy, as acting master, master’s mate, or second master; or one year as chief mate, and two years in command, or two years as chief mate, and one year in command, of a private ship. If regularly brought up in the navy, he is required to serve six years as master’s assistant. He must be provided with certificates to this effect, and undergo such examination as the lords of the Admiralty direct,—that is, before a committee of the Trinity Board; when he is questioned as to his knowledge of the different landmarks, the mode of entering the principal harbours and roadsteads, the soundings in various channels, position of lighthouses, &c., and his general ability as a pilot in the English Channel, from the North Foreland to the Land’s End.

These examinations he undergoes successively, as he qualifies for higher rates, between the ages of twenty-one and forty. His duty is to superintend the fitting of the rigging, stowage of the ballast, water, and provisions, and so to dispose the weights as to insure the ascertained sailing trim,—or the *builder’s trim*, if the vessel has not been previously tried at sea,—and to arrange the daily consumption of stores, water, and provisions, so as to preserve this trim. The navigation of the ship is under his especial charge, and he reports daily to the captain the latitude and longi-

tude, as well as the bearings and distance of the nearest land. He has the care of the chronometers, charts, compasses, &c., also of the log-book; and frequently measures the log-line and the half-minute glass, to insure their correctness; he takes charge of the keys of the after-hold and spirit-room, and never permits these places to be opened, but in presence of one of his mates.

Besides the assumed position of the ship, he reports daily to the captain the state of the masts, sails, and rigging, the quantity of water remaining on board; visits the warrant officers’ store-rooms and the sail-room; for, although he has got the individual charge of the various stores, he exercises a general surveillance over the whole, being one of the “signing officers,” who testify that every article is properly expended.

When the ship is in sight of land, or in soundings, the master’s duty is most responsible, being always required on the look-out, and to see that the anchors and cables, and everything connected therewith, commonly called “ground tackle,” are in proper order. In action, he attends expressly to the steering, and places the vessel in whatever position the captain commands. He is, in fact, one of the most valuable officers in the ship, and although generally contented to remain in his present rank,—his aspirations being limited to the post of master of the fleet, or attendant of a dock-yard, (the highest office he can attain,)—he is nevertheless eligible to be made lieutenant, and advanced in the regular line of promotion; and there are cases of masters having arrived at high rank in the naval service.

Cook, the celebrated circumnavigator, one of the most talented officers the British navy ever possessed, was originally a master, and so was Bligh, a navigator of great repute; both were advanced to be captains. But the most remarkable instance on record is that of Mr. Bowen, who was master of Lord Howe’s ship in the glorious 1st of June.

That distinguished veteran, irritated at the unprofitable result of two days’ partial cannonading, was resolved to decide the matter on the third. Watching his opportunity, and impressed with the necessity of setting an example to his captains, some of whom had disobeyed or disregarded his signals, Lord Howe ordered the master to steer the Queen Charlotte through the enemy’s line, and place her alongside of the French admiral’s ship, the *Montagne*, of 120 guns. Mr. Bowen coned\* the ship so closely, that the fly of the Frenchman’s ensign swept the Queen Charlotte’s rigging, and having secured this advantageous position for raking, whilst the broadside was pouring in, and producing destruction, he approached the admiral, and taking off his hat, addressed him thus, with respectful ceremony, “My lord, have I placed her (the ship) as your lordship wished?” The gallant old chief, elated at the success of this daring manœuvre, and struck with admiration at the coolness and demeanour of the master at such a time, exclaimed, grasping his hand, “Bowen, you my-lord me, and my-lord me, but you’re a noble fellow yourself, Bowen, and deserve to be a prince. Please God we live the day out, I’ll be the making of you.” And Lord Howe kept his word, for he made him lieu-

\* To con, is to direct the person at the wheel (helm) how to steer the ship.

tenant, and procured his promotion to commander and captain the following year; and his lordship also used his influence to get him appointed agent for the prizes, which put 10,000*l.* into his pocket. Captain Bowen afterwards became a commissioner of the navy, and maintained a high character throughout life, amply justifying the discrimination of his distinguished patron.

There are several cases recorded in our naval history, where masters have succeeded to the command of ships, after all the superior officers had been killed or wounded; and in no instance that we recollect have they failed in their duty in these, or any other circumstances, where their abilities were tested.

The pay of the master we have already stated in Article Third. His half-pay varies from 5*s.* to 7*s.* a day; the senior one hundred on the list having 7*s.*, the next two hundred 6*s.*, and all the remainder 5*s.* per diem.

The SECOND MASTER undergoes a similar examination to the master, before he can obtain a warrant; and his duty is to assist his superior and to write the log. He is eligible to be promoted in the regular line, but has no half-pay when unemployed.

We next pass to the SURGEON, whose principal duty the reader will readily suppose to be the care of the sick; but he is also required to watch the appearance of disease, particularly in unhealthy climes; for although there are, in all ships, skulkers, ready enough to apply to the "doctor," as the surgeon is always called, and to get upon his "list," a good seaman dreads nothing more than being physicked, and would frequently bear up against illness, nor complain until too late, unless the doctor detected the symptoms. For this reason, and also to check any contagious eruptions in due time, the surgeon accompanies the captain when inspecting divisions, and scrutinises every man as he passes.

The health, and consequently the efficiency of the crew, greatly depends upon the intelligence, care, and forethought of this functionary; and, as "precaution is better than cure," he is strictly directed to ascertain that every man on board has undergone the small or the cow pox, and to vaccinate all doubtful cases.

Naval surgeons are particularly distinguished for their superior proficiency, but this was not always the case; for tens of thousands of seamen's lives were formerly sacrificed to the improvidence of government, in neglecting or refusing to provide competent medical aid, and restoratives for the use of the sick. It was stated in parliament, that in the seven years' war, ending 1762, when Lord Anson controlled our naval affairs with greater ability and success than at any former period, no less than 130,000 seamen—or upwards of 18,000 annually—perished from disease on board the fleet, principally from scurvy! whereas, at present, the mortality amongst seamen, notwithstanding the unhealthy climes some of them are obliged to serve in,—the coast of Africa particularly, where the havoc is frightful,—is actually less than amongst the same number of persons on shore.

This important improvement in the medical statistics of the navy was, in a great measure, effected by the late Lord Melville, who held out such inducements as attracted competent skill into the service, by increasing the pay, and giving to naval surgeons a rank equal to their position in society.

The qualification for surgeon is, that he shall have served three years afloat as assistant surgeon, and passed the customary medical examinations.

We have already, in Article Third, alluded to the surgeon's duty in harbour, particularly as regards the inspection of the volunteers or draughts of men, as they appear on board; he is also commanded to provide certain books and surgical instruments; to inspect those of his assistants frequently; to insure that his dispensary is fully supplied with proper medicines, that the quantity

of restoratives allowed is provided, of good quality. To visit the sick-berth—or bay, as it is called—at least twice a day; taking care that one of his assistants is in frequent, or, if the necessity exists, constant attendance therein. To be watchful to detect, and instantly to take means to prevent, the extension of any contagious disease. To visit recesses where he may suspect foul air to be lurking, and report to the first lieutenant the necessity for ventilation or for stoves; to cause his assistants to inspect the ship's coppers; and to present a report of the state of the sick and convalescent daily; placing another "sick-list" in the binnacle, for the information of the officer of the watch, in order that the persons named thereon may be excused from duty. He is expected also to make periodical reports to the physician-general, not only of his practice, but to describe the different climes he visits, the diseases prevalent therein, manner of treatment, specifics in use, and such botanical data as he is capable of elucidating; in fact, to notice everything that can tend to throw light on subjects connected with his profession. He also makes periodical reports of the conduct and ability of his assistants, and of the names of maimed or wounded persons to whom he has given certificates entitling them to *smart* money.\*

To perform all that we have enumerated requires no small ability, and, perhaps, in no branch of the profession is more talent to be found, distinguished by less pretension, than amongst naval surgeons, several of whom are in great repute as practitioners in the metropolis, and generally preferred by the lieges wherever they settle when on half-pay; in proof of which, the local faculty have frequently endeavoured to prevent their practising, and obtained an order from the Admiralty, prohibiting those on full-pay, or in civil departments—such as the dock-yards, from doing so.

Nevertheless, it will be admitted that in time of action, when patients are brought in quick succession to the surgeon, he is apt, like Smollett's Mackshane, to make short work of it, and take off a shattered limb—thus reducing the wound to a simple one,—rather than be at the trouble of saving it when the case is doubtful; neither are the assistants so well disposed as poor Morgan and Roderick to volunteer the responsibility of a cure. We recollect, on the day after the battle of Trafalgar, when amputation was going forward rife in the cock-pit, upon the wounded Spaniards, as well as our own men, the loblollyboy† in carrying a leg that had just been cut off to the main-deck, for the purpose of throwing it overboard, was accosted by one of the boatswain's mates, who required to know what he had got concealed under his apron. On producing the leg—a very handsome one, belonging to an unfortunate Spaniard, who had made his first essay in that momentous battle,—Pipes took it in his hand, and turned it round and round, scrutinising it closely; at length he broke out with an oath, "What a shame to cut off such a leg as this? why, 'tis a precious deal better one than either of mine!"—and pulling up his trousers, he exhibited his blackened shins, ulcerated and swollen with scurvy; that frightful disease being too deeply implanted in some of the old seamen to be eradicated by the specifics then coming into use, and which have since proved so successful.

There is a small fund placed at the disposal of the surgeon, (12*l.* per annum in a third rate,) and to this the officers frequently subscribe, or turn over bets or winnings. By the aid of this, and the restoratives furnished in the shape of preserved meat, vegetables,

\* "Smart" money is a round sum paid in compensation for some bodily injury sustained in the execution of duty. It is sometimes given in addition to pensions, but most frequently in lieu thereof.

† The "loblollyboy" is the person who carries medicine out, prepares and spreads poultices, &c., and he is under the complete control of the surgeon and his assistants.

&c., one or more messes formed for the convalescents are supplied with such necessaries as can be procured, whenever opportunity offers. The first choice of all fish taken, or of fruits, or indeed any luxury or refreshment that falls in the way, is always appropriated by the surgeon; and there can be no doubt that the sick are as well cared for on board ships of war as in most other situations, and much better than men in the same class of life as sailors would be on shore; whether we consider the skilful advice, the marked and regular attendance, or the medicines and restoratives so liberally provided for their relief.

The object of the surgeon's ambition is to arrive at the post of physician general of the navy, physician of the fleet, of Greenwich, or the naval hospitals; these being well paid and comfortable offices. The duty of the assistant is designated in his title, and the only difference between him and the surgeon is, that he is of inferior rank. He must be twenty years of age, and have passed the usual medical examination. The half-pay of surgeons is 5s. per diem, and 6s. after he has served six years. There are few assistant surgeons permitted to remain on half-pay, but when that is the case they have 2s. per diem, and 3s. after three years.

The PURSER has charge of the victualling department. His pay is nominally small, but his emoluments are considerable, being derived, first, from the portion which he can reserve from the tenth part of every article allowed for waste, and which is paid for when returned into store, or accounted for at the Victualling-office, at a fixed price; and, secondly, from what he can save out of his "necessary money," the sum allowed for providing certain articles, such as coals, candles, fire-wood, oil, &c. &c. &c. He has also five per cent. on the slops, and ten per cent. on the tobacco issued to the crew; and, altogether, the purser's income, in a 74-gun ship, may be estimated at five or six hundred per annum at the least. It is often much more, and by bad management may be rendered almost *nil*; but this will depend very much on his own conduct, and that of his steward who serves out the provisions.

The purser generally endeavours to conciliate those who have a control over the expenditure, and, as penuriousness is by no means esteemed by seamen, they are very apt to "sweat" (as they call it) a stingy purser.—that is, be prodigal or wasteful in expending his necessaries, when they would be more considerate to one whom they esteemed as liberal. For this reason, the experienced purser takes care to give no offence in this respect, knowing that it is his interest to insure a good and sufficient supply of every necessary he is required to provide.

The qualifications for this office are, that he shall have served three years in the navy, two of which in the rating of captain's clerk, that he is between twenty and thirty-five years of age, and has undergone an examination as to his proficiency in common arithmetic, book-keeping, the mode of issuing provisions as well as the substitute for various sorts, and that he is, in fact, qualified to discharge all the duties of purser. The offices of greatest emolument to which he aspires are, comptrollership of victualling the navy, hospitals, and the flag-ships of the port admirals, on board of which many supernumeraries are occasionally victualled. He is expected to "make hay while the sun shines," for his half-pay is only 4s. per day, increased to 5s. and 6s. as he advances on the list; and even this was but lately augmented to its present amount, by reducing the allowance of savings from those afloat from eighths to tenths. The purser is charged with a sum of money for the payment of the monthly portion of wages, now allotted to such seamen as choose to receive it; and, as he is in trust of considerable property altogether, he is required to provide responsible sureties, who are liable until his complicated accounts are audited and passed.

The CHAPLAIN must be a clergyman of the Established Church, in priest's orders, with satisfactory credentials as to character, and he is required to perform the church service, and to preach a sermon on the Sabbath; to console the sick or the dying, to instruct the young gentlemen, and also the boys of the ship, in the principles of the Christian religion, and to superintend the person who teaches the latter the Catechism, and, in his due performance of all this, he must produce the captain's certificate before he can receive his arrears of pay. Formerly the chaplain was permitted to fill the office of schoolmaster also, in consideration of which he had, in addition to

his pay, a bounty of 30*l.* per annum; also 5*l.* per annum deducted from the wages of each of the young gentlemen his pupils, and this made a handsome addition to his otherwise scanty income. By a recent regulation professed naval instructors have been appointed, and it is probable that the office of naval chaplain will decline, and the church service be either read by the captain, or some one of the officers, as is the case at present in ships that do not possess one. When unemployed the chaplain's half-pay is five shillings per diem, increased six-pence per diem after eight years, for every year's further service at sea, until it reaches ten shillings. The dock-yards, hospitals, &c., at home and abroad, afford desirable appointments for chaplains, and these are generally bestowed upon the oldest on the list.

The NAVAL INSTRUCTOR is an office of recent creation, being intended to direct the studies of the young gentlemen in mathematics, French, and the classics to such as enter with some knowledge of Greek and Latin. He has, in addition to his pay, the same allowances formerly made to chaplains, when they undertook the duty of schoolmaster. It is necessary the naval instructor shall be a graduate of one of the universities, and he is required to qualify in the theory of projectiles, on board the *Excellent*,\* before he is appointed to this office. He has two shillings per day half-pay, and this is increased to three shillings after three years' service afloat.

The master, surgeon, purser, chaplain, and naval instructor rank with captains in the army, and lieutenants in the navy; but they are subordinate to them for all purposes of discipline or precedence.

The duty of the marine officers when afloat consists in frequently inspecting their men, and occasionally exercising them—trouping a guard daily in fine weather, &c. When the warms are landed and brigaded, they perform precisely the same duties as military officers of equal rank, and unless when this is the case their labours are so light as to render them "idlers" in the eyes of seamen, being required to keep no watch, and having little control over their men at the ordinary ship's duties. There was an anecdote current after the battle of the Nile respecting a seaman of the *Bellerophon* who had performed a very daring and meritorious deed—we believe it was casting off the spring from the cable when under the fire of the French three-decker, and probably saving the ship—which shows Jack's estimation of the captain of marines. The man—a petty officer—was sent for by Nelson after the action, who applauded his conduct, and inquired what he could do for him; expecting, no doubt, that he would ask for a boatswain's or a gunner's warrant—these being the offices to which seamen before the mast aspire. He requested to be made a captain of marines! and on Nelson assuring him it was quite out of the question,— "Well, then," said Jack, "mayhap your honour can make me a parson?" When convinced that his last request was as unreasonable as the first, and admonished by the admiral to ask for something within his power to grant—"No, sir," replied Jack, "if I cannot have one of these ratings, I'll remain as I am; they are the only two easy berths in the ship, every body else has plenty to do!" and in this humour he quitted the admiral's presence, to the great amusement of those who witnessed the interview.

Being on the subject of the marines, we shall relate another anecdote, connected with the battle of the Nile, to prove that Scripture learning was not, even at that time, deficient in our vessels of war. The captain of marines of one of the ships leading into action had his jollies drawn up, and, although not very fond of haranguing, he thought it orthodox, upon such an occasion, to deliver a few words of encouragement. Instead of adopting the usual and hackneyed course of reminding his men, that they were Britons, of the necessity for maintaining the honour of their flag, and more particularly the honour of their corps, which had never been sullied, he cut the matter short in the following words:—"The shore you see yonder is the land of Egypt; before us is the French fleet, which we are now advancing to engage, and all I can tell you is this, that if you do not fight like devils to-night, to-morrow you will be in the house of bondage."‡

\* An establishment at Portsmouth for instructing officers and men in the theory and practice of naval gunnery.

† When speaking of common seamen it is usual to designate them as before the mast. The word common is seldom used for this purpose.

‡ This anecdote is related of Sir John Savage, a very distinguished officer, lately retired after more than fifty years' service, in which he had the good fortune to be present in three or four general actions.

The marine officers return to barracks when not required for sea service, and they are embarked in regular rotation from a list called a "royster." When unemployed the half-pay of the captain of marines is 7*s.*—the first lieutenant 4*s.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* after seven years in that rank—the second lieutenant 3*s.* per diem. In this corps promotion goes by seniority; they attain to the highest military rank, and partake of all brevets. Promotion is slow but sure; and as the pay is sufficient to uphold the rank, from the first entry, and the corps has always maintained a distinguished reputation, it is a desirable profession for a youth to enter whose inclination is for military vocation. There is no qualification required except that the candidate is tolerably educated, free from physical defects, and under twenty-one years of age. The patronage is in the first lord of the admiralty, who considerably bestows the appointments, as vacancies occur, upon the sons of old officers.

It remains to speak of the GUNNER, BOATSWAIN, and CARPENTER, the two first being well-qualified seamen—commonly called the warrant officers—and all those promoted from before the mast. They have charge of the ship's stores; all those pertaining to the armament being under the care of the gunner, whilst the boatswain "takes care of the rigging," as the song says, and the carpenter looks after the spars. Each has a store-room and a yeoman, and they are required to render very strict accounts of the expenditure, their books being signed by the captain and master. The gunner exercises a division of the crew occasionally at the great guns, and at small arms he is assisted in this duty by the master-at-arms and ship's corporals, who form, properly speaking, the police of the ship. The three warrant officers are left in charge of the ship when out of commission, and, being always employed, there is no half pay for this class. It is highly desirable that some change should be made respecting the qualifications of the gunner, that he should be relieved from that portion of his duty which relates to the rigging, and required to attain a competent knowledge of what more immediately belongs to the armament and every thing connected therewith. It is true that considerable improvement is palpable since the establishment of the Excellent at Portsmouth; but to fill this office as it should be filled requires a knowledge of mathematics, and which can only be obtained by preliminary education, such as it is scarcely possible for a common seaman to have acquired. The gunner should be in the British what he is in the French and Russian services, where the office is filled by a commissioned officer, qualified in the same school as the *artillerist*—instructed in the process of manufacturing and restoring gunpowder—in pyrotechnics—expansive force of gunpowder, &c. Upon the latter point we remember an anecdote which proves that even the untaught gunners of the old school had some philosophy, although it is not easy to comprehend how they had acquired it. During the memorable siege of Gibraltar it was proposed by the indomitable governor, General Elliot, the ancestor of the present first lord of the admiralty, to make a sortie, for the purpose of destroying the works which the Spaniards had raised against the fortress. It is well known that the late Sir Roger Curtiss then a young captain of the navy, being luckily present, distinguished himself greatly during the siege, and was high in the confidence and esteem of the governor. Sir Roger had a gunner, an old unsophisticated seaman, who proposed to destroy the enemy's works by a plan he had designed, and which was considered feasible enough, but the quantity of gunpowder he insisted on appeared to the military officers as remarkably small. The old man was introduced by his captain to Sir Gilbert Elliot, and desired to describe his scheme, and on one of the officers objecting to it, and observing, in derision, that he supposed, with a couple of barrels of powder, he would undertake to blow up the rock of Gibraltar itself. "And so I could," replied the tar, "with a single cartridge, if it had no *went*." Meaning that it was not the quantity of powder but the means he had devised for confining it, that was calculated to produce the greatest effect. It is a pity this principle has not been acted on long ago, by those whose business it is to know more about the matter than the seaman-gunner, and that what has only just been effected by reducing the weight, the windage, and consequently the charges of ships' cannon, had not been accomplished a century since.

Having now sketched the duties of the officers, their several positions, prospects, and expectations, we shall in our next endeavour to describe a naval battle, and, afterwards, bring our ship into port, pay off the crew, and return her into ordinary from whence we started.

#### ORIGIN OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE origin of periodical literature in this country is to be traced to the age of Elizabeth. England being threatened with a formidable invasion from Spain, the wise and prudent Burchleigh projected "The English Mercurie," printed in the year 1588, with the design of conveying correct information to the people, and to relieve them from the danger of false reports, during the continuance of the boasted Spanish armada in the English channel. They were all extraordinary gazettes, published from time to time, as that profound statesman judged needful, and less frequently as the danger abated. The appetite for news thus excited was not suffered to rest long without a further supply. Nathaniel Butter established the first weekly paper in August, 1622, entitled "The Certain Newes of this Present Weeke," and within a few years other journals were started; but they did not become numerous until the time of the civil wars. During that season of contention, each party had its Diurnals, its Mercuries, and its Intelligencers, which arose into being as fast as the events which occasioned them. The great news-writer of that period was Marchmont Needham, of whose history and writings a large account is given by Anthony Wood. At the Restoration he was discharged by the Council of State from his post of public news-writer, Giles Dury and Henry Muddiman being appointed in his room. They were authorised to publish their papers on Mondays and Thursdays, under the title of "The Parliamentary Intelligencer," and "Mercurius Publicus." In August, 1663, the noted Roger L'Estrange obtained the appointment of sole patentee for the publication of intelligence, under the designation of "Surveyor of the Imprimery and Printing Presses;" and he was at the same time constituted one of the licensers of the press. By virtue of his newly-created office, he published two papers, entitled "The Intelligencer" and "The Newes," which appeared Mondays and Thursdays, until the beginning of January, 1665—6, when they were superseded by "The London Gazette," which became the property of Thomas Newcomb. From this time to the Revolution a variety of newspapers made their appearance, both for and against the Court. The most ingenious of its opponents was "The Weekly Packet of Advice from Rome; or the Popish Courant;" written by Henry Care, and continued for four years and a half, from December, 1678 to the 13th July, 1683. A rival paper, written with much wit and humour against Care, and other Whig writers, was "Heraclitus Ridens; or, a Discourse between Jest and Earnest;" wherein many a true word is pleasantly spoken, in opposition to libellers against the Government." The first number appeared February, 1681, and the last August 22, 1682. Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, when Churchmen were desirous of rendering the dissenters ridiculous, in order to crush them, this work was reprinted in two volumes, with a preface full of misrepresentation and slander. The work itself contains some humorous songs and poems adapted to the loyalty of the times. Another contemporary paper, rendered notorious by its subserviency to the court and the scurrility of its pages, was "The Observer in Dialogue. By Roger L'Estrange, Esq." It commenced April 13, 1681, and was continued until the 9th of March, 1687. Proper titles, prefaces and indexes were then added to the work, which forms three volumes in folio. It is a curious record of the manners and illiberal spirit of the times. The events that followed the Revolution gave a new stimulus to inquiry, and multiplied the productions of the press; which also increased in value, and began to assume a more permanent form. Following the spirit of the age, Dunton projected "The Athenian Gazette; or Casuistical Mercury;" resolving all the most nice and curious questions proposed by the ingenious. The first number was published March 17, 1691, and the last the 8th Feb., 1696, which closed the 19th volume. Before this time the public journals were either restricted to temporary politics, or to the angry discussion of controverted subjects of an ecclesiastical nature, and of little benefit to the reader. Dunton has the merit of first giving them a literary turn; but his paper excluded politics, and the quaintness of the style rendered it uninviting to his readers. It was in the following reign that our periodical literature first acquired that polished style and intellectual vigour which had so decided an influence in improving the taste and manners of the age. Upon this account the reign of Queen Anne has been sometimes called the Augustan age; and it certainly abounded in men of genius and refined taste in every department of learning. The writings of Swift, Steele, and Addison, who adorned that period, were long considered the standards of good style.—*Wilson's Life of De Foe.*

## HOURS WITH THE POETS.—HERRICK.

As virtue is the crown of the female character, so is purity the halo of the poetical: wanting these qualities the beauties of both are, in the expressive language of the sacred writings, but as "whited sepulchres." Accordingly, in the mental history of our poets, as we find it developed in their works, their superiority in this respect bears an almost invariable relation to the greatness of their fame. The higher they ascend the Parnassean hill, the purer the air they breathe; the farther they leave behind them the dim and foul exhalations of earth, the nearer their approach to the unclouded blue of Heaven! But to return to the simile with which we began. Poetry, like woman, exhibits strange and unnatural conjunctions; and, as we sometimes see in the latter, a loose life combined with an estimable character, so, we may occasionally find in the former, a keen sense of the pure, the elevating, and the beautiful, with an unscrupulous abandonment to the gross, the debasing, and the loathsome. To confine ourselves to one of the poets thus characterised, there is not, perhaps, in the history of literature a more extraordinary instance than that of Herrick, who would be better known but for the very cause we have here intimated, and it is difficult to deny the justice of the punishment that has thus fallen upon the memory of the author of some of the sweetest and tersest little lyrics in the language. An edition of his writings, divested of all their deformities, would be a valuable contribution to our standard literature. Let us propitiate the reader's judgment in favour of our poet, with the following poem, which will, we doubt not, excite sufficient interest concerning him to make a short sketch of his life acceptable.

## CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING.

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn  
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.  
See how Aurora throws her faire  
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire;  
Get up, sweet slug a bed, and see  
The dew bespangling herbe and tree.  
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,  
Above an house since, yet you not drest,  
Nay! not so much as out of bed;  
When all the birds have mattins scyd,  
And sung their thankfull hymnes; 'tis sin,  
Nay, profanation to keep in,  
When as a thousand virgins on this day  
Spring, sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seene  
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and greene,  
And sweet as Flora. Take no care,  
For jewels for your gowne or haire;  
Feare not, the leaves will strew  
Gems in abundance upon you;  
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept  
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.  
Come, and receive them while the light  
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;  
And Titan on the eastern hill  
Retires himself or else stands still  
Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in prying;  
Few beads are best, when once we goe a maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and comming mark  
How each field turns a street, each street a park  
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how  
Devotion gives each house a bough,  
Or branch; each porch, each doore, ere this,  
An arke, a tabernacle is,  
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;  
As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
Can such delights be in the street  
And open fields, and we not see't?  
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey  
The proclamation made for May:  
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;  
But, my Corinna, come, let's goe a maying.

There's not a budding boy or gifle, this day,  
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deale of youth, ere this, is come  
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.  
Some have dispatched their cakes and creamo  
Before that we have left to dreame;  
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,  
And chose their priestes ere we can cast off sloth;

\* \* \* \* \*  
Many a glance too has been sent  
From out the eye, dove's stinament;  
Many a jest told of the key's betraying  
This night, and locks pickt, yet w'are not a maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime,  
And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace and die  
Before we know our liberty.  
Our life is short, and our dayes run  
As fast away as do's the sunne;  
And as a vapour, or a drop of raine,  
Once lost, can ne'er be found againe;  
So when or you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;  
All love, all liking, all delight  
Lies down'd with us in endless night.  
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,  
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a maying.

This piece has all the beauty and freshness of the season, and the sports it celebrates; its whole atmosphere is redolent of the breath of May.

Robert Herrick, the son of a goldsmith of London, was born in Cheapside, 1591. It has been supposed that his education was much neglected in the early part of his life, owing to his father's large family and limited income; but when he reached his twenty-second year he obtained the patronage of an uncle, Sir William Heyrick, by whom he was entered a fellow-commoner of St. John's, Cambridge. Here he remained three years studying assiduously. It appears his college expenses exceeded the income he was allowed, and, on one occasion, he writes thus to his uncle: "My studie craves but your assistance to furnish her with books, wherein she is most desirous to labour. Blame not her modest boldness, but suffer the asperities of your love to distill upon her; and next to Heaven she will consecrate her labours unto you; and because that Time hath devoured some years, I am the more importunate in the craving." His requests, we may add, were generally successful. In 1618 Herrick turned his attention towards the law. He now removed to Trinity College in the hope of lessening his expenses. Having been so fortunate as to obtain the patronage of the earl of Exeter, he renounced the legal for the clerical profession, and received from that nobleman the living of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. Here he spent nineteen years of his life undisturbed, writing his poems, and enjoying the love of his wealthy neighbours for his "florid and witty discourse," and of his poorer, for the many popular qualities he possessed. He was a bachelor, and has been described at that time as living with no other attendants than a maid-servant, and a favourite pig which he had taught to drink out of a tankard. His sermons do not appear to have been very highly appreciated, for it is recorded that he one day threw his manuscripts at the congregation, cursing them for their inattention. At the expiration of the period we have mentioned, he was ejected from the living by Cromwell: upon which he immediately took his way towards London, in excellent spirits at his escape from the dulness of the life of which he has in several parts of his poems complained. In the metropolis he threw off the title and habits of his holy calling, and assumed the rank of esquire, which, unfortunately, his means did not enable him to support with dignity. He fell into great pecuniary distress, and for some years obtained a scanty and precarious subsistence by the sale of his writings. The worthless nature of some of these "poems," as they are called, (from being in true poetical company,) but wrongly so, for generally speaking, they are as remarkable for their dulness as for their obscenity, has been accounted for by the supposition that he wrote to please the vicious tastes of the time, that he might live by the sale of the publications in which they appeared. The period of his first London residence was remarkable for the congregating together, and the social enjoyments, of its most eminent men. Herrick has recorded these "lyric feasts" in the following ode to Ben Jonson.

\* The family name appears to have been spelled in different modes.



Ah Ben !  
 Say how or when  
 Shall we, thy guests,  
 Meet at those lyric feasts,  
 Made at the Sun,  
 The Dog, the Triple Tunno ;  
 Where we such clusters had  
 As made us nobly wild not mad ?  
 And yet each verse of " thine  
 Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My Ben !  
 Or come agen  
 Or send to us  
 Thy wit's great overplus ;  
 But teach us yet  
 Wisely to husband it  
 Lest we that talent spend,  
 And having once brought to an end  
 That precious stock, the store  
 Of such a wit the world should have no more.

At the Restoration, Herrick was also restored to his living, and the later period of his life, we may presume, was spent in peace and comfort.

We now proceed to give a few specimens of the different characteristics of his poetry. Here is a graceful compliment to his mistress.

THE WEEPING CHERRY.  
 I saw a cherry weep, and why ?  
 Why wept it ? But for shame,  
 Because my Julia's lip was by,  
 And did out red the same.  
 But, pretty fondling, let not fall  
 A tear at all for that ;  
 Which rubies, corals, scarlets, all  
 For tincture, wonder at.

Love—the sly archer god of the ancients, rather than our modern and more common-place deity,—forms the subject of many of his poems : in none of them is he more happily hit off than in the following, particularly in the lines marked in italics, which seem to us unequalled for archness of thought and simplicity of expression. It is an elegant paraphrase of one of the Odes of Anacreon.

#### THE CHEAT OF CUPID, OR THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

One silent night, of late,  
 When every creature rested,  
 Came one unto my gate,  
 And knocking, me molested.  
 " Who's that," said I, " beats there,  
 And troubles thus the sleeper ?"  
 " Cast off," said he, " all feare,  
 And let not looker thus keep ye.  
 " For I a boy am, who  
 By moonlight nights have swerved ;  
 And all with showers wet through,  
 And e'en with colt half starved."

I pitiful arose,  
 And soon a taper lighted ;  
 And did myself disclose  
 Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,  
 And wings too, which did shiver ;  
 And looking down below,  
 I spy'd he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine  
 Brought him in—Love professen,  
 And chafed his hand with mine,  
 And dry'd his drooping tresses.

But when he felt him warm'd,  
 " Let's try this bow of ours,  
 And string, if they be harm'd,"  
 Said he, " with these late showers."

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
 And wedded string and arrow,  
 And struck me, that it went  
 Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew  
 Away, and thus said, flying,  
 " Adieu, mine host, adieu !  
 I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

One striking and admirable feature of Herrick's poetry is the religious spirit evidenced in many of the pieces. The truest spirit of Christian thankfulness is expressed in " A Thanksgiving to God for his Home," which has been given in the first Number of the " LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL."

The poet's religion had no hypocrisy in it ; it dealt with the heart as well as the knee, with the spirit of Christianity, rather than its forms. The Pharisees, who seek not only to compensate for their own want of all true religion by an almost unnatural observance of the outward and visible signs thereof, but to make these signs the only test of all other men's sincerity, are keenly rebuked in these lines on

#### HOW TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, to keep	No: 'tis a fast to dole
The larder lean,	Thy sheaf of wheat
And cleane	And meat
From fat of veales and sheep ?	Unto the hungry soule.
Is it to quit the dish	It is to fast from strife,
Of flesh, yet still	From old debate
To fill	And hate,
The platter high with fish ?	To circumsise thy life.
Is it to fast an houre,	To show a heart grief-rent,
Or rag'd to go,	To starve thy sin,
Or show	Not him
A down-cast look, and soure ?	And that's to keep thy Lent.

If ever words were written in letters of gold, where the eye could read them, and the heart understand them, every day and hour of its life, these surely deserve a like honourable estimation : they are most pregnant of instruction to us all. However greatly Herrick might fall short of the practice expected from a Christian minister, he held a lofty estimate of the sacred duties : he exhibits in the following verses an heroic apprehension of the constancy with which the sacred mission should be enforced under the most appalling dangers.

#### THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT.

A man prepared against all ills to come,  
 That dares to dread the fire of martyrdom ;  
 That wears one face, like heaven, and never shows  
 A change, when fortune either comes or goes ;  
 That keeps his own strong guard, in the despite  
 Of what can hurt by day, or harme by night.  
 That takes, and re-delivers every stroke  
 Of chance, as made up of all rock and oak ;  
 That sighs at others' deaths, smiles at his own  
 Most dire and horrid crucifixion.  
 Who for true glory suffers this, we grant  
 Him to be here our Christian Militant.

But, after all, it is in pieces like that we first quoted that the genius of Herrick appears in its most original and charming shape. When Nature is his subject,—simple, unadorned Nature,—when he sings of flowers and holydays, or, as he says, when his songs are

Of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers ;  
 Of April, May, of June, and July flowers ;  
 Of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes ;  
 Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes ;—

it is then that we not only find his poems fresh, fragrant, and lovely as dew-steeped violets, but a new and inexpressibly beautiful quality apparent,—namely, tenderness both of thought and expression, alike profound and graceful. He too, like a great poet of the present day, could find " thoughts too deep for tears" in the " meanest flowers" that blew, and has left their traces in poems scarcely surpassed even by Wordsworth himself. Here is his poem

## TO DAFFODILLS.

Faire daffodills, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soon;  
 As yet the early rising sun  
 Has not attained his noon.  
 Stay, stay  
 Until the hasting day  
 Has run  
 But to the even-song:  
 And having pray'd together, we  
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
 We have as short a spring,  
 As quick a growth to meet decay,  
 As you or anything.  
 We die  
 As your hours do, and drie  
 Away,  
 Like to the summer's raine;  
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
 Ne'er to be found againe.

The exquisite beauty of this needs no comment, but we cannot refrain inviting attention to the melody of the verse, which seems to us exceedingly sweet and original. We must conclude with the following: its tender beauty and simple pathos will carry it home to every heart.

## TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why doe ye weep, sweet babes? Can teares  
 Speak griefe in you,  
 Who wore but borne  
 Just as the modest morne  
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?  
 Alas! you have not known that shower  
 That marred a flower,  
 Nor felt th' unkind  
 Breath of a blasting wind:  
 Nor are ye worn with yeares,  
 Or warp't as we  
 Who think it strange to see  
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
 To speake by teares before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known  
 The reason why  
 Ye droop and weep:  
 Is it for want of sleep,  
 Or childish lullaby?  
 Or that ye have not seen, as yet,  
 The violet,  
 Or brought a kiss  
 From that sweetheart to this?—  
 No, no; this sorrow shown  
 By your teares shed,  
 Would have this lecture read,  
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
 Conceal'd with grief are, and with teares brought forth.

## THE GUDEMAN OF THE BROW'S GRUMPY.

WITHIN the last century (probably about 1720,) a person in the parish of Ruthwell, in Dumfries-shire, called the "Gudeman o' the Brow," received a young swine as a present from some distant port; which seems to have been the first ever seen in that part of the country. This pig having strayed across the Lochar into the adjoining parish of Carlavroc, a woman who was herding cattle on the marsh, by the sea-side, was very much alarmed at the sight of a living creature that she had never seen or heard of before, approaching her straight from the shore as if it had come out of the sea, and ran home to the village of Blackshaw screaming. As she ran, the pig ran snarking and grunting after her, seeming glad that it had met with a companion. She arrived at the village, so exhausted and terrified, that before she could get her story told she fainted away. By the time she came to herself, a crowd of people

had collected to see what was the matter, when she told them, that "There was a de'il came out of the sea with two horns on his head and chased her, roaring and gaping all the way at her heels, and she was sure it was not far off." A man called Wills Tom, an old schoolmaster, said if he could see it he would "cunquer the de'il," and got a Bible and an old sword. The pig immediately started behind his back with a loud grumph, which put him into such a fright, that his hair stood upright on his head, and he was obliged to be carried from the field half dead.

The whole crowd ran some one way and some another; some reached the house-tops, and others shut themselves in barns and byres. At last one on the house-top called out it was "the Gudeman o' the Brow's grumpy," he having seen it before. Thus the affray was settled, and the people reconciled, although some still entertained frightful thoughts about it, and durst not go over the door to a neighbour's house after dark without one to set or cry them. One of the crowd who had some compassion on the creature, called out, "Give it a stalk of straw to eat, it will be hungry."

Next day the pig was convey'd over to Lochar, and, on its way home, near the dusk of the evening, it came grunting up to two men who were pulling thistles on the farm of Corkpool. Alarmed at the sight, they mounted two old horses they had tethered beside them, intending to make their way home, but the pig getting between them and the houses, caused them to scamper out of the way and land in Lochar moss, where one of their horses was drowned, and the other with difficulty relieved. The night being dark, they durst not part one from the other to call for assistance, lest the monster should find them out and attack them singly; nor durst they speak above their breath for fear of being devoured. At day-break next morning they took a different course, by Cumlougun Castle, and made their way home, where they found their families much alarmed on account of their absence. They said that they had seen a creature about the size of a dog, with two horns on its head, and cloven feet, roaring out like a lion, and if they had not galloped away it would have torn them to pieces. One of their wives said, "Hoot man, it has been the Gudeman o' the Brow's grumpy; it frightened them n' at the Backshaw yesterday, and poor Meggie Anderson maist lost her wits, and is ay out o' one fit into another sin-syne."

The pig happened to lay all night among the corn where the men were pulling thistles, and about day-break set forward on its journey for the Brow. One Gabriel Gunion, mounted on a long-tailed grey colt, with a load of white fish in a pair of creels swung over the beast, encountered the pig, which went nigh among the horse's feet and gave a snork. The colt, being as much frightened as Gabriel, wheeled about and scampered off sneering, with his tail on his "riggin," at full gallop. Gabriel cut the slings and dropped the creels, the colt soon dismounted his rider, and, going like the wind, with his tail up, never stopped till he came to Barnkirk point, where he took the Solway Frith, and landed at Bownes on the Cumberland side. Gabriel, by the time he got up, saw the pig within sight, took to his heels, as the colt was quite gone, and reached Cumlougun wood in time to hide himself, where he staid all that day and night, and next morning got home almost exhausted. He told a dreadful story! The fright caused him to imagine the pig as big as a calf, having long horns, eyes like trenchers, and a back like a hedge-hog. He lost his fish; the colt was got back, but never did more good; and Gabriel fell into a consumption, and died about a year afterwards.

About the time a vessel came to Glencaple quay, a little below Dumfries, that had some swine on board; one of them having got out of the vessel in the night, was seen on the farm of Newmains next morning. The alarm was spread, and a number of people collected. The animal got many different names, and at last it was concluded to be a "brock" (a badger.) Some got pitchforks, some clubs, and others old swords, and a hot pursuit ensued; the chase lasted a considerable time, owing to the pursuers losing heart when near their prey and retreating. One Robs Geardy, having a little more courage than the rest, ran "neck or nothing," forcibly upon the animal, and ran it through with a pitchfork, for which he got the name of "Stout-hearted Geardy" all his life after. A man, nearly a hundred years of age, who was alive in 1814, in the neighbourhood where this happened, declared that he remembered the Gudeman o' the Brow's pig, and the circumstances related, and he said it was the first swine ever seen in that country.

Henderson on the Breeding of Swine.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A RAMBLE IN NORTH WALES.

CONTINUED.

WHEN our agitated spirits had sufficiently recovered from the shock they had received from the apparition of the dreadful iron-works, we set forwards to Valle Crucis Abbey, celebrated as the finest ecclesiastical ruin in Wales. It is situated about two miles from Llangollen, and certainly well deserves the reputation it has acquired. As is usual with such buildings, it lies somewhat sequestered from the bustle of the world, but the meadows surrounding it are some of the richest the country affords. Although it is now in a very ruinous condition, yet enough still remains to give a fair idea of what the architecture was in the days of its magnificence. The western window of the church is in tolerable preservation, and presents an elegant, though not a faultless, specimen of the Gothic architecture of the thirteenth century; whilst the beautiful ash-trees which shadow the ruins, springing forth from the very area of the church, and hanging gracefully over each broken pillar and sculptured stone, soften the feeling of desolation which the sight of sacred walls, overthrown by the violence of man, naturally excites within us. We feel that the gentle hand of nature has been there, busy in fixing even the broken works of art lend a new grace to her handiwork.

The ground-plan may still be tolerably made out, and, as we exercised our ingenuity in assigning to each nook its proper designation, we inquired of the old woman who acted as cicerone, whether any relics were ever dug up. She told us that she had sometimes gathered some broken pieces of painted glass, but they had all been begged from her. "But here," said she, producing a broken pair of old rusty tongs, and hobbling towards a corner overshadowed by a wide arch, which we in our simplicity had been inclined to set down for the fireplace of the abbot's own sanctum, "here they do tell me that some old abbot was buried, and I was a poking there this morning, and thought I had found summat;" and suiting the action to the word, after routing a little with the singular instrument she had selected for her explorations, she presently turned up some bones of a very suspicious aspect, more resembling (as we profanely thought) those of a mule than a monk, an ass than an abbot, a cow than a churchman, a horse than a high priest; but which, nevertheless, she graciously offered to our acceptance. Not having sufficient lore in comparative anatomy accurately to determine the nature of these curiosities, we agreed with the old lady that they were indubitably parts of the mortal frame of a defunct abbot, and reverently pocketing them up, we proceeded with our guide to a small detached building behind the abbey, overlooking an ancient fish-pond, and here she produced several lithographic views of the ruins, which she kept for sale. After purchasing one or two, we were about to depart, when the old lady brought forth a book, wherein she informed us it was necessary, according to the rules and regulations of this ex-abbey of the Cistercians, that each visitor should inscribe his name. Unwilling to be irregular in any respect, we unclasped the venerable volume, and ran over a page or two of Misters and Mistresses, and Masters and Misses, all sufficiently prosaic; but when we arrived at the very last, we were astonished at meeting with something romantic—"Edward and Emily Taylor." "Heyday!" we exclaimed, "why what do we behold? Edward and Emily! What do they here, elbowed on all sides by unsentimental prefixes and proper names?" Our thoughts instantly recurred to the fair bride who had passed us on the road to Llangollen, and, on interrogating and cross-examining our cicerone, we found we were not mistaken. Whilst we were indulging our grosser natures with the base mundane pleasures of beef-steaks and *curw-da*, they, scorning such low enjoyments, had repaired to the romantic shades of Valle Crucis. "Ah!" grunted our companion, who was a married man, "Ah! people will do such things in the honey-moon, but they grow wiser—they grow wiser;" and thereupon he sank into a reverie.

We who being a bachelor, could not wholly understand these

flights and fancies, or the sudden cloud of our companion, soon roused him, and leaving the church, and the buildings inclosed in the undesecrated area, proceeded to view a farm-house adjoining, which once formed part of the ancient abbey. We were readily admitted, and shown all that is remarkable about the various apartments, which do not, however, possess much interest. By the time we left the house night had fallen, and, turning round at the doorway, we were struck with the scene before us. Whilst we had been occupied in viewing the rooms, the farm-servants had come in to supper, and were now seated at a massive oaken table, which appeared coeval with the walls. We were standing beneath the wide arch of a deep and lofty portal, with a high-groined roof, lost in darkness; at the extremity of the vaulted passage which led into a large hall, now the farm-kitchen, sat the labourers at their supper, their figures strongly lighted by the candles before them, which threw all around in a strong contrast of dark shade, while the pale light from without served to make the arches of the entrance just visible, and gave a double effect to the bright illumination beyond. We turned with regret from the contemplation of this Rembrandt-like scene, and wended our way through rain and darkness to our hostelry at Llangollen.

The next morning the rain descended in such torrents, that it was impossible for us to proceed, and we were fain to content ourselves with in-door occupations as well as we could. My companion was suddenly seized with great warmth of conjugal feeling, and felt it quite necessary to write to his better half: we ourselves produced our letter-case, but who we wrote to we do not choose to say. But letter-writing, when weather-bound on a rainy morning, even when we are actuated by the finest and most ardent feelings, is dull work; the constrained delay frets us, and we are very apt, when mending our pens, to split our quills to shivers. We soon made an end of our letters, and after a yawn, hearing a harp tinkling somewhat drowsily in the hall, we called in the harper; but, alas! he could afford little relief to our ennui: he had but one good tune in his whole budget, and of this, which he called "The Spear Head," and said was an old Welch gathering tune, a sort of pibroch, he could give little account. We tried hard for a ballad, or at least a ghost-story, but he had nothing of romance in his composition, and we quickly dismissed him. So we contented ourselves with watching the swift-rolling Dee, which, swelled and discoloured by the rain, rushed impetuously along its rocky bed. In a short interval, when the rain moderated, we stole out as far as the bridge, where the river falls from the smooth rocky bed, over which it has previously rolled, into a deep black chasm, more than twenty feet deep, and raging and boiling, again rushes forth, pursuing its boisterous course.

About four in the afternoon, the violence of the rain having abated, we resolutely determined on pursuing our way, and pushed on ten miles, as far as Corwen, an ancient but small town, in whose neighbourhood the celebrated Owen Glyndwr had his chief possessions. The site of his palace is marked by a clump of fir-trees on the top of a circular mound by the road-side, about three miles from the town. We ascended to its summit, and recalled to our minds the proud Welch chieftain and magician, at whose birth "the goats ran from the mountains;" we thought of him who boasted that he "could command the devil," and being filled with deep unutterable thought, abstractedly drew forth our pocket-pistols, and drank to his memory in solemn silence. This imposing ceremony being over, we hastened on; the high Berwyn mountains towering on the one hand, and the rapid Dee rolling at our feet.

Rising early in the morning, we gave a glance at the church, which contains an ancient monument to the memory of Jorwarth Sulien, one of the vicars, and some memorials of the redoubted Glyndwr. Then, determining to earn our breakfasts, we made an excursion up the Berwyn mountains. We stopped far short of the summit, but after ascending to a considerable height, plunging amongst bogs and rocks, and climbing a loose slate wall, which threatened to topple down on our adventurous heads, we found our way back, partly by the side, and partly in the course, of a brawling

mountain stream, that brought us out close by the church. The novel scenery we had encountered charmed us by its picturesque character. It is rude enough, but the scene is ever changing, and every step presents a new beauty. Below, at the depth of at least 600 feet, the bending river rolled on its rapid and dark flowing yet clear waters, in manifold windings, breaking continually into white foam against the loose stones in its bed; whilst its hoarse brawling, softened by distance, is mellowed into music. Upon the mountain's top, the bare rocks raise their gray heads among the deep heath and bog grass, and from each patch of peat springs a young stream, which dashing at once into life, leaps over each stone in playful anger, spurning the barrier which keeps it from flying into the kindred arms of the wide river below. Sheep as wild as goats, and rabbits wilder than either, tenant these wastes, and give life to their dreariness.

After breakfast we started for Bettws-y-Coed, twenty-three miles. The road is very beautiful, the Dee running beneath for nearly four miles. The wood is luxuriant on every side, and the Berwyn mountains present a noble back-ground, varying in colour with every passing cloud, and in apparent shape with every change of position. Five miles from Corwen we reached Pont-y-Glyn, by far the most beautiful object we had yet met with. No drawing, or even the finest painting, can give an idea of that scene, where the softest loveliness combines with the most awful grandeur. The Holyhead road at this spot is cut out of the solid slate-rock. Running up by the side of, and overlooking a mountain-stream, it crosses by a bridge, elevated sixty feet, immediately above a cataract which falls to an equal depth below. The best view is some distance down the road below the bridge, and there, sitting on the wall, you behold the scene in perfection. Each side of the stream is bordered with beautiful trees of every description. Oak, ash, beech, alder, the wild cherry-tree, the service, and dogwood, afford such a beautiful comminglement of tints, contrasted with the whiteness of the broken waters, the deep shadow of the rocky banks, the gray mossy stone of the bridge, and the shadowy hills stretching away into the far distance till they are lost in the misty clouds, as to produce an effect never to be effaced from the mind, but quite indescribable to others.

The road from hence to Cernioge Mawr\* (eight miles,) is of a very uninteresting character, passing over bleak and very desolate country, and commanding no fine views. A short distance from the inn, the road attains its greatest height. It is in the midst of a peat-bog, from which (among others) flow two streams, east and west; one discharging itself into the Dee, the other into the Conwy. On these barrens we encountered a storm, which, though it drenched us to the skin, gave us the spectacle of a most splendid double rainbow.

We found a very good inn at Cernioge, where we dried our soaked habiliments, fared sumptuously on chicken and cold venison, and pushed on for Bettws-y-Coed. The weather, though still showery, had partially cleared up, and we were able to enjoy the beautiful road we traversed. The greater part of the way was close by the side of a mountain-stream, which we traced from two small rills, rising and struggling through the thick peat, till they took the form of a river, which continually increased in size; innumerable rills joining it from the mountains at every step. The character of the stream is different from the Dee; it possesses the same beautiful colour, but the channel is more confined, and not so continually broken by small stones; in several places it is interrupted by large rocks, over which it bursts in fury, and at other parts runs in a deep narrow channel, overhung with beautiful trees, and forming black pools that look like paths leading to the depths of Avernus. But daylight failed us, and we were, after much lagging on our road, forced to make the best of our way, for the last three miles, down a hill, and over a fine iron bridge, into the village of Bettws-y-Coed.

In the morning we retraced our steps up the hill we had descended the night before in the dusky evening, and were well repaid by the

magnificence of the scenery. Here we made an experiment on the faculty of communicating by signs; for, seeing an old woman by the road-side with some green-gages for sale, we felt an inclination to purchase some, but on demanding the price received for answer, "Dym Sassenach," (no English.) However, we soon found that the old lady, though she was not acquainted with the English tongue, well understood the value of English pence, and we quickly struck a bargain.

Being caught in a shower, we took refuge in a cottage; a most wretched hovel, consisting of one small room, (of which the large open chimney took up the better half,) and an outhouse opening out of the main apartment. The inhabitants were an old woman and her daughter, the wife of the owner of the house, a dog who lay with his nose in the embers, and a cat who seemed inclined to dispute that comfortable post. The old woman quite realised the idea of the Elspeth so forcibly described by Sir Walter Scott, in "The Antiquary." She seemed sunk in the last stage of human existence. When we went in, she was seated on a wide oaken settle in the chimney corner knitting, but presently she lay down on it, and curling herself up like a dog, dozed off; but, when roused by the offer of a pinch of snuff, she bustled up, and darting her claw like fingers into the box with the eagerness of a harpy, she seemed to gloat over the enjoyment of the unwonted luxury. The younger woman was very civil and hospitable, but having "little English," we could not hold much communication. This house afforded an example of the contentment with which the Welch (except in the neighbourhood of places where manufactures and English capital have obtained a footing) are satisfied to remain in the most primæval condition. The house, and everything about it, were of the rudest kind. The only bedroom was formed by laying rough planks on rafters extending over only half of the room below, and ascended by a ladder. Yet the owner was evidently a little farmer;—a paddock was attached to the untidy garden; three or four pots of butter stood ready for market, and five skips of bees stood before the door.

When the rain decreased we returned towards the village, and on our way were gratified by the sight of a most magnificent rainbow, whose beauty can seldom have been equalled. The road was bounded on the right hand by a wall of scarpèd rock, cut away to admit its passage, and towering high above it. On the left, the ground extended just sufficiently to permit a few houses to be built, (two or three being very pretty cottages *ornées*;) and to afford space for a meadow or two running down to the borders of the stream, on whose opposite bank the rock, beautifully diversified with wood, wherever it had space to grow, again towered. The rainbow, perfectly double, stretched like a bridge from side to side of the valley, and was as close as it is possible to behold such a spectacle. Every tint was most vivid, and the effect of the green leaves and turf seen through it was most magically charming.

Leaving Bettws-y-Coed, we travelled on about five miles to Capel Curig, a small village, with a capital inn attached, or rather detached; for the inn, erected principally for the accommodation of tourists, is a full quarter of a mile from the village. About half way between Bettws-y-Coed and Capel Curig, on the right-hand side of the road, a small opening in the wall points out the path to the Rhaiadyr-y-Wennol, or Spout of the Swallow,—the finest waterfall we had yet met with. It is divided into three distinct falls, and the water is broken into spray by innumerable rocks. The whole fall is of great depth, and the effect very striking. The sides are overshadowed by oak, ash, and fir copse, and the white waters dashing amongst the black rocks, hemmed in by the strong walls of slate on either side, roar fearfully, as if hurrying to some dreadful unknown depth; whilst on the opposite side, towering above in the fair sunshine, you behold a tower, which we subsequently visited, fixed there for the more ready observation of the unearthly agitations of the vexed river below. Standing on the slippery rocks, we long contemplated this scene, and then winding our way upwards, at last stood by the side of the calm river flowing gently forward, unconscious of the terrific convulsion that

\* Pronounced Kernjoggy Mawr.

awaited it. But the sun burst forth and sparkled on the stream;—our dark thoughts vanished, and drinking one cup of the limpid waters to the genius of the stream, and feeling not of a due libation to propitiate her favour, we went on, rejoicing in the grandeur of the scenery that opened fast around us. The fine heights of Moel Ciabod rose before us, with the beautiful tints of evening upon them; and here also we first caught sight of Snowdon, far in the distance.

Capel Curig is indeed in the close neighbourhood of Snowdon, being only seven miles from Llanberis; a favourite, but not the most advantageous, point for ascending the mountain. Three valleys meet at this point,—the one by which we had approached; another leading to the north-west, through the dark pass of Nant Frangon, which we designed to follow, before approaching more closely to Snowdon; the third through the Pass of Llanberis at the foot of the mountain, and the point from which an ascent can be most easily achieved, though not by the most favourable approach.

The afternoon was spent in an excursion on Mount Ciabod, and after many adventures in search of the sublime and beautiful, which finally terminated in a bog, we, after much plunging and floundering, regained our inn; where for the present, gentle reader, we must beg your kindness in permitting us to rest before we again go forth upon our travels.

#### WOMAN'S MISSION IN REFERENCE TO NATIONAL EDUCATION\*.

A COMPLETE system of NATIONAL EDUCATION would provide for everything, from a knowledge of the letters of the alphabet to the inculcation of the highest religious truths. Nothing would be left unsettled by it. All questions of politics, law, and religion, would be exactly defined. Its grand business and great object would be, not to make the people *think*, but to make them *believe*. And such a system would fall most naturally, for guardianship and direction, into the hands of the teachers of the national religion, who, as the highest class of instructors employed by the State, would have to preserve unity of action throughout the whole, and would have to take care that the entire nation was taught one faith towards God, and one duty towards man.

It is to such a system as this, that the objection applies which has been repeatedly made in books ("Home Education," for instance), and recently by Mr. D'Israeli, in the House of Commons. The objectors say, that a system of national education would have a tendency to produce a cast-metal uniformity, and to reduce the mind of the nation to a dead Chinese level. But if we could suppose such a system as the one we have mentioned, its most distinct and avowed object would be to produce this uniformity. There would not be any cavil—there could be no mistake. The deliberate purpose of such a system of education would be, to train up the youth of the nation on a set plan, for a distinct purpose; and the moment any difference was allowed to exist amongst teachers or taught, a primary end of this national education would be defeated—for the moment a nation is permitted to *think*, uniformity is overthrown.

Now, such a national system of education, even if it could exist at all, could never exist in the face of the Bible. The Bible is pre-eminently a book to make people *think*. Wherever it comes, it stirs the dormant faculties, starts a thousand questions, which man must answer in the recesses of his own heart—no two men ever yet read the Bible, and thought alike on all that the Bible says. There is a tendency in a national mind to settle down, like the ocean in a calm, into a glassy stillness, where living things die; but the Bible is as the purifying winds of heaven, sometimes lashing into storm, and sometimes merely playing over the surface and rippling its whole extent. The Bible seems to have been intended under Providence, as a *disturbing* power. Whilst it reveals glimpses of God, of man, and of man's future being, it yet leaves so much to the exercise of man's own ingenuity—it interests him so

deeply in so many awful and interesting questions, and yet leaves the working out of those questions to be between himself and his Maker—that we cannot doubt but that one grand object of the Bible was the perpetual fermentation of the human intellect. No national system can be uniform, and yet permit the Bible to be a portion of it.

If, therefore, there be any class of men who claim the exclusive direction of national education, under the pretence of producing uniformity through the means of the Bible, they are warring against the very principle of the Bible itself, and are guilty of little short of high treason against God. It is most painfully and pitifully ludicrous, to hear men chattering on the subject, in the face of all history and all experience. They express a great horror of that "confusion of tongues" which would ensue, if, in a national system of education, different children were taught different interpretations or explanations of different portions of Scripture. Why, in this sense, the BIBLE SOCIETY has done a mightier mischief than any combination of individuals since the world began. In this sense, it has introduced the elements of discord into many languages—it has cast abroad the seeds of "division and strife" over the whole earth. What was the Reformation itself but one of those great revolutions, in the working out of which the Bible has been and will be a prime agent—the re-action of the Bible against the attempt to make the Bible incapable of re-action!

In truth, in a free country, where the Bible is freely read, the chief object of a system of national education is simply to enable the people to *think*. To go beyond this, is to overdo the matter, to attempt that which will ultimately defeat itself. Now, thinking implies diversity of opinion; and, if there be no diversity of opinion in a nation, we may rest assured that the nation does not *think*. No greater boon, therefore, could be bestowed on the ignorant youth of a nation, than by teaching them to read, and then by introducing them to a familiar yet reverential examination of the Bible, under different aspects. The parent who compels his child to read the Bible without question and without thought, inflicts an almost irreparable injury on the mind of the child, by making him loathe that which he should love. But he who permits the child to turn over the leaves at his own good pleasure—who talks to him familiarly of all its beautiful and interesting histories, and of all its sublime revelations, sows the seeds of moral beauty in the child's soul, and stirs imperishable thought. Oh! if all the ignorant youth of England were thus trained—if they were taught that Roman Catholicism, and Church of Englandism, and Presbyterianism, and Independentism, and Baptism, and all the other *isms* so much feared and deprecated, were natural fruits of the Bible—natural results of that freedom of thought which the Bible excites and the Bible demands—a death-blow would be given to bigotry, and a moral revolution be the consequence!

We are yet some distance from NATIONAL EDUCATION. Gradually have we been coming to it; the public mind becomes daily more enlarged as to the meaning of the word "Education," and begins more distinctly to understand that it deals with the moral as well as the intellectual nature of man; still, it will be some time yet before we can possibly have national education, in its true and genuine sense. Its earnest and enlightened advocates must, therefore, "in patience possess their souls;" they must continue unwearied their exertions, diffusing knowledge respecting the moral and social wants of the community, and the duties of government, until the subject has so thoroughly entered the public mind, that no party of men will dare to degrade it into a mere political question. Seeing, then, that we are yet some distance from a fair and just system of national education, we can, at least, express our thankfulness, that there are enthusiastic and generous-minded individuals at work, whose labours will yet produce rich fruit. One of these is a lady, the authoress of "Woman's Mission," a very interesting little book, which we cordially recommend to every intelligent woman who may happen to glance over these lines. The chief subject of the book has been already touched on in this Journal;\* but it is so eloquently and so impressively discussed by its authoress, (who must be a lady of no ordinary qualities of heart and head,) that we are sure our readers will thank us, and she will excuse us, if we draw rather more largely from the book than its small size would seem to warrant.

The lady, then, believes, and earnestly advocates her belief, that if women could be roused up to a just sense of their legitimate influence, and were to act up to their convictions, a "social regeneration" would be the result. The following quotation from a

\* Woman's Mission. London: Parker, 1830.

\* See No. V., article "Home Education," and No. XII., article "The Chief Duty of Woman."

French work by M. Aimé Martin, *Sur l'Éducation des Mères*, (which the lady has used in the composition of her own book,) gives, in a condensed form, the principle of "Woman's Mission:"

"Napoleon said one day to Madame Campan: 'The old systems of instruction are worth nothing. What is wanting, in order that the youth of France be well educated?' 'Mothers!' replied Madame Campan. This reply struck the emperor. 'Here,' said he, 'is a system of education in one word. Be it your care to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children.' This profound remark is the very subject of our book; it contains, perhaps, the secret of a mighty regeneration."

How are women at present trained up for this high office? What is the true object of female education? "The best answer to this question is, a statement of future duties; for it must never be forgotten, that if education be not a training for future duties, it is nothing. The ordinary lot of woman is to marry. Has anything in these educations prepared her to make a wise choice in marriage! To be a mother! Have the duties of maternity,—the nature of moral influence,—been pointed out to her? Has she ever been enlightened as to the consequent unspeakable importance of personal character as the source of influence! In a word, have any means, direct or indirect, prepared her for her duties? No! but she is a linguist, a pianist, graceful, admired. What is that to the purpose? The grand evil of such an education, is the mistaking means for ends; a common error, and the source of half the moral confusion existing in the world. It is the substitution of the part for a whole. The time when young women enter upon life is the one point to which all plans of education tend, and at which they all terminate: and to prepare them for that point is the object of their training. Is it not cruel to lay up for them a store of future wretchedness, by an education which has no period in view but one; a very short one, and the most unimportant and irresponsible of the whole of life? Who that had the power of choice, would choose to buy the admiration of the world for a few short years with the happiness of a whole life? the temporary power to dazzle and to charm, with the growing sense of duties undertaken only to be neglected, and responsibilities, the existence of which is discovered perhaps simultaneously with that of an utter inability to meet them? Even if the mischief stopped here, it would be sufficiently great; but the craving appetite for applause once roused, is not so easily lulled again. The moral energies, pampered by unwholesome nourishment,—like the body when disordered by luxurious dainties,—refuse to perform their healthy functions, and thus is occasioned a perpetual strife and warfare of internal principles; the selfish principle still seeking the accustomed gratification, the conjugal and maternal prompting to the performance of duty. But duty is a cold word; and people, in order to find pleasure in duty, must have been trained to consider their duties as pleasures. This is a truth at which no one arrives by inspiration! And in this moral struggle, which, like all other struggles, produces lassitude and distaste of all things, the happiness of the individual is lost, her usefulness destroyed, her influence most pernicious. For nothing has so injurious an effect on temper and manners, and consequently on moral influence, as the want of that internal quiet which can only arise from the accordance of duty with inclination. Another most pernicious effect is, the deadening within the heart of the feeling of love, which is the root of all influence; for it is an extraordinary fact, that vanity acts as a sort of refrigerator on all men, on the possessor of it, and on the observer."

On a subject of extreme delicacy she thus expresses a bold and healthy opinion:—

"Let no sober-minded person be startled at the deduction hence drawn, that it is foolish to banish all thoughts of love from the minds of the young; since it is certain that girls will think, though they may not read or speak, of love; and that no early care can preserve them from being exposed, at a later period, to its temptations, might it not be well to use here the directing, not the repressing, power? Since women will love, might it not be as well to teach them to love wisely? Where is the wisdom of letting the combatant go unarmed into the field, in order to spare him the prospect of a combat? Are not women made to love, and to be loved; and does not their future destiny too often depend upon this passion? And yet the conventional prejudice which banishes its name subsists still."

"Examine the first choice of a young girl.—Of all the qualities which please her in a lover there is, perhaps, not one which is valuable in a husband. Is not this the most complete condemnation of all our systems of education? From the fear of too much

agitating the heart, we hide from women all that is worthy of love, all the depth and dignity of that passion when felt for a worthy object;—their eye is captivated, the exterior pleases, the heart and mind are not known, and, after six months' union, they are surprised to find the beau-ideal metamorphosed into a fool or a coxcomb; this is the issue of what are ordinarily called love-matches, because they are considered as such; "Cupid is indeed often blinded for deeds in which he has no share." In the opinion of the wise, the mischief is occasioned by the action of vivid imaginations upon minds unprepared by previous reflection on the subject, *i. e.*, by the entire banishment of all thoughts of love from education. We should endeavour, then, to engrave on the soul a model of virtue and excellence, and teach young women to regulate their affections by an approximation to this model; the result would not be an increased facility in giving the affections, but a greater difficulty in so doing: for women, whose blindness and ignorance now make them the victims of fancied perfections, would be able to make a clear-sighted appreciation of all that is excellent, and have an invincible repugnance to a union not founded upon that basis.

"As soon as the noble and elevated of our sex shall refuse to unite on any but moral and intellectual grounds with the other, so soon will a mighty regeneration begin to be effected: and this end will, perhaps, be better served by the simple liberty of rejection than by liberty of choice. Rejection is never inflicted without pain, it is never received without humiliation, however unfounded, (for simply to want the power of pleasing can be no disgrace,) but in the existence of this conventional feeling we find the source of a deep influence. If women would, as by one common league and covenant, agree to use this powerful engine in defence of morals, what a change might they not effect in the tone of society! is it not a subject that ought to crimson every woman's cheek with shame, that the want of moral qualifications is generally the very last cause of rejection? If the worldly find the wealth, and the intellectual the intelligence, which they seek in a companion, there are few who will not shut their eyes in wilful and convenient blindness to the want of such qualifications. It is a fatal error which has bound up the cause of affection so intimately with worldly considerations; and it is a growing evil. The increasing demands of luxury in a highly civilised community operate most injuriously on the cause of disinterested affections, and particularly so in the case of women, who are generally precluded from maintaining or advancing their place in society by any other schemes than matrimonial ones. I might say something here on the cruelty of that conventional prejudice which shackles the independence of women, by attaching the loss of caste to almost all, nay all, of the very few sources of pecuniary emolument open to them. It requires great strength of principle to disregard this prejudice; and while urged by duty to inveigh against mercenary unions, I feel some compunction at the thoughts of the numerous class, who are in a manner forced by this prejudice into forming them. But there are too many who have no such excuse, and to them the remaining observations are addressed. The sacred nature of the conjugal relation is entirely merged in the worldly aspect of it. That union, sacred, indissoluble, fraught with all that earth has to bestow of happiness or misery, is entered upon much on the plan and principle of a partnership account in mercantile affairs—each bringing his or her quantum of worldly possessions—and often with even less inquiry as to moral qualities, than persons so situated would make; God's ordinances, are not to be so mocked, and such violations of his laws are severely visited upon offenders against them. It would be laughable, if it were not too melancholy, to see beings bound by the holiest ties, who ought to be the sharers in the most sacred duties—united, perhaps, but in one aim, and that to secure from a world which cares not for them, a few atoms more of external observance and attention: to this noble aim sacrificing their own ease and comfort, and the future prospects of those dependent on them. If half the sacrifice thus made to the imperious demands of fashion (and which is received with the indifference it deserves) were exerted in a good cause, what benefits might it not produce!

"The reform must begin here, as in all great moral questions, with the arbiters of morals—those from whom morals take their tone—women. That we have no right to expect it to begin with the other sex, may be proved even by a vulgar aphorism. It is often triumphantly said, that 'a man may marry when he will—a woman must marry when she can.' How keen a satire upon both sexes is couched in this homely proverb! and how long will they consent not only patiently to acquiesce in its truth, but to

prove it by their actions? That women may be able thus to reform society, it is of importance that conscience be educated on this subject as on every other: educated, too, before the tinsel of false romance deceive the eye, or the frost of worldly-mindedness congeal the heart of youth. It seems to me that this object would best be effected, not by avoiding the subject of love, but by treating it, when it arises, with seriousness and simplicity, as a feeling which the young may one day be called upon to excite and to return, but which can have no existence in the lofty in soul and pure in heart, except when called forth by corresponding qualities in another."

Mothers are too apt to forget that, though they are only "mothers of infants now, they will be mothers of men and women by-and-by. High moral principle and devoted maternal love will make them safe and efficient guides for childhood, but they will possibly have to be the guides of early manhood—and here intelligence must aid devotedness. Mothers are apt to forget that not to advance is to retrograde, and many give up in early married life all continuance of intellectual cultivation; these find in after life, not only that they are inferior to what their duty and position require of them, but they often discover with grief and surprise that they are inferior to what they themselves were in their youth. The maternal influence, so valuable at all periods of life, and so especially valuable at this period, gradually loses its power; narrow views and sentiments hinder its operation, for the young have little indulgence for the frailties of others, though needing so much for their own. It is probably owing to this want of progression in the parental-mind, that we often see laudable efforts deprived of their just reward. It is vain to produce age as a title to respect, if length of days have produced decrease, not increase, of enlightenment. If the progress of the youthful mind, and the progress of society, be not met by a corresponding progress in the parental views and feelings, youth will turn to other and less safe advisers than their parents, and parents will thus, perhaps, lose the reward of a life of effort and exertion. The combination of high mental power with feminine purity and unselfishness gives a dignity to intellectual maternity which really overawes the youthful mind, and, unless it be totally corrupt, has a great tendency to stamp it indelibly with virtuous sentiments, and with those high views of feminine character which are so essential to man's happiness and goodness. Upon these views depend, in a great measure, his choice of a companion in life, so that the character of the mother may often be said to influence the fate of the son long after she has ceased to exist. Her image, engraven on his heart in life, or speaking from the tomb in death, will still interpose itself between him and objects unworthy of his choice, as of her memory, and perhaps secure the son of her love from the misery and guilt which attachments to undeserving objects always entail upon their victims."

"Oh! those who know, those who have witnessed the lingering yearning of a mother's love, after one lost in crime, and wandering, and ingratitude; when even the father's heart was turned to stone; the unextinguished, unextinguishable sentiment, lighting up even the dying eye, and breathed forth in the dying prayer, can alone judge of these things. Who that has witnessed these scenes, (and how many have witnessed them whom the world thinks happy!) can doubt where the regenerating principle lies, can doubt that it is in the sex which is permitted to be the depository of a feeling so typical of the Divine love!"

"And here I would address myself to the educators of female youth, beseeching them to consider the deep importance of their occupation,—entreatings them to remember that to them is intrusted the training of beings, whose mission on earth is not only to shine, to please, to adorn, but to influence, and by influencing to regenerate;—that the chief object of their education is not so much to fit them to adorn society, as to vivify and enlighten a home. What a paradise even this world might become, if one half the amount of effort expended in vain attempts to excite the admiration of strangers were reserved to vary the amusements and adorn the sacred precincts of home! Here is an inexhaustible field of effort, an inexhaustible source of happiness; and here women are the undoubted agents, and they complain of having no scope for exertion! The happiness, without which wealth, honours, nay, intellectual pleasures, are but gilded toys, it is theirs to produce and foster;—and they have no mission! The only bias of Paradise that has survived the fall is deposited in their keeping, and they have no importance;—alas! for the mental vision of those who see not the things that belong unto their own peace and the peace of others."

"No one will think these remarks superfluous, who is conscious how little effort is ever expended in the adornment of a home. Do we not constantly see women before marriage, lovely, accomplished, radiant with smiles and fashion, sinking into homely household managers, or at best insipidly good-natured companions, in the very homes which, perhaps, these qualities may have procured for them? Do we not see daughters on whom parents have lavished expense, refusing to exert, for the amusement of those parents, the very acquirements which they have procured for them? A stranger enters—the scene changes; smiles, graces, accomplishments, are lavished upon him. It is a sickening scene, and the finest of satires on the so-called education of the young. Till the philosophy of domestic happiness has undergone a thorough reformation, let not women seek to invade the sphere of the other sex; or we may safely allow those only to do so who can say with truth, that for the comfort, the elegance, the happiness, of the home of which they are the tutelary divinities, nothing remains to be done; till home, instead of being a scene of vapid indifference—perhaps of angry contention—is the Elysium of each and all of its sharers,—the favourite field for the exercise of virtues, the favourite scene of display for graces and accomplishments."

"This subject has been particularly insisted upon, because the spirit of the times seems particularly to require it. The world is in a state of philanthropic Quixotism,—and it is a very good sign of the world; but before we go forth with lance and shield to assist all manner of distress, let us look well to ourselves, and see that, by our absence and neglect, other objects are not added to the distressed needing succour. May we not with reason urge upon our own sex, that as the philosophy of domestic happiness is in a state so little advanced, it affords a fine field for the energies and talents which they are so desirous of rendering available to the community?"

"Let Christianity then be the basis of women's own education—the basis of the education which they give to their children; so shall they perform their mission, not with murmuring and repining at their inferior nature and narrow sphere, but with joy and rejoicing that they are agents in that great work, which, if they are Christians, they daily pray for,—that the kingdom of God may come, and his will be done, as in heaven so on earth. May we have strength and grace to echo in that prayer, not only with our lips, but with our lives, and to labour in the cause as those grateful for inestimable benefits, and conscious of their mission. That mission contains, perhaps, the destinies of society; the wish to accomplish it, the means of accomplishing it, should never be out of a woman's mind. Ought it then to be excluded from her early thoughts, ought it to be stifled by education, corrupted by worldly-mindedness, ridiculed by folly, and checked by opposition? This world has nothing to offer in exchange for such a sacrifice,—the sacrifice of the consciousness of a high mission, and the power of fulfilling it. It was said by an eloquent French woman, 'We are born to adorn the world, rather than to command it.' We are born for neither; we are born for a nobler destiny than either; we are born to serve it. We are made to captivate the imagination, chiefly that we may influence the heart of man; and the woman who does not so use her powers is guilty of a breach of trust, worse than that of the servant who hid his lord's talent in a napkin. It is not a simple neglect, but an abuse of his good gift, of that gift, the value and dignity of which, man would never have known but for the religion of Christ. Let us then rejoice in the liberty with which we are made free, and prove our love for our Lord and Master, by efforts for promoting his kingdom and establishing his will. And let us work in faith and patience, nothing doubting, because the result of our efforts does not always cheer and bless ourselves. This is the trial of our faith and love. It has been the appointed trial of all whom God has condescended to intrust with a mission. One sows that another may reap; but faith needs not to see the harvest to know that it will come, and that even if it do not come, no act of humble trust or fervent love is lost. But we hope more cheering things; one cause of deficient results is the want of comprehensiveness in principles fundamentally right. This evil will every day be remedied; and it highly becomes the champions of truth to try to remedy it, or the champions of falsehood will be too strong for them. Christians must be not only devoted, but enlightened, if they would meet the exigencies of the times and their own duties. The seeds which we plant may come up, we know not how or where, when our heads are laid low in the dust; and souls rescued from bondage, and generations yet unborn, may have cause to bless the hand that planted them!"

## NOTES ON THE WESTERN STATES.

We continue our extracts from Judge Hall's "Notes on the Western States:" the following description of the Prairies, though long, is interesting.

## THE PRAIRIES.\*

"The scenery of the prairie country is striking, and never fails to cause an exclamation of surprise. The extent of the prospect is exhilarating. The outline of the landscape is sloping and graceful. The verdure and the flowers are beautiful; and the absence of shade, and consequent appearance of a profusion of light, produces a gaiety which animates the beholder.

"It is necessary to explain that these plains, although preserving a general level in respect to the whole country, are yet in themselves not flat, but exhibit a gracefully waving surface, swelling and sinking with an easy slope and a full rounded outline, equally avoiding the unmeaning horizontal surface, and the interruption of abrupt or angular elevations. It is that surface which, in the expressive language of the country, is called *rolling*, and which has been said to resemble the long heavy swell of the ocean, when its waves are subsiding to rest after the agitation of a storm.

"It is to be remarked, also, that the prairie is almost always elevated in the centre, so that, in advancing into it from either side, you see before you only the plain, with its curved outline marked upon the sky, and forming the horizon; but, on reaching the highest point, you look around upon the whole of the vast scene.

"The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature; it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape, and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path, and then again emerges into another prairie. Where the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while at another time the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert.

"If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering upon the dewdrops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the bee is on the wing; the wolf, with his tail drooped, is sneaking away to his covert, with the felon tread of one who is conscious that he has disturbed the peace of nature; and the grouse feeding in flocks, or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface,—the males strutting and erecting their plumage like the peacock, and uttering a long, loud, mournful note, something like the cooing of the dove, but resembling still more the sound produced by passing a rough finger boldly over the surface of a tambourine. The number of these birds is astonishing. The plain is covered with them in every direction; and when they have been driven from the ground by a deep snow, I have seen thousands—or more properly tens of thousands—thickly clustered in the tops of the trees surrounding the prairie. They do not retire as the country becomes settled, but continue to lurk in the tall grass around the newly-made farms; and I have sometimes seen them mingled with the domestic fowls, at a short distance from the farmer's door. They will eat, and even thrive, when confined in a coop, and may undoubtedly be domesticated.

"When the eye roves off from the green plain, to the groves or points of timber, these also are found to be at this season robed in the most attractive hues. The rich undergrowth is in full bloom. The red-bud, the dog-wood, the crab-apple, the wild plum, the cherry, the wild rose, are abundant in all the rich lands; and the grape vine, though its blossom is unseen, fills the air with fragrance. The variety of the wild fruit and flowering shrubs is so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms with which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled almost to satiety.

"The gaiety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of lonesomeness, which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveller in the wilderness. Though he may not see a house nor a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations of men, he can scarcely divest himself of the idea that he is travelling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers, so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental, seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene. The groves and clumps of trees appear to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape, and it is not easy to avoid that illusion of the fancy which persuades the beholder that such scenery has been created to gratify the refined taste of civilised man. Europeans are often reminded of the resemblance of this scenery to that of the extensive parks of noblemen, which they have been accustomed to admire in the old world: the lawn, the avenue, the grove, the copse, which are there produced by art, are here prepared by nature;—a splendid specimen of massy architecture, and the distant view of villages, are alone wanting to render the similitude complete.

"In the summer, the prairie is covered with long coarse grass, which soon assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a ripe harvest. Those who have not a personal knowledge of the subject would be deceived by the accounts which are published of the height of the grass. It is seldom so tall as travellers have represented, nor does it attain its highest growth in the richest soil. In the low, wet prairies, where the substratum of clay lies near the surface, the centre or main stem of this grass, which bears the seed, acquires great thickness, and shoots up to the height of eight or nine feet, throwing out a few long coarse leaves or blades, and the traveller often finds it higher than his head as he rides through it on horseback. The plants, although numerous and standing close together, appear to grow singly and unconnected, the whole force of the vegetative power expanding itself upward. But in the rich undulating prairies, the grass is finer, with less of stalk, and a greater profusion of leaves. The roots spread and interweave, so as to form a compact even sod, and the blades expand into a close thick sward, which is seldom more than eighteen inches high, and often less, until late in the season, when the seed-bearing stem shoots up.

"The first coat of grass is mingled with small flowers: the violet, the bloom of the strawberry, and others of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in size, these disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their brilliant colours upon the green surface; and still later, a larger and coarser succession rises with the rising tide of verdure. A fanciful writer asserts that the prevalent colour of the prairie flowers is, in the spring a bluish purple, in midsummer red, and in the autumn yellow. This is one of the notions that people get who study nature by the fireside. The truth is, that the whole of the surface of these beautiful plains is clad, throughout the season of verdure with every imaginable variety of colour, 'from grave to gay.' It is impossible to conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, or to detect any predominating tint, except the green, which forms the beautiful ground, and relieves the exquisite brilliancy of all the others. The only changes of colour observed at the different seasons arise from the circumstance, that in the spring the flowers are small and the colours delicate; as the heat becomes more ardent, a hardier race appears, the flowers attain a greater size, and the hue deepens; and still later, a succession of coarser plants rise above the tall grass, throwing out larger and gaudier flowers. As the season advances from spring to midsummer, the individual flower becomes less beautiful when closely inspected, but the landscape is far more variegated, rich, and glowing.

"In the winter, the prairies present a gloomy and desolate scene. The fire has passed over them, and consumed every vegetable substance, leaving the soil bare and the surface perfectly black. That gracefully waving outline, which was so attractive to the eye when clad in green, is now disrobed of all its ornaments;—



its fragrance, its notes of joy, and the graces of its landscape, have all vanished, and the bosom of the cold earth, scorched and discoloured, is alone visible. The wind sighs mournfully over the black plain; but there is no object to be moved by its influence—not a tree to wave its long arms in the blast, nor a reed to bend its fragile stem—not a leaf, nor even a blade of grass, to tremble in the breeze. There is nothing to be seen but the cold dead earth and the bare mound, which move not; and the traveller, with a singular sensation, almost of awe, feels the blast rushing over him, while not an object visible to the eye is seen to stir. Accustomed as the mind is to associate with the action of the wind its operation upon surrounding objects, and to see nature bowing and trembling, and the fragments of matter mounting upon the wind, as the storm passes, there is a novel effect produced on the mind of one who feels the current of air rolling heavily over him, while nothing moves around."

#### PRAIRIE FIRES.

"We have no means of determining at what period the fires began to sweep over these plains, because we know not when they began to be inhabited. It is quite possible that they might have been occasionally fired by lightning, previous to the introduction of that element by human agency. At all events it is very evident, that as soon as fire began to be used in this country by its inhabitants, the annual burning of the prairie must have commenced.

"One of the popularities of this climate is the dryness of its summers and autumns. A drought often commences in August, which, with the exception of a few showers towards the close of that month, continues with little interruption throughout the fall season. The autumnal months are almost invariably clear, warm, and dry. The immense mass of vegetation with which this fertile soil loads itself during the summer is suddenly withered, and the whole earth covered with combustible materials. This is especially true of the prairies, where the grass grows from two to ten feet high, and being entirely exposed to the action of the sun and wind, dries with great rapidity. A single spark of fire, falling anywhere upon these plains at such a time, instantly kindles a blaze that spreads on every side, and continues its destructive course as long as it finds fuel.

"Travellers have described these fires as sweeping with a rapidity which renders it hazardous even to fly before them; and our children's books and school geographies are embellished with plates, representing men, horses, and wild animals, retreating at full speed, and with every mark of terror, before the devouring element. These are exaggerations. If instances of this kind of danger have ever occurred, they have been rare. We have never witnessed or heard of such a scene. There is not an authenticated case on record, or in tradition, in which a man or an animal has been burned by these fires, unless he was drunk or wounded. The burning of several Indians mentioned by Lewis and Clarke, was probably the result of some unusual accident, which they did not think necessary to explain. The thick sward of the prairie presents a considerable mass of fuel, and offers a barrier to the progress of the flame, not easily surmounted. The fire advances slowly, and with power. The heat is intense. The flames often extend across a wide prairie, and advance in a long line. No sight can be more sublime than to behold at night a stream of fire, several miles in breadth, advancing across these plains, leaving behind it a black cloud of smoke, and throwing before it a vivid glare which lights up the whole landscape with the brilliancy of noonday. A roaring and crackling sound is heard, like the rushing of a hurricane. The flame, which in general rises to the height of about twenty feet, is seen sinking, and darting upward in spires, precisely as the waves dash against each other, and as the spray flies up into the air; and the whole appearance is often that of a boiling and flaming sea, violently agitated. The progress of the fire is so slow and the heat so great, that every combustible material in its course is consumed. The root of the prairie-grass alone, by some peculiar adaptation of nature, is spared; for, of most other vegetables, not only is the stem destroyed, but the vital principle extinguished. Woe to the farmer whose ripe corn-fields extend into the prairie, and who has carelessly suffered the tall grass to grow in contact with his fences! The whole labour of the year is swept away in a few hours. But such accidents are comparatively unfrquent, as the preventive is simple and easily applied. A narrow strip of bare ground prevents the fire from extending to the space beyond it. A beaten road, of the width of a single waggon track, arrests its progress. The treading of the domestic animals around the inclosures of the farmer affords often a sufficient protection, by

destroying the fuel in their vicinity; and in other cases a few furrows are drawn round the field with the plough, or the wild grass is closely mowed down on the outside of the fence."

#### STORIES OF THE PRAIRIE WOLVES.

"Wolves are very numerous in every part of the western country. There are two kinds—the common or black wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former is a large fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even young colts. They hunt in large packs, and, after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavour to surprise their victim, and strike the mortal blow without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man, except when asleep or wounded. The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise disabled, become their prey; but in general they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the bank of a stream which the buffaloes were in the habit of crossing, and when one of those unwieldy animals was so unfortunate as to sink in the mire, spring suddenly upon it, and worry it to death, while thus disabled from resistance. Their most common prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly; but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their ravenous appetites. When tempted by hunger, they approach the farm-houses in the night, and snatch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen by the females lurking about in mid-day, as if aware of the unprotected state of the family. Our heroic females have sometimes shot them under such circumstances.

"It is said by hunters that the smell of burning assafetida has a remarkable effect upon this animal. If a fire be made in the woods, and a portion of this drug thrown into it, so as to saturate the atmosphere with the odour, the wolves, if any are within reach of the scent, immediately assemble around, howling in the most mournful manner; and such is the remarkable fascination under which they seem to labour, that they will often suffer themselves to be shot down rather than quit the spot.

"Of the few instances of their attacking human beings of which we have heard, the following may serve to give some idea of their habits. In very early times, a negro man was passing, in the night, in the lower part of Kentucky, from one settlement to another. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled entirely unsettled. In the morning his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe, covered with blood, and all around the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot-marks so great, as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On pursuing his track, it appeared that the wolves had pursued him for a considerable distance,—he had often turned upon them, and driven them back. Several times they had attacked him, and been repelled, as appeared by the blood and tracks. He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several. His axe was his only weapon.

"On another occasion, many years ago, a negro man was going through the woods, with no companion but his fiddle, when he discovered that a pack of wolves were on his track. They pursued very cautiously, but a few of them would sometimes dash up, and growl, as if impatient for their prey, and then fall back again. As he had several miles to go, he became much alarmed. He sometimes stopped, shouted, drove back his pursuers, and then proceeded. The animals became more and more audacious, and would probably have attacked him, had he not arrived at a deserted cabin, which stood by the way-side. Into this he rushed for shelter, and, without waiting to shut the door, climbed up, and seated himself on the rafters. The wolves dashed in after him, and becoming quite furious, howled and leaped, and endeavoured, with every expression of rage, to get to him. The moon was now shining brightly, and Cuff being able to see his enemies, and satisfied of his own safety, began to act on the offensive. Finding the cabin full of them, he crawled down to the top of the door, which he shut and fastened; then removing some of the loose boards from the roof, scattered them with a tremendous clatter upon such of his foes as remained outside, who soon scampered off, while those in the house began to crouch with fear. He had now a large number of prisoners to stand guard over until morning; and drawing forth his fiddle, he very good naturedly played for them all night, very much, as he supposed, to their edification and amusement; for, like all genuine lovers of music, he imagined that it had power to soften the heart even of a wolf. On the ensu-

ing day, some of the neighbours assembled and destroyed the captives, with great rejoicings.

"The story of Putnam and the wolf is familiar to every school-boy, but it is not so well known that such adventures are by no means uncommon. The youthful achievement of the gallant revolutionary hero has acquired dignity from the brilliancy of his after-life, which was adorned with a long list of heroic and patriotic deeds, when in fact this exploit is one of ordinary occurrence among our resolute hunters. We select the following two instances, both of which are well authenticated.

"Many years ago, a Frenchman, with his son, was hunting in a part of Missouri, distant about forty miles from St. Louis. Having wounded a large bear, the animal took refuge in a cave, the aperture leading into which was so small as barely to admit its passage. The hunter, leaving his son without, instantly prepared to follow, and with some difficulty drew his body through the narrow entrance. Having reached the interior of the cave, he discharged his piece with so true an aim as to inflict a mortal wound upon the bear. The latter rushed forward, and passing the man, attempted to escape from the cave; but on reaching the narrowest part of the passage, through which it had entered with some difficulty, the strength of the animal failed, and it expired. The entrance to the cave was now completely closed by the carcass of the animal. The boy on the outside heard his father scream for assistance, and attempted to drag out the bear, but found his strength insufficient. After many unavailing efforts, he became much terrified, and mounted his father's horse with the determination of seeking assistance. There was no road through the wilderness, but the sagacious horse, taking the direction to St. Louis, carried the alarmed youth to that place, where a party was soon raised and despatched to the relief of the hunter. But they searched in vain for the place of his captivity. From some cause not now recollected, the trace of the horse was obliterated, and the boy, in his agitation, had so far forgotten the landmarks as to be totally unable to lead them to the spot. They returned after a weary and unsuccessful search; the hunter was heard of no more, and no doubt remained of his having perished miserably in the cave. Some years afterwards, the aperture of the cavern was discovered, in a spot so hidden and so difficult of access as to have escaped the notice of those who had passed near it. Near the mouth was found the skeleton of the bear, and within the cave that of the Frenchman, with his gun and equipments, all apparently in the same condition as when he died. That he should have perished of hunger, from mere inability to effect his escape by removing the body of the bear seems improbable, because, supposing him to have been unable by main strength to effect this object, it would have cost him but little labour to have cut up and removed the animal by piecemeal. It is most likely either that he was suffocated, or that he had received some injury which disabled him from exertion. The cave bears a name which commemorates the event.

"The other circumstance to which we allude occurred in Monroe county, in Illinois. There are in many parts of this country singular depressions or basins, which the inhabitants call *sink-holes*. They are sometimes very deep, circular at the top, with steep sides meeting in a point at the bottom, precisely in the shape of a funnel. At the bottom of one of these, a party of hunters discovered the den of a she-wolf, and ascertained that it contained a litter of whelps. For the purpose of destroying the latter, they assembled at the place. On examining the entrance to the den, it was found to be perpendicular, and so narrow as to render it impossible or very difficult for a man to enter; and, as a notion prevails among the hunters that the female wolf only visits her young at night, it was proposed to send in a boy to destroy the whelps. A fine courageous boy, armed with a knife, was accordingly thrust into the cavern, where, to his surprise, he found himself in the company of the she-wolf, whose glistening eyeballs, white teeth, and surly voice, sufficiently announced her presence. The boy retreated towards the entrance, and called to his friends, to inform them that the old wolf was there. The men told him that he was mistaken, that the old wolf never staid with her young in daylight, and advised him to go boldly up to the bed and destroy the litter. The boy, thinking that the darkness of the cave might have deceived him, returned, advanced boldly, and laid his hand upon the she-wolf, who sprang upon him, and bit him very severely before he could effect his retreat, and would probably have killed him, had he not defended himself with resolution. One or two of the men now succeeded in effecting an entrance; the wolf was shot, and her offspring destroyed."

#### SAGACITY OF THE ARABS IN TRACING FOOTSTEPS.

ALTHOUGH it may be said, that almost every Bedouin acquires, by practice, some knowledge in this art, yet a few only of the most enterprising and active men excel in it. The Arab who has applied himself diligently to the study of footsteps can generally ascertain, from inspecting the impression, to what individual of his own or of some neighbouring tribe the footstep belongs, and therefore is able to judge whether it was a stranger who passed or a friend. He likewise knows, from the slightness or depth of the impression, whether the man who made it carried a load or not. From the strength or faintness of the trace, he can also tell whether the man passed on the same day, or one or two days before. From a certain regularity of interval between the steps, a Bedouin can judge whether the man whose feet left the impression was fatigued or not; as, after fatigue, the pace becomes more irregular, and the intervals unequal. Thence he can calculate the chance of overtaking the man. Besides all this, every Arab knows the printed footsteps of his own camels, and of those belonging to his immediate neighbours. He knows, by the depth or slightness of the impression, whether a camel was pasturing, and therefore not carrying any load, or mounted by one person only, or heavily loaded. If the marks of the two fore-feet appear to be deeper in the sand than those of the hind-feet, he concludes that the camel had a weak breast; and this serves him as a clue to ascertain the owner. In fact, a Bedouin, from the impression of a camel's or of his driver's footsteps, draws so many conclusions, that he always learns something of the beast or its owner; and in some cases this mode of acquiring knowledge seems almost supernatural. The Bedouin sagacity in this respect is wonderful, and becomes particularly useful in the pursuit of fugitives, or in searching after cattle. I have seen a man discover and trace the footsteps of his camel in a sandy valley, where thousands of other footsteps crossed the road in every direction; and this person could tell the name of every one who had passed there in the course of that morning. I myself found it often useful to know the impression made by the feet of my own companions and camels; as, from circumstances which inevitably occur in the Desert, travellers sometimes are separated from their friends. In passing through dangerous districts, the Bedouin guides will seldom permit a townsman or stranger to walk by the side of his camel. If he wears shoes, every Bedouin who passes will know by the impression that some townsman has travelled that way; and if he walks barefooted, the mark of his step, less full than that of a Bedouin, immediately betrays the foot of a townsman, little accustomed to walk. It is therefore to be apprehended, that the Bedouin, who regard every townsman as a rich man, might suppose him loaded with valuable treasures, and accordingly set out in pursuit of him. A keen Bedouin guide is constantly and exclusively occupied, during his march, in examining footsteps, and frequently alights from his camel to acquire certainty respecting their nature. I have known instances of camels being traced by their masters, during a distance of six days' journey, to the dwelling of the man who had stolen them.

Many secret transactions are brought to light by this knowledge of "Athr." or "footsteps;" and a Bedouin can scarcely hope to escape detection in any clandestine proceedings, as his passage is recorded upon the road in characters, that every one of his Arab neighbours can read.—*Burckhardt's Notes on the Bedouins.*

#### VIOLETS.

Not from the verdant garden's cultured bound,  
That breathes of Pæstum's aromatic gale,  
We sprung; but nurslings of the lonely vale,  
'Midst woods obscure and native glooms were found.  
'Midst woods and glooms, whose tangled brakes around  
Once Venus sorrowing traced, as all forlorn  
She sought Adonis, when a lurking thorn  
Deep on her foot impressed an impious wound.  
Then prone to earth we bowed our pallid flowers  
And caught the drops divine: the purple dyes  
Tinging the lustre of our native hue.  
Nor summer gales, nor art-conducted showers  
Have nursed our tender forms, but lovers' sighs  
Have been our gales, and lovers' tears our dew.

*Lorenzo dei Medici, translated by Roscoe.*

ON THE EFFECTS PRODUCED ON PLANTS UNDER IMPROVED OR SUPERIOR MODES OF MANAGEMENT.

Our collections of herbaceous border flowers are extensive, and are arranged over the vacant surface in order that they may present their flowers in due season. This they usually do without other care than digging the ground amongst them once a year, and keeping them free from weeds. If they grow and flower moderately well, it is all that is expected of them. But it is worthy of remark, that if any one of these common plants receive, either by design or accident, extraordinary culture by manuring, or by pruning so as to concentrate their constitutional vigour, their subsequent development is so remarkably different that they are scarcely recognisable as the same species.

We could point to many instances of such effects of culture; but we will confine ourselves at present to one common and well-known plant, the *Campanula pyramidalis*. This elegant and showy plant flowers very well whether planted out in borders or when placed in pots, and throws up its pyramidal spikes of blue bells from one to two feet high. But if the requisite culture be given, the flower-stems may be made to rise to the height of above eight feet, and covered with blossoms from top to bottom.

The manner of doing this we shall now briefly describe, as performed by a very good florist, who excels in the culture of this and other common herbaceous plants.

About the middle of May he sows the seed in a warm situation under a hand-glass in light soil, covering it about one-quarter of an inch deep. After the seedlings appear they should be gradually inured to the air, and at the same time keeping the soil moderately moist, which greatly assists their growth. When the plants are about one inch high, they should be transplanted into a bed previously prepared: this preparation is excavating the bed to the depth of one foot, and laying in the bottom three or four inches of good rotten dung, filling up with light rich soil. In pricking out the plants, ten inches apart, care is taken of the roots. When planted, an inch of dung should be spread over the surface among the plants to retain moisture. An east or west aspect is considered better than either a south or north. If the weather prove dry, the plants are regularly supplied with dung-water not too strong, which, by autumn, will render them strong and healthy. During winter they are protected from severe frosts, by having loose hay or straw thrown lightly over so as not to break the leaves.

In the month of March the plants are examined, and if any appear to throw up a flower-stem, the plant must be carefully taken up and the stem cut off, leaving a few buds on the crown. Moving the plant is to check its growth; for if cut over, and not removed, it would quickly throw up a number of other stems, which would greatly weaken the plant. If many require this treatment, they should be replanted at greater distances apart, and be shaded from the sun, if powerful, for a few days. Watering with manured water must be continued three times a week at least, especially if the weather be dry; for on this supply of manure in a liquid state the whole success depends. In the next autumn the plants will be bulky and luxuriant; and when done growing, in October, the ground should be covered, to the depth of three or four inches, with old tanner's bark, sawdust, or coal-ashes, but not so deep as to cover the points of the shoots; and if the winter be severe, protect with loose straw as before.

In the third year, before the plants begin to grow, they may be removed to where they are intended to flower; either into pots, or into beds, or groups, in the flower-garden. They should be taken up with entire balls, and replanted or potted in rich compost. In their new stations they may require watering, and as they advance in height must be carefully fastened to stakes.

The circumstance of keeping the plants so highly fed ensures extraordinary luxuriance, and as already said, causes such amplitude of the whole plant as to arrive at the height of above eight feet, with flowering branches and branchlets all round—altogether splendid objects, and well worth the care bestowed.

Some florists place these plants in large pots, and train them on a light frame of wood fixed to the pot, in which form, when in flower, they are fine ornaments for a side-board, a window, or other place in a dwelling-house.

ANECDOTES OF COPERNICUS.

THE Copernican theory was not, with all its simplicity, free from real difficulties. "If your scheme is correct," said the opponent of Copernicus, "Venus should have phases like the moon." The difficulty was a critical one, and the mode in which Copernicus dealt with it is a most emphatic proof of the greatness of his mind. An inferior person would at once have denied the fact, and brought forward metaphysical reasons, of a kind then much in vogue, why Venus should not be subject to such laws; but, after some wavering, our astronomer boldly acknowledged the accuracy of the deduction, and, in the finest spirit of prophecy, added, without hesitation, that should men ever see Venus better, they would discern her phases! And, singularly enough, the verification of this confident prediction was one of the earliest achievements of the telescope.

Affected, however, by a modesty which had a parallel in after-times in the conduct of Newton, he was long in giving his authenticated labours to the world, and the proof-copy of his work on the "Revolution of the Celestial Orbs" reached him only on his death-bed, when, in the words of his admirable friend, the Bishop of Culm, he was occupied with weightier cares. There is something strangely solemn in that occurrence: the mortal was expiring, and about to crumble into dust, and at the same moment his name was being clothed with majesty and honour, going forth in glory and power, to live at least as long as this world! The frame which contained Copernicus partook of the fates of other men, and was laid down to repose within the precincts of the mountain-church of Frauenberg. Rude spheres engraven on his tomb, and a half-effaced name, still mark the spot, which was lately sought and identified by two pious Poles; at whose instance a statue was erected, and consecrated to his memory, and crowned before a mighty and reverent assemblage in the great square of Warsaw, in that recent year in which Poland ceased to be a nation.—*Nichol's Phenomena and Order of the Solar System.*

ELECTIONEERING IN THE BACKWOODS.

WHEN you see me electioneering, I goes fixed for the purpose. I've got a suit of deer-leather clothes, with two big pockets; so I puts a bottle of whisky in one, and a twist of tobacco in t'other, and starts out: then if I meets a friend, why I pulls out my bottle and gives him a drink;—he'll be mighty apt, before he drinks, to throw away his tobacco;—so when he's done, I pulls my twist out of t'other pocket, and gives him a *chaw*. I never likes to leave a man worse off than when I found him. If I had given him a drink, and he had lost his tobacco, he would not have made much; but give him tobacco and a drink too, and you are mighty apt to get his vote.—*Colonel Crockett.*

A BROTHER'S LOVE.

THOUGH many a year has o'er me past,  
And none from bitter change was free,  
Yet lives one thought,—'twill die the last,—  
Sweet sister, 'twas the thought of thee!  
Earth, and the loves of earth, are vain,  
But ours was registered above:  
And, Agnes, neither time nor pain  
Have shook thy brother's early love.

I see the parting moment yet,  
I hear thy gentle voice decay;  
Oh! how shall I the tear forget  
That from thy cheek I kissed away!  
We parted!—many a look I cast  
To see thee lingering on the hill;  
Then far from home and thee I past,  
Yet stayed in spirit with thee still.

We loved, when hearts were holy things;  
And though my locks are scattered now,  
And Time, yet on his softest wings,  
Has touched thy crimson cheek with snow;  
And though our early hope be gone,  
And life with slower pulses move,  
Come to my heart, till life is done,  
Thou idol of a brother's love!

CROLY.

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## THE LIMITS OF POWER.

"Give me a fulcrum, and I will move the earth.

HISTORY is sometimes very unjust: not only do we find the splendid criminal occupying that space in its pages which justice would have devoted to better men, who are passed over without any or with little notice, but we see its famous men most celebrated for actions of very inferior consequence in their lives, and a character assigned them from some one particular occurrence, which, if we knew their whole history, we must confess to be the direct reverse of the reality.

The verdict of posterity, that last and great tribunal, for whose applause so many have laboured and some have died, must depend upon the evidence of contemporary witnesses: and these are often but ill calculated to deliver a true testimony; because sometimes from ignorance they cannot understand, sometimes from some temporary prejudice or interest they altogether overlook, the brightest creations of superior intellect.

When Lord Napier of Murchiston was dying, the friends who surrounded him, and who had heard him from time to time announce the invention of some new machine, thought *one* only worth inquiry, or preservation; and that was one whose powers he had declared to be sufficient to destroy, in a short time, every living being from an extensive field. In those days, such an engine was esteemed most valuable; and the inventor was earnestly intreated to leave behind him a perfect description of his contrivance. Fortunately for humanity and for his own fame, he refused to comply; indeed, it has been doubted, whether he could ever have really constructed such a machine; but had his plan been revealed, and been perfectly successful, his name would have reached us connected with far different associations than those that will immortalise the inventor of logarithms.

The Syracusan Archimedes has suffered much from this kind of misrepresentation. The Roman chroniclers of the siege of Syracuse were not likely to diminish aught from the supernatural reputation of those machines, which so long baffled their general; and it is accordingly by the wondrous and rather apocryphal descriptions of these engines—by the stories of his experiments with Hiero's crown, and of his exhibitions of mechanical powers to that prince, the subjects which the writers of that day could best understand—that his name has been since most celebrated. Discoveries of far higher ability are, compared with these, almost unknown. His demonstration of the ratio between the contents of the sphere and cylinder was by himself esteemed his greatest achievement, and ordered to be sculptured on his tomb: his numerous geometrical problems, and his calculations of the quadrature of the circle and of conic sections, bear evidence of an intellect, perhaps not inferior to that of our own Newton; yet by these alone he would hardly have been remembered.

The sentence we have affixed as our motto has been another cause of his celebrity, and of various very false estimates of his character from different writers. Considered as the dictum of a practical engineer, a mere inventor of mechanical engines, the boast, "Give me a fulcrum, and I will move the earth," appears only a useless paradox, or the deceitful puff of a quack: a modern author has gravely calculated the number of millions of ages during which a man must fly with the velocity of a cannon-ball, in order to move the earth one inch, and has accused Archimedes

of uttering a nonsensical assertion. Viewed in this light, it certainly is so; but when spoken by a geometrician, dealing in theory and accustomed to abstract mathematics, it becomes an established axiom.

Such contradictions between theory and practice, between fact and calculation, are continually occurring: it is in these, indeed, that we find the limits of our powers: in theory, time and space are considered unlimited; inflexible bars are supposed to be without weight; ropes to be destitute of rigidity; an axle is considered as a mere point, and no deduction is made for friction between opposing surfaces, for *vis inertiae*, for defects in the workmanship, or inaccuracy in the shape of our machinery. Calculation may be extended indefinitely; but, on coming to the fact, we find that all these causes will fix a boundary, and sometimes a very narrow one. As an instance, if we suppose the earth to be a perfect sphere, with its attraction central and undisturbed, theory will prove the possibility of building a circle around it, at any distance from the surface, which shall sustain itself, without any support, by the equal pressure of its parts. Since then, if two points be fixed at one, two, or five miles apart, the rest of the circle may be destroyed, without disturbing the included portion, it will *theoretically* be possible to build a bridge, of one arch, two or five miles long, and only just sufficiently circular to coincide with the curvature of the earth. On coming to the test of *fact*, we are soon convinced, first, that such an arch would be destroyed by the slightest variation in shape or weight of its parts, and our instruments could never accomplish the necessary accuracy; and next, that as the pressure of the mass increases with its dimensions, it would soon become greater than the cohesion of any known substance would sustain, and the parts would crumble and fall by their own weight. A circle, such as we have described, exists in Saturn's ring; and this, it has been proved, would be destroyed and precipitated on the surface of the planet, were it not for its rapid rotation, which produces a centrifugal force, counteracting the tendency of attraction.

In the theory of projectiles, it is estimated that the velocity of a shot, when first issuing from the mouth of a cannon, is 7,000 feet per second; a force that, according to calculation, should propel the missile ten miles. With less than four times this velocity, the projectile would circulate round the earth for ever as a satellite, and with somewhat more would fly off into infinite space. Since then powder can be prepared of much greater intensity of explosion than common gunpowder, the metallic fulminating powders for example, it would be seen that there could hardly be a limit to the range of our artillery. On trying the practical experiment, however, we find that a 48lb. shot, being 7 inches in diameter, moving at the rate of 7,000 feet in a second, will encounter from the atmosphere a resistance equal to 2,000lb. weight, a pressure which, ere two seconds have elapsed, reduces its velocity, and confines the reach of these weapons of destruction to at farthest three miles.

The different mechanical powers exhibit a series of instances, in which the difficulties that form a limit to the capabilities of one machine are overcome by another; and this in its turn is superseded by a third of still higher capacities. The simplest engine, the lever, is deprived of any great extension of use, on account of the smallness of the distance through which it can lift the weight; but in the wheel and axle, the same principle is continued with a great addition to its performances. When we can

no longer increase conveniently the diameter of the wheel, or diminish that of the axle, on account of the strength necessary to preserve in it, and the rigidity of the rope which must curl around it, we proceed to divide the weight among a number of ropes and pulleys, each one of these acting as a lever, and doubling the power contributed by the rest, till the friction and intricacy attending the use of so many ropes puts a stop to our progress. We then furnish our wheels with teeth, and combine them in a series, gaining in the end a total power equal to the multiple of the advantage of so many separate wheels and axles. Friction and complexity again limit our endeavours; and then, abandoning the lever, we find a higher power in the principle of the inclined plane, obtaining from one toothed wheel and endless screw as much gain of force as from the whole previous series of wheels and pinions.

The power of the screw, depending upon the smallness of the distance between its threads, is limited by the necessity of preserving sufficient strength to bear the strain of working; but this is overcome by the use of the double screw, consisting of two cylinders, one within the other, with threads cut on each, but in contrary directions, and differing in some small proportion in their distances; so that, supposing the proportions to be respectively 13 and 11 threads in one inch in length of the cylinders, while ten turns of the axis advanced the outer cylinder one inch, ten elevenths of that would be swallowed up by the retrograde motion of the interior one; and a power will be gained ten times greater than that of one screw, without any weakening of either.

Enormous friction here also bars our further advance, and we must have recourse to another principle. The hydrostatical fact, that fluids will move through tubes with little or no friction, affords us the means of increased exertion. A fluid exerts a pressure in proportion to the area of the opposing surface: therefore a force acting upon the piston of a small tube, and driving the water through proper valves into a greater one, will move the larger piston with a power increased in the square of the proportion between their diameters: to this gain we may add the leverage of the handle by which the lesser piston is worked, and the compound advantage is so great, that an hydraulic press, acting on this principle, has been able to break a bar of iron some inches in diameter.

But all these contrivances only approach that mathematical limit which must at last put bounds to their use. It is an axiom that the power and the velocity are inversely proportional to one another. Supposing a power of 60" to be gained by the acting force moving for an hour, the weight will have ascended, at the end of that time, but through the space traversed in each minute. Our best machines are but approximations to this quantity; overcoming the practical difficulties of construction, and diminishing as far as possible the further deductions on account of friction and the imperfection of their parts. But, were they perfect in their workmanship, the motion, growing slower with every new addition to the power, will soon become too small to be of any practical use, and we must then apply our ingenuity to the other end of the machine, and instead of multiplying the mechanical advantage, endeavour to increase the moving power.

The strength and number of men that can be concentrated on one engine is but small,—that of animals is considerably greater; and the traction of horses walking round in a circle, or the weight of oxen treading round in the interior of a large perpendicular cylinder, offers an obvious means of obtaining the desired increase. Another step is the employment of those natural agents which man can press into his service: forcing the powers of wind and water to do his work and save his labour. Water-wheels have been constructed, capable of exerting the force of 100 horses. Yet the industry of these servants can never be fully depended on. The wind is variable and capricious; the supply of water depends on local circumstances, and, in some seasons and situations, cannot be obtained at all. Both also require apparatus of enormous size, to obtain any great exertions; and ingeniously as

the method of applying their energies have been varied, our revenues of strength from these sources would be but scanty.

Such are the limits of the powers derived from merely *mechanical* contrivances. We seem to have reached the boundary of their extent; nor can we point out any unused element, or any new method of adaptation, by which that boundary can be overpassed. The giant force to be obtained from the *chemical* changes in liquids, and their expansion into vapour, introduces a new principle, and opens to our view a source of energy, of whose extent we yet see but a small part.

### A YOUNG CONVICT'S STORY,

AS NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

All that the editor has done with the following "autobiography," is to give the young convict's confessions a *readable* connexion and form. The *ideas* and *facts* are *not* imaginary.

"They say that childhood and youth are the glorious hours of life! It may be so. God forbid that I should grudge one single individual the feeling of calm delight with which he looks back to his early years,—when he gambolled in the fields with his joyous companions, and their loud laugh mocked the voice of the lark, as she mounted into the heavens, and filled the air with her sweet melody; when the sun-beams seemed to lighten up nature just that they might be happy, and the world appeared in its gayest garb for them; when the very windows of heaven seemed to be open, and the angels of joy descending and smiling upon them; and when every breeze that came from the earth, or from the sea, wafted health, and vigour, and buoyancy, to their cheeks and limbs!

"But I have no recollections of gladness and of mirth spangling the memory of my infant hours. My well-spring of happiness seemed to have been poisoned at the fountain-head; dark clouds have hovered over my miserable existence, and the waters of Marah have followed me ever since I drew the breath of life. Yet God gave me a soul exquisitely alive to the enjoyments of life; a mind that would have given the world for an hour of domestic mirth—for a father's smile, a mother's affectionate look. My mother! I remember, after her death, when I was strolling about the streets on a Sunday, meeting a young family of six children going to church, marching in pairs before their parents, who seemed to smile upon them with the pride and satisfaction which none but affectionate parents can feel. I followed them till they entered the church-door, and then I turned away and wept bitterly.

"As far back as I can recollect, my mother was an invalid; for nearly two years before her death she was unable to move herself on her bed. But that calm, placid face meets me wherever I turn my eyes! Often, yes often, have I spent a long summer day in her little apartment, when not a soul but *one*—and that one we dreaded to see—disturbed our solitude, and after having exhausted all my little powers of amusement, and chatted till my throat was dry, her sigh, expressive of weariness and languor, has sunk into my heart, and I would sit down and weep; for 'tears have been to me my daily food.' We had a girl in the house, who had the entire control of the domestic affairs, and as she had insinuated herself completely into my father's confidence, my mother was a cipher in all that regarded household management, and was even esteemed a burden by her unnatural husband, who more than once broadly intimated that he would much rather that she was in heaven than on earth. The girl was the terror and aversion of both my mother and myself. She artfully flattered my father, and as long as he appeared to retain any affection for me, she would bestow upon me little marks of attention in his presence; attentions which even then I loathed and abominated as the grossest hypocrisy. But when a love of liquor increased upon him,—when he began to come home regularly, as Mary Anne, when joking with him, used to say, *three sheets in the wind*,—when he supplied her with money as she asked it, without requiring the slightest account of its expenditure, then the snake in the grass showed its fangs. Mary Anne was a Roman Catholic, and, like all vulgar-minded creatures, bigotted and malignant. One day (a Friday) the savoury scent of some stewed kidneys, which she was preparing for my mother, overcame her conscience, and when a woman deliberates, she is lost. I saw the transaction, and thought myself well rewarded for revealing it, as it kept my mother laughing for an afternoon; but when I ventured into the kitchen in the evening, the dark scowl which the girl gave me told me what *she* felt, and a

long course of ill treatment convinced me that it was not soon forgotten. A short time before my mother's death I remonstrated with Mary Anne for sending a cup of cold tea to my suffering parent, and received a beating for my pains. I threatened to complain, and intermingled my threats with some spiteful expressions, which drew upon me fresh violence; and when my mother expostulated with her, the wretch had the audacity to dash the cup of slop in her face! I thought for a moment that I had been struck blind; fire flashed from my eyes, and I felt my veins swelling with an indignation that had never before agitated my young frame. At that moment Satan surely entered into my soul. I went to the window, and, looking up to heaven, vowed before God and the angels that I would revenge the insult. Young as I was, the thought of revenge took entire possession of my heart, and for several days I was actually sick with mental agony; and at one time I had a knife secreted, positively intending to inflict some bodily injury, if not to take the life of the hated creature. But my mother's death diverted the current of my thoughts for a time. I do not know that she possessed any mental superiority—I rather think not; I just remember her as a calm, quiet woman, who was all the world to me,—the only being who shared my sympathies, the only one who seemed to care whether or not I composed a part of the creation of God. During her long and dreary illness, she taught me to read; and though I cannot say that she displayed any remarkable predilection for the Bible, yet often she would say to me, as I turned over the leaves, and inquired what I would read for her, "Any place, child; it is all God's blessed book." She sometimes, when lying free from pain, would sing, in a low plaintive tone, verses of hymns; and often have I stood on a chair by her bedside, listening to her simple melodies, and she has hushed me to sleep with them while the tears were gushing down my cheeks. I remember one verse—

"Deep on thy soul, before its powers  
Are yet by vice enslaved,  
Be thy Creator's glorious name  
And character engraved!"

And these words are inseparably connected, in my memory, with that soft melodious voice, which at this very moment is stealing over my heart! I hope she is now in heaven!

"For some time after this to me sorrowful event, my father was very kind to me; and Mary Anne, of course, was very kind also. To be sure her kindness was interlarded with such expressions of sympathetic affection as—'Poor delicate creature! he is just the very image of his mother!' and so forth; expressions which she well knew excited my father's feelings, for the long illness of my dear parent had fretted him; and then he would look towards me, and profanely hope in God that I would not cost him the half of what my mother did! When the girl thought she had sufficiently cooled his affection, she made a long complaint about my growing boldness and impertinence, which procured her full powers to chastise me as she thought proper, and I was enjoined to obey her as if she were my mother. Obey her as if she were my mother! I thought I would have choked with pride and passion, and as I fled from her detested presence, all the dark thoughts of revenge again arose in my soul, and when the storm went off, and I felt how impotent I was, I wept from very bitterness and spite. But obey her I must, and my complaints of cruel usage were so artfully turned by her into rebellion against the system by which she was *doing me good*, training me to be hardy and robust, that my sufferings were only increased.

"My being sent to school was no alleviation of my woes. The schoolmaster was harsh and severe; and though I was passionately fond of reading, he so little understood my bent of mind, that he both pronounced me and made me the sturdiest dunce and blockhead in the school, and I (with a most sensitive horror of ridicule) became the laughing-stock of my schoolfellows, whom in return I shunned and avoided. My delicacy habituated my master to my occasional absences from school, and I soon became cunning enough to take advantage of it. My father had a copy of the "Arabian Nights," and with a volume concealed under my jacket, I used to slip off to the fields, and spend the long summer days dreaming in fairy bowers and under Eastern skies, twining the clouds into enchanted palaces, and soaring through the air with some genii of the lamp or the ring; and I remember praying to God with all the fervour and earnestness of a devotee, that he would place at my command one of those mysterious and powerful invisibles. "Robinson Crusoe" and "Cook's Voyages" altered my dream, and I longed to be the lord of some green island of the west, on which the sun shone for ever, and which nature had bap-

tised in everlasting loveliness: there I would live alone, for I would not permit a soul to disturb my solitude; I would hold converse with God alone. Who, I conceived, would come out of his inner chamber and speak to me, when there was none near us to reveal the secrets of our intercourse! These were my days of glory; but just in proportion to my happiness was my misery, for every night, as I returned home, my heart suffered the most excruciating agony. I felt as if I was coming down from a region of bliss, from the very third heavens of airy imagination, almost unconscious whether I had been in the body or out of the body, and that I was again to plunge into the cold stream of earthly realities. Often have I slunk in, when Mary Anne was regaling herself and her friends with tea, and I durst not ask for a morsel, because I had not come in to my dinner in proper time: and when hunger kept me lying awake during the night, I have waited with anxious impatience for my father's coming home, hoping that he would be only *half* intoxicated, and that he would order something for supper, when I would rise and get a share of it. Yet I have been even deprived of this occasional enjoyment, by Mary Anne representing me to be a horrid bad boy, and driving me from the table; although, to give even Satan his due, she never ventured to do it when my father was in a jocular mood. I had always an aversion to telling lies, though I cannot rightly say whether it arose from a moral sense of the nature of the crime, or from the constitution of my mind, in which pride has been one of the chief elements; yet so it was—to this very girl I had often to tell a miserable, sneaking, paltry lie, to conceal my absence from school. But it was at last found out, and the beatings and disgrace threw me into a fever, the effects of which confined me several months at home.

"During the time of my illness, both my father and Mary Anne seemed to regret the harshness with which I had been treated—and though I set down her conduct to hypocrisy, my affection for my father became stronger than ever. But about the time when I became convalescent, my father suddenly disappeared, and Mary Anne became brutally violent in her conduct. Ten days elapsed, and he did not make his appearance, and all our furniture was carried away by a set of rough fellows, whose actions appeared to me presumptuous in the extreme. I followed them to the place where they carried the furniture, and marked it particularly, as I had no doubt but my father would soon make them bring it back. So simple and ignorant of the world, so very foolish and unobsequious, was I, that I began to entertain a rather favourable opinion of Mary Anne, for her activity in secreting and carrying off a quantity of our household goods, not dreaming that she was securing *her* share of the spoil. An uncle whom I knew very little about, on account of long-standing differences between my father and him, took me home to his house, and there I learned that my father was in jail! Extravagance and dissipation had plunged him in debt—he had committed a flagrant breach of trust—had fled, and had been apprehended—and was now in Newgate awaiting his trial. I suffered a relapse—but when the day of trial came, so earnest and urgent were my entreaties to be allowed to go to the Old Bailey, that my uncle, in spite of a medical prohibition, carried me to the court-house, and placed me in the front of one of the galleries.

"This was the first time I had been in a court of justice—alas, it was not the last! Not a soul in the crowded court seemed to feel as I felt—not one pulse, as I thought, beat like mine—except, perhaps, my father's—and yet I fear he was too callous to feel—at least as I felt! My eyes met those of Mary Anne, who was seated below, and she appeared to be grinning at me. If I had had the strength of a tiger at that moment, and could have bounded to the place where she sat, I would have torn her to a thousand pieces! But the ceremonies of the trial began—the clerks, criers, attorneys, pleaders, were all ready—the jury were empanelled—comfortable, contented-like citizens they seemed to be—men who really had bowels of compassion, who surely knew the sympathies of parent and child, and who, therefore, would not condemn my father! The judge took his seat upon the bench, and my father was at the bar. You might have distinctly heard my heart beating—and, when the indictment was reading, I felt a sickening sensation coming over me—and when my eye fell upon the judge, as he was reading a newspaper, I thought I should sink down through the earth. That a judge, invested with the awful office of deciding upon the weal or woe of his fellow-men, should appear so indifferent and so careless, seemed to me a monstrous and unnatural thing. I had yet to learn how experience can wear out sensation—I had yet to learn how habit can blunt the finest feelings, and sear the softest heart—and therefore all was horrible

and strange to me. 'Guilty or not guilty?' rung in my ears, and my father replied, 'Not guilty!' The words echoed within my heart—he is NOT guilty then, I said to myself, but I was ignorant of the nature of a LEGAL LIE. The lawyer engaged for the prosecution was cool and sarcastic—he brought forward his charges with such pertinacity, and coloured them so, that I began to hate him—and then he was so witty—he gibed and joked about honesty being the best policy—hinted something about honest thieves, which made the audience smile—and asked what state society would be in, if such men as my father escaped condign punishment. This was dreadful; but to my astonishment, the evidence seemed to bear him out in all that he had spoken. My father had said he was not guilty—could he be guilty? I leaned forward, to see if I could catch his eye, that I might get some intimation—some signal—which would end my suspense. But no! he had scarcely looked up during the progress of the trial, and now his eyes were fixed intently on the ground. His counsel rose, and I inwardly blessed the man, for he raised my drooping hopes; but they were again dashed to the ground, for my father was found Guilty, and sentenced to Fourteen Years' Transportation. That night I prayed in agony to God that he would strike me dead before the morning; and if ever mortal wrestled with the Deity in all the earnestness of unholy pleading, surely I wrestled with Him, that he would blot me from his creation!

"Some months after the trial, I went down to the Hulk to take farewell of my father. I went alone, for my uncle and aunt had forsworn his relationship, and had never visited him in prison. The HULK!—that I should live to be an inmate of that abode—but God is infinitely good and wise! When I saw my father in his convict dress! he was no longer my father! In former days, he always kept himself respectably clothed, and, even when intoxicated, I always thought I saw something gentlemanly in his appearance. But what a shuddering came over me, when I saw him in that loose, bag-like canvas covering? His very countenance was changed, there was something hardened and devilish in it; and when I looked round upon his companions, all clothed in the same garb, masses of ugliness and of evil, I longed to be on shore again. My father never had a large heart—I fear he was a sensualist from his youth up—and now selfishness seemed to possess him entirely. It seemed to me that he was anxious to get rid of me, for he placed a book, which he had been reading, in my hand, and desired me, as I was a bit of a book-worm philosopher, to keep it for his sake; and then, after addressing a few idle words to a bystander, he turned towards me, seeing that I still lingered, and said, 'Go, go, boy; return to that skillicint uncle of yours, and tell him to send me what will make my voyage comfortable!' Without one word of advice, without one sentiment expressive of repentance with regard to himself, or grief at leaving his only child in so destitute a condition, he seemed to repulse me from his presence, and to disencumber himself of me, as he would the parings of his nail. God knows with what a dreary heart I took my last look of my father; as I turned away, one of the bulkheads of the vessel hid him from my sight, and just at that very moment, a cat with a kitten in her mouth crossed the deck. The parental anxiety of the poor animal, evinced in removing its helpless blind offspring from some inconvenient or unsafe place where it had been deposited, struck me to the quick. 'Oh!' I inwardly groaned, 'are there any of God's creatures so utterly desolate as I am!' A few strokes of the oar brought me ashore. It was a soft, sunny evening; earth and ocean enjoyed the mellow, transparent, balmy repose of the setting sun; the southern breeze was scarcely sufficient to raise a ripple on the outer sea, while the harbour, smooth as glass, reflected on its bosom the face of heaven. I looked into the book which had been given me: it was a volume of tracts, among which were a loose farce, Hoyle on Games of Chance, and *Paine's Age of Reason!* Such was a *Father's Gift*—but, at that moment, my feelings were too strongly agitated to permit me to think anything about it.

"When I landed on the pier, I strolled along, unwilling even yet to lose sight of the *Moral Grave* in which my last earthly parent was buried. A large ship was entering the harbour, with all her canvas out, but there was just wind sufficient to keep the sails from flapping to the masts. There was music on board, and its enlivening strains roused me from the stupor in which I was sunk, and as I passed by a lady and several children, who appeared to be anxiously watching the approaching vessel, the eldest of the children exclaimed, 'Mamma, mamma, there he is, there he is!' and the attention of the party was rivetted on the person pointed out. 'It is indeed your father,' said the mother, 'see, he is waving his yellow handkerchief!' and the children sent up a shout

that echoed over the waters. They were about to hold a family jubilee; they were about to enjoy the holiest and the purest pleasure that man on earth can participate in; they were about to climb on an affectionate father's knee, and it was his absence and safe return that gave the zest to their cup of joy; they already heard his voice, his very voice, speaking to them from the vessel, and they leaped with delight; the mother looked on more calm and quiet, but her eyes were swimming, and her whole manner showed that a loving wife was about to spring into the arms of a loving husband. The sight was too much for me; I went into a field, and grovelled on the ground. There was my father! Was there a curse upon my existence, that I should be thus shut out from those sympathies which even the brute creation share? I groaned aloud with agony, and rolled upon the grass; to me nature was clothed in blackness and darkness.

"I am afraid that my history will begin to tire you from its sameness of suffering, or that you will begin to think that I am naturally an obdurate and unpliant temper. My uncle apprenticed me to a friend, who seemed resolved to make up for the smallness of the apprentice fee, by the quantity of the labour he made me perform. I complained to my uncle, who tartly told me that I had no one to look after me but him, and he would not be annoyed, when he had done so much already for me. I was then becoming tall, and very slender; yet my frequent illnesses were set down to laziness. My master's son (a spoiled child) told me one day that I should become as good a gallows' bird as my father—I felled him with an iron rod which I had in my hand, and rushed out of the workshop. I was apprehended that same evening, lodged in one of the police officers, and brought before the lord mayor next morning. This high functionary was seated in all the pride of office, impatient to get through this, perhaps, most disgusting part of his duties, and looking as if he had neither time nor temper to bestow upon it. My master produced his son, who, I am happy to say, was not dangerously hurt, but his head being bound up, spoke my condemnation: and so, in the course of the ten minutes during which I stood before his lordship, my master spoke, and Alderman Addehead spoke, and I said nothing, but was sentenced to—three months on the treadmill.

"Here commenced my regular initiation into vice. Oh, that I had been submitted to solitary confinement, or that they had burned out my eyes, and cracked the drum of my ears, rather than have exposed me to the abominations of the prison! I was soon the intimate acquaintance and associate of a profligate fellow, but who possessed a large share of shrewdness and broad humorous wit. This man quickly found out my peculiar temper; he saw that I shrunk from the grossness of profanity; that I loathed the unblushing front of obscenity; and he tried sapping and mining. There was something peculiar in the evil of this man's mind. He had a facility of turning every subject into a laugh: of presenting everything in a ridiculous light. Nothing escaped the lash of his profane sarcasm; he compelled me to laugh, by his mimicry of the chaplain of the jail; then he ventured upon holy ground, and I shudder when I think how he mocked. This last he did cautiously, for there were wretches there, who could talk of whatsoever was filthy and impure, and yet would spurn the thought of pouring contempt on the Saviour's name; but he felt his way with innuendoes and hints, and when he saw that he had gone too far, he would cover his retreat with a jest, or a scrap of a filthy song. Up to that hour, I had always a kind of undefined awe and impression of the all-pervading presence of a Deity. My spirit, by a kind of impulse, told me the simple distinctions of right and wrong, and whenever I sinned, a cry shook my soul, like the rebuking voice of God speaking from the portals of eternity. But now the hot iron was searing my conscience—now the eye of the mind was being extinguished—now the heart was becoming like the nether millstone. I entered the prison, a morose, heart-stricken creature, but with my moral feelings fresh and green; but I left it, not indeed an adept in wickedness, but with the mind prepared for the commission of it. God keep foolish and thoughtless youths from the contamination of a prison!

"On being discharged, I revolved various projects in my mind as to what I would do. Back to my friends I was determined never to go, but indeed they showed no great inclination to have me. Still the thought of committing theft had not entered my brain. I wandered about the outskirts of the city all day, indulging in a thousand romantic schemes, and actually throwing myself in the way of ladies who were enjoying a winter's forenoon walk, thinking that some one would be struck by my appearance, and take an interest in my destiny. But no one spent a passing thought upon me; and, as the night set in, a cold piercing wind penetrated

my frame, and sent me shivering towards the lamps, which were now lighting up. Slowly did I pass one hall door after another, casting many a longing look up to the windows, in the vain expectation that a ray of hope might gleam from someone of them upon me—but need I say in vain? Doors opened, but not for me—homes were smiling, but not for me. Darkness had long settled down on the earth, when I found myself standing by the church-yard where my mother was buried; but the gate was shut. ‘Am I then denied,’ I said to myself, ‘the poor pleasure of weeping over my mother’s grave! Mother! look down from your abode of glory on your desolate and outcast child. Mother! do you not know that I am wandering on the street, cold and hungry, and there is none to bless me with a smile? Oh! if she heard me cry, she would rise from her grave, to fold me in her arms. God of mercy! let me lie in the same bed of death with her—let us sleep together in everlasting forgetfulness, where the voice of the oppressor shall never, never reach our ears! Thou Eternal Being, whose eye looks through the darkness on my heart, grant an answer to my prayer, and let me sleep that sleep from whence I shall not awaken!’ No visible answer came to my prayer. Two men passing rudely by, jostled, and nearly upset me. In the bitterness of soul, I cursed them—I cursed my hard-hearted uncle—I cursed my father, and my own existence, and almost cursed the God that was above me. In a paroxysm of rage, I ran off, and wandered through street after street insensible where I was going, and driven like a dismantled vessel before the fury of a gale. Hunger and cold again brought me to my senses, and as the effects of the sudden revulsion of my feelings passed away, I found that the night was advanced, and that almost all the shops were shut. Yet I was suffered to pass on in silence—nobody thought me worth the speaking to. Wearied and exhausted, I sat down on the steps of a shop-door, and sobbed aloud, but no tear could trickle along my cheek. A female sat down beside me, and, in a soothing tone of voice, asked what ailed me. I looked in her face, and fancied that there was a silvery softness in her voice, which carried me back again, over years of sorrow, to the time when I thought my mother’s voice the sweetest sound that could ring in mortal ears. Yes, the only notes of compassion that reached my heart during that cruel day and night came from one of those beings who are shut out of the pale of decency, and on whom the burning brand of reprobation has been stamped by the modest and the good. Yes, amongst the very dregs of society, amongst the outcastings of whatsoever is morally good and right, did I find one who took an interest in my story, and whose sympathy seemed to recall the life-blood to my heart; and it appeared to me like a majestic pillar standing amid a ruin, and pointing out how grand the building once had been. She first wept when I spoke about my mother, and then, as if ashamed of the feeling, burst out into a loud laugh, called me a fool, told me I must submit to fate, that I must cheer up my heart, and she would put me in the way of doing something for myself. I rose, and followed her through dirty thoroughfares, and then, after wading up one or two filthy avenues, she bade me wait outside a door for a few minutes, while she went in to inquire about lodgings for me. A momentary foreboding passed through my mind, that she, too, had deserted me—but the door was opened, and I was invited to enter. Three men, dirty, savage-looking fellows, were sitting round a table, drinking gin out of a broken jug, and there was also another woman in the house, in addition to the one whom I thought my friend. I was in the company of thieves and prostitutes, and there was as much pride remaining in my bosom as to make me shudder at the thought.

“I will not detain you with the history of my delinquencies, from the moment when I first succeeded in stealing a pocket-handkerchief, up to the day I committed the crime for which I am now in confinement. One remarkable circumstance I may mention—I had a strong predilection for stealing books. Many a time have I escaped from the drinking, brawling, and fighting of my companions, to enjoy a stolen volume, and often have I formed strong resolutions to abandon a course of life which I heartily abhorred. Yet now I bless God, that the severe training which I have undergone may have been overruled for my welfare. But, oh! let your efforts to do good be exerted much amongst the YOUNG, for ye know not what well-springs of happiness or misery are hidden in the human heart!”

The reader may not be displeased by learning that this young man is now in Sydney, in good hands, and in all probability will recover his freedom, and become a decent, independent member of society

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

## OLYMPIA MORATA.

OLYMPIA FULVIA MORATA was one of the most remarkable women of a remarkable age. Equally distinguished for her classic and scientific knowledge, her intimate acquaintance with Scripture and theological writings, and her unaffected piety, she left behind her, at the age of twenty-nine, a reputation for talents and learning seldom equalled by one of her sex; whilst the memory of her gentle, affectionate, womanly spirit long dwelt in the hearts of her friends.

She was born in the year 1526. Her father, Fulvio Perigrino Morata, was a man of distinguished learning. He held the post of Latin professor in the university of Ferrara, then highly celebrated, and also performed the functions of private tutor to the two brothers of the reigning duke, Hercules the Second. Renée, the wife of Hercules, was the daughter of Louis XII. of France, and having imbibed some, at least, of the doctrines of the dawning Reformation, during her frequent residences at the court of the Queen of Navarre, who was more than suspected of Protestantism, she extended her protection as much as possible to the professors of the new faith, and Ferrara was looked upon as a place of refuge. Calvin himself at one period was glad to accept her hospitality; and many other learned men, who were inclined to entertain the newly propagated doctrines, although not yet openly professing them, took up their residence at Ferrara. Among these we may notice Cœlio Secundo Curio, the intimate friend of Morata, (beneath whose roof he found a shelter,) and of his illustrious daughter. The instruction of the royal children of Ferrara was intrusted to the brothers John and Chilian Sinapius, two Germans, both holding professorships in the university. They were inclined to Protestantism, and were at length obliged to throw up their appointments, and retire to Germany, where they practised as physicians; but not before they had deeply imbibed the minds of their pupils with their principles.

Olympia displayed uncommon talents at a very early age, and they were diligently cultivated by her father, who took upon himself the charge of her studies, and directed them in the course then usually employed in the schools; and thus we find that at twelve years of age the young Olympia was “thoroughly instructed, not only in the Greek and Latin languages, but also in rhetoric and other learned sciences.” Her remarkable acquirements procured her the notice of the learned and the great, and in her thirteenth year she was summoned to court, there to become the companion and to share in the studies of the Princess Anna d’Este and her sisters. Here she continued for some years, enjoying the luxuries of a court, the delights of refined society, and the benefit of the instruction of John and Chilian Sinapius. “Besides perfecting herself in Greek and Latin, producing some exquisitely polished writings in both those languages, she studied the higher branches of philosophy and theology, in which, as in other literary studies, she soon excelled in a high degree, penetrating into the most difficult questions with great quickness of mind, and converting them to public and private benefit.”

Her old friend and subsequent editor, Cœlio Curio, thus speaks of her in the dedication of the first edition of her works, published under his superintendance:—“She wrote observations on Homer, the prince of poets, whom she translated with great strength and sweetness. She composed many and various poems with great elegance, especially on divine subjects, and dialogues in Greek and Latin, in imitation of Plato and Cicero, in such perfection that even Zoilus himself would have found nothing to criticise; and she wrote those three essays on the paradoxes of Marcus Tullius Cicero, which in Greek are called *presæces*, when she was scarcely sixteen years old; and declaimed from memory, and with excellent pronunciation, her explanation of the paradoxes in the private academy of the Duchess of Ferrara.”

But this prosperous state was not of long continuance. The encouragement given by Renée to the Protestants began to awaken



the wrath of the Pope; Ferrara was no longer a refuge; all who were suspected of adherence to the new doctrines were obliged to leave the court; the duchess herself was for awhile separated from her children, and Olympia returned to her father's house. This occurred in 1547; and in the following year her father sunk under the effects of a severe disease, with which he had been for some time afflicted. She was now completely alienated from the court, and was even treated with indignity by those from whom she had formerly received so many marks of favour; but she found a refuge in the bosom of a home and the resumption of domestic duties. Her mother's health was failing, and she, as the eldest, took upon herself the management of the family and the education of her brother and sisters. "She instructed the latter, of whom she had three, in all the studies, literary and sacred, usually confined to the other sex; and made one of them, Victoria, so excellent a scholar in Latin and polite literature, that in a short time she surpassed most of the illustrious females of Italy. At this time her private studies were exclusively directed to divine things, to which she entirely devoted herself; occasionally composing Greek poems, and filling up her leisure hours with her elegant epistles."

But the scene of her duties was soon changed. In 1549, she became the wife of Andrew Grundler, a young German physician, of considerable talent and reputation, who had completed his medical studies at Ferrara. He, as well as his wife, was attached to the reformed religion, and the persecution waxing hotter and hotter, an abode in Italy was no longer desirable. Olympia carried her brother with her to Germany; her mother continued to reside at Ferrara, though often pressed by her daughter to join her in a retreat where she might openly profess the faith she entertained. Her sister Victoria was taken under the care of her favourite correspondent, the Princess Lavinia della Rovere; another was placed under the protection of Madama Helena Rangone, of a noble family in Modena; and thus she felt less anxiety in leaving the family, who since her father's death had so much depended on her, than would otherwise have been the case. Her third sister, who remained with her mother, was afterwards happily married to a young man of family and fortune at Milan.

Olympia and her husband proceeded to Augsburg, where Grundler's reputation and talents soon brought him into profitable practice, but they did not long enjoy tranquillity. Scenes of splendour and a life at court were again within the reach of Olympia. The appointment of chief physician to Ferdinand, king of the Romans, was offered to her husband's acceptance, but refused from conscientious motives; since he foresaw that in that station it would not be permitted him to profess Christ openly. A similar appointment in the court of the Elector Palatine was for some unknown cause declined; and in the year 1551, Grundler removed his family to Schweinfurt, his native city. Their residence here was in the midst of wars and terrors. Germany was torn in pieces by intestine commotions, in which religion, although made the pretext of strife, was a mere stalking-horse to conceal ambition and revenge. Schweinfurt was occupied by the lawless troops of Albert, marquis of Brandenburg, and after enduring a fourteen months' siege by the troops of the Bishops of Bamberg and Wurtzburgh, the Elector of Saxony, and the Duke of Brunswick, was taken, sacked, and burnt. The sufferings of Olympia and her husband are best described in her own words, in a letter addressed to Caelio Curio.

"Olympia Morata wishes health in Jesus Christ to Caelio Secundo Curio.

"I think it unnecessary to apologise for not having answered the letters you kindly sent me, since this war, by which we have been for fourteen months so harassed, though we happily escaped uninjured, will be a sufficient excuse. No sooner had Albert, marquis of Brandenburg, stationed his army at Schweinfurt, on account of its advantageous situation, than his enemies, who were superior in force, laid siege to the city, and attempted to take it by storm. They continued night and day to batter the walls with their engines; while, on the other hand, we within them were exposed to many injuries from the soldiers of the marquis, so that no one was safe in his own house.

"The troops not being paid their arrears, threatened to indemnify themselves by plundering the citizens, as if they had had any share in their present extremities; and the resources of the city being completely exhausted in supporting so large a garrison, a very grievous disease broke out in consequence, which attacked almost all the inhabitants, occasioning to many the loss of reason from the pain, and carrying off one half of the population. My beloved husband was among the sufferers, so that his life was despaired of; but God, taking pity upon my grief, restored him without the use of medicines—for indeed there were none remaining within the town.

"But one evil is often but the beginning of another; for, after his recovery, we were besieged by a still more numerous army, who threw fire night and day into the city, so that at night you would have thought it all in flames; and we were compelled to take up our abode in a wine-cellar. And when at length the departure of the marquis and his forces by night had given us hopes of a happy termination of the war, no sooner had he withdrawn, than, the very next day, the troops of the bishops and of Nuremberg entered the city, and having pillaged it, set it on fire.

"God, however, delivered us from the midst of the flames, by means of one of the enemies' soldiers, who advised us to quit the city before it should be entirely consumed. We took his advice and departed, plundered of everything, and in such destitution, that we could not carry with us even the smallest piece of money; nay, our clothes were forcibly torn from us in the middle of the street, nor had I anything left to cover me but a linnen shift.

"No sooner had we escaped from the city than my husband was taken prisoner, nor could I by any means procure his ransom. I could only, as I saw him taken from before me, pray to God, with tears and groans unutterable, who was pleased to restore him to me. On quitting Schweinfurt, we knew not whither to go; at length we directed our steps to Hamelburg, which I reached with great difficulty, this little town being three leagues distant from Schweinfurt: its citizens received us very reluctantly, being prohibited from extending to us the least hospitality.

"When I entered this place barefooted, with my hair in disorder, and my gown (which was not even my own, but lent me by a woman) torn, I looked like the queen of the beggars. From the fatigue of the journey, I was seized with a fever, which hung about me during all my further wanderings; for the people of Hamelburg being too apprehensive for themselves to render our longer stay possible, four days after I was obliged, ill as I was, to resume my journey.

"Being compelled, in the course of it, to pass through one of the episcopal towns, my husband was once more made prisoner by the bishop's lieutenant, who told us that he had strict orders from his most merciful master to put to death all who should fly thither from Schweinfurt. You may think, therefore, in what agitation between hope and fear we remained prisoners, until the bishop sent an order to dismiss us; and then at length God was pleased to begin to favour us.

"He first conducted us to the protection of the noble Count of Rhineck, and afterwards to that of the illustrious Count of Erbach, both of whom (who had often hazarded their own fortunes and lives for Christianity) received us frankly, and loaded us with many presents. We remained some time with them until my health was recruited, and my husband admitted to the university of Heidelberg, where he had been appointed professor of medicine."

This letter was written from Heidelberg, on the 25th August, 1554. Here at last the persecuted wanderer found a haven of rest, but it was but for a short season. The exposure to the weather, fatigue, and anxiety she had endured, had shaken her constitution, and laid the seeds of a fatal disease, which terminated her existence within little more than a twelvemonth after taking up her residence at Heidelberg.

The greater part of her writings, and the whole of her valuable library, had perished in the flames of Schweinfurt. The former loss was irreparable, but the latter was quickly replaced by a host of emulous friends; even the very booksellers vied with the rest to do honour to the illustrious lady. Again she occupied herself with her studies and her correspondence; more extracts from which, especially from her beautiful letters to her mother and sisters, we regret that we cannot find room for here. She still attended to the education of her brother, and even added to her cares by undertaking the charge of Theodora, the daughter of her old tutor John Sinapius, whose wife had recently deceased. But a

burning fever consumed her, and she sunk gradually beneath it. The account of her last days we shall give in the words of her husband, in a letter to her adopted father, Coelio Curio.

"It hath pleased the Lord, my most accomplished friend, to fill up the measure of my former afflictions from the ruin of my country, the plunder of my goods, and the loss of nearly all my friends and relatives, by at length depriving me of my beloved wife. While she was yet left to me, the loss of all other things appeared comparatively light; but this calamity, like the huge tenth wave following all the others, has so entirely overwhelmed me, that I can find no possible alleviation to my grief.

"She indeed departed with great eagerness, and (if I may so speak) with a certain pleasure in dying, arising from her firm persuasion that she was called away from daily affliction, and from a world of suffering, to eternal happiness. But alas! I cannot yet derive consolation even from the remembrance of the pleasing and happy life we have passed together. We were united not quite five years; but never have I known a soul so bright and pure, or a disposition so amiable and upright.

"Shall I also mention her singular piety and learning? To you who knew her so well, it were indeed superfluous to praise her; and as it would ill become me to extol what was in truth a part of myself, I leave the pleasing task to others, and especially to men of learning and cultivation like yourself; nor do I doubt that some congenial spirit will grace her obsequies with an appropriate tribute. To this I will also add my tears, when grief will allow me; for there is a kind of sorrow like mine—and it is the greatest of any—in which tears cannot even be shed; but when the mind, wearied and spent by an accumulation of disastrous circumstances, is so sunk down by some final blow as to be absolutely stupified. In this state I at present am, unable for any exertion. Yet, since I am sure it will afford you satisfaction, I will try—though in truth I am scarcely able—to tell you briefly how she died.

"A short time before her death, on awaking from a tranquil sleep into which she had fallen, I observed her smiling very sweetly; and I went near, and asked her whence that heavenly smile proceeded. 'I beheld,' said she, 'just now, when lying quiet, a place filled with the clearest and brightest light.' Weakness prevented her saying more. 'Come,' said I, 'be of good cheer, my dearest wife; you are about to dwell in that beautiful light.' She again smiled and nodded to me, and in a little while said, 'I am all gladness!'—nor did she again speak. All her eyes becoming dim, she said, 'I can scarcely know you, but all places appear to me to be full of the fairest flowers.' Not long after, as if fallen into a sweet slumber, she expired. She died on the 25th of October (1555), at four o'clock in the afternoon, not having yet reached her twenty-ninth year."

Such of her writings as had been preserved were collected and published at Basle, in 1580, by Coelio Curio, with a dedication to Queen Elizabeth. They are various, in Latin, Greek, and Italian, her correspondence forming the most interesting portion; for most of her more important writings—"her golden works," as they were termed by her admirers—perished at Schweinfurt.

Her husband, who had loved her with the most tender devotion, did not long survive her; within the year both he and her brother, so long the object of her care, followed her to the tomb.

Her memory, fondly cherished by all who had known her in life, will be regarded by generations yet to come with respect and regret.

#### VARIETIES IN THE SONG OF BIRDS.

ALL nightingales do not sing equally well. Some are so very inferior as not to be worth keeping. It has even been thought that the song of the nightingale is different in different countries. In England, those who are curious respecting these birds prefer, it is said, those of the county of Surrey to those of Middlesex; as they prefer the greenfinch of Essex and the goldfinch of Kent. This diversity of song among birds of the same species has very rationally been compared to the different dialects of the same language. The true causes can hardly be assigned, as they are for the most part accidental. A nightingale may perhaps have heard other singing birds, or emulation may have caused him to perfect his song, which he thus transmits improved to his descendants,—for every father is the singing-master of his family: and it is easy to perceive that in succeeding generations the song may be still further improved or modified by similar accidents.

*Bechstein's Cage-Birds.*

#### THE PEHUENCHE INDIANS.

THE Pehuenche Indians form one of the tribes inhabiting the uncultivated lands immediately to the south of the province of Buenos Ayres. The following account of their appearance and manners is extracted from a very valuable volume recently published by Sir Woodbine Parish, *chargé d'affaires* at Buenos Ayres, to which we shall have occasion to advert more at large in a subsequent Number.

"In person they are described as fine men, stouter and taller than the inhabitants of the plains, but, like all the Indians of the same stock, in the habit of disgustingly bedaubing and disfiguring their faces with paint. They wear a sort of cloak over their neck and shoulders, with another square cloth fastened round the loins, and, those who can get them, little conical hats bought from the Spaniards, and the same sort of boots as are made by the gauchos of Buenos Ayres from the dried skin of a horse's leg fitted to the foot. The bridles of their horses are beautifully plaited, and often ornamented with silver: spurs of the same material are in great request amongst them, and are eagerly purchased of the Spaniards.

"The women as well as the men paint themselves: their chief ornaments consist of as many gold or silver rings as they can collect upon the fingers, and large ear-rings, resembling both in size and shape a common English brass padlock.

"Their habitations consist of tents made of hides sewn together, which are easily set up and moved from place to place. Their principal food is the flesh of mares and colts, which they prefer to any other; if they add anything in the shape of cakes or bread, it is made from maize and corn obtained from the Spaniards in exchange for salt and cattle, and blankets, of the manufacture of their women, for it is rarely they remain long enough in the same place to sow and reap themselves.

"Their Caciques, or Ulmenes, as they call them, are generally chosen either for their superior valour or wisdom in speech—occasionally, but not always, the honour descends from father to son: they have but little authority in the tribe, except in time of war, when all submit implicitly to their direction.

"They are not, however, entirely without laws and punishments for certain crimes, such as murder, adultery, theft, and witchcraft. Thus he who kills another is condemned to be put to death by the relations of the deceased, or to pay them a suitable compensation. The woman taken in adultery is also punishable with death by her husband, unless her relations can otherwise satisfy him. The thief is obliged to pay for what he is convicted of stealing; and, if he has not the means, his relations must pay for him. As to those accused of witchcraft, they are burnt alive with very little ceremony; and such executions are of frequent occurrence, inasmuch as a man rarely dies a natural death but it is ascribed to the machinations of some one in communication with the evil spirit. The relatives of the deceased, in their lamentations, generally denounce some personal enemy as having brought about his end, and little more is necessary to ensure his condemnation by the whole tribe: sometimes in his agony the unhappy victim names others as his accomplices, and, if the dead man be of any importance amongst them, they too are often sacrificed to his manes in the same barbarous manner.

"As to their religion, they believe in a God, the creator and ruler of all things, though they have no form of worship: they also believe in the influence of an evil spirit, to whom they attribute any ill that befalls them. They consider that God has sent them into the world to do right or wrong as they please; that, when the body perishes, the soul becomes immortal, and flies to a place beyond the seas, where there is an abundance of all things, and where husbands and wives meet, and live happily together again.

"On the occasion of their funerals, that they may want for nothing in the other world to which they have been used in this, their clothing, and accoutrements, and arms, are buried with them; sometimes a stock of provisions is added; and when a cacique is buried, his horses are also slain and stuffed with straw, and set upright over his grave. The interment is conducted with more or less ceremony, according to the rank of the deceased;—if he be a man of weight amongst them, not only his relations, but all the principal persons of the tribe, assemble and hold a great drinking-bout over his grave, at which the more drink, the more honour.

"They have great faith in dreams, especially in those of their ancestors and caciques, to whom they believe they are sent as revelations for the guidance of the tribe on important occasions; and they seldom undertake any affair, either of personal or general

importance, without much consultation with their diviners and old women as to the omens which may have been observed.

"Marriage is an expensive ceremony to the bridegroom, who is obliged to make rich presents, sometimes all he is worth, to the parents of his love, before he obtains their consent. Thus daughters are a source of sure wealth to their parents, whilst those who have only sons are often ruined by the assistance which is required from them on these occasions. Such as can afford it take more wives than one, but the first has always precedence in the household arrangements, and so on in succession.

"When a child is born, it is taken with the mother immediately to the nearest stream, in which after both are bathed, the mother returns to her household duties, and takes part in preparing for the feast that follows.

"In almost all these habits, the Pehuenches appear to follow the Araucanians, of whose manners and customs Molina has given a full account in his History of Chile."

### THE KING AND THE LAIRD.

A TRADITIONAL STORY OF JAMES THE FOURTH OF SCOTLAND.

"The monarch's form was middle size:  
For lack of strength, or exercise,  
Shaped in proportion fair:  
And hazle was his eagle eye,  
And auburn of the darkest dye  
His short curl'd beard and hair.  
Light was his footstep in the dance,  
And firm his stirrup in the lists;  
And, oh! he had that merry glance  
That seldom lady's heart resists.  
Lightly from far to fair he flew,  
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;  
But lightly won, and short lived pain!  
For matches seldom sigh in vain."

MARION.

ABOUT twelve miles south of the ancient town of Stirling there is a glen or strath of great depth and romantic beauty. Its lofty and abruptly rising sides are, or rather were at the period of our story, the beginning of the sixteenth century, covered with wood, excepting where huge masses of grey rock projected here and there through the dense foliage, interrupting its monotony, and adding another striking feature to the wildness and rudeness of the general scene.

Through this glen or strath runs a broad and clear rivulet, whose banks are also thickly wooded, with the exception of two or three intervals that occur at nearly equal distances between the extremities of the ravine.

These intervals are beautiful spots of bright and level green; little natural esplanades, on which it might be supposed the fairies of yore would delight to hold their midnight revels.

They were not fairies, however, though not unlike them in lightness and beauty of form, who occupied one of these little lawns on a certain evening in the middle of June, 1510, but a couple of as pretty and lively girls as might be found in the whole of the "North Country." They were sisters, and were, at the moment to which we refer, busily employed in washing and bleaching linen, a purpose for which the little green plat was admirably adapted.

The girls were of humble rank, the daughters of a small farmer in the neighbourhood. Their names were Mary and Jessie Montgomery.

In their ages there appeared little or no difference, and it could not in reality have exceeded more than a single year. The eldest, Mary, might be about eighteen. The youngest about seventeen. They were both beautiful, though of different styles of beauty; Mary being dark and her sister fair.

These young women were, both, as has been already remarked, of a lively and cheerful disposition; but, on the present occasion, the eldest, for a reason which will shortly appear, was, if not sad, at least thoughtful and unusually sedate. In this mood, however, her light-hearted sister by no means participated. She rattled and sang and splashed away with all the gaiety of a young and guileless heart.

It was while the girls were thus employed, the one with a noisy glee, the other with a manner more composed and deliberate, that they were suddenly startled by the appearance of a horseman on the opposite side of the stream. He had approached close to the bank, and was about to dash into the water with the purpose evidently of crossing to the spot where they were at work, and that he should have thought of doing so was a proof that he did not know that the river was unfordable at any time at that particular place, and still more dangerous at that moment from its being much swollen by recent rains.

On seeing the horseman about to take the stream, the youngest of the sisters ran to the bank, and with a warning manner called on him to stop.

"For what, my pretty maiden?" shouted the horseman, but instinctively obeying the injunction, by checking his steed. "Art afraid I mean to run away with thee?"

"Not in the least afraid of that, sir, while there are so many in the land so much better worth running away with," replied the lively girl, with an ingenuous blush.

"What, then, why should I stop, my little goodspink, eh?"

"Because you'll be drowned if you attempt to cross," replied Jessie. "The water is more than deep enough there to take both you and your horse over the head. You must go down as far as yonder tree," pointing to an isolated ash that hung over the stream about a hundred yards below. "There you may cross safely."

"Thank you, fair maiden, thank you," replied the stranger, with a gracious smile, and with a gallant wave of his hand, as he turned his horse's head towards the bank, having been already a little way into the water, to obey the friendly intimation given him.

The dry land gained, he dashed down the bank, crossed the stream, came up on the opposite side, and, having in the interim dismounted, presented himself to the sisters on foot, leading his horse behind him, having an arm carelessly passed through the bridle for that purpose.

The girls, somewhat alarmed by this marked intrusion, drew to one side of the grass plat, but, after a momentary scrutiny of the stranger, they perceived that there was nothing after all very alarming either in his manner or appearance, and, having made this discovery, they began to feel more at ease.

His dress, or at least the most conspicuous part of it, was a short sucoat of Lincoln green, a plain black-velvet bonnet and feather, and russet boots. He was wholly unarmed, and without ornament or badge of any description, and had, altogether, so far as dress went, at any rate, the appearance of a nobleman's retainer of the better sort, and for such was he taken by the young women to whom he now presented himself.

Having exchanged some words of light banter with the girls, the stranger proceeded deliberately to fasten his horse to a tree with the very manifest intention of favouring them with a pretty lengthened experience of the charms of his society.

The intention made so palpable was soon made still more unequivocal. Having secured his steed, the gallant horseman approached close to the spot where the girls were at work, and, throwing himself down on the grass beside them, quickly involved them in a rattling, lively conversation, interrupted only by the bursts of laughter which the stranger's wit and happy badinage, from time to time, elicited. The girls, in short, were delighted with their visitor. They had not laughed so much for a long while, nor for a long while had they met with so lively and humorous a gallant. Even Mary's serious mood gave way at times before his facetious banter. Yet did not the general gravity of her demeanour escape his notice. Marking it, he fixed his eye steadily upon her for a moment—then said,

"Now, my sweet maiden, I see very plainly that there is something or other troubles that little heart of thine. Pray, now, tell me what it is. I am skilled in the diseases of the heart, and, mayhap, might help thee to a remedy."

Mary blushed, but made no reply. This, however, her sister did for her.

"She's to be married to-morrow, sir," she said, with an arch smile.

"Ah, married!" exclaimed the stranger, "and wherefore sad? Is she not to obtain the man of her choice?"

"Oh! yes, sir," replied Jessie, "but there are some circumstances attending my sister's intended marriage that render it likely that the wedding will not be altogether so peaceful or happy as such an occasion ought to be."

"Indeed! Pray, what are these circumstances, my fair maiden, if I may inquire without being impertinent, which, I assure you, I am far from intending, still further from wishing to be?"

Impressed with the kindness and sincerity of manner with which this was said, the simple and ingenuous girl at once replied.

"Indeed, then, sir, I will tell you the whole truth," and she proceeded to say—That her sister had been courted, and her hand unsuccessfully sought by the landlord of the young farmer to whom she was about to be united. That the latter, who had just begun the world, was in comparatively poor circumstances, and under pecuniary obligations to the former. That the landlord, the laird of Monkton, had threatened that, if the marriage took place, he would instantly pursue young Riddel, the name of Mary's affianced, for the debt he owed him, and have him ejected from his farm. He had further threatened, though less openly, that he would interrupt the marriage festivities by some act of violence and outrage; "and," added Jessie, "he is a man of so unprincipled and vindictive a disposition, that we have no doubt he will keep his word in both cases."

"So, so, and this is the way the matter stands," said the stranger on the girl's concluding her story. "A pretty fellow this laird of Monkton. I have heard something of him before, and not much that was good, but I did not think he would have dared to meditate such a breach of the law as an assault on the king's peaceable subjects under such circumstances as you mention."

"As to turning your sister's husband, that is, husband to be, out of his farm, that he may lawfully do certainly if the farmer owes him arrears of rent, unless the same be forthwith paid. But the threatened attack is a very different thing. He has no law to protect him there."

"No, sir, he has not," replied Jessie, "but it's the weak against the strong. The laird is rich and powerful, and my brother-in-law to be is poor in purse and humble in condition."

"No reason why he should be wronged though," replied the stranger. "But I hope Monkton's bark will be found worse than his bite. I hope he will not attempt the violence, at any rate, which he threatens;" and so saying he rose to his feet. When he had done so,

"Now, my fair maidens," he said, "you must invite me to the wedding to-morrow. I will not be denied. What say you, bride elect? What say you, May? Do you invite me?"

Mary blushed, and replied that she had no objection, and that she believed William would have no objection either.

"None whatever," interrupted Jessie. "Come, sir, and welcome."

"The place?" said the stranger.

"Woodside. See, sir, yonder is the house. My father's house," said the former. And she pointed to a neat and trig-looking farmhouse, nestled in a clump of trees, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from where they stood.

"The hour?" again said the stranger.

"Four of the afternoon."

"Good," replied the former. "I will be punctual." And, having said this, and bade the young women a good e'en, to which he added some of those pleasantries of which he seemed to possess an inexhaustible fund, he mounted his horse, dashed his spurs into his sides, bounded away at the utmost speed of his fiery charger, and almost instantly disappeared round the skirt of an adjoining thicket.

On the following day the house of farmer Montgomery exhibited many marked signs of the approaching festivities of which it was to be the scene. All its inmates were in their holiday dress. There was a total cessation of labour both within and around it; and the outgoers and incomers, all attired also in their best, were numerous and merry of mood.

By-and-by the wedding guests were all assembled, and, conspicuous in the midst of them stood the bride and bridegroom. On the brow of the latter there was, however, despite the occasion, an expression of care and anxiety. The threats of Monkton, although they had not been able to deter poor Riddel from wedding the woman of his heart, had yet had the effect of depressing his spirits, and rendering him uneasy regarding the issue of the day. And in these fears and feelings his young bride partook. As yet, however, no interruptions to the proceedings had taken place, nor had any thing been seen of, or heard from, Monkton.

The wedding feast was now served up, the guests had taken their places around the festive board, and were about to fall on the good things set before them, when their proceedings were interrupted for a moment by the sudden and abrupt entrance of an unknown guest—unknown to all excepting the bride and her sister, and to them only known as the person who had favoured them with his company by the river side on the preceding day; for that person and he who had just entered were the same.

"Rather late, my friends," said the intruder, with a frank and cheerful manner. "Rather late, but better the end of a feast than the beginning of a fray. Now, good folks," he continued, "my invitation here was something of an irregular one, since it was rather sought than given. But I am very sure, judging by the kind looks and merry countenances around me, that I shall not be the less welcome on that account."

The frank bearing and open manner of the unknown instantly secured him assurances of the welcome he anticipated from the assembled friends and kinsmen of the young couple, and from no one were these assurances more cordial than from the bridegroom, who at once guessed him to be the person whom his betrothed and her sister had met with on the preceding day, and of whom they had given him a highly favourable account.

Having renewed his acquaintance with the two latter, and exchanged with them some humorous sallies, appropriate to the occasion, the stranger took his place at the table beside the bridegroom: a situation which he expressed himself particularly desirous to occupy.

Eating and drinking now became the order of the day, and the clattering of knives and forks rose predominant over all other sounds. By-and-by, however, the storm subsided, and with the wine flagons and brandy measures, which shortly took the place of trenchers and pie-dishes, came the calm and comparative stillness with which such storms are usually succeeded.

It was now that the stranger turned his vicinage to the bridegroom to the purpose for which he had desired it. This was whispering to him, so that none else might hear, the inquiry,—whether he had heard anything further from, or of Monkton, and whether he still expected any intrusion from him during the evening.

In the same undertone in which these queries were put, the bridegroom replied, that he had not heard anything further from Monkton. That he did not know whether he would carry his threat of disturbing them into execution, but that he had no doubt whatever that he would immediately eject him from his farm, as he had already commenced proceedings against him.

"Then, what dost intend doing, friend," said the stranger guest, "in the event of Monkton's coming here to night? Are the company aware of the threatened assault by that person?"

"No," replied the bridegroom, "not all of them. I did not choose to alarm them by mentioning it. But there are one or two friends present who do know it, and who, with myself, are prepared to repel any aggression of the kind threatened, although it is very possible, and likely, that Monkton, should he come, will bring a greater number than we shall be able to cope with. However, they shall not get off with whole kins come in what numbers they may."

At this moment the noise of several persons talking loudly, and laughing boisterously, was heard at the door. In the next instant the latter was violently thrust open, and a stout, thickset personage, with an insolent and swaggering air, but dressed as a gentleman, and followed by five or six persons of equivocal rank and character, entered the apartment. It was Monkton and a posse of his friends.

"Riddel, why don't you welcome your landlord and his friends?" said Monkton, whose entrance had been marked with sullen silence.

"You have come here unasked, Monkton," replied the bridegroom, calmly, "and, therefore, need not be surprised that you are unwelcomed."

"Rather churlish, methinks," said Monkton, who was evidently desirous of picking such a quarrel as should furnish him with an opportunity of proceeding to the violence he meditated.

"Rather churlish, methinks. But no matter. Since these graceless folks have not the courtesy to offer us wherewith to drink the healths of the young people, we must e'en help ourselves, I suppose; for we would by no means be balked of that happiness."

Saying this, Monkton seized a flagon of wine, and, having expressed some wishes for the prosperity of the young couple in a strain of mock sincerity, raised it to his lips.

Following the example of their leader, each of his followers, all of whom were armed, did the same thing; no one, as yet, offering to interrupt them, although it was evident from the impatient looks and gestures of those of the bridegroom's friends who had been let into the secret of Monkton's intended visit, and from the burning cheeks and kindled eye of the bridegroom himself, that a scene of violence would instantly ensue.

It was at this critical moment that the stranger guest, who had hitherto in no way interfered, rose to his feet, and, looking sternly at Monkton, said:—

"Laird of Monkton, you appear to me to be both an unbidden and unwelcome guest here, and, seeing this, I expect that you and your followers will instantly retire, and no further interfere with or disturb the party here assembled."

"You expect this, do you, my gallant," exclaimed Monkton, contemptuously, "and, pray, who are you that indulge in such presumptuous expectations?"

"It matters not who I am," replied the stranger, calmly; "since I have only expressed the general sentiment of all here present with the exception of yourself and followers."

"Very good, sir; very good;" said Monkton, with a sneer; "but as my friends and I have come here solely for the purpose of doing all honour to the present most happy occasion, it would, methinks, be but scurvy treatment to turn us to the door, and, to tell you a truth, we have no intention whatever of submitting to such courtesy."

"Then, if you remain, Monkton, I must depart," said the stranger, and he instantly left the table; having previously touched the bridegroom on the shoulder, as a signal for him to step aside with him a moment. The latter did so.

"Now, Riddel," said the former, in a low whisper, "leave this matter in my hands. I will manage it for you much better than you could do yourself. I am going to leave you for a short space; ten minutes or so. I will not be longer, and you must promise me that, let Monkton and his followers do or say what they may, you will not resent it by any violence till I return. Let them have all their own way for that brief space, and, I warrant you, they will not seek to have it longer."

Having said this, and, having obtained a reluctant consent from the bridegroom to bear patiently with Monkton's insolence for the time specified, the unknown guest left the house.

On doing so, he proceeded with quick step to a little knoll, or rising ground, at the distance of about three or four hundred yards, and, having gained the summit, drew out from beneath his surcoat a small bugle horn, turned his face to the westward, raised the horn to his lips, and blew a short but shrill blast that might have been heard at the distance of several miles. Having done this, he replaced the bugle in its concealment, and, without waiting for any result, hurried back to the house, and, re-entering the apartment which he had so recently left, with a smiling countenance said,

"Back again, you see, my friends. So delighted with the society of the laird here," inclining his head to Monkton, "that I could not, after all, tear myself away from him."

"What, dost get insolent, sirrah?" shouted Monkton, starting hastily to his feet, and clapping his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"Patience, patience, my good friend," said the unknown, smiling and patting him on the shoulder, with an ironical deprecation of wrath; his head inclined, at the same time, as if listening for some sound which he expected to hear.

A moment after, the thundering noise of a number of horse in full gallop was heard. It came nearer and nearer. It came close to the house. It suddenly ceased. In the next instant a dozen troopers, or men-at-arms, headed by two or three persons of superior rank, burst in upon the astonished guests, and still more astonished intruders.

"Come away, my friends. Just in time," said the unknown, who partook of none of the surprise of the others. "A minute later, and this gentleman here would, I suppose, have cut my throat. Look to these gallants, my friends," he added, pointing to Monkton's followers. "Show them the way to the door, and let them, thereafter, be safely conducted to Stirling Castle, to abide further proceedings."

No sooner said than done. Each of Monkton's retainers was seized by two men-at-arms, disarmed, and conducted to the door, where they were left in charge of a party of mounted troopers, by whom the house was surrounded.

During this interval Monkton, confounded by the strangeness

of the proceedings passing before him, had said nothing; but at length resuming his usual effrontery of manner,

"I should like much to know," he said, addressing the unknown personage, "who you are, sir, who thus make prisoners of my friends without law or reason?"

"Should you?" replied the latter with a smile. "Well, it is a reasonable curiosity, and it shall be gratified. My Lord Marchbank, come hither," he continued, and now beckoning to one of the gentlemen who headed the men-at-arms, and who, with the others of apparently similar rank, was standing at a respectful distance. "My Lord Marchbank, come hither," he said, "and inform this gentleman who I am."

"Does he not know your grace?" replied the latter, coming forward, smilingly. "This personage, sir," looking to Monkton, "is your king—our gracious and liege sovereign, James Fourth of Scotland."

"Have you ever heard of such a personage before?" said James laughingly, and looking at the confounded and discomfited laird.

"Come now, Monkton," continued James, but now with a more serious countenance, "this has been a bad business; and but for a chance circumstance would, I have no doubt, have been a great deal worse. I am therefore much disposed to send you also to Stirling Castle, as I intended doing by your followers; yet, if you will promise me that you will not, in time to come, in any way disturb or molest young Riddel here, or any one belonging to or connected with him, on his account I will for this time forego all further proceedings against you, and set both you and your followers at liberty."

The promise here exacted, we need hardly say, was at once given. When it had—

"Now, Monkton," said James, "though we would restrain and punish your violence, we would not deny you justice, nor interpose our authority to the injury of your interests. You have lawful claims, I understand, on young Riddel here, for moneys he owes you. Send these claims in to my treasurer, and they will be discharged. Now, my friend, retire, and take your followers along with you. But, mark me, Monkton," added James emphatically, and projecting his forefinger towards the former as he spoke, "if you break the promise you have now made me, expect no second forgiveness at my hands."

On Monkton's leaving the apartment, which he now immediately did, too glad to get off so easily, James took up a goblet of wine, drank prosperity to the young couple, and replacing the vessel on the table, said—

"Now, my friends, that I have settled this matter, I look for my reward; it is but fair and reasonable. I must have a kiss of the bride." Saying this, he approached the blushing fair one, put his lips to her burning cheek, and, as he did so, threw around her neck a chain of massive gold.

"Farewell, then, my friends," now added James, bowing gracefully to the company, who were all standing in respectful deference to the royal presence. "Farewell, bride and bridegroom, know where to look for a friend when one is wanted."

Having said this, the gallant monarch left the apartment, followed by his nobles and guards, flung himself into his saddle,—a horse having been held in waiting for him, and rode off at full speed in the direction of the town of Stirling.

Such is the tradition of one of the many adventures of James the Fourth of Scotland—he who perished at the fatal fight of Flodden.

#### A MODERN BREAKFAST, SERVED UP WITH ANCIENT MAGNULOQUENCE.

WHEN Apollo had left the bed of Thetis, and with his fiery horses was prancing up the eastern hills, we shook off the chains of Sonnaus, and having attired ourselves and performed the usual ablutions, descended into the hall of banquets. The table was covered with the finest looms of Ireland, and spread with a variety of cates well calculated to incite the lazy appetite. Our nostrils were regaled by the grateful steams of the sunburnt berry of Mocha, sent forth from vases formed of the precious metal of Potosi. The repast was rendered more substantial by the gifts of Ceres and of Pallas, and painted vessels of porcelain were filled with the infusion of the Indian leaf, rendered more grateful by the saccharine juices of the American cane, and crowned with rich streams pressed from the milky mother of the herd.

Mrs. Barbauld.

## BIOGRAPHY OF A SPARROW-HAWK.

We once had a pet sparrow-hawk. In a few weeks after he came into our possession, "Harry" became tolerably tame, would take food from the hand, and follow us about, even in the house. Whenever there was meat roasting, he invariably visited the kitchen, although that was by no means his favourite apartment at other times. We fed him upon dead birds, mice, and when these were not to be procured, upon lights and meats, occasionally a live bird was given to him, and then his power over his victim was displayed. The poor little bird, being laid down before him, generally did not at first attempt to stir, but crouched down with its breast close to the ground; after a few minutes it would move, when Harry, who had been standing perfectly still, would give it a pat with his foot, which would make the poor thing passive again. This scene sometimes lasted ten minutes, if two or three persons were standing around; at last Harry would give one instantaneous peck upon the head of the bird, and it was dead. He then commenced his meal, eating always in the same manner, with the utmost neatness and nicety, and leaving only the strong quills of the wings and tail. It was at first a matter of considerable anxiety to us whether the poor little bird was really dead before the hawk began to eat it, but this we ascertained fully, and therefore the seeing him eat it was merely disagreeable; too disagreeable indeed to be frequently contemplated, notwithstanding the exquisite grace with which our bright-eyed pet used his talons. One of Harry's favourite haunts was under a large Portugal laurel, beneath which nothing would grow, so thick was it close to the ground; but it was the resort of an immense number of birds, many of whom built their nests in it. We were quite sure that a bird of Harry's sense would not pass hours under this tree without reaping some profit; hawks generally perch as high as possible; and his favourite place of repose was upon the topmost branch of a large willow, where he swung with the breeze, much to our admiration and envy; we therefore were curious to ascertain the cause which attracted him to the bare earth under the laurel, and we concluded that he now and then caught a young nestling which fell from the nest. Still we were not satisfied, as we found that he took his station there as usual during the whole summer, long after the young birds had flown away from him; and at last we discovered under a plant near the laurel, the wing and tail feathers of a full-grown bird, evidently the remains of Harry's repast. How did he catch this bird! was the question eagerly asked among us: we watched, but we never saw him stir from the one spot; and remembering the rattle-snake, we concluded that he fascinated his prey. His wing was closely clipped, and therefore he could not dash upon the birds; and the supposition which was advanced, that they fell out of their nests while asleep, was at once declared impossible: it must have been fascination; and the imperturbable stillness of the hawk while watching, so contrary to his habit at other times of hopping away when any one approached him, confirmed us in our idea. Harry was a delightful creature; he never attempted to touch a young chicken or duck, but used to strut about the yard where the poultry were kept, entirely unregarded and unfeared. He, however, waged deadly war against a dog which was kept in a kennel; perching upon the edge of the pan which contained the dog's food, eating but little himself, but entirely preventing the dog from eating. During a severe winter Harry slept in the pigeon-house; he used to walk in with the pigeons at night, and come out with them when the door of the trap was let down in the morning; although we had a numerous flock of young and old birds, we never missed one. The most interesting circumstance relating to Harry was his fondness for music. For a long time we wondered why he used to perch upon the top of a hand-glass, when our piano-forte was in use, sometimes attempting to rest upon the window-sill, and at length coming quite into the room; one of the young people in sport brought him and placed him upon the edge of the instrument one day, more for the sake of seeing him ruffle his feathers than in any expectation of giving him pleasure; he stood there for a considerable time, apparently entranced in delight, and we had some difficulty in removing him. After this, he frequently perched upon the instrument, or upon the handle of a work-basket, to hear the "concord of sweet sounds." Our pigeons, although accustomed to the greatest degree of familiarity with us, were tasteless creatures, evidently having no ear for music; for they always marched out of the room when the piano-forte was in use. Now serpents are readily acted upon by music, and it would be worth the inquiry to ascertain whether other animals, which are said to possess the power of fascination, are affected by

harmony. As far as our own experience goes, we should say that cats are not, but that perhaps dogs are; we say perhaps, because our own dogs having been, like the rest of our menagerie pets, loving and beloved, we can scarcely say whether the sound of our music was additional attraction to them; it certainly never so visibly affected them as it did Harry. Poor fellow! the servant found him early one morning drowned in the water-but. Many tears were shed for his death; we had lost a friend, and a beautiful one too; it was delightful to look into his bright eyes, and fancy that we could read their sense and feeling,—he had both.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A RAMBLE IN NORTH WALES.

CONTINUED.

ON leaving Capel Curig, we took the way towards Bangor, pursuing the Holyhead Road, which led us along the southern shore of Lake Ogwen; and thence through the almost terrifically wild pass of Nant Frangon, or *Valc of the Beavers*—so called from having in former days been the resort of those animals. The river Ogwen, bursting from the lake in a broken cataract two hundred feet in height, pursues its way through the pass, and joins the sea at Bangor. The falls cannot be seen from the road, but a scramble among the rocks, heaped together in the wildest confusion, brings the adventurous wanderer to the foot of the lowest fall, where the whole body of the stream falls in one sheet of foam over an unbroken rock. The middle fall is walled in by two perpendicular rocks, and is reached with some difficulty; and the upper, where the river pours from the lake, is not so precipitous or striking as the lower ones. But the whole scene well repays the trouble of a scramble. There is a desolate grandeur in these bleak and broken rocks, and the eternal flow of the vexed waters, that produces a strange and almost awful impression on the mind. We feel that a page in the history of this earth is open before us, and that can never be contemplated without humbling the pride of man, and increasing our veneration for the great Creator.

Returning to the road, we walked onwards down the pass, stopping to turn each moment to contemplate the changing scene. Bare crags and mountains, broken and shattered by the storms of ages, hemmed us in on every side; and, far below, the river roared and struggled in its rocky bed. The aspect of the mountains at the head of the valley, which apparently clove it up, and forbid all exit from its barren precincts, is singularly imposing; the depth of the dark shadows on their sides gives them the appearance of the black jaws of unfathomable caverns, the retreats of terrible beings, not of this world, who, flying from the abodes of men, seek these dreadful solitudes to work unseen their deeds of darkness. Well may that dark hollow be termed the Devil's Kitchen. Murder, too, has stalked amid these wilds, and stretched his bloody hands towards these rocks, where the young prince lay bleeding. The spot still bears the name of the unfortunate Idwal, who, overtaken by a treacherous enemy on the mountain side, just above the falls of the river, fell by the hand of the assassin. We hastened on, and as we proceeded the rocks gradually decreased in height and wildness, until, at the end of about four miles, the valley terminated at Tyn-y-Macs.

About a mile further is Ogwen Bank, a cottage *ornée*, built by the late Lady Penrhyn. Following the fashion and the Guide-book, we visited it, but found little to repay the trouble. There is nothing of interest in the house, which is small and unpretending in all things, except an attempt at Gothic architecture, which is a signal failure. At the time we visited it, it was neglected and out of order; circumstances that certainly did not tend to its advantage. The rocky walks in the surrounding grounds are pleasing; but the sight most to be admired is the extensive slate-quarry in the high lands immediately opposite the windows. The

whole face of the rock is cut into terraces, and hundreds of labourers were busy in excavating the large blocks and tables of slate. The extended use which has of late years been made of this material, has been of infinite service to Wales. Barren mountains, that did not even produce herbage sufficient to feed a goat, have become mines of wealth; their proprietors have become rich, the peasants have found profitable employment, and the whole country has benefited. It may seem strange that Lady Penrhyn should prefer a slate-quarry as the immediate scene from her drawing-room window; but when we consider that it was the property of the family and the chief source of their revenue, we at once pronounce that she could not have done more wisely. The scene itself, too, though certainly the reverse of romantic, is by no means disagreeable object, but, on the contrary, is exceedingly picturesque.

Between Ogwen Bank and Bangor, the road leads close by another set of very extensive slate-quarries, which we visited, and inspected all the operations, from blasting the rocks and extricating large masses, to sawing them into slabs, and cutting them into chimney-pieces, tombstones, &c. &c. Slate is now made use of for many of the purposes for which lead and stone were formerly used, and its cheapness and solidity render it a very excellent substitute. Its use in dairies, for instance, is quickly superseding that of lead for receptacles for standing milk; and were that the only benefit that has been derived from its adoption, it would have been sufficient to have entitled the originator of the invention to the gratitude of posterity. We would by all means recommend a visit to the slate-works to all travellers who pass within their reach.

We took up our quarters at Bangor, at the Penrhyn Arms, a noble inn, where upwards of a hundred beds are made up nightly during the season. Many of the inns, indeed, are remarkable for their excellent appointments. The number of tourists who traverse the country in the summer and autumn months is so great, as to render it worth while to provide extensive accommodation for them; and it is no unusual thing to meet with inns of a character which is expected only in large and flourishing towns, standing alone in the midst of desert wastes. Such are those at Carnioe and Dolbadern; the latter erected solely for the accommodation of travellers who ascend Snowdon from the Llanberis side. The contrast between their summer bustle and their winter solitude must be very dreary to their inmates. The very servants, being engaged only for the season, quit the house at its conclusion, and leave the desolate housekeepers to an unbroken tranquillity, till the snow disappearing from the summits of the mountains, gives warning that the roads will be again covered by pleasure-seeking travellers. How they contrived to pass the time during this season of seclusion, we could not precisely learn; but we at length came to the conclusion that, like the dormice, they slept through the winter, only creeping down to the larder now and then on a sunny day.

Our time being limited, we were unable to explore the Isle of Anglesea, which contains many objects of interest, particularly druidical remains, and were consequently obliged to content ourselves with visiting Beaumaris, and thence walking back by the side of the Menai Strait, to view the wonderful and magnificent bridge that crosses it. Taking a boat at Bangor, we were soon wafted across the channel to Beaumaris, where the castle, which is situated close by the water, was the first object of our attention. It is now quite dismantled, and the roof and floors are destroyed. The massive walls are still perfect, and the hall and chapel are yet to be distinguished. The main body of the castle stands in an area surrounded by exterior walls and defences, whose grass-grown top affords an agreeable walk commanding a pleasant prospect; but

neither the architecture nor arrangement of the buildings offers anything remarkable for the hunter of the picturesque; so we left the castle and went to the church, where we were attended by the clerk, who astonished us by his classic lore, and expounded the ancient Latin inscriptions, of which there are several, like any learned professor. The church itself has no beauty to recommend it, but it is adorned by two pieces of sculpture, which are worthy of attention. One is erected to the memory of the late Lord Bulkeley, and is from the chisel of Westmacott; the other, which is very beautiful in design, though rather inferior in execution, is to the memory of the wife of the present Mr. Bulkeley, who died at the age of twenty-three. It is a kneeling figure looking upwards, the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," being inscribed below. The statue is placed in the middle of the chancel facing the altar; the attitude, expression, and situation of the figure, all combine to produce a very impressive effect.

A beautiful road, embowered in luxuriant wood, three miles in extent, leading by the side of the Menai Strait, of which constant glimpses are obtained between the openings of the trees, led us to the far-famed suspension bridge. We spent a considerable time in examining this noble structure, and were conducted into a low-browed cavern, to inspect the mode in which the chains are secured in the solid rock; and, on ascending to the toll-house, we were shown a model in which all the parts are very clearly exhibited; but as the Menai bridge has so repeatedly been minutely described, we will here spare our readers from mere repetition. We, however, left the bridge with the feeling that no description can do full justice to it.

An evening stroll of five miles along the shores of the Menai Strait brought us to the little village of Aber, where we found very good accommodation, and in the morning were supplied with a breakfast of unexampled excellence. When first we beheld the table covered with the ordinary appurtenances, and garnished with cold beef and ham, we seated ourselves well-pleased and satisfied with what we saw before us; but no sooner had we poured out the first cup of coffee, than we were overwhelmed with an uninterrupted stream of good things,—huge plates of fried ham, dry toast, luttared toast, and fresh-baked rolls, succeeded each other with marvellous celerity, nor were eggs and honey wanting; but when the whole was crowned by collops of broiled salmon caught that morning, we sat speechless with admiration. That breakfast has dwelt in our memory;—when we reflect on it, our mind is filled with profound reflections on the excellence of good cheer; but it is more particularly impressed by the recollection of the satisfaction with which we leaned back in our chair, and contemplated the bare bones with which our plate was loaded at the conclusion of the feast. It was an imposing scene.

We made an excursion from this place up a wild mountain-glen, about two miles in extent, to view the Rhaiadyr Mawr, or the Great Cataract, where a mountain-stream falls precipitously down a cliff about eighty feet in height, into the valley below, through which it afterwards pursues its way. A good deal of rain having lately fallen, the stream was full, and the fall had a very fine effect; its white spray contrasting finely with the gray slate-rocks, worn and discoloured with the winter storms and frosts, which are constantly separating huge fragments, and leave the sides and summits of the hills bare, desolate, and craggy. In that cold valley it seems as if nature were blighted, and nothing kindly could take root. The very trees are stunted, and seem as if they drew no nourishment from the waters they overhang.

Returning down the valley, we visited an artificial mound, on which some relics of a castle, once the residence of Llewelyn Gryffydd, the last of the native chieftains of Wales, are still visible, and from this place a hill is pointed out, which it is said was once the scene of the vengeance he took upon his wife's paramour. The story runs, that Lord William de Breos, an English baron, being taken prisoner by Llewelyn, was confined in this castle, until he should be ransomed; and, according to the usual practice towards prisoners from whom ransoms were expected, was treated with all

the hospitality due to a guest. De Breos made use of the opportunities he enjoyed to seduce the affections of the wife of his entertainer; but the circumstance was concealed from Llewelyn, till De Breos was ransomed and had returned home. Some time afterwards, Llewelyn became aware of his dishonour, and determined to be revenged. Feigning a continued friendship, he invited De Breos to visit him as a guest, a request with which the false knight was but too eager to comply; but no sooner was he in the power of Llewelyn, than he was seized and hung without any ceremony, on a gallows erected for the purpose, within sight of the windows of the castle. That morning the chief bard of the king's household, always a person of great trust and authority among the Welch, entered the apartment where, since the discovery of her shame, the unhappy princess had been confined, and addressed her in a distich which has been preserved to this day, and which in English runs thus:—

"Lovely Lady of Llewelyn,  
What would you give to see your Gwyllim (William)?"

She, thinking she spied a ray of hope in the countenance of the aged messenger, and that he had a mission from her paramour, instantly replied in the same rhyming manner:—

"England, Wales, and Llewelyn,  
Would I give to see my Gwyllim."

The bard silently led her to the great hall, and, pointing to the window, showed her her lover's body swinging on the gallows-tree. The tradition does not relate the subsequent fate of the lady, but it is supposed she died in confinement.

From Aber we proceeded (nine miles and a quarter) to Conway. The road skirts the base of the mighty Penmaen-mawr, the *Great End-stone*, the end of the range of which Snowdon forms a portion, and thence is termed the Snowdonian country. This line of mountains, commencing with Penmaen-mawr, extends about forty miles, nearly following the line of the coast, and terminates in the Reipel,—a triple-peaked mountain, whose base stretches down towards Caernarvon. The road beneath the Penmaen-mawr is of recent formation; the former communication was both difficult and dangerous, and although it was improved in the latter part of last century, it did not attain its present perfection till 1827, when it was completed under the superintendance of Mr. Telford. It is, in fact, a great stone gallery, hewn out of the solid rock, and overlooking the sea, which washes the foot of the mountain.

The castle is the chief point of interest in Conway, but it is worth the whole journey to inspect it. There is, to any one who takes the least interest in the relics of antiquity, infinite pleasure in examining such ruins, and becoming by their means familiar, as it were, with the dwellings and manners of our ancestors. The actual inspection of their buildings of defence is necessary fully to understand all the passages of their history;—the conduct and manœuvres of their armies cannot be explained without reference to a mode of defence and fortification now wholly antiquated. But setting these considerations (which lend a double interest) aside, the beauty of the architecture and the skilful arrangement of the masses of which the building is made up, are so remarkable in Conway and its sister castle, that of Caernarvon, as to delight all who view it only with the eyes of the painter, or the mere hunter of the picturesque. We do not here attempt a description of it;—a bare account of the length and breadth of the walls, and the height of the towers, &c. &c., is always tame and uninteresting; a description of buildings can seldom be properly estimated unless illustrated by drawings, and Conway Castle has so often been pictorially represented as in some measure to be familiar to most people. One part of the castle, an oratory or chapel adjoining the Queen's Tower, (so called from having formerly contained the apartments allotted to Queen Eleanor when she made the castle her residence,) is remarkably beautiful, and, although the sculpture is sorely defaced, traces of singular elegance yet remain. It opens from what was once a grand circular apartment, occupying the whole area of a large round tower; but the floor is fallen, and

it is only by a scramble that the chapel, built in the wall of a buttress, can be reached; but the prospect from the windows looking out upon the river Conway, well repays the trouble. On each side are curious confessionals, separated from the body of the chapel, but communicating with it by narrow windows, through which the royal penitent whispered her transgressions.

The suspension bridge, which connects the two banks of the Conway, and has been so contrived as almost to wear the appearance of the drawbridge of the castle, is a beautiful object seen from any point of view. The church also contains several objects of interest, among them an inscription to the memory of one Mr. Nicholas Hooke, who is there celebrated as the forty-first child of his father by Alice his wife, and himself father of twenty-seven children. We meditated and thought what an acquisition such a man would be in a new colony. But he is dead; and shall we ever see the like of him, or of the venerable Alice, again? After spending a whole evening and morning in Conway, we proceeded up the beautiful valley which takes its name from the river Conway, which flows through it to Llanwrst, twelve miles, visiting in our way the falls of Dolgarrog, which lie a little out of the road, but are well worth visiting, being altogether the most romantically picturesque we met with in any of our excursions. The path to them leads up from some water-mills, bearing the name of Trefiey, on the roadside about eight miles from Conway, worked by the waters of the stream that constitute the fall.

The church at Llanwrst contains some fine old brass inscriptions, and some curious Welch monuments, and is very well worthy of inspection; but we feel that in our wanderings we are becoming too loquacious, and fear to weary our readers with too many dry details. Our ears were greeted on our entry into the town by the loud peal of the bells, but, as the authorities did not wait upon us with complimentary addresses, our modesty would not admit us to suppose that the greeting was meant for us; so we sent to inquire, and heard that they were ringing "Because Mr. Mostyn's 'Queen of Trumps' had won the great St. Leger, and a barrel of beer was tapped in the market-place." We were not inclined to partake of this hospitality, and sought repose.

From Llanwrst we proceeded across the country once more to Capel Curig, thence, by the pass of Llanberis, to Dolbadern, and on to Caernarvon, and thence to Beddgelert, from which point we made the ascent and complete tour of Snowdon. Our space will not allow us to pursue our course more fully in the present number, for we have already exceeded the limits we at first proposed to ourselves. In our next paper we will conclude the relation of our achievements and adventures; in the meantime taking leave of our readers with the earnest exhortation, if they possess time and means, to do as we did, and we will answer for it that they will never regret it. The pleasure, the independence of walking, when once a beginning is made, is indescribable. It is particularly so to those who, like ourselves, were very little accustomed to it. A latent, but unsuspected power, is developed, and you find yourself exulting in an increase of bodily stamina which powerfully affects the mind. The pure draughts of free mountain air, too, invigorate the system, and years after his task is done the bold pedestrian feels the benefit of his walks in Wales.

#### JUST THE THING.

THE Americans delight in the hyperbole; in fact, they hardly have a metaphor without it. During the crash, when every day fifteen or twenty merchants' names appeared in the newspapers as bankrupts, one party, not in a very good humour, was hastening down Broadway, when he was run against by another, whose temper was equally unamiable. This collision roused the choler of both. "What the devil do you mean, sir?" cried one: "I've a great mind to knock you into the middle of next week." This occurring on a Saturday, the wrath of the other was checked by the recollection of how very favourable such a blow would be to his present circumstances. "Will you? By heavens, then pray do; it's just the thing I want: for how else I am to get over next Monday, and the acceptances I must take up, is more than I can tell."—*Marryall's Diary in America.*



## THE CONFESSIONS OF A PRINTER'S READER.

"Why hath not man a microscopic eye?  
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly."—POPE.

[To such of our readers as are unacquainted with the mysteries of the printing-house, the following Confessions of a Printer's Reader may appear curious, and perhaps prove entertaining. They are the genuine groans of one of the fraternity, and not the imaginary sighs of a mere spectator of their toils.]

I AM an unworthy member of a body of men, of the greatest use to the public, who spend their time and lose their temper in its service, for little pay; and yet that so obliged public is ignorant even of their existence. It is full time they did know them, and it is to that end principally I now set down these my Confessions.

I am, then, a PRINTER'S READER.

The public will please to be informed, that journeymen compositors, in putting the copy of authors into type, are often very careless, and hence arise innumerable errors and mis-prints; inasmuch that, were some works to meet the general eye in their earlier stage towards publication, no mortal could tell what the author was driving at. Here our labours commence: we suggest, and, if need be, enforce, the requisite alterations. These are marked on the margin of each page, and in that state the impressions are technically called *proofs*, or, to speak more quaintly, *foul sheets*, of which foul sheets we are, as one may say, the *wachmeister*. The examination of the proof sheets is paid for by the master; but the *corrections* are done by the men, at their own proper cost.

As an unreasonable dislike to *correction* is, somehow or other, implanted in us all by nature, we thus become obnoxious to these compositors, who hold us in rigid anathema; and even our mutual employers, for reasons too many to state, distrust us exceedingly. Being thus hated by one party, and suspected by the other, between the two stools the catastrophe of the proverb is not unfrequently brought about. But, it may be reasonably asked, how can any man expect to be beloved, whose whole bent and calling it is to find faults? Giving up, then, as desperate all hope of conciliating either of these parties, my present intention is (besides ridding my mind of the load of various matters that at present press heavily upon it), to appeal against the injustice of a third party—namely authors; from whom our wrongs are great and manifold; at the same time respectfully begging mankind to sit as umpire in this great cause.

What, although we are the *drudges* of the press? (being as closely attached slaves thereto as were the fabled genn to the ring of Aladdin), we are also, in some sort, its guardians; and authors should be grateful to us therefor; but never do they acknowledge the great things we do for them, or make any the least mention of us in their works—excepting, indeed, when we are called upon for reprehension, and certain blunders of their own they find it convenient to denominate "errors of the press;" the which assertions we are furthermore obliged to print as true, well knowing them to be false.

The same men, who treat us with galling and undeserved contempt in public, oppress us with a grinding tyranny in private. Many and many are the mistakes I have amended in their copy myself, and I have guided their correcting pens to myriads of others by shrewd and judicious *queries*: yea, often have I supplied members to crippled sentences, and made verses to run smooth and easy, which whilom could not even crawl.

What Dr. Johnson said of the lexicographer suits our hard case to a tittle—"He can have no rational expectation of gaining the applause of mankind—he must be content if he escape their censure." But do we enjoy even this negative blessing? No, verily. We are poor "word-catchers, who live on syllables," and should be mercifully intreated; but so far is that from being the case, that whenever authors discover in their proof-sheets any, even the smallest, slip of our harassed eyes, they write the bitterest notes possible to our masters, abusing us out of all measure; and the latter, ever ready to join in putting foot upon our necks, come in upon us scowlingly, decument in hand, and threatening, like Banquo's ghost, "to push us from our stools."

We are a sort of candle-snuffers in the great theatre of literature; and as careful candle-snuffing (it is allowed) very much promotes the success of a new dramatic piece, especially if the author's plot be a dark one; even so do our patient and laudable (though minute) labours illustrate and enhance the value of every book.

Nevertheless, as we are all matter-of-fact men, and great only

in little things, there grows upon us in time an opaqueness of intellect—a nearness of mental vision, very unfavourable to the understanding of macroform objects, or multiply matters, and very possibly we may sometimes pester authors with unnecessary doubts and scruples. A man who holds spangles continually to his eyes, may come to consider them as so many millstones; and your entomologist, or insect-hunter, looks upon a flea as an animal no ways inferior to an elephant. I have here shadowed forth our nature; but what I was going to say was this—It happened the other day, that in the discharge of the duty of mine office, I had to send to an author some pages of a learned treatise of his now printing at our house. A passage or two therein struck me as being obscure (although, as I have since been informed, they were plain enough), and I honestly told him that I did not "understand" them; at the same time, recommending some nonsense-creating substitutions. But he spurned at my good intent; as all men who read his testy note in reply may see: "If Heaven, for reasons best known to itself, deny any man common *understanding*, am I obliged to supply the defect?" Here was a cruel cut.

But let not the enemy triumph. Their contempt for us is returned upon them fourfold. No reader of any standing admires any living writer whatsoever! We consider ourselves as being far superior to them as cobblers are to shoe-makers; inasmuch as, though they *make*, we *mend*. And as no man ever appeared great to his valet-de-chambre, so even the most successful authors are of no account in the eyes of their printers' readers. We see them in undress—we spy the nakedness of the land. We mark where they fix the rotten planks of their building—we note the pilfered materials. We cannot help observing the beggarly patchwork—the man-of-Thessaly-like scratching out and then scratching in again—the weighing of words and phrases in mental scales—the doubt, the hesitation, the rejection. Hence our contempt. "Fools and children should never see half-finished work," says the adage; and our natural narrowness of perception, it may be, is much increased by having to do with literature in small morsels only. A chemical drop of good wine tickles the palate no more than the same amount of pure spring water.

Dr. Johnson once remarked at table, "Sir, there are some men with souls as narrow as the neck of that vinegar-cruet." An ill-natured comrade of mine once observed, "I think he had us in his mind when he said so; for, whilst a general reader is scrutinising the arguments and style of an author, pointing out here a defective syllogism, and there a mixed metaphor, all this while we are deploring the hapless fate of a decapitated letter *i*, or fretting ourselves to death on the subject of an inverted *s*." Alas! I fear there was, mixed with this man's spite, some truth in the splenetic remark; for I have myself, many a time, waxed red-hot in argumentation with my fellow-readers, the point at issue being the preference or rejection of a comma for a semicolon; and have passed more than one sleepless night, delirious and distracted, on a question of capital letters. Moliere's Aristotelian Philosopher, who almost lost his wits because some one said "*shape* of the hat" instead of "*form* of the hat," was but a type of us. While the minds of men of taste are carried away by the tide of an author's eloquence, or are drawn in by the current of his style, we pursue our little task unmoved, which is to see that the points (the stepping-stones in this figurative stream) are placed *secundum artem*. Poetry we know by the lines having ragged endings, and wit we have no idea of, unless its presence be indicated by a use of the italic character. We observe, with feelings of anguish, a universal degeneracy in the mode of spelling a word, as *enquire* for *inquire*, and we ardently wish to reform the *monstrous* abuse; but we shrink from the undertaking with a sigh, as not thinking the minds of men fully ripe for so *great* a change\*.

\* There is a cruel tradition in our business, that there was once a reader—hanged! but I do not believe in it myself. In the first and last place, we are remarkable for poverty of spirit, and have none of us the requisite vigour—not to say vice—that impels men to gallows-worthy actions. But, to continue: it seems to have been an ancient practice in Newgate for the ordinaries there to cause felons to get by heart certain parts of our Prayer-book, by way of entitling them to salvation: which custom is no doubt founded on the consideration that heaven is a great academy, and the Deity a rigid schoolmaster. They say, then, that this unfortunate reader, being on his way to Tyburn, cut-exalted, with *stock* *repo*-beight, and poring over his lesson, unluckily fell upon a misprint in one of the prayers. The reverend gentleman had thought him to be, from his continued attention, profitably employed: judge, then, his discomposure, when the absurd culprit called out triumphantly, "Wonderful! an error, by —!"

Not thinking a story, so scandalous, and so unlikely to be true, worthy a place in my text, I have degraded it into the form of a note.

When any one becomes to us an enemy declared, we exclaim, "Confound the villain! I could almost misspell his name for him!" We imagine treason against a great poet in our hearts, and by the overt act of writing his respected name thus, "John Milton," without the adornment of large initials—imagine we have drawn upon him the utter contempt of mankind, and hurled him for ever from his literary throne.

It often falls out, that in our official capacity we do business of a very contradictory kind in one and the same day. I shall take the liberty to verify the general remark by a particular instance. In a neighbouring printing-house, some years ago, there were going on peaceably together a couple of books, from the pen of as many eminent men, the nature of each being as much opposed to the other as day is to night; yet the operative part was done by the same hands, with the same types. One was by the Rev. Mr. Belsham, the celebrated Unitarian, and crying up St. Paul to the utmost, making him out to be the greatest of all the apostles\*; the other, by Jeremy Bentham; the purport of his work, on the other hand, being to show that that saint was in reality no saint, but, on the contrary, an arrant pick-pocket.†

It sometimes happens, too, that in the forenoon we shall be correcting and forwarding for press the light sheets of a warm novel, an heretical discourse, or even a loose poem; while, in the afternoon, we are all hands at work on the substantial and edifying pages of a grave Bible Commentary. Here there is a just equipoise preserved; but what have we to reconcile us to our fate, when there is put into our hands a severe review of some dull friend's first production (our brother's or even our father's it may be), with orders to use great expedition in getting the said critique forward? Is this "backing a friend," or any ways aiding him to unbrush his farthing candle? So far from that, it is, in a sense, preparing a wet blanket for the express purpose of damping the fire of his honest ambition, and helping the ruthless reviewer to put it on.

"But worse remains behind." We are, not seldom, so far degraded as to have to correct the vile trash of some bepuffed impostor, who writes and prints, and prints and writes, yet cannot even spell anything near the mark.

This is, indeed, a deep abasement; not to mention that it goes so against one's conscience to become a partner (however unwilling) in the guilt of a man who robs the public of the labour of his hands—one who fattens by the community, while he misinforms its mind and depraves its taste.

I have as yet confined myself to an exposition of our minds; but in persons we are altogether exemplary, and do indeed come up to the paradoxical pattern of the newspapers, being at once both "steady and active." I was ever in my own habits regular, and punctual to a second in my movements; insomuch that there was once a facetious author of our street who went so far as to say that the parish-clock regulated itself by my outgoings and incomings; and that the (now deposed) giants of St. Dunstan's would never by any means strike the hour until they were sure I had passed them on my way to dinner. But I did even let him jibe on—"they laugh who will." The regularity of my diurnal habitudes which attracted the attention of this taunting wit, were noticed by my master while I was yet only a journeyman; and this (men having very curious and not-to-be anticipated reasons for their partialities sometimes) was the first occasion of my exaltation to my present high dignity.

I stated, at the outset, that we were liked neither by master nor man; as a natural consequence, it follows that we are shunned by both. This is mortifying enough certainly, but we only cling the closer to each other; and a very strict intimacy, for example, subsists between myself and the plodding, pains-taking, owl-faced gentleman who sits on the other side of my desk. We are seen so much together, that some have therefrom taken occasion to compare us to Castor and Pollux; others, again, to Pylades and Orestes; but the flouting compositors, not so complimentary, being *men of (single) letters*, have likened us to the *g* and *u*, seeing that, if you meet with the former, the latter cannot be far off. And I must honestly admit that we two do together form a kind of living diphthong.

I had intended to give some account of the appearance and gait of us readers (for we are, like the Jews, a peculiar people), that we might be recognised, if met with in the public ways, and receive those tokens of general respect which (no doubt) every one will (after this) be anxious to pay us; but when I look back on the

amount already written, I am frightened, positively never having strung together so many sentences before; and I think I had better wait for further instructions from my brethren before going deeper into the matter. I should not wonder, even, that some of their number will be angry with me on account of the great candour I have shown in these my Confessions; but really there is no pleasing everybody, and all will surely admit that I have done good service in a righteous cause, by placing in a strong light the particulars of our quarrel with the common enemy—the scornful authors. As for the public generally, it cannot choose but feel obliged to me for turning up to its inspection a hidden page of human nature, and showing plainly that THERE REALLY ARE such people in the world as Printers' Readers.

#### THE CONDOR OF SOUTH AMERICA.

*Vultur gryphus.*—LINN.

THIS name, by which the great vulture of the Andes is popularly known, is formed by a mispronunciation of the Indian name *Runter*, which, according to Humboldt, is derived from another word in the language of the Incas, signifying to *smell well*. The species is distinguished by the following characters:—The bill is elongated, and straight at the base; the upper mandible is covered to the middle by the cere; the nostrils are nasal, approximate, oval, pervious, and naked; the tongue is canaliculate, with serrated edges; the head is elongated, depressed, and fagous; the tarsus rather slender; the lateral toes equal; the middle toe is much the longest, the inner free, and the hind one shortest; the first primary is rather short, the third and fourth are longest.

It is among the obligations which modern science owes to the great naturalist Humboldt, that he has rescued the gigantic condor from the cloudy realms of fiction and exaggeration, and given it a habitation in the smiling land of truth. The wonders of nature are so patiently investigated and so accurately described in this enlightened age, that we know not from what unknown clime future romancers can draw their fabulous portraits. The griffins of Central Asia, the roc of Sindbad, even the "vegetable lamb" of Dr. Darwin, are now made clear even to the meanest capacity. We claim acquaintance with animals which inhabited the earth before man was, and we talk familiarly of systems of worlds whose existence can be surmised by analogy only: nothing is a marvel to us; and indeed no bound can be placed to the inquiry of man in all that regards his material position or existence. It is right that he should exercise to the utmost the powers given to him by the Almighty; but there is danger that, while scrutinising and successfully elucidating, by the application of his reason, the wonders of nature, he should think more highly of his own abilities and acquirements than is becoming a mere atom in creation. This is the danger of the present age; we understand so much, that we do not consider anything as beyond our comprehension: all is matter of fact, and whatever is not tangible is discountenanced as useless. So let it be; Imagination will avenge herself one day. We have wandered from the condor, led astray by the recollection of the delight and wonder which Sindbad afforded our childhood.

"Upon a chain of mountains, whose summits, lifted far above the highest clouds, are robed in snow coeval with creation, we find a race of birds, whose magnitude and weight, compared with others of the feathered kind, is in something like the proportion of their huge domiciles to earth's ordinary elevations. Above all animal life, and at the extreme limit of even Alpine vegetation, these birds prefer to dwell, inhaling an air too highly rarified to be endured, unless by creatures expressly adapted thereto. From such immense elevations they soar still more sublimely, upwards into the dark blue heavens, until their great bulk diminishes to a scarcely perceptible speck, or is lost to the aching sight of the observer. In these pure fields of ether, unvisited even by the thunder-cloud—regions which may be regarded as his own exclusive domain—the condor delights to sail, and with piercing glance surveys the surface of the earth, towards which he never stoops his wing, unless at the call of hunger. Surely this power to wait and sustain himself in the loftiest regions of the air, his ability to endure uninjured the exceeding cold attendant on such remoteness from the earth, and to breathe with ease in an atmosphere of such extreme rarity, together with the keenness of sight that from such

\* Epistles of Paul, translated. 8vo. 1822.

† Not Paul, but Jesus. 8vo. 1822.

vast heights can minutely scan the objects below, are sufficiently admirable to entitle the condor to our attention, though we no longer regard it as a prodigy, or as standing altogether solitary in the scale of creation."

Humboldt has shown, by careful measurements, that the condor does not stand alone in the scale of creation, being not generally larger than the lammergeyer or bearded vulture of the Alps, which it closely resembles in various points of character. One of these points is in being a carrion bird; the sight or scent of a carcass lures to the plains a flock of condors, which devour with greedy gluttony their favourite food. Their greediness is so excessive, that they will continue eating until they are so oppressed and overloaded as to be unable to raise themselves into the air. The Indians take advantage of this condition, to revenge themselves for the many robberies which the condors commit upon their flocks; and watching while they eat, until flight has become extremely difficult, they attack and secure them by nooses, or knock them down with poles before they can get away. Besides dead and putrifying flesh, the condor feeds upon deer, vicuñas, and other middling-sized or small quadrupeds: these he attacks and destroys; and when pinched by hunger, a pair of these birds will attack a bullock, and by repeated wounds with their beaks and claws they succeed in overpowering him, their first effort being to tear out his tongue and eyes, after which, if he be not rescued, he speedily falls a prey to his ravenous assailants. It is said to be very common to see the cattle of the Indians on the Andes suffering from the severe wounds inflicted by these rapacious birds. Man seems to keep them at bay; and it does not appear that they ever carry off children, although frequent opportunities of doing so are presented to them. Humboldt indeed says, that he does not believe there is an authenticated case of the lammergeyer of the Alps having ever done this, though so currently accused of such theft, but that the possibility of the evil has led to the belief of its actual existence. During the seventeen months which Humboldt and Bonpland passed among the native mountains of the condor, they were frequently in company with these birds, which would suffer themselves to be closely approached without showing any symptoms of fear, or any disposition to attack their visitors.

The condor is not known to build a nest, but is said to deposit its eggs, which are quite white, and three or four inches long, on the naked rock. When hatched, the female is said to remain with the young for a whole year, in order to provide them with food, and to teach them to supply themselves. But on these points we are far from having certain information. Condors are occasionally seen on the shores of the ocean, in the temperate country of Chili, where the Andes closely approach the Pacific; but their sojourn in such situations is for a short time only, a more highly rarified air being necessary to them. When they descend to the plains, they alight on the ground, rather than upon trees or other projections, on account of the straightness of their toes. Humboldt saw the condor only in New Granada, Quito, and Peru, but was informed that it follows the chain of the Andes from the equator to the seventh degree of north latitude, into the province of Antioquia; and there is now no doubt of its appearing even in Mexico, and the south-western territory of the United States.

The head of the male condor is furnished with a sort of cartilaginous crest of an oblong figure, wrinkled, and quite slender, resting upon the forehead and hinder part of the beak for about a fourth of its length; at the base of the bill it is free. The female has not this crest. The skin of the head in the male forms folds behind the eye, which descend towards the neck, and terminate in a flabby dilatable membrane. The structure of the crest is altogether peculiar, bearing very little resemblance to the cock's-comb, or the wattles of a turkey. The neck, also, is covered by a membrane of firmer consistence, and wrinkled. Around the neck is a collar of fine, white, silken down, rather more than two inches broad. The back, wings, and tail are of a greyish black, in the male some of the wing-feathers being tipped with white adds considerably to his beauty. The largest male condor described by Humboldt was killed on the eastern declivity of Chimborazo: its length, from the tip of the beak to the tip of the tail, was upwards of three feet three inches, French measure; and from the tip of one extended wing to the other, eight feet nine inches. Humboldt was told by the inhabitants of the country that they never saw one whose *envergure* (outstretched breadth) was greater than eleven feet; but of two or three specimens of birds, evidently not full-grown, which have been lately exhibited in New York and Philadelphia, the *envergure* of the largest measured eleven English feet; and the specimen belonging to the Leverian Museum measured fourteen feet. A full-grown condor is therefore considerably

larger than the lammergeyer. The condor is peculiarly tenacious of life, and has been observed, after having hung for a considerable time by the neck in a noose, to rise and walk very quickly when taken down for lead, and to receive several pistol-bullets in its body without appearing greatly injured, being defended by the great size and strength of its plumage; but about the head it is very vulnerable to shot or blows.

#### HOW TO DROWN YOURSELF.

If you wish to drown yourself, I'll tell you how to do it presently: kick and splash about as violently as you can, and you'll presently sink. On the contrary, if impressed with the idea that you are lighter than the water, you avoid all violent action, and calmly and steadily strive to refrain from drawing in your breath whilst under the water, and to keep your head raised as much as you can, and gently but constantly move your hands and feet in a proper direction, there may be a great probability of your keeping afloat until some aid arrives.—*Old Millson.*

#### WAX MADE BY ANTS.

The Jesuit Father Guevara, in his account of Paraguay, speaks of a species not noticed by Azara, found about Villa Rica, which deposits upon certain plants small globules of white wax, which the inhabitants collect to make candles of. The utility they are of in this respect, he says, in some measure compensates for the damage they do to the husbandman.

*Buenos Ayres, by Sir W. Parrish.*

#### DISCRETION.

Discretion is a nice perception of what is right and proper under the circumstances in which a person is called to act. It may be illustrated by the *feelers* of the cat, which are long hairs placed upon her nose, with which she readily measures the space between sticks and stones through which she desires to pass, and thus determines, by a delicate touch, whether it is sufficiently large to let her go through without being scratched. Thus discretion appreciates difficulties, dangers, and obstructions around, and enables a person to decide upon the proper course of action.—*Fire-side Education.*

#### A HINT TO THE TAILORS.

A boy's father (an Irishman on board a steamer on Lake Erie) had just put a patch upon the hinder part of his son's trousers, and cloth not being at hand, he had, as an expedient for stopping the gap, inserted a piece of an old straw bonnet: in so doing, he had not taken the precaution to put the smooth side of the plait inwards, and in consequence young Teddy, when he first sat down, felt rather uncomfortable. "What's the matter wid ye, Teddy? what makes ye wriggle about in that way? Sit nisy, man; sure enough, haven't ye a straw bottom'd chair to sit down upon all the rest of your journey, which is more than your father ever had before you?"

*Murray's America.*

#### JOHN BARLEYCORN, AN ANGLO-SAXON RIDDLE.

A part of the earth is prepared beautifully, with the hardest, and with the sharpest, and with the grimmest, of the productions of men; cut and turned and dried, bound and twisted, bleached and awakened, ornamented and poured out, carried afar to the doors of people; it is joy in the inside of living creatures, it knocks and slights those of whom before, while alive, a lord while it obeys the will, and expostulateth not, and then, after death, it takes upon it to judge, to talk variously. It is greatly to seek by the wisest man, what the creature is.—*From a Paper communicated to the Royal Society, by Mr. Wright.*

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It seems a trifle, but it is a real disadvantage to have no better name to pass by than the gentleman you mention. Whether we suppose him settled and promoted in the army, the church, or the law, how uncouth the sound—Captain Twopenny! Bishop Twopenny! Judge Twopenny! The abilities of Lord Mansfield would hardly impart a dignity to such a name. Should he perform deeds worthy of poetical panegyric, how difficult it would be to ennoble the sound of Twopenny!

Muse! place him high upon the lists of Fame,  
The wonderous man, and Twopenny his name!

But to be serious: if the French should land in the Isle of Thanet, and Mr. Twopenny should fall into their hands, he will have a fair opportunity to Frenchify his name, and may call himself Monsieur-Deux Sous; which, when he comes to be exchanged by cartel, will easily assume an English form, and slide methodically into Two Shoes, in my mind a considerable improvement.—*Comper's Letters.*

#### BON MOT.

Mrs Roupell, whose family was allied by intermarriages with that of the Cromwells, was bedchamber woman to the Princess Amelia. Frederick, then Prince of Wales, came into the room on the 30th of January, when she was adjusting some part of the Princess's dress. "Ah! Miss Roupell," said he, "are you not at church to endeavour to avert the judgment of Heaven from falling upon the nation for the sins of your ancestor, Oliver?" To which she instantly replied, "Is it not humiliation enough for a descendant of the great Cromwell to be pinning up the tail of your sister?"

*Noble's Memoirs of the illustrious House of Cromwell.*

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**A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE JEWS.**

NO. II.—FROM THE CAPTIVITY TO THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

MOSES, in that sublime prophetic poem in which he traces the future history of the Jews, utters clear and distinct announcements of the destruction of their polity. He warns them that a nation would be brought against them "from far, from the end of the earth, as the eagle flieth; a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand; a nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor shew favour to the young." And after mentioning the terrible calamities which would ensue, he winds up a description, awful in its minuteness, by telling them that they would be brought again into Egypt, "and there ye shall be sold unto your enemies for bond-men and bond-women, and no man shall buy you!"

This prophecy is generally considered to have been fulfilled when Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans. There are many points which seem to favour this interpretation. The Romans came "from far;" they were a people of "fierce countenance;" there seems to be an allusion to the imperial standard, in the words, "as the eagle flieth;" there were some fearful realisations of the calamities mentioned by Moses during the siege of Jerusalem by Titus: and so great were the numbers of the captives, that thousands of the lower classes were liberated, because literally "no man would buy them."

Yet it appears to us quite unnecessary to carry this prophecy of Moses so far down as sixteen hundred or seventeen hundred years. All the conditions of it were amply fulfilled when Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Jerusalem, nearly six hundred years before our era. Before that final breaking up of the Jewish NATION, Pharaoh Necho, king of Egypt, had killed in battle the good Josiah, who reigned over a people too far gone in national decay for him to recover; Judea was made a province of Egypt, and a heavy tribute laid upon it; and the son of Josiah was carried away captive, with (according to the then usual policy of conquerors) many of the grandees. Then came the Babylonians "from far," "a people of fierce countenance," "swift as the eagle flieth," (the eagle with expanded wings was an imperial standard long before the Romans adopted it); and in the horrible treatment of the Jews by their conquerors, all the calamities prophetically described in Deuteronomy were amply fulfilled. This is distinctly admitted by Ezekiel, when he describes the Babylonians as a "great eagle with great wings," coming to crop the cedar of Lebanon. And Jeremiah, warning the Jews of the near approach of the Babylonian destruction, exclaims, "I will bring a nation upon you from far, O house of Israel; it is a mighty nation, it is an ancient nation, a nation whose language thou knowest not, neither understandest what they say." The Romans were indeed a people of "fierce countenance," but they were not altogether unfamiliar to the Jews, as Palestine had been a portion of a Roman province for upwards of a century before the destruction of Jerusalem; while the Babylonians were emphatically strangers, whose tongue the Jews did not understand (though it was a dialect of the same family), and who came "swift as the eagle flieth," utterly overthrowing, and that for EVER, their NATIONAL existence.

The establishment of this point is of more importance than the casual reader may at first imagine it to be. The arrow shot by Moses may have glanced over the first destruction, and rested in

the second; but as "one greater than Moses," in mournful accents, spoke of that second ruin, and wept over Jerusalem, we would be disposed to terminate the lawgiver's prophecy at the termination of that system of NATIONAL polity of which he was the founder. The Jewish system and government—the sacrifice, the altar, and the priest—were swept away, and that for ever, by Nebuchadnezzar.

The Temple was destroyed, and with it all those sacerdotal emblems which were the warrant to the Jews that they were a peculiar NATION. The tables of the Law—that moral code, God's charter, written on stone, perished along with the ARK which inclosed it, as if to teach us that, in the progress of society, there is a preserving medium, far more fragile, yet more imperishable, than the rock itself. The sacred fire—that fire which came out "from before the Lord, and consumed upon the altar the burnt-offering,"—which, when all the people in the desert saw, they "shouted, and fell on their faces,"—that fire, which was to burn for ever, was for ever extinguished. The Shekinah, or cloudy emblem, which hung over the Tabernacle, and filled Solomon's Temple, disappeared. With the Temple perished all its costly ornaments, and the sacred vessels were either broken up or carried away as trophies; the priesthood was all but lost in the mingling confusion of the Captivity; the "holy anointing oil," with which they were to be consecrated to their profession, shared the fate of the other treasures of the Temple; while the mysterious "Urim and Thummim," by which the high priest was to obtain responses from God, is never mentioned, after the establishment of the Jewish monarchy.

Not only was the sacerdotal polity established by Moses utterly overthrown by Nebuchadnezzar, and the monarchy extinguished, but the people, during the Captivity, lost that last relic of their national existence, their national language. On the return of the small number from Babylon, at the conclusion of the seventy years, the common people could not understand their own sacred books, which had to be expounded to them in their own acquired vernacular: though it appears that Hebrew lingered amongst the upper classes till about a century before our era. In fact, the remnant, only forty-two thousand out of all the thousands scattered throughout the Persian empire, who returned, in the midst of poverty, doubt, danger, and difficulty, to rebuild Jerusalem and the Temple, could not re-constitute the KINGDOM of the Jews. It seems to have been the will of God, that the captives should be sustained with the hope of a restoration to their own land, to inspire a remnant with resolution to return, and live under a shadow of the former kingdom, a shadow of the Temple and sacerdotal polity, so as to keep them still a PEOPLE, until the "fulness of time." And thus we find that, as soon as the restoration was fairly accomplished, the voice of prophecy utterly ceased, and the Old Testament was closed. The last of the prophets were amongst those who returned from the captivity; their vocation was to sustain the downcast drooping hearts and spirits of the returned remnant: Ezra, in particular, collected and edited the sacred books, as if conscious that no more were to come under the old system of things, beyond those of his contemporaries, Haggai and Zechariah; for the book called Malachi ("my angel" or "messenger") is supposed to have been written, by Ezra. There is, therefore, a space of more than four hundred years between the Old Testament and the New, partly occupied by a portion of the Apocrypha.

Thus there are two grand divisions in the history of the Jews. The first is that of their existence as a peculiar NATION, concentrated in a nook of the earth: the second is that of their existence as a peculiar PEOPLE, scattered over the face of the earth. The object of their first period was CONSERVATION: the object of their second was DIFFUSION. In the first period they were to preserve and adhere to a divine system of religion, which, though far more gross than the purer system which succeeded, was still pure and divine, when compared with the darkness and debasement of idolatry. In the second period they were to diffuse amongst the nations the knowledge of a spiritual BEING, and the hope of an approaching and brighter day. In the first period the Tables of the Law, engraved on stone, were locked up in the ark: in the second, their spirit, and power, and influence were to enter into the minds of other nations, and to become a law, not engraven on stone, but on the fleshly tables of the heart. The Jewish literature, accumulated during the first period,—its poetry, so grand, so pure; its prose, full of wisdom; its history, full of warnings—was in the second period to be poured into the literature of other nations, and to elevate its spirit. The purposes of both periods were accomplished, even in spite of the Jews. In the first period, often did they degrade their religion, their laws, and their literature, by their idolatry and profligacy; in the second period, often obstructed the propagation of truth by their monopoly: yet both purposes have been accomplished, and that, as we have said, even in spite of the Jews.

The book of Daniel finely illustrates this. Here we have a Jewish captive teaching the despot that ruined his country some of the noblest truths of the Jewish faith, until the haughty monarch proclaims, in an official document, to all the people of his wide-spread dominions, "I thought it good to show the signs and wonders that the high God hath wrought in me." The same captive sheds the influence of his lofty moral character over the whole court, and maintains that influence throughout the mutations of the empire, though for a time in retirement, and perhaps in disgrace. He reads to the trembling Belshazzar the writing on the wall; he is made by Darius the first minister of state, triumphs over his enemies by moral power, and "prospered" even to "the reign of Cyrus the Persian." During the same captivity, Esther, a humble, modest Jewish girl, becomes the wife of Ahasuerus, and saves her people from indiscriminate massacre, planned under the orders of the vindictive Haman; Nehemiah, the restorer of Jerusalem, holds the honourable and confidential situation of royal cup-bearer; and the great Cyrus, the conqueror of Babylon, and founder of the vast Persian empire, acknowledges, in his decree, that the God of the Jews was "the Lord God of heaven." All these things must have had a prodigious moral influence in the great empire through which the Jews were scattered; and when we add, that synagogues sprung up during the Captivity, *reunions*, as they might be termed,—places where the people might assemble for the purpose of social worship, and from which Christians have taken the idea of their own Sabbath-day assemblies together,—we cannot but acknowledge that the Jewish religion and literature must have been widely diffused during the period of the Captivity.

Not only was there diffusion, there was reciprocity. Noble and inspiring as is much of the Jewish literature—grand and elevating as is Jewish poetry—it is most singular how very little of their moral grandeur is sustained by what would appear to be the most elevating of all considerations, the doctrine of a future state. It is difficult to make out, in the whole of the Old Testament, a reference to the immortality of the soul. A few, very few, passages there are, which seem dimly to shadow out the doctrine of a future existence; and even these require a favourable construction. The Jewish heaven was the "Promised Land;" the idea of being "buried in the sepulchres of their fathers" was their future existence. They seem to have been quite incapable of reasoning—that is, of *thinking*—about a future state at all. God was their God, their king, their governor; Palestine (the everlasting abode

of their nation: and when death came and closed their eyes, the darkness of dissolution was cheered by the thought, that their bones would repose in peace in that country which was given to them and to their children for a perpetual possession. And yet, while this favoured people, to whom were committed the "oracles of God," were undisturbed by the idea of a future life, this very idea of a future life, coming down from a remote antiquity, floated about in the world, even among nations who made a block of wood or stone a type of their deity. It found its way into the Jewish mind during the Captivity, and ultimately produced those two powerful sects, the Sadducees, who denied the resurrection of either body or spirit, and the Pharisees, who believed in both, though in a gross and literal sense.

The remnant that returned from the Captivity, after rebuilding Jerusalem, and erecting an imitation of the former Temple, constituted a kind of Jewish province of the Persian empire. That they had not a particle of nationality is very unequivocally admitted by Nehemiah, the "Tirshatha," or governor, when, in his prayer, he said, "Behold, we are slaves this day; and for the land that thou gavest unto our fathers, to eat the fruit thereof, behold, we are slaves in it." But though under a despotic government, they were, on the whole, kindly treated, and lived very quietly under it. The Jews scattered over the Persian empire maintained intercourse with their brethren in Judea; and the great process of diffusion and reciprocity, commenced during the Captivity, continued to be carried on, till Alexander the Great overthrew the Persian empire:

A new direction and a fresh impulse were now given to the diffusion of the Jewish doctrines. The Macedonian conqueror founded Alexandria, and induced vast numbers of the Jews to settle in it; it became, in fact, another Jerusalem. After his death, the Ptolemies continued their patronage of the Jews; the Old Testament was translated into Greek, not by the fabulous process which has given name to the "Septuagint," but gradually, and at different periods; and a famous "school" arose in Alexandria which produced some able men, who compounded Jewish and Grecian literature, and often interpreted "Moses and the prophets" by the aid of Plato and the philosophers. In truth, Egypt, once the hated "house of bondage" to the Jews, became to them, for a considerable period, a better country than Judea.

Meantime, a vigorous attempt was made, to regain long lost nationality for Judea. It passed from the rule of the Egyptian kings to those of Syria: and though Antiochus the Great had confirmed the Jews in their privileges, his son, Antiochus Epiphanes, plundered the Temple, sold the high-priesthood, and erected the statue of Jupiter Olympus on the altar. An insurrection broke out; it was begun by Mattathias, and carried on by his sons, who, known as the Maccabees, maintained a gallant, though unequal struggle. Three of the brothers fell in battle; the fourth maintained the contest, formed an alliance with Rome, then beginning to spread, and ultimately made himself ruler of Jerusalem, combining in his person ecclesiastical and civil functions. His family governed the country for the best portion of a century. About sixty years before our era, Syria became a Roman province, and Judea a dependency of it; and some years later, Herod the Great was made king, having ingratiated himself with his Roman masters, and cleared his way by the murder of the last of that patriotic race which had given Judea a temporary independence.

Nearly six hundred years had now elapsed since the destruction of the Jewish polity by Nebuchadnezzar; and during that period the pulverised fragments of Jewish doctrine and idea had been strewing over the earth, and mingling with other doctrines and ideas, had been preparing the soil of the human mind for a newer and a higher faith. Slow and magnificent are all the operations of Providence! Those great despotisms which succeeded each other—the Persian, the Macedonian, and the Roman—were all as vast oceans, over which the bark of Truth might float, to discover new and unknown lands. And yet what an amazing vitality there is in Jewish idea! The entire framework of Judaism was broken to

pieces two thousand four hundred years ago: but during all that intervening period, again and again has Judaism striven to work itself once more into a system. It has passed into Mohammedism—for Mohammed was a mere imitator of Moses; it has passed into Christianity, made the pope a high-priest, and filled the Catholic church with Judaical ceremonies; it survived the Reformation, has taken possession of Protestant churches, pours the "holy anointing oil" at coronations, and walks clothed in vestments made for the Levites in the wilderness! That a change is passing over all existing systems is evident to every man who chooses to lift his eyes and look around. It may come at a nearer or a more distant period, by a slow or a more sudden process: though whether Judaism will then be shaken out of the lap of the Christian church, or the result be attained by repeated combinations and revolutions, is known only to the Power that knows all things.

Up to the period of the Captivity, there seemed to be a grossness and hardness in the Jewish mind, perpetually weighing it down, from the physical spirituality of the Jewish faith, into the literality and vulgar wickedness of idolatry. The Jews seldom remained satisfied with contemplating God as their Father, hearing his voice in the thunder, and perceiving him, as it were, "fly on the wings of the wind." Their dull and unreasoning minds sought directer and more level indications of deity. God was supposed to be peculiarly present in the "Holy of holies" in the Temple, but into that place went none but the high-priest, and he only once a year. The Jews, therefore, often broke away from this purer and more elevating faith, and sought indulgence, not only in the visible palpableness of idolatry, but in the impurities too often associated with it. This was, in fact, the slave taint which remained in their blood during the long period that elapsed from their leaving Egypt till their dispersion by Nebuchadnezzar. But the calamities of the Captivity seemed, in a great measure, to have hammered this tendency out of the Jewish mind. The dispersion bringing them, in spite of themselves, in contact with various people and different customs, enlarged their faculties, and compelled them to see something beyond the limits of Palestine. The interchange of Jewish idea and literature with oriental, gave a variegated character to their interpretations of their own sacred books; and the Jewish mind, instead of oscillating between a simple, unreasoning acquiescence in the demands of the Law, and a profligate abandonment to idolatry, became subtle, casuistical, attached to their own forms and ceremonies, haters of idolatry, but prone to twist the precepts of Moses into a thousand fantastic shapes. Hence arose those Jewish sects and "schools," which, before our era, were already engaged in fierce debate about their respective dogmas. Their disputes were, indeed, too often mean and ridiculous—as, for how many causes a man might divorce his wife, and how often one should wash his fingers; and this drew down upon the Pharisees the indignant and cutting rebuke, that by their paltry disputes, and minute and vexatious regulations, they made "void the Law by their traditions." All this casuistical quibbling and trifling, like a heavy stone rolling downwards, landed in that rabbinical slough which contains the Talmud, and where the Jewish mind flounders to this day. Yet what were the scholastic debates and triflings of the middle ages, but, in some measure, revivifications of rabbinical nonsense?

The short period of independence enjoyed under the Asmonean family (the descendants of the brave Maccabees), along with the extraordinary attachment and respect towards Jerusalem and the Temple, manifested by Jews now scattered over the known world, made the Judeans to feel keenly the iron grasp of Rome. They retreated into themselves, and began that long dream of national glory and independence which yet floats before their vision. Herod the Great rebuilt the temple of the restoration, and made it more architecturally magnificent than even Solomon's. But even this was but an augmentation of their hopes—an incentive to their vehement wish for national independence. Now, busy rumour rolled along, and all the people began to whisper to each other, that the time was come as spoken by the prophets, when the

DELIVERER should arise. This belief led to partial outbreaks and insurrections, headed by impostors: all were looking forward to a victorious conqueror, who should free them from Rome, plant his throne, like another David, in Jerusalem, and roll his chariot wheels over the earth. Far different was He, who, when twelve years old, confounded the casuistic doctors by the infantile wisdom of his replies; who chose fishermen for his companions; and spake "peace on earth, and good-will towards men." The Jews rejected him; and, filling up the measure of folly and fanaticism, brought down upon their heads that awful doom recorded so fully in the pages of Josephus. Before that event, the battle had begun between Christianity and Judaism; and the very men who began the fight had themselves to be freed from Jewish fetters. That battle rages even now; it was Judaism attempting to take possession of the Christian Church, which "rolled Europe upon Asia," and surrounded Jerusalem with the spears and banners of the crusaders. But this consideration suggests matter for another paper.

#### LONDON PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.\*

THE work, whose somewhat ample title we have given below, is too extensive in the range of the subjects discussed in it, to be taken up by us in a single article; and, as we are rather incidental than professional reviewers, we decline giving any special opinion on its merits, further than to say that it is full of amusing and readable matter. Confining ourselves to one department of the work—"London Physicians and Surgeons"—we shall make such extracts as may enable our readers to judge for themselves, with the proviso, that all the statements of facts are given on the authority of the author, which we neither assent to nor question.

"That the medical profession is overstocked there cannot be a doubt; and that many men, highly and expensively educated, are allowed to pine, and droop, for want of public patronage, is equally self-evident. It is useless to stop to investigate the causes of the evil—they have been in operation for a considerable time, and continue to exercise their pernicious influence. The standard of medical education has been fixed too low. Every apothecary's and chemist's assistant has had facilities for entering the profession, which ought never to have been afforded; and in this way the medical ranks have been crowded with recruits: and men who, if they had been brought up to some honest trade, would have earned a decent livelihood, are compelled, as members of a learned profession, to starve for want of patients. Every tradesman who has been able to establish himself in business, and who has laid by a few thousand pounds, must now have a son a doctor. This seems to be the mania of the present age; but how little do they calculate the difficulties and vexations with which the scion of their house will have to contend!

"In one large school in the metropolis, numbering some hundreds of pupils, the principal told us that 150 of the students were the sons of tradesmen!

"We do not object to a man who has advanced himself in life, and acquired opulence by the means of trade, bringing up a favourite son to the profession of physic; but we do not think they would adopt this practice if they were made acquainted with the real state of the profession, and had some notion of the long and dreary journey which most men entering it have to take, before their efforts to establish themselves in anything like decent practice are crowned with success. What is the effect of this crowded condition of the profession? When a man has passed through the ordeal of his examination, unless he has capital to commence business with, he is compelled to seek an assistant's situation,—to live with some hard taskmaster, and to do the drudgery of his business, for a paltry pittance of thirty pounds a year!

\* *Physic and Physicians: a Medical Sketch Book, exhibiting the public and private life of the most celebrated Medical Men, of former Days; with Memoirs of eminent living London Physicians and Surgeons. In two Volumes. London: Longman, 1839.*

"What a pleasing and gratifying prospect! The question for our consideration is, how is this evil to be remedied? Is there any course which, if adopted, would rid the profession of its super-abundant members, and yet give each a certain amount of employment?"

What is the remedy for such an evil? Our author suggests, with great propriety and good sense, "MEDICAL EMIGRATION." The world is before the young medical aspirant.

"With reference to the United States, we cannot say much in its favour. An English medical man may succeed in obtaining practice in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, &c., but he will have much opposition and many difficulties to encounter. There exists there a prejudice against English physicians which cannot easily be overcome. Whatever degree of eminence an English medical man may have attained, a preference is always given to members of the American faculty. In that country no distinction is made between surgeons and physicians—all are called 'doctors,' and practice medicine and surgery indiscriminately."

"An English medical man would obtain a better chance of establishing himself professionally by 'locating' (to use an American phrase) in the back parts of the country. There are many small towns and villages, beautifully situated, where good surgeons and well-educated medical men are much needed, and where they would certainly establish themselves in practice. They must not, however, expect to accumulate wealth. They will be hard-worked and liberally remunerated, but not in money. One patient will send his doctor a good cart-load of potatoes, another some sheep, others will send him wood; so that he never need be in want of the necessaries of life. It is a common practice for the medical practitioner to send these to market, and, in this way, turn them into hard cash. Of course he will be paid a certain amount of money, but he will receive the greater portion of his demands in the manner mentioned. It is usual for a medical man to farm a certain portion of land; if he does so, it will be a great assistance to him; and, if he settles in the neighbourhood of a canal or railroad going through a market town, he may succeed, in a few years, in earning a comfortable livelihood. In the western parts of America many excellent openings are to be found for the settlement of members of the medical profession."

"Medical men of small capital, who would not object to farming land, might emigrate with great advantage to South Australia. We have no doubt, that in the course of time, there will be an excellent field for professional practice in this newly-colonized and flourishing country; but, at present, there is little inducement held out to professional men, who are unable or indisposed to purchase land, and to turn their attention to the rearing of sheep."

"In New South Wales the medical profession is in a flourishing condition. One authority states, 'that medical men who are well informed on other subjects besides those immediately bearing upon their profession, and who come out well recommended, are sure of getting on in this country.' Large fortunes have been made by medical men there, and, although the climate is free from those fearful epidemic diseases which ravage other portions of the globe, the practitioners of medicine find plenty to do in the exercise of their profession. A free passage is easily to be obtained, by making application to the merchants and owners of ships trading to Australia. If interest can be made with the Australian commissioners appointed by government, some valuable situations may be procured. The office of surgeon to an emigrant ship is a desirable one to have, as the medical man is paid so much per head for each emigrant. We knew one gentleman who realised in a few years, in this way, six hundred pounds, with which he purchased a medical partnership in the West Indies, which now brings him in one thousand pounds per annum. The situation is not the most comfortable one that could be desired, but it is lucrative, and this will be considered a great recommendation."

We must, however, drop this subject, though it is an enticing one, and come to "London Physicians and Surgeons."

"There are only two modes which a London physician can legitimately adopt to bring himself into notice. If he has not the advantages of connexion, and if he has no friend at court to take him by the hand, he has no other way of bringing his name before the public, and calling its attention to his professional abilities, than by writing a book."

"A young physician, commencing practice in London without friends to assist him, and dependent for support upon his professional exertions, unless he do something to make himself known, must starve, or abandon his profession."

"A taste for literature is necessarily excited in those brought up at our medical universities, and intended for the practice of physic; and when a young physician finally resolves to enter upon the arduous practice of his profession, and perceives that patients' visits are, like those of angels, 'few, and far between,' he, having so much of his time unemployed, naturally turns his attention to writing, and becomes often an author in spite of all his resolutions to the contrary."

Our author is full of anecdotes and stories about London medical men now no more; and, in his chapter on "eccentricities," tells some droll ones, which one cannot help reading and laughing at, though most of them are familiar. He gives the story about not eating the fire-irons, because they are hard of digestion, nor the bellows, because they are windy, to Sir Richard Jebb and Mr. Abernethy—and very likely both may have the credit of giving this "advice," when teased with the question, "What may I eat, Doctor?"

"The name of Sir Henry Hallford, the president of the Royal College of Physicians, naturally occurs to our mind as the physician whom we ought *imprimis* to introduce to the notice of our readers. This gentleman holds the most exalted position in the profession to which the most ambitious can aspire. To be made a baronet—to have been for many years the chief court physician—to be, for life, president of the first medical corporation in the United Kingdom—are, indeed, honours rarely, in this country, conferred on any one single individual."

Sir Henry's original surname is Vaughan, his father being Dr. James Vaughan of Leicester. Inheriting a fortune from his mother's cousin, "well educated, with easy manners, and courtly address, thrown among men of the highest rank, and with a fortune equal to the circumstances in which he was placed, it is not astonishing that Sir Henry should so soon have found himself at the head of his profession, and on the high road to honour and fortune. In the year 1809, Dr. Vaughan, upon changing his name, received the honour of a baronetcy from George III., and was appointed soon after to the melancholy duty of attending upon his Majesty during his second illness, in conjunction with Drs. Willis, Baillie, and Heberden. In this important and interesting duty, Sir Henry acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of the family, as to be honoured with a continuation of their confidence and regard; and never before, perhaps, was it the privilege of any courtier to enjoy such an uninterrupted flow of royal favour as was poured upon the head of the court physician, during the reigns of George III., George IV., William IV., and her present Majesty Queen Victoria."

"Sir Henry is an elegant scholar, and intimately acquainted with classical literature. He is distinguished for the purity and beauty of his Latin compositions, as well as for his extensive scientific information. His large fortune, his courtly manners, and the high rank which he holds as president of the College of Physicians, have obtained for him an introduction into the most fashionable society."

"Sir James Clark enjoys the high honour of being principal physician to Queen Victoria. This eminent man is the son of a highly respectable gentleman who farmed a large estate in the county of Banffshire, where the subject of this sketch was born. After receiving the elements of education in his native town, Sir James was sent to Edinburgh, where he studied under the first medical professors attached to that celebrated school of medicine."

"In a short period after being established in the metropolis, he acquired a most extensive practice, particularly in affections of the chest. His treatise on Pulmonary Consumption is considered to be the best practical work which has yet appeared on this subject; and his dissertation on Climate is also regarded as a standard authority by the profession."

"Prior to the demise of the late king, Sir J. Clark was physician to the Duchess of Kent. When the Princess Victoria ascended the throne, Sir J. Clark was requested by her majesty to make out a list of the physicians and surgeons, ordinary and extraordinary to the court, and submit it to her for approval. He, accordingly, obeyed the command of her Majesty. Though Sir H. Hallford had been principal physician to William IV., and was Lord Melbourne's private physician, his name stood second or third on the list; and Sir J. Clark, because of his professional connexion with the Duchess of Kent, thought himself justified in placing his own name first. Sir H. Hallford, considering, from the position which he had held for so long a time in the medical profession, as well as from the circumstance of his being president of the College of Physicians, that he was fully entitled to be nominated as the queen's principal physician, had an interview with

Lord Melbourne on the subject, who promised to mention the matter to her Majesty, as well as to Sir James Clark. He, accordingly, did so, and Sir J. Clark's reply was, that he had no personal feeling in the matter, that he had a high respect for Sir H. Hallford's eminent professional talents, and he had no objection to his name being placed at the head of the list, and, if that was agreed to, his name should stand at the bottom. The subject was brought under the notice of her Majesty, both by the prime minister and Sir J. Clark; and the queen expressed her resolute determination to have her wishes complied with. She observed, 'As I am now queen, I expect that my views and private feelings should be consulted—Sir J. Clark has always been my physician, and shall remain so, in spite of every opposition, from whatever quarter it may originate.'

Dr. Chambers, another well-known court physician, "came to London in early life, apparently friendless, and commenced his medical studies under most disadvantageous circumstances." He has, however, climbed the hill of fame and fortune so well that "his house is daily beset with patients, anxious to avail themselves of his professional attainments. His annual receipts are said to average nearly 4000*l.* In one month, we are informed, he received in fees 1100*l.*"

Passing over others, we may mention Dr. Elliotson, so well known, from his connexion with "ANIMAL MAGNETISM." This worthy man thus tells his own story:—"For many years I toiled, and saw many of my contemporaries, many of my juniors, who worked less but were wiser in their generation, pass by me. I published work after work, edition after edition, and paper after paper was honoured with a place in the *transactions* of the first medical society in Europe: I was physician to a large metropolitan hospital, and had attended there, and gratuitously out of doors, above 20,000 patients. But in vain. In 1828, my profession was not more lucrative to me, and was as short of my actual expenses as it had been in 1818. At that time, the 'Lancet' was pleased, now and then, to publish a clinical lecture delivered by me at St. Thomas's, and my practice at once doubled. The following year it published the greater part as I delivered them, and my practice doubled again. Last season, the same journal published them all, and my practice was doubled a third time? This astonished me the more, as my clinical lectures were generally delivered with little or no premeditation, while, all I published myself, had cost me great labour, many a headache, and much midnight oil."

But we must pass from the physicians to the surgeons, though, in passing, we must single out the name of that eminent practical philosopher, Dr. Neill Arnot, whose *stove* has done more to make him popular, or *notorious*, than his admirable "Elements of Physics," or his hydrostatic bed.

"Sir Astley Paston Cooper may be properly termed the Wellington of British surgery. His profound anatomical knowledge, his energy and decision in cases of danger, his kindness of heart and humane disposition, his inimitable skill in using the knife, and sound judgment in detecting the necessity for an operation, in cases involved in great obscurity, have all conspired to place him, by universal consent, at the head of modern surgery."

"It is said by Mr. Pettigrew, that Sir Astley received the largest fee ever, at that time, given for an operation. An old gentleman, of the name of Hyatt, who was a resident in the West Indies, when he arrived at the age of seventy, being afflicted with stone in the bladder, determined to come to England to undergo an operation for its removal. Sir Astley performed the operation with consummate skill; when the patient was well enough to leave his bed, he observed to Sir Astley, 'that he had *fee'd* his physician, but he had not yet rewarded his surgeon.' Upon asking Sir Astley what his fee was, he replied, 'Two hundred guineas.' 'Pooh, pooh!' exclaimed the old gentleman, 'I shan't give you two hundred guineas—there, that is what I shall give you,' tossing off his night-cap, and throwing it at Sir Astley. 'Thank you, sir,' said Sir A., 'anything from you is acceptable,' and he put the cap into his pocket. Upon examination, it was found to contain a cheque for one thousand guineas!"

"Sir Astley's fees amounted in one year to 21,000*l.*; and for a long period from 15,000*l.*, and upwards, per annum. For many years Sir Astley has lectured to a large and admiring class, at Guy's Hospital, on the principles and practice of surgery."

"Sir Anthony Carlisle, who has often filled the anatomical chair at the Royal Academy, is represented as being no less abstruse and instructive, than pleasant and amusing. His illustrative anecdotes are said always to be excellent, and his mode of telling them quite dramatic. He is considered to be more agree-

able as a lecturer than in conversation—he is rich in the old lore of England—he will hunt a phrase through several reigns—propose derivations for words which are equally ingenious and learned—follow a proverb for generations back—and discourse on the origin of language, as though he had never studied aught beside: he knows more than any other person we ever met with, of the biography of individuals of talent. In the philosophy of common life, he is quite an adept—a capital chronologist—a man of fine mind and most excellent memory."

"Mr. Robert Liston, of the North London Hospital, is one of our great surgical lions. No country practitioner visits the metropolis without being able to say, when he returns to his own quiet town, or retired village, 'I have seen Liston operate;' not to have done so would be considered as exhibiting, as lamentable a want of curiosity, as was manifested by the countryman who left London without seeing the Queen."

"Like most men of genius and originality, Liston has his eccentricities and peculiarities. When in Edinburgh, his bluntness and apparent rudeness of manner made him many enemies, even among those who were willing to testify to his eminent surgical skill. Since his residence in London, he has become much improved in this respect, and he is now the favourite of all who know him, and who can make allowances for those infirmities of nature, which even the best of men sometimes exhibit."

"It is amusing to see the care and attention which Mr. Liston pays to his surgical instruments. He is seldom seen without one of them in his hand, which if you do not admire, he expresses himself much offended. In his operations in private practice, he is careful to conceal, as much as possible, the sight of his instruments from the patient. A friend riding in the carriage with Mr. Liston, for the purpose of witnessing him perform a difficult operation, and not seeing any case of instruments, expressed his fear that the operator had forgotten his surgical implements. Liston smiled, and said that he had them with him; and, upon being asked where they were, he pointed to the sleeve of his coat, and observed, that he always carried them in that way, as it was important to keep them warm and comfortable."

"Were Mr. Liston's skill as an operator tested by his abilities as a carver, he would, indeed, shine pre-eminently. To see him dissect a goose or a turkey at his own dinner-table, is said to be a great curiosity. Without the aid of a fork, and simply with the knife, he carves the turkey in the most scientific manner, exciting the admiration of all who see him."

Here we should pause, for our extracts have been copious enough: but we must find room for the names of Sir Benjamin Brodie and William Lawrence. Sir Benjamin's "morning levee" is attended by crowds of the lame and halt, waiting impatiently to tell their woes, and receive the benefit of his advice; and so rapid is the process, that, as each departs, his fee is tossed into a large arm-chair, which soon is made to groan under the weight of its precious burden."

"Mr. Lawrence's first publication was a work on Ruptures, being the prize for the best essay on Hernia offered by the Royal College of Surgeons. This has always been considered a standard work on this part of surgery. It is well written, and embodies all the literature of the subject, interspersed with original observations and cases of his own. It has gone through many editions, and has been translated into the German and French languages. It is also spoken well of, and much read, by the American surgeons."

"Early in life he published an excellent translation of Blumenbach's 'Comparative Anatomy,' to which he has appended many highly valuable notes. This work had a most extensive sale, and has been held in high repute by every scientific man in the country. He also published his celebrated 'Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, and the Zoology of Man,' which work has been most severely handled, on account of certain opinions which he broached, which were considered to favour materialism."

"An apologist for Mr. Lawrence, referring to the attack made upon him, writes thus—"The truth is, he, like other great men, has, in his progress, acquired the envy and malice of several individuals, who, destitute of talent and knowledge, have attempted to stain, with the most odious and malicious imputations, one of the fairest characters which this age has produced. We have known Mr. Lawrence in private as well as public life; we are acquainted with many of his actions which were never intended to meet the public eye, and we can affirm, without the fear of contradiction, from any but the basest of men, that a better, or more truly religious man, not in cant, but in deed, does not exist in this metropolis."



## TERENCE O'ROURKE, THE ROCKITE.

TERENCE O'ROURKE—a county Kildare man—was tall, gaunt, law-boned, and his grizzled hair was matted, as if it had never known a comb. His skin was sallow, livid, and cadaverous; his forehead was low, eyebrows bushy, underneath which were eyes of wolf-like expression. This man could, at his will, do the work of two men; that is, when he required money to procure his darling luxuries, whiskey and tobacco,—seldom was the short, black *duddean* out of his mouth. He was fawning, crafty, and vindictive. Terence was a sort of an orator, or, in more popular phrase, he had the gift of the *gab*, and could address his admiring audience in native Irish. Terence was also a legislator,—that is, he framed and laid down laws for the bettering of the condition of his fellow-labourers, as he termed it.

An English gentleman bought an estate in the county of Kildare; and Terence O'Rourke was one of the first who applied to him for work. He asked him if he understood the general work of a farm?

"Why then, troth, your honour, I do," was the reply.

"Can you plough?"

"Is it plough, sur? Look at the whate-field beyant; one Terence O'Rourke ploughed every sod of it, your honour."

"Can you thrash?"

"I can do that same, sur: a barrel of whate the day, or two of oats."

"And what wages may you expect?"

"Shure, your honour couldent offer the likes ov me less than a hog a day, any how."

"A hog! I pray yoff, what coin may that be?"

"Why then, that's true for you, sur,—your honour is a *farmer*. A hog, sur, means a thirteener, and that's English for a shilling."

Terence O'Rourke remained in Mr. Wilson's employ for nearly three years, but he never gained his confidence; there was something so sinister in his appearance. Terence took especial care that his employer should not have any fault to find with his work, but Mr. Wilson had good cause for believing that Terence controlled all the other labourers; for, after the second year of Mr. Wilson's residence in Ireland, not a man dared to take *task-work* of any description; and if it were proposed to any one, the answer would be—

"Shure, your honour, and ids mesef that would be glad to arne the penny; but, masha! sur, I dare not work by task, if the childer (God bless them!) had ne'cm a prato to put iato their mouths; so don't av me, your honour."

"Dare not! how so?"

"Shure, sur, never a know mesef knows, but ids clane agen the laws."

"Laws! what laws? whose laws?"

"Sorra a know ids mesef knows, your honour; but I dare not work task-work, any how."

It was a remarkable wet and stormy harvest; the corn was beaten down, and lying upon the earth; it was ripe, and it must be cut. What was to be done? The scythe was proscribed; setting the reaping by the acre was strongly prohibited; yet, notwithstanding, one gentleman, a near neighbour of Mr. Wilson's, offered so high a price for the cutting of one ten-acre piece of oats that a man was found daring enough to undertake the reaping of it by *task-work*. The corn was cut—well cut, bound, and set up in stocks; and then the man who had undertaken the job sept to know if his honour, or the land-steward, would come and look at the work. The squire took a ride with his land-steward, and found the reaping so well done, that the steward said—

"Boys, yeese have made clane, dacent work of it, and his honour is so well plased wid yeese, that here is yeese money, and five hogs over and above, so drink his health in."

"Why then, masha! long life to his honour, and many thanks to him," said Terence O'Rourke, who was one of the reapers; "and it's we that worked hard for it through the blissed moon-light night, whiles the squire was cozily drhaining upon his soft fither-bed."

So far so good, but, on the following morning, this ten-acre field of oats was scattered, as if by a tornado, to the four winds of heaven—not a stook, not a single sheaf, was left entire. In the middle of the field a pole was erected, upon which was found a placard, and upon it was inscribed

"Warning! warning! Captain Rock does not allow of reaping by task.

"C. R. †"

Warning with a vengeance! A pretty considerable warning it was, and it had its effect in completely deterring others from attempting to set an acre by task for that season, and the operatives obtained their own prices for the remainder of the harvest.

Great rewards were offered for the conviction of any person concerned in this outrage. O'Rourke was strongly suspected of plotting the mischief, but who dared to inform against him? Mr. Wilson felt quite convinced that Terence was the projector, if not one of the perpetrators. The twinkle of exultation sparkled in his eye when the subject was purposely mentioned in his presence, but not a muscle betrayed him, and he coolly said,

"Faks! the squire's a jontleman, any how; for diddent he give us five hogs to drink his health? and the boys shouldent be playing their tricks top of the likes of him."

"I believe, Terence, you were one of the party that reaped the oats?" said Mr. Wilson.

"Troth! I was, sur; and what ov id? I raped from the time that I quit work at your honour's, through the blessed night, and I arned my share any how."

"It was a shameful and a wicked act to scatter and destroy the corn, by throwing it over the neighbouring fields; and God grant that they who did this deed may not want a handful of meal to put into their strabout pot before the winter be past."

"And there I'm wid you, sur, entirely; and may your prayer be heard, I pray God!" replied Terence, turning up his eyes with an air of hypocrisy: "and ids mesef that said, no good could come of such goings on."

The land Mr. Wilson had purchased was in a very foul state, and hundreds of pounds were extracted from his purse in reclaiming it, and amongst other means resorted to was that of planting a great breadth of potatoes. Models of ploughs were sent to him from England, and from them he had made, upon his own premises, double mould board ploughs, for the purpose of opening drills and ploughing out potatoes.

After the harvest, Mr. Wilson determined upon taking the earliest opportunity of giving Terence his dismissal. He had frequently forbidden smoking in the barn. One day, in the early part of October, he went into the barn, where he had four men threshing, and he instantly smelt the fumes of tobacco.

"Boys, you have been smoking! I have told you again and again, that I will not allow any one to smoke in the barn; it is a dangerous custom. Which of you has done this?" As he expected, no one replied. "Was it you, Jem?"

"I'm no 'bacco man, your honour."

"Then it was you, Jack Brien."

"Troth, master, and yeese are the bad guesser."

"It must have been you then, Micky Gannon."

"Divil a blast of the duddean I've had this blessed morn, your honour; 'case why? 'case I've no 'bacco."

"Surely, Terence, you would not smoke in the barn, after all I have said to you on that subject?"

"And where's the hargum?" said Terence, producing from his waistcoat pocket a pipe three inches long, and looking daggers at Mr. Wilson; "where's the hargum, sur, of a poor boy smoking a whiff nows and agen? Hasent sife a cap on her?"

"I see that you have a cap of tin over the pipe; but I will not have my rule broken, nor allow any one to smoke in barn or stable. I have repeatedly told you this before, Terence, and—"

"Well, and what more iv it, sur!" interrupted Terence, with a look of defiance.

"Merely that you will have to seek for another employer, the next time I convict you of smoking in barn or stable."

"Musha! aye! is id threatening me yeese are, master? Why, then, sur, have a care how yeese spake of Terence O'Rourke. Poor a boy as he is, he can find a *counsellor* who will take his part—long life to him."

"What are you driving at now, Terence?"

"Driving, sur? just this—don't be after repating that I flung the squire's oats about."

"Repating! why, I never said such a thing."

"Yeese did, sur!—that is, all as one; and by the same token, don't think to decave the ears of Terence. Yeese did say that Terence O'Rourke could tell, if he plased, who flung the oats about—yeese said it at the squire's own table."

"I perfectly remember all I said, and also what I think, upon that subject," replied Mr. Wilson: "and you have now heard what I have said about smoking in barn or stable."

"I have, sur, bud I'm rather too ould to go to school. God help me! and, bad manners to me, if I were to make your honour a promise, I might brake it; and—"

"Then, on Saturday next, you will be at liberty to seek another employer."

"I thank your honour for that same;"—and then, with a look of stern defiance, O'Rourke swung the flail about his head, and began to thresh with all his might, as if disdainful further parley.

It was midnight. The moon was majestically sailing through the deep blue vault of heaven, occasionally eclipsed by light vapoury clouds, which at intervals threw the little valleys into deeper shade. In one of these vales, almost surrounded by dwarf woods of gloomy pines, was a *rath*, one of those circular mounds of earth so frequently met with in this part of Ireland, and which antiquarians tell us were the rude fortresses of the invading Danes, in the olden time. These *raths* are by many of the peasants considered as the abode of the "good people," or fairies, and they particularly avoid them after nightfall, when alone; but the potent spirit whiskey inspires confidence, and, upon the night in question, the green mound (which has probably remained unprofaned by plough or spade for many centuries) was crowded with a number of figures, upon whom the fitting moonbeams played.

The figures were all robed in white, but their visages were black as the darkest son of Africa. There was a stilly hum of voices amongst them, when suddenly a tall figure extended its arms, and all was hushed into tomblike silence, and the waving crowd stood still, in breathless expectation of what would issue from this figure's lips. Then a remarkable voice exclaimed in its deep tones,

"Rockites! yeese have all-sworn the oath, and the deed must be done; follow me. And where's the harrum?—isent he a Saxon and a heretic?"

"He is, he is; bud—"

"Silence, every one of yeese:—'tis Rock commands, and yeese must obey the general. Forwards!"

Then these men, disguised by wearing their shirts over their dress, and having their faces blackened, silently followed their leader.

Very early on the following morning, Tim O'Brien knocked at the door of his master's study.

"Come in," said Mr. Wilson.

Tim entered, with affected consternation in his looks, and exclaimed, "Och, musha, and mille murthers! and bad luck to the villins."

"What is the matter now?" said Mr. Wilson.

"Och, your honour! and what will we do at all, at all? We are ruined and murdered entirely. Och, the villins of the world! The ploughs—"

"Ploughs!"

"Smashed into smithereens!—bruk clane into shiverreens!—so they are."

"The new ploughs?"

"New and ould, sur,—ploughs, harrows, prato-plough, Scotch plough, Scotch rake and drill! Divil such a sight I iver seed!—ids a holy show, so id is!"

Mr Wilson was completely thunderstruck, and the young rascal saw it, and, with a sort of malicious grin, began again his mille murthers!

"And who has done this?" exclaimed Mr. Wilson.

"Faux, sur, and that's what I axed meself. Who are the bloody villins, said I to meself, that bruk his honour's ploughs, and left the thrithening notice nailed upon his doore?"

"How! a notice?"

"Ammost as big as a winnowing sheet, your honour; and may I never see glory if it isn't signed Captain Rock!"

"Indeed! I must instantly see this alarming writing. Who knows but I have seen some of it before?"

"And that I'm eliver shure your honour never did," said Tim, in a hasty manner.

"Really! how do you know that?" said the Englishman, looking very earnestly at his informant, who seemed to quail under his piercing glance, which further roused Mr. Wilson's suspicions.

"Let me see this notice," said he; "where is it?"

"On the back door, sur; will I bring it?"

"No. Come you along with me; we will examine this writing together." The notice was as follows, traced in a most wretched scrawl:

"Warning—tak notice, that if yeese do not quit plowing pratoes, yeese ouse and staks will be burnt, by order of

CAPTAIN ROCK. †"

"Breaking all my farming utensils is a tolerable warning to begin with," thought Mr. Wilson.

"I rather think that I have seen this writing before," said the excited Englishman in a loud tone, and fixing a stern look upon the flushed features of the young Rockite.

"Shure your honour does not maue to swear informations agen me? Yeese have no proof."

"Tim," said Mr. Wilson, in a grave tone, "the person whose hand traced these wretched characters, and nailed this threatening notice upon my door, knew where to find these nails with flat heads, which only came here on Saturday, for fastening on the slates."

The Rockite appeared ready to sink with fear, but recovering his self-possession, he said, "I'll go this minute to his riverence Father N—, and clear meself; and if your honour will pay me my wages, I'll quit entirely."

"Take care how you perjure your precious soul, Tim. As to your wages, I am of opinion that, when you have paid me for the bridle which was given into your care, and which you state is stolen, that the sum due to you will be very small."

"I had no call to the stealing of the bridle, and yeese had better not say that I stole, or—"

"Away with you, and let me see no more of these impertinent looks."

"Impertinent, sur? after clearing meself afore his riverence, of the breaking of these ploughs, and the saving this notice, I'll away for a summons agen your self, so I will, for wages arned and due." And away bounced Mr. Tim.

Then Mr. Wilson withdrew the nails, and took down the notice, which he carefully preserved; and, with perturbed feelings, he went to look at the ruin of his implements of agriculture—every part that was possible to break, was smashed into pieces—a threatening notice was also left upon the fragments of these ploughs and harrows, but not in the same hand-writing as the large placard which he had taken from his door.

Mr. Wilson gave instant notice of the outrage to the nearest magistrate, but of what avail? The mischief was done—war was declared against him by the merciless Rockites—he dwelt in a solitary, detached mansion, far from any help that he could rely upon in case of attack. The Englishman, his wife, and family, lived in a state of constant, nervous alarm, dreading each night that the house would be attacked! Mr. Wilson was well armed, day and night, and was prepared to defer himself to extremity. Then he considered that this was but folly! for what could one man do against a host? He had embarked his property upon this estate, and had already expended considerable sums; but peace of mind, and life, were of more consequence than money; therefore, he began to see the absolute necessity of disposing of the property, let the loss be what it might, and quitting this unfortunate land.

On the following day, going into the stack-yard where Tim and his father were employed in removing a stack of wheat, upon seeing Mr. Wilson the father came forward, and, presenting a paper to him, said—

"This is for your honour."

"What is it?" said the gentleman, taking the paper.

"A summons! sur."

"A summons!—from whom—for what?"

"From his riverence, the bald minister! for Tim's wages. Shure we knew we'd get no law near here, where the magistrates are friends wid your honour—barring we went all the way to the bald minister's."

"And, pray, who is the bald minister? I neither know his name, nor his place of abode."

"Musha! your honour, shure the bit o' writing will insinse yeese."

"Just so—Tim! See that my horse is saddled early in the morning, and do you hear?—try if you can prevail upon some of your good friends, to return my new bridle."

The father and the son interchanged looks, and, perceiving that they were inclined to be insolent, Mr. Wilson left them, his thoughts occupied with the fearful state of the country, and his own individual case.

He had no doubt but this Tim O'Brien was one of the party, if not the writer of the notice! for, apparently, the nails which fastened it to the door had been taken out of the parcel in his own house, but, as some of them had already been used, it would not be an easy matter to bring them forward by way of evidence—it would be merely presumptive, and not demonstrative evidence.

Mr. Wilson had never seen Tim write, nor was he certain that he knew how to write. Suddenly an idea struck him, upon which he was determined to act, and by means of it, probably he might elicit the truth.

On the following morning, Mr. Wilson was early on horseback, for the house of the bald minister, as he was called, who lived at about nine miles distance. The globe-house was spacious, and, as

usual in Ireland, the justice-room was crowded, and the most petty cases were undergoing investigation. Mr. Wilson had prepared a note, containing a few lines, stating that he had especial motives for requesting that the plaintiff might be required to make out his demand against him in writing; that he did not wish to prejudice the magistrate, but that he was of opinion that sufficient ground for his petition would be elicited in the course of the investigation, as also for his refusal to pay the demand made upon him.

Upon reading this paper the magistrate said—

“Call in Tim O’Brien!”

“Is your name Tim O’Brien?”

“It is, please your reverence.”

“Look at me—and speak out—what is your complaint against this gentleman?”

“Please your reverence, his honour, Mr. Wilson, refuses to pay me my wages.”

“Have you had any money on account?”

“Why, then, by dad! I have, shure enough, your reverence.”

“To what amount?”

“Why, then—sorrow a know—ids meself know out of a face—bud let me see—aye—”

“Sit down—sit down at that table—Here is pen and paper for you, Timothy O’Brien; sit down, man, and write out your account like a scholar! as you are.”

Tim was not quite sure that he ought to feel flattered at what the magistrate had said, but he replied,—

“Why, then, Oax! your reverence—if I must, I must.”

Mr. Wilson kept his eyes fixed upon Tim, and he thought that he appeared confused, and crest-fallen; and whilst he was busily employed with his pen, Mr. Wilson handed the Rockite notice, and the nails, with his remarks, to the bench. The clergyman was a man well-stricken in years, and there were two gentlemen, strangers to the Englishman, seated beside the magistrate.

Mr. Tim was a long, tedious time in writing out his account, but Mr. Wilson was delighted that his plan had succeeded, as he was both curious and anxious to know his enemy; at last, it was ready, and the moment the magistrate saw it, he exclaimed, “James, look to the door—on your peril, let no one pass out!” Then the two gentlemen examined the writing critically, and compared it with the notice: and Mr. Wilson judged from their looks, that they were of opinion that the writing was the same as the Rockite notice.

The father of Tim, who had been in deep conversation with a group in the outer court, being informed that his son’s case was called, bustled in, and attempted to force himself forward, but was prevented by the door-keeper.

“Let me in, let me in, I am the boy’s father, and it is an open court—and I will go in.”

“Let the man enter,” said the magistrate.

“Timothy O’Brien, you have summoned this gentleman, Mr. Wilson, for a balance of wages which you say is due to you,—to which he alleges, as a set-off, a new bridle, value twenty-two shillings and nine-pence, which he says was given into your care, and which bridle you declare has been stolen! How say you, Timothy O’Brien,—are you prepared to swear that, when you entered into the service of Mr. Wilson, it was not agreed that you should be answerable for all things given into your charge?”

“Why, then, Oax! your reverence, I won’t sware to that same—at all, at all.”

“By this statement which you have written before me, you claim a balance of fifteen shillings, so that, taking the value of the bridle into account, you remain a debtor to your master of seven shillings and nine-pence.” Then, holding up the Rockite notice in his hand, he continued,—“But you stand now, Timothy O’Brien, in a much more serious dilemma than that of a mere debtor. I have diligently compared the writing of this illegal notice with this your hand-writing, written here, before me, and I do not hesitate in saying that the same hand wrote both.”

Nothing could exceed the looks of confusion and terror interchanged between the father and the son.

“You were, probably, not fully aware, unfortunate young man,” continued the venerable clergyman, “that you were committing a very serious crime, and that it is now the bounden duty of Mr. Wilson to enter examinations and prosecute you, at the next assizes. There is sufficient cause for immediately placing you in irons, and sending you under a safe escort to the county prison.”

“Och! your reverence! your reverence! of ever yeess hope for mercy yourself, spare my son!” said the wretched father, throwing himself upon his knees. “And you, your honour,” appealing to

Mr. Wilson, “och! for the sake of those in your own house, forgive him. Och hone! and what will become of the poor mother of him when she hears of id? Och! Tim, Tim, ids your ould father’s heart you’ve bruk entirely.—”

“Whisht! whisht! father dear—his honour won’t be too hard upon a poor boy! Musha! sur—your honour, for the sake of the poor, ould, blind mother! forgive me this once, and may yeess live a thousand years, and my blessing be along wid yeess—Och! your riverence! spake the good word for me.”

A private consultation was now held between the reverend magistrate and Mr. Wilson, at which it was agreed that if Tim O’Brien would give up the chief instigator in the outrages, proceedings would not be taken against him. To this he assented, though with great reluctance; and it turned out, as Mr. Wilson more than suspected, that Terence O’Rourke was the Captain Rock of the district. His great strength enabled him to overawe and control his fellow-labourers; and his crafty, malicious spirit enabled him to enlist them in his services, for any plan of mischief. Terence had never liked Mr. Wilson, because he had never gained that gentleman’s confidence; and, while in his service, he was constantly traducing his character, misrepresenting his actions, and continually holding him up, more especially to those who were inclined to regard him favourably, as an Englishman, a Saxon, and a foreigner, whose plans of improvement would one day take the bread out of the people’s mouths. But, from the moment of his dismissal, he had vowed vengeance, and never rested till he had turned into personal enemies of Mr. Wilson nearly all his dependants.

Terence O’Rourke was now involved in the meshes of his own web of mischief. He was apprehended; and, on the testimony of Tim O’Brien, aided by other corroborative evidence, banished to New South Wales, to become, doubtless, a tyrant, if not a leader, amongst his fellow-convicts in the “bush.” But Tim O’Brien completely lost all character amongst his neighbours. They could not deny but that a good deed had been done, by ridding the neighbourhood of such a pest as Terence—but they hated the informer! Tim, at last, received some money from Mr. Wilson to enable him to emigrate to America; and Mr. Wilson himself, finding that he could not gain that confidence from his humbler neighbours which he so much desired, sold his property, at a great loss to himself, and quitted the “Emerald Isle” for ever.

#### THE LEAF AND THE STEM.

A child played with a summer leaf,  
Green was the leaf and bright;  
Ne’er had he known a pang of grief,  
His merry heart thrill’d light.

An old man gazed on a wither’d stem,  
The leaf’s life all was gone;  
’Twas Autumn’s ghastly diadem—  
A tear-drop fell thereon.

Spring passed away: the child grew old,  
His pleasant scenes had fled;  
The Winter’s breath had left him cold,  
Now sleeps he with the dead.

The old man can no more be found,  
A heap of dust is there;  
Concealed beneath a grassy mound,  
Where is life’s light—say where?

Ah! where art thou, my merry boy?  
And thou, my sombre man?  
Childhood’s shrill laugh of love and joy?  
Say, Wisdom, if you can!

Where is the emerald leaf of spring?  
Shrivell’d on Autumn’s breast,  
Death’s mother! ’Tis a fearful thing  
That youth on age must rest.

T. J. O’UZZLE.

THE LIMITS OF POWER.—No. II.

STEAM AND ITS COADJUTORS.

It is an axiom of chemistry, that every material substance of which the earth is composed possesses *three* different forms of existence, under either of which it will appear according to circumstances; we mean the solid, the liquid, and the gaseous. Of these the solid may be considered the state of nature, inasmuch as it would be the universal condition of all things were they deprived of their *heat*; a certain quantity of which, varying in different substances, converts them into fluids, and a still larger changes them into elastic gases. Of the real nature of heat, or caloric, we know little; nor are we better acquainted with the nature of the change produced by it in thus altering the form of matter; nor why the temperature at which that change occurs, at which solids become fluid, and fluids gases, should be invariably fixed for each separate substance. It has been imagined, as an hypothesis capable of explaining most of the observed phenomena, that the particles of all bodies possess, in their natural state, a power of attraction to each other sufficient, if unopposed, to combine them in a mass which will resist with considerable strength any attempt to break it, or alter its form. Heat, it is then supposed, exerts an antagonist force to this attraction: communicating a degree of repulsion to the particles, at first only so much as to modify and diminish their cohesion, rendering them softer and weaker: upon a further increase, a point is reached where this attraction and repulsion, being exactly equal, are mutually annihilated. The body then becomes fluid: the particles, having no connection among themselves, being also perfectly round and inconceivably small, move each among the rest with perfect freedom, submitting to every change of form or direction of motion, always preserving their mutual equilibrium and level; every individual atom merely obeying the impulse of its own weight.

If we now proceed again to increase the caloric, the fluid becomes gradually less dense, that is, the particles, acquiring a greater power of repulsion, recede from each other; at length another point is reached, where this repulsion becomes sufficient both to counteract the force of gravity and the pressure which any previously formed gas (such as the atmosphere) may exert on the surface of the fluid. A new form is then assumed: the particles hitherto obedient to the power of gravity are now governed by a greater, namely their mutual repulsion, and separate themselves from one another to distances regulated by their weight. In this state, if any extraneous force compels these atoms to a nearer approach, they will oppose a considerable resistance to its action, and, when it is removed, will return to their original condition, thus possessing *elasticity*; and this power of repulsion follows the same law as that which regulates all other central forces: increasing as the distance diminishes, in the *duplicate ratio* of that diminution, or having *four* times the power when the particles are at one-half, *nine* times when at one-third distances. It follows from this that if an elastic fluid, occupying a certain space, exerts such a power of expansion as just to balance the contrary pressure of the atmosphere, it will, when compressed into *half* that space, endeavour to expand with double energy; if into *one-third* with treble, and so on. The possession of elasticity, and the property of always increasing in expansive power in the exact proportion that the containing space diminishes, are the distinguishing characteristics of matter in the state of gas.

We use the word *gas* here as including alike the vapours of liquids, and the permanently elastic fluids which are more generally known by that designation. In fact, it is equally applicable to all: the difference between the fluids that we can, and those we

cannot, reduce to the liquid state, depends not on any actual distinction in their nature, but on the degree of ordinary temperature which the earth happens to possess. If all heat were abstracted from our globe, the forms of gases and liquids would be unknown: all nature would be converted into an inert and solid mass; a small donation of caloric would melt, or perhaps vaporize, some of the more excitable substances: and if the world were made gradually to pass through all the degrees of temperature, we should see the other solids pass also through the various stages of liquid and vapour one after the other. If our planet were heated to the degree of red-hot iron, all our present liquids would become permanently elastic gases, and a heat such as some of the comets endure, when nearest the sun, would form into vapour every material of which, as far as we have yet penetrated, the earth is composed.

This is not the place to enter upon a minute and practical detail of the machinery by which the power produced in these changes of form is rendered applicable to the purposes of man: nor, fortunately, thanks to the numerous treatises everywhere to be met with on the steam-engine, is such an explanation necessary. We can, without it, well understand both the principles of action, and the practical difficulties or imperfections which at present confine our powers.

It is found that water requires a degree of heat equal to a height of 212 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, to raise it into vapour under the usual pressure of the atmosphere, and that, on assuming that form, it occupies about 1,630 times the space that it did when a liquid. Forty cubic inches of water, therefore, or twenty-three ounces, will, when thus expanded, fill a tube of one inch bore and one mile in length: but this steam will exert no pressure; it will merely balance that of the outward air. On now opening a connection between one end of the tube and a condenser filled with cold water, the whole volume of the contained steam will be absorbed; and, returning to its original bulk, leave a vacuum in the tube into which the atmosphere will press with a power equivalent to sixteen pounds on every square inch of surface; so that if a well-fitting piston be adapted to slide within the tube from the end opposite the condenser, it would pass down, though dragging with it the whole mile a resistance of sixteen pounds. This was the principle of the earlier engines, though, for convenience, the piston, instead of traversing a long tube, was made to oscillate within a short one. The limits to the power thus obtained were very narrow, depending, first, on the perfection of the vacuum produced, and of the fitting of the piston, which, especially in the larger engines, was far from complete: and, next, on the unwieldy size of the machinery; which, as with the best vacuum the power could never exceed the atmospheric pressure,—sixteen pounds per square inch,—soon put a bar to any further increase.

When the plan was devised of admitting the steam on both sides of the piston, and employing it alternately to produce a vacuum by its condensation, and to force the piston onwards by its expansion, the obtained power was vastly enhanced. Instead of being limited to sixteen pounds, steam of some hundred pounds pressure to the inch could be used. We subjoin a table of the force of steam, as measured by the height to which it will raise a column of mercury,—thirty inches being equivalent to our atmosphere: showing how rapid is the increase when a high temperature is applied:—

At 164° the mercury will stand at 10 in. being 54 lbs. pressure on the sq. in.			
192	20	105	
212	30	167	
226	40	214	
239	50	264	
248	60	32	being doubl. pressuro.
253	70	48	or triple pressuro.
259	80	64	quintuple.
265	100	90	quintuple.

We thus obtain control over a power whose energy is in itself unlimited. The advantage we can derive from it is confined by our capability to subdue and adapt to our use its most gigantic efforts. One great and unconquerable difficulty arises from the recurrence of explosions when using the steam at high pressure: the expansive force is chiefly exerted on the boiler, which must necessarily be of considerable size and offer a large area for its action; and is also exposed to an intense heat which will gradually weaken the material. Besides this, the confined vapour has, before it is liberated, to pass through a succession of tubes with many valves and joints, in any of which a very slight imperfection would be attended with most dangerous consequences. To this peril we may add, as a very necessary consideration, though not strictly to be called a limit of power,—*economy*: the expense attending the first erection of engines of a construction so strong and perfect, is so enormous; and their wear and tear, when exposed to the intense heat requisite to raise the steam, and the great strain of working with such expansive power, is so rapid; that it is cheaper to work, all things considered, with steam very little above the ordinary pressure of the air. For though, as we have mentioned, at 248° the vapour of water exerts a pressure double of that at 212°, yet we must not forget that it occupies only half the space; so that forty-six ounces instead of twenty-three would be required to change into vapour, in order to fill the mile of tube to which we have alluded. The great advantage attending the use of high-pressure steam is, that it enables the furnace and boiler to be made much smaller, and the cylinder and piston of less diameter, rendering the whole apparatus much more compact and light; but in a stationary engine, where neither size nor weight are of much consequence, it is profitable to use steam which will not endanger the workmen by explosion, nor require that intense heat which so rapidly destroys the boiler and furnace.

The case is considerably different in a locomotive engine. Here size and weight must, as far as possible, be diminished, as they interfere materially with the profitable working of the machine: consequently the steam is raised to high pressure that a cylinder of less diameter may have a competent power. The cumbrous condenser, with its large demands for cold water, is dispensed with, though we must, with it, abandon the advantage of the vacuum. Complexity of construction must likewise be avoided: even on the smoothest railroads shocks and strains will continually occur, and if any disarrangement takes place, the imperfection is perpetually increased by the working of the engine, till at last the parts give way altogether, sometimes in a situation where great danger attends the sudden stoppage.

For these causes carriages worked by locomotive power on common roads, though proved to be possible, have not as yet been found profitable: the heavy drag of the weight, as compared with the same quantity moving on a rail-road, and the consequent violent concussions they endure, renders the expenditure of power too great, and the period of their keeping in working order very brief: but in all kinds of locomotives, every dispensable adjunct is at once dismissed; there is no vibrating beam nor regulating fly-wheel, but the piston-rod at once communicates its motion, by a jointed bar, to one of the spokes of the driving wheels. The capacity both of boiler and furnace is also diminished into the smallest possible compass; the great desideratum being to keep a small quantity both of fuel and fluid at an intense degree of heat and pressure; the power of the locomotive depending on its capability of sustaining these.

Immense improvements have lately been made, and still are making, in the construction of these parts of locomotive machinery,

and their speed and strength rendered vastly greater; yet the best-constructed boilers are frequently found to burst,—an accident which, though various ingenious contrivances have deprived them of almost all danger, is yet exceedingly inconvenient and expensive. The bars of the furnace are likewise apt to melt, and wear rapidly from the intense ignition of the coke contained in them: and, in fact, it is at these points that we meet with the difficulties which at present set bounds to our power. The only means of conquering them appears to be by substituting for water some more volatile fluid, which may not require so great a heat to excite its vapour. Alcohol and ether have both been tried, and found in some respects to answer our expectations. We have given above a table of the heat at which steam exerts certain degrees of pressure; we subjoin here the comparative expansive force of ether and alcohol:—

Ether at 105°, Alcohol at 173°, will sustain a column of 30 inch. of mercury.

— 143	— 200	— 60
— 160	— 227	— 90
— 180	— 245	— 120

At the boiling point of water, 212°, the vapour of alcohol will support 68 inches of mercury, or at a temperature when steam would as yet exert no power, (supposing there to be no condenser and vacuum, as in the locomotives,) alcohol would already have a force of more than twenty pounds to the square inch; a difference sufficiently considerable.

One or two disadvantages attending the use of these fluids have, however, still preserved for our old friend, Steam, the character of a servant best able to make himself generally useful. One of these is the much smaller space occupied by them when converted into vapour. Water, on becoming steam, expands to 1,630 times its former bulk, alcohol into 488, and ether into only 285 times their original capacities; so that more than thrice the quantity of alcohol, and nearly six times that of ether, must be evaporated to cause the same number of strokes of the piston. Another consideration of some consequence to those rail-road companies who feel a natural anxiety about the amount of their annual dividends, is the great expense of providing these fluids, which are not, like the rival element, to be drawn gratis from rivers or dug for by wells. Indeed, we fear that they can never be expected to yield an increase of force sufficient to compensate for the enhancement of price.

We do not wish to acquire for ourselves the character of visionaries, nor to occupy our space with vain prophesyings of undefined projects which may never be realised; yet, having now arrived at the boundary of our present capabilities, we cannot consent to quit the subject without pointing out the place where we have a confident expectation of seeing that boundary broken through, and without shortly noticing a power which we hope to see, and ere long, conquering for us a new and vast dominion:—we mean that derived from those gases which modern chemists have succeeded in reducing to the liquid state. There are several of these; but the one which appears most manageable, and is also most easy and cheap of production, is the carbonic acid gas. At the temperature of freezing water (thirty-two degrees) the liquid formed by this gas exerts a pressure of 576 lbs. to the square inch, or thirty-six atmospheres; at 212 degrees, it would probably have an expansive force of several hundred, and adds one atmosphere of pressure on every increase of a few degrees of heat. We have here a most gigantic power, compressed into a small space, and excited by a low temperature, but which has as yet been prevented by its very immensity from being made serviceable to man. Weaker spirits have been controlled and chained down to labour for our advantage, but no spells have yet been found able to bind this strong demon to our service. We must wait for some more learned magician, and for more potent enchantments, before mankind can hope to bring into subjection a servant at present so ungovernable.

## A PAWNEE DANDY.

THE following exquisite description of a "dandy" of the Pawnee tribe of Indians, is taken from the recently published *American Travels of the Hon. Mr. Murray*.

"About the age of twenty they are allowed to hunt, and seek other opportunities for distinction. This epoch answers to the Oxonian's first appearance in London life after taking his B. A. degree. I have seen some dandies in my life—English, Scotch, French, German, ay, and American dandies too; but none of them can compare with the vanity or coxcombrity of the Pawnee dandy. Lest any of the gentry claiming this distinction, and, belonging to the above-mentioned nations, should doubt or feel aggrieved at this assertion, I will faithfully narrate what passed constantly before my eyes in our own tent; namely, the manner in which SA-ni-taâ-rish's son passed the days on which there was no buffalo hunt. He began his toilet about eight in the morning, by greasing and smoothing his whole person with fat, which he rubbed afterwards perfectly dry, only leaving the skin sleek and glossy; he then painted his face vermilion, with a stripe of red also along the centre of the crown of the head; he proceeded to his "coiffure," which received great attention, although the quantum of hair demanding such care was limited, inasmuch as his head was shaved close, except one tuft at the top, from which hung two plaited "tresses." (Why must I call them "pig-tails?") He then filled his ears, which were bored in two or three places, with rings and wampum, and hung several strings of beads round his neck; then sometimes painting stripes of vermilion and yellow upon his breast and shoulders, and placing armbands above his elbows and rings upon his fingers, he proceeded to adorn the nether man with a pair of morassins, some scarlet-cloth leggings fastened to his waist-belt, and bound round the knee with garters of beads four inches broad. Being so far prepared, he drew out his mirror, fitted into a small wooden frame, (which he always, whether hunting or at home, carried about his person,) and commenced a course of self-examination, such as the severest disciple of Watts, Mason, or any other religious moralist, never equalled. Nay more, if I were not afraid of offending the softer sex, by venturing to bring man into a comparison with them in an occupation which is considered so peculiarly their own, I would assert that no female creation of the poets, from the time that Eve first saw "that smooth watery image," till the polished toilet of the lovely Belinda, ever studied her own reflected self with more perseverance or satisfaction than this Pawnee youth. I have repeatedly seen him sit, for above an hour at a time, examining his face in every possible position and expression; now frowning like Homer's Jove before a thunder-storm,—now like the same god, described by Milton, "smiling with superior love;" now slightly varying the streaks of paint upon his cheeks and forehead, and then pushing or pulling "each particular hair" of his eyebrows into its most becoming place. Could the youth have seen anything in that mirror half so dangerous as the features which the glassy wave gave back to the gaze of the fond Narcissus, I might have feared for his life or reason; but, fortunately for these, they had only to contend with a low receding forehead, a nose somewhat sinuous, a pair of small, sharp, black eyes, with high cheek bones, and a broad mouth, well furnished with a set of teeth which had at least the merit of demolishing speedily everything, animal or vegetable, that came within their range.

His toilet thus arranged to his satisfaction, one of the women or children led his buffalo-horse before the tent, and he proceeded to deck his steed by painting his forehead, neck, and shoulders with stripes of vermilion, and sometimes twisted a few feathers into his tail. He then put into his mouth an old-fashioned bridle, bought or stolen from the Spaniards, from the bit of which hung six or eight steel chains, about nine inches long; while some small bells attached to the reins contributed to render the movements of the steed as musical as those of the lovely "Sonnante," in the incomparable tales of Comte Hamilton.

All things being now ready for the promenade, he threw a scarlet mantle over his shoulders; thrust his mirror below his belt; took in one hand a large fan of wild-goose or turkey feathers, to shield his fair and delicate complexion from the sun; while a whip hung from his wrist, having the handle studded with brass nails. Thus accoutred, he mounted his jingling paltry, and ambled through the encampment, envied by all the youths less gay in attire, attracting the gaze of the unfortunate drudges who represent the gentler sex, and admired supremely by himself.

## SEA SIGNALS, AND TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION ON SHORE.

"Along the line this signal ran,  
England expects, that every man  
This day will do his duty."—ARNOLD.

SOME persons imagine that perfect means exist for making known our wishes, or intentions between vessels at sea; but the public generally are totally ignorant on the subject: we shall therefore describe the mode of signalling now in use, and by what means it may be improved.

Sea signals are certainly of very ancient origin, although Hume, the historian, attributes the invention to James the Second, when, as Duke of York, he commanded the English fleet against the Dutch; and their use is first referred to in the French Navy, by Pêre La Hoste, in 1697. It is probable, however, that they were only improved, and the scope of their utility enlarged, about that period, for so evident an operation and palpable an advantage in naval warfare as communicating from a distance by means of signals could not have been overlooked so long. Indeed, Polybius informs us, that in the wars between the Romans and Carthaginians, sea signals were used, and even describes an invention of his own for a kind of telegraph, which embraced the letters of the alphabet. And Thucydides describes the Greeks as hanging out a gilded shield from the admiral's ship as the signal for battle.

We may assume, therefore, that from the earliest times signalling at sea has been practised, but to a limited extent, compared to the present means, particularly since the telegraph has been generally adopted; but it is certain that up to so late a period as the close of the American war of independence, the naval signals embraced no more than some general directions for the management of a fleet.

About that time Admiral Kempenfelt—the same officer who was unfortunately drowned in the *Royal George*—appears to have greatly improved and extended the naval signals; Lord Howe afterwards took them in hand, and prepared a code in 1793, which was ordered to be adopted in the fleet, and which was used by him in his memorable battle of the first of June in the following year. These embraced less than one hundred notifications, principally directions for manœuvring a fleet, and they remained in use until about the beginning of the present century, when they were extended to nearly five hundred messages to or from the commander of a fleet, or between captains of single ships; and in 1803 the communication by signal was completed in its present form by the late Sir Home Popham, who added a telegraph embracing not only the letters of the alphabet, so as to spell any particular word, but a vast number of sentences and portions of sentences, as well as all the words in general use, and the names of the principal cities, headlands, &c., in the world.

Some improvements have since been made, but of little importance, except as relates to steam-vessels, the application of that element to naval purposes having rendered necessary a variety of new messages; and although the general signal-book, aided by the telegraph, is now considered capable of any communication that can be required, it is very generally admitted that the mode of performing the operation admits of simplification.

The reader must understand that every ship belonging to the navy has a particular number, and that when two ships meet, the first object is to exchange numbers, in order to ascertain their respective names, and the rank or seniority of their captains; the superior officer then makes what further communications he may think proper. In time of war there are *private signals* used in the first instance, and these we shall describe anon. Every ship belonging to a *fleet* has a distinguishing vane always exhibited over the truck of the fore or main mast, and also distinguishing pendants, which are shown along with the signal when a message is addressed to that particular ship. For night signals, guns, fired at intervals, rockets, blue-lights, and lanterns variously arranged in squares, triangles, &c., serve to make known what is desired.

The emblems used for signalling are *flags*, *pendants*, and *burgess*. They are composed of bunting, a light woollen material or gauze-like substance, of red, blue, yellow, and white colours, variously arranged, but generally not more than two colours in each emblem. The *flags* are oblong squares of six by eight feet, the *pendants* narrow oblongs, somewhat tapering, eighteen feet long by four feet wide at the head. The *burgess* are triangular flags.

For general signals, *flags* called numerals are used. These are numbered from one to nine, with a cipher and two substitutes. The first substitute representing the flag immediately above it; the second substitute the upper flag of all. Thus, if it is required to

exhibit 303, the flags are arranged—numeral 3, cipher, and second substitute, but to show 233, it will be—numerals 2, 3, and first substitute. By these means any number, up to 999, can be exhibited with twelve flags; when it reaches to 1000, a pendant is hoisted over the number; and a pendant under denotes 2000.

Besides the numerals, there are flags and pendants distinguished as follows:—

The ANSWERING PENDANT, always hoisted to denote that a signal made is seen and understood.

The AFFIRMATIVE, signifying that the proposal is approved.

The NEGATIVE, signifying that it is disapproved or forbidden.

The PREPARATIVE, hoisted along with a signal as a warning to make ready to perform some evolution, to be executed at the moment this flag is hauled down. Thus, to reef topsails, every ship performs the operation simultaneously when the preparative flag begins to descend, which has a very striking effect in a fleet, besides exciting emulation as to which ship shall do it most quickly.

The RENDEZVOUS flag, hoisted with the name of some place appointed for meeting, or referred to in the signal.

The ANNUL, which signifies that the last message is annulled, or if it relates to any previous signal, then the flags denoting it are hoisted at the same time.

There are also COMPASS signals, which apply to specified points of the compass, and are used to direct a vessel's proceedings; as the signal to chase, with the compass flag N.W., and a particular ship's distinguishing pendants would convey the intimation to proceed in pursuit in that direction. Or a private ship making the signal for a strange sail, with a compass flag N.E., informs the admiral that a stranger is visible from her mast-heads in that quarter.

When a signal is made from the admiral, and no particular distinguishing pendants are displayed at the same time, it is considered a general signal, applying to each ship in the fleet; and when every vessel has acknowledged it by the answering pendant, it is hauled down: should they be slow in this, the flag-ship sometimes calls attention to it by firing a gun; but this is seldom necessary, as a good look-out is always kept.

When it is intended to exclude a small number of ships from the application of a signal, it is nevertheless exhibited generally, because it is easier to make the annul immediately afterwards with these vessels' pendants, than to hoist the distinguishing pendants of the majority of the fleet. This may be the case when a general signal is made for lieutenants or midshipmen, and it happens that officers belonging to some of the ships are already on board the admiral's ship.

The numerical arrangement of the flags can be changed by substituting one number for the other; but due notification must be given to all the ships in the navy.

This change becomes desirable when in presence of the enemy, particularly if it is suspected that they have (as they often do) become possessed of the general signals.

As British ships are scattered all over the world, and move about from station to station, it is a work of much delay to issue the notification for altering the arrangement of the numerical flags has become universally known. For this reason it is desirable that, in the private signals, a few transpositions should be described, and that, previous to general signalling, the message should be made, (by private signal,) intimating which table it is intended to use. By this means the arrangement of the numerals could be altered continually in the face of an enemy;—a very necessary precaution; for it is a well-known fact that the French and Americans were in possession of our general signals last war, which is not surprising, when we consider that there were many manuscript copies in every ship, and that the signals most in use, such as 81, pass within hail—275, show your number—and many others, were not only familiar to every man on board, but also to the crews of merchant-vessels, who witnessed the operations they called for.

It was by strictly observing the effect produced by different notifications that the officers of our blockading fleets off Brest and Toulon were enabled to discover the key of the French telegraph, which continually made known the numbers and force of our ships, &c. &c., as they approached the land; and this they continued to detect, notwithstanding that the French made repeated alterations, as they were enabled to do with the greatest facility, the communication being easy, speedy, and certain, along a line established on shore.

Besides the general signals we have described, there are also Convoy signals. These are various messages designed for the

government of merchant-vessels under convoy of ships of war. The flags are described in the printed books as blanks, but filled with such colours as the officer in charge of the convoy directs, and delivered to the masters of vessels when on the point of quitting the port. They are directed to observe that when the convoy flag is exhibited, all signals made in conjunction therewith apply to the book, which gives ample explanation; and to disregard all signals made when that particular flag is not exhibited, such being applicable to the vessels of war guarding them. They, for the most part, disregard the whole, and are only subjected to the necessary regulations for their safety by the activity of small vessels running about, and, by firing at them, obliging them to compliance.

The PRIVATE signals are made with the same flags as the general signals, but their signification depends on several combined circumstances, such as the position (the mast head) from which they are displayed, the day of the month, &c., all which complications are necessary to prevent imposition. In war it is usual to begin with these as soon as any vessel of suspicious appearance is seen, and there is a sign and countersign to insure that deception shall not be practised. The private signal-book is never seen by any one but the Captain or the Commander of the vessel. It is enclosed in a lead case, and always ready to be thrown overboard in case of capture, before the enemy has gained possession of the ship. Such is also the fate of the general signal book, the box being large enough to contain that as well as the telegraph-book.

The general signals are sufficiently comprehensive for every purpose connected with naval evolutions, but the TELEGRAPH enables us to hold a conversation on any subject. When telegraphing is intended, a particular flag, called the telegraph-flag, is hoisted, and during the time that is exhibited all the numbers relate to the telegraph-book. The signal-officer having received the message, proceeds to arrange it, and then hands the figures to the midshipman, who in turn calls them over to the signal-men, who hoist the flags. If the word required, or one synonymous thereto, cannot be readily found, a syllable or two forming part of it is adopted, and the rest worked out by single letters. It may be interesting to our readers to know how Nelson's inspiring exhortation, which produced such a thrilling effect at Trafalgar, was conveyed to the fleet.

About three-quarters of an hour before noon, and just half an hour before Collingwood opened his fire, the following telegraphic signal was made from the *Victory*, Lord Nelson's flag-ship:

253 269 403 261 471 558 220 370 4 21 19 24

England expects that every man will do his duty.

It will be seen that the last word was obliged to be spelt, the word *duty* not being in the telegraph-book.

It is hardly possible to imagine the sensation which this exciting, well-timed announcement conveyed to the feelings of the ships' crews, to whom it was immediately made known by the several Captains, who called the people around them for the purpose. Three hearty cheers resounded through the fleet, proclaimed with an energy which struck terror into the enemy, then about two miles distant, but near enough to hear the cheers repeated from ship to ship, wafted to them by the gentle breeze which impelled our fleet slowly to the attack. The message, as first designed, was "Nelson expects," &c., but the Signal-Lieutenant of the *Victory* suggested to his Lordship the substitution of "England," which he immediately approved, and it was given precisely in the form we have described.

Notwithstanding that the telegraph has been but recently so adopted, in comparison with general signals, the invention is undoubtedly of great antiquity. Besides Polybius, already quoted, Bacon mentions this process of communication; the Marquis of Worcester distinctly describes it in that remarkable document, his *Century of Inventions*; and Dr. Hooke alludes to it in a paper addressed to the Royal Society in 1684.

All these refer, however, to a land telegraph, which appears to have come into use in England about the year 1795, although signal-posts around the coast were established in 1793. The invention of the telegraph then adopted was attributed to Lord George Murray, bishop of St. David's; but the French possessed something similar several years before. The *semaphore* or land telegraph now in use is avowedly copied from the French, and certainly a great improvement on the original plan.

By means of the *semaphore* on the roof of the Admiralty at Whitehall, a communication can be made—such as the Greenwich time—which is signified daily—from thence to Portsmouth, in less than a minute—often in forty seconds. This celerity of course implies a good look-out at each of the intermediate stations,

and a clear day. In general a question can be asked, such as—Has a ship (ordered to sail) proceeded to sea? and an answer returned in four or five minutes. Or if the captain of a ship is in parliament, and of the right way of thinking, he can be called up to vote at a division at night, by an intimation given in the afternoon.

For most communications the telegraph book in general use suffices; but for secret messages another is used: and for the ready interpretation of this, each of the lords of the Admiralty, and the two secretaries, have a key engraved on a small ivory tablet, which they carry in their waistcoat-pockets.

To many of our readers, who have passed the Admiralty when the semaphore is at work, the operation is familiar; for the information of others we shall explain, that the machine consists of an upright post, having two arms attached to each side, which are moved by machinery to certain positions, either at right angles, or above or below the right angle, and represent numbers—the even, 2, 4, 6, 8, designated on one side; and the odd, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, on the other. There are various notifications in addition to the telegraph words and sentences, such as negative, affirmative, &c. &c., the same as we have already described as pertaining to the sea signals.

There are fourteen stations (the Admiralty in London and Portsmouth inclusive) between these two points, this being the only government line at present existing. The line runs as follows:—Admiralty, Chelsea, Putney, Kingston, Esher, Cobham, Guildford, Godalming, Haslemere, Midhurst, Beacon Hill, Compton Down, Portsdown Hill, Portsmouth. At each of these an old naval lieutenant and a signal-man is stationed, the duty being to keep a constant look-out on the *up* and *down* adjoining station, and to repeat immediately the signal observed, and thus to pass it quickly to the extremity of the line.

In time of war other lines are maintained to Deal, Sheerness, Plymouth, Falmouth, Yarmouth, Leith, &c. The expense of each station is about 240*l.*; and it is not considered necessary to incur the cost of lines to these positions in time of peace; but the sites for intermediate stations are all marked out, and the lines surveyed, so that the posts could be erected, and the machinery put in operation, in a few days.

Lines of telegraph have recently been established at the expense and for the information of ship owners, merchants, underwriters, and others concerned, at Liverpool and some other ports, and they will no doubt be extended in progress of time, when the utility of speedy communication becomes apparent.

The French, in furtherance of their policy of centralisation, have lines of semaphore not only between Paris and the naval arsenals, but to all the principal towns in France, and their government by this means becomes cognisant of matters for a considerable time before they are known to the public.

It is unfortunate that, owing to the semaphore requiring to be in a fixed position, and always to present the same surface to the observer, it cannot be made available on board ship. It has a great advantage over flags, being worked with far less labour and expense, with greater certainty, and not depending upon the state of the weather, so that the atmosphere is sufficiently clear to discern the object; whereas it often happens at sea, that, although the form of the flag is apparent enough, the colours cannot be distinguished, owing to the vessel's position under a cloud, or the various shades and changes produced by the refraction of the rays of light falling on the object. Hence the proposal which has been frequently suggested, of a code of *distance signals*, being a combination of balls, flags, and pendants, of different form, disregarding the colours altogether. We are not aware, however, that anything worthy of adoption, all things considered, has been yet produced; and the signal most distinguishable at a distance now in use, is the Dutch ensign (red, white, blue, horizontal), hoisted to recal a ship that has been despatched in chase, or when something has been omitted by a vessel leaving the fleet.

There is a code of signals partially used by merchant-vessels, arranged by Captain Marryat, the celebrated novelist, for the production of which, that talented officer has received gratuities from our own, and also, we believe, some foreign governments. We say this code is partially used, but we fear it will never become general, owing to its very complicated arrangement, making it difficult to be understood even by the proficient in such matters, and totally unintelligible to the capacity of the great majority of masters and mates of trading-vessels. The apparatus, consisting of sixteen flags and a book, is, moreover, expensive; and, in our opinion, includes a vast deal of matter, which makes it very complete certainly, but which might be omitted in such a code as would be generally and sufficiently useful for a purpose much to

be desired, that of establishing a communication available for practical purposes between merchant-vessels and the agents of Lloyd's, on shore, or with the Queen's ships, or with each other, at sea.

Half a dozen symbols, in the shape of flags, barges, pendants, and balls, in addition to the ensign and jack carried by all ships, might be transposed so as to represent about 100 messages, being quite sufficient for the purpose; and these, with a book of clear instructions, could be furnished for 3*l.* or 4*l.* It might even be printed in the language of all nations that possess vessels; but to bring such a matter to bear, it would not only be necessary to obtain the concurrence of foreign governments, but also to pass a law obliging the master of every vessel to provide the apparatus.

The proposal for international signals has been before the public for several years, and the plan of Captain Rohde, of the Danish navy, is lauded by some British officers as simple and cheap, requiring but four flags and a pendant. Mr. Crammer Philipps has also a plan for the same purpose, which he asserts to be cheaper and easier of execution than the other. It appears to us, however, that all the designs proposed attempt too much, and in order to secure a great number of variations, resort to changes and conditions which render the matter too complicated for the understanding of those who are to apply it; such as, when a particular flag is in such a position, the number relates to one division of the code, and when in a different position to another. This will never do. A code for general use must have sufficient emblems to make every number separate, no matter how or in what position exhibited; and for this reason, the code in use in the Royal Yacht Club (which is, in fact, an extensive telegraph, having sentences and messages applicable to all naval purposes, with the means of spelling any word deficient—a better plan than loading the book with hundreds of names that might never be wanted) is, in our view, a more simple and better arrangement than Captain Marryat's, and if abridged and rendered operative with half-a-dozen symbols, might be made available for universal use.

Within these few years attempts have been made to establish communication between distant points by means of electricity; and models of pneumatic telegraphs are exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street, where the visitor may be gratified with the view of many wonderful and ingenious appliances in art and science. To explain these, however, does not come within the province of our present purpose.

#### THE SEA, THE SEA, THE BEAUTIFUL SEA!

In a little book, called "A Journal of a Tour to America," we find the following:—

"Among our cabin passengers we have a young couple, who were only married about two weeks before we sailed. They came from an inland county in England, and had never seen the sea before. I was amused with the lady, she seemed so pleased that she was soon to see the beautiful large waves. 'O,' says she, 'how I shall love to look at them: dear me, I shall be so delighted. I do so much wish we may have a storm; you cannot conceive how I long to see all them sort of fine sights. I once saw a storm acted in the theatre in our county-town—it was so fine; but a real storm, you know, must be a great deal finer. We lost the pitching of the ship, and the roaring of the wind and waves, and the smell of the tar. I do like the smell of tar so much.' What a happy couple, they were so loving and so lovely. 'They were all in all to each other,' the first night they came on board the ship when she lay in the river. They were very happy indeed; in the words of the poet,

'They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow  
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright.  
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,  
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight:  
They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,  
And saw each other's dark eyes darting light  
Into each other, and, beholding this,  
Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss.'

Alas! that so much happiness should be so soon clouded. Scarcely had we got into blue water, when the happy couple were laid prostrate before Father Neptune. I saw nothing of them for some days. This afternoon, when the gale had abated, I paid a visit to the lady. I found her in bed, very pale, and dejected. I asked her how she was? 'O,' says she, 'I am so bad, you have no idea. I have done nothing but vomit these four days past, and have suffered dreadfully. That nasty rude sea! I do detest it so. You cannot imagine how it used me last night: it threw me out of the bed right over Mr. D., and I fell upon the deck. The wrist of my right arm is all sprained, and my body is all in a jelly with the vessel knocking me about so. I hope, in the name of Heaven, we won't have no more storms;—I am sure I will die if we do.'"



## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE METROPOLIS.

## WESTMINSTER MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

WITH SOME GENERAL REMARKS ON METROPOLITAN AND PROVINCIAL MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

THE London Mechanics' Institution, of which an account will be found in No. XXVI. of this journal, was the first established in the metropolis, and is the model on which most subsequent metropolitan institutions of a similar kind have been constituted; and it is an interesting fact that, in probably the majority of instances, the originators of such establishments were once members of this, which may be called the parent society. Such was the case with the gentlemen who founded, and with several of the present officers of the Westminster Mechanics' Institution.

This institution was established in April, 1837, "for the instruction of its members in the principles of the arts, and in the various branches of scientific and practical knowledge;" and considering that it is still in its infancy, it has succeeded remarkably well. In addition to defraying the ordinary expenses, a library of about 3000 volumes has been formed, partly by donation, partly by purchase, comprising the principal standard English works in history, science, art, and general literature. Some progress has been made in collecting machines, models, minerals, and other specimens in natural history, for the purpose of forming a museum, laboratory, and experimental workshop. By the aid of a loan of 125*l.* (the only debt yet incurred), a very advantageous purchase of the premises about to be mentioned, has also been effected.

The premises at present occupied are in Little Smith-street, near Dean's-yard and the Westminster School. They are temporary only, not being well adapted for the purposes of the institution, a circumstance which has doubtless been detrimental to its interests. The lectures are delivered in the Infant School, Vincent square, a distance of nearly half-a-mile from the spot where the general business is carried on. Measures, however, are in progress, which will remove these inconveniences, and open a wider sphere of usefulness to the institution. Two large houses in Great Smith-street have been purchased, and the necessary alterations are about to be made. On a piece of ground adjoining, it is intended to erect a lecture-room, the façade of which will range with the front of the rest of the building, and present a very elegant appearance. An appeal to the public, to enable the committee to carry these designs into effect, is contemplated.

Classes for the study of linear, architectural, landscape, figure, and ornamental drawing, modelling, English grammar, the French and Latin languages, Roman antiquities, and instrumental music, are held in the evening under the superintendence of teachers, most of whom give their services gratuitously. Chemistry, literary composition, and physiology, are studied on the plan of mutual instruction. The average number of members attending the classes has been 125, or nearly one-third of the total number belonging to the institution.

A lecture on some literary or scientific subject is delivered every Thursday evening. Great liberality has been displayed by many gentlemen, eminent in their several professions, in giving valuable lectures gratuitously. The reading-room is supplied with the daily newspapers, and some of the more popular periodicals; but not so abundantly as the older establishments. The deficiency will, no doubt, be made up when the institution receives more extensive support. The subscription is 6*s.* per quarter, payable in advance. Ladies are admitted (on the introduction of members) to the lectures and use of the library, at 12*s.* per annum. Sons or apprentices of members may attend the lectures or classes on the same terms. There is no entrance fee. The affairs of the institution are managed by a numerous committee, elected annually by and out of the general body of subscribers.

The total number of persons who have subscribed is 1026; and the average number of members is about 400, of whom the unusually large proportion of two-thirds are mechanics. This latter circumstance suggests a few remarks on the nature of Mechanics' Institutions.

It is well known that the Mechanics' Institutions of the metropolis are supported principally by persons in business, clerks, shopmen, &c., comparatively few artisans having availed themselves of the advantages which they offer. This remark holds good of most provincial institutions also: the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, for example, at the close of the year 1835, numbered 1526 members, of whom scarcely 350 were mechanics. This fact, which, considering the undoubted eagerness of the

working classes to improve their mental condition, may at first sight appear inexplicable, presents no difficulty to those who are acquainted with the state of that part of the community.

The subscription is too high. True, it is only sixpence per week, but that *trifle* is a considerable proportion of the earnings of many men, even in London, who not unfrequently are compelled to keep their children from the scanty education which National and Lancasterian schools afford, for want of the *penny* which each child is required to bring every Monday morning. This is a fact, ascertained from their own lips. Six shillings a quarter, it may therefore easily be conceived, is a sum which effectually excludes not a few who would gladly enter the doors of Mechanics' Institutions.

To engage, with any degree of satisfaction or success, in the studies for which such establishments make provision, a considerable amount of elementary knowledge is an indispensable requisite; but this is a qualification in which a large proportion of the adult labouring population, even of London, is woefully deficient. vast numbers cannot read; many more only imperfectly; and even where a large amount of knowledge has been acquired, no desire of increasing its stores—no feeling that education is *never* completed—that what is known ought to be employed as an instrument for making further acquisitions—has been implanted in their minds; nay, so erroneous has hitherto been the system on which the poor are educated, that many of them appear to think it degrading for an adult to be taught! To men so thinking and feeling, Mechanics' Institutions hold out no charms, and scarcely any advantages of which they could make use.

The subjects studied in their class-rooms, and expounded in lectures, are not of the kind calculated to interest the working classes at the present time. It is true they bear directly on the means of subsistence, teaching how the various mechanical and manufacturing processes may most readily and accurately be performed; but the connexion between abstract truths and their practical application is not so manifest as to present itself without reflection and study: so requisite, indeed, is it in most cases, that we are inclined to think more genius is displayed in its discovery, than in ascertaining abstract truth itself. That geometry and other subjects of a similar kind possess but little attraction for the artisan, who nevertheless may every day be put to trouble and inconvenience for want of acquaintance with them, is, therefore, not surprising. The rule which excludes from Mechanics' Institutions all matters of a political or religious nature, may be an essential condition to their success; but there can be no doubt that it is one of the principal causes of the apathy with which they are regarded by the great body of working men, who, beginning to have some perception of their condition, think of nothing but the most direct apparent means of improving it. The state of the Birmingham Mechanics' Institution affords a strong confirmation of this opinion. Although of ten years' standing, its members have not of late exceeded three hundred. Considering the population of the town, and the occupations of its inhabitants, this circumstance would be unaccountable, were we not aware of the all-absorbing interest which the working classes of Birmingham take in political affairs. What renders the want of success still less extraordinary, is the fact that even newspapers are not (or at least were not a year or two ago) provided at the institution.

The constitution of Mechanics' Institutions is a subject which deserves and demands serious consideration; nor should it be overlooked by those who are striving so usefully and honourably to establish a system of education for the people of this country. The duty of the state, paramount to most, if not all others, to provide the best means of moral and intellectual cultivation for the community, has hitherto been almost universally restricted to the young; but it would be difficult to assign a sufficient reason why, in making such provision, the adult population should be neglected. The present generation has sustained an irremediable loss by the neglect of the *past*—an additional and stringent argument for doing whatever is practicable to alleviate the evils to which it is in consequence subjected. Mechanics' Institutions, if taken under the protection of, and assisted or established by the State, might be rendered a most efficient means of diffusing throughout the whole mass of our adult industrial population, advantages which their actual constitution confines to a comparatively small section of our countrymen, or altogether fails to secure. In the first and second publications of the Central Society of Education, are two papers, the former by Mr. Baker, of Doncaster, the other by Mr. Wyse; both of which contain many valuable suggestions for the improvement of Mechanics' Institutions, and much interesting information respecting them.

## THE LITERARY SCHEMER.

The literary schemer is a sort of loose fish, who skims about without any positive aim or object,—or, perhaps, we should be more correct in saying, who has too many; the fact being, that he generally has a new one every day. He either will not take to or cannot keep in the ordinary ways of the world, and will not submit to the restraints of a legitimate industry, but betakes himself to the oddest shifts and expedients imaginable to supply his place.

For persons of this stamp, anything like steady regular employment has no charms. They would not take it, though it were offered them. They prefer infinitely that desultory sort of warfare with the world which leaves to the combatant the greatest independence of movement, enabling him to fly from shift to shift, and from expedient to expedient; to toy with one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow, with the least control from both public and private opinion.

It is true that, as regards ways and means, the unsettled—the man of shifts—is generally in a most unenviable condition. He is constantly in a state of desperate poverty. But there is an excitation in his irregular and precarious way of life, and an incessant fluctuation of hopes and fears, all unknown to the dull plodders in the legitimate paths of industry, that peculiarly assorts with his errant nature, and without which, in truth, he could hardly exist. It keeps him eternally on the *qui vive*,—constantly on the alert to discover new modes of raising the wind; and this is his element. It is, moreover, an element for which nature seems to have specially adapted him; for if one shift in fifty succeeds, he is satisfied, and in one day's freedom from care, in consequence of this success, finds ample compensation for the anxieties of a month. He is thus happily constituted to encounter all the ills of that vagrant life to which his wandering nature prompts him.

The literary schemer is generally, we rather think, a person of sanguine temperament and elastic spirit. He had need to be so, indeed; for his struggle with the world is a desperate one, and his disappointments and rebuffs great and manifold. In truth, he but rarely succeeds in anything; yet does he stoutly maintain the fight, disputing every inch of ground, and retreating from one position only to take up another. There is generally a dash of cleverness about him, too,—enough, would he direct it to legitimate purposes, and keep it under due restraint and discipline, to secure him a respectable position in the world, but not enough to enable him to reach either competence or distinction by any extraordinary or unusual route; and yet this, by some strange perversity of judgment, is what he aims at, and what he constantly hopes to accomplish.

The literary schemer is frequently a man of some education, and frequently also a man of literary tastes and propensities, or something akin to them. This sort of person is generally somewhat uppish in years, haggard in look, and eminently shabby in the clothing department. Say, with regard to the latter, a pair of threadbare diab gaiters, with metal buttons; a rusty black coat, with greasy, shining collar; battered black stock, much dilapidated about the edges; waistcoat shut up to the throat, mysteriously secured—close inspection discovering that it is effected by an artful and ingenious use of pins, instead of buttons; questionable shoes, and an equivocal hat, complete the picture of the literary unsettled; and when we have added, that he is prone to indulge in strong drinks, we think that we have not left much about him, that is worthy of special notice, untouched upon.

This person dabbles much in literary speculations of an humble kind; he is a great getter-up of shabby, miserable-looking periodicals. When one of these is in the wind, he prepares the public for its advent by a flaming prospectus, in which he promises everything that the heart of man can desire. On such occasions, his bill or placard generally runs somewhat in this way—

“Stop and Read! The *Ne Plus Ultra*, a new Literary and Scientific Journal.

“On the 1st of September next will be published, the First Number of a new weekly periodical, under the above title.

“The *Ne Plus Ultra* will, it is hoped, supply what has long been a desideratum in periodical literature: a work which should combine instruction with amusement, wisdom with wagery, and philosophy with fun; that should, in short, put the public in possession of the emanations of the highest order of genius, at the lowest possible price.

“All these desirable objects will be accomplished by the *Ne Plus Ultra*, which will, moreover, be always found to breathe a spirit of the purest and loftiest morality; for if there be any one

truth with which the proprietors of that work are more deeply impressed than another, it is that

‘Ward of modesty is want of sense.’

The proprietors have only to add, that the editor, whom they have engaged to conduct the new periodical, is a gentleman of the most extensive literary and scientific attainments, and well known in the literary world as one of the ornaments of the age.

“The *Ne Plus Ultra* will be magnificently printed on the most superb paper, and no expense will be spared to render it, altogether, one of the most attractive things of the kind that ever claimed the patronage of a liberal and discerning public.

“N.B. The first literary talent of the day is engaged to illuminate the columns of this splendid work.”

Having procured two or three hundred bills of this description to be thrown off, our literary adventurer now takes earnestly to work. He sets bill-stickers and deliverers a flying in all directions, and at this stage of the business may be seen himself driving about the streets in hot haste; for, be it observed, this sort of personage is amazingly active and industrious; these form two of his characteristics. He knocks about at an astounding rate, and exhibits an indefatigability and perseverance, and a talent for conquering difficulties—especially those of a pecuniary nature,—that in any other cause or pursuit would lead to brilliant results. As it is, they are all lost—all thrown away.

By and by the commotion of which we have been speaking ceases. The town is placarded; the bill-stickers and deliverers are at rest, and our journalist himself disappears; he is no longer to be seen flying about the streets with papers under his arm. A sudden and inexplicable silence ensues; a pause of deep and mysterious repose. The day on which the famous journal was to appear arrives, and passes away, and no journal has come forth. What is the meaning of this, after all the trumpeting we have had? What has gone wrong? Has the *Ne Plus Ultra* perished ere it was born? No, not quite; but there have been difficulties in the way, arising from certain awkward insufficiencies in the monetary department. These, then, had to be got over; so that our journalist, though invisible, has by no means been idle. Far from it; he has been labouring most assiduously, though you haven't seen him, and no light labour was it to make ingenuity and expedient supply the place and do the work of the circulating medium. He had, then, merely disappeared from the stage for a time, to adjust some of the secret machinery, that either would not work at all, or was not working well through lack of oil. His industry and activity had abated not a jot in this interval; the only difference being, that they were confined to a sort of underground operations, not visible to the spectator's eye.

At length, however, the famous journal appears,—that is, if you can call four small quarto leaves of tea paper, covered with illegible print, a journal,—the said print struggling most piteously to tell you something or other, but struggling in vain; for you can hardly make out two consecutive sentences throughout the whole paper. There is one column, however, in particular, that especially attracts your attention. You at first take it for Greek, but, on closer inspection, discover that it is merely a column turned upside down!

Such, then, is our friend's *Ne Plus Ultra*, which was to have been most magnificently printed on the most superb paper, edited by an ornament of the age, (our friend himself, of course,) which was to be supported by the first talent of the day, and on which no expense was to be spared.

As to the contents of the paper, we need say little; they are likely to be somewhat of this description:—say, a leading article on the Corn Laws, by the ornament of the age himself, who has long found bread an almost unattainable article; a paper, from a scientific correspondent, on the Dry-rot and the virtues of Coal-tar; an extract from Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia; two or three choice specimens of prose and verse from the School Collection, and other sources equally erudite and rare; the whole finished off with a string of Joe Miller's, planted at the distance of three inches from each other, in order to get at the end of the sheet as quickly as possible, and at the smallest expense of typography.

We need hardly add, that the term of the *Ne Plus Ultra*'s existence is three weeks precisely. On the second it gets sickly; on the third expires without a groan.

It may be matter of wonder how our literary friend ever contrives to bring matters even this length; and in truth it is matter for wonder, and great wonder too, seeing that he accomplishes everything without the smallest aid from the lawful coin of this realm, or of any other; for not a sixpence has he in the world.

All these—and greatly is it to the credit of his ingenuity—is effected solely by dint of dextrous management and spirited manoeuvring—talking over one here, worrying another there, soft-soaping a third, and *doing* a fourth.

As our friend, however, is never a loser, let the game be what it may, and this for the simple reason that he has nothing to lose, it is clear that the vacuums created by his literary *speers* must be filled up by somebody else: the loss must fall on some fortunate pair or pairs of shoulders; and of course so it does, at printers, publishers, and stationers could more fully instruct.

One would think, however, that this could not last long; that our literary adventurer must very soon be thrown on his beam-ends. But this is by no means the case: he is unconquerable, and in a sense immortal; for no sooner has one *spec.* gone down with him into the depths of ruin, than up he is again at the surface as lively and active as ever, and not a pin the worse for the adventure. There is, in truth, no killing of him, no putting of him down; or, at least, no keeping him there. He has the buoyancy of a cork, and will not be detained at the bottom by anything short of main force.

Sometimes, indeed, there are intervals in his career, during which he is invisible, and during which you see no printed announcement of any kind which you can trace to him, and you begin to think that your friend has been at last fairly floored by some overwhelming catastrophe. But the sudden appearance, some day, of a large blue or yellow placard on the corners of the streets, or it may be of a hand-bill lying on a bookseller's counter, or a prospectus in his window, and in which you at once recognise the hand of the indefatigable *littérateur*, affords you the gratifying assurance that he is all alive and kicking; not only so, but in the act of running full tilt at some new object—some new literary *spec.*, or something akin thereto. Possibly it is a prospectus of some new system of infant education,—possibly a proposition to start a new Magazine,—possibly it is an announcement of a series of lectures on the leading sins of the age,—or, it may be, proposals to organise a literary debating society for the cultivation of oratory and the belles lettres.

It is true that none of these announcements ever come to anything, for from not more than one in a thousand of our friend's different bills and prospectuses does anything ever result; but their appearance, after such an interval as we have been speaking of, is quite enough to satisfy you that he is still in the field, and in full possession of all his energies.

The great instruments by which our literary adventurer keeps things moving are bills (post and hand), placards, and prospectuses. With these he has a tremendous work. Heaven knows how he contrives to get them printed, for he never pays a farthing for one of them; neither printer, stationer, nor publisher ever see a sixpence of his money. Yet get them printed he does, and that in amazing quantities; there being hardly a week that he does not let loose a shoal of them upon the town, pay for them who may. What they are all about, it were endless and useless to tell; for, as already remarked, nothing ever results from them. In truth, we believe that he himself could not, on any given week, say what were the purposes and objects of his bills and prospectuses of the preceding one: they are so numerous and various, that it is next to impossible he should recollect anything at all about them.

This passion for bills and prospectuses—for with our friend it is absolutely a passion, a mania,—necessarily brings him much in contact with the fraternity of bill-stickers. With this class he has an immense deal of intercourse, but he is not by any means in very good odour with them; for they know him to be fully better at employing than paying, as a great number of unsettled scores for jobs done but too amply testify.

In his intercourse with this class, then, has he also to manoeuvre a good deal; this being requisite, in order to avoid old claimants and come at fresh men, who, knowing less about him, may be prevailed upon to undertake his jobs. The former, however, are a source of sad annoyance to him; for they are constantly on the look-out for him, and never fail to give him chase whenever they can clap eyes on him. In such case he has nothing for it but to take to his heels, and trust to the friendly aid of the nearest corner.

We have elsewhere said that there are intervals when our literary adventurer is invisible, and when there is no issue of bills or prospectuses to intimate his where or whereabouts: when, in fact, he appears to be in a state of entire quiescence. These are periods when he is at fault in the way of speculation; for even his ingenuity cannot save him from getting into such predicament occasionally, when he is unable to devise anything new: or it may be

that he has been arrested by some more than usually formidable difficulty,—such as a universal determination among the printers not to throw off another bill for him; not to move a peg until old scores are cleared off.

We have seen him on such occasions, and when we have we have seen a greatly changed man. He is then grievously down in the mouth, sadly crest-fallen, and looking most intensely lugubrious; all life, all spirit has deserted him; there are then no bundles of papers under the arm, none of those mysterious parcels which he flies about with when there is a *spec.* in the wind; no energy or activity in his motions. All this is gone: only suspended though, mark that,—not extinct. Next time we see him, all's right again: the mysterious parcels reappear, the active step and sanguine look are restored; a new idea has been hit upon; an accommodating printer has been found, bills and prospectuses are printing, and all is going on swimmingly once more.

It very often happens that the literary adventurer is an elocutionist, a reciter of odes and ballads; and under this character you may frequently detect him in bills on the walls, announcing entertainments of this kind.

In such case, he hires some crazy old hall in some obscure part of the town, and, with a couple of fiddlers and a pound of candles, gets up an entertainment at the moderate rate of twopence and threepence a head. By such expedients as this he has been frequently known to clear something considerably above half-a-crown,—that is, calculating, as may be very safely done, that neither candles, fiddlers, nor room, have been paid for.

On such great occasions as this, our versatile genius sports a clean diekey—a clean shirt is beyond his reach,—which he has borrowed for the nonce, and with his hair carefully brushed forwards on either side of his dissipated-looking countenance, he presents himself to an admiring audience, and forthwith proceeds to electrify them with *Hohenlinden*, or the *Battle of the Baltic*.

One word more about our worthy friend. He is not a malignant creature, and therefore it is with extreme regret that he finds himself compelled by his necessities to accept a few shillings, now and again, for doing dirty work—that is, catering for some vile vehicle of slander; but this he gets rid of as soon as possible.

#### HOMO VERMIS.

We are all creeping worms of the earth,  
Some are silk-worms, great by birth,  
Glow-worms some, that shine by night,  
Slow-worms some, apt to bite;  
Some are muck worms, slaves to wealth,  
Maw-worms some, that wrong the health;  
Some, to the public no good-willers,  
Canker-worms, and caterpillars.  
Found about the earth we're crawling:  
For a sorry life we're sprawling:  
Putrid stuff we suck, it fills us,  
Death then sets his foot, and kills us — *Table-Talk*.

#### EXPANSIVE VIEWS.

Science requires an expanded mind, a view that embraces the universe. Instead of shutting himself up in an island, and abusing all the rest of mankind, the philosopher should make the world his country, and should trample beneath his feet those prejudices which the vulgar so fondly hug to their bosoms. He should sweep away from his mind the dust and cobwebs of all national partiality and enmity, which darken and distort the perceptions, and fetter the operations of intellect.—*Laurence*.

#### ARE YOU EVER TIRED OF YOURSELF?

I have heard various men profess that they never knew the minutes that hung upon their hands, and were totally unacquainted with what, borrowing a term from the French language, we call *ennui*. I own I have listened to these persons with a certain degree of incredulity, always excepting such as earn their subsistence by constant labour, or as, being placed in a situation of active engagement, have not the leisure to feel apathy and disgust.—*Godwin*.

#### GENUINE ICE-CREAMS.

I was inquiring if the Hudson was frozen up or not during the winter. This led to a conversation as to the severity of the winter, when one man, by way of proving how cold it was, said, "Why, I had a cow on my lot up the river, and last winter she got in among the ice, and was carried down three miles before we could get her out again. The consequence has been, that she has milked nothing but *ice-creams* ever since!"

—*Captain Marryat. America.*

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## SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE.

### HOME.

THERE may be some to whom the name of London conveys the idea only of the profusion of gaiety and the splendours of wealth; who, though in words they may sometimes allow the presence of much misery and poverty, think of the latter only in the light that the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette viewed it, when she asked why, if the poor could not get bread, they did not rather live on cheese-cakes than starve?—They do not realise to themselves that distress which crowds its streets with squalid wretchedness, more or less carelessly displayed; and many, many of its dwellings with hopeless and contentious misery, varied by reckless bursts of false gaiety, that sometimes glare on the path of poverty, as on that of vice; or the dejected efforts for mere subsistence by the honestly labouring; or, more sad still, the lingering sickness, aided in its attacks by a despair that sees in the grave nothing but rest, unprovided with those means that wealth might employ to alleviate it, too often uncheered by affection and sympathy,—for, alas! both will sometimes perish beneath the blighting influence of self-fostered into giant power by the perpetual unsatisfied cravings of animal life.

There is, in the neighbourhood of a large square—the residence of wealth, if not of fashion—a street, (no matter for its name,) a short, quiet street of small houses; a grocer's, a baker's, and a poulterer's shop occur at intervals; and at one end is a tavern, of some pretensions, but less brightly coloured than many of the brethren of its order; a circulating library, elaborately named, urges for its fame literary claims in the possession of about a hundred old romances, and its windows, ornamented with various prints, displaying Kean or Yates *rampant* or Taglioni *dansant*, are the daily admiration and wonder of a flock of "young ideas" (to misuse Thomson's phrase) issuing with much clamour from the commercial academy next door: but, except those named, the remaining are private residences, and one of these is the dwelling I would individualise. It was a neat, but somewhat dingy-looking house, from the want of paint and of those other attentions the externals of a house require, to give it an air commonly called respectable; the Venetian blinds, which, except a flimsy muslin curtain hung across, were the only ornaments of the windows, were also faded and shabby; the door-plate, on which Mr. George Barr was declared "Accountant," was as bright as could be expected from a weekly polishing; and the door-steps, though not so white as some in the same street, were at least swept clean. The lower front room was appropriated for the desk of the accountant; in the upper (which, after the modern fashion, was ostentatiously divided into two by folding-doors,) were seated his wife and three daughters. But for a minute I must leave these, while I describe the apartment.

Among those neither indolently resigned to fashion nor subjected by necessity (if such there are), much of the character of the dwellers might be read in the arrangements of the dwelling; but, except in the flowers scattered over the room, necessity had been

here the dictator, and even in the choice of these her iron rule had been made apparent; a carpet very much worn, but carefully mended; an old-fashioned sofa, which served the only son as a bed; a few cane-chairs; a round table in the centre of the room, and a Pembroke one at the side, on which stood a handsome desk, the only relic of better times now remaining,—except that the chimney-piece yet boasted a looking glass, with a tarnished frame, in whose plate had been reflected the bridal smiles of the now pale and grave mother, and her children's infant glee or vacant astonishment at its wonders; these, with hand-screens, the production of school industry, and a pair of vases for flowers, the cheap purchase of a day of comparative plenty, formed the whole furniture of the apartment of those who now sat within it. The mother, with an emaciated form and haggard countenance, yet retained that impress more lasting than beauty, the effect of a well-governed mind and a gentle temper; her eyes, once large and bright, were shrunk with time and sorrow, and the spectacles she wore could not hide their anxious and wandering expression; her dress was faded and carelessly worn, but nothing could obliterate the true characteristics of that often misapplied title—the lady. The daughters, in faded dresses, that had been many times altered to suit the changing fashion, were now occupied in considering how some muslin ones might be made available for a party to which they had been invited. Two of them were actively engaged in this endeavour; the third had thrown herself on the sofa, to consider more at her ease, as she playfully said, by what tasteful contrivance an unfortunate rent might be remedied or concealed. Her sisters pursued their work in silence; and she, though ten minutes had passed since she spoke, was still lying there, when her mother, turning towards her, perceived a languor in her countenance and a cloud in her eyes, so opposed to the tone of her previous observation as to attract her anxious notice.

"Ellen, dear!" she said, removing her spectacles, whose dimmed glasses at that moment interrupted her eye-sight, "you are not well—what ails you?"

"Oh, nothing, mama," said Ellen, springing from the sofa; "I was deep in thought, and, at the moment you spoke, was wondering what Mr. Macready would say to my tragedy, and figuring to myself all the ridiculous lights in which its violent bursts might be placed. But I will torment myself about it no more: he may accept it; and then, dear mama, if I could get, suppose one hundred pounds for it, how happy it would make us!—how happy I should be to put all of it into your hands."

"But, Ellen," interrupted her elder sister, "I think mama is right; you certainly are not well. I am afraid you worry yourself with anxiety about these things."

"Oh, no, Clara," said Ellen, gaily, "I do not place all on this cast. If it fails, I will just try again: a fall would, I think, only give me new strength, like Anteus."

"To paraphrase the physician's compliment to his patient, you deserve to be disappointed," said her other sister; but more gravely added, "I wish you would confess what is the matter; for, I am sure, the last few days you have been far from well."

"You are right, Anne," resumed the mother; "I fear," and her voice trembled, "that you have not sufficient nourishing food." And the mother turned her head away, and wept.

"Nay, dear mamma, don't fancy such things," said Ellen, drawing a chair to her mother's side, and taking one of her hands in both hers. "You know," she added, trying to speak gaily, "Dr. B. says, that more die from over-eating than from over-drinking. I don't think temperance ever harmed any one; and if we did dine on bread to-day, papa will receive some money next week, and who knows how soon I may be able to give you some. So come, cheer up, and hope;—you are not tired of hope yet, mamma."

"Bless you, my child!" was the mother's sighing reply: and Clara, to turn the conversation, called Ellen to counsel on their work.

"Is it necessary, mamma," said Ellen, when they had, after many appeals to their mother, decided on a plan of operations, "is it absolutely necessary that we should go to this place? Might we not excuse ourselves? I shall grudge the expense, though it is so trifling."

"It is necessary for your father's interest to cultivate the acquaintance," was the reply.

"And the Carters," observed Anne, "would be more likely to be offended if we did not go, because they depend very much upon you and Clara for music and that sort of thing, as they call it. I wish your singing could convert them into ladies and gentlemen; it would be a greater miracle than the power of Orpheus over trees and stones."

"Nay, why so harsh upon them, Anne?" said Clara.

"Oh!" replied Anne, with a quick glance at her mother, "because it is my pleasure to dislike them exceedingly."

"But I see no reason for it," urged Clara.

Ellen bit her lip, and by a look stayed her sister's reply.

The Carters were a family endued with many good qualities, but, not aware of the pecuniary distress the Barrs were suffering, and having no key to its discovery in a similar experience, were apt to consider that meanness, which was poverty; to think that pride, which was an anxious jealousy of the respect they feared might be denied to it; they had no toleration for their occasional nervous irritability, the consequence of actual want of food, and they did not spare, by hint or innuendo, to reflect, sometimes sarcastically, sometimes playfully, on these their imagined defects; and (which was, perhaps, a cause of dissonance more constantly in action,) the Carters, reared in the sunshine of prosperity, could not reciprocate or understand the acuteness of feelings, refined, softened, and quickened by trial and adversity.

While the mother and her daughters were endeavouring to beguile each other's anxiety, by covering their own with an assumed gaiety, the father and son pursued their unproductive avocations in the room below. A thoughtful silence was broken by the determined rap of the postman: it seemed to startle both, and to add a new shade of anxiety to the countenance of each. The son went to the door, and in a minute returned with four letters.

"You must tell him I'll give it him next time—I have no change now," said Mr. Barr, in answer to his son's silent intimation.

The man went away grumbling, (they had not been able to afford him a Christmas-box,) and the son, with a flushed countenance and dejected eye, again sat down to the desk, while the father opened the letters. Three of them he read; then, pushing them towards his son, he leaned his head on his hand, in an attitude of thoughtful despondency, watching his countenance while he read them. The first two were twopenny missives from the butcher and baker, requesting, in no very courteous style, the immediate payment of their separate small accounts; with a hint, that people who bore such a respectable appearance might, if they pleased, pay their debts, and should do so if they wished to keep their character; with a threat that, unless it was done immedi-

ately, proceedings would be commenced against them. The cheeks of the younger Barr varied from red to pale as he perused these, but his eye flashed indignantly. He took up the third letter; it was from a lawyer, who bore a character for great acuteness and ingenuity: it merely requested to know whether Mr. Barr had decided to undertake the commission he had previously named to him. After reading this last, he looked at his father with a questioning expression.

"You have a right to know and to judge, Francis," was his father's reply to it; "I can trust your judgment, young as you are. This man," he continued, tapping the letter with his finger, "came here a few days since, and, after demanding strict secrecy from all but you, who must act as my assistant, he proposed to me—"

"But it is needless to follow Mr. Barr's minute relation: suffice it, that it was a plan involving false representations on the part of Mr. Barr, for a certain and liberal remuneration, and a great advantage to the attorney who proposed it.

Young Barr had listened to his father's recital with many an impatient glance and agitated gesture, and when he had done, "Father," he said, with energy, "let not us, your wife and children, be the instruments of your temptation. Oh, never forget that they would feel a stain upon their name as a deeper misery even than starvation. Let us close our eyes determinedly against all consequences that might induce us to tread a questionable path: there is no agony like dishonour."

"Francis," replied his father, pointing to the two first-read letters, with a contracted brow, "do not let us deceive ourselves; what are these? My son, debt and poverty are sufficient to sully an honest name in the eyes of half the world; and this scheme proposed only contains the spirit of half the trading transactions in London. I might not have hesitated, but that I remembered I was once a gentleman."

"And are so still, my father!" interrupted the son, warmly: "let us keep the name as a sacred deposit, that the breath of slander or contempt may sully or obscure for a moment, but only ourselves can mar. Forgive me if I speak warmly. I have the energies of young hope to support my judgment—you the responsibilities of a husband and father to confectible yours."

His father's face was pale and his lips compressed as he listened. "You are right, Francis," he replied; "but, God! elp us! it is a sore temptation. The rich," he added, with a wan smile, "little think what they pray for, when they say 'Lead us not into temptation.' But it is decided, and we will speak of it no more. And now take this letter to Ellen," he said, putting the fourth epistle into the hands of his son. "Poor Ellen! I trust it is no disappointment for her."

"For Ellen!" said Francis, with a brightening look. Epistles were not very frequently addressed to the female members of the family, and Francis immediately guessed from whom this came. Taking two and three steps at a time, he mounted the stairs, and burst into the room where his mother and sisters were sitting. "Now, Ellen," he cried, keeping it carefully behind him, "what will you give me for what I hold in my hand?"

They had heard the postman's rap, and Ellen's face flushed, and her eye brightened with expectation—she could not speak.

"Trust to her honour," said Clara, gaily; "let her judge what it is worth."

Francis placed the letter in the hands it was directed to. Ellen examined the direction, lingeringly looked at the seal, and at length with trembling fingers broke it. After reading the first line, she shaded her face with her hand: the others tried to keep up a conversation, that she might feel more unobserved. After she had finished reading the letter, (it was not a long one,) she sat a few minutes looking at it; at last she raised her head, laid the letter on the table, and turned to her mother. Her face was pale, and her eyes glistening with tears that she would not suffer to overflow them; but she smiled. "Well, mamma," she said, "I must try again, it would not, it seems, suit the stage. But see

what he says," putting the letter towards her mother, who read it aloud. The writer was a man of real talent, one of those who give dignity to their profession (Mr. Macready), and it was written with that courtesy and delicacy of feeling which might have been expected from such a character: it was a decisive rejection, qualified by well-judged praise of the performance. A silence followed the reading of this letter;—the sisters and brother were dwelling upon its expressions of approbation, the mother on Ellen's disappointment.

"Come, Ellen," said Francis, "this should inspire you for the future." He turned round—Ellen had left the room.

They were bitter tears that she shed on her clasped hands when she reached her chamber. The blended bitterness of self-depreciation and renewed, almost hopeless, grief for the distress that she felt it now beyond her power to remove; and both were rendered more resistless in their operation by physical debility, occasioned by want of food and the almost insensible approaches of disease. It was affectionate consideration that left her to struggle with these feelings alone. The mother's first impulse had induced her to rise to follow her, but she resented herself with tears in her eyes.

They had partaken of a scanty meal of dry toast and tea without sugar. Clara, Anne, and their brother had returned from a stroll in the neighbouring park; the girls still retained their bonnets, and sat in the deep twilight of a summer's evening, listlessly watching, through the half-open window, the well appointed carriages that were conveying the gay and splendidly attired children of fashion and prosperity to a scene of livish ornament and rich devices for amusement in the neighbouring square. Ellen lay on the sofa, oppressed by a feeling of languor and depression she could no longer struggle against. The father and son were in the office below, endeavouring to occupy themselves in something that might at least be an attempt to remedy the evils that beset them; the mother had left the house, alone, about half an hour before. How many sad anticipations, murmuring thoughts, and bitter comparisons, passed through those two young but wintry hearts, as the gay equipages thronged in the lamplight, and rolled hollowly on to their gayer destination! The recollections of home, their early country home, the summer-evening there, when the sleep of nature seemed that of an infant, undisturbed by those haunting cares and that restless splendour that trouble the repose of a city, as the dream of experience;—the light-hearted laughter and cheerful voices that rang through the breathless shrubberies; or the later and more quiet walk, when moonlight strewed the path with fluttering shadows, and the stars told of a heaven that seemed to them but a continuation of earth. They contrasted with this their present condition, depressed, almost in their own eyes degraded, by their sense of the meanness and merely physical nature of those wants that overpowered them, and the consciousness of the loss of that respect, worthless as it is, that is the shadow of wealth, and must consequently fade with it. But the personal feelings of each were swallowed up in sympathy for the rest; they felt that, had they been suffering alone, it might have been endured;—that was the poison in the wound, the overflowing drop in the chalice of misery.

In one of those streets of shops more frequented by necessity than fancy, but which yet is generally thronged as a thoroughfare, there stood, about the same hour, a female in a dark dress, with a dingy wrapping shawl, and a shabby, close, black bonnet; her face partly shaded by a black lace veil, now looking brown and crushed: she stood seemingly occupied in the examination of a window that certainly contained no object of general attraction; her hand was sometimes raised to her eyes, and a long and trembling sigh occasionally relieved the oppression of a heart beating thick and fast. At length she turned from the window, and walked on slowly, with a rapid and penetrating glance at the generally hurrying passengers. The prevailing characteristic of the countenances she thus scrutinised was care, but somewhat relaxed from the stern and troubled aspect of the morning, by the prospect of the peaceful night, perhaps the cheerful fireside. But many had passed thus before her, when her eye met one bearing a more than common

expression of good-humour and cheerfulness: it was a gentleman somewhat past the middle age, with a keen eye and a lofty brow. She advanced towards him, and standing so as somewhat to arrest his passage, she said, in hoarse and faltering accents, "Sir, my children have no food!" "Don't trouble me, good woman," he said, "I can't help it:—and he passed on to attend a merry party to a place of amusement. She walked on with a flushed brow and compressed lips, and for some minutes her eyes were fixed on the pavement. A child passed her, hurrying along with a loaf under each arm, singing some street melody;—the sight unnerved her. And again she raised her eyes: they fell upon a haggard, grey-headed old man, in deep mourning; his threadbare coat and dejected look might have expressed poverty, but for the gold spectacles, seal, and handsome cane, that seemed to contradict it, and there was something in the sorrowful expression of his countenance that made her hope at least for sympathy. "Sir," she said, as he passed, "my children are sinking for want of food!" The low and broken, but well-modulated tone in which she spoke, gave a deeper expression to the few words; they were sufficient to arrest his steps. "God help you, my friend," he said, "you are richer than I, for I have lost mine!" A passing gust of wind had blown under her veil, and left her face unshaded, with the full light of a lamp shining on it;—it was a face that none could have looked on and doubted. The restlessness and truth of infancy were stamped upon those worn emaciated features in unquestionable characters: even a restlessness of the eyes and a quivering of the lip, the consequences of a distracted state of mind, served to confirm the impression. He was silently placing half-a-sovereign in her hand, when a gentleman approached, who was beginning to accost him with friendly hilarity, but catching a glimpse of the face of the female as she was striving to articulate a blessing—"Good God!" he exclaimed, "Mrs. Barr!" But, before he could recover from his astonishment, she had disappeared in a throng that was just then collecting round some accident or quarrel of street interest.

"You know that person, then," said the old gentleman.

"I really don't know," said the other. "I could have sworn she was Mrs. Barr, a lady I knew in Hampshire; but that is impossible. You were giving her money when I came up—were you not?"

"She told me," said the old gentleman, "that her children were starving."

"It could not be, then," resumed the other; "for the Barrs I knew were a highly respectable family, and living in affluence. Yet it was strangely like her."

The conversation was pursued, and its results will be seen at a future period.

Meanwhile the father and son were endeavouring to console themselves with the consciousness of effort. The father, in overlooking once more some accounts that he had been employed to arrange; Francis, in finishing the sketch of a mechanical improvement, which he hopefully believed only required the means to bring forward to make their fortune. Again were they startled by a rap at the door,—a quick, sharp, double rap, one of those that evidence the practice of steady nerves: again the son went to the door, and returned, ushering in a gentleman—he of "the keen eye and lofty brow," whom we have just seen bearing his fellow-creature's distress with such philosophic resignation. He advanced with the same good-humoured expression of countenance. "Well, Mr. Barr," he said, as he held out his hand with friendly alacrity, "you see I take the privilege of a friend, to intrude on you with business at this hour. The fact is, I am on my way to a party in a neighbouring street, and thought it a good opportunity to set that business in train that I mentioned to you the other day." He seated himself, and, waiting the other's reply, turned on the son a momentary glance of acute penetration: that open ingenuous countenance beamed him; the eye flashed—it might be with hope; there was a bright and smiling determination there, that might be for or against him; but, misconstruing the glance, its object was rising to leave the room, when his father, in a low and somewhat agitated tone, told him to remain.

"I have considered the subject," he continued, in a firmer voice, addressing his visitor, "and I must decline being engaged in it. Excuse me for adding, it bears on the face of it a character that is repugnant to my feelings—and principles."

He had hesitated in the last sentence; he felt a gentlemanly sympathy for the feelings of shame he expected such a reflection must excite. He was mistaken in the person he addressed; he heard him with smiling imperturbability.

"Psha! my good friend," he said; "excuse me for retorting, you are throwing away a real advantage for an empty fancy and a groundless scruple. Think better of it—do not carry the prejudices of one caste into another. My honour as a lawyer has never been doubted, and there appears to me no objection to the plan I propose. Your son," he added, turning to young Barr, "will advocate wider and more liberal views. I know he indulges in scientific speculations, which have a tendency to enlarge the mind: and, by-the-bye, my young friend, I think I have a connexion that may forward them."

"Sir," replied Francis, with a cheek flushed with irritation at the consciousness that the hook was baited with the vanities of his heart and the object of his castled dreams, "you are mistaken in me—I entirely agree with my father's opinion. I see no reason why the chivalrous honour of the gentleman should not as much influence the transactions of a trade or profession, as the words and actions of the noblest in the land. It must be, indeed, a vain and useless quality that lives only in the sunshine."

"My young friend," rejoined the other, with a derisive smile of superiority, that still further irritated the person he addressed, "you talk as the enthusiasm of youth and inexperience will talk. The honour you speak of seems, among gentlemen, to evaporate in the smoke of a duel, or the payment of a gambling debt. Do not let us aspire to their privileges."

"There is no rank, sir," returned Francis, warmly, "however mean, but may aspire to its highest privileges—single-hearted truth and courteous consideration for others in every word and action; and, that I may not be tempted to forget the latter, I will wish you good night." He rose, and with a bow quitted the room.

His adversary returned the compliment with calm good-humour, and, again turning to Mr. Barr, endeavoured to persuade him, by every argument he could think of as influential, to further his views. Mr. Barr's temper was not so easily excited as his son's, and he was satisfied with coolly continuing to decline. At length the visitor rose to depart; but, ere he did so, he threw the last arrow from his quiver.

"Oh," he said, "I had nearly forgotten to say that a man, a Mr. Evans—a butcher, I think—has been with me about some trifling bill of yours. He is a disagreeable fellow, and I would advise you as a friend, to wind up matters with him, for I cannot keep him off much longer; he is a perfect bulldog in his obstinacy in law disputes. And now I must wish you good night, and I will expect the issue of a pillow-consideration of it is affair."

Refusing to take any further answer then, he took his leave with unshaken good humour, attended to the door with cool respect by Mr. Barr; but, after having moved about fifty yards from it, the departing visitor turned round to reconnoitre the house from the opposite pathway. He was just in time to catch the glimpse of a female in a dark shawl and a veiled black bonnet, that his acute eye instantly recognised, entering the door he had quitted, with the air of a dweller. For a moment his better feelings triumphed, and he was shocked into sympathy; but with a "psaha!" he threw this feeling from him, and proceeded to his destination more cheerfully, from the knowledge of the power of the temptation there operating.

Those who have lived in the sameness of undisturbed prosperity cannot appreciate—will hardly understand—the exhilaration that attends a moment of respite from crushing want: to them, it will seem unnatural and improbable that that night, round a moderately stored supper-table, and with the certainty of a breakfast the following morning, the Barrs spent an hour of gay sallies and reviving hopes. Blessed be God! there is no life, I firmly believe, but bath its gleams of sunshine, its hours of gladness,—perhaps the brighter and the purer for the intervening darkness,—and it is only a sullied conscience that can utterly exclude from the heart these angel-visitations. The adieus of peace and affection were said, and each retired to the hard and scantily furnished bed allotted them. Many a tearful aspiration and earnest prayer ascended that night to "Our Father in heaven," from the hearts of these his afflicted children, mingled with thankfulness for the blessings they yet enjoyed. Determinations were formed, gilded over with the halo of the future, to which reviving hope and the prospect of a few hours of peace gave practicability; but there was one, the mother, who carried to her pillow a secret sense of humiliation, struggled with the sweet consciousness of sacrifice for those he loved.

## THE SPIDER FAMILY.

THERE is, perhaps, no genus of insects which is more generally interesting than the spiders. The species are numerous, and all are very distinct in their economy, size, colour, and manners. Their use as a link of animated nature seems to be to check the over-abundance of flies—to furnish food for several tribes of small birds in winter—and to supply material for the construction of the nests of several of our summer choisters.

They are all animals of prey; and in their nature either very cunning, or very cruel. Some of them depend for a living on their personal courage and prowess; others on the mortal effects of their bite; but most of them upon the curious toils they weave for entangling their prey.

Some few of them weave no web, having neither *spinners* nor a store of glutinous matter for the fabrication of snares. These, having no home, are rovers; excellent spies, and seize their prey by an instant and furious assault. Another species live on water, and can dive with great adroitness; carrying down with them a globule of air in the manner of a diving-bell, and within which they can live for a considerable time. Some live in holes in the ground, which are neatly lined with a closely-woven tissue like satin, with a principal entrance above, around which an extensive apron-like web is spread, to enthal whatever creeping or flying insect alights upon it. Others live in holes of walls, line the interior, and spread an apron of flocky silk web round the entrance, like the preceding; and yet they are very different in their manners:—while the first rushes out and seizes the intruder, and drags it into his cavern, the latter also rushes out, inflicts a bite on the back of the fly, and instantly retreats into his abode, leaving his victim, after a few convulsive struggles, to die.

House and barn spiders usually weave their triangular webs in the angles of the building. They are of a close texture; and as they are a little turned up at the front edge, appear to be designed to hold whatever falls upon them. These spiders trust to their powerful limbs and jaws in seizing their prey, which, when captured, are ruthlessly dragged into their den, to be devoured at leisure.

One species of garden or hedge spider, is deficient in both courage and strength; but makes up for this by the intricacy of the web she weaves. It is a perfect labyrinth; so that if a heedless fly enters into the interior of the fabric, it can rarely find its way out again, without being entangled in some of the complicated meshes. The web is constructed with two or three horizontal platforms pretty closely woven, serving both as floors and roofs to the different galleries. These floors and ceilings are connected by numerous upright or oblique supports fixed between, as well as many irregular lines interlacing each other. The residence of this spider is a closely-woven tube at one side of her entangling apparatus; her size small, marked with brown spots, or streaks on a yellow ground. When they find a fly struggling in their toils, they approach cautiously, and throw from their hind legs additional threads to hamper the struggler still more in his attempts to escape.

But the most common spider in gardens and fields everywhere seen in summer and autumn, is the geometric species, so called from the regularity with which her web is formed. We say *her* web, because the males weave no web, and are decided polygamists. Their webs are generally formed in a nearly perpendicular position, between two erect branches of tall herbs, shrubs, or trees. After fixing on a convenient and secure retreat, on or under a hollow leaf, which she connects and environs with her web, forming what may be called her bed-room, she next circumscribes an area between the side bearers, either of a square or triangular space, sufficient to hold her intended web. After lining out the boundary, she fixes on the central point by some instinctive calculation, altogether unaccountable; and from which she carries out diverging lines in every direction, fixing them to those of the boundary. She next connects all the diverging lines at the centre by several circular lines worked rather closely; and then proceeds to unite them at the outside by a tissue of concentric lines fixed to each of the divergents, till the whole skeleton is filled up with concentric lines about one-eighth of an inch from each other. Her bed-room is either above or below the plane of her web; but wherever it is, there is always a strong line leading from it to the central platform, her station by day while watching for prey.

The plane of the web is never exactly perpendicular, and always at a certain angle from the horizontal; and this for the purpose of

allowing to fall clear of the web dead flies, or other of the insect wishes to get rid of. And, besides, the oblique position of the web contributes to her personal safety; because, as she always rests head downwards on the under side, she drops in an instant from any enemy approaching from above. There is another purpose to which the obliquity of the web is subservient. When a fly is caught, it is at first enveloped in a winding-sheet of threads, spun and wrapped round by the spider, confining both legs and wings, like an Egyptian mummy. When so enshrouded, the fly is cut away from the toils, and remains hanging to a thread, which the spider holds in one of her hind feet; and thus dangling, is carried to the central residence, and fixed there, to be devoured at leisure. This spider never seizes a fly, but as soon as one is entangled, she runs towards it, and with her two fore-feet turns it round and round, while the two hind feet are alternately drawing a thread from the spinners, and throwing it loosely over the fly, till it is completely encased with the web.

The thread produced by spiders is ejected, as well as drawn, from a store of mucilaginous matter contained in the abdomen, and ejected at the tail through a number of small *mammæ*, called spinners, and which jets being united by adhering to each other, form a pretty strong thread. When first ejected, it is remarkably elastic and adhesive, requiring only a very slight touch to fix it to any other body. It becomes iridescent, and somewhat more tenacious by exposure to the air; but, unlike the produce of the silkworm, it is entirely destitute of durable fibre. A curious silk-weaver once collected as much cobweb as, when carefully spun and woven, gave as much fabric as sufficed to make a pair of ladies' gloves; but they only remained as a useless curiosity.

Every motion of this spider is accompanied by a discharge of a line to prevent a fall, or to lead back to the place whence she set out. When she has a desire to pass from one tree to another, she turns her back to the wind, and drawing from her store an unusual quantity of web, throws it floating in the wind, till she finds that it is fixed to some opposite object. She then runs along it with another line, to make a permanent bridge for her own purposes, or only as a temporary means of removal.

The manner in which she defends her web from other spiders which may accidentally drop upon it, is very curious. The moment the intruders touch it, she runs to entangle them, as she is as fond of her own species, if smaller, as she is of flies. The stranger generally escapes by the line on which she descended, but if she runs to the lower side, the owner pursues and cuts her adrift. Sometimes she endeavours to pull back the fugitive, but seldom succeeds. The male is a much more slender insect than the female, but with longer and stronger legs: his front claws are also stronger, and seemingly intended either for clutching his prey, or for personal defence.

The female, towards the end of summer, lays a cluster of eggs in a crevice of the bark of trees, or in holes in walls or other structures, covering them with a closely-wrought tissue from her own store of material. Here they remain till the warmth of spring brings them forth to their business of weaving, which they commence when no larger than the head of a large pin. The web and its proportion are always regulated by the size and length of *span* of the "operative." At first they are not larger than a sixpence; but when full grown, occupying a space twelve or fourteen inches square. As soon as severe cold sets in, the old spiders are first benumbed, remain inactive near where they have deposited their eggs, and at last die or are devoured by birds or other insects.

The gossamer spider is one of the most numerous of its tribe, and also one of the smallest. We know nothing of their breeding-places, nor what kind of food they live upon. Although wingless, they make very long journeys in the air. They are so light, that the least current of air carries them to great distances; and on some occasions, when the air near the surface of the earth is highly rarefied, they spring aloft from the ground, and in such numbers that their webs (for each leaves a long train of line behind) become entangled into large tufts which may be seen flying at a great height in the air, and when they fall fringing the trees and hedges with the remains.

A naturalist of considerable ability avows, that this little spider can propel itself against the wind. This we cannot certify; but we have seen them issue from the fringe of a window-curtain, and fly to different parts of a warm room, without any appreciable current of air to carry them from the window into the interior; and yet there may have been partial jets of cold air, which they averted themselves of unperceived by us. They have certainly a peculiar buoyancy, which enables them to rise into the air without the assistance of a current; for it is astonishing how soon a

stubble-field, or a fresh ploughed ridge of land, in a calm morning, is covered with their webs. The abundance of gossamer is always a sign of fine settled weather; but how or where they are bred, on what they subsist, or where they dispose of themselves when their summer enjoyments and economy are over, we believe has not yet been discovered. In their flight they keep themselves steadily poised in a horizontal position, by means of their legs, which are fully extended, and seem to answer the purpose of wings, acting like the cap of a parachute.

Of roving spiders, that is, such as have no settled home, there are several species. Some of them keep constantly on the surface of the ground, seizing any insect they chance to meet with—disabled flies, or small caterpillars which fall from trees. At night, or in wet weather, they shelter themselves under clouds or stones; but are mostly seen creeping about during the day. These web-less spiders are all of a more spare and lanky habit than the spinners. The abdomen is more depressed, and lessened off towards the tail; and though not entirely destitute of producing web for securing their eggs, they weave no ensnaring toils. One of them is grey, middle-sized, and very much resembles a crab, as well in shape as in action. Another ground species is black, or very dark brown: she is known from all others, by carrying about with her, attached to the tail, her bag of eggs, until she can find a proper place in which to dispose of them. If the bag be taken from her by force, she will either try to fix it again, or bear it off in her jaws. Another black one, of a somewhat larger size, is very numerous on pasture ground, and will run before a passenger with considerable swiftness.

But the most characteristic of all the roving spiders is a little grey one, commonly seen on the trunks of trees and garden walls, especially when the sun shines warmly on them, and where flies come to bask in the heat. Here may be seen this audacious little fellow, skulking along any crack or hollow of the surface, every now and then raising his head over the brink, to get a wider range of view of the surface, and to detect any unsuspecting fly which he may suddenly pounce upon. When so employed, his cautious motions, his four glaring lamp-like eyes ranged in his forehead, besides two others on each side, give him a large field of vision. Should a fly alight near him, down he squats, and remains motionless: if out of distance, he will crawl round any prominent part of the surface to get nearer his object, and still with the greatest caution. When he gets within striking distance, he prepares to take a spring by drawing his feet under him, and, quick as lightning, darts on his prey, to which he clings, and both fall to the ground, where the fly is soon dispatched. This freebooter will attack any living thing of moderate size, as earwigs, ants, and beetles, as well as flies; and if the point of a slender twig be slowly pushed towards him, he will pounce upon it most daringly. When wandering in quest of prey he is ever on the alert, and frequently turning to look behind; indeed, circumspection is his chief characteristic.

With respect to the age of spiders, it is not in our power to add anything certain. The hiding manner in which house-spiders spend their lives, and their frequent change of place, and this mostly performed in the dark, renders an intimate acquaintance with their economy not easily attainable. That they have the power of casting their skin (and which may be taken as indicating a renewal of life) is certain; as we often see the entire skin of the large barn species hanging to the web, as if just thrown off. The skin appears to be discharged by the animal, by its bursting from head to tail, as if unbuttoned or unbuttoned. When the body is thus uncast, the legs and arms are probably withdrawn one after another, leaving the whole skin as entire as when it clothed the insect. And if we consider the difference of their size,—some exceedingly small, and others very and hideously large, it may be presumed that the latter have lived more than one year. As to the summer spiders in gardens and fields, it is more than probable that, as they come into active life with the increasing warmth of spring, and totally disappear at the commencement of winter, they are only summer livers, and seasonal visitors.

The faculty of sight appears to be peculiarly necessary for the welfare of the spider, as most, if not all the species, are provided with eight eyes, though not all arranged alike. Some have the whole eight in front of the thorax, placed in two lines; others have them in three lines; but the majority have them, partly in front, and partly on the sides of the thorax. Notwithstanding their number of eyes, the weavers appear to work more by touch than by sight.

Spiders are often accused of being poisonous, and capable of inflicting incurable wounds with their fangs. We have all heard



of the venom of the *tarantula*; but it appears that this dreaded insect has disappeared along with those authors who wrote its marvellous history. Some of the tropical species are very large, and arrayed in beautiful green and gold colours; others lurid, and of a hideous aspect. And yet, in some places, even in the South of Europe and in Africa, a dish of fried spiders is accounted a dainty, and partaken of with as high a relish as are shrimps of coastish in Britain!

#### NECESSITY OF STEAM NAVIGATION ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN RIVERS.

SIR WOODBINE PARISH, many years *chargé d'affaires* from the court of St. James's to Buenos Ayres, has recently published a volume\* replete with sound information respecting that state and its immediate neighbours, who together form the nominal confederation of the Argentine Republic or the United Provinces of La Plata: nor is the work confined to these alone, but embraces many very interesting particulars respecting Paraguay, the Banda Oriental, and Patagonia, and the other southern and but partially explored districts of South America. The work is illustrated by the most correct map that has hitherto been given of the countries therein mentioned, compiled from the most authentic authorities, for which materials were anxiously and carefully sought during the period of his residence at Buenos Ayres. Much of the geographical information, now for the first time made public, was buried in the archives of the old Spanish government, and but for the exertions of Sir W. Parish, would still have remained useless.

The central parts of South America have hitherto remained so inaccessible to foreign commerce, chiefly from the peculiar course of policy adopted by Francia, the tyrant of Paraguay, and the wars and financial difficulties which have paralysed the energies of Buenos Ayres, as to have shut them out from the attention that is due to them. Although possessing "capabilities," as the landscape gardeners have it, which, in the more northern continent, would have stocked the land with "pioneers" and "squatters," the richest parts of South America are less densely populated at the present day than they were under the *ancien régime*.

"The whole of that vast space lying between Brazil and the Cordillera of Chile and Peru, and extending from the twenty-second to the forty-first degree of south latitude, with the exception of Paraguay, and the Banda Oriental or Uruguay," now independent states, but formerly under the rule of the viceroy of Buenos Ayres, constitute the federation of the United Provinces of La Plata.

This vast extent of country, owing to the political causes which formerly prohibited foreign trade, and subsequently have convulsed the government and impoverished the people, is scarcely known in Europe. Almost the whole of the foreign trade is transacted at Buenos Ayres, and the exports principally confined to bullion, hides, skins, and jerked beef, so little care being bestowed on the cultivation of the soil, or attention paid to native produce, that, although no land is better fitted for a corn country, they were until recently dependent upon the United States for all the flour consumed in the country; and although indigo and cotton of excellent quality, cochineal, dye-woods, and many other articles of general demand, are among the natural productions of the country, no attempt has hitherto been made to prepare them for the market.

The noble rivers which intersect the country are comparatively useless, for no steam-boats float upon their waters. Of these rivers the Paraguay is the most important. It has its sources between the thirteenth and fourteenth degrees of south latitude, "in those ranges which, though of very trifling elevation themselves, appear to connect the lofty mountains of Peru and Brazil, and to constitute the watershed of some of the principal rivers of South America." Many navigable rivers join it both from the east and west. On the eastern side the Jaurù, the sources of which are close to those of the Guaporé, which runs in the oppo-

site direction into the Madera and Amazons, is the first of any consequence. The short portage which intervenes between the heads of these rivers is all that breaks a continuous watercourse from the mouths of the Amazons to those of La Plata. The mouth of the Jaurù is in latitude 16° 25' south; longitude 320° 10' east of Ferro. "A little below the Jaurù commences a wide region of swamps called the lake or lakes of Xarayes, which, during the periodical inundations of the rivers that descend from the mountains to the north of Cuyabá, is flooded for a vast extent, the waters forming one great inland sea, to the depth of ten or twelve feet, extending between 200 and 300 miles east and west, and upwards of 100 from north to south. As the rainy season passes away, this mass of waters is finally carried off by the Paraguay, which even here, 1200 miles in a direct line from the sea, is navigable for vessels of forty or fifty tons.

"From the west its most important affluents are the Pilcomayo and the Vermejo, which fall into it below Assumption: both flow through a prodigious extent of country, having their sources in the rich districts of Upper Peru." The first is not navigable for any extent, but the "Vermejo, on the contrary, which falls into the Paraguay still farther down, has been more than once proved to afford a navigable communication with the province of Salta. First by Cornejo, in 1799, who starting from the confluence of the rivers Centa and Tarija, reached the Paraguay in fifty-five days; the distance by the river being, according to his computation, no less than 407½ leagues. And more recently, in 1826, by Don Pablo Sorri, the agent of some spirited individuals in Buenos Ayres, who, about that time, formed an association for the purpose of endeavouring to open a water communication between the capital and the rich districts of the upper provinces. The vessel they built for the purpose was fifty-two feet long, and drew about two feet of water; which, with but little more assistance than was necessary to keep in the mid-stream, was floated down from the neighbourhood of Oran by the current, and in fifty-seven days entered the Paraguay, without any other impediment than a feeble attempt on the part of some Indians, armed with bows and arrows, to annoy them as they passed through their lands." Sorri and his companions were, however, seized on by the notorious Francia, and detained in captivity for five years. He also deprived them of their papers, and thus the details of a most interesting voyage were lost, although the great and highly-important fact was established beyond dispute of the existence of a safe and navigable water-communication the whole way from Oran to Buenos Ayres; a result which must, sooner or later, be of immense consequence to the inhabitants of the upper provinces.

About thirty miles below the mouth of the Vermejo, the Paraguay is joined from the east by the great river Parana, which name it takes till it is finally lost in the Rio de la Plata. The Parana, rivalling in extent the Paraguay itself, rises in the mountain-chains to the north-west of Rio de Janeiro, in latitude 21 degrees south. Its course is, however, interrupted by many falls and rapids, whilst the Paraguay, on the contrary, may be passed up by vessels of some burden the whole way to the Jaurù, in latitude 16° 25', presenting the extraordinary extent of an uninterrupted inland navigation of nearly nineteen degrees of latitude, calculating the straight distance north and south, throughout the whole of which there is not a rock or stone to impede the passage; the bottom being everywhere of clay or fine sand. The least depth of water is in the channels through the delta by which it discharges itself into the Plata; but, in the passage called the Guazú (the great canal), there is seldom less than two and a half fathoms.

The Paraguay, like the Nile, is subject to annual inundations. "It begins to rise about the end of December, and increases gradually till the month of April, when it begins to fall something more rapidly until the month of July. There is afterwards a second rising, called by the natives *repunte*; but this, though regular, is of no great consequence, the river never overflowing its banks. It is probably occasioned by the swelling of the rivers from the winter rains in the temperate zone. The extent of these periodical risings is, of course, in some degree regulated by the quantity, more or less, of rain which may fall during the corresponding season; but in general the inundation takes place with great regularity, the waters rising gradually about twelve feet in the bed of the river in four months; this is the ordinary average of the increase of the river after its junction with the Parana; though above it, at Assumption, where the river is more confined, the rise is said to be sometimes as much as five or six fathoms.

\* Buenos Ayres, and the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata. By Sir Woodbine Parish, B.C.H., &c. &c. Murray—London, 1839.

"During the inundation the river is exceedingly turbid, from the great quantity of vegetable substances and mud brought down by it: the velocity of the stream in the higher and narrower parts of the river at first prevents their deposition, but as it approaches the lower lands or pampas, where it overflows its bed, these substances are spread over the face of the land, forming a grey slimy soil, which, on the abatement of the waters, is found to increase vegetation in a surprising degree.

"A calculation has been made by Colonel Monasterios, author of an excellent paper on this river, printed in the Statistical Register of Buenos Ayres for 1822, that no less than 4000 square leagues of country are annually covered by the waters during the periodical inundations of the Parana."

The Uruguay, which contributes with the Paraguay and Parana to form the great estuary of La Plata, takes its name from the numerous falls and rapids which mark its course; during the floods they are, however, passable for boats, but in the dry season portage must be resorted to. It forms the eastern boundary of the provinces of Entre Rios and the Misiones, separating them from Brazil and the Banda Oriental, and is navigable during the whole extent of the Buenos Ayrean territory. "The Negro, which runs into it from the Banda Oriental, derives its name (the black river) from the Sarsaparilla plant, which, at a particular season, rots upon its banks, and falls into the stream in such immense quantities as to discolour its waters, which are found to be highly medicinal, and are much in request in consequence."

The chief rivers of the south, the Colorado and the Cuso Leuber or Rio Negro, the latter forming the boundary of the State in that direction, are both navigable for a considerable extent, but lying in country yet unoccupied, save by the Indian tribes, very little information concerning them has yet been obtained. Besides the rivers we have mentioned, there are many others of minor importance. Of these many, after running through a large tract of country, finally lose themselves in the plains, gradually diminishing and terminating in extensive lakes and marshes.

This extensive river communication is in the present state of the country almost useless. The voyage up the river to Santa Fé or Assumption occupies nearly as much time as that from Europe, and almost all the internal communications are carried on by the tedious and expensive process of land carriage over a country destitute of regularly-formed roads. The trade that was formerly carried on between the upper provinces, and Peru and Chili has been interrupted and ruined by the domestic disturbances which have shaken all these states, and there does not appear to be energy or enterprise sufficient in the native character to make any effort to regain their lost advantages.

In describing the provinces of the Argentine Republic, Sir W. Parish divides them into three principal sections-- the Litorine or eastern-- the Central or northern-- and those lying west of the province of Buenos Ayres, commonly called the provinces of Cuyo.

It would occupy too much space for us to enter into particulars respecting each of these provinces; for such we would refer our readers to the book itself. We must content ourselves with a general review of the productions and capabilities of the respective districts.

The Litorine provinces are Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé on the west, and Entre Rios, Corrientes, and the Misiones, on the east of the Parana. Of these, extending as they do through a large extent of latitude, and consequently diversified climates, the natural productions are varied. The nominal extent of Buenos Ayres proper is immense; but, although it offers every facility for agricultural enterprise, it is almost entirely given up to grazing farms (estancieros), where multitudes of cattle are "raised" to furnish foreign markets with hides and jerked beef, an immense quantity of the latter article being taken off by the West Indies for the Negro population. The southern part of this State is still frequented by the Indians; and from the disputes which frequently occur between them and the out-lying settlers, the southern estancieros are frequently subject to pillage; many Christian prisoners are at this moment in the hands of the Indians, and have been in vain attempted to be redeemed. This state of things must apparently continue until the boundary of the Rio Negro is firmly established. Santa Fé bids fair, if steam navigation be once introduced, to become a formidable rival to Buenos Ayres itself. Its central situation gives it great advantages; and under the old government, when Paraguay formed part of the vice-royalty and a constant communication was kept up with Peru and Chile, it was an important place. Still it is rich in herds, its estancieros ranking with the finest in the country, but the old trade is gone and the population is greatly diminished. "Its situation," says Sir

W. Parish, "offers striking facilities for carrying on a more active transit-trade between Buenos Ayres and the provinces north of Cordova. The river Salado, on which it stands, is known to be navigable for barges as high up as Matara, in the province of Santiago, and at no great distance from that city; if it were made use of, there would be a saving of upwards of 250 leagues of land-carriage in conveying goods from Buenos Ayres to Santiago; but even if this should turn out not to be so practicable as it is said to be, a direct road is open from Santa Fé, which, passing by the lakes of Porongos, skirts the river Dulce, and falls into the high road from Cordova, a few posts south of the city of Santiago, which at the lowest computation would still be 100 leagues short of the over-land route now used from the capital to the upper provinces by way of Cordova.

"In any part of the world such a saving of land-carriage would be a considerable object; but in a country where the roads are just as nature has made them, and where the only means of transport for heavy goods are the most unwieldy of primitive waggons, drawn by oxen--the slowest of all conveyances, not to speak of its expense, and the risks, independently of the wear and tear necessarily attending it, it becomes of the greatest importance. That it has not hitherto been available, is owing to the difficulties attending the navigation of a large river, not only against the current, but against a prevalence of contrary winds, which have rendered the passage of the Parana up to Santa Fé even more tedious and expensive than the long over-land journey. But the introduction of steam-boats would at once obviate this, and enable the people of Buenos Ayres to send their heaviest goods to Santa Fé by water-carriage in less time than a horse can now gallop over the intervening country, for there is no reason in the world why the ordinary voyage thither should exceed at the utmost three days. I can hardly imagine a greater change in the prospects of a people than this would open to the Santa Feinos.

"There is, however, another point of view, of serious consequence to Buenos Ayres, in which for her own sake it conceives her to look to the advantages, if not to the necessity, of taking speedy measures to introduce steam-navigation upon the Parana. Since the erection of the Banda Oriental into an independent state, the yearly imports into Monte Video have increased out of all ratio to the scanty population of that state--it is very evident what becomes of the excess, and that not only the people on the eastern, but those on the western, shores of the Uruguay, are supplied through that channel. The government of Monte Video takes care so to regulate its duties as to make this a profitable trade. -- whilst it cannot be denied that the inhabitants of Entre Rios and Santa Fé have quite as much right to traffic with their neighbours as those of Mendoza and Salta have to trade with Chile and Peru.

"Buenos Ayres has already suffered a great loss of revenue in consequence, and this loss will yearly increase, to the great detriment of the national credit, for which she is responsible, and to the still further estrangement of the provinces from each other, unless she takes active means to counteract the evil-- those means are in her own hands. The introduction of steam navigation, by establishing a cheaper communication between her own port and the Litorine provinces, will soon put an end to the profits of the over-land trade which is at present carried on through the Banda Oriental. It may, perhaps, be necessary, in the first instance, to grant some remission of the ordinary duties, in the shape of drawback or otherwise, upon goods reshipped for other parts of the republic in steamers, as well as upon all produce of the country received by the same conveyance in exchange-- but, whatever apparent sacrifice Buenos Ayres may make to promote this object, she may be assured she will be repaid a hundred fold by the results.

"If the confederation of these provinces is to be a real one, and for joint benefit, they must pull together, and help one another. They possess, in a singular degree, within themselves, the means of mutual aid and support, and, if properly applied, they can hardly fail to insure them a great increase of individual prosperity and national importance.

"The reverse of the picture has been foretold in words which no man can gainsay:-- 'if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand.'

"Santa Fé, and the provinces of Entre Rios, Corrientes and the Misiones, although now almost wholly given up to pasturage for the larger herds of cattle reared upon the estancieros, or grazing farms, are capable of furnishing in abundance numerous articles in constant demand in European markets. Besides the yerba-maté or Paraguay tea, which grows wild in the woods, cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar and indigo, the cactus, from which most excellent cordage can be manufactured, and which bears the cochineal insect,

are among the valuable productions, and have formerly been partially cultivated. When the Missions were under the control of the Jesuits, they by care and skill so much improved the yerba, as almost to monopolise that trade, but since their banishment its cultivation has been wholly neglected, and so little is now brought to market, that the use of China tea is beginning to supersede it in Buenos Ayres. The whole territory of the mission formerly so flourishing is now depopulated.

The central or northern provinces are rich in metals\* and in all the productions usually found in such latitudes, and are remarkable for the abundance of salt found upon the extensive plains. The western provinces, or Cuya, are in a very impoverished state. Much of the country, consisting chiefly of alluvial soil, is exceedingly rich, but almost wholly uncultivated, and where occupied at all, made use of chiefly for cattle-farms. Wine and brandy, and more recently corn, are the chief articles sent to market.

With all these natural advantages, the want of means of transit makes this fine country poor and miserable. What trade they have had is passing into the hands of the Brazilians and the inhabitants of the Banda Oriental, who at their port of Monte Video import goods at a cheaper rate than is possible at Buenos Ayres, where the heavy debt contracted during war renders the duties burdensome. An increase of trade and the revival of prosperity, depend on the introduction of European capital and energy. With them the steam-boat will arrive, and the great water communication of South America will be covered with the rich burdens they will bear from the central parts of the great continent to Buenos Ayres.

Sir W. Parish states it to be his conviction that "if the governments of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fé, and Corrientes, would but unite in a sincere determination to give a fair trial to the experiment, men would be found at Buenos Ayres who would desire no better than to be employed on such a service—as to any opposition Dr. Francia might offer to it, it is not worth a moment's consideration. † Give an English midshipman, of sufficient experience, an armed steamer and a picked crew, either of his own countrymen or North Americans, to whom he might add some of the excellent sailors of Paraguay, and I am quite sure he would carry a cargo from Buenos Ayres up the Vermejo in perfect safety to Oran, despite of Dr. Francia or any such bugbear. This, however, is an object which must have the cordial support and co-operation of the ruling powers. If they shut their eyes to the importance of its success, it would be labour thrown away for any individual to volunteer the attempt.

"The government of Buenos Ayres, as the authorities charged with the general interests of the Republic, from their habitual intercourse with the people of other countries, ought to be fully able to appreciate the immense benefits which steam-navigation has produced elsewhere, and how greatly it has tended to promote the prosperity and civilisation of other nations. It is in their power to extend those blessings to their own countrymen in the heart of the South American continent, and to produce a really United Confederation of the Provinces, instead of that which is now little more than nominal, from the vast distances which intervene, and operate as a bar to almost any intercourse between them.

"With the establishment of steam-navigation, distance will cease to be distance, and the upper provinces will find a cheap and ready vent for an abundance of productions which are now not worth the heavy expenses of sending down by land-carriage to Buenos Ayres.

"It is a grave question, deserving the most serious attention of those to whom the government of these countries is at present intrusted, and in the early solution of which, perhaps, their future political destinies are involved to an extent far beyond the comprehension of any casual observer."

We have here given but a brief and imperfect sketch of the condition and capabilities of Buenos Ayres. We must refer those who are desirous of more information to the volume from which we have so freely quoted, a volume well worth an attentive perusal. Our object in noticing it has been to show that Canada and Australia are not the only quarters of the globe where British skill and capital can be made availing. There a comparatively unpromising nature has been forced to render tribute to the energy of man. Here she pours her riches into his lap, and they are suffered to drop unheeded.

\* Vast masses of native iron are frequently met with.

† A small iron steamer, which might be had for 25,000, or 30,000*l.*, would be quite sufficient to begin with."

#### AN EVENING WITH COALHEAVERS.

It was on a fine evening in the middle of summer, that I, an incorrigible *street-walker*, was passing through that region of the city of Westminster that lies between the Adelphi and Whitehall, and had come pretty near to Hungerford Market, when I suddenly saw before me a moving group of rather an unusual aspect. There was a goodly number of people close together, and a man's head and shoulders rising high over all. On a nearer view, I found they were principally *coalheavers*, two of whom carried the man aforesaid upon their shoulders, sitting astride a pole. Much ungratified curiosity seemed to be excited in the neighbourhood by the presence of this phenomenon; and, as a matter of course, the "cars of the houses" within view (so Shylock called his casements) were all thrown wide open to catch information. For a moment I supposed that this uneasy exaltation of the chosen individual above his fellows might be the reward of merit, and that thus was it always done to those whom coalheavers delight to honour. So, pursuing this idea, my imagination flew back on rapid pinions to the heroic ages, when warriors were wont to exalt and bear on their shields him they chose for their chieftain or for king! But, upon inquiry, I found myself quite out in this conjecture, and all my fine speculations sent to the dogs. "This here wagabone," said my kind respondent—(The gist of what he did say was this, that the pot-girl of the public-house loved a young comrade "not wisely, but too well")—"And so we're making *un* ride the stake, just to mend his manners *summat*—that's all, sir." "Here then," thought I, as the current of my thoughts ran with velocity in another channel, "here is the homage that humble, untought nature pays to virtue!" I lifted up my hands in an ecstasy, and fervently thanked Heaven that I had at last met with men in whose hearts the feelings of natural justice found an abode; men, who could not look tamely on and see, without practical reprobation, the tender blossom fall withered at their feet, or press to their hearts him whose pestilential breath had blighted it in its freshness! "Virtue," thought I, in continuation, (for I now felt the sentimental *furor* strong upon me,) "Virtue, driven from the palace of the proud, has indeed taken refuge in the dwellings of the lowly! I will go even now, and make myself acquainted with these unsophisticated men, and refresh all my better feelings by a closer scrutiny of their character." All this while the penitent sat unmoved, a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and seemingly altogether unconscious of the intense interest his appearance had excited in my anxious bosom.

Each member of the procession had in his hand a pot of porter; and as it moved on in slow progression, at intervals the grateful beverage was handed by several to the delinquent, "for grief," they said, "was dry." And I could not help remarking herein the operation of that humane and wise principle which all judicious legislators so much recommend, though marvellously seldom able to reduce to practice,—viz. that mercy should always temper the awards of justice, and that punishment ought to be corrective, but not vindictive. In a word, I followed those sooty objects of my rising esteem, and soon arrived at the public-house called the Northumberland Arms, situate at the bottom of Northumberland-street; which is, I understand, a kind of head-quarters or trysting-place for those who heave coal. I entered, and following the sound of trampling feet along an unlighted passage, found myself in a large apartment, wherein, having groped my way to a corner, under a large-faced antique clock, there I determined to sit for the remainder of the evening, and make observations.

A London tap-room is not unfrequently, in one sense, like to the Temple of Knowledge, in that, all is dark when you first enter; and it is only by a diligent use of the faculties, and after a lapse of time, that you begin to arrive at discoveries. Being Monday night, (a period when the week is yet young, and while

the pecuniary stream has not as yet ebbed very low in the pockets of the industrious,) the place was quite full; and I had good reason to congratulate myself on the possession of the convenient nook which fortune had taken care to leave unoccupied for my convenience. As soon as the converse became general, it ran most on the example they had just been making, and bets were freely offered and taken on all sides as to the probabilities of *Ben's* (the culprit) making an honest woman of ruined *Sukev*, the ex-Hebe of the place. *Ben's* looks were much consulted on this head, and many indirect suggestions were pointed his way; but he, to use the expressive language of vulgarity, "cocked his eye," looked knowing, and smoked a quiet pipe, but said nothing. Much animated conversation ensued, and that not a little miscellaneous: politics, trade, the corn-laws, with "the cursed dear loaf" in front, were some of the topics handled in a manner wondrously original.

Presently one man expressed a common sensation, by saying he was *very peckish*, and called for a rump-steak with a lordly air. I took particular notice of this individual, for he seemed to be the acknowledged wit of the house; and certainly he was a great wag in his way. He experienced much success in his endeavours to raise laughter, and seemed to have as absolute a power of relaxing the jaws of his auditors into the broadest of grins, as the sun has in distending the shells of oysters. But it is with sorrow I say it, that his jokes were too racy, and do not admit of insertion here: tender stomachs must be fed with babes' nurture. There he sat, however, like *Apollo*, shooting his rays on all sides, between his steak and his pot; turning from the one to the other, as a man passes from his mistress to his friend, the perfect picture of happiness.—In the course of the night, I experienced personally that hospitality is a virtue not unknown to this dingy community. "The barbarians showed me no little kindness." Their politeness was not the poor sickly plant of drawing-rooms, all leaves and no fruit, but, rooted in the rich soil of a warm heart, threw out its vigorous shoots liberally. Many were the invitations given (for their courtesies went straight to the mark) to "the gentleman in the corner;" but all I wanted of them was to forget me, if possible, lest my presence might check their mirth or modify their manners, though the event proved that any anxiety of this kind was needless. One fine fellow early bawled out, in the pride of his heart, and he seemed to speak a general sentiment, "I drink no mixed liquors, to be sure; but I *loves* my girl and my friend, and I don't care a — for no man!" Here I remembered that he held the first godlike *penchant* in common with the *Jupiter* of the ancients, to whom libations of wine were always offered *neat*. Nevertheless, the first article of his creed was rather an unhand-some glance at me, who happened to have something of that sort before me just then.

It has been remarked by sages (and I believe them for once in a way), that when a man cannot contain himself for joy, the turbulent jubilation of his heart does naturally break forth in song. A grim associate accordingly soon called out for one: each and all echoed the cry—"a song! a song!" one adding, by way of rider, "and let's have a jolly *coalhoe* to it!" Incontinent a question arose in my mind, whether a toper's song be really worth anything without a chorus? I have often noticed its blissful effects in increasing good humour, and how mightily it favours the honest endeavours of the singer to please his hearers; for who can help applauding a chaunt, in the hubbub of which his own lungs have been so powerfully exerted? But before I could settle the question aye or no, *enter* the spouse of one of my associates—an actual *coalheaveress*—on an errand. Here was an opportunity for display of gallantry, and it was not lost. Their attentions were all on the alert in a moment. One poured out cordial gin for her; another made room, and insisted she should sit down; others filled both her hands with pewters of beer, till she was distracted with choices. She stood for one delicious moment, in pleased bewilderment and happy hesitation, as inactive, for the time, as the ass of the logicians between his two bundles of hay.

This interruption in the flow of affairs once past, "the fun grew

fast and furious." The first call was answered by my friend the wag, and his song was something about crossing "the wide ocean for to chase the buffalo." One reason why I have remembered the burden of it possibly is, because I thought at the time the idea expressed somewhat of the least patriotic; but the song that succeeded made an ample atonement, by its redeeming anti-Gallican qualities. The latter was sung by a thick-set, brawny, husky-voiced, under-sized man, who looked as if he had been newly dug out of the bowels of the earth, and who performed the promise of *Bottom* to the very letter: "I will rou you as gently as any sucking-dove." The chorus is all I can recollect; it ran "some-how so"—

"For no rebel Frenchmen, sans culottes,  
Or sons of tyrants hold,  
Shall conquer the English, Irish, or Scots,  
Or land upon our coast—  
Or land upon our coast."

A petty spirit of criticism might point out a slight dissociation of rhyme from reason in this nervous lyric; but, as it was given with besetting spirit, this trifling flaw was no ways perceptible at the time. "The harmony" (I use the established erroneous phrase) went on unceasingly, and much, very much, hot breath was turned into good melody, inasmuch that I began to quake for my character at my lodgings; and, as a good name is better than riches, I determined to seize the first opportunity that offered of slipping away unperceived, not knowing but that the ceremony of taking leave here might be as tiresome as an ambassador's at court: and I had, moreover, now seen enough of the real nature of these excellent people to establish favourable ideas of them in my heart of hearts firmly and for ever. I could not miss observing that the landlord of the house was the common butt for the company to launch their bolts at; but his good-humour or his cunning turned off every shaft innocuous. So long as he had plenty of orders for liquor, he seemed to mind their rough jests not a fig. At last, indeed, being vigorously pressed on all sides, his temper did give way for a moment, but he, quickly gathering his wits about him again, with the policy of an old campaigner, diverted the attention of the enemy with a story. One man having quoted against him the common reproach of tapsters, that of using grooved chalk, so as to mark a double tale against their customers, "Now you mention chalk," said he, "I'll tell you how I got *done* the other day." And here he treated us to a rignarolish story about a certain gentleman in his neighbourhood, who having permitted some bricklayers to run up a beer-score at his house, the debtor would not pay till he had inspected the original account; and that this last having been set down on the window-shutter of the tap-room, he was unreasonable enough to desire to retain it, that he might fix it on his file along with other *small* matters. "And so, gentlemen," concluded the landlord, "I was *reg'larly queered* out o' my window-blinkers."

A cachinnatory explosion, which convinced me that till now I had never rightly known what the common phrase, a *horse-laugh*, meant, followed the recital of this abominable lie, under cover of which sly *Boniface* retreated; and I, thinking it a good chance for me, followed his example.

Before I quit this part of my subject, it may be as well to mention (as it involves a point of character, and, coupled with other traits, goes to prove the fallacy of Burke's assertion about the non-existence of a chivalric spirit among the moderns, at least in so far as regards these knights of the black diamond,) that two several quarrels arose in the course of the evening; for, after all, coalheavers are, in the main, frail men. Yet their differences were only the natural result of the workings of "humours which sometimes have their hour with every man," as *Shakspeare* very rightly observes: these were settled in the true old English way; there was no riot, no brawling; the parties, with their seconds, kindly bade the company good-b'ye for a moment, each deposited his tobacco-pipe upon the table, so as in some sort to represent his person *ad interim*, and there were fought two fistic duels in the

back yard, with every circumstance of equity and scrupulous regularity of form. On their return, the visages of the heroes seemed a little worse for the rencontre, but the owners of them the best friends in the world, being fairly beaten into a loving *tenderness* and regard for each other; the general comfort was scarcely disturbed for a moment, and it was evident such things were common.

Most people you meet in your walks in the common thoroughfares of London glide, shuffle, or crawl onward, as if they conscientiously thought they had no manner of right to tread the earth but on sufferance. Not so our coalheaver. Mark how erect he walks! how firm a keel he presents to the vainly breasting human tide that comes rolling on with a show of opposition to his onward course! It is he, and he only, who preserves, in his gait and in his air, the self-sustained and conscious dignity of the first-created man, surrounded by an inferior creation. He gives the wall to none. That pliancy of temper, which is wont to make itself known by the waiving a point or renouncing a principle for others' advantage, in him has no place: he either knows it not, or else considers it a poor, mean-spirited, creeping baseness, altogether unworthy of his imitation, and best befitted with ineffable contempt. He neither dreads the contact of the baker, the Scylla of the metropolitan peripatetic; nor yet shuns the dire collision of the chimney-sweep, his Charybdis. Try to pass him as he walks leisurely on, making the solid earth ring with his bold tread, and you will experience more difficulties in the attempt than did that famous admiral, Bartholomew Diaz, when he first doubled the Cape of Storms. Or let us suppose that haply you allow your frail carcass to go full drive against his sturdiness, when lo!—in beautiful illustration of those doctrines in projectiles that relate to the concussion of moving bodies—you fly off at an angle "right slick" into the middle of the carriage-way; whence a question of some interest presently arises, whether you will please to be run over by a cab or an omnibus.—But to return. Who hesitates to make way for a coalheaver? As for their wagons—as *consecutive* a species of vehicles as a hurried wayfarer can be stopped by—every one knows they make way for themselves.

In conclusion, I would fain say something informing respecting the religious opinions of coalheavers. And as these our modern English *nigri fratres* do, by a rather curious coincidence, abound in the district that owes its name (Blackfriars) to rank Papists, its former possessors, it was much to be feared that the mantle of their erroneous belief also might have descended upon the shoulders of those who followed them in possession; yet, so far as my information therein goes, I can declare with safety that these, our much respected "Black brethren," all are good men and true,—consequently, undoubted sons of mother Church.

I one Sunday met a party of my favourites in St. Paul's Cathedral. They seemed to view with becoming respect, and even awe, that splendid place—the proud fountain-head, as it were, of the hierarchial grandeur of Protestantism; and they listened to and observed, with apparently profound attention, the operation of that rather popish-looking piece of sacred machinery, cathedral service. Yet I must confess my favourable opinion of their grave looks was rather staggered by overhearing afterwards one of them say to his neighbour, casting a look all round the while, "My eyes, Tom, what lots o' coals this here place would hold." Perhaps the observation was meant in honour.\*

\* When I was in America, in 1835, a party of tailors, of some town in the State of New York, paid a visit to the mighty Falls of Niagara. The great height of the banks there renders the descent into the chasm extremely difficult; but a person, having descended, may proceed to the base of the Falls; and a number of persons may walk in perfect safety a considerable distance between the precipice and the descending torrent: conversation is not much interrupted by the noise, which is not so great here as at a distance. A vapour or spray continually rises, however, which is the greatest inconvenience experienced in standing between the watery and rocky walls of this uncommon kind of cavern. Only one of the tailors ventured in: on his return, being eagerly asked by his less venturesome companions about the wonders he had seen, he replied, "Oh, it is a glorious place for sponging a coat in no time!"

### FIRESIDE EDUCATION.\*

SOME of our readers may be inclined to think that, at least, on the subject of Education, "of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." Certainly, if books and lectures on education could make us a good and wise people, we ought to be, by this time, considerably advanced. But with all the writing, and all the lecturing, and all the *speeching*, we are a great way behind; and there are still not a few of us of the opinion of aunt Betsey in Miss Sedgwick's story—"I am sure we never had any such fuss at home; we grew up, and there was an end on't."

There is, too, a danger, in this education agitation, of directing too much or too exclusive an attention to the education of the young. Freely admitting that "the child is father of the man," we must not, at the same time, forget that our passions and feelings, as we advance in life, undergo fresh modification, enter into new combinations, and expose us to temptations unknown during other portions of our existence. The impetuous, ardent, ingenious, and sentimental youth, may slide into the middle-aged man, whose mind may be wholly divided between business and enjoyment, and whose appetites, if, in one sense, under more control, may also become more gross; and the middle-aged man may pass onward into the elderly gentleman, or the "lean and slippered pantaloon," full of himself, his family, and his family's importance, clinging to the world with a convulsive clutch, and counting every coin, as if silver were gold, and gold of unknown value. Let us, as we have more than once said, make education a great business of life; lay the foundation in infancy and youth, but rear the superstructure in manhood and age.

Many parents may say—what is the use of books? We know well enough what our duty is; we want only to be able to practise it. We know that we should preserve our parental dignity before our children; we know that they are quick-sighted, and easily detect inconsistencies in our characters; we know and we feel the vast importance of example in giving effect to precept. But we, who have been badly educated ourselves, how are we to overrule the infirmities of our own tempers? Are domestic cares never to disturb our equanimity? Is disease never to make us irritable? Is business never to spread a gloom over our hearts and faces? Can we cast out our plaguy thoughts, as we cast off our cloaks, and make the Fireside *alceas* a scene of enjoyment, and encircle it with faces perpetually smiling? If books on FIRESIDE EDUCATION cannot do all that, of what use are they?

"Fair and softly," as John Gulpin cried—though we hope we shall be unlike him in *not* "crying in vain." Let parents do the best they can; aim high, and if you do not hit your object, there is less chance of your falling too far below it. In this respect, books are of great use. The very feeling of regret which they excite in the reader's mind, at his falling so far below a standard, is of itself beneficial. What, in fact, is all morality, and all genuine imaginative creation, but a higher standard than man can reach? Yet how powerfully does the influence of this high standard operate on the mind! It lifts up human nature; dignifies our actions, which otherwise would sink far below their own level; and makes us feel ourselves to be something more than reasoning animals. Give us, therefore, we say, books on education. If they are not pernicious, they must be all more or less useful; they suggest the idea of want and deficiency; they stimulate to exertion, even in spite of failure; and they raise the standard of education in the public mind.

To such of our readers as are not tired of the subject—and none can be tired of it who feel its true importance; to those who are willing to have iteration and re-iteration—"line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little"—we would recommend Mr. Goodrich's "Fireside Education." It is neither learned nor recondite—affects neither philosophy nor profundity. It is a plain book, addressed to plain people, written in a lively, level style, adapted to the capacities of "the many." It is written by the well-known American author, whose "Peter Parley's Tales," addressed to the young, have made him popular on both sides of the Atlantic; and though a critic may detect marks of haste in getting up the book, and there are not a few things in it to which we would not be quite disposed to yield our assent, it is, on the whole, very admirably adapted for its purpose, and may be read by parents with much profit. The style is a sort of imitation of those other American books, many of which have appeared

\* Fireside Education. By S. G. Goodrich, author of "Peter Parley's Tales." London: Smith, 1839.

of late years—take, for instance, Abbott's Young Christian, and Todd's Student's Manual—in which precept is mingled with anecdote, and the nail of a serious admonition is driven home by a striking or startling story. These kind of books are admirably adapted for the American moral atmosphere; the busy people, incessantly "going ahead," have but little time to spare, and if they read grave admonitory works, they must be such as they can read while they run. Nor are they ill adapted for England, as large editions of them reprinted in this country can testify.

The preface to "Fireside Education," is, perhaps, one of the best things in the book. Thus commences "Peter Parley":—

"In the autumn of 1837, there was an assembly in the State-house at Boston, which presented two conditions of society. Among a crowd, consisting of the pale-faced race, were a number of red warriors from the West. They were the chiefs of their tribes, the picked men of their several nations; the brave of the battle-field, the orator and sage of the council. In reply to an address from the chief magistrate of the commonwealth, several of them made speeches. But how narrow was their range of thought; how few their ideas; how slight their knowledge; how feeble their grasp of intellect! They were indeed powerful in limb, but they had evidently the imperfect and limited comprehension of children. As animals, they were athletic, sinewy, and active; but as men, they had a coarse and revolting aspect. If you looked into their countenances as an index to the mind, you looked in vain for any trace of those refined emotions which belong to civilised man. It is frightful to gaze into the human face and see only the sinister stare of a wild animal. The eye of a cultivated human being is full of depth and meaning; if you read it attentively, it seems, like a mirror, to reveal the inward world of thought and feeling, as the bosom of the smooth lake reflects the image of the earth around and heaven above. But the eye of these savages, like that of the wolf or the tiger, though bright and glassy, had no such depth of expression, and seemed only to manifest a wary attention to visible objects and the passing scene. It bespoke no inward working, as if the mind were busy in weaving its woof of reflection, and unfolded no emotion, as if some seal were broken and a new page of revelation opened on the soul. It seemed indeed but a watchful sentinel to mark outward things, not a mirror imaging forth a spirit within.

"Among the savages, in the scene I have described, was the wife of the chief; but she was a subdued and downcast slave, her humble place being ever in the rear of the train. On her shone no smile from the master, no gentleness from the husband, no tenderness from the father. His bronzed features could not reveal sentiments like these, for the bosom within was a stranger to them.

"Such were the master-spirits of the savage race. Compare them with the individual who addressed them on the occasion in behalf of the pale-faced, and consider the difference between savage and civilised man. Consider the compass of thought, the vastness of knowledge, the power of combination, the richness of fancy, the depth, variety, and refinement of sentiment, which belong to one, and the narrowness of mind, the poverty of soul, which characterise the other. And what is the mighty magic which thus makes men to differ?

"The easy answer to this interrogation is offered in a single word—EDUCATION. I know indeed that in common use this only means the instruction given at our seminaries. We speak of an English education, a liberal education, a fashionable education. In these cases, the word has a restricted and technical signification, and includes little more than instruction in certain arts and certain branches of knowledge. The learned politician who gave as a toast on some public occasion, 'Education, or the three R's, Reading, Riting, and Rithmetic,' interpreted the word according to this popular acceptation. It has, however, a more enlarged sense, and legitimately includes all those influences which go to unfold the faculties of man or determine human character. It is in this wide sense that education may be offered as explaining the difference between savage and civilised man. It is in this sense that education is the fashioner of the great human family, including every individual of the race. It is in this sense that man is ever the subject of education, from the cradle to the grave. It is in this sense that it has a force almost realising the heathen notions of destiny. We should therefore regard seminary instruction merely as a branch of education, not as the whole system; a link, but not the entire chain. In the following pages, I propose to consider the subject in this more extended view, and shall endeavour to show that, in limiting our notions of education to mere school tuition, we overlook important, perhaps the most

important, instruments of instruction; neglect the most efficient means of moulding human character; and thus, by a common error, do infinite injury to individuals and society at large. In pursuing this course, I shall bestow particular attention upon the chief engine by which character is formed—the Fireside Seminary. In connexion with this subject, I shall have occasion to speak particularly of the common school, the great auxiliary of the fireside, and shall endeavour to suggest some means of rendering it more efficient in accomplishing its legitimate ends.

"The theory which I present to the reader in the following pages is briefly this: man comes into existence marked by his Creator as the subject of a peculiar design, which is, that he shall reach the perfection of his being through education. This point I illustrate by comparisons, showing that while all the animal races are incapable of being benefited by instruction, and obtain their perfection without it, man can only receive the full development of his physical, intellectual, and moral faculties through a process of teaching and training."

Having thus allowed Mr Goodrich to state his own object, we will only string a few of his anecdotes together, to show the lively manner in which he illustrates his advice and opinions.

#### A RAM'S-HORN TEACHER.

"I have heard of a man who contended, that learning in a teacher was a positive hindrance to success. He was accustomed to illustrate his opinions in the following manner: 'When the prophet desired to blow down the walls of Jericho, he did not take a brass trumpet or a polished French horn; but he took a ram's horn, a plain natural ram's horn, just as it grew. And so if you desire to overturn the Jericho of ignorance, you must not take a college-bred gentleman, but a plain natural, ram's horn sort of a man, like me!'"

#### HORSE-HAIR JUSTICE.

"I once knew a boy, in the olden days of Webster's Grammar, who found this definition in his book: 'A noun is the name of a thing, as horse, hair, justice.' But he chanced to misconceive it, and read it thus: 'A noun is the name of a thing, as horse-hair justice.' He was of a reflecting turn, and long he pondered over the wonderful systems of a noun. But in vain; he could not make it out. His father was a justice of the peace, and one day, when the boy went home, the old gentleman was holding a justice's court. There he sat in state among a crowd of people, on an old-fashioned horse-hair settee. A new light now broke in upon our young hero's mind. 'My father,' said he mentally, 'is a horse-hair justice, and therefore a noun!'"

#### SMART REPORTS.

"Some children display an early relish for wit or humour. I have heard of a little boy, who, on seeing a man at work white-washing a wall, was observed to smile. 'Why do you smile?' said a by-stander. 'Don't you see,' said the boy, 'that he is lathering the wall, and when he has done I suppose he will shave it?' Other children go into the habit of taking sound for sense, and this, if indulged, leads to ridiculous absurdities. I recollect a lad at school who in this way became a sort of oracle, and could readily answer the profoundest questions. One of his companions happening to meet with the word *fortification*, asked him the meaning of it. 'Fortification,' said the oracle, 'fortification why it's two twentyfications, to be sure!'"

"An early turn for sarcastic retort is manifested by some children. I once heard of a boy, who, being rebuked by a clergyman for neglecting to go to church, replied, that he would go if he could be permitted to change his seat. 'But why do you wish to change your seat?' said the minister. 'You see,' said the boy, 'I sit over the opposite side of the meeting-house, and between me and you there's Judy Vears and Mary Staples, and half-a-dozen other women, with their mouths wide open, and they get all the best of the sermon, and when it comes to me it's pretty poor stuff!'"

#### TEMPERATE TOO MUCH.

The following is, to our minds, rather too American and extreme in its temperate notions:—"Tea and coffee should be totally withheld from children under ten years old. The former should never be taken, unless it is weak, before the age of twenty. Green tea is a strong stimulant, and can never be taken without injurious consequences by some persons. Black tea is much safer; mixed with green it is very palatable, and has no bad effects upon persons arrived at mature age. Coffee is a strong narcotic, and operates differently on different persons. To some, it is a poison, producing nausea or great nervous irritability; others appear to

take it without injury. But it is never safe for children or young persons. Even if it produces no immediate, visible evil, it is sure to lay the foundation of after mischief. It weakens the digestive energy of the stomach, and soon or late begets dyspepsy and a perpetual craving for active stimuli. Early coffee drinking, in a climate like ours, subject to extremes and sudden changes, will often result in habitual drunkenness. That which has been imagined to be hereditary predisposition to intemperance, has frequently been nothing more than the craving of a diseased stomach, engendered under a mother's eye and with a mother's approbation, by the early drinking of strong tea or strong coffee."

CONTRAST, OR A COUPLE OF NEW ENGLAND PICTURES.

"Captain Wideopen's house stands on a broad street, that runs for a mile in length through the village of Decay. It is an old farm-house, one story high, with its gable end to the street. In front of the house is the wood pile, spread out so as to cover a rod of ground. As you pass by, the barn, cow-house, and yard, with its deep morass of manure in high flavour, salute the eye and nose. The pig-pen, wide open and in full view, is between the house and barn. In a warm day the congregation of vapours is overwhelming. The well, the wash-shed, the wood shed, all are in full view to the passers by. The space around the front door is defiled by the pig, who roost and grunt there by day, and by the geese, who roost there by night.

"Thus all the unsightly and unseemly objects are spread out to view, and the scene is embellished by the addition of broken sleighs, sleds, ploughs, wagons, carts, old posts, &c. There lies a shapeless heap of stones; yonder is a gate with one lunge, which will soon be broken for want of care. Here is a pair of bars thrown down; there the stone wall has tumbled over!

"Such is the scene presented by the residence of a wealthy, respectable farmer in New England; and I am sorry to say that that there are hundreds, nay thousands, like it in New England! — ay, in New England! Not that every village is a Decay, or every farmer a Wideopen. No! some of our villages are delightful, and some of our country people are puffers of good order and neatness. But I am speaking of those who are not so. And if these pages should come into the hands of any person, in New England or out of it, who is ignorant of the advantages of neatness and order, let me urge upon him, as worthy of immediate attention, the following remarks, drawn from observation and experience.

"1. A man, whose house, like Capt. Wideopen's, is out-of-doors marked by disorder, confusion, and want of cleanliness, is generally the same in-doors.

"2. Where there is confusion and want of neatness, though there may be plenty of bread, butter, milk, cheese, fuel, clothing, and other necessaries, there is little comfort, little thrift, little good-nature, little kindness, little religion, little beauty, little peace or happiness.

"3. Children brought up in the midst of confusion and want of cleanliness, are likely to be low, vulgar, and vicious in their tastes, and in their character. Let fathers and mothers consider that, if they bring up their children in this way, they are schooling them to be drunkards, profane, mean, base, wicked, and despised; that the schooling of home is the most lasting of all schooling; that the ferule of the schoolmaster cannot efface what the father and mother have taught; that the preacher cannot destroy the die stamped upon the young heart at home by parental example! Look to this, ye fathers and mothers, and if for your own sakes ye are indifferent to neatness and order, for the sake of the young immediately around you be no longer so!

"4. There is a constant tendency, in the want of order and neatness, to cause ruin and waste; consequently a man who, like Capt. Wideopen, allows things to go on in this way, generally gets poorer and poorer, till at length mortgages, embarrassment, debt, losses, and the law, bring him to poverty.

"5. Neatness and good order contribute to health, wealth, and happiness; while opposite habits tend to disease, misery, poverty, vice, and short life.

"Let us now turn to another scene. The village of Thrivewell is also a New England village, and is remarkable for its pleasant, cheerful aspect. Every person who rides through it is delighted; and the place has such a reputation, that the land is worth more, and the houses will sell for more, than in almost any other place of the kind you can name. And this arises from the good taste, neatness, and order, which characterise the inhabitants. I will give you a sketch of the house belonging to Captain John Pepperidge; a careful, correct, upright man, who has risen from

poverty to ease and competence, by industry, economy, and prudence.

"His house stands three or four rods back from the street; the front yard is green, grassy, and decorated with handsome trees. The wood-pile is fenced in; the barn-yard, pig-pen, &c., are also tidily fenced. It is a favourite proverb with Pepperidge that there *should be a place for everything, and that everything should be in its place.* This is his great maxim; and he not only observes it himself, but he requires every man, woman, and child about him to observe it also. He says it saves him one hundred dollars a year.

"He has other rules, such as a *stitch in time saves nine*: thus, as soon as a stone falls off the wall, he puts it up; when a nail gets out of the fence, he replaces it; when a gate is broken, it is forthwith repaired; if a clapboard is loose, a nail clenches it. Thus, matters are kept tight and tidy. On a wet day, instead of going to the tavern, he spends the time in making little repairs. At odd moments of leisure, he sets out trees and shrubs; thus, year by year, beautifying his place, and rendering it not only more comfortable, but also worth more money, in case he should ever desire to sell it.

"Captain Pepperidge takes great pleasure, and perhaps a little innocent pride, in his place, though, to say the truth, it is by no means costly. He loves better to spend his time in making it more convenient and pleasant, in setting out trees, improving the grounds, mending the fences, &c., than in going about to talk politics, or gossip upon other people's business, or in haunting a tavern bar-room. In short, his home is comfortable, pleasant, delightful. It is neat and orderly, inside and out. And he has made it so; though his wife, having happily caught the influence of his example, contributes her share to the good work. His children are well dressed, well educated, well behaved. Can such a man be a drunkard? Can he be vicious? Can he be wicked? Who has so good a chance of health, wealth, and happiness? Who so likely to be respected by his neighbours? Who so likely to do good by his influence and example? Come, Captain Wideopen, I pray you, and learn a lesson of farmer Pepperidge!

"Let us look at the practical effect of Pepperidge's example. Formerly the village of Thrivewell was called Uncasy Swamp, and was inhabited by a set of people becoming the name. They were poor, ignorant, idle, and *uncasy*. They were jealous of all rich people, and considered the unequal distribution of property a dreadful evil. They were equally jealous of the wise, and considered the unequal distribution of knowledge a nuisance to be abated. They were also jealous of the virtuous, and hated nothing so much as a just and honest man. In short, they were, half a century ago, where some conceited but ignorant and ill-minded people are now, willing to level every body and thing to their own standard. If a candidate for office was up, who addressed their prejudices, and coaxed them with promises, though meaning to cheat them, he was the man for them. If he was known to be mean, shabby, and unprincipled, fellow-feeling seemed to render them kind, and the more ardently they espoused his cause. Such was Uncasy Swamp; a place which may have its images still in some parts of the country."

ROMAN PROSPERITY.

If a man were called on to fix the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus. The vast extent of the Roman empire was governed by absolute power, under the guidance of virtue and wisdom. The armies were restrained by the firm but gentle hand of four successive emperors, whose characters and authority commanded involuntary respect. The forms of the civil administration were carefully preserved by Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines, who delighted in the image of liberty, and were pleased with considering themselves as the accountable ministers of the laws. Such princes deserved the honour of restoring the republic, had the Romans of their days been capable of enjoying a rational freedom. The labours of these monarchs were overpaid by the immense reward that inseparably waited on their success,—by the honest pride of virtue, and by the exquisite delight of beholding the general happiness of which they were the authors. A just but melancholy reflection embittered, however, the noblest of human enjoyment. They must often have recollected the instability of a happiness which depended on the character of a single man.

Gibbon.

## TRAVELS IN PALESTINE IN 1833.

EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the New York Theological Seminary, a gentleman whose character as a scholar and biblical critic stands very high, visited Palestine in 1838. His mind was well prepared by previous study for the scene of his travels; and his object in visiting the country, was to investigate the antiquities of the Holy Land, and to endeavour to throw fresh light on the subject of scriptural illustration. Such of our readers as take an interest in this matter, are well aware that the investigations of recent travellers have done much to clear up what was obscure and doubtful; that scriptural facts, incidents, and allusions, have either been strengthened, or placed in an entirely different position; and that many texts which hitherto, from our ignorance of the manners of the East, and of the topography of the Holy Land, have been absurdly or ludicrously interpreted, and their interpretations handed down, without question or dispute, from father to son, are now expounded in a manner satisfactory to all intelligent and inquiring minds.

But not alone to the biblical student are travels in Palestine of interest. Can even the general reader—whose circumstances or education have prevented him from acquiring that preliminary knowledge which would enable him to enjoy such travels as those of Professor Robinson—can even he be indifferent to that land and that city, the objects of interest or of veneration to Christian, Jew, and Mohammedan? "Phœnicia and Palestine," says Gibbon, "will for ever live in the memory of mankind; since America, as well as Europe, has received letters from the one, and religion from the other." Yet Phœnicia occupied but a narrow strip of rocky coast; and its neighbour, Palestine, was far more fertile, certainly, but not much larger, than Wales. As, however, there may be some of our readers indifferent, or, at least, not disposed to understand and enjoy the illustrative scriptural researches of Professor Robinson, we will, instead of reprinting the "brief report" of his travels which we find in the "American Biblical Repository," give only an abstract or abridgment.

"The journey," says Professor Robinson, "of which the following is a brief account, had entered into all my plans of life for the last fifteen years. So long ago as 1832, it was the subject of conversation between myself and the Rev. Eli Smith, then on a visit to the United States; and the same general plan of the journey was then marked out, which we have been permitted during the present year to execute. I count it fortunate for myself and for the interests of Biblical science, that I was thus able to secure the company of one, who, by his familiar and accurate knowledge of the Arabic language, by his experience as a traveller in Persia and Armenia, and by his acquaintance with the people of Syria, was so well qualified to remove the difficulties and overcome the obstacles usually attendant upon oriental travel.

"I embarked at Trieste Dec. 1, 1837; and after spending a fortnight at Athens, proceeded to Alexandria and Cairo. The months of January and February, 1833, were mostly spent in a voyage up the Nile as far as Thebes. Returning to Cairo in the last days of February, I found Mr. Sigith just arrived; and we now entered on the preparations necessary for our long journey through the desert. We visited meanwhile the pyramids of Gizeh, the earliest and most vast of all human monuments, and were ready to set off on our journey on the 12th of March.

"It had been our wish to take a somewhat circuitous route from Cairo to Suez, descending along the eastern branch of the Nile as far as the province Shaikiyeh, and thence along the valley of the ancient canal to the head of the Gulf of Suez. But our time was limited, and we were compelled to take the usual and shortest route, that of Ankebiyeh, the same which Burckhardt travelled in 1816. Our party consisted of three Americans, two Egyptian servants, and five Arabs of the Towara, who have the exclusive right of conducting travellers from Egypt to Mount Sinai. They were the owners of the nine camels we had hired, and were all under the direction of Besharah our guide, one of the men who accompanied Laborde. Just without the city, near the splendid but now neglected tombs of the Kalifs, we halted for a time, to adjust the loads of the camels for the journey, which could not so well be done in the narrow streets of the city. Then we launched forth into the desert; and travelling onward until darkness overtook us, we pitched our tent for the night in a shallow wady. This term, in the desert, means a shallow bed, through which the waters of the rainy season are carried off; while in uneven or mountainous regions, it is also applied to the deepest and broadest valleys. It was a new and exciting feeling, to find ourselves thus alone in the midst of the desert, in the true style of oriental travel;

carrying with us our *house*, our provisions, and our supply of water for many days, and surrounded by camels and the wild sons of the desert, in a region where the eye could find nought to rest upon but dreary desolation. It was a scene which had often taken possession of my youthful imagination, but which I had not dared to hope would ever be realised."

Crossing the sandy desert of Suez, they arrived at the town on the fourth day from Cairo; and here the travellers set themselves to examine the circumstances under which the Children of Israel crossed the Red Sea more than three thousand years ago. "Our minds were satisfied, in general, that the Israelites must have journeyed from the land of Goshen to the Red Sea, along the valley of the ancient canal, this being the only route on which they could obtain water; and, also, that they must have passed through the sea at or near Suez, directly from the great desert plain which extends for ten or twelve miles west and north behind the city. Of course it is impossible to fix the exact point of their passage; but it may not improbably have taken place lower down and near the edge of the present shoals, where even now, at very low tides, the Arabs sometimes wade across. It must be remembered, that the miracle was wrought through the instrumentality of a strong east (or N.E.) wind, which here would act directly to drive out the waters; but would not so act in any other part of the gulf. There are also great difficulties connected with the rapid passage of so great a multitude through the sea at any point where it is wider.

"Leaving Suez late the next day, we took our course around the head of the gulf, the better to observe the features of the country. We pitched our tent at night over against Suez, but somewhat lower down, not far from the place where the Israelites probably came out upon the eastern shore. Here, at our evening devotions, and near the spot where it was composed and first sung, we read and felt in its full force, the magnificent triumphal song of Moses: 'The Lord hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider he hath thrown into the sea!'"

They approached the "central granite mountains of Sinai" by an unusual route; and were surprised and delighted to find themselves "crossing the whole length of a fine plain, from the southern end of which that part of Sinai now called Horeb rises perpendicularly in dark and frowning majesty. This plain is over two miles in length, and nearly two-thirds of a mile broad, sprinkled with tufts of herbs and shrubs, like the wadis of the desert. It is wholly enclosed by dark granite mountains—stern, naked, splintered peaks and ridges, from 1,000 to 1,500 feet high. On the east of Horeb a deep and very narrow valley runs in like a cleft, as if in continuation of the S.E. corner of the plain. In this stands the convent, at the distance of a mile from the plain; and the deep verdure of its fruit-trees and espesses is seen as the traveller approaches—an oasis of beauty amid scenes of the sternest desolation.

"The plain above mentioned is in all probability the spot where the congregation of Israel were assembled to receive the law; and the mountain impending over it, the present Horeb, was the scene of the awful phenomena in which the law was given. As to the present summit of Sinai, there is little reason to suppose that it had any connection with the giving of the law, and still less the higher peaks of St. Catherine. I know not when I have felt a thrill of stronger emotion, than when, in first crossing the plain, the dark precipices of Horeb rising in solemn grandeur before us, I became aware of the entire adaptedness of the scene to the purposes for which it was chosen by the great Hebrew legislator.

"We were kindly received at the convent, after being hoisted to its narrow entrance, and remained there five days, visiting in the interval the summits of Sinai, Horeb, and St. Catherine. As my companion could speak modern Greek with some fluency, we found peculiar favour in the eyes of the good old Superior, to whom the Arabic was almost an unknown tongue. He carried his civility so far, as to accompany us to the top of Sinai and Horeb; but the next day his fervour quailed before the more arduous task of ascending Mount St. Catherine; and he preferred waiting our return at the convent El-Erbayin, where we had lodged."

Quitting the hospitable convent of St. Catherine, they journeyed to Akabah, which they left "late in the afternoon of April 5th, and re-crossing the plain of Wady Araba, began to ascend the western mountains by the great Hadj or 'pilgrims' route. We soon encamped for the night; and from this point we had seven long days' journey to Hebron. The ascent afterward is steep and difficult. The way is almost literally strewn with the bones of camels, and skirted by the graves of pilgrims; all testifying to the difficulty of the pass. On arriving at the top of the pass, we soon



came out upon the great plateau of the Western desert, and found ourselves higher than the mountain peaks which we had seen from below, and the high which we had just ascended. Not far from the top of the pass we left the Hadj route, and turning off in a direction about N.N.W., we launched forth again into 'the great and terrible wilderness.'

"For the first two days the general character of this desert was similar to that between Cairo and Suez,—a vast unbounded plain, a hard gravelly soil, irregular ridges of limestone hills in various directions, the mirage, and especially the wadys or water-courses. All our Arabs gave to this part of the desert the name Et-Tih, the desert of wandering."

"Crossing a more sandy portion of the desert, we had our first specimen of the Simim, or south wind of the desert. It came over us with violence like the glow of an oven, and filled the air with fine particles of dust and sand, so as to obscure the sun, and render it difficult to see objects only a few rods distant. This continued for about four hours. We encamped in the Wady Rubehib, where we had never heard of ruins. But on ascending the hill on our left, we discovered the remains of a city not much less than two miles in circuit. The houses had been mostly built of hewn stone; there were several public buildings, and many cisterns. But the whole is now thrown together in unutterable confusion; and it would seem as if the city had been suddenly overthrown by some tremendous earthquake. What ancient city this can have been, I have not yet been able to learn. The Arabic name suggests the Rehoboth of scripture, the name of one of Isaac's wells (Gen. xxvi. 22); but the other circumstances do not correspond."

"The Wady Rubehib opens out towards the north into a fine plain, covered with grass, and herbs, and bushes; in crossing which our ears were regaled with the carols of the lark and the song of the nightingale, all indicating our approach to a more fertile region. After crossing another elevated plateau, the character of the surface was again changed. We came upon an open rolling country, all around were swelling hills, covered in ordinary seasons with grass and rich pasturage, though now arid and parched with drought. We now came to Wady Seba; and on the north side of its water-course, we had the gratification of discovering (April 12th) the site of ancient Beersheba, the celebrated border city of Palestine, still bearing in Arabic the name of Bir Seba. Near the water-course are two circular wells of excellent water, more than forty feet deep. They are both surrounded with drinking-troughs of stone for the use of camels and flocks—such as doubtless were used of old for the flocks which then fed on the adjacent hills.—Ascending the low hills north of the wells, we found them strewn with the ruins of former habitations, the foundations of which are distinctly to be traced. These ruins extend over a space half a mile long by a quarter of a mile broad.—Here then is the place where Abraham and Isaac and Jacob often lived! Here Samuel made his sons judges; and from here Elijah wandered out into the southern desert, and sat down under the Rethem, or shrub of broom, just as our Arabs sat down under it every day and every night! Over these swelling hills, the flocks of the patriarch roved by thousands;—we now found only a few camels, asses, and goats."

"We arrived at Hebron. Here the 'pool' over which David hung up the assassins of Ishbosheth still remains, and fixes the site of the ancient city. The cave of Maophalah cannot well have been within the city, and therefore the present mosque cannot cover its site. We could not but notice the fertility of the surrounding valleys, full of fields of grain, and of vineyards yielding the largest and finest clusters of all Palestine; and likewise the rich pasturage of the hills, over which were scattered numerous flocks and herds. Yet, to a careless observer, the country in general can only appear sterile: for the limestone rocks everywhere come out upon the surface, and are strewn over it in large masses, to such a degree, that a more stony or rocky region is rarely to be seen."

"We took the direct road to Jerusalem. It is laid with stones in many places, and is doubtless the ancient road, which patriarchs and kings of old have often trod. But it is only a path for beasts; no wheels have ever passed there. We hurried onward, and reached the Holy City at sunset, April 14th, just before the closing of the gates on the evening before Easter Sunday."

"The feelings of the Christian traveller on approaching Jerusalem for the first time, can be better conceived than described. Mine were strongly excited. Before us, as we approached, lay Zion, the Mount of Olives, the vales of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, and other objects of the deepest interest. I beheld them now with

my own eyes; they all seemed familiar to me, as if the realization of a former dream; and it was almost a painful interruption when my companion, with the kindest motives, began to point out and name the different objects in view."

"In approaching Jerusalem from Hebron, I was struck with the very rapid descent of the Valley of Hinnom, and the great depth of the Vale of Jehoshaphat, into which the former opens. In the city itself I was prepared, from the descriptions of most travellers, to find the houses miserable, the streets filthy, and the population squalid. But in all these respects I was agreeably disappointed. The houses are better built, and the streets cleaner, than those of Alexandria, Smyrna, or Constantinople. The hills and valleys which marked the different quarters of the ancient city, are still distinctly visible."

"After examining the antiquities of Jerusalem, the travellers set out on excursions through Palestine. They were singularly fortunate. "When we arrived at Jerusalem, war was raging between the Druses and the forces of the Pasha. The city was full of rumours; no one knew where Ibrahim Pasha was; and it was said his troops had been beaten. In this state of things the unquiet spirits of the land began to rouse themselves; several murders and robberies were committed on pilgrims and travelling merchants, and for a time it was doubtful whether we should be able to travel at all in the country without an armed guard. But soon the certain news arrived that Ibrahim was at Damascus, and had defeated the Druses. After this all was again still, and we travelled through the length and breadth of the land without fear or accident—indeed with the same feeling of security as in England or Germany."

"As if we were to have a specimen of all the evils of the oriental world, in a few days after our arrival in the Holy City the plague broke out—at first doubtfully, then decidedly, though mildly. Other travellers left the city immediately; and some who were on their way thither turned back. We continued our investigations without interruption, and a kind Providence preserved us from the danger. On the 19th of May the city was shut up, and none permitted to go out; we had left it two days before on a long excursion."

"Indeed, during the whole journey, although surrounded by war, pestilence, and quarantines, we were enabled to pass through them all without harm or hinderance—without being detained from these causes even for an hour."

"One of our excursions was from Jerusalem to Carmel and the Jordan. "A visit to Jericho and the Jordan is usually represented as attended with more danger than perhaps any other part of Palestine; and most travellers, therefore, take with them a guard furnished by the governor of Jerusalem. But as the soldiers of the government would have been only objects of hatred to the unquiet Arabs whom we might chance to fall in with, we preferred to employ as guards and guides some of the Arabs who live on the west side of the Dead Sea, who, having formerly been themselves robbers, were well known to all the Arabs in the regions we intended to visit. We engaged the Shekh of the Taamra with four of his men, and had every reason to be satisfied with their fidelity and intelligence."

"The excursion on which we were now entering occupied eight days. We left Jerusalem on the 8th of May, again on horseback, and proceeded by way of Bethlehem, and so along the aqueduct, to Solomon's pools; and thence to the Frank mountain. This is a steep and lofty hill S.E. of Bethlehem, having the form of a truncated cone, and rising high above all the hills and ridges of the eastern slope. On its top are the remains of ancient fortifications, and at its base on the north side are traces of an ancient town, probably Herodium built by Herod the Great, who also was buried there. Hence we turned S.W. towards Tekoa, but pitched our tent for the night near the encampment of our Arabs. Here we had an opportunity of seeing the housekeeping of the desert. The grinding at the mill, the kneading and baking of bread, the care of the dairy, the churning of the milk—all was carried on by the women in the open tents; and it was the more interesting to us, as finely illustrating the frequent scriptural allusions to pastoral life."

"At Carmel the travellers read "the story of David and Nabal, and were deeply struck with the truth of the biblical descriptions of manners and customs almost literally and identically the same as they exist at the present day."

"From Carmel our course lay directly east, to Aiu Jildi, the ancient Engeddi, on the western shore of the Dead Sea. The way was a continual descent, sometimes by steep passes, and again crossing deep wadys. As we approached the sea, the region became more desert and desolate than ever. At every moment,

we expected to arrive at the shore of the sea, and on the level of its waters; but the way at every step seemed longer and longer. At length, after a ride of seven hours, we came to the brow of the pass of Engeddi. Turning aside to what seemed a small knoll on our right, we found ourselves on the summit of a precipitous cliff, overhanging Engeddi and the sea, at least 1500 feet above its waters. The Dead Sea lay before us in its vast deep chasm, shut in on both sides by precipitous mountains; and, with its low projecting points and flat border towards the south, resembling much a long winding bay, or the estuary of a large river, when the tide is out, and the shoals left dry. We descended to the shore by a pass more steep, rugged, and difficult, than is to be found among the Alps, and pitched our tent near the fine large fountain which bursts out upon a narrow terrace, still 400 feet above the sea. The water of the fountain is beautifully transparent; but its temperature is 81° of Fahrenheit, or 29° of Reaumur.

"The whole descent below the fountain was apparently once terraced for gardens, and the ruins of a town are seen on the right. The whole slope is still covered with trees and shrubs of a more southern clime; among them we found the *osher*, the fruit of which corresponds best to the ancient descriptions of the apples of Solom. Nothing is needed but tillage to render this a most prolific spot. The soil is rich, the heat great, and the water abundant.—The approach to the sea is here over a bank of pebbles, several feet higher than the level of the water, as we saw it. The water of the sea is not entirely transparent, but objects seen through it appear as if seen through oil. It is most intensely salt and bitter, and is exceedingly buoyant. The phenomena around the sea are such as might be expected from the nature of its waters and the character of the region round about, for the most part a naked, dreary desert; but, although we were for several days in its vicinity, we perceived no noisome smell and no pestiferous vapour arising from its waters. Of birds we saw many. Indeed, at early dawn, the trees, and rocks, and air, were full of the carols of the lark, the cheerful whistle of the quail, the call of the partridge, and the warbling of innumerable songsters; while birds of prey were soaring and screaming in front of the cliffs above.

"Next morning we were compelled to reascend the pass, in order to proceed northward along the shelving table-land above, the projecting cliffs cutting off all passage below along the water. At night we encamped again on a cliff 1,000 feet above the sea, overhanging the fountain Turabih, which is below on the shore. From this point both ends of the sea were visible. Pigeons were shooting over its surface, and, in the reeds around the brackish fountain below, frogs were heard croaking. The scene of this evening was most romantic; the full moon rose in splendour over the eastern mountains, and poured a flood of silvery light into the deep, dark chasm below. Our Arabs were sleeping around us; only the tall pensiv figure of the Sheikh was seen sitting before the door of the tent, his eyes intently fixed upon us as we wrote. From various data, I judged the length of the sea to be about fifty miles, its breadth cannot exceed ten or twelve miles.

"We continued our course next day, descending again by a difficult pass; and after travelling for several hours along the shore and over the plain, the soil of which is here in many parts like ashes, we arrived at the lower fords of the Jordan—a deep turbid stream with a still but strong current. The river is here from 80 to 100 feet broad, winding its way through a cane-brake or jungle, which renders it inaccessible except in spots. It was now the time of wheat harvest in the valley, and we found the river, as of old, overflowing the banks of its ordinary channel, as was the case when the Israelites approached it, Josh. ch. iii."

Our space precludes us from giving more of these interesting "notes" of travels; but we may mention that, on the 17th of May, they started on an excursion to Petra, which occupied them twenty-three days; two days after they started, Jerusalem was shut up on account of the plague. On their return from this long journey, they found the city still shut up; "and therefore pitched our tent in the Olive-grove north of the city, before the Damascus gate. Here we were joined by our travelling companion and Mr. Lanneau, who had performed their quarantine of seven days. Our other friends held communication with us from the wall, and once came out to meet us under the charge of a *guardiano* or health-officer.

"If my feelings were strongly excited on first entering the Holy City, they were hardly less so on leaving it for the last time. As we had formerly approached repeating continually the salutation of the Psalmist: 'Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces'; so now we could not but add: 'For our brethren and companions' sakes we will now say, Peace be within thee!'

Her palaces indeed are long since levelled to the ground, and the haughty Moslem now tread her glory in the dust! Yet as we turned to look again from the high ground north of the city, I could not but exclaim: 'Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion on the sides of the north, the city of the great King!' One long, last look, and then turning away I bade those sacred hills farewell for ever!"

They left Jerusalem on the 13th of June; arrived at Beirut on the 26th; and thence returned to Western Europe by Alexandria, Smyrna, Constantinople, and so across the Black Sea, and up the Danube to Vienna.

#### FROZEN WELLS.

We find the following in the last number of Silliman's "American Journal of Science and Arts."

To PROFESSOR SILLIMAN,—Dear Sir,—There is a well near this village, which has drawn the attention of the scientific and curious for many years, but the phenomena which happen in it have never yet been explained. I have taken some pains to ascertain the facts, and now communicate them to you, in hopes of hearing a scientific exposition of this apparent contradiction of nature's laws.

The well is excavated on a table of land, elevated about thirty feet above the bed of the Susquehanna River, and distant from it three-fourths of a mile. The depth of the well, from the surface to the bottom, is said to be seventy-seven feet; but for four or five months in the year, the surface of the water is frozen so solid as to be entirely useless to the inhabitants. On the twenty-third of the present month, in company with a friend, I measured the depth, and found it to be sixty-one feet from the surface of the earth to the ice which covers the water in the well, and this ice we found it impossible to break with a heavy iron weight attached to a rope. The sides of the well are neatly covered with masses of ice, which increasing in the descent, leave but about a foot space (in diameter) at the bottom. A thermometer let down to the bottom, sunk 38° in fifteen minutes, being 68° in the sun, and 30° at the bottom of the well. The well has been dug twenty one years, and I am informed by a very credible person, who assisted in the excavation, that a man could not endure to work in it more than two hours at a time, even with extra clothing, although in the month of June, and the weather excessively hot. The ice remains until very late in the season, and is often drawn up in the months of June and July. Samuel Matthews drew from the well a large piece of ice on the 25th day of July, 1837, and it is common to find it there on the 1st of July.

The well is situated in the highway, about one mile northwest of the village of Owego, in the town and county of Tioga. There is no other well on that table of land, nor within sixty or eighty rods, and none that presents the same phenomenon. In the excavation, no rock or slate was thrown up, and the water is never affected by freshets, and is what is usually denominated "hard," or limestone water. A lighted candle being let down, the flame became agitated and thrown in one direction at the depth of thirty feet, but was quite still, and soon extinguished at the bottom. Feathers, down, or any light substance, when thrown in, sink with a rapid and accelerated motion.

The above facts may be relied upon as entirely correct, and a solution of the mystery is respectfully requested, by

Your obedient servant,

D. O. MACOMBE.

Owego, Feb. 6th, 1839, N. Lat. 42 deg. 10 min.

Remarks.—We wish it were in our power to solve this interesting and difficult problem.

At the depth of more than sixty feet, the water ought not to freeze at all, as it should have nearly the same temperature of that film of the earth's crust, which is at this place affected by atmospheric variations and solar influence, being of course not far from the medium temperature of the climate. Could we suppose that compressed gases, or a greatly compressed atmosphere were escaping from the water, or near it, this would indicate a source of cold; but as there is no such indication in the water, we cannot avail ourselves of this explanation, unless we were to suppose that the escape of compressed gas takes place deep in the earth, in the vicinity of the well and in proximity to the water that supplies it. Perhaps this view is countenanced by the blowing of the candle at the depth of thirty feet, blowing it to one side, thus indicating a jet of gas which might rise from the water as low as its source, and even if it were carbonic acid, it might not extinguish the candle, while descending, as the gas would be much diluted by

common air; and still in the progress of time, an accumulation of carbonic acid gas might take place at the surface of the water sufficient to extinguish a candle.

We would recommend that a bottle of water be let down, and by means of a string so affixed as to empty the water, and of course to collect the air both at the jet and at the surface of the water. It should then be examined by lime-water and by other well-known methods. As the water is impregnated with carbonate of lime, this appears to indicate a source from which the carbonic acid gas (if such it be) is derived, and it may be forced into cavities as it is extricated until it is condensed to such a degree as to escape from its prison, and in expanding it may possibly produce the requisite cold.

#### POETIC CLAPNETS.

SOME German poets are singularly fond of trying to pass themselves off as persons who ought to be shut up in deserts, and transported to desolate islands. Scattered through their books we encounter occasional mysterious allusions to certain dark incidents in their lives, much meeting the eye, and more being meant for the mind. Now this is disgusting affectation; it is a clapnet unworthy of intellectual men. Byron tried it, and got credit for sincerity from some half-dozen persons, of whom Goethe (poor old man!) was one. Yet Byron's was a wild life, and he might have done something to "plunge his years in fatal penitence." Where he failed to pass for worse than he could be, who is likely to succeed? With that silvery voice, those courtly manners, does Tieck stand any chance of being regarded as a villain at heart! Can a man, so harmful of the milk-and-water of human kindness as Kerner, have poisoned his mother-in-law, and set the Spree on fire? Who will believe that the delicate, lemon-hued *hand shoe* of Klinger is assumed only to hide such an accusing stain as might "the multitudinous sea incarnadine?" These lilies, however, are peculiar to a few. Our friend Wetzel does not pretend to be a very *mauvais sujet*—he has nothing to confess, he "sleeps in spite of thunder." He is, in fact, "more sinned against than sinning"—wretched only, not guilty; he weeps blood, but has drawn none—writes daggers, but never brandishes them. His characteristic fault is that of talking à la Jacob Boehmen—

"His thoughts are theorems, his words a problem,  
As if he deem'd that mystery would enable 'em."

Tell us, for instance, who can, the meaning of the first two stanzas of this little piece?

#### LIVE.

O, this vast weight that lies  
The beatings of my breast!  
This giant thought that riles  
My stony night of rest!  
O, swindled soul that darrest  
In Fancy's richest lands,  
Must then thy golden harvest  
By reapt by robber hands?

O, anguish! wordless anguish!  
When space hath room for stars,  
Why must the *Lion* languish  
Behind his cage's bars?  
Faintly [labeled] in sunbright letters  
Is Mazon'd on the sky,  
And, bound in triple fetters,  
I can but see, and sigh!

Yet, up! No dungeon narrows  
The orbit of the soul!  
Toth! Take thy bow and arrows,  
And choose thy mark and coal!  
No giants shalt thou slaughter,  
As in the olden years;  
Nor wade through mire and water,  
To dry a virgin's tears

Life now hath colder duties,  
And man hath sterner toils,  
Than freezing spell-bound beauties,  
Or gathering knightly spoils:  
Dark Earth is disenchanted  
By Want, and Thought, and Pain,  
And nought is phantom-haunted  
Except the poet's brain.

Call Self, the necromancer!  
Call Reason from the tomb,  
Where Passion, worst entrancer,  
Still holds her chain'd in gloom!  
Sustain a drooping brother!  
Ere action, understand!  
Revere the Church, thy mother,  
And love thy Fatherland!

Review of *Wetzel's Poems*, in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

#### INFANCY OF JAMES WATT.

A friend of the father of the improver of the steam engine came upon young James, as he lay stretched upon the ground, tracing with chalk all sorts of cross lines. "Why do you suffer this child thus to trifle away his time?" exclaimed the visitor; "send him to school." "You will do well to delay your judgment," said the father; "before condemning him, he good enough to find out his occupation." The harsh judgment was speedily reversed—the child of six was solving a problem in geometry!

"James," said Mrs. Muirhead, one day, to her nephew, "I never saw any boy more given to trilling than you are: can't you take a book, and employ yourself usefully? There you have been sitting a whole hour, without speaking a single word. Do you know what you have been about all this time? You have done nothing but shut and open, and open and shut, the lid of the tea kettle; and first you have put the saucer in the steam from the spout, and then you have held the silver teaspoon in it; and then you have done nothing but pore over them, and bring together the drops formed by condensation, on the surface of the china or the clear spoon. Ain't you ashamed of spending your time in that way?"

*M. Arago, quoted in the Athenæum.*

#### CURIOSITY A HOPEFUL SYMPTOM.

To be without curiosity, is nothing less than to be a confirmed hopeless duncie. There is a story told of Dr. Johnson, that, as he was once on the Thames, engaged with a friend in discussing some point of fabulous history, he turned round, in a fit of good-humoured caprice, to the young boy who happened to be rowing them, and asked him whether he could tell them anything about the Argonauts. "No," said the boy, "but I should like to know about them, if I could get anybody to teach me." This so delighted our good sage that he added a sixpence to the boy's fare, with many words of encouragement, and kind looks into the bargain. The man of morals and of letters proved himself here to be something more and higher—a man of sound, practical, and gentle-hearted wisdom.—*Self-Formation.*

#### THE DOCTOR AND THE PAVIOR.

Dr. Redcliffe had a great objection to paying his bills. A pavior, after long and fruitless attempts to get his account settled, caught the Doctor just getting out of his chair, at his own door, in Bloomsbury-square, and demanded the liquidation of his debt. "Why, you rascal!" said the Doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work!" "Doctor," said the pavior, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides!" "You dog, you," said Redcliffe, "are you a wit? You must be poor: come in, and you shall be paid."—*Physic and Physicians.*

#### EPITAPH BY A WIDOW ON HER HUSBAND.

Thou wast too good to live on earth with me,  
And I, not good enough to die with thee.

#### ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG.

Dr. Cotton, who was intimate with him, paid him a visit about a fortnight before his last illness. The old man was then in perfect health: the antiquity of his person, the gravity of his utterance, and the earnestness which he discoursed about religion, gave him, in the Doctor's eye, the appearance of a prophet. They had been delivering their sentiments upon this book of Newton (his *Treatise on the Prophecies*), when Young closed the conference (thus:—"My friend, there are two considerations upon which my faith in Christ is built as upon a rock: the fall of man, the redemption of man, and the resurrection of man, the three cardinal articles of our religion, are such as human ingenuity never could have invented; therefore they must be divine. The other argument is this: If the prophecies have been fulfilled, of which there is abundant demonstration, the Scripture must be the Word of God; and if the Scripture be the Word of God, Christianity must be true"—*Croquer's Letters.*

#### FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is one of the fairest productions of the human soul, the cordial of life, the lenitive of our sorrows, and the multiplier of our joys; the source equally of animation and of repose. He who is destitute of this blessing, amidst the greatest crowd and pressure of society, is doomed to solitude, and however surrounded by flatterers and admirers, however armed with power and rich in the endowment of nature and of fortune, has no resting-place. The most elevated station in life affords no exemption from those acitations and disquietudes, which can only be laid to rest on the bosom of a friend.—*Robert Hall.*

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## THE EXTREMES OF LONDON.

EAST END.

NUMBERLESS, indeed, are the charms of London. To me its ancient and its modern streets are equally interesting. I can find as much to delight me in Clerkenwell, in Barbican, and Little Britain, the long and winding lanes, and little squares in and about Thames-street, Bishopsgate Without and Within, Fenchurch-street, and Whitechapel, as in the splendid lines of palaces called after his late Majesty, and the still more princely mansions denominated Moorgate-street. I love to find myself, bent on business or in idleness, amongst the old haunts of the London merchants when three-cornered hats, cues, canes, and brass buttons were all the fashion; when the prosperous banker lived above his counting house, and villas were yet unknown. Turn-again-lane, Love-lane, Billiter-square, St. Mary Axe, Lawrence-Poultney-hill, Queenhithe, and the Minories, are pregnant with recollections which I like to cultivate. I look back, with great interest, to those times when the merchant was perfectly contented who had realised his hundred thousand pounds, and I behold in the warehouses and offices, now almost hidden from public observation, the germs of that enormous capital, and the beginnings of that enterprising spirit, which, at this moment, render England the mistress of the world.

It is a curious fact, the truth of which was attested by the late Mr. Rothschild, that every mercantile transaction of any great importance which takes place in India, China, either of the Americas, or, indeed, in any part of the globe, is referred ultimately to London, for the payment of the bills to which that transaction gives rise. This circumstance of itself demonstrates the magnitude of our commercial capital, and of our connexions with all the known trading communities of mankind, no matter how distant their abodes from our shores.

It is a wonderful spectacle to behold, that of the vast throngs of our fellow-creatures, of every age, who are seen pouring through Cheapside between ten o'clock in the morning and four or five in the afternoon. Innumerable are the omnibuses, stage-coaches, and private carriages of every description, which set down their human burdens at or near the Bank, every minute of the morning. The merchant, fresh from his country-house, may be easily distinguished by the healthy hue of his countenance, the rose in the breast of his coat, and the composed look—partly reflecting the pleasant retirement he has just left, partly yielding to the more active occupations in which he is about to engage for the day. To many the ensuing hours must be very trying ones. Orders—remittances—expected—not arrived! Engagements to be fulfilled—no means! Bankruptcy in prospect! What fears—what perils in the day! For some, mere routine duties are in waiting—for some, the happy results of large speculations are to be announced. I have often tried to read in their countenances the thoughts with which their breasts are fraught, when they are just about to enter their counting-houses, in the early part of the day.

And, then, the myriads of pedestrians that crowd the flag-ways! What eagerness in their movements! How intensely absorbed is every creature in his own affairs! What a variety of faces! How

few, how very few, are even remotely alike to each other in figure or in aspect, throughout the vast assemblage of individuals who press after each other from Charing-cross to Crompton, and *vice versa*, throughout the business hours of the day! Not many hundreds of these lived fifty years ago—and, in less than fifty years hence, they will nearly all have been swept away, to make room for other swarms equally anxious about the affairs of life, and in their existence upon earth equally ephemeral. What a procession do they constantly form to the worlds unknown!

It costs me generally an hour, at least, to pass over London bridge. My eye is fixed at once upon the train of carriages, carts, drays, and vehicles of every description, the dense and diversified mass of human beings, the multitudes of horses, ponies, donkeys, and dogs, perpetually moving on the surface of that stately edifice—a work worthy of Cyclopean hands. Looking over the balustrade I behold, on one side, the Thames crowded with light, gaily-coloured wherries, conveying parties or single passengers in all directions, amidst steam-boats incessantly engaged in plying towards Hungerford stairs, Vauxhall, Richmond, or Twickenham. Crossing to the opposite side of the bridge, what a busy scene meets the view!—Immediately below, numerous steam-boats, some paddling their way inward amidst forests of masts, congregated from all parts of the globe—some emitting from their variously-painted chimneys columns of thick smoke, and getting up their steam for voyages to St. Petersburg, Hamburg, Antwerp, and the Rhine, Ostend, Calais, Boulogne, Lisbon, Cadiz, the Mediterranean, or, haply, for the West Indies or the Americas!—others taking in their crowds, on pleasure bent, or in search of health, destined for Ramsgate, Margate, or Herne Bay, or the still more familiar shores of Gravesend, Woolwich, or Greenwich. What a volume of life is collected together in those busy vessels! What various thoughts of happiness, sorrow, discontent or sanguine hope, or reckless despair, do I espay in the unguarded looks of those who are embarking upon the planks that are to bear them away from the troubled waters of the river to the blue, transparent sea!

Passing on to the other extremity of the bridge, I fall in with groups hastening towards the gates of the Greenwich and Croydon railways—works soon to be extended to the coast—soon to give us the means of rushing in a hundred minutes from the sulphurous clouds of London to the clear atmosphere of the ocean works that remind me, by their long lines of arches, of the aqueducts I have seen in distant climes, raised by Greek and Roman enterprise, some in ruins mantled with ivy, some as perfect as if they had been erected only a few years ago.

Then do I lie me, by water, to the Thames Tunnel, to observe the progress of that mighty excavation, and to indulge the reflections arising from the faculty I enjoy of being *above, upon, and under* the river, in the course of a few moments. This is an undertaking of more than Greek or Roman boldness—one only to be classed with the pyramids. In a few years hence it will be completed, and when to this noble subaqueous bridge the new Exchange, and other projected improvements, shall have been added, the modern Babylon may, indeed, lift her head proudly above all the cities of the globe.

Waff me next to Lambhouse, and let me enter those yards and sheds where new steam-ships of colossal magnitude are in course of construction. It was but lately that the "British Queen" quitted her bath-place, at Messrs. Curling and Young's, to pro-

claim to our American brethren the inexhaustible resources of British genius and enterprise in everything that relates to navigation. Other vessels of equal, or even superior magnitude, are still to succeed, and, before many years roll away, many now living shall behold every sea crowded with gorgeous palaces, moving about with as much safety, certainty, and dignity, as the eagle amongst his mountain dominions. In the neighbourhood of these building-yards, where the mallet and the saw are heard all the day long, may be seen also the foundries for casting cylinders, the manufactories for boring them, for the construction of boilers and wheels and engines of every kind appertaining to the furniture of the steam-bogt, by means of stupendous machinery. The minds of the engineers and firemen, and even of the ordinary workmen, engaged in these labours, seem all to be cast upon a gigantic scale, utterly unknown at the west end of the town, where I have already descended from a Blackwall omnibus.

#### WEST END—LONDON CLUBS.

To my club for a luncheon. A plate of prime cold roast-beef, excellent pickles, bread *ad libitum*, and a glass of good table-beer, very elegantly served, and all for sixpence! If I choose to add to it half-a-pint of sherry, my whole bill comes to eighteen-pence. If, instead of ordering a plate of cold meat, I prefer a more ample meal—an early dinner in fact—I sit down to a long table on which are ranged cold beef, veal, ham, pickles of various kinds, and an abundance of confectionary, and I eat away until I am tired at the cost of one shilling-and-sixpence, table beer included. I am attended by two or three servants; no table can be more splendidly furnished with silver utensils of every description; I sit in a magnificent chamber, and when I have finished my repast I retire to a library, where a choice selection of standard works, books of reference, and maps, are at my command. The newest publications of the day (of any merit) are placed upon one table, and, upon another, are all the morning newspapers. A writing table, stocked abundantly with foolscap, letter and note paper, envelopes, pens and inkstands, tapers, sealing-wax, and club-seals, is in the middle of the chamber, and placed in due order are various kinds of easy chairs and sofas, on which I may lounge, or read, or sleep, as I may think fit. Should the work, or the debate, which I have undertaken to explore, be, as most of the debates now are, excessively prosy and stupid, near me, on a little round table, is a box of snuff to assist me in my endeavours to keep my eyes from closing up their shutters.

Starting from one of these sleep-compelling chairs, I ask myself what o'clock it is? I need not extract my watch from my pocket, for there is a first-rate chronometer on the chimney-piece to answer the question. I am writing a note, and I forget the day of the month. On the same chimney-piece is a little square black board, with the date upon it in white letters. Is my epistle for the general or twopenny post? Boxes for each are within a few paces of me in the same chamber. Do I want a frank? Ten to one but a peer or a commoner is sitting at the same table with me, and I almost oblige him by asking him to expend an item of his diurnal privileges in my favour. Court Guides, Red Books, Navy and Army Lists, and Directories of every kind, are within my reach, if I be at a loss for an address; and, if I want a quick and trusty messenger, I have only to ring a bell, when—Presto!—he stands before me.

The country newspapers, those of Ireland and Scotland, the foreign journals, the weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals, are in another apartment, where I spend an hour or two culling sweets from every flower. By this time the evening approaches. Men are hastening in from all quarters to dine, and the savoury odours arising from soups and hot joints, and meat and fruit pies, assist not a little to improve a naturally good appetite. Then the example of so many men eating heartily, and tossing off their bumpers of port, champagne, claret, or Burgundy, is, it must be owned, extremely seductive, especially if at my table I be joined by a friend or two, of no new date, with whom I can revive, as

the generous grape warms our bosoms, the recollections of happy days spent together. There we sit, grouped, in the midst of a splendid saloon crowded with familiar faces. We are served well, dining on a hot joint, abundance of vegetables, pastry, bread, butter, cheese, fruit, all of the best description, the cookery irreprouchable, snow-white table-cloths and napkins, finger-glasses, tooth-picks, any wine we choose to ask for, and, if we live with the moderation most conducive to health and comfort, we rise from table at an expense not exceeding three shillings and three-pence! The use of the higher classes of wines will, of course, cause a higher bill.

A large apartment contains wash-hand basins, towels, hair-brushes and combs, clothes-brushes, hat-brushes, and other conveniences. Besides this, there is a dressing-room, where a member can have his dress things sent to him, in case he should happen to dine at any distance from home. In truth, the club is a home for him whenever he chooses so to consider it. He may look upon the servants of the establishment as his own. They are all as civil and obedient to him as if they were in his own house. He has no trouble in paying or managing them. They are men carefully selected for their good conduct and general intelligence. The order preserved throughout the whole establishment is admirable.

The new club-houses erected in Pall Mall are very great ornaments to that quarter of the town, especially the Travellers' Club, the Athenæum, the United Service, and the University. The latter is a truly classical building. The Reform Club-house, now in course of erection, will outshine them all. It will be the handsomest edifice of the kind in Europe. To the usual number of apartments necessary for the accommodation of members, it will add several sets of dwelling chambers, after the fashion of the Casino at Pesth. This will be a valuable novelty, and the elevation which the edifice will present in consequence, cannot fail to add materially to the grandeur of its external appearance. No expense is to be spared upon its internal decoration.

It must be owned that these clubs are very great luxuries—luxuries attainable, too, at a moderate cost. Twenty or twenty-five guineas entrance, and from six to eight guineas a year, cover the whole settled expenditure. Or these sums may be merged in a single payment for life, if the member prefer it.

I have often heard clubs exclaimed against, as calculated to wean married men from their domestic circles, and to encourage unmarried men in their abstinence from matrimonial engagements. As far as my own experience and observation extend, I do not think these charges justifiable. Modern habits very generally induce the mothers of families to dine with their children at an early hour of the day, about one or two o'clock. Even where there are no children, the ladies, now-a-days, most generally convert the luncheon into a dinner; and the system is to be praised, inasmuch as it is infinitely more conducive to health than the adoption of later hours for that purpose. Dinners prepared for company are usually given at seven or eight o'clock, and are in truth suppers more than dinners. But the ordinary routine of families at present is the early dinner, especially where parliamentary, professional, or mercantile occupations, detain the gentleman from home the greater part of the day. In these cases it is a great convenience to him, to have his club to go to for a good meal at whatever hour he may find most convenient, before returning home. It is a pleasant as well as an economical plan; it saves his servants much trouble, and then he can enjoy his tea with his family.

I think that most of what are called the dining-clubs are used in this way. The quantity of wine now drunk at or after dinner is quite insignificant as compared with the customs of former days. Few men exceed a pint of wine per day. For married men to be seen indulging at a club table long after eight, or, at the utmost, nine o'clock, is a rare circumstance, and one that would soon, if repeated, be remarked upon as not very reputable. Indeed, the same observation applies to bachelors. Should they be seen at

table much after that hour, the questions occur, have they no home, no private circle to repair to?—have they no friends?—no invitations to evening parties?

I would say, from what has passed under my own eye, that clubs dispose young men's minds to a desire of cultivating private society. Few things are more tiresome than the living, evening after evening, in the chambers of a club-house. The newspapers, morning and evening, have been then all read. The book tires. One man yawns, and goes to sleep. Another follows his example. The sleepers snore in unison, and render the library or the drawing-room anything but agreeable to the solitary individual who can resist the general proneness to somnolency at that hour. This sort of life will not long please, and the want of a domestic hearth is felt, which makes the married hasten to his home, and the unmarried seek out for one.

#### A PROSPECTIVE WIFE IN CRYSTAL.

THE propensity of the human mind to a belief in the supernatural is very extraordinary, and has had more influence upon mundane affairs than is usually imagined. Even in the present day, the trust that is put in the prediction of the fortune-teller is surprising, did we not know the tendency of weak minds to rely upon those who to them appear more powerful. No argument is likely to convince such of their error, or to show them the likelihood of their own impressions leading them to fulfil a chance prophecy. Knowing this, we shall not write an essay or a sermon on the subject, but shall merely relate a tale told by Lilly, the arch-conjuror of the days of Cromwell,—the Sidrophel of Butler's Hudibras,—whose "Life and Times," written by himself, are a rich illustration of the arts of such mischievous cheats, and yet are valuable for the light they throw upon some historical points, and especially upon the manners of the age. Amongst many other marvellous tales, he tells us that "Mr. William Hodges, who lived near Wolverhampton, resolved questions astrologically,—nativities he meddled not with; and things of other nature, which required more curiosity, he repaired to the crystal; his angels were Raphael, Gabriel, and Uriel: his life answered not in holiness and sanctity to what it should, having to do with those holy angels. One John Scott desired Hodges to show him the person and features of the woman he should marry. Hodges carries him into a field, not far from his house, pulls out his crystal, bids Scott set his foot to his, and after a little while wishes him to inspect the crystal, and observe what he saw there. 'I see,' saith Scott, 'a ruddy-complexioned wench, in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer.' 'She must be your wife,' said Hodges. 'You are mistaken, sir,' said Scott; 'I am, so soon as I come to London, to marry a tall gentlewoman in the Old Bailey.' 'You must marry the red waistcoat,' said Hodges. Scott leaves the country, comes up to London, finds his gentlewoman married. Two years after, going into Dover, he refreshed himself at an inn in Canterbury; and, as he came into the hall or first room thereof, he mistook the room and went into the buttery, where he espied a maid, described by Hodges as aforesaid, drawing a can of beer, &c. He then more narrowly viewing her person and habit, found her to be the same Hodges had described; after which he became a suitor to her, and was married to her, which woman I have often seen. This Scott related to me several times, being a very honest person, and made great conscience of what he spoke."

So far the veracious Mr. Lilly, who did not always follow the good example of Mr. Scott, "who made great conscience of what he spoke;" but, supposing the tale to be true, it is very evident that Scott would never have thought of the bar-maid, had not Hodges shown him a red waistcoat in his glass; a thing not difficult to be performed, and plainly done at haphazard, and afterwards brazened out with all the face of a practised Sidrophel.

\* The crystal was a round ball of rock-crystal, in which it was supposed that certain angels or spirits appeared to the gifted beholder, and showed, as in a magic lantern, the objects desired. The crystal of the celebrated Dr. Dee is now in the British Museum.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

##### MR. JOHN POUNDS, OF PORTSMOUTH.

SHOE-MENDER, AND GRATUITOUS TEACHER OF POOR CHILDREN.\*

JOHN POUNDS, the subject of this notice, whose distinguishing merit was, that, while pursuing under great disadvantages the humble and toilsome occupation of mending shoes for his daily subsistence, he at the same time imparted, without fee or reward, to some hundreds of poor children of both sexes all the education they ever had, was born at Portsmouth, on the 17th of June, 1766. His father was by trade a sawyer, employed in the royal dock-yard, who was enabled to get his son, at that time a stout, athletic youth, entered in the yard as apprentice to a shipwright, at the early age of twelve years.

When he had served three years, at the age of fifteen, he met with a serious accident, which altered the future course of his life. By falling into a dry dock, one of his thighs became dislocated, and he was otherwise so much injured as to render him ever afterwards a cripple.

When his general health had been restored, he might have been re-entered as a labourer, and in due time entitled to a small pension; but some new regulations having at that time been made that were not liked by the workmen, by advice of his master he preferred trying what he could do for himself in some other way; and accordingly placed himself under the instruction of an old shoemaker in the High-street, to learn his art. He succeeded so far that, although he seldom tried his hand in making shoes, he was enabled to obtain an honest subsistence by mending them.

For some years he was accommodated with room in the house of a relation, until, about thirty-five years ago, he ventured to become tenant on his own account of the small weather-boarded tenement in St. Mary's-street; where all his future years were spent, and where passers-by must have often noticed him, seated on his stool, and mending shoes, in the midst of his little busy school.

About the year 1818, being himself a single man, (as indeed he continued to be through life,) he took upon himself the charge of one of the numerous children of his brother, who was a seafaring man: it was a feeble little boy, born with his feet overlapping each other and turned inwards. Having seen the iron pattens with which a neighbour's child had been provided by an eminent surgeon, he ingeniously contrived, by fastening together the soles of old shoes and boots, an imitation that effectually cured the distortion. This child became the chief object of his care and affection ever afterwards: he reared him; at a proper age put him apprentice to a fashionable shoemaker; and they lived together to the end of his days.

His lameness preventing him from sharing in out-of-door sports, he amused himself at home in rearing singing-birds, jays, parrots, &c., and succeeded so well in domesticating some of them, that they would play about the room in perfect good-fellowship with the cats and guinea-pigs that sometimes formed part of his establishment. Often has a canary-bird been seen perched upon one of his shoulders, and a cat upon the other. Of late years, since his scholars became so numerous, he kept less of this kind of stock: the last of his talking-birds was a starling, which he presented to the lady of Sir Philip H. Durham, the port-admiral, in testimony of his gratitude for her ladyship's goodness in supplying some necessities of his little flock, and of the admiral's kindness in getting employment on board ship for some of his boys.

His attempts and success in the work of education arose out of this connexion. When his nephew was about five years old, he applied himself to fulfilling the office of schoolmaster to him. After a time, he thought he would learn better if he had a companion; he obtained one, then added another, and went on gradually increasing the number, and found so much pleasure in the em-

\* Memoir of the late Mr. John Pounds, of Portsmouth. Published by D. P. Price, High-street, Portsmouth. 1839.

ployment, that he resolved to extend the same benefit to others whom he saw around him, in that very populous and poor neighbourhood, quite destitute of instruction; the first addition to his charge being the son of a poor woman, who went about selling puddings: her homeless child, unable to accompany her, being left in the open street, amidst frost and snow, with no other shelter than the overhanging shade of a bay-window. As he became fond of the work of tuition, he gradually increased his numbers, until he at length became schoolmaster-general to all around whose parents were too poor or too careless to provide them with other schooling; his establishment, of late years, averaging forty at a time, including about a dozen little girls, who were always placed on one side by themselves.

His humble workshop was about six feet wide, and about eighteen feet in depth; in the midst of which he would sit on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements by his side, going on with his work, and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage; some of whom were reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing up their sums; others seated around on forms or boxes, on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master seemed to know where to look for each, and to maintain a due command over all, yet so small was the room, and so deficient in the usual accommodations of a school, that the scene appeared to the observer from without a mere crowd of children's heads and faces.

Owing to the limited extent of his room, he often found it necessary to make a selection from among several subjects or candidates for his gratuitous instruction; and in such cases always preferred, and prided himself on taking in hand, what he called "the little blackguards," and taming them. He has been seen to follow such to the Town-quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato, to induce them to come to school.

When the weather admitted, he caused them to take turns in sitting on the threshold of his front door, and on a little form on the outside, for the benefit of the fresh air.

His modes of tuition were chiefly of his own devising. Without having ever heard of Pestalozzi, necessity led him into the interrogatory system. He taught the children to read from hand-bills and such remains of old school-books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and in ciphering, the rule of three and practice were performed with accuracy.

With the very young, especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses. Taking a child's hand, he would say, "What is this? Spell it." Then slapping it, he would say, "What do I do? Spell that." So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent; but he invariably preserved the attachment of all.

In this way some hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they have ever had, and which has enabled many of them to fill useful and creditable stations in life, who might otherwise, owing to the temptations attendant on poverty and ignorance, have become burdens on society, or swelled the calendar of crime.

A few years ago, when there was a vacancy in the office of schoolmaster to the National School in Green-row, he applied to the curate of the parish to recommend him for the appointment; but receiving no encouragement, took no further steps in the affair.

He never sought any compensation for these labours; nor did he obtain any, besides the pleasure attending the pursuit, the satisfaction of doing good, and the gratification felt, when occasionally some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, would call to shake hands, and return thanks for what he had done for him in infancy. Indeed, some of the most destitute of his scholars have often been saved from starvation only by obtaining a portion of his own homely meal.

To the lasting credit of the late Mr. Pounds, it ought to be recorded that he taught many of the boys to cook their own plain food, to mend their own shoes, sent them to Sunday schools for religious instruction, and in order to encourage them, and enable them to make a creditable appearance there, procured, with the aid of friends, clothing, which they were allowed to put on at his house on Sunday mornings, and restore to his custody in the evening. He was both doctor and nurse to his little flock; did what he

could to cure their chilblains, and heal their many ailments, the cuts and bruises, to which poor children are continually exposed, and, in cases beyond his skill and means, procured assistance for them from others. Besides, for the juniors, he was not only master of their sports, but also maker of their playthings.

The extent and disinterested nature of these useful labours, long passed, almost unknown, owing to a certain independence of spirit which hindered him from seeking aid from others. Of late, however, owing to his having applied for and obtained ready admission into the Sunday school at High-street chapel, for many of his pupils, his merits became more extensively known, and he has received assistance that proved highly encouraging to him. He obtained a better supply of books and slates; several times the whole of his little flock were invited to a public examination at the chapel school-room, and regaled with tea and plum-cake. He and his scholars were also included in the public dinner on the occasion of her Majesty's coronation; except a few of the very young, for whom he provided at home, and afterwards walked about with them the whole afternoon, that they might share in the enjoyments of the day, without danger to themselves or incumbrance to others.

After a long perseverance in this course, Mr. Pounds was suddenly removed by the stroke of death from the scene of his commendable exertions, on the 1st of January, 1839, at the age of seventy-two years. On the morning of that day, he went to the house of Edward Carter, Esq., in the High-street, to acknowledge some acts of kindness lately received; he there saw Mr. Sheaf's picture of his school, lately purchased by that gentleman, and expressed himself more pleased at finding his favourite cat holding a prominent place in it, than by any other part of the performance. He took with him a little boy named Ashton, and requested some aid towards the cure of the child's sore foot, and showed specimens on a slate of the little fellow's writing and ciphering; when, on the instant of these being restored to his hands, with expressions of commendation, he suddenly fell down, as if fainting. The usual means for restoration were immediately resorted to;—Mr. Martell, surgeon, who a few minutes before had paid him the compliments of the season, and congratulated him on his apparently good health, was promptly called in, but the vital spark was extinct. Mr. Martell took charge of the body, (Mr. Carter earnestly desiring that all expenses of a suitable funeral should be at his charge,) and accompanied it to its former abode. Here about thirty of the children were assembled, and wondering what had become of their tutor. At length they saw their little companion, and said, "Here comes Ashton—Mr. Pounds will soon be here!" The child had now arrived, and said, "Mr. Pounds is dead, or else fainted." The accents reached the ear of the nephew in the upper room, who, on hastening down, saw the body brought in, and immediately fainted; and it was not until some time afterwards that he became fully sensible of his loss, when he found the body of his beloved uncle lying, with fixed but placid countenance, extended upon the bed, insensible to any attentions he could pay to him.

The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow; some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and, for several succeeding days, the younger ones came, two or three together, looked about the room, and not finding their friend, went away disconsolate.

The deceased was of a most cheerful, contented, and happy disposition. On Christmas eve, as was his custom, he carried to a female relative the materials for a large plum-pudding, to be made for distribution among the children; and on that occasion declared that he was never happier in his life,—that he had no earthly want unsatisfied,—and expressed, in words quite characteristic of him as a bird-fancier, which had been one of his favourite pursuits, that, whenever he should no longer be enabled to support himself by his own industry, and continue to do some good in the world, he might be permitted to go off suddenly, "as a bird drops from his perch." He was, as he had wished, called away suddenly from the continuance of his useful labours. The cause of his death was stated, before the coroner's inquest, to have been a sudden rupture of one of the large vessels of the heart. He is gone to wait the award of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

His remains were interred on the afternoon of Saturday, the 5th of January, 1839, in the burying-ground of High-street chapel, by the Rev. Henry Hawkes, B.A., who impressively called on the numerous assemblage around the grave—among whom were most of his pupils—to cherish his memory and imitate his example, by doing good to others according to their various ability.

## THE ECONOMICAL AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.\*

WE are tempted to make some extracts from a little book, whose title is given below, to let our readers see what is thought of English manners and habits by an American of a somewhat eccentric temperament. It is useful to look at both sides of the medal; and the observations of even a man of extreme opinions, when tempered by humanity and much good sense, are not without their value. Mr. Sedgwick is a strong *temperance* and *equality* man; a utilitarian, after his own fashion; and he surveys every thing in England with a constant reference not only to America, but to his own standard of usefulness. Let the reader bear this in mind, and we fancy that, doing so, he will be both amused and instructed by some of the following extracts. But let us first propitiate his good will in favour of Mr. Sedgwick, by indicating his pacific and kindly spirit:—

“One who has seen that great country England cannot but desire that our ancient animosities should be forgotten for ever. In speaking, therefore, very freely of its customs and institutions, I cannot be suspected of ill will. The cause of reform, the true cause of the people in both countries, the interests of humanity, of civilization, of the poor, the unfortunate, the oppressed, depend more upon the continuance of hearty good-will between these two great nations than upon any other circumstance. Causeless war would be to all except a very few, usurers, speculators, spend-thrifts, job-seekers, office-holders, contractors, the curse of curses.”

Now for the spirit in which he travelled—a regular “how to observe” spirit; and, though occasionally a man, by acting in this way, may be *humbugged* or deceived by foolish or false statements, it is, on the whole, a practice much to be commended to all who “travel.”

“A man who does not, in travelling, open himself to an unrestricted intercourse, loses half its benefits, and more than half its pleasures. There is no one so uneducated that he cannot give information to a stranger in a strange land. I adopted one practice invariably in England, and that was, under all circumstances, in omnibuses, cabs, hackney-coaches, in the streets, in London, on the highways, in the country, to enter into conversation for the purpose of information with people of all classes; and I can say very truly that, so far from having met with any rebuff, rudeness, or insolence, I found nothing but gentleness, kindness, and alacrity to answer my inquiries. To be sure I generally prefaced them with saying, ‘that, being a stranger in those parts of the world,’ I begged the favour of asking about this or that. More generally I stated myself to be a stranger and an American, and this I am sure, in many cases, was a passport to pleasing attentions; for though the English see in us many things that they do not like, they find many which they do; there is a certain respect which they do not wish to conceal. Our English descent (for how can a people fail in esteem for those who have come from their own loins?), our history, our deeds, our unexampled enterprise and increasing wealth, all claim the regard or admiration of an Englishman. Pursuing the plan I have mentioned, I received instruction from many cabmen, servants, and boatmen, and found on board a steambot, *without introduction*, some of the kindest and most interesting friends that I met with in England. Indeed, if an American will shut his eyes, open his heart, and rid himself of the silly vanity and selfishness of being tormented about his own personal importance in England, where not one in a thousand of his countrymen has any, or can have any, he will hardly know half of the time that he is out of his own happy country.”

“At Portsmouth our luggage was examined at the custom-house, which was a mere form, for our carpet-bags (I can only speak of ours) were not opened, and the trunks were barely unlocked, a few articles being lifted up and then put down again. While the man was doing this, he said, in a whisper to my friend, “It is

\* *Public and Private Economy, illustrated by Observations made in England.* By Theodore Sedgwick. New York, 1839.

usual to give something for despatch.” He, in compliance with the vicious custom which is said to exist in these custom-houses, gave two shillings and sixpence for both.

“Before getting on shore at Portsmouth, we were detained some hours by quarantine regulations. The health officer came alongside of the ship, and asked the captain many questions about our health. After this he sent up a Bible to the captain at the end of a long pole, enclosed in a copper or brass case, from the little boat in which he sat. The captain, being obliged to swear to the statement he had made, kissed the Bible, case and all. The case was for *preservation*; of which principle, as the minds of the people of England are imbued with it, we know little, or nothing, and may well learn.

“Here we are in England! Reader, be you gentleman, farmer, mechanic, or whatever you are, if you be a citizen of the United States, and have money enough after discharging all the debts that folly and fashion fasten upon you; if you have time, and it be consistent with other duties, go to England and see the race from which you sprung; go and see what a nation loaded with a debt of eight hundred millions of pounds has accomplished; look at the palaces, pictures, statues, houses, cottages, roads, horses, sheep, &c.; consider what they might have been, how few paupers, how little of extreme poverty, with a proper economy, and without such a debt; go, and gain the pleasure of giving up your prejudices; go, it will do your mind and heart good.

“From the moment we touched the shore, I felt that I was at home. The outward state of things, to be sure, is far different, and, in most respects, far superior; but the man, his soul, his language, is essentially the same. To say, then, that we respect the English, looks like a sort of national vanity; it is the same thing as to esteem one’s self.

“We had hardly entered our hotel at Portsmouth before we were reminded of home, of the blessings of commerce, and the free intercourse of nations. We saw the same furniture as in our own parlours and chambers; the same patterns of hanging-paper; the same bamboo chairs; the same green inside window-blinds; the same dimity counterpane upon our beds; wash-stand, bowls, basins, &c. The merchant is the great and first agent in the intercourse that disseminates the blessings of trade; and still, in the United States, he has been called an *unproductive labourer*. It would be quite as good sense to call sailors unproductive labourers. True political economy is founded in the wants of human nature itself.

“I asked a friend in the United States who had been travelling a very short time in England, whether he got *fresh eggs* at the hotels. ‘Oh no,’ said he; ‘I understood that the nobility ate all the *fresh eggs* in England.’ It is true enough that the nobility have the choice in England, but we must confess that we found very good eatables there, sometimes a stale egg, but very rarely. It has often been said that anything may be bought in England for money, and it is generally true enough. This is one of the distinctions of England, good bread, butter, meats, &c. &c., and by far more universally good than in the United States, but there is not the same abundance of them for the great human family. And why not? I shall from time to time give some of the reasons.

“At our hotel, I asked the waiter the price of eggs. He told me that he did not know, nor of any marketable article; meaning, no doubt, of the general provisions for the house. This is the kind of education which the common people of England get, and which is so inferior to that of the United States. These are the antiquated notions which leave a Chinese where he was under Confucius, and an Englishman, in some respects, like his forefathers under the Edwards and the Henrys. This, they say, comes from the nice division of labour and keeping a man to one thing, by which he becomes so much more perfect in that. But why should not a waiter know prices? What is more important to a man who is to get a living? Waiters in England often become landlords; every man ought to know the prices, as far as he can, of the things he lives upon.”

Coming to London, Mr. Sedgwick, of course, talks about our roads, our coaches, our horses, and our coachmen.



"Some few broken-down gentlemen in England resort to the coach for a living; I mean broken down by their own folly and extravagance, by far the most common way of breaking-down here and everywhere. There is no reason, to be sure, why a coachman should not be in all essentials a gentleman, but there is reason enough, generally, why he should not be a broken-down gentleman. We met with one instance of a half-pay officer who drove a coach. This man is well known; we first heard of him repeatedly by name, and then saw him on the route from Brighton to London. There are many false gods in England, as there are, no doubt, in all countries. I have mentioned one; rank is another; before this Supreme deity a common man falls prostrate. Our coachman was a *baronet*, and, as he approached the coach to take the reins, a man on the box said, in a deferential whisper, 'That's a baronet, that's a baronet.' The servants have a customary sign of deference of this kind. For instance: they ask a gentleman, 'Will you have your clothes washed to-day?' or, 'Shall I move your trunk to the opposite side of the room?' The gentleman says 'Yes,' and the servant says, 'Thankee, sir.' This we in the United States think is being thankful for small favours. Such is the subservient tone of the servants and common people in England, and so painful is it to those who truly delight in the equal condition of things in the United States! Our man of rank was very communicative to the passengers; the coachman being a sort of showman, who points out the various objects of interest on the road to those who sit near him. A farmer (he seemed to be a very inferior sort of a farmer) on the same seat with myself asked some person for information about the weather, or some equally indifferent matter; to which the baronet replied, and the farmer said, 'Thankee, sir.'

"A coachman, if for anything, should be distinguished by the appropriateness, simplicity, and durability of his dress, and not by its finery. I have seen more than one start from the White-horse Cellar, Piccadilly, in white gloves, waistcoat, and pantaloons; and this is a man who is to drive through rain, dust, and all kinds of weather; he cannot get inside of the coach and save his fine clothes in case of a storm, as the outside passengers may. I have seen, also, from the seventh story of Maurice's in Paris, in the area below, three coachmen at once in white gloves, and, I think, all dressed in *black*. But the coachman says, 'I am not an hostler; do not clean horses, coach, and harness, as your American coachmen do.' That is quite true, for his main business is to drive the coach; but, then, he must drive in all weather; and then, again, when passengers get *down* on the road, or in entering a town, he must, if there be no guard, which is very common, help them off with their baggage, clean or dirty; so that, after all, his white gloves, waistcoat, and pantaloons, in his situation, are in poor taste. This is one of the very foolish ways in which the common people waste their money. Our baronet was compelled, as we entered London, to leave the box to take off the dirty baggage of several passengers, among others, that of two very coarse women, and did not fail to give us the usual recognition of thankfulness in touching his hat upon receiving our shillings. This gentleman wore two diamonds & other precious stones in his checked neck-cloth, and had carnations in his horses' headstalls, another *cheap* beauty. This baronet was the only swearing coachman that I heard in England, though I believe that the English, in this elegant accomplishment, are not behind most of their European neighbours.

"The baronet told us that he 'horsed the coach' a part of the way from Brighton to London, that is, he owned the horses. Our coachman from Portsmouth to London, and from Newmarket to Wells, told us the same thing. This plan of making the coachman interested in the establishment is certainly a good one; it requires him to be a man of property, and gives greater security to the passengers; for every man will take greater care of his own than of what belongs to another. To be at once a partner and a labourer is one thing, to be a labourer only is another."

He went to St. James's Church, and found it rather too aristocratic for his taste:—

"Yesterday I went to church at St. James's, Westminster, Jernyn-street. I had been often told that there would be no difficulty in obtaining a seat, there being in these churches regular pew openers for strangers, they expecting, of course, pay for this service. No seat being offered, I crowded in at one of the doors, and took my stand in a back aisle, where I remained till the sermon was about half finished. In this aisle were a good many common people, who seemed, by their dress, to be servants and other people of the lower classes. Some of these were children, and some grown persons. The pews were so high that many of

these people, who were near me in the aisles, could not see the preacher, nor did they attempt it; some, however, were stretching their heads over the high pews for this purpose. Others may think as they will, but these strong lines of separation between high and low, rich and poor, are not to my taste. I would rather see, as in the Catholic churches, the rich and the poor man's knees bent at the same altar. It is a very unchristianlike taste to crowd the servants and poor people in the doorways, where they are placed in most inconvenient situations for hearing and seeing the preacher, or making their devotions profitable. The sermon was preached for the Burlington school of charity girls, in which it was stated that one hundred and ten were wholly maintained and educated. It seemed to me that the sermon was a pretty poor comment on the occasion. A prepared hymn was handed about, in the last stanza of which were the following lines:

"By thy pattern, in thy name,  
Aid from brother men we claim."

"'Brother men!' words of deep import; words that will make a prodigious change in our books of political economy some day or other, how great probably none can divine; words not so well, I think, understood in many things in England as in the United States, nor as well here as they should or will be."

"The sermon, so much of it as I heard, was a very indifferent production for a man of high rank; it dealt in many unmeaning generalities, as the importance of instilling into the minds of youth 'specific principles, such as were taught in the Church of England,' &c., a topic turned over and over, but of which neither young nor old could very well see the force."

"One ceremony in this service was rather striking. As the preacher ascended the pulpit there followed him a person (I suppose the bandle) habited in what appeared at a distance to be a blue surtout, with a rich livery cape, who went up the pulpit stairs, opened the door, and closed it after the bishop had entered. This appeared to me a low and wasteful service to put a 'brother' man to, thus occupying his mind with a frivolous, unnecessary, and, of course, degrading duty; it is but a common way of destroying the lower orders by putting them to perform acts that make them contemptible in their own eyes. It is a sure way of breaking down the spirit of a man. I was certain, before I left England, that I saw at work, in the minds of good people, of whom there are so many, that true Christian principle which will go on slowly but certainly to level those distinctions which pamper the pride of the great and demoralize the lower orders."

"An English coffee-room in London or a large town is generally a spacious apartment, provided with small tables that will usually accommodate two persons, some more; these are set around the walls of the room, and often in the middle of it. Whenever a guest appears he takes one of these tables; sometimes you see three or four persons who are dining together as friends at the same table. I have called these coffee-rooms regions of the dead, and so they are to a stranger. No man speaks to his neighbour as a general rule, though the legs of their tables may not be a foot from each other; not even when they sit around the blazing, cheerful fireside, so far as I saw. This is rather tantalizing, after thirty days of sea-sickness, to one who has come over the water three or four thousand miles to enjoy social pleasures and gain useful knowledge, and all because he may turn out to be a shop-keeper or a tailor; or perhaps it is the tailor or shopkeeper himself that declines the intercourse. This they call in England the etiquette of rank, which prevails to a degree not known in any other country. Some attribute this reserve to the unsocial character of the English, but that is not the case. I did not find it so; but, on the contrary, this barrier of rank out of the way, by a fair introduction, so that they may know who you are, and that you are entitled to their society, they become at once communicative, natural, and pleasing. Men of knowledge are communicative, of course; they have something to say, and they like to say it. But in these hotels you are chained to your table and muzzled like a bull-dog. If all these nice distinctions of rank be so important, it is a pity that so good a people as those of England cannot find out some more pleasing, natural, and useful way of maintaining them. They have a stupid little book in England, which, if I remember right, is said in the title-page to have gone through six editions, entitled 'Hints on Etiquette,' &c. In this work, which the unfledged new-comers into fashionable society, called in Europe *parvenus* or upstarts, and who are generally the greatest sticklers for rank, read with great attention, there is this very sage rule of manners—"Never make acquaintances in coffee-houses," &c.

"In going up Ludgate-hill in London, my friend stopped at the famous shop of Rundell and Bridge. Upon saying that he was from the United States (which we always found passport enough), and that he wished to see the establishment, a clerk gave himself up for that purpose. Among other things, my friend was shown a set of diamonds, bracelets, and earrings, valued at £70,000, about 350,000 dollars; the clerk informing him that there were instances when noblemen married, of their paying £10,000—50,000 dollars—for a set of diamonds. He showed a number of brilliants of various prices, and the model of the Pigot diamond, about as large as two thumb-nails, which Mohammed Ali bought for £30,000. He verified the old maxim, "that all is not gold that glistens," by saying that there was very little gold plate; that which is called gold plate is silver gilded.

"The Pitt diamond was purchased for £130,000, and is now said to be valued at twice that sum. It was lately in the handle of the sword of Bonaparte. Many of the richest diamonds are obtained in Brazil, where they are procured at an immense expense of the labour of poor slaves; and then it is by the labour of the poor men and women of England they are bought of Brazil. In the early history of Virginia, it is said that Captain John Smith obtained from the Indian chief Powhatan two or three hundred bushels of corn for a pound or two of beads. Mr. Burke says that the rich are the trustees of the poor; it will be more to the purpose when the poor become their own guardians. Rundell and Bridge will not then be able to exchange their diamonds for as many days of poor people's labour as at present. It would be better for us if all the jewellery in creation was melted into one shapeless mass of deformity, than to allow it to consume so much as it does of the labour of the world through an accursed vanity and pride, sustained only by unrighteous privileges."

"No one can have any adequate idea of the importance which the people of England attach to strong beer and ale. Beer is another of the gods worshipped there, and John Barleycorn is certainly one of the greatest men in the United Kingdom.

"From ordinary appearances, you would suppose that all the water in England had been turned into beer. You see it constantly travelling about the streets in London in pint and quart mugs. In the west end, I saw coachmen and footmen, after having got rid of their masters and mistresses, stop at the beer-shops and partake of this enlivening potation, the coachman not leaving his box. The people of England, in regard to beer (1836), seem to be nearly where we were in respect to ardent spirits ten years ago. If you were to tell them that men here in the iron-works, the forges, the glass works, and firemen at the steam engines, are often mere water-drinkers, they would think the story a fable. They verily believe that beer is indispensable; that they cannot work without it; that it is essential to make them strong.

"The English common people drink beer of various degrees of strength. At Higligate, near London, at a village inn, I fell into conversation with a man who was going into London, with his cart drawn by three excellent horses; the harness strong, clean, and in perfect order, and the cart newly painted. The common farming utensils in England are kept in such beautiful repair, that it would seem that it was designed that they should never wear out. There is very little poverty on the outside of things in England, and it argues much in favour of the manly pride of the poor people that they are able to keep up a good appearance in the midst of so many trials and difficulties. This man had been drawing hay, and told me that the wages of pitchers and stackers at that time were three-and-sixpence per day, but no beer. That he drank three pints of porter a day, and generally paid a penny halfpenny a pint. That he did not know any one who did not drink porter, meaning, no doubt, some kind of ale or strong beer.

"In going from London to the neighbourhood of Windsor, my seat on the coach was next to a woman who told me that she had been a servant in a gentleman's family. I never failed to avail myself of such an opportunity of conversation, whatever might be thought of the gentility of the thing. She said that she knew Lord Lyndhurst's family in town, mentioning that great legal character, whose name has long been well known in the United States; that in his town-house he had eleven domestics, one of whom was the butler; that a butler's place in such a house was worth forty-five or fifty guineas a year; that he is at the head of the servants; keeps the plate; cleans it; draws the beer for the servants at dinner and supper; that each, as a general rule, is entitled to a pint twice a day; that she drank a pint at dinner, and another at supper, as regularly as she drank her two cups of tea; that beer was good for her; that she could not live without it." I beg that the reader

will observe that I do not rely upon the exact accuracy of all these statements, nor are they important. In such cases, the story is told to illustrate some main truth, which, in this case, is the beer-drinking habit of the people. By this faith, that beer is a life preserver, the English live, and by this they die.

"Being desirous of knowing how far she had studied political economy, without, perhaps, knowing the name, I entered into some conversation about the wages of servants, &c. She told me that servants, in respect to their wages, were not as well off as they had been; that there might be the difference of a quarter. It must be remembered that, since the war and the reign of paper-money, prices in England generally have fallen. Being desirous of knowing how far she understood Mr. Malthus, I asked her the cause of this fall in wages; upon which she said it was owing to the 'popularity' of the people, meaning, doubtless, populoussness, or that the people had overbred, and that there were 'more guests than plates,' according to Mr. Malthus's favourite economy; [a nice topic of conversation for our economist to select with a lady!] never for a moment dreaming that the more properly servants' waste, the less there is to pay them in wages; that servants must, of course, have less wages there in consequence of the seas of beer they drink; nor imagining that the millions they pay in taxation on malt have anything to do with their comforts. If common labourers do not get some common-sense ideas into their heads upon these subjects, they will go on here just as helpless, dependent and destitute as they have elsewhere.

"When in Wales I went to see the iron-works at Merthyr Tydvil, which are some of the first in the world. The men here drink excessively, and, from the nature of their occupation, more than most other labourers. Very few, consequently, lay up any part of their wages; they pay fourpence and fivepence a quart for beer, buying at retail, which is the case in everything with wasteful, childish people. One of the overseers told us that some of the men drank little less than a pound worth of beer in a week; the rollers, or part of them at least, then earning two pounds a week. At what speed might not a poor man go ahead in England, earning ten dollars a week, and practising the prudent, temperate ways of the economical part of the people!"

But here we must part from our economist. He went to Newmarket, and was amazed at the follies and wasteful extravagances of horse-racing; he went into a gin-shop on Holborn Hill, and bought a glass of "cordial" gin, for which he says he only paid a halfpenny, but which he thought was "undoubtedly adulterated;" and at an inn in Manchester, he saw—"after having been some days an inmate of the house without knowing of the existence of such a place, a sort of smoking room, where gentlemen tippers, or, at any rate, those who appeared to be gentlemen, were drinking, just as our gentlemen tippers do; it was in the back part of the house, and seemed, from decency, to be as far removed from observation as it could be." Let us part, however, with some illustrative observations, which contain keen truth in them:—

"A boy of seventeen or eighteen years of age was brought before the magistrates by his master, a farmer. The master being sworn, proved that the boy went out at ten o'clock at night against his master's orders, and stayed out all night. The boy did not deny the charge. It is proper to state that it was said he had once before been before the magistrates for some other offence. The magistrates sentenced him to one week's solitary confinement in the county jail. As I went out of the room afterward, I saw this boy in a little lock-up place crying like a child, the tears streaming down his cheeks. Subsequently, in my presence, he was led with an iron chain about one wrist to the jail, in one apartment of which I saw common felons on the treadmill. What ideas can such boys have of the morals of keeping good hours, when the ladies and gentlemen of London order their carriages for a rout at ten or eleven o'clock at night, and roll home in them at daylight in the morning? When shall it be that we shall cease to have one kind of morals for the rich people and another for the poor? How soon shall we have one law for high and low? There was no reciprocal justice in this case. How many offences, equally heinous both in the sight of God and man, might not this master have been guilty of towards the servant without punishment by the magistrates?"

"The master told me that he paid this boy three shillings and sixpence per week, the boy furnishing his own food, and that this was common wages for such boys. This will show what portion of the good things in England is enjoyed by those who plough the fields, trim the hedges, and contribute so great a part of the labour which goes to bring forth that exquisite embellishment which there fills the soul with delight."

## A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE JEWS.

## III.—FROM THE FIRST TO THE SIXTH CENTURY OF THE CHRISTIAN ÆRA.

As has been intimated in the first of these papers, the circumstance of Jerusalem becoming a kind of type of Judaism, resulted from the accident of David having selected it as the seat of the government. Jerusalem, of itself, has nothing whatever to do with the religious system of the Jews. That system was organised, and in operation, centuries before the city was wrested from the Canaanites who held it; and though, from various causes, (the chief of which being that the Jews were now a settled nation,) it was necessary that the great central place of worship should become a fixture, still the TEMPLE was worthy of no more regard or veneration than the moveable TABERNACLE which it superseded.

But this idea of locality, being an essential of their faith and worship, grew up in the understandings of the later Jews, until it struck its roots deep into the national mind. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem!" was the aspiration of the devout Jew, "let my right hand forget its cunning!" This has sustained them during the long period of their dispersion and their misery, though Jerusalem has been, as it were, repeatedly ploughed up, and its exact site, in spite of its many natural landmarks, has become almost a matter of doubt. Destruction has not eradicated this idea of locality, and rivalry could not break it down. There was a Jewish temple and high-priest at Hierapolis, in Egypt; and the mixed race of Jews and heathens who occupied that part of Palestine, the ancient territory of the Ten Tribes, and who were known as Samaritans, received from Alexander the Great permission to build a temple on Mount Gerizim, after the model of that of Jerusalem. All these have been ineffectual; not has even Mohammedanism chilled that ardent affection with which the genuine Jew turns to his beloved city, as "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth."

One of the great objects of the mission of our Saviour, was to introduce a new system of things which could utterly destroy this idea of locality. "Woman, believe me," said he, addressing the wondering Samaritan female, "the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain [Mount Gerizim] nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father." And yet how this idea, thus prophetically denounced, has lived during all the period of the Christian era that has passed! For at least the last seventeen hundred years, crowds of Christian pilgrims have visited Jerusalem,—a few in that spirit of enlightened curiosity which leads us to contemplate with interest the scenes of memorable events, but by far the greater number to gaze with a stupid but reverential imbecility upon fancied relics and fancied sites, and thinking that a visit to the "Holy Land" was atonement for many transgressions!

The apostles, like their fellow-countrymen, expected a temporal kingdom, of which Christ was to be the head, and themselves the ministers; and, as their minds became slowly enlightened to perceive the universality as well as the spirituality of the new faith, they still clung to the idea of Jerusalem being the seat and centre of a spiritually-physical government—a spiritual despotism. Among the first converts, too, there were, as we are told, "thousands who believed, who were all zealous of the law." Here, then, was a beginning of that great struggle between Judaism and Christianity; which is still carried on,—a struggle in which both have conquered, and both have been defeated,—a struggle of alternate adaptation, modification, and repulsion. We see in the Acts, how the apostles themselves frequently trimmed between the Old and New Testament, driven up and down by the force of their own

prejudices, or by the clamour of their countrymen; and Paul himself, the uncompromising Paul, yielded in many things, and that rite of circumcision, which he everywhere proclaimed as obsolete, and belonging only to the past, he yet practised on the person of Timothy. And this leads us to remark on that strange figment, the purity of the apostolic age, which has provoked wagon-loads of controversy. Christianity has, from the very first, been held in error. It was preached by Jews to Jews, and mixed up with Judaism; it was preached by both Jews and Gentiles to Jews and Gentiles, many of whom were poor and ignorant, and their minds incapable of receiving it in its greatness, and purity, and truth. The pure ages of Christianity are yet to come; its triumphs are reserved for its latest, not its earliest days; and in this respect it may be compared to "the light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The ruling authorities at Jerusalem struggled fiercely with the apostles, as the propagators of the new faith; and the Jews scattered over Asia Minor and Greece maltreated the daring Paul, wherever he appeared. But we must refer our readers to the Acts of the Apostles, for details respecting the earlier history of the propagation of Christianity—a history full of interest to all who care for the progress of opinion, and who are fond of tracing the first workings of influences which have produced such an extraordinary effect on man. We only remind him, that the book concludes with an important part of Paul's biography. When he visited Jerusalem, after a considerable absence, his brother apostles told him that he was disliked by even the *Christian* Jews, for they were informed that he travelled about, speaking bitter things against the Law, and bringing that venerable system, which they loved dearer than life, into contempt amongst the Gentiles. So they advised him to try a stratagem, and to appear in the Temple in reverential attitude, like one going through the ceremonials of purification; and thus the Jews, seeing him there, might conclude that he was a slandered man, and be persuaded that he "walked orderly, and kept the law." The stratagem produced quite the contrary effect. Jews from Asia Minor knew him, and, thinking that he had come to add personal insult to his holy Temple, they raised a fanatic yell, shouting out, "Men of Israel, help! This is the man that teacheth all men everywhere against the people, and the law, and this place!" A mob gathered at the cry, and Paul would have perished in their hands, had not the Roman "chief captain of the band" come down with troops, and rescued him. This event leads to the detail of those orations, addressed by Paul to the Jewish mob, and to king Agrippa; to his appeal to Cæsar, and his disastrous voyage to Italy; to his arrival in the "Eternal City," and to his being visited by the resident Jews, who came to hear his opinions—"for, as concerning this sect, we know that it is everywhere spoken against."

The Jews in Judea, grievously oppressed by a succession of rapacious Roman governors, and fretting about their national independence, and about the coming of a delivering Messiah, were at last goaded into revolt. For several years the war was carried on with varied fortune; but at last, A.D. 70, Jerusalem was invested, and, after an obstinate resistance, taken by the Romans, under Titus. The particulars have been minutely recorded by Josephus, and the fearful calamities endured by the Jews justify completely the prophetic declaration, that "in those days shall be affliction, such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created, unto this time, neither shall be." But though Jerusalem was sacked, the Temple burned down, the people sold as slaves, and the landed property of the country confiscated, by the conquerors, we must not suppose, either that the Jews were rooted out of Judea, or that the taking of Jerusalem by Titus was the final desolation of the "holy city." The country appears gradually to have recovered, and Jerusalem to have been rebuilt, when another great insurrectionary movement of the Jews brought down upon them another severe punishment. The expectation of a Deliverer again became general; one of the Jewish rabbis,

Akibah, a great light among his brethren, and of whom they said that things were revealed to him which were unknown to Moses, proclaimed the advent of this Messiah, in the person of an adventurer, Barcochebas. This man, being joined by numbers of his countrymen, took Jerusalem (A.D. 132) from the Roman garrison, proclaimed the independence of Judea, struck coins, having on one side his own name, and on the other "Freedom to Jerusalem," and played the king for three years. The emperor Hadrian, to crush this rebellion, sent for his ablest general, Julius Severus, out of Britain; and those who are fond of remarking "coincidences" may be struck by the fact, that in both cases, the rebellion under Nero, and the rebellion under Hadrian, the generals, and many of the troops, who crushed the Jews, went direct for the purpose, from Britain to Palestine. Severus succeeded, as Titus had done sixty years before; Barcochebas perished; the rabbi Akibah and many of his friends were put to cruel deaths: the very name of Jerusalem was ordered to be blotted out, that of *Ælia Capitolina* being given to houses erected for a Roman colony on a portion of the site; and Hadrian issued an edict, forbidding the Jews to practise circumcision, or to read the Law, or observe the Sabbath. It is affirmed that half-a-million of Jews perished in this revolt.

This last severe punishment appears to have sobered the minds of the Jews; their vehement desire for a national existence was somewhat quenched; and applying themselves to commercial and industrial pursuits throughout the Roman empire, the recollection of their stubborn restlessness was so far forgotten, that the edict of Hadrian became inoperative under subsequent emperors, and the Jews enjoyed a tacit toleration. Meantime, Christianity was spreading; and Christians and Jews came frequently into collision. But the Pagans confounded both together, regarding both as branches of the same stock, divided on some trivial matter: the contemptuous remark of Festus, when Paul was brought before him, expressing what was long a very general opinion—that the disputes of Jews and Christians related to "certain questions of their own superstition," and of "one Jesus who was dead, whom the Christians affirmed to be alive." But the controversy soon became a fierce rivalry between Christians and Jews. Very early did the spirit of Judaism take possession of the Christian church. The severe simplicity of Christianity, when brought into contrast with the gorgeousness of Paganism, appeared tame and insignificant; it could not professedly borrow from idolatry, but it borrowed from the Law; churches became temples; bishops high-priests; gradations of religious teachers composed a body, which imitated the Levitical institution, from the pontiff down to the "hewer of wood, and drawer of water;" the rabbins poured their contempt on the "Idumeans," the Christian Fathers retaliated by tremendous invectives against the Jews; and thus the controversy was merged in rivalry, and conviction prevented by mutual hatred; the Jews regarding the Christians as interlopers and plagiarists, the Christians regarding the Jews as men under the anathema of God; and to this hour that mistaken and base spirit has left us its bitter fruit, in the civil disabilities which the Jews suffer, and in the mutual aversion which is still felt.

In addition to the law of Moses, the Jews had a host of traditional precepts, expositions, and commandments, handed down by one grave doctor to another, and taught in their schools, as of equal authority with the inspired writings. At the close of the second century of the Christian era, in the reign of Antoninus Pius, flourished Rabbi Judah Hakkadosh, or the Holy, who set himself to the task of collecting these traditions, and committing them to writing. "This rabbin was unquestionably one of those prescient minds which regulate the genius of a people; the 'Holy' saw his adored Judaism in its decrepitude—his hand restored it to what he deemed its pristine purity. Skilful and patient of labour, his zeal collected together the precepts of what is called the *Mishna*, or 'the Repetition.' It was a digest of Jewish customs, arranged by titles and chapters. The design of this eminent man in this great compilation was simply to preserve the dicta of his

predecessors or his cotemporaries. But the *Mishna*, at first considered as the perfection of human skill and industry, at length was discovered to be a vast indigested heap of contradictory decisions. It was a supplement to the law of Moses, which itself required a supplement. . . . The Jews had received the solemn reproach, in the days of Jesus, of having annihilated the word of God by the load of their traditions. The calamity became more fearful when, two centuries after, they received the fatal gift of their collected traditions, called *Mishna*; and still more fatal, when, in the lapse of the three subsequent centuries, the epoch of the final compilation, was produced the commentary graced with the title of *Gemara*, 'Completeness or Perfection!' It was imagined that the human intellect had here touched its zenith." The Talmud, or the Doctrinal, as the whole is called, was the labour of nearly five hundred years. "Twelve folios of the Babylonish Talmud, or 'the Doctrinal,' form this portentous monument in the intellectual history of man. Built up with all the strength and the subtlety, but with all the abuse of the human understanding, founded on the meretricious of our nature; a system of superstitutions has immersed the Hebrews in a mass of ritual ordinances, casuistical glosses, and arbitrary decisions, hardly equalled. But buried in the chaff of the Talmud are some grains of truth—its monstrous and ridiculous fictions and absurdities being interspersed with pleasing moral apologies, wise precepts, historical recollections, and some profound allegories.

In spite of the personal ambition of bishops, party squabbles, absurd, ridiculous, and disgraceful controversies, Christianity had spread through the Roman empire; and it seemed to have attained its highest glory when Constantine the Great avowed himself a Christian. It appeared once more apparently under eclipse, when his nephew, Julian, that strange compound of genius, good sense, and vain folly, determined to restore the falling, fading paganism of the empire, and to rout the "Goblems," as he contemptuously nicknamed the Christians. "The vain and ambitious mind of Julian," says Gibbon, "might aspire to restore the ancient glory of the Temple of Jerusalem. As the Christians were firmly persuaded that a sentence of everlasting destruction had been pronounced against the whole fabric of the Mosaic law, the imperial sophist would have converted the success of his undertaking into a specious argument against the faith of prophecy, and the truth of revelation. He resolved to erect without delay, on the commanding eminence of Moriah, a stately temple, which might eclipse the splendour of the church of the Resurrection on the adjacent hill of Calvary; to establish an order of priests, whose interested zeal would detect the arts, and resist the ambition, of their Christian rivals; and to invite a numerous colony of Jews, whose stern fanaticism would be always prepared to second, and even to anticipate, the hostile measures of the pagan government. At the call of their great deliverer, the Jews, from all the provinces of the empire, assembled on the holy mountain of their fathers; and their insolent triumph alarmed and exasperated the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem. The desire of rebuilding the Temple has, in every age, been the ruling passion of the children of Israel. In this propitious moment, the men forgot their avance, and the women their delicacy: spades and pick-axes of silver were provided by the vanity of the rich, and the rubbish was transported in mantles of silk and purple. Every purse was opened in liberal contributions, every hand claimed a share in the pious labour; and the commands of a great monarch were executed by the enthusiasm of a whole people.

"Yet, on this occasion, the joint efforts of power and enthusiasm were unsuccessful; and the ground of the Jewish Temple, which is now covered by a Mohammedan mosque, still continued to exhibit the same edifying spectacle of ruin and desolation. Perhaps the absence and death of the emperor, and the new maxims of a Christian reign, might explain the interruption of an arduous work, which was attempted only in the last six months of

\* *Mishna*, Genesis of Judaism: an able and singular book.

the life of Julian. But the Christians entertained a natural and pious expectation, that, in this memorable contest, the honour of religion would be vindicated by some signal miracle. An earthquake, a whirlwind, and a fiery eruption, which overturned and scattered the new foundations of the Temple, are attested, with some variations, by cotemporary and respectable evidence. Gregory Nazianzen, who published his account of the miracle before the expiration of the same year, boldly declared that this preternatural event was not disputed by the infidels; and his assertion, strange as it may seem, is confirmed by the unexceptionable testimony of Ammianus Marcellinus. The philosophic soldier, who loved the virtues, without adopting the prejudices of his master, (Julian) has recorded, in his judicious and candid history of his own times, the extraordinary obstacles which interrupted the restoration of the Temple at Jerusalem. 'Whilst Alypius,' he says, 'assisted by the governor of the province, urged, with vigour and diligence, the execution of the work, horrible balls of fire, breaking out near the foundations, with frequent and reiterated attacks, rendered the place; from time to time, inaccessible to the scorched and blasted workmen; and the victorious element continuing in this manner obstinately and resolutely bent, as it were, to drive them to a distance, the undertaking was abandoned.' Such authority should satisfy a believing, and must astonish an incredulous mind. Yet a philosopher may still require the original evidence of impartial and intelligent spectators. At this important crisis, any singular accident of nature would assume the appearance, and produce the effects, of a real prodigy. This glorious deliverance would be speedily improved and magnified by the pious art of the clergy of Jerusalem, and the active credulity of the Christian world; and, at the distance of twenty years, a Roman historian, careless of theological disputes, might adorn his work with the specious and splendid miracle."

This event has exercised the ingenuity of controversialists down to our own day; and at present there are intelligent men who can see nothing strange in the affirmation, that in the year A.D. 363, the Divine Power was specially manifested in this manner, to confound Jew and Pagan, and to uphold the honour and integrity of the Christian faith. Such an opinion could only have arisen from that "idea of locality," of which we have spoken, and which has been transmitted from the Jewish to the Christian mind. No re-erection of the Temple could, by any possibility, restore the Mosaic polity, falsify a single prophecy, or injure, in the slightest degree, the truth of Christianity. We have seen how small was the number of the Jews who returned, at the close of the Captivity, to rebuild Jerusalem and the Temple, when prophecy and hope pointed to a resuscitation of the kingdom of Israel. However strong the desire to return to their own land, what more powerful motive could exist, to bring together all the Jews from their dispersion throughout the Roman empire, in the reign of Julian, than there existed in the reign of the Persian Cyrus? Or could a temple erected by a professed idolator ever be justly considered as the Temple of God? No: the Mosaic ritual was abrogated, the prophecies were fulfilled, and twenty temples on Mount Moriah would neither bring back the one, nor damage the other.

The truth of the matter is this. In the reign of Constantine Judaism had rapidly overspread Christianity; the one had imbibed the spirit of the other; mimicked its ceremonies, and its ancient splendour. The two, therefore, became, more than ever, excited rivals: but Jewish Christianity, being in the ascendant, exerted its power against rabbinical Judaism. Constantine made laws concerning the Jews, forbidding them from possessing Christian slaves, from endangering the lives of converts from the Law to the Gospel, or from receiving Christians who abandoned their own faith for that of Judaism. Under Constantine's son and successor, Constantius, insurrections in Judea and at Alexandria gave a pretext for severer enactments; and the edict of Hadrian was renewed, which prohibited the Jews from entering Jerusalem. But under Julian the scale was turned; imperial favour was withdrawn from the Christians, and the Jews were patronised. Jeru-

salem, by this time, had become a place of great profit and importance in the hands of the Christians; crowds of pilgrims visited it, and its church was rich, from contributions, and by the sale of relics; and its bishopric, (an object of great ambition,) was filled by Cyril, a clever, credulous, but not over-scrupulous prelate. If the Temple had been rebuilt, and given to the Jews, they might have ejected the Christians from Jerusalem; and there is, therefore, far more reason to suspect exaggeration or fraud, in the "balls of fire" which checked the workmen, than to suppose that God would interpose to perform a needless miracle, to gratify one of two factions. If we are driven to natural causes, we may find one in those earthquakes to which Palestine is so subject, and the effects of which Jerusalem has repeatedly felt, though it has escaped with impunity as compared with other portions of the country.

We have dwelt longer on this incident than its intrinsic merit or importance deserves, because it tends to illustrate not only the state of the Jews, but the extent to which Christianity had imbibed Judaism. Julian was the last Roman emperor who avowed paganism; his successors all professed Christianity; and under them the Jews too often felt the weight of Christian hands. The doctrine of "divine right"—a doctrine borrowed from the Jewish theocracy—was openly inculcated; the emperors were told that, by virtue of being Christians, they held their unquestioned power and right direct from the God of Christianity; the Jewish ritual was robbed more and more, to swell out Christian ceremonial; and the audacious Ambrose, archbishop of Milan, told the Emperor Theodosius, that the toleration of the Jews was equivalent to the persecution of the Christians. Justinian, too, one of the first who enacted really oppressive laws against the Jews, gloried in being a Jewish Christian. After he built the great church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, he had it solemnly consecrated, in imitation of the consecration of the Temple; and, in the midst of the festival, he exclaimed, in the pride of his heart, "Glory be to God, who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work—*I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!*"

#### TONGUELESS DOG RETAINING THE POWER OF BARKING.

I HAVE a favourite spaniel dog of the "king Charles' breed," thirteen years old, and as he cannot relate a "tale of woe" of himself, I propose to do so for him, in as few words as possible.

In June last, in a small steel trap, set in the cellar, for the purpose of taking rats, he was accidentally caught at about midway of the tongue, and in this situation he remained about three-fourths of an hour. On examination after he was extricated, the tongue was found started out of its natural position in the mouth, some four inches. Everything was done to relieve his sufferings, and in the hopes that the tongue would again adhere to its former position in the mouth, but the tongue being much mutilated, was found after a lapse of forty-eight hours, the weather being warm, to have become perfectly black; at this time the "poor old dog" exhibited a desire to leave his kennel, which he was permitted to do, and he went direct for the ocean, where he "cooled the fever of his blood" by a swim; he thence went away and was absent alone about half an hour, when he returned to his kennel perfectly tongueless, having as was supposed, torn out his own tongue, by putting his paws upon it, as he had before been seen to do. He was fed during the time upon boiled rice and soup, and ate the usual quantity, on his head being held up so that the food would run down his throat. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention, which seems to have been verified in this case, as the "old favourite" now feeds himself as well as he ever did, upon every variety of food; drinks as well as ever, although after the manner of a pig, by running his nose more than usual into the water; and what seems still more remarkable, he barks with the same distinctness as usual, on the least intrusion upon his premises in the night time, as he did before the loss of his tongue, and in all respects seems as well as he was previous to the accident.—From *Silliman's American Journal*.

## DELIBERATION; OR, THE CHOICE.

"Oh! do come, Mary, into the garden; it is getting so beautiful. The lupines I sowed the other day are coming up already, and there are so many fresh roses out this morning."

"Just now, Jane, I am engaged."

"Oh! but I want you to tell me how to transplant some of my new flowers."

"Well, well; we'll see about it by and by. Why, Jane, what is the matter with you! Tears in your eyes!"

"Hush—speak low! I want to see you alone."

"Come, then, into the garden.—Now, my dear Jane, what ails you?"

"Read that letter."

"What my eyes must have long since told you, my lips refuse any longer to conceal. I love you deeply, fervently, everlastingly. Should my fate have such a blessing in store for me as to render me worthy in your eyes, and to give me the most charming of women, it would indeed render me the happiest of men! I lay my all at your feet, and count every minute an hour till you bless me with one word of hope."

"This is indeed serious, though not otherwise than I expected and feared. Markham loves you. Yes, it was but too evident for his own peace of mind, or Maxwell's, who has beheld, with no unnatural impatience, this stranger's attention to you. Well, he must be answered at once. To leave him one moment in suspense were unpardonable. You must tell him you consider yourself engaged to another: if he be an honourable man, you will thus win his respect for your frank avowal, and at once cause him to dismiss from his mind all thoughts of further solicitation."

"Well, but—I mean—that is—hadn't I better show the letter to papa?"

"Not for the world, my dear sister. Why would you unnecessarily violate a confidence that a woman should ever hold sacred?—You do not answer me. Is it possible that you love this man, and that the noble-hearted being, who (Heaven forgive him!) almost idolises you, is forgotten?"

"Well, sister, you are very sudden in your suppositions. Let us go in."

"One word first. Do you think I love you?"

"Oh, yes! Yet, forgive me this petulance—I am very miserable."

"Nay, my dearest, only sister, don't sob so. Here, come into the arbour. Let us now clearly understand what it is we are to grieve and weep so about. I say we; for, believe me, whatever touches my heart is not far from mine. Come, now, you were fond of asking my advice, and—O rare virtue! my sister,—generally to follow it. Why didst thou do so?"

"Because you always understood me, even when we differed; and your judgment was better than mine."

"Well, I will try to understand you once more. So, now your heart—mark me, your heart—and I will talk together. Do you love this Markham?"

"I am afraid to say No, and still more afraid to say Yes."

"At all events, you like him better for a husband than Maxwell?"

"Ye—yes!"

"How long have you known this stranger?"

"Three months."

"And Maxwell?"

"Thirteen years."

"Which loves you best?"

"Mark—I don't know."

"That's my own sister. If we do choose his rival, we'll at least give poor Maxwell fair play. You think Markham handsome?"

"Oh, yes."

"And I own his rival plain, unless when he is sometimes gazing on you, or when you speak suddenly to him. This stranger dresses well, too; his air is polished and gentlemanly, his manners agreeable. Any thing more? Oh, yes!—as Othello says, he 'sings, plays, and dances well.' Any thing more? Do you think his judgment good?—in poetry, for instance."

"He loves it dearly."

"For its own sake or yours? Well, we will pass that, and believe, as the young god would make a Cymon love, he may accomplish the still harder task, and make a fine gentleman poetical."

"Don't you think his disposition excellent?"

"As an impulse, yes, but no further; and therefore, as an impulse, liable to lead him as often wrong as right; to be always impelling him to attempt good and great things, but never rendering him capable of those patient and arduous exertions by which alone they are accomplished. But I will tell you something of him that has pleased me. What! your eyes sparkle at that. Poor old Widow Smith's son fell from a ladder the other day, and broke his leg, and almost at the same time his mother's heart. Mr. Markham happened to be passing at the time, and was indefatigable in his endeavours to get him carefully conveyed to the hospital; and when he left him at the door gave him some money, having heard, on his way, that his parent was bedridden, and totally dependent on the man's exertions."

"Well, that was noble of him. Dear me! Poor old Widow Smith! I have heard nothing of this before. Who informed you of it?"

"One of the neighbours. I went this morning to the hospital, to see if I could do anything for the poor fellow. I found him better than I expected: some one, who had heard of the accident, and knew the impossibility of parent and son seeing each other in their distress, had visited them daily,—and oh! the value of kind feelings, kind words, and kind words, at such a time! No medicines like them! Sitting by poor Smith's bedside, I found this excellent person; and he it was who told me of Mr. Markham's benevolence."

"And did he—that is, Mr. Markham—go to see poor Smith at the hospital?"

"I believe not."

"I wish he had. Who was this admirable man you have been speaking of?"

"Why, to be sure Mr. Markham's visit would have gratified the sufferer even more than his money; but to blame him for not doing more, is but an ill return for what he has done. Besides, an hospital is not, of all places in the world, the pleasantest to visit; and the person I have alluded to had done all that was possible and requisite under the circumstances."

"Poor old Widow Smith! I'll go and see her directly. But who was it that praised Mr. Markham for his kindness, whilst so much more deserving praise himself? Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes; he is the best of men. When I first knew him, it was as the friend of him whom—But the time is favourable. You shall know now, for the first time, the particulars of that passage of my life you have so often asked me to explain. I could not then. Alas! I have no longer any motive or desire for concealment."

"My dear sister! how sadly you speak. Don't tell me now;—I have not seen you so moved this long time. Why there's a tear here!"

"Is there? May it then wash away the unhappy remembrance of his errors! I may now freely mourn over him in death; and, sad as that is, it is a relief to what I have endured. Oh, the misery of weeping hopelessly over the living! I can now trust myself to think of the only man I ever loved."

"Mr. Stewart, you mean?"

"I do. You know of our early engagement, our sudden unexplained separation. No! you were too young even to guess at the causes; and of his history you have hitherto heard so little, that probably much of what I am about to speak will be new to you. William Stewart was the son of poor parents, and his early years were passed in scenes of daily privation and toil. Would that had been all! His father was a violent, self-willed, proud-tempered man, who had known better days; his mother was capable of almost any meanness. It is strange in what uncongenial soils and places the human mind will grow into strength and beauty. When I first knew Stewart, he was a frank, graceful-minded, happy-hearted youth, with a touch of ambition that promised to elevate and strengthen his character. Of his mother's disposition I perceived no traces in him; of his father's, very little. We wandered together through every part of the broad forest; we sat together for hours side by side on the river-banks; we collected plants, mosses, and lichens, which, as he gathered, I explained. I think I see him now climbing one of the loftiest oaks, to fetch me an apple, and shaking the boughs above him, which he could not reach, with such violence that I was alarmed for his safety; I still

hear his clear, ringing laugh, as a bunch of the finest fruit fell at my feet. I was, indeed, but too happy! We parted;—he began the career we both believed would lead to success, comprising in that one word, honour, wealth, and fame. Time passed, and we were again together; but, alas! the spirit that had so enthralled me had lost its brightness. He loved me still—he loved his parents; but all the rest of the world appeared only to him a subject for ridicule or hatred. One drop of disappointment had poisoned the whole cup of life; he had not prospered as he expected. To me there was nothing in this comparative failure but what ought to have been anticipated. I saw he must be less sanguine of immediate success, but not one jot less hopeful of the future. Alas! his aspirations had no stronger foundation than vanity; they crumbled and fell away at the first shock. The seeds of headstrong will, which an evil education had implanted, and which is but selfishness under another name, a different aspect had now germinated, and threatened, unless eradicated by a vigorous hand, to cover all that was good in his nature with their baleful luxuriance. He grew better in the few weeks we spent together; became more patient and amiable; and, when the evil influences were not upon him, I loved him, from the very contrast, better than ever. Again we were severed;—he was to write to me continually—he wrote seldom. What the world calls love might not in this case have diminished; but I perceived, with unutterable agony, that my influence over him was totally lost. Spare me the shame, the anguish, of recording the evidences of his increasing unworthiness, which continually reached me: suffice it to say, that the elevation of mind, the purity of heart, that won my love, totally disappeared, I felt, for ever.

"My dear sister!"

"For a long time I saw, though afar off, the dreadful end of all this; but I hoped until the last—I confided till I felt my own self-respect departing from me. Then it was I determined to break the toils that environed me, at all hazards. I wrote to him after long and inexpressibly painful meditation. I said, 'Our sympathies, our motives, are no longer in harmony with each other—let us part.' I did all I could to soften what I felt would be a blow to him, and at the same time to let him see my decision was final. Anxiously did I pray to Heaven to prepare me for the interview that I knew must follow. He came, and with him the friend I have mentioned. Oh, the agony of that scene! Prayers and threats prevailed by turns: one moment he denounced, in frenzied terms, my inconstancy, and even threw out insinuations as to my motives; the next he threw himself at my feet, and with streaming eyes abjured his errors, and more, to make himself all that I wished to see him. His friend interfered, and after warmly checking him for his violence, which he saw I was fast sinking under, persuaded him to leave us awhile. He now proceeded to speak of Stewart in terms admirably calculated to influence my determination by influencing my judgment; he told me of various instances of his noble impulses, his generosity, of his deep unbounded love for me, which he had witnessed. In justice to myself, I explained fully my feelings and motives; I showed him the gradual process of the alienation of our spirits; whilst, as to his violence of character, his friend owned, with a deep sigh, he could neither deny the charge nor explain it away. In answer I was assured, that although Mr. Stewart was his best, in fact, his only friend, his benefactor, and that he loved him as dearly as it was possible for one brother to love another, I should not be harassed, if he could help it, by distressing solicitations. He ended by conjuring me, for his unhappy friend's sake, as well as my own future happiness, to hold out some hope—to give him at least the only motive that could redeem him. With broken accents he said, 'this, at least, for the very life of his friend,' he hoped. I shuddered; I could bear no more, but fainted away. When I recovered, I found Stewart and his friend bending over me; the former uttering a thousand incoherent passionate exclamations. Dreading a recurrence of the fit, which Stewart's violence might bring on, his friend with great difficulty drew him away.

"Oh, this is dreadful indeed! What could you do?"

"I had overrated my strength—this was too much for me. The still small voice yet whispered within, 'He is beyond your power—recovery is hopeless,' but I could not deny him anything that even appeared to influence him for the better. I yielded so far as to agree still to correspond with him, although I could not, would not, now again see him. I knew he would have striven to induce me to make still further concessions, and God knows the anguish that I felt whenever I refused him a request. I knew also that, if any possibility of future happiness still existed for us, there was

but one way to reach it, and that was, to deceive the impressions upon his mind of these painful scenes, so as to make their instruction permanent. His friend mournfully acquiesced in the propriety and necessity of my decision, and left me to inform Stewart of the result, which (must I own the painful truth?) I could not but hope would, on the whole, gratify him. I experienced also a relief, an unutterable relief, when I reflected that he had met a friend to watch over and guard him—perhaps to make him again—Oh! I dared not carry that thought farther. When Stewart was informed of the result of his friend's visit, he was for a time speechless with anguish and baffled will; for hours he would not leave the spot, and was only withheld by force from coming here at midnight. At last mortification prevailed over all other feelings; he sent me a short note renouncing me for ever, and thus made his selfishness as evident as it was most cruelly ill-timed. I have never heard from him since that hour! I have been informed, within the last few days, that he is dead. My name was last upon his lips; he still loved me, and I now know him only as I first knew him.—My buried love! we may yet meet in another world, wiser and better for the mistakes and sorrows of this."

"Oh, Mary! that I should know nothing of all this! I, who have so often thought you cold and insensate! Can you forgive me, and let me love you better than ever? But this friend—"

"Ay; I have only learned by accident that, in consequence of his noble conduct towards me, Stewart and himself were long strangers, and that the latter lost not only a friend but a benefactor; for, humble as were Stewart's means, he had still been able to assist him in severe and distressing pecuniary anxieties, and which were incalculably enhanced by the sudden estrangement. Whatever benefits, however, he had received, he was enabled to repay. Stewart died in his arms; the last hour of life cheered and soled by his unwearied affection."

"Oh, Mary! I could indeed love that man."

"Art sure?"

"With all my heart and soul!—that is, if he loved me."

"Here then, he is now coming towards us."

"What, Maxwell!"

"Even he."

"Oh! if he knew my recent feelings, he would despise me now."

"Well, shall we accept this Markham?"

"No, no—never!"

"Hush, not so loud—Maxwell will hear you. What says that blush—that he may? He seems agitated; perhaps he guesses what Markham has done—noticed, perhaps, your agitation when we withdrew. God bless you then, my dear sister!—you are worthy even of him, the worthiest man I know."

"Oh, no! Hush! don't go away."

"I'faith, a good hint. Adieu!"

#### HOW TO SETTLE THE ATTORNEYS.

DINGLE is a small town in the south-west of Ireland, on the peninsula which forms one side of Dingle Bay. Lady Chatterton, in her recent Travels in the South of Ireland, gives us the following amusing specimen of the primitive manners of the people:—

"Law, sir," repeated the man of Dingle, with a look of astonishment and affright, "Law, sir! we never mind the law in our court. We judge by the honesty of the case that comes before us: and let me tell you, sir, that if every court were so conducted, there would be but few attorneys, and the country would be quiet and happy."

"But what would you do if any person brought an attorney these twenty-two long miles and hilly road (from Tralee), and introduced him into your court, and that he started some points of law, which required professional skill to reply to?"

"I'll tell you what I did myself," was the reply to this apparently perplexing question. "When I was deputy sovereign, two fools in this town employed each of them an attorney, whom they brought at a great expense from Tralee. When the attorneys went into court, and settled themselves with their bags and papers, all done up with red bits of tape, and one of them was getting up to speak, 'Crier,' said I, 'command silence.'" "Silence in the court!" says he. So I stood up, and looking first at one attorney, and then at the other, 'I said, with a solemn voice, 'I adjourn this court for a month.'" "God save the king!" said the crier; and then I left them all. And I assure you," he added, "that from that day to this no attorney ever appeared in our court; and, please God, we never will mind law in it, but go on judging by the honour and honesty of the cases that come before us."

## THE COCO DE MER; OR, SEYCHELLES PALM.

WE were very much struck, more than a year ago, on seeing in the hall of the Linnaean Society a number of strange-looking, roundish, black bodies about two feet in circumference, and which, however whimsical or disproportionate it may appear, we could compare to no other known object than to the singular black eggs or pupae (for they are said by entomologists to be one and the same,) of the dreaded forest-fly. On inquiring of Professor Don we found that they were the nuts of the Seychelles Islands Palm—in fact, the celebrated *Cocos de Mer*, which had been sent to him from their only habitat in the known world, the Mahé or Seychelles Islands in the Indian Ocean. The strange stories we had read of these almost fabulous nuts made us view them with peculiar interest, and we were delighted to find that those now before us were going to be distributed among various amateurs and professional botanists, in the hopes of young plants being raised from them in our own country, in the stores of the rich and affluent.

These nuts grow on a beautiful species of palm which, for a long time, has been the least perfectly known, and yet the most extensively celebrated of any of those "princes of the vegetable kingdom," as they are justly styled by Linnaeus. Before the discovery of the only place where they grow, in 1743, these nuts were solely known from having been found floating on the surface of the sea, near the Maldive Islands, whence their French names of "*Coco de Mer*" and "*Coco des Maldives*" are derived. They are sometimes also called the double cocoa-nut. The old botanist Rumphius, speaking of these nuts, gravely assures us that it is not a terrestrial production which may have fallen by accident into the sea, and there become petrified, but a fruit, probably growing in the sea itself, the tree which produces it having been hitherto concealed from the eyes of man. The Malay and Chinese sailors used to affirm, that it was borne upon a tree deep under water, which was similar to a cocoa-nut tree, and was visible in placid bays upon the coast of Sumatra, &c.; but, if they sought to dive after the tree, it instantly disappeared. The negro priests declared it to grow near the island of Java, with its leaves and branches rising above the water, in which a monstrous bird, or giffin, had its habitation, whence it used to sally forth nightly, and tear to pieces with its beak elephants, tigers, and rhinoceroses, whose flesh it carried to its nest; they asserted further, that ships were attracted by the waves which surround this tree, and there retained; the mariners falling a prey to this savage bird, so that the inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago always carefully avoided that spot. With such, and many even more strange, ideas respecting its place of growth and history, it is not wonderful that this nut should have been much prized, and in the Maldivian islands it was death to any man to possess it; all that were found became the immediate property of the king, who sold them at a very high price, or offered them as the most precious of regal gifts. Their value was estimated from sixty to one hundred and twenty crowns; but those which measured as much in breadth as in length were the most esteemed, and those which attained a foot in diameter were sold for a hundred and fifty crowns. Some kings have been so greedy of obtaining these fruits as to have even given a loaded ship for a single one. The Chinese, as well as the natives of the Indian Archipelago, considered them as an antidote to all poisons, and as a preservative against colic, apoplexy, paralysis, &c. The principal virtue was supposed to reside in the eatable part or albumen which lines the nut, and which was triturated with water, in vessels of porphyry, and mingled with black, white, and red coral, ebony, and stag's horns, and then drunk altogether.

The great men of the Maldive islands form precious vessels of the shell, by cutting off a transverse slice which forms the lid; and in these boxes they put their tobacco, betel, lime, and whatever else they masticate, believing they can never then be contaminated with anything noxious. Water kept in one of these shells is considered to preserve those who drink it from every complaint. The discovery of the Seychelles Islands, and the knowledge thence derived, that these nuts grew upon trees as other cocoa-nuts, soon reduced the value of the commodity; and now, probably by the Indians, as by the Europeans, the nut is only sought as a matter of curiosity, or for domestic purposes. The Seychelles Islands are situated to the north-east of Madagascar, in latitude 5° south, and 55° east longitude. The largest of the group is Mahé, about six miles in circumference; it produces good teak timber, cocoa-nuts, hogs, &c. Most of these islands are inhabited. The Seychelles palm is only found in *Praslin*, *Curieuse* and *Round* Island, lying within half a mile of each other; they are mountainous and rocky, and the soil poor. The common

cocoa-nut occupies the sea coast, but all other parts are, or have been, entirely covered with the "*Coco de Mer*." Thanks to the exertions of modern botanists, we are able to describe to our readers the real appearance of this interesting tree. It attains the height of 80 feet, or even 100 feet, the stem being about a foot in diameter, with scarcely any difference in size to the very top, where it is crowned with a tuft of from twelve to twenty leaves, which are very large, some of them being twenty feet long, and the leaf-stalk the same length. The young leaf rises from the centre, at first closed like a shut fan; then expanding into a broadly ovate form, having a central rib, and beautifully regular folds diverging from it. As a new leaf is formed annually, and an old one falls off at the end of every year, leaving a scar or ring, by these it is estimated that 130 years are required before the tree attains its full development. Like many other plants, the flower of this palm grows upon one tree and the fruit upon another, or, as botanists would say, there are male and female trees. The fruit is produced in a kind of long cluster, each cluster bearing five or six fruits or husks, resembling the husk of the walnut, in each of which are two or three nuts. These husks weigh from twenty to twenty-five pounds, they take a year to ripen, and sometimes hang three years on the tree before falling to the ground, where they lie another year before they begin to grow. The nut is dark-brown or black, a foot long, round at one end, and notched into two or three lobes at the other, where it germinates. We shall sum up our description in the words of an eye-witness: "Behold these palms growing in thousands, close to each other, the sexes intermingled—a numerous offspring starting up on all sides, sheltered by the parent plants—the old ones fallen into the ear and yellow leaf, and going fast to decay, to make room for the young trees, presents to the eye a picture so mild and pleasing, that it is difficult not to look upon them as animated objects, capable of enjoyment, and sensible of their condition." Now for its uses.—The crown of the trunk, in the midst of the leaves, is called the cabbage, and is eaten like that of the true cabbage-palm, but is less delicate and slightly bitter; it is often preserved in vinegar. The trunk itself, after being split and cleared of its soft and fibrous part within, serves to make water-troughs, as well as palisades for surrounding houses and gardens. The foliage is employed to thatch the roofs of houses and sheds, and even for the walls. With a hundred leaves a commodious dwelling may be constructed; including even the partitions of the apartments, doors, windows, &c. The down which is attached to the young leaves serves for filling mattresses and pillows. The ribs of the leaves, and fibres of the leaf-stalk, are converted into baskets and brooms. The young foliage affords an excellent material for hats; and for this purpose the unexpanded leaves only are taken, dried in the sun, and cut into longitudinal strips which are then plaited; and scarcely any other covering for the head is worn by the inhabitants of the Seychelles. Out of the nut are made vessels of different forms and uses. When preserved whole and perforated in one or two places, the shell serves to carry water; and, when applied to this use, two of them are suspended from opposite ends of a stick, as buckets are in other countries. Some of these nuts hold six or eight pints. If divided in two between the lobes, each portion serves, according to its size and shape, for plates and dishes, or for drinking-cups; these being valuable from their great strength and durability, so that this kind of utensil in these islands bears the name of *Vauselle d'Isle Praslin*. And such is the estimation in which these nuts are held by the negroes, and poor people of other islands, that the sailors always try to obtain, and make them part of the cargo of their vessels. Amongst other articles, shaving-dishes, black, beautifully polished, set in silver and carved, are made from them.

More than a year has now elapsed since the nuts mentioned at the beginning of this notice have reached their various destinations; and we are sorry to say not one has yet germinated. Even those confided to the fostering care of the Messrs. Loddiges, though enjoying the most favourable situation in a splendid range of hot-houses, backed by the consummate skill of the proprietors in the treatment of palms, have shown no symptoms of vitality. We have frequently seen the one sent to the Apothecaries' Garden at Chelsea, reposing on its bed of state, (for it is thought advisable to leave one side partially exposed,) to all appearance exactly the same as when first placed there. Mr. Anderson, the worthy guardian of this sabbal treasure, does not however despair; but, with much patience and long-suffering, is determined to hope against hope till, on fermentation taking place within, the shell becomes soft and finally bursts, as is the case with the common cocoa-nut.



It is much to be feared that the heat during the voyage has caused these nuts to vegetate prematurely, and that the germ has been destroyed for want of moisture. Certain it is, however, that we do not possess a single specimen of this palm in the United Kingdom, nor is it probable that we ever shall, unless the plants are raised in their native climate, and conveyed to England in Mr. Ward's admirable invention for transporting plants from the tropics, viz.—a glazed box hermetically closed. It is even probable that, in the course of time, the Seychelles Palm may entirely disappear from the face of the earth; for, as civilisation advances, the soil will be cleared to make room for plants of quicker growth, and more immediately serviceable to man.

Let us hope that this evil will be guarded against; the more so as we have heard with pleasure of a young tree, being raised by a gentleman in Mahé, which has now attained considerable height, and that from the interest taken in natural productions in general, the "Coco de Mer" may not share the fate of that almost apocryphal bird, the Dodo, at one time so numerous in the Isle of France, and found in no other part of the world.

#### THE WIDOW.

HAVE any of our city readers ever observed in the streets a very old woman dressed in a faded black gown—very much faded and decayed—and wearing on her head a miserable black bonnet, edged with a deep crape fringe, sadly browned by wear and exposure—her whole attire, in short, bespeaking the utmost wretchedness; yet, when coupled with her look and manner, impressing you, somehow or other, with the idea that she had seen better days? You have; but inquire if we mean the same person. No, this is not likely, but there are many old women of the description just given, to be met with every day in the streets of every city. She is a widow, a poor old widow, and, oh! what a miserable struggle has she had with the world since the death of her husband, which happened many years ago.

He was in a respectable way, but left nothing behind him. While he lived all was well. They were comfortable—something more, though not affluent. But his death, which was sudden, brought a miserable change. That event at once rendered her nearly destitute.

For some time after his death, she endeavoured to earn a livelihood by keeping lodgers; for her house was well furnished, but rents and taxes were high, and, by bad ones, she lost largely. The heartless villains had swindled her not only out of the rents of her rooms, but had involved her deeply in debt to butchers, bakers, and grocers; for she had supplied the tables of many of them by her own credit.

Even had all been well paid, and her apartments all occupied, it would have afforded her little more than a bare living. As it was, it was ruin—utter ruin. Rents, debts, and taxes—the second not contracted on her own account, but in the way above alluded to—gradually stripped her of her furniture, and compelled her every succeeding year to take a lower and a lower rented house, to suit her gradually lessening means, until one wretched apartment—that which she now occupies—has become her home.

For some time the unsolicited benevolence of friends helped to keep her from absolute want, but these gradually died out, one after the other, or removed to a distance, and every day the desolation of her destitute widowhood became more and more desperate, and every day spread more and more widely around her until no green spot was left—until there were none to succour her.

Yet it might not, nay, it would not have been so, had her two boys been spared to her. They would have seen to her comfort. They would have kindly tended their mother in her old age. They would have toiled that she might be at ease. They, had it been necessary, would have wanted that she might not want; for they were both warm-hearted lads, gentle, and affectionate. But it was ordained otherwise. They both died. The one while yet a boy, the other just as he attained manhood—just as an increased remuneration for his services had opened up to him the delightful prospect of being able to support his mother in that ease and comfort in which it had long been the nearest and dearest wish of his heart to place her.

There was yet another child, a little girl. A bright-haired, bright-eyed creature, but she died in infancy.

The poor widow has few relics of former times left to her. But she has one, one that she would not part with for worlds. In the corner of a trunk—the only one she has—there is a small shoe, carefully wrapped up and pinned in an old piece of printed cotton-cloth. There is a little soil still adhering to the sole of the tiny shoe. It has been there for thirty years—ever since it was last worn by its little owner. The widow would not have it rubbed off

for any consideration that could be offered her. The shoe was her little Mary's.

Such, then, is the history and circumstances of the widow in the faded-black gown, and decayed bonnet. She is lonely, humbled in spirit—feeble, and frail in body. A helpless, harmless being whose appearance alone, though nothing were known of her story, would excite the compassion of any one possessing the smallest portion of human sympathy. The expression of that venerable face, how meek in the humiliating sense of an abject poverty! How timid in the consciousness of unprotected helplessness! How innocent in the feebleness of age!

That form now so withered, and so bent with the weight of years, was once straight and comely to look upon. That step now so slow and unsteady was once light and sprightly as the "lamb-kin's on the lea." Once on a day she tripped it lightly in the dance. Once on a day her smile was deemed worth the winning. Youth and health were then on her blooming cheek. Joy and happiness in her beaming eye. Alas, what a change! So pass away all temporal things.

God knows how she lives now; for she has no earthly means of subsistence, and she asks no charity. She asks nothing. She never did. What she ever obtained was voluntarily given, not solicited. She is upon no charitable list. She is not under the eye of any of the dispensers of public benevolence. She is unknown to them; for her meek, unobtrusive nature, and the recollection of her former respectability, will not allow of her making her case known, nor of urging her claims on any of those funds which charity has set apart for the relief of the destitute. She could not do it. It is not in her nature. She suffers in silence. Patiently and uncomplainingly suffers, in the lonely obscurity of her poverty-stricken home.

There was a time when the poor widow used to call upon old acquaintances who had known her in better days. On these occasions there was in her manner something that could not be marked without exciting a strong feeling of compassion. It was a mingling of the familiarity of acquaintanceship with the distance and timidity of dependence—of lingering impressions of equality with a humiliating sense of a disqualifying poverty. How modest, on these occasions, was her knock at the door! How timid her courtesy at entering,—how gentle and diffident her smile! How stealthily and noiselessly her step into the parlour or dining-room, and how eagerly she sought the most distant chair in the apartment sought, and how hurriedly occupied, as if to render her presence as little obtrusive as possible!

Some little thing was, on such occasions, always given her; for we are now speaking of a particular case, of a particular individual. But to save her feelings as much as possible, care was always taken that it should bear the appearance of an independent gift, and have in it as little as possible of the character of charity. If it was tea, it was part of a present from a friend which she was requested "just to try." If it was a bit of cloth for a wrapper, it was a superfluous piece that no use could be found for. The poor widow saw through the well-meant untruths, as a slight and momentary blush but too often told us; but she took the gift as it was given, and expressed, with a modest courtesy—not in words, for she said nothing—the gratitude she felt.

We have said there was a time when the poor widow made such calls as these. There was, although these calls were always rare, and only at long, very long intervals; for her modesty shrunk at the idea of being deemed troublesome. She dreaded it beyond all things—but changes have taken place, great changes. She is not now so able to go about as formerly, and circumstances have occurred in many of those families which she used to visit that deter her from continuing her calls.

Reader, this is our old widow in the faded-black gown, and crape-edged bonnet. She asks, as we have told you, no charity; but, if nobody be by, or no one likely to observe you, do slip a piece of money into her hand when you meet her. It will be returned you a thousand-fold. But you want no such inducement, we know, to do a charitable thing. Do this and you will see, and not see it without emotion, we are sure, how her feeble old hand will clutch the donation. Clutch it unconsciously; for it is grasped under the sudden excitement of unexpected relief, and not because of its value as money. Little accustomed to such gifts, she will then look at you with a bewildered look of inquiry, as if to say, "What is the meaning of this?" mingled with an expression of heartfelt gratitude. But you will not lengthen her pain, for there is a painful feeling intermingled with all, by remaining an instant. You will relieve her by hurrying away as quickly as you can.

## FUNERAL MOUNDS.

In the thirty-second chapter of Ezekiel, there is a striking description of the state of the dead, which contains many allusions to the different funeral customs of different nations. "There is Meshch, Tubal, and all her multitude," says the prophet; "her graves are round about him; they have laid their swords under their heads;" with other expressions, such as, "whose graves are set in the sides of the pit"—"they have gone down to the grave with their weapons of war;" expressions considered distinctly to allude to the ancient Scythian rites of sepulture. The custom, however, of erecting huge mounds over the dead, and burying them with their weapons of war, and personal ornaments, was not peculiar to the Scythians, but was one of the most extensive as well as the most ancient in the world. Mr. Bremner, a recent traveller in Russia, whose book was made the basis of an article in No. XII. of this Journal, thus comments on the Scythian barrows, or Funeral Mounds:—

"Returning from this digression about the marvels of the Ukraine, we must now direct the reader's attention to those singular green knolls, best known by the native name of *kourgans*, which so strongly excite the curiosity of all who visit this interesting region. The first of them began to appear soon after we entered the government of Pultava; but similar objects also occur throughout the whole country for at least three hundred miles to the south of that point, and with a frequency truly remarkable. These mounds are from twenty to thirty feet high, and generally of a conical form. They are usually placed in irregular groups of three or four, which have the appearance of so many encampments of miniature hills, raised to break the monotony of a country which by nature is extremely flat.

"The feelings of curiosity excited amongst us by the first view of these singular objects were always renewed by each fresh cluster. Many and contradictory were our first conjectures regarding them. Are they ancient fortifications? Irish barrows? Scotch cairns? or Greek tombs? were a few of the questions which they suggested, when they first appeared, and which were still far from being satisfactorily answered when we saw the last of them. Our difficulties concerning them are by no means diminished by the fact, that similar monuments are to be met with in so many countries which, whatever bond of union may have once existed between them, have for many centuries had no tie in common. Mounds precisely similar to those which we saw in these Scythian wilds are to be met with in the most classic spots. Those tumuli, for instance, which stand near the site of Troy, and round which Alexander and his heroes did honour to the memory of Achilles and his beloved Patroclus, are exactly similar to the *kourgans* of Russia. Passing to a very different and distant region, we find them also in Sweden; for the little mounds at Old Upsala are in shape and size exactly the same as those which we saw on the plains of Troy. Similar monuments, it is well known, are found in England also; as on the downs of Wiltshire. Even on the remote Mainland of Orkney, corresponding structures are to be seen; for the 'barrows,' or mounds, which stand near the celebrated Standing Stones of Stennis are exact copies both of those of Asia-Minor and of the Ukraine.

"What, then, shall we say of these *kourgans*? Are they the monuments of a time when a similar religion and similar usages prevailed over the whole of the different regions where they still exist—the only, but also the imperishable records of a history which it is now vain to attempt to explore? In fact, after all the labour which the learned have bestowed in clearing up the history of these monuments, their origin and objects still remain very obscure. The most probable theory regarding these wonders of the Ukraine is, that they are the burial-places of some great and numerous race, which once flourished in these rich regions, but have left no other trace of their grandeur. Some authors think that the people who raised them must have been of Mongolian descent. This opinion is founded on the rude stone images by which the mounds are often surmounted, and of which the features, as well as the shape of the head attire, resemble those of the people now named; a theory which we can neither contradict nor confirm, as neither stone nor image of any kind was to be seen near any of the many hundreds which we passed. We were assured, however, that on digging into some which have been opened, coins of gold and silver have been found, with gold rings, buckles, and other ornaments of value; discoveries which lead us to what, pro-

bably, is the only true account that history contains, of the origin of these monuments. For referring to Herodotus, it will be found that, while treating of the very regions which we were now travelling through, he gives what, without exaggeration, can be pronounced a most minute account of these *kourgans*. His words are so remarkable, that they deserve to be quoted without mutilation: 'The sepulchres of the kings of the Scythians,' says he, 'are in the country of the Gerrhi. As soon as the king dies, a large trench, of a quadrangular form, is sunk, near where the Borysthenes begins to be navigable. When this has been done, the body is inclosed in wax, after it has been thoroughly cleansed, and the entrails taken out; before it is sown up, they fill it with anise, parsley-seed, bruised cypress, and various aromatics. They then place it on a carriage, and remove it to another district, where the persons who receive it, like the royal Scythians, cut off a part of their ear, shave their heads in a circular form, take a round piece of flesh from their arm, wound their foreheads and noses, and pierce their left hands with arrows.\* The body is again carried to another province of the deceased king's realms, the inhabitants of the former district accompanying the procession. After thus transporting the dead body through the different provinces of the kingdom, they come at last to the Gerrhi, who live in the remotest parts of Scythia, and amongst whom the sepulchres are. Here the corpse is placed upon a couch, round which, at different distances, daggers are fixed; upon the whole are disposed pieces of wood, covered with branches of willow. In some other part of this trench, they bury one of the deceased's concubines, whom they previously strangle, together with the baker, the cook, the groom, his most confidential servant, his horses, the choicest of his effects, and, finally, some golden goblets, for they possess neither silver nor brass; to conclude all, they fill up the trench with earth, and seem to be emulous in their endeavours to raise as high a mound as possible. The ceremony does not terminate here. They select such of the deceased king's attendants, in the following year, as have been most about his person; these are all native Scythians, for in Scythia there are no purchasable slaves, the king selecting such to attend him as he thinks proper: fifty of these they strangle, with an equal number of his best horses\*.'

"In a note to this passage, Major Rennell says, 'It has not come to our knowledge that any of these monuments have been found in the Ukraine, where the sepulchres described by Herodotus should have been:' but from what has been stated above, it will have been seen that this objection is completely without foundation, for these *kourgans* occur precisely on the spot referred to by the historian, and that indicated by his able commentator. It may also be added, that, in addition to the objects above enumerated, some of the *kourgans* which have been opened were found to contain human bones, skeletons of horses, ancient weapons, and domestic utensils. The human bones often occur in such large quantities, as could have been produced in no other way than by such barbarous hecatombs as those described by the historian."

Mr. Harris, a member of the Massachusetts' Historical Society, gives the following account of the ancient graves which are scattered over the whole face of the western country of America:

"The places called *graves* are small mounds of earth, from some of which human bones have been taken. In one were found the bones, in their natural position, of a man buried nearly east and west, with a quantity of isingless (*mica membranacea*) on his breast. In the others, the bones laid promiscuously, some of them appeared partly burned and calcined by fire, also stones, evidently burned, charcoal, arrow-heads, and fragments of a kind of earthenware. An opening being made at the summit of the great conic mound, there were found the bones of an adult, in a horizontal position, covered with a flat stone. Beneath this skeleton were thin stones, placed vertically, at small and different distances, but no bones were discovered. That this venerable monument might not be defaced, the opening was closed without further search. It is worthy of remark, that the walls and mounds were not thrown up from ditches, but raised by bringing the earth from some distance, or taking it up uniformly from the surface of the plain. The parapets were probably made of equal height and breadth, but the waste of time has rendered them lower and broader in some parts than others. It is in vain to conjecture what tools or machinery were employed in the construction of these works; but there is no reason to suppose that any of the implements were of iron. Plates of copper have been found in some of the mounds, but they appear to be parts of armour. Nothing that would answer the purpose of a shovel has ever been discovered."

\* *Uche's Historie*, B. iv. ch. 71.

Mr Harris quotes Dr. Cutter upon the probable antiquity of these mines. The Doctor conceives that the only clue remaining is the growth upon them. He says, "one tree, decayed at the centre, contained at least 163 circles. Its age was undoubtedly more than 463 years. Other trees, in a growing state, were, from their appearance, much older. There were likewise the strongest marks of a previous growth, as large as the present. Admitting the age of the present growth to be 150 years, and that it had been preceded by one of equal size and age, which as probably as otherwise was not the first, the works have been deserted more than 900 years."

Mr. Harris remarks that "about 90 miles from Marietta, on a large plain, bounded by one of the western branches of the Muskingum, see a train of ancient works, nearly two miles in extent, the ramparts of which are yet in some places upwards of 18 feet perpendicular height. At Licking are very extensive works, some of them different in construction from those at Marietta; particularly several secular forts, with but one entrance. They are formed of a parapet from 7 to 12 feet in height, without any ditch; the interior being of the same level with the plain on which they are raised. Forts of this kind, which are also found in other places, are from 3 chains to 15 or more in diameter. There are also large walls and mounds on the Great Miami and the Scioto."

The original height, our author thinks, was diminished by the gradual wasting away of the earth, and the filling up of the interior, and the accretions of the soil over the whole surface of the plain, by the annual deposit of leaves and the decay of timber. The utensils he considers to have belonged to a people far advanced in the arts.

"The elevated squares might be the foundations of larger towns and arsenals. The excavations or caves were undoubtedly wells, now filled up, water being an essential article in a besieged place. Some of these—above 10 feet in diameter, and about 5 feet in depth—have some resemblance to sacred inclosures found in Mexico.

"The smaller mounds, on the great plains, are filled with bones, laid in various directions, in an equal state of decay, and appear to be piled over heaps of slain, after some great battle. Whereas the larger mounds, near the fenced cities, are composed of strata, if I may say so, of bones in more regular order, of full-grown people and of infants, and in different stages of decay, and seem formed of the bodies of such as have died of sickness, or were killed in occasional skirmishes, at different times, with intervals, perhaps, of some years. In some have been found plates of copper riveted together, copper beads, various implements of stone, and a very curious kind of porcelain."

#### THE JUDEN STADT IN PRAGUE.

THE establishment of a Jewish colony in Prague is said to be coeval with the foundation of the city itself. From age to age, moreover, the sons of Israel have inhabited the same quarter,—namely, a suburb which, running in part along the margin of the Moldau, is approached from the Alt Stadt, by the street of which I have just spoken. Here dwell they, to the number of eight or ten thousand, in a state of complete isolation from the Christian myriads which surround them, inhabiting flats, and in many cases single apartments, by whole families; and appearing to rejoice in the filth and neglect to which the Christians have consigned them. The streets in their suburb are all narrow and mean, and devoid of ornament; the stalls, with the articles which the chapmen expose upon them, are scattered up and down in utter confusion; the shops (where recesses) have Hebrew inscriptions over them; and the entire population, when I went among them, seemed to be abroad.

Let the reader imagine to himself, if he can, the effect of a sudden transition from the pomp and splendour of a great capital into a suburb of mean and narrow streets, choked up with the litter of old rags, broken furniture, and cast-off clothes, hung out for sale; where are aged women asleep in their chairs, young ones nursing infants, or, it may be, perfecting their own unfinished toiles; men, squalid and filthy, with long beards, flowing robes, and all the other appurtenances which usually belong to their race; children in a state of nudity; turbaned heads, features thoroughly Oriental; furnished fiery, books, music, and musical instruments, scattered about;—everything, in short, whether animate or inanimate, as entirely in contrast with what you have just left behind, as you might expect to find it were you transported suddenly into some region of the earth, of the very existence of which you had previously been ignorant. I have passed through the classic

regions of St. Giles, the Seven Dials, and Rag-fair. I have gone, in my youth, under the escort of a police officer, the round of all the most degraded corners of London; yet have I never beheld a sight which, in all that is calculated to bewilder, if not to outrage, the senses, could bear one moment's comparison with what the Juden Stadt brought before me. I confess that the first feeling excited was a vague idea that, to proceed further, might compromise our personal safety; yet I defy any one who has penetrated but a few yards down the passage, to abstain from going on. There is about you, on all sides, an air of novelty, such as it is impossible to resist; and you march forward, wondering, as you move, whether you be awake or in a dream.

*Rev. G. R. Gleig's Germany, Bohemia, &c.*

#### MOHAMMED'S MORALITY.

One of Mohammed's companions said—The prophet advised me in ten things:—Do not associate any one thing with God, although they kill or burn you; nor affront your parents, although they should order you to quit your wives, your children, and your property; nor abandon the divine prayers intentionally, for he who does so will not remain in the asylum of God. Never drink wine, for it is the root of all evil; abstain from vice, for from it descends the anger of God; refrain from running away in battle, although ye be destroyed; and when a pestilence shall pervade mankind, and you shall be amongst them, remain with them; cherish your children, and beat them in order to teach them good behaviour; and instruct them in the fear of God.—*Mishcat-ul-Masabih, or, The Traditions of Mohammed.*

#### THE FEAST OF THE PEACOCK; A RABBINICAL CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

A Jewish gentleman, well known to the scientific world, and, moreover, a lover of meretricious romances, had often luxuriated in the descriptions of the splendid banquet of the "Peacock," so famed in the romances of chivalry. In an hour of fancy he had a peacock killed; the skin was carefully taken whole from the body, and, when the bird was roasted and richly flavoured with aromatic spices, the skin was nicely replaced, and it was served up with its gorgeous plumage. A religious scruple suddenly haunted his mind that the flesh of the peacock was forbidden aliment. The Israelite despatched the brilliant fowl to the house of a neighbour, the chief rabbin, for his inspection. He told his tale, the rabbin alternately looking on the gentleman and on the peacock—at length the oracle! First he solemnly observed that there were some things of a doubtful nature, among which was the eating of peacocks. He opined that this bird was among the forbidden meats. "Be it so!" exclaimed the romantic Jew. "I have not transgressed. It was the fancy of a moment, and I have only lost a splendid bird. Since it is killed, I will send it as a curious dish to my neighbour, who, being a Christian, is not perplexed by so difficult a ritual as our own. He may partake of the feast of the peacock."

"I would thank you for it myself," said the rabbin.

"For what purpose?"

"To eat it!" rejoined the master of sentences.

"How! if forbidden meat for me—you understand the consequence?"

The rabbin, fixing his eye on the ritualist, and holding his finger up, as we mark our interjections in writing, said solemnly—"Eating the peacock is, as I told you, among the doubtful things. One rabbin is of one opinion, and another of another. You have required my opinion as your rabbin; you are bound to abide by it. I opine that it is unlawful to be eaten. My father was of a different opinion and therefore it may be eaten by me, because I act on my father's opinion. I accept the peacock, but I must not ask you to partake in it." The bird was lost for the ritualist, and went to the rabbin's table.—*D'Israeli's Genesis of Judaism.*

#### JEWISH EXPECTATION OF A MILLENNIUM.

It is a curious fact, not generally known, that a Jewish tradition holding out the expectation of a millennium, was current before the Christian era, and ascribed by the rabbins to the prophet Elijah. The duration of the present state of affairs in this working-day world was limited, by these sagacious calculators, to a period of six thousand years. A sabbatical millennium was then to commence, which, hallowed by the personal sovereignty of the Messiah, was to be distinguished by undisturbed peace and universal happiness.—*Table Talk.*

#### MUCH JUSTICE, AND LITTLE LAW.

There was a business that could not be acted by a single justice, yet Sir Edward Peyton, as a prerogative case, would needs convene the parties before him. One being a shrewd, understanding, plaine fellow, told him he thought his worship was mistaken, for one justice was not sufficient for the business. "Why, sirrha," says he, "am I not a justice of the peace?" "Yes, an't please your worship." "And am I not a justice of the quorum?" "Yes, sir." "Why then, sirrha," says he, "there's two justices for you?"—and so entered, like a fool, into 'ae cage.

*Thom's Anecdotes and Traditions illustrative of early English History.*

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## ASSURANCE AND INSURANCE.

If the reader would permit us, for a moment, to try to be jocular, we might say, that *assurance* and *insurance* are two of the prime characteristics of the present age. They meet one everywhere—jostle us on the street, stare at us from the walls and the shop-windows, accost us on the Exchange and in the market-place, and twinkle on us in prospectuses, bills, and popular periodicals. Everybody, everywhere, has the assurance to insure us. The haberdasher, with a winning smile, and in spite of all the cross-grained influences of what Hood calls "counter-irritation," assures his fair customer of the unquestionable quality of some worthless goods. The auctioneer, ere he makes his decisive *tip* with his hammer, assures and insures the lot to the company. The quack assures you, that if you only take pills No. 1, that then pills No. 2 will ensure your life. The joint-stock jobber assures you that shares will rise, and that then he can insure you in a prime per-centage. And—to vault right into our subject—numberless busy actuaries, "closing rivets up," call upon us, in a thousand ways, to listen to the tempting proposals of their several companies, assuring us and insuring us, of unquestionable security, great advantages, and low rates of premium; and, appealing to all the *softer* feelings of our nature, ask us, if we can be so inhuman as to run the risk of leaving our wives helpless widows, and our children desolate orphans, when, by a small annual payment, hardly missed from our current expenditure, we may live happy, while we live, in the assurance of safety, and die, if we should die suddenly, without that drop of gall in our death-cup—the conviction that a young family is left destitute!

These remarks are drawn from us by an ingenious "Pocket Diary," which has recently come in our way.\* Prefixed to the Diary are some "general reflections," in which we are told that "Life-Assurance, in its principle, appeals to the loftiest faculties of the understanding, and the most deep-seated affections of the heart;" a "reflection" expressed in somewhat sounding language, but the truth of which we are by no means disposed to deny. We are also told that a "new era" is rapidly developing itself in the history of life-assurance, "which calls upon every intelligent and conscientious person to exercise great caution in attaching himself to such institutions;" another "reflection," the truth of which we press upon our readers. "The nature of that era may, perhaps, be best explained by a comparison with what has taken place in the building of houses. At the period when life-assurance originally put forward its claims to public attention, it was the well-known practice of our ancestors to employ in their buildings much heavier beams and rafters than were necessary to sustain the weight above; and this spirit of a bygone age, which was that of erring on the side of safety, is very observable in the structure of life-offices, which erred (also on the right side) in the undue amount of their premiums, the excessive caution of the conditions, and the over-scrupulous selection of their risks.

"To this succeeded a wider induction of facts relating to the average mortality of mankind, subdivided into annual periods, and classified according to climate, habits, and occupation; together with a more scientific investigation of these new elements, and a more business-like application of mathematical formulæ.

"The consequence was, the appearance of several new offices,

\* Pocket Diary for 1839, gratuitously distributed by the National Endowment and Assurance Society, Arthur street West, London Bridge.—This little tract is not a mere puff—it is a sensible and creditable production.

respectable for the adequate solidity of their construction, and the honourable character of their proceedings. These establishments may be compared to houses built with a sufficiency and without an excess of timber.

"But a new and dangerous era is approaching, if not actually arrived. Commercial competition, with its uncongenial noise and bustle, has begun to invade the quiet haunts of cautious calculation, threatening, with its slender premiums, its relaxed conditions, and unscrupulous eagerness for business at all risks, to insinuate its deadly dry-rot into the sound and solid supports upon which alone such institutions can permanently stand."

That a decided change is taking place in the public mind on the subject of life-assurance, is evident from the great number of new societies. There is certainly not a little *forgery* work in the formation and management of many of them. But they cannot exist without business; and business they are doubtless getting—not so much in withdrawing it from old societies, as in inducing people to insure their lives, who, but for the competition, would not have thought of it. We have only to look into the advertising sheet of a newspaper, to see the number of new societies formed within a recent period. They are even getting sadly at a loss for names to distinguish each other; and if they go on introducing the professed system of "division of labour," and forming professional associations, we may expect to see every trade with its Life Assurance Society; and the hatters, the tailors, and the shoemakers, instead of being content with dropping a few weekly pence into the boxes of their friendly clubs, taking a step farther in the grade of manhood, and making liberal provision for their families, in case of sudden death.

The reader does not require to be told that there is no difference—that is, no real distinctive difference—in the meaning of the words, *assurance* and *insurance*. A company offers to *assure* a life;—they assure the individual that, by paying them a certain annual sum, they will take the risk of his living for a long or dying within a short period; and that, in consideration of this annual sum, they will pay the assured individual's heirs or successors a certain amount of money. The individual thus assured has insured his life. He is assured that a certain sum is insured to his family, die when he will, and that they will not be left altogether beggars. Assurance and insurance are, therefore, synonymous terms—they mean the same thing. But of late years it has become usual to speak of *assurances* upon lives, and to reserve the term *insurance* for contingencies not depending upon life—such as against fire, losses at sea, &c. We shall, therefore, use the word *assurance* as relating to lives, in opposition to *insurance*, as relating to other contingencies.

"Man's existence," says Mr. Farr, "may terminate at any instant between 0 and 100 years; it may be a constant process of disease, or remain uninterrupted by a day's sickness. No one, contemplating a solitary individual of the human species, and ignorant of the secret sources of his life, as well as of the many conjunctures of external circumstances in which he may be placed, can foretell the period when some mortal derangement will occur in his organisation, what diseases he will encounter, how long he will suffer, or the hour when his sufferings and his existence will end. The same uncertainty is extended in the popular thought to families, nations, and mankind, considered in collective masses. But observation proves that generations succeed each other, develop their energies, are afflicted with sickness, and waste in the

procession of their life, according to fixed laws; and that the mortality and sickness of a people are constant in the same circumstances, or only revolve through a prescribed cycle, varying as the causes favourable or unfavourable to health preponderate."

Upon these "fixed laws," life-assurance societies are or ought to be founded. They proceed upon the assurance—not the assurance of imagination or presumption; but the assurance derived from actual observation—that out of a given number of individuals only a certain number will die within a given time; and they calculate, that if a thousand persons of a certain age contribute each an annual sum, so many of them will live long enough to accumulate a FUND, out of which the moneys are to be paid to the wives and families of the smaller number who die, as well as for the purpose of defraying all expenses of management. Let it be kept clearly in mind, that there must be a *dead certainty* of this FUND being accumulated, otherwise the assurance is as baseless as the assurance of faith of some enthusiasts. A large proportion of the thousand assured individuals *must* live, each of them contributing in the course of life as much money, or more, than they have bargained to receive from the society in case of death. This is an essential condition of Life Assurance.

"Oh, then," exclaims somebody, "I can accumulate my money for myself! I am at present a healthy and a temperate man; my father was nearly seventy before he died—and I am as likely to live as long." To be sure. If assurance societies did not get many such lives as yours they could not hold. "Why, then, should I assure my life," is the reply—"giving away to other people my money!" Simply because, though you may live to accumulate a fund, you are not *sure* of it; and to a man of limited income, who cares one fraction for his wife and children, it is better to live in assurance of a fund being provided for them, than to accumulate one in uncertainty. Besides, there are assurances effected, by which, on payment of a somewhat higher annual premium, the party assured is not only certain of having a fund provided for his family, in case of sudden death, but, if he should live to sixty-five, he will be entitled to receive the money *himself*. Here we confine ourselves to an *argumentum ad hominem*: we appeal to the individual's own particular interests and feelings; and we throw entirely overboard those broader arguments, drawn from national and social considerations. And yet, if our understandings were enlarged—if we could look out from ourselves, and distinctly perceive that national and social benefits are individual benefits—if we saw clearly how, by a general and combined movement on the part of the married (ay, and the young) men, in making a forethought provision for their families, how much misery, grief, and pauperism would be modified, we would rise above the mere personal considerations. Let us, however, enter more particularly into the nature of life-assurance.

It is uncertain when the practice of life-assurance commenced; but it was certainly known on the Continent as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, and appears to have been introduced into this country shortly after that period, when it was adopted by private underwriters; but so little was then understood of the relative value of human life, that a premium of 5*l.* was demanded for the insurance of 100*l.*, for one year, without regard to the age of the individual; and it was no uncommon event for one person to effect an assurance on the life of another, without his consent, or being in any way connected with him; and the insurers seldom inquired the reason why such assurance was made.

This practice at length became so prevalent, that the legislature considered it necessary to adopt some means to prevent it; the result was, that a statute passed, by which it was enacted, that no assurance should be made by any person on the life of another in whom he had no interest; or by way of gaming, or wagering; declaring all such insurances null and void.

In the year 1706, the Bishop of Oxford, Sir Thomas Allen, and some other gentlemen, perceiving the great benefits that life-assurance was likely to impart, when properly and judiciously conducted, were induced to apply to Queen Anne, and obtained a

charter for the Amicable Assurance Association; and from that time to nearly the end of the last century, only three other companies were incorporated. But the advantages that accrued to the companies, by the accumulation of large profits, as well as to the public, from this species of contract, have become so obvious, that, at the present time, there are in London only, at least seventy life-assurance companies,—an evident proof that its importance is beginning to be appreciated. It must still, however, be admitted that the subject is not valued or understood to the extent it merits. It is not our intention to enter minutely into the details of the probabilities of mortality, but to endeavour to remove some of the prejudices that still remain against the assurance of lives; and to show that, at least, there are some advantages to be derived from its use.

It is true, that these prejudices have been greatly dissipated of late: yet it cannot be denied, that there are two objections which have not been wholly removed; the first, proceeding from a belief in the minds of many conscientious persons, that to speculate on the duration of the life of an individual, is highly immoral, as a tempting of Providence, and such it has been considered by the laws of our enlightened neighbours, the French; the other, that it is a mere system of gambling, in which the companies stand in the same light as the banker in the game of *rouge et noir*.

We have already made some observations applicable to the first objection—but we will reiterate them. A mere inspection of the Christmas statements of the bills of mortality will show, that the number of persons dying of a given age, in one year, bears very nearly the same proportion to the whole, as the number dying at the same age bears to the whole of those who may die in any succeeding year; and the more closely this is considered by the examination of recorded facts, the more evident it will appear that the casualties of mortality are so uniformly distributed, that the average existence of one hundred persons of a stated age, will scarcely differ from that of another hundred of the same age. To use the language of Mr. Babbage, "nothing is more proverbially uncertain than the duration of human life, when the maxim is applied to an individual, yet there are few things less subject to fluctuations than the average duration of life in a multitude of individuals. The number of deaths happening amongst persons of our own acquaintance, is frequently very different in different years; and it is not an uncommon event, that the number shall be double, triple, and even many times larger, in one year than in the next succeeding. If we consider larger societies of individuals, as the inhabitants of a village or small town, the number of deaths is more uniform; and, in still larger bodies, as among the inhabitants of a kingdom, the uniformity is such, that the excess of deaths in any year above the average number, seldom exceeds a small fractional part of the whole." In answer to the objection, that life-assurance is, if not in itself a species of gambling, at least often a cover for fraudulent or gambling purposes, it has already been stated that all assurances, partaking of this character, have been declared by an Act of Parliament null and void; and so clearly has this been defined, that it is only necessary to mention, that in an action brought to recover the amount of a policy of assurance, on the life of James Russell, which was declared to be intended to cover the sum of 5000*l.* due from Russell to the plaintiff, and for which he had given his note payable in one year; the plaintiff was nonsuited, on the ground of the consideration of the note being for a gambling transaction.

We will, however, admit that it would be gambling, if an assurance were made upon the life of a single individual; it would then be highly hazardous, and no person possessed of the least prudence would undertake such a risk. But in the case of a number of individuals, mortality becomes so modified, that the mean duration of life may be foretold with nearly mathematical certainty. It is also admitted, that it would be gambling if assurances were effected without some data of the probable duration of life. But the subject of the mean duration of life has been raised to the rank of a science, built upon established principles. Dr. Price may be said to have the honour of first clearly demonstrating that life is

governed by fixed laws; and, since his time, some eminent men have devoted their powers to the investigation of these laws. And, as it may enable the reader to form some idea of the amount of premium that should be given to secure a certain sum, at a specified age, we insert an abridgment of the table constructed by Dr. Price, from the parish registers of the town of Northampton, from upwards of 11,000 individuals, whose births and deaths had been recorded, and which table is *still* used by many of the assurance companies:—

Age.	Number of Years expected to Live
20 . . . . .	33.4
25 . . . . .	30.3
30 . . . . .	28.3
35 . . . . .	25.7
40 . . . . .	23.1
45 . . . . .	20.5
50 . . . . .	18
55 . . . . .	15.6
60 . . . . .	13.2
65 . . . . .	10.9
70 . . . . .	8.6

It is now well known that the chance of life, in each respective age, in this table is calculated too low; that the ratios of deaths to the number of the living have diminished since it was constructed, owing to the various improvements in society, greater habits of temperance and cleanliness, and better medical treatment. It is, however, we think, more prudent to continue the premiums estimated from the Northampton table, until more correct data, upon a very extended scale, are obtained, than by lowering the rates of premium, to run the risk of involving the companies in insolvency, and those who have confided in them in disappointment, and perhaps ruin. The Northampton table is decidedly on the safe side of *profit* to the companies who use it: but a prudent man, who assures his life, will rest more safely in his assurance, when he sees something of a guarantee, in the shape of stock or capital. This is more particularly applicable to new mutual assurance companies, where no capital is subscribed to meet any contingencies that may occur, from a season peculiarly unhealthy or otherwise.

In conclusion, we need only remind our readers, that there are several kinds of assurance companies—such as joint-stock companies, where the shareholders take the profits, as a remuneration for their guarantee of capital, and to whom the assured comes merely as a customer; and various kinds of mutual assurance companies, which are neither more nor less than friendly societies; and that there are also various ways of assuring the payment of a sum of money, either to one's family after death, or to a person himself in old age. Nor—while we are earnest in recommending the matter to our readers—are we disposed to use harsh language, or bitterly to stigmatise those who, by neglecting the assurance of their lives, run the risk of leaving their families destitute. The great body of men are governed by circumstances—all men are not philosophers, and even philosophers are men, and discover that their own immediate interests are the pivots on which their thoughts and feelings turn. Let the assurance companies see to it; the public is, after all, not such a stupid public, where self-interest is concerned; and what is wanted to bring large grist to the companies' mills, is not so much a clearer understanding of the nature of life-assurance, as a thorough conviction of the stability of these associations. Cautious, clever, discriminating actuaries, and prudent, honourable, and accumulating but not grasping directors, are essentially requisite: otherwise an honest man, who has painfully answered all questions proposed—who has told the company whether or not he has had the gout, or a spitting of blood, or the asthma, who has been examined, and tested, and verified; who has paid up his annual payments for thirty years with laudable and punctual assiduity; may at last find his lordly list of patrons blotted out, his board of directors vanished, his actuary dead, his guaranteed capital of "Two Millions" as invisible as the actual hard cash of the National Debt; and himself, not one whit really the poorer had he never assured his life, because he might have spent the money—but poor in the bitterness of disappointed hope.

## SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE.

NO. II.—THE PARTY.

A WEEK had elapsed from the day last described, with little variation of character. The Barrs had waked each morning, from transient visions or forgetfulness, to that sinking of the heart with which the first returning pangs of anxious fears and gloomy anticipations visit the realities of the miserable;—still had the days passed away in alternations of hope and depression,—in contrivances to conceal the presence and the havoc of the haunting fiend, Poverty, or in those mortifications that troop with it, and for which they seemed to themselves singled out as victims;—still did the daily walk, for which they could scarcely summon spirits, take them past the mansions of splendour and wealth, to bring them back to a desolate and sorrowing home, to which the mere superfluities of others would have given peace and prosperity.

The circumstances of the Barrs were little ameliorated; a few small sums received had enabled them to pay the baker, and—to exist—no more! It was the afternoon part of the London morning. Ellen, at the earnest persuasion of her mother, had accompanied her in a stroll to the Park. It had been, of late, with much reluctance that she had ever passed the street-door, except to church; it seemed a relief to her to return home; but her spirits, generally depressed, would sometimes, for a short interval, rise into gaiety; and now, exhilarated by the hopes arising from a new plan of assisting those she loved, and the refreshing effects of a purer air, they were almost wild; but there was a feverish excitement in her manner, a hurrying in her speech, that rather oppressed than enlivened her sisters. They were engaged—the one in copying music, the other at work; their mother had gone down stairs, to superintend some domestic operation.

"Now, Anne," said Ellen, after describing their walk, and humorously observing upon some curious scene they had witnessed. "Now, Anne, do help me to abuse London. I don't think Clara could rail at anything; but you—really you have that gift, and ought not to let it lie idle."

"You flatter me," said Anne, smiling faintly.

"Oh, no," pursued Ellen, rapidly; "I know what you would say, were you, like me, in a talking humour; and I, as at this moment I feel the energy of despising and hating everybody, will be your representative. London—an extraordinary accumulation of brick, mortar, and stucco, raised and perpetuated by avarice and ostentation, and thronged by beings, who, for their worship, forsake the freest and best blessings of nature. I long to be again in our own green fields! How I pine, like the hart, for the water-brooks; for free, clear air, and the old familiar landscape! I often dream of it, and, like Caliban, weep to dream again. But, *à propos* to dreams," she added, half-ashamed of having been so demonstrative, and vexed at herself for expressing the regrets she felt; "I dreamed last night that the Chancery suit was decided, and that we were in mourning for it."

Ellen had scarcely finished speaking, when Mary entered, to announce the Misses Carter and a gentleman. They were wondering who the latter could be, (for Mary declared her ignorance on the subject) when they entered, and he was introduced as Mr. Plumer. It was the lawyer whom we have already twice met with: he had arrived at the door at the same time as the Carters, and had taken the opportunity his acquaintance with them afforded (finding Mr. Barr and his son absent) to wait their return, with an introduction to the female members of the family. The usual courtesies being gone through, the lady-visitors immediately began on the interesting subject of the next day's party. Sarah and Celestina were of that order of young ladies who, something like their handwriting, seem all of one character and appearance; both were rather thin and small, with features having no particular expression, and eyes of no particular colour; both were very fluent on fashions, and one (Celestina) had a spice of romance—the *Minerva*-press romance—in her composition, that threw a rosy colouring over all in which she was engaged, and an adventurous interest on its relation that was particularly piquant.

Mr. Plumer, after the first introduction, was occupied in silently observing the objects that surrounded him; his penetrating eye, especially with the key of past events, discovered easily the hieroglyphics of their true situation. Ellen, whose voice was rarely

heard out of her own family circle, had watched in silence the furtive but comprehensive glances of the stranger, and when he proceeded to direct them towards her sisters, had felt angry at their speculating, almost derisive, expression: for this last, a first glance, under the circumstances, might have easily found cause. Suddenly and unexpectedly the glance she had been watching was turned upon herself; her colour rose, her eye sunk, and one tear—the tear of wounded pride—glazed it for a moment. He bowed an involuntary apology, and after a few minutes drew his chair nearer to her, and commenced a conversation, which he, with admirable skill, suited to the tastes and feelings he could penetrate, but not sympathise with. Ellen's words were as few as politeness could permit, but in those few might be traced the intelligent and graceful mind.

Meanwhile the conversation did not flag at the other end of the room.

"And what have you determined to sing for us, Clara?" said Sarah Carter, in pursuance of the subject of the morrow's gaiety. "My dear girl, let it be something new. A tune that everybody has heard, except at the Opera, no one cares for."

"Then, I think like that respectable individual, nobody," said Anne; "for many of the old and familiar airs I prefer to the new ones. What say you to Mozart?"

"Oh he is very old-fashioned," returned the other; "don't let us have him."

"We met—'twas in a crowd?"

"That was very pretty while it was new—so sentimental!" said Celestina.

Clara assented.

"I don't like the school," said Anne, rather brusquely; "they are generally flimsy and foolish."

"Well, you cannot say much, I should think, in favour of the words to some of those old airs that you extol so highly," observed Sarah; "but never mind that," she continued, "I am no partisan on either side. Let me look at your new music, will you, and I dare say we shall agree in liking some of it."

"Clara is now copying one," said Anne, evasively, "that perhaps you may like."

"Oh, this!" said Sarah, looking over it; "I have heard of it; but," she persisted, "I should like to see all your new music. Perhaps you have some that we have not."

Clara blushed, and nervously endeavoured to busy herself in getting a new pen.

"Unfortunately we have not our latest music at home," replied Anne, with the readiness of desperation. (It was too true; most of their best music, though they had little new but what was copied, had been *pledged*.)

"Oh, that was so thoughtless of you," returned Miss Carter, "to lend it just now. You are too good-natured by half. My father says, it is a most ruinous quality. If you persevere in it," she continued, "he would predict that, in vulgar phrase, you would be sold up."

Mr. Plumer now took his leave with gay politeness, which was marked with cordiality towards Ellen. The usual remarks of a young-lady coterie on the exit of a wealthy bachelor were then repeated. Sarah extolled him as so polite; Celestina as so witty; Clara and Anne were quite ready to be prejudiced in favour of his gay good-humour; and Ellen, who had seen those as his own sentiments which were the reflection of hers, thought him very intelligent and agreeable. The conversation then reverted to *flowers and jewels*, both of which were separately recommended as becoming to their young friends, by the Carters; with some covert expressions of astonishment that they did not adorn themselves more with both on gay occasions. An inquiry respecting their dress-maker and her prices followed, which was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Barr; and a suddenly remembered something to be bought at the draper's hurried their departure, and the Barrs were glad to be left alone, to the quiet indulgence of sad reflections or transient day-dreams.

The day of the half-dreaded party at length arrived, and, as soon as they had swallowed an early tea, preparations for it commenced. It was not personal vanities or anxieties that prompted these early preparations, but the necessities for contrivance and entire self-dependence. Before they separated for this purpose, Francis was requested to procure a hackney-coach at the proper time. There was some trouble in collecting the necessary means: the father's purse contained but one shilling; Francis took from his the same sum, which he had been saving towards the purchase of a book; and a few new coins, which Ellen had kept as memorials, made up the small sum necessary. Then Francis had some requests to

make to his sisters respecting his own equipment. Their father blessed them with a sigh, and, hoping they might be amused, retired to his office, secretly thinking that his dear children would surpass in grace and beauty all others there assembled.

All necessary arrangements were nearly completed, when Mary, who had been assiduous in her rather inexpert assistance, came up stairs to announce that a lady wished to speak with the "missis" on particular business, and who, though told that she was engaged, had followed Mary up stairs to the drawing-room, and said she would wait. Mrs. Barr, who had deferred dressing till she had superintended the completion of that of her daughters, could not be ready for some minutes, and Ellen volunteered to learn the lady's business. When she entered the drawing-room, she found the visitor contemptuously inspecting its appointments. "Oh, miss," she said, as soon as Ellen appeared, "I wished to speak to your mama."

"My mother," returned Ellen, "cannot be at liberty at present, and she commissioned me to learn your business."

"Well, miss," replied the *laity*, (and the materials of her dress had proved her claim to the title in Mary's eyes,) "I don't know that it signifies who I speak to. The fact is," she continued, in an angry tone, "I want to know when you will settle our account."

"I have not the pleasure of knowing to whom I speak," said Ellen, civilly.

"My name is Evans—Mrs. Evans, ma'am, I think you might know," was the abrupt reply.

"I beg your pardon," said Ellen; "but surely my father has told you that your demand shall be satisfied the very earliest day he has it in his power."

"Yes, miss; I've been told that story till I'm tired; but we must have it directly: and, to speak my mind, I think it would be better if you thought of your debts before your dress. I can tell you," she added, talking herself into a rage, "it would look much more respectable—and reputable," she said, with an emphasis.

Ellen was unused to the language of violence, and the pointed reflection of Mrs. Evans was an agony to her heart, perhaps too sensitively tenacious of the good opinion of her fellow-creatures. Mrs. Evans, angry and abrupt as she was, had still womanly pity for her evident agitation, and, in spite of herself, mollified by the distress she witnessed. "Well, ma'am," she said, in an embarrassed tone, "I am sure I don't mean to hurt you; but we want to get our money, and whom can we go to but to those who owe it us? It's not our fault," she continued, getting angry again, "through very vexation at herself—we can't help it."

"Neither can we," said Ellen, earnestly; "if we could, depend upon it you would not have had this trouble."

There was a pause. "And when can we have it, miss?" said Mrs. Evans at last, with subdued irritation.

"I cannot name a day," said Ellen, "without risking you disappointment. I do trust that we shall have it in our power at a very early day; but my father will let you know."

Mrs. Evans stood undecided what more to say: at last, in a tone between wrath and compunction, she said—"Well, miss, I'll tell my husband what you say, and I hope you'll keep your word. I wish you good night."

Ellen returned the civility, and Mrs. Evans took her leave; but it was some time before Ellen left the drawing-room. Her mind, by physical debility, had lost that elasticity which might have enabled it to endure and repel undesired reproach. She now only felt that the last seal was set to their doom of wretchedness, in the degradation of the suspicions of those around them.

A short, regular street of private houses, ornamented with occasional balconies and wide areas, was that night the scene of much activity, if not gaiety; the rattling or rolling of carriages—the slapping down of steps, and the transit of gay forms from them to the open door and lighted hall of the favoured rendezvous—created "quite a sensation" in the usually quiet neighbourhood. A carriage at the moment we arrive there had just driven from the door, having deposited its freight—a pale and pretty young lady, in diamonds and white satin, with her mother, a fat one in black velvet. It was replaced by a hackney-coach, in all the glory of gay panels and a many-caped coachman; a young gentleman descended from his seat by the latter, and handed from it an elderly lady and three young ones. They passed rapidly through a few persons collected round the door, and stood, unshawled, in the tea-room, with the previous arrival, and some two or three who yet lingered there. The elder of the last-arrived party has been before described—it was Mrs. Barr; but the flush of maternal pride and the advantages of dress, with the infection of the surrounding gaiety, had changed the expression of her countenance,

and, except in its emaciated features and the dimmed and lessened eye, scarcely could the *martyr of home* have been discovered. Unadorned, and just not slabbly as was his dress, none could have failed to read the gentleman in the face of her son; even its thoughtful and usually sad expression added to the clearness of his claims to the character in the eyes of a stranger. Of his sisters, the youngest, Ellen, was the only one that could be called handsome, though her sisters were pretty and pleasing.

While Ellen sipped her cup of tea, she stood near the young lady whose entrance had preceded theirs, and who had been talking earnestly to her mother when they entered; she had turned off them a smiling glance, and her attention had been arrested by Ellen's appearance, and fixed by her look of languor; she could see that her unsteady hand could scarcely lift the cup, and when the glove, which she had taken off, fell from her trembling fingers on the floor, she picked it up with good-natured alacrity, asking her if she would not like to sit? A quick blush passed over Ellen's cheek, as she for the first time looked at her questioner, and thanked her for her courtesy. There was something peculiarly intelligent and prepossessing in the face; but the hieroglyphics of wealth were on her brow, and its insignia on her jewelled fingers, and Ellen thought—"What have I, the poor and desolate, in common with this favoured child of prosperity!" and the thanks were uttered with a repressing gravity that might have chilled the other's interest, but that she was occupied in looking round for a seat. Francis, who had heard the request, placed two chairs, and Ellen, unwilling to attract observation by objections, sat down beside her new friend. Her answering smile reassured her mother's anxious glance, and another cup of tea, which Francis brought at the recommendation of the fair stranger, enabled her to take some part in the slight observations by which the other two crept into an acquaintance.

This was interrupted by the somewhat abrupt summons of the young lady by her mother, by the name of Esther, to attend her up stairs. With a gay "*au revoir*" to Ellen, she obeyed; and as she passed out of the room, Francis murmured just audibly the word "Esther," as his eyes followed her to the door, but suddenly availing them with a smile of self-scorn, he tried to feel stern, and Ellen was surprised at the expression it involuntarily gave to his voice as he asked her if she was ready now to go up stairs. She assented, and mounting a staircase filled with light and flowers, they entered the ball-room, and after a word to Mrs. Carter, whose broad good-natured face was getting up a wearying succession of smiles of welcome, they sat down on the first seats they came to, and looked around them. There was Mr. Carter, a thin hard-featured man, earnestly assenting to the observations of a wealthy old dowager, his chief—the lady in black velvet before named; and there was the fair Celestina, dancing with studied expression, and looking resigned to the necessity; there was Sarah endeavouring to muster a party for a new dance, and putting in force all the attractions which young ladies seem to believe natural to full dress; there was young Mr. Carter talking with extra animation to a knot of young men, who there was reason to believe were joking each other about the "undoubted" attachment of some courteous and unconscious young ladies then and there present; for the rest, there was the usual assemblage of the hundred species of gentlemen, *so disant* and real; and of ladies with well-dressed forms, pretty faces, and manners tinged, alas! with the thousand affectations with which they would "paint the rainbow." Oh! when will woman learn that there is on earth no beauty like truth—truth of word, truth of heart, truth of manner! Meantime, Mr. Carter caught Mrs. Barr's eye, and bowed; he then again addressed his neighbour, who had evidently asked their names; the answer was listened to with an air of certified penetration by the mother, and by her daughter who sat beside her with anxious interest. None noticed this but Francis, for Sarah had approached and was enlisting Clara in her nearly completed party; and young Carter, to show off to his companions his intimacy with decidedly the handsomest girl in the room, advanced, and asked Ellen to join him in a just-forming quadrille. Ellen did not feel inclined to dance, but she did not like the trouble of refusing, and was glad of an opportunity of dancing rather with an acquaintance than a stranger. Francis had been for several minutes endeavouring to muster determination to ask the Esther of the tea-room to dance;—he desisted himself for his hesitation at length, in a fit of self-indignation, he walked off for the purpose, and in a few minutes they were dancing together in the set with Ellen. Every opportunity that the dance permitted was seized by Miss Ashwood (which Francis had learned was his partner's name) to continue the acquaintance her own civility had begun—sometimes an observation

on the rooms or the company, sometimes a lively expression of her own tastes and opinions, sometimes a hope that Ellen would not weary herself by dancing too much; all spoken not as people generally say things of course, but as if she was really only speaking because she thought and felt. All this pleased and interested Ellen, and she would have been delighted to meet her more than half way, but she dared not prepare for herself and family so probable a source of mortification, as the cultivation of such an acquaintance must be; and the more impetuous Francis was quite irritated by the coolness and reserve with which these advances were received, and redoubled his own attentions to atone for them. At length, Miss Ashwood, repelled and hurt, ceased her assiduities, and before the dance was finished her part in it was silence.

Meantime, as Mrs. Carter had just proposed to take Mrs. Barr to the card-room, Celestina sat down by Anne. Anne was amused with her, but suddenly interrupted her conversation to ask the name of a gentleman who, with a puzzled look of uncertain recollection, was watching Clara as she danced.

"Oh! I should have thought you would know him," replied Celestina: "he has a seat near your place in Hampshire. That is Mr. South; but I don't like him at all," she added, "he is so grave and common-place."

"How he is altered!" said Anne, involuntarily.

While she spoke, the eyes of the person alluded to fell on her face as she was still looking that way; the sight seemed to satisfy his doubts, and he crossed over to her with a quick-step.

"I am not then mistaken," he said, "it is Miss Barr. I was in some doubt as to your sister, but was certain when I saw you. Have you been long in town?"

"We have been living here the last three years," returned Anne.

"You must have been sorry to leave that beautiful place," he replied, "but I suppose these gaieties make amends for it to you?"

"Not quite," said Anne, with a suppressed sigh.

A pause ensued. There was an awkwardness in the meeting that had many contributing causes on both sides. Three years and a half ago, before the change in their fortunes, there had been an almost declared attachment to her on his part, which she had not appreciated as it deserved; misled by her love of the ridiculous, in which light she had been accustomed to view his manners—then, for his age, grave and formal,—perhaps she now remembered and regretted past impertinences.

"Have you been long in town?" at length said Anne, who could think of nothing else to say.

"Not many weeks," he replied, with a preoccupied air; "I have been on the Continent for some time—Is your mother here?" he suddenly asked.

Anne directed him where to find her, and he left her for that purpose.

The fear of extending their acquaintance cramped the manners of the Barrs, and gave them an appearance of pride and reserve, that assuredly had its full effect; the consequence was, their circle of familiar acquaintance was very small, and Anne remained for the next five minutes silently observant, but unnoticed by any of the gay groups or sauntering forms around her; when suddenly there was a gathering of scarcely sounding feet, and a fluttering and crushing of drapery and dress-coats just before her, that argued something to be seen, but which impeded her view. On rising to ascertain, she found it was a gentleman, who had volunteered to give the parody of a war-dance. Elbowed by the gentle crowd into the position, she found Sarah Carter and Miss Ashwood, whom she instantly recognised, standing but two removes from her; and as she stood looking with some curiosity on the laughable exhibition, she perceived Ellen and Francis opposite, and at this moment her ears caught the name "Ellen Barr" from the lips of Miss Carter.

"Yes, she is pretty," she continued, "but so proud, and ill-tempered too, I think; and then look at her dress—so very, very plain. Affectation—don't you think so?"

"There is not a trace of it in her face," said her companion. "Mama scolds me for being so soon attracted by beauty in a woman, but there is something in that face more than beauty; and I have a deeper faith in its language than in all the philosophy that would tell me to mistrust it."

This seemed said rather in soliloquy than observation; and Anne, who did not like to hear what it was not intended she should, crossed the room, and took up her position by her brother and sister, where she was shortly after joined by Mr. South. After his recognition of Francis, and introduction to Ellen, whom he had not before seen, he continued addressing his conversation chiefly to Anne. The abstraction that had been so apparent in his manner



on their first meeting was quite gone, and his lively remarks on foreign scenes and manners interested and amused her.

"The scarf your sister wears," he remarked, in the course of conversation, "first made me look for a face in its wearer that I ought to know. It was," he added, smiling, "or at least one like it, the medium of my first introduction to your mother."

"Yes, you picked it up, I remember," said Anne.

"You do remember old times, then?" he said, in a lower voice.

Anne blushed, and shook her head, but the testimony of the former outweighed the latter. A silence of a few minutes ensued.

"What extraordinary resemblances one sees sometimes," resumed Mr. South; "about a week since, I saw a person so exactly resembling your mother, that nothing but her different condition in life would have made me doubt her identity."

"Did you," said Anne, unsuspectingly; "what was she then?"

"Even a poor beggar-woman," he returned. "I could laugh now at my ridiculous puzzle on the subject."

Just then, Mr. Plumer, who had that minute arrived, came up to them, and addressing Francis with friendly familiarity, which was received with cool reserve, he turned to the sisters, and soon concentrated his attention on Ellen.

Mr. Plumer was not a man to be repelled by manner, and he continued in a strain that, interspersed with compliments, yet left nothing tangible to be presented, till, catching a glimpse of Miss Ashwood, he suddenly terminated the observation he was making, and left them to join her. Ellen felt relieved by his absence; but she could not help noticing his very different mode of addressing that young lady—it was another witness of their different places in the world, and Ellen's lip quivered with mortification, though her eye looked scorn.

The comic dance was ended amid the laughter of an easily-amused circle, and as Ellen looked fatigued, Francis proposed that they should adjourn to the refreshment-room, which was just thrown open. Anne and Mr. South followed, and they proceeded to a lower room, to which lamps, covered with ground glass, and placed among evergreens, gave the appearance of moonlight. Scattered parties were already partaking of the wines, cold meat, fruits, &c. that were spread on the tables, and they were soon similarly engaged; but Ellen could only be persuaded to have a biscuit and a glass of wine, and Francis was so busy trying to induce her to take something more, that he did not for many minutes perceive that an old gentleman, who was sitting at the table from which they were several steps removed, was watching them with an earnestness so mournful, as, when it caught his eye, to excite his curiosity. Mr. Carter, who had met and accosted them as they entered, had risen from the chair beside him; but he seemed to have no companion—he looked the hermit of a crowd. Francis was already interested in him, when Ellen, having finished her biscuit, the old gentleman assiduously handed her the plate that contained them.

"Take another, my dear," he said kindly. She gratefully refused; but Mr. South, who had just returned from a distant table, turned round at the voice, and with some surprise accosted him as Mr. Ward.

"I did not expect to see you here," he added, after the usual civilities.

"Nor did I to be seen here," was the reply; "but I had some pressing business with Mrs. Carter, and he would have me come here to take some wine and look at your gaieties, while he was engaged for me."

At his own request, Mr. Ward was then introduced to the brother and sisters: he started at the name, and glanced at his friend, who answered his look of surprise with a smiling shake of the head, and they were soon engaged in a conversation composed of the little truisms and polite insinuations by which an acquaintance is opened. While thus engaged, Celestina, attended by a young gentleman whose appearance was all negatives, glided in, to request the presence of Anne and Ellen in the music-room, where Clara had already been conducted by Sarah, and the whole party adjourned thither. When they arrived, they found Clara looking over the contents of a music-desk, absolutely bewildered by the numerous and varying opinions and recommendations fluently uttered around her, and Sarah Carter, who was the busiest among them, after thanking Ellen and Anne for their compliance with her summons, led them, waiting no further observation, to the same place. Anne, who was to play the accompaniment, soon decided for her sisters, by drawing forth, "When shall we three meet again;" and observing that Francis could take the bass, she placed herself at the instrument. There were no affectations of reluctance, no assertions of cold, weakness, hoarseness, &c., that

so frequently preface such ceremonies, though some of them might have been truly pleaded, for the first bars were sung with a trembling of the voice that plainly spoke the feelings under which they laboured; but as they proceeded, gradually impressed by the sentiments of the words, their voices blended together in full and expressive harmony, and there were several standing round, who, after the conclusion of the last lines,

"Where immortal spirits reign,  
There shall we three meet again,"

remained some moments silent, too much touched and pleased for words.

Mr. Ward had listened with an expression that showed him peculiarly accessible to the pervading influence. Towards the conclusion he had bowed his face upon his cane, but at the last verse his pale and quivering lip told not only of vague sympathies excited, but the awakening of agonies dulled by time—the resurrection of the buried past. Miss Ashwood and her mother, with Mr. Plumer, had been among those surrounding the singers: the two latter were polite and impassive listeners; the first both looked and expressed her pleasure, and on Ellen declaring herself unable to sing again at present, at the united entreaties of those around she took Anne's already vacated seat at the piano. Her song was nearly completed, when she startled her auditors by clasping her hands, and crying, "Oh! she will fall." All eyes were turned to the place on which her own were fixed. Ellen stood there looking pale and ghastly, and evidently endeavouring to struggle against an almost overpowering sensation of faintness; she had been exhausted by the efforts she had made that evening to hide mental misery and physical weakness, and her part in the song, trifling as it was, had completely overpowered her.

With the aid of Francis she was removed to a couch, and the assiduities of the ladies around, especially Miss Ashwood, in opening windows and administering salts and restoratives, had succeeded in restoring her, when her mother, who at Anne's request had been summoned by Mr. South, hurried in, and with incoherent words and agitated step hastened towards her. Ellen raised her head at her mother's approach, and putting the uncurled hair from her damp brow, endeavoured to reassure her.

"I'm better now, mama," she said; "there is nothing to alarm you."

"My Ellen! my dear child!" said her mother, with the tears of relieved terror. Scarcely had she spoken, when the attention of those around was drawn by the exclamation, "Good God! am I dreaming?" It was Mr. Ward, who had been anxiously watching the recovery of Ellen, and now, with an absolute glare of astonishment, heard the same voice at a gay party, and accompanied with the scemings of wealth and a respectable rank, that he had last heard addressed to himself in the street in the agonising supplication of want. His eye he might have doubted, though the agony the face now expressed increased the resemblance; but the evidence of the ear he could not doubt, and for a minute he stood paralysed. Mr. South's attention had been attracted by the exclamation, and, riveted by its object, he moved rapidly to the old gentleman's side, and in broken expressions and recurring doubts the knowledge and the recognition were made mutual. Mr. South, like his friend, almost doubted whether he could be awake; and when at length he returned to the side of Anne, she could not help noticing, in the relaxation of fears for her sister, the extraordinary change in his manners. A look of close observation, and a thoughtful and rather abrupt tone, had taken place of the gay and friendly air with which he had before conversed. This change was attributed by Anne to some knowledge he had gained of their circumstances, for poverty, like crime, always fears that its truth and its tortures are evident to the world; and indignant at the supposed cause, her own manner became cold and harsh. Meantime a medical gentleman present, whose directions had assisted in Ellen's recovery, and who was now feeling her pulse, advised that she should be taken home immediately; "and I would recommend you, madam," he added, addressing the anxious mother, "to have advice for her: it is a case that requires attention." Miss Ashwood, who had been most eagerly assiduous about Ellen, overheard the advice, and after an earnest remonstrance with her mother, in whom she had to overcome some proud objections against their being strangers and nobodies, she offered in her name the use of their carriage, which they expected every moment to be announced. Ellen, ill as she was, expressed her reluctance; but Mrs. Barr's maternal anxieties overpowered every scruple, and the offer was accepted. Mr. and Mrs. Carter now joined the circle, and with kind regrets from both, and most heartily good-natured

offers of every species of assistance from the latter, the short time was filled up till the announcement of the carriage.

Mr. Plumer had been an attentive observer of the whole scene, and any one that had leisure to observe might have traced in his countenance feelings to which it had long been a stranger; there was a softening down of its usual hard good humour, and a subduing of the light of the keen eye, that might have caused an acquaintance to ask of his ailments: but he spoke to none, and when he had quietly and unnoticed seen the invalid and her friends depart, he also took his leave.

A few minutes after, a trio were assembled in a small gloomy, looking room to which it was the custom of Mr. Carter occasionally to retire, in order to smoke a cigar and indulge in professional cogitations. The trio consisted of that gentleman, Mr. Ward, and Mr. South; but their object seemed now rather earnest conversation.

"To gentlemen, and I think you said friends of theirs," said Mr. Carter, "I cannot of course have any hesitation, professional hesitation, in speaking openly: neither of you are lawyers," he added with a sly smile, "or there might be objections."

"Anxious as I am to hear," interrupted Mr. Ward, "I would not listen to anything that honour should keep secret."

Mr. South expressed his perfect acquiescence, and Mr. Carter, with sudden gravity, assured them they might feel no fears on that head, and waiting a minute for the emotions to subside that he had called into play for the occasion, he continued--"It is about three years since, and before my acquaintance with the family commenced, that Mr. Barr, wishing to assist a brother in a particularly advantageous speculation, endeavoured to raise a mortgage on his estate; the deeds thereby fell under the observation of a lawyer clever enough to discover a flaw in the title, from the neglect of passing a fine, and sharp enough to turn it to his own benefit by acquainting the person who might take advantage of the objection. This person - it is not worth while to mention names--determined to pursue his claims, ejected Mr. Barr from the estate. The affair is now in the Court of Chancery. I am employed on the part of Mr. Barr; and he was introduced to me through the recommendation of a client in the country."

"And," said Mr. South, "has Mr. Barr, do you know, any other property than this?"

"That," said Mr. Carter, smiling with mysterious importance, "I am not at liberty to say." The fact was, Mr. Carter had very uncertain information on the subject, and he was now engaged in the suit partly on the strength of the recommendation before-mentioned, partly upon probabilities; "but," he added, in a tone of sincerity, "he is undoubtedly a most honourable and excellent man, and his family, though my daughters tell me they are proud, seem very amiable; and now, gentlemen, you have, without cross-examination, gained, if not the whole truth, nothing but the truth," and Mr. Carter smiled.

A short time after, his companions took leave, and walked home together along the now nearly-deserted street; and before they parted, it was determined that they should on the morrow call upon the Barrs, and leave to choice or their own penetration the solution of the mystery that seemed to rest on them.

The following morning there were stealthy footsteps and lowered voices in the dwelling of the Barrs. Ellen slept. A scanty breakfast had been finished, the more scanty for the large proportion set aside for the invalid. When she waked, there was anxiety, but not fear, at least not much. Before we find how slight is the thread of existence in all, the abundance of life, the unwasted vigour of the young, the habitual hopes, almost expectations, of the seventy years of man, being fully counted out to us, all this hurls the fears of the heart not yet bereaved untimely.

It was early morning for a London visit, and Ellen had just leaned back on her pillow after tasting the breakfast brought up stairs by her mother, and attended by her sisters, when a double rap at the hall-door announced, as they thought, the surgeon, who had promised to call in the course of his morning's round; but while they were busily preparing for his reception, Mary entered on tiptoe, and in the lowest possible whisper announced Mrs. and Miss Ashwood. Mary had no idea of "not-at-home" evasion, and had immediately asked them into the drawing-room. It was fortunate that their names had not reached Ellen's ear, and evading her languid inquiry, Anne and her mother went down stairs, leaving Clara with the invalid. On their entrance, Miss Ashwood anticipated her mother in eager questions of Ellen's health, and apologies for their unseasonable call her mother, meanwhile, looking grave and cross, as if she thought herself fallen into company unsuitable for her, and determined to make

the incompatible parties conscious of it. Mrs. Barr met this temper with equal gravity but unabated courtesy. Anne felt so indignant, that scarcely could Miss Ashwood's kind and friendly manners preserve her from sharing in the coolness and distance with which she retorted.

"Pray, Mrs. Barr," at length said Mrs. Ashwood quite abruptly, "are you any relation to the Barrs of Hampshire?"

"We did live in Hampshire," observed Mrs. Barr quietly.

"Ah!" but, said Mrs. Ashwood somewhat scornfully, "I don't suppose you belong to the family I mean. You know, Esther," she continued to her daughter, "the Barrs your aunt Enderly used to talk of."

Mrs. Barr smiled mournfully, but made no remark, and Anne took her cue from her mother and was silent. A broken conversation followed, for Mrs. Ashwood spoke only by fits and starts, and her daughter seemed embarrassed by her manners and their effects, and they were proceeding to take their leave, the young lady having in a low voice told Anne that she should send that evening to learn the doctor's opinion, when Mr. Ward and Mr. South were announced; Mrs. Ashwood again seated herself, for they were both persons who were worth being cultivated as acquaintance. Surprise, and a variety of other auxiliary feelings, coloured Anne's face; the cordial and carefully-respectful manner of the last-named gentleman conciliated her anger, and soothed the pride his behaviour of the evening before had offended. Mr. Ward had entered with a degree of embarrassment altogether extraordinary in the behaviour of a grave elderly gentleman, and when introduced to Mrs. Barr had seemed to shrink like a beaten child; his quickly-withdrawn glance had only confused him the more, for that lady's face, on perceiving him, had become frightfully pale, and her bow was assuredly as much weakness as courtesy; but when she raised her head again, the cheeks, the brow, the temples, were crimson, and it was evidently with an effort that her eyes were raised from the floor. Mrs. Ashwood's observant eye had marked all this, and she was prepared with liberal constructions; but Mr. Ward's introduction to her, which followed, diverted her attention for a few minutes, and when she looked again, the unconcern and unconsciousness which Mr. Ward had contrived to assume had somewhat restored Mrs. Barr's equanimity, with the hope that his memory had failed to identify her with the distress he had relieved. While a slight conversation of common-places was being carried on by the six persons there assembled, it might have been curious to notice in each the contrast between the smooth and comely surface and the under-current of agitated feelings. Such, it is said, are the necessary hypocrisies of society: it is a sad necessity, if it is one.

Those now remarked were, however, just separating, the visitors departing, when a bustle was heard in the hall below, that excited the covert attention of all. A single rap at the door had been followed by a rough loud voice, saying, "That's all very well for you to tell me so, my young gentleman, but it won't do for a chap in my profession; so I'll just look for myself, and tell you my opinion, and no mistake."

"I tell you again," said Francis, in a raised voice, "Mr. Barr, my father, is not now in the house, and I shall not suffer you to advance further in it."

"Come, come, young sir," said another voice, "you'd better let us in quietly, seeing as you can't help yourself; this bit o' paper'll open every other door in this house, whether you like it or not."

"I have told you," said Francis, "that if you want Mr. Barr you will not find him here. This I repeat, and bid you pass one step further at your peril."

"Green as grass," said the other in a jeering tone, and a scuffle followed. This had passed so rapidly, and Mrs. Barr and her daughter were themselves so anxious and terrified, that they could only listen silently; but at the sound of violence, both, forgetful of everything but the safety of Francis, rushed down stairs. He was vainly struggling with the two intruders, one of whom, at Mrs. Barr's appearance, called out, "Come, ma'am, and cool this young hot-head; ain't we to be allowed to do our duty?"

"You scoundrel!" said Francis, and thereupon another struggle was commencing, when Anne pressed forward; her mother had clasped her son's arm, and was endeavouring to draw him away.

"What is the matter?" said Anne, as collected a voice as she could assume; "what do these persons want?"

"Go, Anne," said Francis sharply, "and take my mother up stairs; you have no business here."

"We want Mr. Barr," said one of the men; "we've got a

bit of paper for him, and see him will, if he's in the house."

"He is not," said Anne; "but if you have human feelings, pray make no confusion: my sister is very ill up stairs."

"Perhaps he hanged!" said the other, the passion of the struggle not yet subdued; "I must do my duty."

Francis was ready to interpose again with an angry retort, when a double rap at the door interrupted proceedings. The two intruders winked at each other and were silent. Francis went to open it, fearing it might be his father returned; but, with a countenance unembarrassed as if he had been utterly unconcerned in the present dilemma, enter Mr. Plumer with the morning salutation. After bowing with apparent surprise to Mrs. Barr and Anne, he was passing into the office, when Francis, who had been struck dumb by the coolness of this assurance, found voice to say, "Sir, this is ungentlemanly, if not unprofessional; you are well acquainted with the errand of these men."

"Allow me to speak to you here," said Mr. Plumer, unmoved, entering the office as he spoke, and beckoning to the two men: all three followed him, and the door was closed behind them.

Mr. Ward and his friend had stood at the head of the stairs vacillating between the fear of impertinent interference and the wish to offer aid; but just as Mr. Plumer came, Mr. South was rushing down stairs, stirred beyond his patience: he now, however, returned, with as much unconcern as he could affect, to the drawing-room, with their hostess and her daughter, at the door of which Mrs. and Miss Ashwood were still standing, the former swelling with insulted importance in being present at a scene of such vulgar distress, the latter in an agitation of fear and pity. They now took their leave, Mrs. Ashwood with a great deal of angry dignity, and her daughter contriving, by the pressure of Anne's hand, to testify her sympathy. Mr. Ward accompanied them; he felt that his slight acquaintance gave him no claim to assist, and he went home to consider how he could do so most effectually; but Mr. South still remained, and after full ten minutes had been spent in distracted conversation, during which he was endeavouring to summon words and resolution for his purpose, he was beginning at last somewhat suddenly to say, "Might I take the liberty of an old acquaintance to request that you will allow me to be of some service in this emergency?" when Francis entered alone; there was a look of mortification in his countenance, superadded to the flush of irritation not yet allayed.

"They are gone," he said, in a low voice to his mother, "and will not trouble us again at present."

Mr. South heard, and determined to defer to a better opportunity the furtherance of his friendly wish; and Mr. Barr's return, which in a few minutes called Francis down stairs, interrupted a friendly but inconsequential conversation. Mr. South took leave, and Anne and her mother returned once more to the bedside of Ellen. The sound of the disturbance below had reached her, spite of care and closed doors; she was evidently worse, and the mother and sister shuddered as a further and fearful capacity of suffering was revealed to their hearts.

#### THE IRISH, IN THE FAR WEST.

How grieved I am, that the Irish people should tarnish the generous and noble qualities which they really do possess, by the violence and lawlessness of their habits! In explanation of this well-known fact, we are always told that it is owing entirely to the oppression and misgovernment of the English. It may be *partly* so, but no more. The Irish in America, in every State, from Maine to Louisiana, where they are certainly not oppressed, and are free from tithes, from heavy taxes, from every subject of complaint and grievance in Ireland, are still the most improvident, quarrelsome, turbulent population on this continent. Nature has been liberal to Ireland in her soil and climate; she has endowed its inhabitants with humour, readiness both of conception and language, bravery, and generosity; but she seems to have been less liberal in providing them with judgment and a just moral sense, the absence of which qualities impairs or perverts the above endowments.

*The Hon. C. A. Murray's Travels in North America.*

\* Incomplete as is the Imprisonment for Debt Act, whose operation commenced on the 1st of October, 1830, it has done much towards abating the nuisance and distress of such scenes as the one above described. See the article "Credit and Debt" in No. I. of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A RAMBLE IN NORTH WALES.

CONCLUDED.

OUR last paper left us at Llanwrst, seeking a refuge in the arms of Morpheus, from the clamour raised to the honour and glory of Mr. Mostyn's "Queen of Trumps." When morning roused us from our slumbers, we took our way towards Capel Curig. Deviating from the post-road, which would have led us round by Bettws-y-Coed and considerably lengthened the distance, we struck across the hills and pursued a rough foot-path through the woods, which brought us out at the "look out," which we before mentioned as standing immediately over the Rhaiadyr-y-Wennol. The view of the falls from this spot is very fine, and the point is also very favourable for the lover of the picturesque, commanding a wide extent of prospect. Moel Ciabod towers before you, and Snowdon is seen in the distance; at your feet the rapid falls are dashing, and around you are the green trees of the forest.

Descending to the banks of the stream, and crossing it a little further up, we reached the inn at Capel Curig just as a violent storm burst down in fury. Close to the house, which is quite detached from the village, are two lakes extending together perhaps about a mile in the direction of Llanberis; the storm came from that quarter with such fury as to drive the waters over their bounds, and send them foaming onward in waves which we could not have believed capable of being produced on waters of so little extent, had we not ourselves beheld them. Snowdon, which in clear weather is seen to great advantage from this spot, was obscured. Black masses of cloud lay on Moel Ciabod, which towered close to us; the thunder pealed above us; the wind howled and whistled as it came down from Llanberis in sudden blasts, whilst the water roared, and the mountain-ash upon its borders bent and shivered in the gale. It was truly a mountain storm in all its awful grandeur.

As soon as the weather cleared sufficiently we moved on to Dolbadern, which we were obliged to make our resting-place from the state of the weather, having originally intended to reach Caernarvon that night. Our road led us through the Pass of Llanberis, one of the most impressive scenes in Wales. This narrow passage, between three and four miles long, bounded on the north by the Glyder and Lliger mountains, and on the south by the base of Snowdon, was not until recently practicable for carriages, but an excellent road has now been constructed. The mountains tower immediately on each side, and appear as if they would close and swallow up the adventurous traveller. In many places the distance from rock to rock is not more than 160 feet, and on the north side the cliffs are very precipitous. Snowdon on this side does not rise so abruptly, and is here covered with loose shale shivered from the mountain by the action of rain and frost. In former times this valley was covered with forests of oak, which must have increased the awful gloom tenfold. All the mountainous country around Snowdon was once well wooded, and the whole region was long one of the royal forests. It has for a length of time been quite denuded, but recently very extensive plantations have been made, and with a view to their preservation the goats have almost all been destroyed. A very few still remained on Snowdon, but throughout our travels we met with none elsewhere.

At the western extremity of the pass are two lakes of some extent, connected by the little river Seiont. Between them, on a small eminence, stands the castle of Dolbadern. It is now reduced to a single tower, thirty feet in diameter, but there are traces of outworks which once surrounded it. Its situation makes it an exceedingly picturesque object from many points of view, the best perhaps being from the bridge at the extremity of the western lake, from whence you look back upon the whole range of the mountains you have passed. Near the castle is an excellent inn, recently erected, bearing the title of the Vittoria Hotel, where we were glad to take refuge from a storm which overtook us as we emerged from the pass, and drenched us to the skin before we could reach the door.

Formerly very extensive copper-works were carried on here,

the ore being extracted from Snowdon, and the works supplied with water by a wooden aqueduct stretching across the valley. At the time of our visit they were discontinued. On both sides of the valley slate is quarried in considerable quantities, and conveyed down to the lake by tram roads.

Llanberis was the residence of the far-famed Margaret-uch-Evan, better known as Peggy Evans, whose deeds have been celebrated both in prose and verse. Mr. Pennant, in his "Tour in Wales," tells us that "this extraordinary female was the greatest hunter, shooter, and fisher of her time; she kept a dozen at least of dogs, terriers, greyhounds, and spaniels, all excellent in their kinds. She killed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts do in ten; rowed stoutly, and was queen of the lake; fiddled excellently, and knew all the Old British music; did not neglect the mechanic arts, for she was a good joiner; and at the age of seventy was the best wrestler in the country, and few young men dared to try a fall with her. She had a maid of congenial qualities, but Death, that mighty hunter, at last earthed this faithful companion. Margaret was also blacksmith, shoe-maker, boat-builder, and maker of harps. She shod her own horses, made her own shoes, and built her own boats, while she was under contract to convey the copper ore down the lakes. All the neighbouring bards paid their addresses to Margaret, and celebrated her exploits in pure British verse. At length she gave her hand to the most effeminate of her admirers, as if predetermined to maintain the superiority which nature had bestowed upon her." And thus sang Mr. Hutton, the celebrated Birmingham stationer, himself as extraordinary a character as her he described.

"Among the rocks of Llanberis, where foot comes not nigh,  
No eye sees their summit, except a bird's eye,  
Nor aught in the prospect appears to the sight,  
But water and mountain, yet they give delight;  
Quite silent for miles through these regions you go,  
Except when the sultry wind chooses to blow;  
But few are their neighbours, and fewer their quarrels,  
And fewest of all are good liquors and barrels;  
In stockings or shoes are no mighty sums spent,  
In building or gaming, or eating, or tent;  
Instead of regaling with luxury there,  
We see life sustained with the most simple fare;  
Their health and their harmony are not disjointed,  
For, as they expect not, they're not disappointed.  
Robust are the females, hard labour attends them,  
With the fist they could knock down the man who offends them,  
Here lived Peggy Evans, who saw ninety two,  
Could wrestle, row, fiddle, and hunt a fox too;  
Could ring a sweet peal, as the neighbourhood tells,  
That would charm your two ears—had there been any bells;  
Enjoyed rosy health in a lodging of straw,  
Commanded the saw-pit, and wielded the saw;  
And though she's deposited where you can't find her,  
I know she has left a few sisters behind her.

But rhyme seduced Mr. Hutton into a trifling mistake concerning the age of her whose prowess he commemorated. Peggy Evans lived to the age of 105 years, and departed this life in 1801. We were told at Llanberis that she had left a daughter behind her, who by no means disgraced the fame of her progenitrix.

In the morning, after examining the castle and visiting the Caunant or Ceynant Mawr, the waterfall of the Great Chasm, a very fine fall of about sixty feet in height, about half a mile from the tower, we marched on to Caernarvon (nine miles), where we occupied some hours in examining the castle, one of the very finest relics of feudal grandeur. There is great similarity between this edifice and Conway Castle, and they are said, and with great probability, to be the work of the same architect; they are both remarkable for the elegance of their structure. Gaernarvon castle, which occupies an area of two acres and a half, is said to have been built in one year; a prodigious work for the times in which it was erected, and one which would be accounted extraordinary even in these days of increased facilities of transit and workmanship.

The room in which Edward II. was born is pointed out, but its appearance is not such as to justify the tradition. It is a small low-browed, confined, stone-floored apartment, formed in the thickness of the wall, communicating on one side with a stone gallery which appears to have extended all round the walls, and on the other with a larger apartment occupying the whole area of the Eagle Tower, now inaccessible, the floor having fallen in. In fact, the probability seems to be that the spacious room in the interior of the tower was that in which the prince was born, and that this was but the ante-chamber, or waiting-room, of the attendants. The Eagle Tower, which is the only one that can now be ascended, takes its name from a stone figure of an eagle surmounting one of the turrets, and which is said to have been transported by the orders of Edward I. from the Roman station of Segontium, a short distance from the town.

We now pushed on to Beddgelert (twelve miles), where we arrived late in the evening, and lost no time in summoning a guide to make arrangements for ascending Snowdon on the morrow. He came, an old man, who had acted as guide for many years, and told us that his limbs were failing, and he thought this would be his last season. He recollected Wilson the painter, Pennant and Bingley. He told us he kept a book once in which the names of those he had conducted were duly entered, and that it had contained many illustrious names, but some nefarious autograph-hunter had borrowed it, and he never saw it again.

At nine o'clock next morning we started. The distance from the inn to the summit of the mountain is estimated at six miles, three miles to the starting-point at the foot of the mountain, and three miles thence to the upper regions. We having a design in our heads which we thought not fit to communicate as yet to our guide, considered it prudent to husband our strength, and procured an open one-horse fly to carry us over the first three miles; but the animal in the shafts proved so doggedly obstinate and slug-gishly slow of foot, despite all our persuasions with whip and oburgation, that will ye, nil ye, we were forced to abandon our chariot, and foot it every step, much to the satisfaction of our cicerone, who seemed to think it quite degrading to set out for Snowdon in a fly.

After retracing the road towards Caernarvon for about three miles, we arrived at the proper starting-place, near which a lonely farm-house stands on the outskirts of the mountain. The morning was very dubious; the sky was filled with clouds, and the whole mountain was enveloped in mist. Our guide shook his head, and told us we had but a bad chance; we, however, determined to proceed, and, as if we carried a charm upon us, the mist receded as we advanced, seeming to roll up the mountain's side and retreat before our steps. The first part of the way is boggy, and requires a pilot to point out the safe path; soon it becomes more bare, and the path is encumbered with loose stones. Gradually it becomes more difficult, and at a little beyond the second mile is no longer practicable for horses. The ascent on the Llanberis side is much easier, but not nearly so advantageous in the prospects it commands. We were particularly fortunate; the mist, as we have said before, clearing away just in advance of us. Each moment increased the sphere of our vision, and showed the prospect that lay at our feet, in a new point of view. The exact number of lakes which may be descended from the summit of Snowdon we forget, although our guide gave us the information: we, however, counted eighteen within the range of our sight, without including those in the cwms or valleys of Snowdon. The seashore, Caernarvon, the Isle of Anglesea, the whole range of the Snowdonian mountains, their deep valleys and towering precipices, were all spread out before us. As we advanced, the scene extended far, far away, into distant parts of England. After leaving the spot where the horse-track terminates, the path became very precipitous, but we climbed stoutly. An awful depth lay on our left hand, from whence we looked down far below upon four lakes lying near each other in a gorge of the mountain, one called the *Llyn Coch*, the Red-pool; another the *Llyn y Nadrodd*, the Adder's-pool (a plea-

sant denomination); the third the *Llyn Gŵllys*, the Blue-pool; and the fourth the *Llyn Ffynnon y Glâs*, the Servants'-pool. The origin of this last name we could not learn. It requires nerves previously braced by exercise and mountain air, to stand calmly on the brink of the precipice and look down to the depths below. If a man, conversant only with the streets of London and the flat roads around it, were suddenly to be lifted into these exalted regions, it is not probable that he could bear to look down to such a fearful depth, or breathe freely the thin air of the mountain-top; a gradual approach is almost necessary; the body then becomes somewhat acclimatised, and what would have turned the head a week before is borne easily. At least such was our conviction when mounting Snowdon.

On attaining the height of the precipitous path we have just been speaking of, we turned suddenly to the left, to pass the most difficult part of the ordinary path. This is the *Clawdd Coch*, or Red-ridge; and a ridge it certainly is. Rough and uneven as can be, its whole width is not more than ten or twelve feet; its length is upwards of two, and perhaps more nearly approaching three, hundred yards. On each hand, the mountain opens into deep cwms, or valleys, and, as a former traveller has truly said, "in some parts, if you hold a large stone in each hand, and let them both fall at once, each would roll above a quarter of a mile, and thus when they stop be more than a half a mile asunder." Our guide told us that he had known several travellers who had found it impossible to walk over this terrific path, and who had been obliged to pass it on their hands and knees; but he told us he had seen many a lady (he was a great admirer of the ladies, by the way) skip over it "like a young fawn." He and his fellow guides had lately been making an easier path, by cutting away the side of the rock, but we scorned such mean accommodation, and boldly trod the pass. We had hitherto chased the clouds, but here we overtook them, and were, until we were close upon the summit, enveloped in mist. The rest of the path was steep and craggy, but by no means dangerous, and at length we reached the top, and as we did so the clouds all disappeared. What a glorious scene! What feelings of delight and exultation filled our bosoms! There is something ennobling and inspiring in the air of these alpine regions which is inexpressible. You seem filled with fresh power, vigour, and energy. Yet it is quite impossible adequately to describe the feelings you experience. We had, up to this time, kept a very rough journal, jotting down carelessly a few memoranda; but when we sat down together that evening, and asked each other what was to be said in the journal, we both agreed that the word "Snowdon" was all we could dare to write.

On the summit is erected a tall post or mast surrounded by dry-stonework: this was raised by the engineers who conducted the ordnance survey, as a conspicuous mark by which to distinguish Snowdon from other stations. Just below is a dwarfish hut constructed of rude stones, which may form a convenient retreat in stormy weather, but which we needed not, as the sky was now beautifully clear. After admiring to the full the magnificent scene around us, we sat down and with great glee demolished the provisions we had brought with us, which were, alas! barely sufficient to satisfy the cravings of our mountain appetites; certain it is that we bitterly disappointed the ravens, who, although previously invisible, appeared in the sky the moment we left the place, and hovered around, impatient for expected relief. We did not leave them even a crumb, and it is a wonder they did not follow and pick our eyes out for our hard-heartedness. As soon as we had eaten the last morsel and drained the last drop, we imparted to our guide our desire not to return by the usual path, but to complete the circuit of the mountain. He at first demurred, and spoke of hazard in the task, which he himself had never attempted but twice before; however, finding that we were determined to try it, whether he went or not, he very cheerfully assented, and led the way. Returning by *Clawdd Coch*, he led us down into the *Cwm*, where lie the four lakes before mentioned; and then clambering over detached rocks, and passing through some spots

of boggy ground overgrown with bright-green herbage, we again ascended to some height upon the side of the mountain overlooking the pass of Llanberis. This was the most difficult part of our road. The whole side of the mountain was covered with loose fragments of rock of all sizes, shivered from the main body by frost and rain, which gave way at each step, whilst the declivity was so precipitous as to make it impossible to walk upright, it being necessary to lean for support upon the mountain side. We were obliged to go one by one, for each step detached large stones whose weight would have been fatal to any one walking below. After a painful progress in Indian file, for about the third part of a mile, we reached a barrier of naked rock which it was necessary to scale. This was soon accomplished, and we now found ourselves in a hollow of the mountain shaped almost like a bowl. The lower part was occupied by a lake in whose clear waters all the manifold hues of the surrounding rocks were reflected. Three sides were surrounded by bare and precipitous stone bulwarks; the fourth by a green hill, so steep as to render it excessively difficult to pass without danger of rolling into the waters below. However with some toil we achieved this task, and then emerged upon a more open space upon the side of the mountain facing the road from Capel Curig to Beddgelert, and not very far from the opening of the pass of Llanberis. Here, after a good deal of scrambling, we obtained a view of a very fine cataract called the *Rhaeadyr Cwm Dyli*, which in five distinct cascades falls together upwards of 230 feet. After viewing this fall and resting ourselves some time upon its side, we proceeded to complete our circuit of the mountain, our faces being now turned towards Beddgelert in an opposite direction to our course in the morning. Keeping along the skirts of the mountain, we found ourselves obliged to ford a shallow stream before we could go forward upon our way. We were now in *Nant Gwynant*, or the *Vale of Waters*, and truly it may be called so, as to say nothing of a stream that runs through it, it contains at least two if not three lakes or pools. Lying out of all the more usual tracks it is not very often visited by tourists, but it should be, for of all the valleys we passed through, it is the most pleasing and delightful. It is about six miles long, and before we had gone far from *Rhaeadyr Cwm Dyli*, we all began to find that we had had far too little to eat on the top of Snowdon. Our guide told us he knew the people at a farm about a mile further on the road, and he thought it likely we could get something there, so we trudged on and at last arrived at a long low-roofed, cottage we should have said in England, but farm-house, was the name in Wales. "*Dyn Sassenach*" was the word here, but our guide had *Cymri* as well as *Sassenach*, and explained our wants, and forthwith oat cakes and buttermilk, the best they had, were laid before us. The oat-cakes were not much to our taste, but hunger being a sharp sauce, they soon disappeared; but we could not stomach the butter-milk, which was "as sour as verjuice," but both our guide and our host appeared much surprised at our requesting plain water as a substitute. The oat-cakes however did their part, and we left the hospitable house in far better cue than we entered, (for even our guide began to feel the effect of the unwonted toil,) and we now went merrily on towards Beddgelert. Night fell before we reached it, and we could but imperfectly see the scenery of the last two miles; but we returned with our hearts full of an indescribable gratitude that we had been permitted to behold such an exhibition of the glorious works of God.

Our old guide was quite proud of the achievements of himself and his protégés, and his heart having been warmed with a good glass of whiskey punch, he retired to rest as pleased as ourselves.

But three more days were left of the time allotted for our absence, and we hastened on our way with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. We pushed forward the next day twenty-eight miles to Dolgelly, passing through some of the finest country in Wales, especially that between Beddgelert and *Tan-y-bwlch*, but the impression of Snowdon still lingered on us. We had seen the master-piece, and could scarcely be affected by anything inferior. Yet the next day, when between Dolgelly and

Machynlleth, (pronounced Mahünleth) we wound round the foot of Cader Idris and looked over a country which seemed more desert, more solitary, than any we had yet seen, a deeper feeling of awe overcame us than we had felt even in the pass of Llanberis or on the summit of Snowdon. At Machynlleth, a place chiefly remarkable for the remains of an ancient building, said to have been the scene of an assembly of Welsh chieftains summoned by Owen Glendwr, we found it necessary to adopt a more speedy mode of travel to reach Aberystwith, a pleasant watering-place, where we passed one day, and then, stepping into the mail, bade adieu to Wales. As we passed over Plinlimmon, we beheld the first snows of the season (it was the first week in October), and knew that Snowdon, on whose summit we had so lately stood, was now shut out from the foot of the traveller till the next summer's sun should melt away the icy barrier.

#### THE VAMPIRE BAT.

ONE of these extraordinary productions of nature has recently been imported into this country, and has been located, as the back settlers say, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. The diet there allotted to him we are ignorant of, and can scarcely suppose that Mr. Cross allows him access to his bed-room, there in security to draw his supplies from his great toe: if he were turned over to an under keeper, or were it proposed that each attaché of the gardens should take him turn and turn about, we fear there would be a mutiny. Pondering deeply upon this subject, and agitated by fears that this unparalleled curiosity must surely die of starvation in these uncongenial climes, we recollected an account of this creature, written by a gentleman who had formed a very intimate acquaintance with its congeners. Mr. Waterton, who spent some years in "Wanderings in South America," and whose book under that title is one of the most entertaining and instructive works on natural history now extant, notwithstanding the hoax he played off upon the good folks of Demerara, thus describes the vampire:—

"As there was a free entrance and exit to the vampire in the loft where I slept, I had many a fine opportunity of paying attention to this nocturnal surgeon. He does not always live on blood. (How unspeakably gratified Mr. Cross must feel when he reads these words!) He does not always feed on blood. When the moon shone bright, and the fruit of the banana-tree was ripe, I could see him approach and eat it. He would also bring into the loft from the forest a green round fruit, something like the wild guava, and about the size of a nutmeg. There was something also in the blossom of the sawari nut-tree which was grateful to him; for, on coming up to Waratilla Creek, in a moonlight night, I saw several vampires fluttering round the top of the sawari tree, and every now and then the blossoms which they had broken off fell into the water. They certainly did not drop off naturally, for, on examining several of them, they appeared quite fresh and blooming: so I concluded the vampires pulled them from the tree, either to get at the incipient fruit, or to catch the insects which often take up their abode in flowers.

"The vampire in general measures about twenty-six inches from wing to wing extended, though I once killed one which measured thirty-two inches. He frequents old abandoned houses and hollow trees; and sometimes a cluster of them may be seen in the forest, hanging head downwards from the branch of a tree.

"Goldsmith seems to have been aware that the vampire hangs in clusters, for in the 'Deserted Village,' speaking of America, he says—

'And matted woods, where birds forget to sing,  
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling.'

"The vampire has a curious membrane, which rises from the nose, and gives it a very singular appearance. There are two species of vampire in Guiana, a larger and a smaller. The larger sucks men and other animals; the smaller seems to confine himself to birds. I learnt from a gentleman, high up in the river Demerara, that he was completely unsuccessful with his fowls on account of the small vampire. He showed me some that had been sucked the night before, and they were scarcely able to walk.

"Some years ago I went to the river Paumaron with a Scotch gentleman, by name Tarbat. We hung our hammocks in the thatched loft of a planter's house. Next morning I heard this gentleman muttering in his hammock, and now and then letting fall an imprecation or two just about the time he ought to have been saying his morning prayers. 'What is the matter, Sir,' said I softly; 'is anything amiss?' 'What's the matter!' answered he surlily;

'why, the vampires have been sucking me to death!' As soon as there was light enough, I went to his hammock, and saw it much stained with blood. 'There,' said he, thrusting his foot out of the hammock, 'see how these infernal imps have been drawing my life's blood.' On examining his foot, I found the vampire had tapped his great toe. There was a wound, somewhat less than that made by a leech: the blood was still oozing from it. I conjectured he might have lost from ten to twelve ounces of blood. Whilst examining it, I think I put him in a worse humour, by remarking that a European surgeon would not have been so generous as to have bled him without making a charge. He looked up in my face, but did not say a word. I saw he was of opinion that I had better have spared this ill-timed piece of levity."

Leut. Harriott, who, after passing through more chances and changes than fall to the lot of ordinary men, at last settled down as a commissioner of the Thames Police, on the first institution of that invaluable body, in his curious "Struggles through Life," relates an anecdote very similar to Mr. Waterton's; but he says that, all around the foot of the hammock were little piles of coagulated blood, as if the vampire, after sucking to repletion, had disgorged what it had taken, and had again and again returned to the charge. The sufferer was in this case left in a dreadful state of weakness.

We just now adverted to the hoax Mr. Waterton put upon the good people of Demerara. Having often, in the course of his studies in natural history, had occasion to lament the imperfection of the usual methods of stuffing preserved specimens of birds and animals he set himself to work to discover some method by which they might be exhibited as they really lived and moved; and, by perseverance, he at length succeeded so well, as not only to be able perfectly to preserve the integuments, but to give any expression that might be desired to the countenance.

As a test of his skill, he prepared the head and shoulders of a baboon, or some other animal, but what it really was has never been divulged, and after giving it the appearance of an ancient wild man of the woods, with features perfectly human, (a portrait of the monster is given as a frontispiece to his "Wanderings,") he produced it at Demerara as a veritable specimen of an unknown species. All ran to behold the singular curiosity, and there was no end of wonder, till at length the secret crept out; and the indignation at the jest was so vehement, that, as we were assured by a gentleman who was at Demerara at the time, Mr. Waterton found it advisable to quit the place sooner than he had purposed, leaving the monster behind him, which, when our informant last beheld it, was lying rotting in the yard of the custom-house.

#### A DISCOURSE OF PRINTING.

THERE are many who will remember the passage in Scott's novel of "Quentin Durward," in which the astrologer, Martivale Galeotti, anticipates the great effects of the invention of printing:

"'You are engaged, father,' said the king, (Louis XI.) 'and, as I think, with this new-fashioned art of multiplying manuscripts by the intervention of machinery. Can things of such mechanical and terrestrial import interest the thoughts of one before whom Heaven has unrolled her own celestial volumes?'

"'My brother,' replied Martivale,—'for so the tenant of this cell must term even the King of France, when he deigns to visit him as a disciple,—believe me that, in considering the consequences of this invention, I read, with as certain augury as by any combination of the heavenly bodies, the most awful and portentous changes. When I reflect with what slow and limited supplies the stream of science hath hitherto descended to us,—how difficult to be obtained by those most ardent in its search,—how certain to be neglected by all who regard their ease,—how liable to be diverted, or altogether dried up, by the invasions of barbarism,—can I look forward, without wonder and astonishment, to the lot of a succeeding generation, on whom knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated, unbounded; fertilizing some grounds, and overflowing others; changing the whole form of social life; establishing and overthrowing religions; erecting and destroying kingdoms—'

"'Hold, Galeotti,' said Louis; 'shall these changes come in our time?'

"'No, my royal brother,' replied Martivale."  
It would not be too much to affirm that, after an interval of more than three centuries, the changes dependent upon the invention of printing, which in this passage of our great novelist are so beautifully and correctly described, are yet far from being fully accomplished.—From a Lecture.

## PHILOPROGENITIVENESS.

Be not alarmed, good reader. We are not about to give you a dissertation on bumps. We have no intention whatever of boring you with either science or sentiment. The philoprogenitiveness of which we mean to speak is not that of the physiologists. Quite a different thing. Our philoprogenitiveness is an art, not an institution of nature. It is the art of getting at papas and mamas through a prudent and judicious admiration of their offspring.

This art is tolerably well understood, and turned to pretty good account, by many, but is not often, we think, practised in the regular systematic way best calculated to develop its utmost capabilities of forwarding the practitioner's interests.

We are satisfied that, practised in this way, an excellent thing might be made of it, and, in this opinion, we are fortified by the experience of a very sensible friend of ours who makes out capably by a steady, well-regulated, and judicious system of child-praising.

Many an excellent dinner has it procured for our worthy friend, Bob Martin, and the *cubé* of many a hospitable mansion. To many a well-furnished board has it made him welcome, and last, though by no means least, many a settlement of many a landlady's score has it helped him to procrastinate *sine die*.

When looking out for lodgings—for Bob was a bachelor—he always chose houses where there was a family of young children. They were the instruments with which he wrought his purposes, and he could not possibly do without them. He could not have made his quarters good for a fortnight in any house where there were no children; for Bob was a villanously bad payer. Where these were, he could reckon on being permitted to stay as long as he pleased.

When in quest of a new billet, Bob generally effected his lodgements by the following process. Having selected a house whose exterior and situation pleased him, and which, above all other considerations, exhibited symptoms of containing some specimens of the rising generation, Bob rang the bell, calculating on one of two chances:—either that the person who answered the door should have an infant in her arms, or that one or more children should be found romping in the passage. The latter was most generally the case; and, when it was so, Bob, on the door being opened, would suddenly fix his eyes on the child as if struck with admiration of its appearance. Then, without waiting to speak to, or even to look at, the person who stood by, he would rush into the passage, catch up the miniature specimen of humanity in his arms, gaze on it with rapture, and exclaim "Bless my heart, what a lovely child! What a beautiful creature!"

If it was the mother of the child, his future landlady herself, who had opened the door, and who now stood beside him, it was so much the better. But, even if it was not so, he was sure to bring her very quickly on the ground by his praises of little master Jacky, which, in such case, he took care to sing out at the top of his voice.

All simpering and smiling, her ears tingling with the delightful music of her Jacky's praise, the mother would come curtesying towards Bob, and wish him "A good morning, sir," in the blindest tones imaginable.

"How old is the dear creature, ma'am?" would Bob say.

"Two years and a-half, sir, come the 15th of August next. No, I'm wrong. It's the seventeenth."

"Bless my soul! you don't say so, ma'am," exclaims Bob, in the utmost amazement. "That boy only two and a-half years. Impossible, ma'am, impossible. You must be mistaken. Why he's bigger than many boys of six."

"Yet he's no more I assure you, sir," replies the delighted mother, with a modest simper. "Not a day."

"Well, now, I wouldn't have believed it. I couldn't unless you had assured me."

Now, be it observed, all the praise of Bob's, all the unconscionable praise, was bestowed on a stunted, miserable-looking little creature. But what did that signify? Bob knew it signified no-

thing. He knew that in this, and all such cases, he was perfectly safe. The apartments were now glanced at, merely glanced at however; for Bob was so engrossed with the dear, delightful master Jacky, whom he insisted on carrying in his arms during the process, that he paid little or no heed to the various conveniences and accommodations, now so anxiously and eagerly pointed out to him by the delighted mother. His attention is wholly taken up in admiring the beautiful child, to whom he keeps talking in a strain of the fondest endearment.

Bob finishes by hugging and kissing the "lovely infant," places sixpence in its tiny fist, and his quarters are secured without further trouble—no inconvenient queries put, no reference asked; for who could think of any such proceeding with so kind and civil a gentleman?

The quarters thus secured, Bob continued to hold on the same tenure; that is, by an increasing admiration of the personal beauty and mental capacity of master Jacky.

With regard to this last, Bob declares he has seen a good deal of precocious genius, but never before saw anything to compare to that evinced by his dear little friend. The fellow, he swears, will one day be lord chancellor of England. "He will, ma'am, depend upon't," he says to his dotting mama. "Do you know, ma'am, when I said to the little rogue the other day, 'Well, Jacky, my man, how do you get on?' 'I don't get on at all,' said he, quite sulky. 'Why, what's the matter, Jacky,' said I. Well, ma'am, what think you was the young dog's reply?"

"Why, really I don't know, sir," replies the simpering mama, glancing delightedly at the little snub-nosed, saucer-eyed rascal whose precocious genius was the subject of discussion.

"Why, what's the matter, Jacky," said I. "Should you like to know, old feller?" said he. Ha, ha, ha. "Should you like to know, old feller?" By Jingo he did, ma'am. These were the very words. Now, isn't that a sharp fellow for you, ma'am. That young scamp, ma'am"—here Bob spoke in a grave and serious tone, solemnly and deliberately—"that young scamp, ma'am, take my word for it, will not rest until he gets upon the woosack. And, please, ma'am, do me the favour to recollect that—to recollect that I have said it—said it most distinctly and unequivocally. It will form a passage in his history, ma'am; a very striking and interesting passage, ma'am."

"La! Mr. Martin, now, you are so droll. But do you really think Jacky so clever?"

"Think it ma'am! think it! Why—why"—and Bob here took out his handkerchief, and blew his nose—"Why, ma'am, upon my soul I do. He's an astonishing boy, ma'am, an astonishing boy."

How could Jacky's mama dum Bob after that?

Bob, however, although sufficiently lavish in his praises of children, was very economical as regarded any more substantial proofs of his regard for the "little darlings;" and, in the case of his landlady's children, fell upon a singularly ingenious expedient for gaining a reputation for kindness at small cost.

When any of the younger children—for it was only on these he could practise with safety—those who couldn't speak, and therefore couldn't blab—came into Bob's room while he was at breakfast, he smeared the *outside* of their mouths with butter, cream, or jelly; taking care, however, to put none in! and thus, marked with an incontestable sign of having partaken of his hospitality, dismissed them.

Need we say how Bob, at the cost of a sixpenny doll or a shilling drum, could at any time stave off a threatening demand for rent? Need we say how at processions, and other public spectacles, Bob would fly to a "dear little creature" whom he saw pressed in the crowd; taking care that either papa or mama, or both, were by, raise it up in his arms, and insist on holding it aloft that it might see what was passing? Need we say how often this kindness led to an acquaintance? How often this acquaintance led to an invitation "to call?" How often this invitation to call led to an invitation to dinner? and, finally, how often this invitation to dinner led to an intimacy of the most profitable kind, by adding another house to Bob's list of those where he could always calculate on a knife and fork? Need we say how Bob accomplished the same end, by taking violent fancies to children in steam-boats and other public conveyances? Need we say how by these, and a thousand other methods, Bob made an excellent thing of it; and showed to what capital account philoprogenitiveness might be turned by a man of genius and discretion?

## THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

The fatal fruit which our first parents ate in Paradise, has transmitted to their descendants a taste for the same food. The tree of knowledge is still flourishing in the earth, and its fruit is still as pleasant to the eyes, and as much to be desired, as it was in those early days of the earth's history. Fortunately, it is no longer a forbidden fruit, nor does it bring death as a punishment to those who endeavour to pluck and taste it. In our days, the desire of knowledge is the sure mark of civilisation—the sign and token of superior intellect; and its possession confers pre-eminence of power and influence among their fellows, both to nations and individuals.

It is the first step out of ignorance to know that there is anything to be known; and our craving for this, as for other luxuries, increases by its enjoyment. Those who know most are the most anxious to know more, and they are also the best acquainted with the vast extent of those stores which learning and science have yet to discover more fully. The pupil, whose acquaintance with nature and its laws is but slight, extending, perhaps, only to the more simple and elementary portions of science, may conceive that human knowledge is almost unbounded, because he himself cannot see its limits—as a traveller in a wood, whose view is contracted into the narrow circle of the trees immediately around him, might imagine that the forest is interminable, and may think that there is little beyond new or unknown; but the man to whom superior powers of mind and length of study have brought within his grasp the utmost parts of knowledge, and who has reached the boundary, is fully conscious both of the narrowness of the circle he has at present penetrated, and whose whole circuit is at once visible to his sight, and of the boundless extent of those heights and depths which still remain to us dark and unexplored, and which will furnish mankind, for countless ages, with full employment in exploring their recesses, and bringing into light their grand and hidden mysteries.

If man measures the size of the earth on which he is placed by the comparison of his own body, he may well be induced to think its dimensions enormous. He learns that the globe he inhabits is a sphere of nearly 8,000 miles' diameter; that the lofty mountains, which to him appear to reach the heavens, are, in comparison with the whole mass, smaller than the roughnesses on the rind of an orange; that the unfathomable ocean below, added to the dark masses of cloud which float at various heights in the atmosphere, appear to a spectator who could take in at once view the whole planet, but as the down upon a peach; and that his acquaintance with the composition and structure of this mass, reckoning from the summit of the highest mountain to the bottom of the deepest mine, extends through a space of less comparative thickness than the shell of an egg would be to the whole body. Such are the ideas of grandeur that would attach to a view of nature imperfect, confined only to the material world that we see beneath us. But this grandeur sinks into insignificance as the inquirer raises his thoughts above this world—as he becomes, by patient investigation, acquainted with the remoter realities of nature. He finds himself able to measure the diameter of that sun which he has hitherto thought made only as an humble servant to this earth, to endow with light and life the various productions of the nobler planet, and to supply that warmth necessary to call into action the principles of vitality contained in its womb; but he now finds this supposed inferior orb to be a globe, whose diameter is 883,000 miles, or more than eleven hundred times that of the earth; that its mass, or quantity of matter, is 33,400 times greater than the whole of that contained in this world; and that, if he could be transported from the earth to the sun, the former would appear from his new position but a speck upon the sky.

Further observations, and more powerful instruments, would inform him that there were six more planets which move round this sun, in the same form and manner as his own world; that of these, one contains 312, and another 98 times greater quantity of matter, and that all are globes, enlightened and heated by the same luminary, subject to the alternations of night and day, of winter and summer, and, in all probability, the abodes of animals and vegetables, as full of life and activity, and as varied by the productions of nature, as that earth with which he is best acquainted.

More distant still than these, are those bright specks which he sees adorning his sky, and which he now finds are orbs of light so distant, that the sun would appear to them but as they do to him—a mere brilliant point; and that if the whole system, from the

centre to the orbit described by the most distant planet, were lighted up into one vast globe of fire, it would form a circle of just visible dimensions to some of them.

But beyond even these, and more bewildering to the imagination of him who shall dare to contemplate them, are the unexplored regions of unlimited space. The thought that there must be something beyond the furthest point to which the telescope can reach, or the mind conceive; and the questions—What do those spaces contain?—are they dark and lifeless—mere accumulations of unformed chaos, or are they also peopled with worlds and beings of some unimagined nature?—become too painful for the human intellect to endure. These are mysteries which our means of obtaining knowledge do not permit of our penetrating, and whose development it is possible could not be borne or understood in our present state of being.

The poet has said—

"All that we know is, nothing can be known."

We do not of course mean to agree with his sentiment, but the saying is not that of an ignorant man, who, knowing nothing, assumed that "nothing could be known;" but of one well acquainted with various branches of information, and aware of their comparative nothingness as contrasted with the vast undiscovered abyss. Some such feeling it must have been that made Sir Isaac Newton, at the close of his life, say that to himself he was but as a boy playing by the sea-shore, and amused at finding some sparkling pebble or curious shell, but with the vast ocean of truth still rolling on, unvisited, before him.

There is some despondency in these reflections of a man whose life had been so entirely and so successfully employed in the pursuits of science; but let not our seeker for knowledge be discouraged by them for a moment. We may be obliged to acknowledge, at the end of our career, how small, in comparison with the whole expanse, is the space we have traversed; but we must remember that every step has been attended with enjoyment; that each further advance has opened some fresh source of gratification; that every new acquisition has brought within our reach such additions to our powers and our pleasures as have fully recompensed the labour necessary to their attainment; that knowledge, like virtue, may truly be said to be its own reward.

In tracing the history of the progress of knowledge, there is nothing that appears more striking and remarkable than the frequent changes, the alternate flow and ebb, by which that progress was attended. After one nation had been raised to a considerable pitch of refinement, and learning had spread widely and increased largely under the auspices of a succession of enlightened men, we see the full tide of knowledge suddenly arrested in its onward course. Sometimes some political change alters the position or character of a people, rendering them unfit, as it were, for the habitation of intellect: sometimes the country is devastated by the incursions of a barbarian enemy; and, at others, learning seems to expire by a gradual and natural death, as those mighty spirits under whose fostering influence it had grown and flourished are severally extinguished. And then a retrograde motion ensues: part of the accumulated knowledge is dispersed among other nations; part may be committed to writings, whose discovery after a lapse of ages will tell other generations of what has *once* been; but the greatest part will be altogether lost, and the favoured people sink down to its original state of ignorance.

Various very interesting books have been written, wherein are collected all the tokens and traces of the existence, at different periods, of learning among nations, who subsequently lost themselves, all recollections of their former possessions. In some of these works, even the times before the Flood are included; but more as a matter of argument than of fact, since our histories of those times are too scanty to furnish anything like a certain conclusion; but it is argued that there is every probability that, during a period of 2200 years, and when the extended duration of life allotted to man rendered the acquisition of knowledge more easy to each individual, the progress of mankind would have been at least as rapid as it has been during any period of equal extent that has since elapsed.

But to leave speculation, and descend to those times of which we still possess some visible records. We find, in the descriptions of the magnificence of Babylon and Nineveh, the first assurances of an advanced state of cultivation; and we know how utter has been the desolation of the countries whose boast they were, and that even the places where they stood are not positively known. More extraordinary still has been the fate of the Egyptians; at least it is more noticeable to us, because, with regard to them, we



do not rely on the credibility of an historian, but upon tangible and still existing evidence. The excellence of their architecture and sculpture may be attested by any who have seen the specimens of their art in the British Museum, or read the accounts given by travellers of the stupendous ruins which still remain as objects of admiration, though perhaps forty ages have passed over them. But these are not all: their massive edifices and subterranean mummy-caves may be all that by their nature could escape the destruction of time: and history may have preserved but a very incomplete account of the marvellous labyrinth; of their extensive system of irrigation by means of canals, or of their complicated and mysterious forms of worship; yet from these we can easily conclude that the state of science among them must have been considerably advanced. The enormous blocks used in constructing the pyramids and obelisks could not have been moved without the application of very powerful mechanical contrivances. The varied colours used in their hieroglyphics, which even yet retain much of their brilliancy, and the perfect manner in which they preserved the bodies of the dead, must convince us that their acquaintance with *chemistry* was extensive. That they were not ignorant of *astronomy*, is proved by the fact of the pyramids being all placed symmetrically with respect to the four quarters of the heaven, as well as by some particulars of their religious worship, narrated by old historians, or interpreted from the hieroglyphics, which even seem to point out a complete system of the celestial bodies. Moses also is represented as "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" and from them the early Greeks derived their first notions of philosophy and science. And yet this country, after obtaining a superiority over the rest of the world, gradually sank back into the depth of ignorance; and has for centuries been inhabited by rude and barbarian tribes, retaining only a few shattered and half-buried signs of its ancient glories.

In another part of the world, Hindostan, traces are found of a people who must have been immensely superior to the inhabitants whom Europeans have found there. Their idolatry appears to be the vitiated relics of an enlightened if not pure form of worship. The remains of various temples, of extensive water-tanks, and of sculptured caves, such as those at Elephanta, are all tokens of such a former condition, and are farther corroborated by different manuscripts in the Sanscrit language, which have been discovered by orientalisks.

In later times we find the same changes, though not to so great an extent, nor followed by so complete a darkness. We see the full tide visiting in succession Greece and Alexandria, and Carthage and Rome; and subsequently to our era, and after Italy had sunk under the dominion of the Goths, remaining at its height for a long period at Cairo and Bagdad; till it again travelled westward, being carried by emigration into Spain, by conquest into Constantinople, and by commerce into Venice, till the expeditions of the crusaders, fatal and unjustifiable as they were in many respects, effected the one good result of transmitting through the north of Europe those seeds of knowledge which have since taken root and flourished so abundantly.

Among the *causes* of these changes, some are from circumstances that can hardly recur at this period of improvement: during the first stages of progress in the infancy of knowledge, the advances are necessarily both slow and insecure. It is the marking out the form and extent, and laying the foundations of the edifice, that require so much labour. When materials become more abundant, and the structure begins to assume a regular form, the work proceeds with much greater rapidity. As we add fact to fact, and discovery to discovery, we both make further improvements more attainable, and furnish a greater variety of methods to avoid errors and correct the influence of those fallacious appearances by which earlier philosophers were so much impeded. Learning then becomes more popular, a greater number of individuals are employed in prosecuting its inquiries, and consequently it is more rapidly extended and less within the power of accident to retard its progress. The soldier who killed Archimedes at the taking of Syracuse, put an end to the life of the only mathematician at that time in Europe. The Caliph Omar condemned to the flames the magnificent library at Alexandria, thus annihilating by one sentence every record of the accumulated labours of a multitude of authors. But these are things that can never occur again. The invention of printing has caused information to be so widely disseminated, and rendered it so indestructible, that if Europe were once more overwhelmed by clouds of northern savages it would be but for a moment obscured. Indeed, we doubt whether another deluge, such as we find recorded in the sacred volume, could obliterate the memorials of this world's present inhabitants.

#### DANGER OF MERE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

CHANCE, and that spirit of inquiry which Paul Pry excuses in himself by calling it the characteristic of the age, once led us to visit the lunatic asylum of Charenton, about two miles from Paris. Amid the many sad and afflicting instances of debased and degraded humanity we met with, one man struck us most particularly. He was about five and-thirty years of age, tall and well-built, with a lofty forehead and a deep-set penetrating eye. The whole character of his head was highly intellectual; but the expression of his features was melancholy and depressing beyond anything my words can give an idea of. The face was deadly pale, and marked by small blue veins; and the dragged mouth and downcast look bespoke utter despair. He never noticed the persons about him, but stared fixedly at vacancy, and muttered constantly in a broken and supplicating voice, as if entreating forgiveness of some great and heinous crime.

"Will he recover?" said we, as we turned to leave the spot.

"Never," said the keeper: "his is a madness never curable."

On our return to Paris, M. E——, the celebrated physician, who had accompanied us to Charenton, gave us the following brief account of this man's case:—

Monsieur Eugene S—— had so brilliantly distinguished himself in his career at the French bar, that, at the early age of twenty-eight, he was named *procureur du roi*—an office in many respects similar to that of our attorney-general. To a great knowledge of his profession, rarely attainable at so early a period of life, he united the gift of a most convincing eloquence; and, stranger still, a thorough acquaintance with human nature in all its shapes and phases, which seemed absolutely incompatible with his habits of close study and seclusion. There was no art or "*metier*" with the details of which he was unacquainted: no rank or walk in life whose feelings and prejudices he could not dip into, and identify himself with. The very dialect of the lowest classes he had made his study, and, from the *patois* of Normandy to the outlandish jargon of the Gascons, he was familiar with all. Talents like these were not long in establishing the fame of their possessor, and before he had been four years at the bar, it was difficult to say whether he was more feared as a rival by his colleagues, or dreaded as an accuser by the criminal. This, to a French *avocat*, was the pinnacle of professional fame.

As his practice extended, his labour at home became much greater: frequently he did not leave his study till daybreak, and always appeared each morning at the opening of the court. The effect upon his health was evident in his pallid look, and his figure, formerly erect and firm, becoming stooped and bent: the life of excitement his career precepted left neither time nor inclination for society or amusement, and his existence was thus one great mental struggle.

All who understand the nature of a trial for life and death in France, are aware that it is neither more nor less than a drama, in which the *procureur du roi* plays the principal character, and whose success is estimated but by one test—the conviction of the accused. There is no preparation too severe, no artifice too deep, no plot too subtle, for the advocate upon occasions like this: he sets himself patiently to learn the character of the prisoner, his habits, his feelings, his prejudices, his fears; and, by the time that the trial comes on, is thoroughly familiar with every leading trait and feature of the man.

In combats like this, our advocate's life was passed; and so complete a mastery had the demoniacal passion gained over him, that whenever, by the acquittal of a "*prévenu*," he seemed to be defrauded in his rightful tribute of admiration and applause, the effect upon his spirits became evident; his head drooped, and for several days he would scarcely speak. The beaten candidate for collegiate honours never suffered from defeat as he did; and at last to such a height had this infatuation reached, that his own life seemed actually to hang in the scale upon every trial for a capital offence, and upon the issue threatened death to the advocate or the accused. "*Lequel des deux*," said an old barrister, at the open-

ing of a case; and the words became a proverb concerning Monsieur S—.

This mania was at its height when the government directed him to proceed to Bordeaux, to take the direction of a trial, which at that period was exciting the greatest interest in France. The case was briefly this:—A gentleman travelling for pleasure, accompanied by a single servant, had taken up his residence for some weeks upon the banks of the Garonne. Here the mild urbanity of his manners and prepossessing appearance soon won for him the attention and good-will of the inhabitants, who were much taken with him, and in an equal degree prejudiced against the servant, whose Bretagne stupidity and rudeness were ill calculated to make friends for him. In the little village where they sojourned, two new arrivals were sure to attract their share of attention, and they were most rigidly canvassed, but always with the same judgment.

Such was the state of matters, when one morning the village was thrown into commotion by the report that the stranger had been murdered in the night, and that the servant was gone—no one knew whither. On opening the door of the little cottage, a strange and sad sight presented itself: the floor was covered with packing cases and chests, corded and fastened as if for a journey; the little plate and few books of the deceased were carefully packed, and everything betokened preparation for departure. In the bedroom the spectacle was still more strange: the bed-clothes lay in a heap upon the floor, covered with blood, and a broken razor, a twisted and torn portion of a dressing-gown, lay beside them; there were several foot-tracks in the blood upon the floor, and these were traced through a small dressing-room which led out upon a garden, where they disappeared in the grass. The servant was nowhere to be found, neither could any trace of the body be discovered. Such were, in few words, the chief circumstances which indicated the commission of the dreadful crime, and, in the state of public feeling towards the two parties, were deemed sufficiently strong to implicate the servant, who, it was now discovered, had been seen some leagues upon the road to Bordeaux early that morning.

The *commissaire* of police set out immediately in pursuit, and before night the man was arrested. At first, his usual stupid and sullen manner was assumed, but, on hearing that the death of his master was now proved, he burst into tears and never spoke more.

The most diligent search was now made to discover the body, but without the slightest success; it was nowhere to be found. That belonging to the deceased was taken up near the river, and the general belief was that the corpse had been thrown into the river, and carried down by the current, which is here very rapid. The indignation of all parties, who were never kindly disposed to the servant, rose to the greatest height, that he would never acknowledge what had been done with the body, although no doubt remained upon their mind as to his guilt.

His trial at length came on, and Monsieur S— arrived "special" in Bordeaux to conduct it. The great principle in English criminal law, that a conviction cannot be held for murder until the body be found, exists not in France; but in lieu of it they require a chain of circumstantial evidence, of the strongest and most convincing nature.

To discover this where it existed, to fashion it where it did not, were easy to the practised advocate; and the poor prisoner, whose reasoning powers were evidently of the weakest order, and whose intelligence was most limited, offered an easy victim to every subtle question of the lawyer: he fell deeper and deeper into the snare laid for him; he was made to say that, though upon the road to Bordeaux, he knew not why he was there; that the watch and keys in his possession were his master's, he acknowledged, but why they were in his keeping he could not tell. Every hesitation of his manner, every momentary indication of trouble and confusion, were turned against him; and even when a fitful gleam of intelligence would shoot across his clouded brain, it was anticipated by his torturer, and converted to his injury. The result may be easily guessed—he was condemned to death; and the following

morning, as the advocate received at his levee the congratulations of the authorities upon his success and ability, the prisoner was led to the guillotine amid the execrations of ten thousand people.

Two years after this trial took place, our advocate was passing through Amiens on his way to Péronne. There was considerable bustle and confusion in the hotel, from an incident which had just occurred, and which shocked all the inmates; a gentleman, who had arrived the evening before, having attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat, and was found two miles from the town, upon the high road, where it appeared he had fallen from loss of blood, having walked thus far after his intended crime.

"His name is Lemoine," said some one in the crowd, as they carried him bleeding and nearly lifeless into the house.

"Lemoine!" said Monsieur S—, musingly; "the name of the man murdered at Bordeaux by Jean Labarte."

"And what is most strange," said another, not hearing the muttered observation of Monsieur S—, "he is now perfectly sensible, and most penitent for his attempt, which he ascribes to a passing insanity that he has been liable to from a boy: the impulse is first to destroy, then to conceal himself."

"That is indeed singular," said Monsieur S—; "but there is no combating a monomania."

"So the poor man feels; for he has already essayed the same thing several times—in the last he nearly succeeded when living on the Garonne."

"The Garonne—Lemoine!" screamed rather than spoke the advocate; "when—where—the name of the village?"

"La Hulpe," said the stranger.

"Great God, I am a murderer!" said S—, as he fell upon the pavement, the blood streaming from his mouth and nose. They lifted him up at once, and carried him into the house; but the shock had been too much. The face of the murdered Jean Labarte, as, with stupid look, and heavy inexpressive gaze, he stared up from the dock, never left him after; and he passed his remaining days in Charenton—a broken-hearted maniac.

It subsequently came out that poor Labarte, knowing that his master was threatened with an attack, had packed up all he possessed, and set out for Bordeaux to procure a physician; trusting that, from his precaution, no mischief could accrue in the meanwhile: one razor was unfortunately forgotten, and gave rise to all the circumstances we have mentioned.

*Continental Gossipings, by Harry Lorrequer.*

#### COURAGEOUS CONDUCT OF A NAVAL SURGEON.

A FEW years since, whilst a frigate was employed on the coast of Africa, a very destructive fever attacked the crew, and produced great devastation, which led to despondency of no ordinary kind amongst them; for, although our sailors have never yet known fear in meeting enemies whom they could grapple with, it is well known that they are superstitious, as well as easily depressed, when a malignant disease attacks a ship's company. In this instance the despondency was great, and the crew believed that the fever was of the most infectious nature; and, contrary to Jack's usual and proverbial kindness to a messmate, the healthy would not approach the sick, except compelled to do so. The surgeon of the ship himself, nearly worn out with fatigue and anxiety, but anxious to put a stop to the opinion which existed of the disease being infectious, and which, if allowed to gain on the minds of the men, would have depopulated the ship, called some of the best-informed of the petty officers and seamen around him, and entered with them the sick-bay, when a man was in the last stage of existence, labouring under the *black-vomit*, which is the usual precursor of death in this fever. He asked for a wine-glass, held it whilst the man vomited into it; when full, he drank it off before those who were so alarmed at the infection of the disease. He instantly proceeded to the quarter-deck, and walked in the presence of the whole ship's company for about two hours; thereby proving to them that he had not had recourse to any antidote or precaution to prevent the infection of the fever, if such there was, acting on him. The result of this act of self-devotion and high moral courage acted on the crew beneficially, by restoring their spirits, dissipating their fear of infection, and destroying the despondency which previously predisposed many to the attacks of fever.

## THE REMOVAL.

CIRCUMSTANCES rendered it necessary that the old man should remove. He had resided in the house for upwards of half a century, and was himself nearly eighty years of age. He had, moreover, been born within a stone-throw of his present residence; that residence which he was now about to leave for ever.

Never shall I forget that removal; for never did I witness any thing so affecting as that old man's grief at the prospect of leaving the scene of his past happiness—of parting with those objects which long association had endeared to him beyond all other earthly things. He was a fine-looking old man, a Highlander—and thus of a race proverbial for their attachment to their native soil, particularly the immediate places of their birth.

The farm which the old man, or rather which his sons occupied, for he himself was no longer able to take an active part in the business of life, was taken, with several others, by a wealthy tenant from the low country, and the former were removing to another small farm at the distance of twenty miles.

There was nothing in, or about the place, to attract the notice, much less to excite the admiration, of a stranger. It was a place of ordinary character. But what has beauty to do with our love for the place of our nativity?—that love implanted in us by nature, and which is equally strong in the Laplander as in the native of the most favoured regions of earth.

In the barrenness around his beloved Morveeny, the old man saw beauties which were revealed to no other eye; and in its most indifferent and uninteresting objects claimants, silent but powerful, on his tenderest regards.

For several days previous to that of his removal, the old man had litted about the farm like an unquiet spirit; speaking to no one, wandering here and there apparently without purpose or aim, and, anon, stopping to gaze on some well-known and well-remembered object, or to burst out with pathetic lamentations on their approaching separation.

During all this time, too, he had refused all nourishment. They, indeed, prevailed upon him to take his place at table as usual, but he could not eat. Neither could he rest. His mind was oppressed, his spirit crushed, his heart all but broken.

On the day of removal, he took no heed of, nor interest in, what was passing around him. Whilst all were busy, all in motion, he sat with his face buried in his hands, and every now and then giving way to the grief that overwhelmed him. Sometimes rocking himself to and fro in silent agony—sometimes giving utterance to his sorrow in a strain of the most fervid and impassioned eloquence. His grief had inspired him, and his lamentations often rose to the dignity and elevation of poetry. He apostrophised in language the most plaintive and affecting the woods, the waters, the hills, nay, every rock and rivulet, around his beloved residence; naming them all, and dwelling fondly on their various features and characteristics.

It was not without great difficulty that we got the old man to leave the house. He would not quit it; nor could he be got to do so until the last article it contained had been removed. His two sons then sought him, and, with gentle violence, led him weeping forth.

Some weeks after the old man had been removed to his new dwelling-place, he was one day absent for so great a length of time as to cause some uneasiness to his family. When he returned, he was met by his eldest son, who asked him where he had been. "I have been bathing in the Urr, James," he said, "and it has done me much good; for I thought while I was in the river that these waters had not long since passed through the farm of Morveeny." Such was the case then. The old man had gone a distance of four miles to bathe in the river Urr, and this solely because that river, twenty miles further up, ran through the ground on which he had been born, and on which he had spent the greater portion of his after life. He did not long survive the "Removal."

## REVOLUTIONS.

Revolutions are terrible, but in one point of view seem better than great political changes conducted without violence. After a revolution comes peace; after a great peaceful change comes, very often, revolution. The leaders in great but peaceful political changes are, commonly, unwilling actors, who act from necessity, all their opinions remaining unchanged; who yield this, merely to preserve that; and who, therefore, proceed without regard to consequences, as if the single concession were to be a final measure—were to have no consequences.—*Wakefield.*

## PENSIVE THOUGHTS.

The world's delusive figure flies;  
The wing of death flits o'er me!  
And all that lately charm'd my eyes  
Is melting from before me!  
So melt the lovely evening beams,  
That revoll'd by in gladness,  
And all that lately charm'd now seems  
For ever lost in sadness!

Alas! when youth, in smiles array'd,  
Came tripping forth with pleasure,  
Then joyful round my heart survey'd  
The fastly waning treasure!  
And when their blooming flowers appear'd,  
'Mid them my bosom slumber'd;  
Nor once the bright illusion fear'd,  
Nor dream'd my days were number'd!

Too oft I heard that mortal life  
Was but a shade of even,  
And blest repose from mortal strife  
Was only found in heaven!  
But while the youthful smiles of bliss  
Around my heart were cleaving,  
I told my soul that truths like this  
Were hardly worth believing!

But now, like evening's rainbow hue,  
Which joyless twilight covers,  
The scene is fading from my view,  
And death around me hovers!  
Farewell, thou cheating earth below—  
Thou only bod'st to sorrow,  
Thy beams that shine so brightly now  
Shall set in shade to-morrow!

Dn. Puse.

## SUCCESSFUL MEN.

Few men have succeeded well in the higher departments of life, (barring windfalls and accidents) who have not been wakeful at taking advantages of critical opportunities. Many persons, however, respect only one rule of policy—"Mount;" and this they apply to every occasion of life. "Mount!"—if possible ten steps at a time! In attempting this, they sometimes fall so ludicrously, as almost to excite the laughter even of Despair.—*Bucke.*

## PERSIAN WIT.

Many owners of gardens near cities in Caboul are accustomed to charge a certain sum to visitors, who are allowed to enter and eat fruits at discretion. The Persians, who must invent a joke upon everything, declare that, at Caboul, the eaters of fruit are weighed on entering and on coming out of the gardens, and are charged for the difference; and they tell how that a certain wazir put stones in his pocket, which he threw away in the gardens, so that, when he had eaten his fill of fruit and was weighed on coming out, he was found lighter than when he had gone in; a problem which long puzzled the wise men of "the city of one hundred thousand gardens."  
*Conolly's Journey to India.*

## A DRAUGHT HORSE.

A scholar riding his horse hot into the water to drink, scarce up to the fetlock, one wight him to go in deeper (lest he foundered his horse); "Hang him, jade," says he, "let him drink up this first."  
*Thom's Ancient Anecdotes and Traditions, &c.*

## THE PITCHER-PLANT.

The pitcher-plant abounds in the stony and arid parts of the island of Java, from which, were it not for this vegetable wonder, small birds and quadrupeds would be forced to migrate in quest of water. At the foot-stalk of each leaf is a small bag, shaped exactly like a pitcher, furnished with a lid, and having a kind of hinge that passes over the handle of the pitcher, and connects it with the leaf. This hinge is a strong fibre, which contracts in showery weather and when the dew falls. Numerous little goblets, filled with sweet fresh water, are thus held forth, and afford a delicious draught to the tiny animals that climb their branches, and to a great variety of winged visitants. But no sooner has the cloud passed by, and the warm sun alone forth, than the heated fibre begins to expand, and closes the goblet so firmly as to prevent evaporation, precluding a further supply till called for by the wants of another day.

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## THE BRITISH NAVY.

### NO. XI.—A SEA FIGHT.

"Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak,  
Let not a word on board be spoke,  
Be silent, and be ready.

Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,  
Let us be sure our shot will tell,  
Be steady boys, be steady."—SEA SONG.

So many improvements have been effected of late years in the armament of ships, and naval gunnery has now attained to such excellence, compared to what it had when the last action was fought at sea, that it requires some draught on the imagination to conceive and depict the probable consequences that will result when next a naval battle occurs.

The material improvements of assimilating the calibre, and substituting long guns of superior range capable of sustaining double charges of shot, for carronades, have been gradually going on for some time; but the introduction of shells into the broadside force is a measure of very recent date, and it has in fact been adopted since the publication of the first of these papers, an Admiralty order having been promulgated on the 20th of February last, to the effect that guns capable of discharging shells shall in future form part of the armament of all vessels.

Our design being to describe to our readers the routine of a seventy-four gun ship, such as it exists at present, and to give them an insight into matters which every one is desirous of knowing something about, it becomes necessary that we should notice this material alteration, when attempting to depict a naval battle, such as might be expected to occur to-morrow; and having already explained generally in our Seventh Article [LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, No. XVIII.] the nature and capability of our ship's batteries, and also the various kind of missiles heretofore projected therefrom, we shall now give some account of the shell, and show by what means and under what circumstances this destructive projectile has been for the first time rendered available for naval warfare.

The shell is a globular iron ball, having a hollow cavity in the centre, large enough to contain as much gunpowder as is sufficient to burst it, and scatter the fragments with great force, causing destruction around, at the same time that the explosion sets fire to every combustible matter within its reach.

There is a hole on one side, and in this a fuse is inserted, for the purpose of communicating fire from the charge to the powder in the cavity. This fuse is made of wood, being similar in appearance to the faucet which receives the spigot in the tap of a barrel, and it is graduated into divisions, calculated to the number of seconds it shall burn, before it reaches the powder. The knowledge of this enables the artilleryman so to arrange his charge and elevation, as to regulate the time of flight, and produce the effect desired in shelling, or bombarding as it is called,—namely, that the shell shall burst just as it alights upon the object aimed at.

Into this wooden fuse a preparation of saltpetre, sulphur, and meal powder is evenly pressed, and by cutting the wood to the desired length, or reaming out any portion of the stuff, the time it will burn is regulated.

Although shells have always been considered most destructive missiles, more particularly against such combustible substances as ships, being calculated to tear their sides and decks when bursting,

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and also to set them on fire, the difficulty of projecting them was considered objectionable to their use at sea. These difficulties are now surmounted.

Formerly shells were seldom or never discharged from cannon of the ordinary shape,—for these could not be set to the degree of elevation necessary to produce the greatest range;—but pieces of ordnance called "*mortars*," made of brass or iron, were used for the purpose,—being short, heavy, and strong enough to sustain a charge of 20lbs. or more of gunpowder, and so placed as to have no recoil. When used afloat they were firmly imbedded in a mass of timber in the centre of vessels built for the occasion called "*bombs*," and at each discharge the vessel was immersed a foot or more by the violence of the shock. But *mortars*, either on shore or afloat, were not capable of projecting a missile in a straight or point blank line, or anything approaching thereto, but in a parabola or curve, and the shell, by this mode of flight, overcoming the action of gravity, reached to a considerable distance beyond what it would otherwise do. The principle of this is exemplified by throwing a stone, when, if it is desired to project it to the utmost distance that the strength is capable of, we naturally direct it upwards, and produce the parabola we are describing, before it alights at the end of its flight.

Now, although by this mode of elevation a missile is made to traverse a greater distance, it is evident that the certainty of hitting an object diminishes just as the elevation increases; and although shells projected after this fashion from *mortars*, being impelled by large charges of gunpowder, produced great destruction when falling on towns like the devoted Ismail, where

"each dwelling

Presented a fine mark to throw a shell in,"

or indeed on any extensive or closely accumulated substances, such as vessels in a dock or in a river, they could not be directed effectually against insulated objects like single ships, and as their use was considered dangerous on board vessels in action, lest they should be exploded by the flashing of so many guns—for these reasons, and also the very imperfect and uncertain means of insuring their bursting with the wooden fuses, they were seldom or never used at sea.

About a dozen years ago Colonel Paixhans, a French engineer, conceived the idea of discharging shells horizontally, or at small elevations, in the same manner as shot. The difficulty was to prevent the missile turning, and presenting the fuse hole to the charge, when traversing the bore of a long gun before it was ejected at the muzzle, and the danger of its bursting and causing injury to friend rather than foe under such circumstances. The fuse itself was also objectionable, because, to be sufficiently strong to bear the ramming of the stuff, and also to be hammered into the shell, it required a stout plug, the hole to receive which gave vent to a considerable quantity of the bursting powder, and by presenting a portion of the fuse plug beyond the surface of the shell, deflected its flight through the air from the true course.

By casting his shells oblong, and afterwards adopting the use of pieces of wood, strapped with tin to the globular shell, he prevented the missile turning in the gun; and by substituting metal fuses for wood, and screwing them into the shell, they were made flush with the surface, and being as strongly fixed as the breech of a pistol, presented a resistance to the bursting powder, which had now no vent except the small orifice containing the composition, so that with less powder the effect of the explosion was greatly

increased. Colonel Paixhans also invented a peculiar kind of gun for throwing these projectiles, and having satisfied the government, by the success of a series of experiments on old hulks at Brest, that the practice was safe and effective, his plan was adopted in the French navy, subsequently by the Russians, always on the watch for improvements; and if the Board of Admiralty has been reluctantly compelled to sanction the introduction of shell practice into the British fleet, after witnessing the terrible effects they must produce in naval conflicts by inspecting recent experiments at Portsmouth, it has been in self-defence, and not before it became imperative, owing to rival nations having preceded us.

The reader will please to substitute four guns of 65cwt., 9 feet long, and having a calibre of 8 inches, for the same number of 32-pounders, described in Article VIII. as part of our ship's lower deck battery, and two of the like sort, for two of the 18 pounders on the main deck, being six guns in all, calculated for discharging shells of eight inches diameter\*, and with this amendment to our ship's broadside force, we will proceed to prepare for battle.

The reader must suppose the cruise to have extended over several months, during which ample time and opportunity has been afforded to train the crew to their various duties, and frequent occasions taken to perfect them in gunnery practice, by firing at a mark. Considerable emulation is now excited, not only between ships of the same but of rival nations, as to which shall become the greatest proficient at this important duty, and great part of the care formerly expended upon celerity of evolution, with dispatch in reefing, furling, &c. is now bestowed upon the gun exercise; all which will of course tend to make future conflicts of less duration, but far more destructive whilst they last.

A general exercise is, in fact, a strict rehearsal of a battle, so far as adopting every precaution necessary for that event, in order to familiarise the men with their work, and to prevent confusion when it really occurs. We have known it to assimilate so closely to the real thing, as to have persons directed to fall and represent wounded men, whilst others carried them down to the cock-pit; we do not recollect whether the surgeon furthered the matter by going through the forms of an operation, but we have seen the late Admiral Macnamara Russell, commonly called Paddy Russell, act the part of a wounded hero to admiration.

When commanding the North-Sea fleet, about the year 1808, this eccentric old officer was fond of exhibiting in the person of himself and others, by way of example. He would fall down on the deck, in the middle of a general exercise, calling out "Oh, I am hit, boys! I fear my leg is off. Carry me to the doctor, my children!" On which his coxswain, and three marines to whom the care of the admiral under such circumstances was delegated, immediately conveyed him to the cockpit. When arrived, and the surgeon stepped forward to tender prompt assistance, he would exclaim, "Not out of my turn, doctor dear; attend to these brave fellows first, but just let your mate clap a tourniquet † on my thigh, for I am fainting, doctor, by reason of the hemorrhage. A drop of water, for the love of God!" Although it is not usual to carry matters to this extreme at general exercise, still every material point is rehearsed, and the ship is kept in such a state of preparation, as that ten or fifteen minutes shall suffice, even in the middle of the night, from the moment the alarm is given until every thing is ready, and the first broadside fired. The stores are all kept in the neighbourhood of the guns, and the principal preparations consist in taking down the bulkheads, and clearing the officer's cabins, arranging the mess-tables in the cable tiers to receive the wounded men, slinging the yards, and securing the corners by which the sails are distended with chains, placing fire screens, made of thick woollen substance, around the hatchway, through which the supply of powder passes to the several decks

These guns are not precisely of the same nature as Paixhans', but differently shaped. We have already stated a cone to be the proper shape for a cannon; all deviations therefrom are matters of taste and fancy.

† Tourniquets are screw bandages used for stopping the blood, and they are distributed about the quarters, and a number of men taught to apply them. A handkerchief and broomstick is sometimes substituted.

from the magazines, &c.; but as persons are especially appointed to all these duties, it is almost incredible in what a short time they are accomplished; and when any anticipation of meeting an enemy suddenly is entertained, and some precautionary measures adopted, such as substituting screens for bulkheads, a well disciplined ship will be ready for action in five minutes from the time the drum beats to quarter.

We have reserved this occasion for describing how the men are stationed at quarters, and shall now proceed to do so.

The crew are summoned by sound of drum and fife, to the inspiring tune of the song commencing "Come cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer," and which has for its burden the following appropriate chorus, said to be the composition of the gallant Sir Sidney Smith:—

"Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,  
We always are ready,  
Steady boys, steady,  
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again."

When exercise only is intended, the drummer concludes the summons by one roll of the drum; two rolls denote that the call to quarters is for muster and inspection, which is the case every evening, in order to ascertain that every man is present and sober; when the rolls are omitted, the summons is for battle.

It will suffice to show how the men are disposed at one particular gun, because all are alike, the only difference being that the heaviest guns require the most men.

As every nature of cannon used in the navy requires six persons at least to work it, the duties are embraced in six numbers; the remainder are called auxiliaries, the amount of course dependent on the number assigned.

In dividing the crew at quarters, care is taken to select equal portions from the starboard\* and larboard watch, and also from the various classes we have enumerated in our Eighth Article (LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, No. XXI.) This is done in order that should heavy loss of men be suffered at some particular spot, such as the middle of the main deck, which is called the slaughter-house, on account of the casualties that generally occur there, it may not bear more severely on one station than another.

Petty officers and leading men are quartered at guns most convenient to the duties assigned them.

A portion of marines are stationed at small arms, the quarter-deck guns are also manned principally by marines; the remainder of the party are distributed about the main deck, so as to be at hand to cover the boarders, or repel any attempt at boarding by the enemy.

In many ships a few marines, expert marksmen, are stationed in the tops, and some captains provide them with rifles at their own expense, for these weapons are not supplied to the navy. We recollect, during the war, when running along the coast of Italy in a frigate, some of Murat's soldiers, stationed in a small fort, opened a fire on the ship. The captain gladly availed himself of the opportunity to expend a few rounds of shot; for at that period, ammunition was not allowed for exercise; so we beat to quarters, and stood in for the battery. The commander of the enemy, a very fine fellow, conspicuous by his gaudy dress, was directing his men, when a marine stationed in the main-top, hailed the quarter-deck, saying that his piece covered the officer, and asked permission to shoot him. "Shoot your equals, and be damned to you, Sir!" replied the captain; upon which the jolly, faithful to his orders, turned his musket upon a serjeant, being we suppose the equality he aspired to, and shot him through the head. The fire of the frigate speedily drove the enemy out of the battery, and when we landed to spike the guns and blow up the works, we found the unfortunate serjeant lying dead, and the marine, being one of our party, pointed to his handiwork, and said it would have been the fate of the officer, had not the captain forbid him. Upon such mere chances and trifles hang the lives of men in time of war!

Taking a main-deck gun, the crew of which consists of ten men and a powder-boy, designated as follows:—

- |                       |                      |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 2. Second Captain.    | 1. Captain.          |
| 3. Sponger.           | 3. Loader.           |
| 6. Assistant Sponger. | 5. Assistant Loader. |

With four auxiliaries, and powder-boy.

\* Starboard is the right, and larboard the left hand side, when standing with the back to the sea at the stern of the vessel.

The first captain and all those designated by odd numbers belong to the starboard watch, the even numbers to the larboard watch.

The crew of a ship is only sufficient to man one broadside fully and completely, because it is presumed that an equal force can only be opposed to one side; when placed between two or more opponents, as is frequently the case in general actions, the odd numbers man the starboard, and the even numbers the larboard guns, the auxiliaries being equally divided. Besides the stationary powder-boy in attendance on each gun, there is an extra powder-man for every two guns, his duty being to fetch the boxes containing two cartridges from the screens, communicating with the magazine, and to keep that number in constant reserve.

There is a regulated exercise described in the general printed instructions, under which the duty of every number is most clearly defined, not only at working the gun, but at providing (as it is called) the stores necessary on beating to quarters. Thus, the captain and second captain, whose positions are at the breech of the piece to point and fire, have the care of providing priming-wires, tubes, flints, spare trigger-lines,\* vent plugs for plugging the touch-hole during the operation of sponging, and by stopping the current of air, extinguishing any sparks of fire remaining in the bore from portions of the wad or cartridge; rendering (or drawing through the loops) the breeching, a strong rope which passes round the gun and carriage, having its ends secured to the ship's side, and which checks the recoil, when the piece has run in sufficiently far to be loaded. The captain also directs the training of the piece, adjusts the coin, a sort of wedge, for elevation, sees that the gun is properly secured, the stores provided and returned, and that every operation is correctly performed. Nos. 3 and 4 are stationed on each side of the muzzle, and it is their duty to sponge, worm, and load the gun, and provide the materials, such as sponge, rammers, wads, necessary for this purpose. Nos. 5 and 6 are on each side of the breech, having at hand handspikes for training or for raising the piece by leverage, in order to point the gun. The auxiliaries are stationed on each side, between the breech and the muzzle-men, and assist at working the tackle.

Independent of his number, every man has another title, such as boarder, fireman, sail-trimmer, &c., the duty being sufficiently designated by the name, and these bring to the gun their arms, fire-buckets, lanterns, &c.

The guns are always kept loaded, the vent-holes of those on the lower deck, where the men iness, being filled near the top with patty, which prevents any wet getting to the cartridge, or danger from fire, in case any one should be so imprudent as to remove the leaden apron with which the locks are always covered. One or two guns of a side on the main-deck are kept unshotted for the purpose of making signals. Matches, composed of rope saturated with sulphur, are lighted on beating to quarters, and kept in tubs half full of sand, in readiness in case of accident to the lock. Sufficient shot for several broadsides are kept upon deck at all times, arranged in racks around the hatchway, but when clearing for action, or general exercise, an additional quantity is got up from below.

When a ship of war is cruising on the look-out for an enemy, it is usual to ascertain the character of every vessel that appears in sight; no sooner therefore does the look-out man at the mast-head report a strange sail, than a course is shaped to approach her sufficiently near to communicate by signal, if a friend, or to overhaul her, if a stranger. Ships of war are easily distinguished from merchant vessels, by the height of their masts, and squareness of their yards; and there is a peculiarity about the vessels of every nation, by which the practised eye of the seaman can make a tolerable guess at her character, before she exhibits her flag. As strange vessels are continually discovered, and it sometimes becomes necessary to overhaul them and inspect their papers, as well as to procure intelligence of the ships they may have fallen in with, all this serves to enliven and give some variety to the routine of the every-day occurrences on board a cruiser: but on no occasion, until a vessel is fairly made out to be an enemy, of a force to justify the proceeding, are the men disturbed by needlessly clearing the ship for action; because, as we have already stated, this is a work which can be effected, when necessary, in a very few minutes. Neither is the ordinary routine broken when an

\* A ship's gun is discharged by means of a strong brass flint lock secured on one side of the vent or touch-hole, and having a trigger line long enough to admit of the person discharging standing clear of the recoil. Percussion locks are not yet adopted. A quill tube communicates the fire from the prime to the charge.

ascertained enemy is in sight; the meals take place at the same hour; and it is not until it becomes apparent that an action will ensue within an hour or so, that orders are given to clear, and afterwards to beat to quarters.

There is, and no doubt always will be, a considerable deal of chivalry observed in naval encounters; and it is seldom that a ship of equal force, of any nation, will show a disinclination to engage, unless when charged with orders to the contrary, in carrying despatches, &c. When vessels of hostile nations meet, therefore, it is pretty certain that a fight will ensue; and sometimes a gun is fired on hoisting the colours, as an intimation of defiance.

Let us now suppose, that, in the morning, a strange sail has been discovered, standing upon a certain course; that chase is given, and after a given time, when sufficiently near to distinguish flags, that she has declined to answer the private signal and that her appearance denotes a vessel of war of equal or superior force;—when approached more nearly she is clearly made out to be an enemy; that orders are given to clear the ship for action; that, it being twelve at noon, the men are permitted to get their dinner, whilst all sail is made in the direction of the stranger: in due season, the hanks are turned up; the captain addresses to them a few words of encouragement, to which they respond in the true style of British tars, by three hearty cheers; anon, the drum beats to quarters, and the captain with his first-lieutenant go round the decks, in order to see that everything is prepared for the serious business to follow. Let us accompany them in this round of inspection, and endeavour to describe the state of matters on board.

If the weather is not very cold, the majority of the men will be found stripped to the buff, having no garments on but the trousers tied tight around the loins with a handkerchief, whilst another is bound round the ears and temples. The heads of the bullys of fighting water have been knocked in, and the purser's steward has added some lime-juice or vinegar; for thirst becomes general during the heat and excitement of battle. The naked bodies of the seamen, tattooed as they are with curious devices, present a strange and savage appearance; and this is greatly increased when they become disfigured by blood and gunpowder. It is a scene to startle any person who has not been prepared for it, and precisely what we have witnessed ourselves; not only the men, but some of the officers having so arranged their toilet, in the ship we served on board of, at the battle of Trafalgar.

On that memorable occasion, being under eleven years of age, we acted in capacity of aide-de-camp to the captain; and, having but a few months before left school, the reader may suppose we were not a little clated, and, if the truth must be told, somewhat alarmed, at our position. It is certain, however, that boys of this age, of whom there were a couple of score in our ship, and many hundreds in the fleet, take to the business more kindly than those of larger growth; and with such a sea-sickness as Trafalgar afforded, we cared little for after adventures of a far more dangerous description; we suppose, upon the principle asserted by Byron, in reference to the effect of the click produced by the cocking of a pistol:—

“ ————— after being fired at once or twice,  
The ear becomes more Irish and less nice.”

During the time the fleet was running down upon the enemy, things upon the quarter-deck maintained a decent, if not a dignified appearance; the officers wore their ordinary dress, and the men at the guns had stripped their jackets only; and even when we got fairly into action, the business was carried on with proper order, the men loading and firing with astonishing rapidity,—three times at least for every one of our opponent's. We were engaged on both sides, and being rather pressed, one of our ships came up to our assistance, and ranged up between us and a French two-decker on the starboard side. It became necessary to warn the men on the decks below, to cease firing, lest our shot should injure our friend, and the captain now called for his young aides, and despatched them to the officers of the divisions, with orders to that effect. We were directed to take this message to the lieutenant commanding the after-guns on the lower deck, and having made our way down with some difficulty, owing to the hatchways being blocked with wounded men, we encountered that officer, stripped as we have described, and only to be distinguished from others by the absence of the long tail which all seamen wore at that period, and a speaking-trumpet in his hand, through which he was exciting his division to “fire away.” On conveying to him the captain's orders, to “cease firing,” he took little notice

of our presence, but still encouraged his men to continue doing so; on which, indignant at our reception, and impressed with our impotence, we reiterated our message more positively, at the same time stating that a friendly ship had ranged up between us and the enemy. We think it is Captain Marryatt who has described a young midshipman as the most impudent thing in nature, more impudent even than a London sparrow. In this respect we imagine the naval service was as conspicuous in former times as the present; and so, no doubt, thought the lieutenant we addressed,—rather impertinently, we opine,—for he brought his trumpet to bear with such violence on the top of our cranium, as to level our dignity for a while; and while he flattened the instrument, enlarged our bump of "self-esteem," to such a degree as to render that organ remarkably conspicuous, and so it has remained ever since.

It is an awful moment, that intervenes just before getting into action: the firm bearing and compressed lip marking the determination of some, whilst others of more merry temperament crack a jest. All persons confined, or in arrest, are liberated, and exhorted by their conduct to efface the recollection of the charges against them. Quarrels are reconciled, and requests made as to the disposition of effects in case of accident. Friends embrace; and it is now that the words of the song are realized:—

"The decks were cleared, the gallant band  
Of British tars each other cheering;  
Each kindly grasped his messmate's hand,  
With hearts resolved, no danger fearing."

It becomes the care of the commander to approach an enemy warily, so as to give him no advantage of position, and this is the more necessary since gunnery has attained to such excellence, not only in our own, but rival navies.

Supposing our ship to windward, she will make a sweep just out of gun-shot, and having taken in her light sails and reefed her topsails, like a boxer stripping for combat, approach on the weather quarter of her opponent, on what is called the point of impunity, by which means the foremost guns will be brought to bear in opposition to the after ones of the enemy. It was in this fashion the Chesapeake approached the Shannon, and the manoeuvre has always been instanced as a beautiful piece of seamanship. If the circumstances are such that the ship is exposed to be raked in closing, the men are ordered to lie flat on the deck, but the officers maintain their erect bearing.

It was formerly the custom for ships to man the rigging and cheer before engaging, and for the captains to salute, afterwards to shake their swords at each other, and express a determination to blow their opponent to pieces unless he hauled down his colours. This piece of chivalry fell somewhat into disuse during the last war, and it is too dangerous a practice to revive. We may therefore presume this "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," and that the ships engage within fair point-blank distance. The result of the battle will now greatly depend upon the effect of the cannonading, the vigour with which it is kept up, and the destruction produced by the shells, the benefit of proving which latter is reserved for the rising generation. Close action has always been the favourite position of our officers, because the day, though ever so long, is scarcely sufficient to effect what is necessary, even after a severe contest is ended. The removal of the prisoners from the conquered ship, and the repairing of damages, all indispensable, are matters which must be effected before rest can be taken, for security sake, against the elements or the enemy, and this must be accomplished in both vessels with a reduced and exhausted crew. It is in this matter of repairing damages, however, and in his ability to apply resources in the worst of cases, that the British seaman proves so far superior to the half-seamen of other nations.

Close action is also favourable for boarding, and a battle is never secured until this can be accomplished, because a chance shot may, by dismasting a vessel, turn the fate of the day, and enable a beaten enemy to escape or even to take up such a position as shall oblige her opponent to surrender.

We will suppose, therefore, that, exhausted with cannonading, during which no material advantage has been gained on either side, an opportunity is seized for laying the enemy on board, and that the boarders are called away. They are usually headed by the first lieutenant—for it is not customary for a captain to quit his own ship, although it was done in the case of Captain Broke when he captured the Chesapeake. The boarders are the most active men in the ship, and armed with cutlasses slung to the wrist, so as to leave the hands at liberty for climbing. These cutlasses are excellent weapons, and ground as sharp as a razor; they are generally preferred by the officers to the swords sold in shops. Another por-

tion of boarders have pikes, and some have tomahawks or battle-axes; they are covered by the marines, who with their muskets and bayonets follow the boarding party.

Let the reader suppose a couple of hundred men, the greatest part of them naked from the waist upwards, disfigured with blood and gunpowder, their bright swords glancing, cheering and rushing forward impetuously to the attack—

"Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid?"

The shock has never yet been withstood, and boarding may be called our "successful practice" in sea fights. The matter is now soon decided, for after a short space the quarter-deck is cleared, the enemy flying below, or making tokens of submission; and it is here, in the very whirlwind of excitement, that the character of the British seaman shines conspicuous, not only for undaunted courage, a quality common to many men, but for a far more noble feeling, *compassion*. We have much experience of our own, and we appeal to the experience of others, that seldom, we may say never, did a case occur, when a conquered enemy appealed to a British seaman for mercy in vain,—nay more, it has many times occurred, that men who the instant before were intent on the destruction of their opponents in hand-to-hand encounter, have risked their lives to save them when once they had ceased to resist. Had we space, we could, from our own recollection, mention hundreds of cases where this generous feeling has been displayed. Contrast this with the brutal conduct of soldiers—ay, we lament to say, British soldiers—entering towns by assault, where the atrocities committed—rape, rapine, murder, and cruelties of every degree, on the harmless and unresisting inhabitants, are but imperfectly described even in the graphic recitals of Colonel Napier and others of their own profession, eye-witnesses of the scene. We hesitate not to say, that a seaman would as soon think of ill-treating or plundering his own kindred, as women and children, or even armed men, when they had succumbed; and in what does a ship, carried by boarding, when resistance is made to the last extremity, differ from a garrison that has refused to surrender and withstood an assault; that all sorts of atrocities are committed and even permitted in the last case, when in the first they are never even contemplated, and if attempted would be probably punished with death upon the spot, by some indignant individual? This noble trait in the seaman's character, which induces him to treat a conquered foe not only mercifully but with kindness and sympathy, and even to risk his life to protect him, should entitle him to the respect he merits, even had he no other claim upon his countrymen. Neither is this feeling confined to British seamen alone—the French partake of it: as for Americans, they are but tars of the same genus as our own, alike in all their peculiarities.

When the upper deck of a ship is gained, and reinforcements are poured on board, it is useless to continue resistance; the colours are hauled down and re-hoisted under the British flag, the senior surviving officer comes forward and delivers up his sword as a token of submission, and gives the necessary orders to his inferiors, after which it is considered dishonourable to make any hostile effort. The first step is now to remove the prisoners, and place a sufficient number of men on board to navigate the prize into the nearest port, when damages can be repaired, and the wounded men placed in hospital. The first-lieutenant, whose promotion is secured by a victory of this sort, is placed in charge, and no time is lost in placing each vessel in a state to contend with the enemy or the elements. Jury-masts are substituted for the original ones, if they have fallen; and, in an incredibly short space of time, damages are so far repaired as to ensure the safety of the vessels.

The officers of the captured ships are placed under the care of those of corresponding rank, with whom they mess as long as they are on board; the men are confined in the hold, one or two only being permitted to come up at a time, except at certain periods, when they come on deck for air and exercise by divisions. During these times, and indeed at all times when many prisoners are on board, a strong guard of marines is kept on the poop, with their arms at hand, and every precaution taken to prevent a successful rising, for under such circumstances as we have been describing, it is probable the prisoners outnumber the diminished crew of the victors.

If possible, the vessels proceed to an English port, and on the presumption that such is the case, we shall suppose them to reach Portsmouth in company; splutes and rejoicings hail their return, the officers obtain promotion, and also a portion of the petty officers, whilst the captain is honoured with the decoration of a C.B. We shall next pay off our ship into ordinary, and send the crew on shore in possession of their well-earned prize-money.

## ROARERS.

Would the reader believe it, that there are a number of people who get handsomely through the world—nay, get through it with great *éclat*, by *roaring*, and by nothing on earth else; merely by shouting everything they have got to say at the top of their voices—in short, by *roaring*!

We know several persons who have literally roared themselves into respectability, consideration, and influence, without the aid of any other single qualification, moral or physical, than a superb pair of lungs and a thundering voice. The roarer, or brayer (as he might with equal propriety be called), is, indeed, invariably an ass—a downright ass; and of this fact he is quite conscious himself, for his roaring is a result of that consciousness; its object being to conceal in foam, and fury, and noise, the shallowness of the stream that runs beneath. It is, in short, an imposition—an effort to betray you into the belief of a consequence which the roarer could secure by no other means: and a very successful imposition it is; for the world has an instinctive respect for those who keep calling boldly and vigorously on its notice, and not only instantly attends to them, but does so with the greatest deference and humility possible. Modest merits and its claims it thrusts aside, without any ceremony, that it may hurry to the roarer to know what are his wishes, and to gratify them if it can; for the world thinks that nobody speaks out but those who have good grounds for doing so: this it takes for granted, and herein lies the great secret of the roarer's success.

The roarer is generally a person of large size, and somewhat corpulent. We have, indeed, seen small and middle-sized roarers, but they don't get on so well as their bulkier brethren; their roaring is not so impressive, even though the voice be as good. The roarer, then, to be entirely successful, requires to be a majestic sort of animal. When he is so, he carries all before him: he can roar his way anywhere. Capital thing to get a roarer with you to a crowded theatre, or any other crowded assembly; he will roar both you and himself into a comfortable situation in a twinkling, he the crowd ever so dense. Were you so placed with him, you would see with what ready deference the people would make way for him; how anxiously they would squeeze themselves aside, in order to let him get on; how promptly they would form a lane for him to pass through, and how majestically he would go roaring up the lane so formed, to the point he aimed at—the most desirable, of course. You in the mean time, follow comfortably in his wake; taking care, however, to keep close to him; for the crowd, having no respect for you, will shut up rapidly behind him.

The roarer's roaring is almost incessant. He commences roaring the moment he gets up of a morning, and continues roaring until he lies down again. He roars for his shaving-water, he roars for his boots, he roars for his breakfast, he goes roaring out of the door, he goes roaring up the street; he roars through the business of the day; and, finally, returns roaring to his den. His low growl may be heard even during the night.

The roarer's voice is always good—that is, always loud and sonorous, which, we suppose, arises from the constant exercise of his lungs; or it may be, that the discovery of his possessing good lungs, suggested the idea of betaking himself to roaring; thus giving to his voice the character of a cause rather than an effect. Be this, however, as it may, the roarer, as we have said, has invariably a stupendous voice, and we may add, is always in excellent wind; his roar is powerful.

The roarer never argues, never reasons: he has no occasion; his roar accomplishes his purposes much more effectually and summarily. He will roar down any antagonist, however subtle, however expert, in two seconds; and that, too, without knowing anything at all of the subject in discussion. What necessity, then, for the roarer giving himself the trouble of studying anything but his own interest, or of employing, where he is opposed, the tedious process of reasoning? None whatever; and he never does.

It may be wondered how the world should allow itself to be imposed upon by the roarers; how it should not insist on his passing for exactly what he is worth, and nothing more. But this wonder would cease in a great measure, if you only observed closely the influence and effects of his roaring. If you did so, you would find it to be, after all, a very imposing sort of thing: you would find it to be as regarded its impression even on yourself.

Suppose, for instance, you entered into conversation with a

roarer. Well, you will not have done so for half a minute, even though the consciousness be strong within you that he is an ass, until you shall have felt a very painful sense of inferiority, proceeding from the feebleness of your own tones, as contrasted with the overwhelming din of his foaming cataract. In such case, your wretched attempts at speaking, your feeble monotonous utterance, sinks—and you feel it—into their inanity, before the magnificence of the roarer's roar. It is in vain that you call to your aid the consciousness that you are speaking sound sense, and that he is speaking nonsense. It is in vain that you fall back on the conviction that you can *think* a thousand times better than he. Can you roar as loud? No, you cannot; and therefore must you succumb. The truth is, you get humiliated in the presence of the roarer; you get ashamed of yourself, and sneak away, while he stands fast, and triumphantly roars after you. You feel a sense of insignificance creeping over you, which is anything but flattering to your vanity; and this in despite of your having the most profound contempt for the abilities of the roarer. Sheer physical superiority of lungs carries the day; the roarer roars you into a non-entity.

See now, how the roarer gets on; see how coaches stop for him the moment he opens his tremendous roar, while you of the feeble voice are toiling after it unheeded and in vain. Nobody pays the smallest attention to you; and if ever you get on or into the coach at all, it must be by your overtaking it, not by its stopping for you.

See, too, with what ease the roarer makes his way into the centre of a crowd in the street, when he wants to know what it's all about; while you, with equal curiosity, are bob-bobbing on the outside, in a vain attempt to get a peep at what's going on within. He roars—the crowd open; he roars again, and he is in the very centre of the thick and the throng; those who compose it forming a respectful circle around him, and allowing him to gratify his curiosity at leisure and undisturbed.

Mark how instantaneously he commands attention;—mark with what deference he is heard whenever he opens his mouth, although it is only to roar: for he never speaks above half-a-dozen words at a time. He never attempts speeches nor anything of the sort, for he has neither ideas nor language. He accomplishes everything by short abrupt roars, employing just as many words as will bring the roar out effectively, and no more.

Mark the effect the roarer produces in a shop when he enters it. See how all fly at the first roar to serve him; leaving you and the other low, quiet-speaking drivellers who happen to be there at the same time, to cool your heels till the wants of the roarer are supplied.

You enter a crowded shop. You see it is crowded, and meekly and modestly wait some of the shopmen's leisure, without saying a word. You then steal quietly up to an unoccupied spot, and, stretching across the counter, half whisper the name of the article you desire, and, having at length obtained it, sneak out as softly as you came in. Now, how does the roarer manage matters? Why, he bounds into the shop with a roar like a Bengal tiger's; perfectly heedless how many claimants may be before him. The shopmen all pause, and look at the roarer. The waiting customers do the same thing. All eyes are fixed on him. He roars again. The shopmen fly to serve him. He roars a third time, and the article he wants is put in his possession. He pays for it with a roar, pockets it with a roar, and, finally, goes roaring out of the shop; carrying off in triumph the thing he came for, and that in half-a-minute's space, while you and the other feeble-voiced dawdlers are contentedly remaining penned up, like so many sheep in fold, awaiting your turns.

Thus does the roarer get on, then. Thus does he carry all before him, and thus does he roar his way through the world; commanding immediate attention wherever he goes, and procuring instantly whatever he may desire. The world stands in awe of him. It steps aside to let him pass, and treats him with deference and respect wherever it meets him.

Reader, if you have a good pair of lungs, we would advise you to betake yourself to roaring immediately. You will find your interest in it. Roar morning, noon, and night, roar everywhere, roar to everybody, roar on all occasions. Answer all objections with a roar. Urge all claims with a roar. Refuse all requests with a roar. Make all demands with a roar. In short, let all your sayings and doings be intimated in one universal roar, and, you may depend upon it, you will find that there is nothing carries a man so triumphantly through the world as good, sound, sonorous roaring. It makes you somebody at once, and renders all other claims to consideration wholly unnecessary.



## DIET—LIQUID FOOD.

## SECOND ARTICLE.

SUCH is the admirable structure of our bodies, and so intimately connected are all its functions, that it is impossible fully to understand one branch of hygiene without reference to the rest. In the previous paper all that belongs to dietetics (except what relates to liquid food), viewed alone, has been sufficiently expounded; but for the reason above indicated, it will be necessary to revert to the subject for the purpose of pointing out some relations between it and other departments of hygiene.

We have seen that a large supply of gastric juice is required for the digestion of food; the more hearty the meal the greater quantity of that solvent being needed. The blood circulating in the capillary arteries of the stomach is the source whence the gastric juice is derived, and hence it will readily be inferred that more blood must be sent to the stomach, when digestion is going on actively, than at other times. That this inference is well founded has been ascertained by direct observation. Dr. Beaumont informs us that he has seen the mucous coat suddenly become of a deep red colour when excited by the presence of food, a phenomenon due, doubtless, to the increased volume of blood in the arteries\*. Whatever, therefore, tends to divert the flow of blood from the stomach, immediately after a meal, delays digestion, if it does not disturb the process still more seriously. Now it is a fact, which we shall have occasion hereafter more fully to explain, that muscular contraction exercises great influence upon the circulation, blood being sent more abundantly to those organs which are exerted than to those at rest, and this, in fact, accounts for the flow of blood to the stomach during digestion, its muscular coat being then in a state of incessant contraction. The practical conclusion to be derived from these premises is obvious. If directly after a meal the limbs are exerted, blood is withdrawn from the organ where it is most required and transmitted to the muscles of the arms and legs. All the evils described in the previous article as resulting from indigestion are thus produced.

For precisely the same reasons it is hurtful to partake of a full meal immediately after much exertion; in that case the greater part of the blood is in the muscles of the limbs, so that until a period of repose has given time for the circulation to become equalised, there is not sufficient blood sent to the stomach to furnish the requisite supply of gastric juice. If the appetite is habitually attended to, as the guide in diet, this mistake will not often be made. For, however much exercise may invigorate appetite, its effects are not instantaneous, nor, if our explanation of hunger is accurate, is this circumstance to be wondered at, seeing that the secretion, in any considerable quantity, of the gastric juice cannot take place until the exercise has been discontinued for some time. It is observable that even boys when engaged in active sports frequently forget the dinner hour, their usually keen sense of hunger failing to give them the needful monition.

Great mental exertion operates upon digestion in the same manner, though not in an equal degree, as muscular exercise, determining the blood in abundance to the brain, the organ of thought. Hence there is a general indisposition to intellectual effort after a full meal, and a tendency, especially in warm climates, to sleep, which is merely the repose of the brain. This shows the necessity for allowing a considerable interval to elapse after dinner before children are required to re-enter the school-room and engage in its business and studies.

Until the process of digestion has advanced far towards completion, abstinence from any but the most gentle exercise either of mind or body is always desirable. Physiologists have recommended an interval of one hour's rest after a substantial meal, but this is a matter which depends on individual peculiarities; by a little

\* Dr. Beaumont, who is an American physician, enjoyed a rare opportunity for investigating the function of digestion as carried on in the stomach, having for many months maintained, at his own expense, a man whose stomach had been perforated by a gun shot wound which never closed and thus enabled Dr. B. to observe all the changes which took place in that organ. The valuable results thus obtained he has communicated to the public in a highly interesting volume.

attention each may easily discover the proper time in his own case. The persons who most err in this respect are men engaged in business, many of whom scarcely give themselves time to masticate or swallow their food, and rush off to their all-engrossing occupations as soon as the last morsel has been deposited in the stomach. For such persons a much better plan is to defer dining until the labours of the day are over, merely taking a slight refreshment, such as a sandwich or biscuit in the middle of the day.

The number of meals and the intervals between them are matters which appetite alone ought to determine. Hunger should never go unsatisfied, and if circumstances compel us to have our stated meals at times which prevent adherence to this rule, slight supplementary repasts should be taken, and proportionally less food be afterwards eaten. In the earlier and later periods of human existence no regular meal times should be observed: food should be taken in small quantities whenever the appetite prompts. The human constitution is prone to regularity and periodicity, and hence within reasonable limits may by a little care be made to submit to any regimen that our convenience renders necessary. Whether noon or any subsequent hour, up to seven in the evening, is the better time for dining is, therefore, a question to which no general answer can be given; everything depends on the habits, occupation, and other circumstances of individuals.

The incessant loss of fluid, occasioned by the various secretions of the body, all of which are derived from the blood, has a constant tendency to change the condition of the circulating mass, and to render it too thick for carrying on the vital functions. When this reaches a certain point it gives rise to thirst, a sensation perfectly analogous to hunger, and consisting in an affection of the nerves of the throat and fauces, apparently produced by the failure of the moisture which the salivary glands constantly maintain in the throat when the blood is in a normal state. The final cause of thirst is to excite an urgent desire for liquid food, which being taken into the stomach is at once absorbed into the circulation and restores the blood to its proper consistence.

This appetite when natural is the best guide as to the proper quantity of liquid aliment, and the best times for taking it. Few errors are made in regard to quantity merely; thirst being far more implicitly obeyed than hunger, a circumstance due to its greater intensity, and the case with which, in this country at least, it may be satisfied even by the poorest. Excess of this kind is generally injurious more on account of the qualities than of the quantities of the liquids consumed, and thirst can seldom be pleaded as an excuse for such impudence. Our remarks on this subject will therefore relate chiefly to the qualities of the principal kinds of liquids used in diet.

These may be divided into four classes:—water in its natural state; simple infusions, of which water is the basis; fermented liquors; distilled or ardent spirits.

That pure water is a wholesome beverage and one well adapted to remove thirst, there can be no doubt. It enters largely into the composition of the blood, and is therefore proper to renovate it when deficient in fluidity. It must at the same time be admitted, that it is not in every case the best means of quenching thirst, and that it would be foolish to adhere to it invariably. Much, of course, depends on the kind of water; hard or spring water, for example, frequently holds in solution a large quantity of mineral substances, and if habitually drunk is apt to injure the digestive organs and the glandular and absorbent system. To this cause are generally attributed the goitres to which inhabitants of mountainous districts who drink such water are liable, and which consist in the preternatural enlargement of a gland in the neck. River water purified by filtration is perhaps the safest for general use.

Beverages of the second class are exceedingly numerous; we can only particularize a few of the most generally used.

Tea claims the first notice on account of its extensive consumption and the almost universal esteem in which it is held. It is, when unadulterated, one of the best of beverages, being, in moderation, perfectly harmless, and very efficacious in allaying thirst. Green tea is a sedative—that is, diminishes the action of the heart and nervous system, and when taken in excess it produces anxiety, depression, and despondency. Females who take little exercise and drink no fermented liquors frequently render themselves debilitated and nervous by this means alone.

Coffee contains far more nutriment than tea. It is a stimulant, and acts with great force upon the ganglionic system of nerves, and on the organs which are supplied by them. Taken after dinner it promotes digestion; it increases the sensibility and energy of the brain, removing all disposition to sleep, whence it has been called

by French writers "*une boisson intellectuelle*," an intellectual beverage. Coffee is one of the most powerful as well as agreeable antidotes to fermented and spirituous liquors, checking the disturbance of the nervous system and lowering the action of the heart, so that in such cases it acts as a sedative. Caution in the use of this aromatic berry is indispensable. In many cases it may occasion much mischief. It is better adapted for slender persons or those advanced in life, than for the young or very robust. When used in excess, coffee, like other stimulants, affects the nervous system, weakens the digestive organs, and occasions obstructions of the liver. Its effects ought, therefore, to be carefully observed.

Chocolate and cocoa form nutritious beverages, but abound in oil, which renders them less easy of digestion, nor do they possess the qualities which render tea and coffee such general favourites.

Soda-water, ginger-beer, lemonade, and other acidulous effervescing drinks, are in most cases wholesome, and in hot weather extremely refreshing, but they frequently disagree with the stomach, and ought then to be abstained from.

Fermented liquors are stimulants. They quicken the circulation and excite the brain, and therefore when the circulation and nervous system are perfectly healthy they are decidedly injurious, and though their effects wear off after a time, yet if habitually and freely indulged in, they give rise to permanent deviations of organs as well as of functions from the natural state, and bring on deep-seated disease. As to the common notion that such liquors as beer contain much nourishment, nothing can be more unfounded. In fermentation, the greater part of the saccharine matter of the grain or fruit is converted into alcohol, which is utterly destitute of nutriment. Beer and ale in moderation aid digestion, and it is partly this circumstance which has given rise to the notion of their being nourishing.

Of all fermented liquors wines are the best, but they are not all equally wholesome. Some contain much saccharine and nutritious matter, others more spirit. "Spanish wines," says Richerand, "are in themselves nourishing, and are perhaps fitter to satisfy hunger than to allay thirst; while the acidulous Rhenish wines, which are merely thirst-allaying, contain scarcely any cordial quality. Between these two extremes are the French wines, which possess the threefold advantage of diluting the fluids, of stimulating the organs, and of furnishing to the animal economy materials of nutrition."

In climates such as ours, the moderate use of fermented liquors appears to be in many cases far from hurtful. The frequency of humid states of the atmosphere has a tendency to disturb and interrupt the functions of the skin, and to occasion many cutaneous diseases; gentle stimulants quicken the circulation and increase the heat of the external surfaces, and promote the action of their capillaries. They are serviceable also to the digestive organs. Taken in excess, however, these effects are reversed. The stomach is weakened by constant excitement, the brain becomes languid, and loses much of that vital energy so essential to the carrying on of all the secretions, the temperature of the body is lowered, the blood is deteriorated, digestion rendered difficult, and the system is frequently loaded with a mass of crude unassimilated humours which clog all its functions.

Ardent spirits differ from fermented liquors only in containing a larger proportion of alcohol, and proportionately fewer nutritious particles, of which, indeed, they are destitute. Their effects are consequently more intense and permanent, and they ought still more sparingly and cautiously to be indulged in. The outcry against them has of late, however, been carried to a ridiculous extent; and by its very extravagance will probably go far to defeat the intentions, truly benevolent and praiseworthy, of those who have raised it. One would think, from the denunciations directed against spirituous liquors, that they were in every case injurious to persons in a state of health. But it is manifest, from the different effects produced by them in other countries, that this is not the case universally. The free use of distilled spirits is fatal to the European transported to the burning regions of the tropics, yet the Russian drinks them with impunity, and lives on to advanced age in the midst of excesses under which the inhabitant of the south of Europe would sink; and it has been observed by Cabanis, that in cold countries, and especially those where fat animal substances form the principal articles of food, spirituous liquors appear to be positively useful. At all events, it is evident that they are not to be equally prohibited under all circumstances.

But nothing is more certain than that the habitual use of ardent spirits in this country is highly injurious, though this is a point

which need not now be argued at any length. No one can observe the immediate palpable consequences of indulgence in them without suspecting that their frequent recurrence must lead to permanent disturbance of the vital functions, and to organic injury. Many persons, however, who are feelingly alive to the evils of habitual intoxication, consider it quite harmless to partake now and then of these stimulants, thinking that, as their effect is generally transient, no danger attends the custom. But it should be recollected that a very slight cause is often sufficient to bring about events which other causes may have long been secretly preparing, but which might never have taken place but for the finishing stroke. A single drop causes the full vessel to overflow, and in like manner a weak stimulus may give an impulse to the system already on the verge of disease, that may excite all its functions into preternatural force and rapidity.

It may be useful to point out briefly the chief diseases to which free indulgence in intoxicating liquors gives rise.

The liver complaints, to which drunkards are so liable, are obviously occasioned by the passage of ardent spirits through that organ. It has been stated in a previous article, that such fluids are quickly absorbed from the stomach and conveyed direct to the liver, upon which, therefore, they act before any change has been wrought upon them by the digestive organs. The constant excitement thus kept up causes, first, excessive action, then great increase in size, and, lastly, induration of the substance of the liver, which leads to the compression of the secreting capillaries, and the diminution as well as deterioration of the bilious secretion, in the train of which follow indigestion, dropsy, and general debility.

Dr. Beaumont informs us that when the man, on whom his observations were made, had been drunk for several days, the mucous coat of the stomach was in a state of active inflammation, which proceeded so far as to occasion numerous large ulcerous patches. Again, "All observation and experience show that a powerful predisposition to dysentery (inflammation of the large intestines) is formed by indulgence in spirituous liquors." Their effect on the nervous system is manifest in the dimness of vision, the trembling of the limbs, add the unsteady gait of intoxicated or habitually drunken persons, and in the species of continual fever to which they are subject. Cabanis concludes his exposition of the effects of such intemperance in these words: "It occasions weakness of the intellectual functions, constant irritability of temper, and proneness to violence. Its final result is ferocity joined to stupidity. Almost all great criminals have hardened themselves both physically and morally by the abuse of ardent spirits, and of strong stimulants of all kinds."

It may be added that on the young, stimulants act with infinitely greater force than on adults. Neither fermented nor spirituous beverages should be given to them, except as medicines: to make them regular articles of their diet is the surest means of undermining their constitutions, and preparing them for an early grave.

The temperature of fluids is an important point. Immediate death has not unfrequently been occasioned by taking a large draught of cold water while the body was freely perspiring, and this is owing to the sudden and great depression of the heat of the stomach, an effect which is transmitted to the other vital organs by means of the sympathetic nerves which connect them with the stomach. In some cases, it is said, this piece of imprudence has been immediately followed by dropsy, the contracting effect of the cold having been communicated to the skin and other organs, whose office to excrete the watery constituents of the blood being thus interrupted, the superabundance is deposited in the various tissues by the arterial capillaries.

Hot liquids injure the teeth as well as the stomach. They relax the surfaces with which they come in contact, and lower the tone of the vessels. The best temperature for drinks is about that of the human body—from 90° to 100° Fahr.

Much liquid during or shortly after a solid meal, in most cases, impedes digestion by diluting, or, if cold, diminishing the secretion of the gastric juice, and by unduly distending the stomach, by which the free motion of its muscular coats is prevented. A small quantity may be taken during the meal with benefit, and three or four hours afterwards, a further supply of fluid will be innocuous. Breakfast is properly made to consist chiefly of liquid food, as the expenditure of fluids is greatest during sleep.

The remarks contained in this and the preceding paper may be summed up in a brief precept, the golden rule of dietetics: follow the dictates of the unperverted appetites of hunger and thirst, by eating and drinking the simplest and plainest of alimentary substances.

## OUT OF TOWN.

I HAVE always had a decided preference for a country-life— that is to say, for life in a part of the country not far from London. I love the great metropolis. I like to be within reach of its collections of works of art,—of its magnificent buildings,— of its crowds of intelligent men, and to mingle occasionally in the bustle which fills its streets at the full season of the year. I have a thorough contempt for a mere provincial existence; to me would be intolerable the petty topics of scandal, the whist parties, the periodical dinners and balls, the rivalries between old maids, and the family feuds that give rise to the tea-table jargon of small towns. The morning loneliness of the streets,—the dull aspect of numerous parlour-windows, with young ladies practising on the piano in the drawing-rooms, and old ladies, with spectacles on nose, conning over the newspaper a week old; and the public library, always exhibiting the same faces, hats, coats, and umbrellas,—the same questions, and the same answers—the talk about the weather, about the falling or risings of the glass, about Mrs. Dixon's cough, and Mr. Fulton's fall from his horse, would surely very speedily fill my mind with that species of vapour called in the days of Addison and Pope the "spleen,"—in more modern terms, the "blue devils."

Let me have the power, when I choose it, to drink at the sources whence flow all the great streams of public opinion; to partake in the conflicts of thought to which the higher interests of mankind give rise; to converse familiarly with those who direct noble enterprises, and to take with my own eye the measure of those men whose names are constantly before the world. But, at the same time, be the power also mine of occasionally withdrawing quietly from all this turmoil to a quiet house, some eight or ten miles from town,—to some solitude, which I may find as much retired as if I were a hundred miles from London, where I may sleep in pure air, and, when I rise in the morning, behold in front of my window a wide expanse of field and woodland, hill and valley, and the apple-tree laden with its ruby blossoms, and the cherry-tree laughing in its bridal attire; where I may imbibe the fragrance of the sweet-briar, and the wall-flower, and the ever-admirable rose; and hear the hum of bees and the cock's "shrill clarion."

The contrast between London occupations and a retreat like this, is delightful. It is useful in the highest degree; it enables me to review my busy thoughts, to test them by right principles, to expand them upon a basis capable of giving them support, to mature them into a form that shall render them most effective for the purpose which I have in view, and at the same time to prevent them from diverting the mind too far from what is, after all, the great object of existence here—the preparation for existence hereafter.

How fascinating it is to ramble under the shade of trees, when the leaves are upon all their branches, and the winds, a little winterish, come to disturb their repose! How soft, how prolonged, how varied, are the voices in which they utter their complaints! Rises a tone swelling with grief; but reflection seems to subdue it, and the sound that has escaped passes away, far away, in a melancholy cadence that implores sympathy. I could listen to this Æolian music until I could, without effort, fancy that each particular tree was at once lamenting the brief period of its glory, and telling of the years that are now no more. In woods, or by green lanes, where oaks that have seen their centuries mingle in this chorus, the effect is enchanting: it makes me think that I have lived in other worlds where these sounds were prevalent, so familiar are they to my memory—so soothing, like the voice of a beloved mother, are they to my heart. I come out from these haunts refreshed, as if my soul were baptised in one of the streams of Paradise.

Then am I fit for enjoying all nature; nothing escapes my eye. The fern in the hedge, the moss at the root of the bramble, the wild "forget-me-not," the daisy, the blue-bell, the convolvulus, the wild rose, the almost hidden lily, and the thousand different grasses that strew my way, and even the flowers of the nettle, ask me to loiter amongst them. The blaze of the yellow broom, the virgin raiment of the thorn, the vari-coloured woodbine, the green sweet-briar, the atmosphere teeming with fragrance, the blue sky without a cloud, the hymns of the larks in its higher regions, the joyous songs of the blackbird and the thrush, and the chirping of a thousand little imitators, all combine to tell me that the country is the only sphere in which I can know the value and feel the blessing of existence.

It is in a retreat of this kind that I am seated while I write these pages. In front of my residence, at a distance of some miles, is Epping Forest. It rises in a range of hill, which on some days assumes a mountain blue, on other displays its acclivities richly wooded—here shaded by a passing cloud, there shining in the full light of the sunbeams, and forming a fine boundary to a vast sweep of upland, divided by thick hedges, covered with sheep-grass of that beautiful green which may be observed soon after the new-mown hay is removed, cattle, wheat and barley, turnips, villages, and hamlets. Enfield is marked by a windmill, which never ceases to circulate its sails while there is a breath of wind to move them.

Passing through my garden, I open a door, and, turning on the right, walk through a green lane, teeming with nettles, various grasses, and wild flowers, on either side; then over a stile, which leads me into a field rented by a cricket-club. I find a great deal to interest me in this field. I may walk about in it without incurring any hazard of being prosecuted as a trespasser. It rises sufficiently towards the western side of it to afford a very extensive view of the country all round. I can see distinctly, from its most elevated part, the spire of Highgate church, rising amidst numerous plantations occupied by stately trees, many of them more than a century old. The cupola of St. Paul's now and then looms upon my horizon with a shadowy effect, which lends it an air of mystic grandeur.

On certain days of the month, when the weather permits, the members of the club assemble on this green, and pursue from noon until evening their fascinating sport, with indefatigable perseverance. She from whom I hope "never to part," and our constant companions, three girls,—the eldest not quite ten, the youngest under five years old,—the ornament and lights of our home, sometimes stop to witness the game. It is impossible for human beings to pass with indifference any scene in which others of our own species are for the moment engaged heart and soul, contending for victory, however humble may be the prize. The firm and faithful adherence of the partisans on each side; the vigilance of the outposts; their quickness in returning the ball; the activity of the batmen in making all they can of the interval; and the sympathy of several spectators, all act upon the mind by a sort of magnetic influence, and causes it to take a share in the vicissitudes of this manly amusement.

Nevertheless, I must own it, we soon find ourselves walking on, wandering by the hedge-side; one pursuing the moths and butterflies; another after those beetles sometimes to be found asleep on the leaves of flowers, whose green burnished wings, edged, or rather turned up with gold, are always a source of admiration; another forming bouquets of wild flowers, whose genera and species seem to be infinite. A nest of ruddy wild strawberries is always a discovery of great importance; it is hailed by a shout of joy that rings through the field; forthwith gloves and lips are stained with the fragrant juice, which is declared to be much sweeter than that of the garden-strawberry "by a great deal."

These wild flowers—what a wonderful variety of form and colour they exhibit! I hold a collection of them in my hand, the produce of a few minutes' search. There is one—the rose of Sharon—in its natural state, with its bunch of eyelid hairs in the

middle, slightly knobbed at the extremities, springing from a common centre; whence also spread fine delicately streaked leaves, all of a bright yellow. They are much inferior, it is true, in magnitude and colour to the cultivated flower of the same kind, which, in the early morning especially, is a perfect blaze of gold; but still they are very beautiful. Between the leaves start up infant buds, just turning yellow, emerging from amongst tiny leaves of "Lincoln green;" and beneath is a succession of other green leaves, some short, some long, and all disposed with an effect which pleases the eye, and provokes the mind to look about for the Artist who has conceived and created these most interesting objects.

Here is another, not unlike the daisy, but it grows on branches spreading out from a stem. What can be more elegant than the yellow button in the middle, with its garniture of snow-white leaves all round, like the shirt-frill of a young boy? Next to this comes another stem, with its branches gracefully terminating in clusters of lilac flowers, smelling like those of the white-thorn. On the stem, below the point from which the branches start, are disposed at intervals delicate leaves, cut like those of the fern. Here is a flower of the convolvulus form, the leaves form a pale yellow at the point of insertion, deepening to a rich purple, each pencilled with three dark lines longitudinally, and supported by long, narrow green leaves, rising from the lips of a green chalice, in which the flower is deposited, just as we place a rose in a cup. Then comes the purple thistle, a little brilliant flower like a pheasant's eye; numerous star-like forms of every colour; long feathery grasses, throwing out sprays slender and graceful in the highest degree;—these, and a thousand more, each differing from the one next it as much as if they were assembled from different climates, we gather as we go along, and often pause to express our wonder at the resources and boundless benevolence of that mighty Mind, which can produce so much variety, and lavish so much beauty, amongst productions that may be said to be hidden from general observation.

As we pursue our course, what myriads of living things meet us at every step! Ants, busily engaged in searching for provender, or bearing it homeward to their subterranean cities; large solitary bees, buzzing from flower to flower; beetles, some on the wing, some condemned to creep on the earth, intent on their prey; flies of every hue, and diminishing from the size of a bee to minute creatures barely visible; spiders of many shapes, colours, and sizes, some in sport dangling on their lines, running from the pendent brambles down to the earth, then back again, with marvellous rapidity,—some swinging from branch to branch, some sailing in the air in their gossamer balloons,—some cunningly watching, prepared to run out the moment a little winged vagrant becomes their prisoner,—some engaged in weaving or repairing their wondrous webs.

There are few insects that interest me more than spiders; they are always so industrious, so full of foresight, so ingenious, so prompt in their movements. I happened, a day or two ago, to look into a water-butt, open at the top, with the view of ascertaining the quantity of water which had fallen within a particular time. I found a web carefully disposed at some distance above the water, firmly secured by ropes to the edge of the vessel all round. The web was of very slight material, but sufficiently strong to resist the efforts of the small flies which were floating about on the surface of the element. Very few of the flies rose upward; if they did, they were pretty generally ensnared. But the depredator was chiefly occupied in darting downwards by his line to the water, where he instantly drew in his legs and arms, and assumed as nearly as possible the appearance of a fly himself; he then picked up one or two victims, and ran up to his den, where he speedily appropriated to himself all the little life they had. Arrived at his home, he expanded his limbs; but the moment he set off upon another expedition, he proceeded to disguise himself most methodically in the same deceptive character. He seemed to me to enjoy exceedingly the success of his stratagem.

## A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE JEWS.

### IV.—CONCLUSION.

THE history of the Jews has been divided, in a previous paper, into two grand periods: the first, that of the existence of the Mosaic polity, which ended with the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar; the second, that of the Dispersion, which commenced with the Captivity and continues to this day, though it ought to have ended after the advent of Christ. We have also seen that the Jews forfeited their charter by violations of the conditions on which it was granted. In the first period, by their repeated relapses into idolatry, debasing the simple and beautiful idea of the unity of God, the keeping of which was at once their peculiarity and their privilege; in the second period, by retaining this grand doctrine, given to them for propagation as well as preservation, as a sign and seal of Heaven's special favour, and their own particular advantage. For nothing can be a greater mistake, than to suppose that the regulations of Moses, intended to constitute the Jews a peculiar people, were also intended to shut them out from all intercourse with other nations. The distinction of clean and unclean meats—an almost insurmountable non-intercourse barrier—appears clearly to have been temporary and local in its nature. The divinely-inspired wisdom of Moses adopted it, first, with a view to the health of the poor, broken-down, diseased mob he led from Egypt, and, second, to preserve them from idolatrous contamination, by making it a principle of religion not to eat meats offered to idols. Had the Jews been a reflecting people, the Captivity and Dispersion might have taught them not to strain the institutions of their great lawgiver, nor to convert what in itself was a local and temporary preventive of evil into an act of religious virtue. But the Jews were a stupid, narrow, proud, and selfish race: instead of becoming a missionary people, they became a monopolising people; and as, in their first period, they debased God's Unity by idolatry, so, in their second period, they imprisoned it in that national conceit which led them to "thank God that they were righteous, and to despise others." Certainly, the Jewish mind had made a great advance in the second period, as compared with the first: not only did they abhor idolatry, but there were sects among them who were keen partisans, and who would "compass sea and land to make one proselyte;" but this was to swell the numbers of factions, not to propagate the great cause of truth. It was thus that, advanced as they were, in the time of our Saviour, the Jews, by reason of their deficient spirit of humanity, were unfitted for the office of universal missionaries: and it was this Jewish spirit which fettered the early movements of the apostles, and agitated the infant church by the fierce struggle between Judaism and Christianity.

Our preceding paper was chiefly occupied in pointing out how early and how thoroughly the Christian church became Judaized in its character, spirit, and ceremonies. Christianity was intended to supersede Judaism: but Judaism crept over Christianity, giving it, like ivy round a ruin, a more ancient and picturesque air, but concealing its form and proportions. The Jewish organization—in which the religious and the political were inseparably intertwined—was intended only for a particular people, gathered together in a particular portion of the earth. That organization could only be fairly worked while the Jews were an independent people; the moment the laws of Moses were under sufferance—the moment that they existed under the toleration of a foreign power, from that moment the Hebrew polity was overthrown. For the laws of Moses are local and temporary in their nature; admirably adapted for an unreflecting and unreasoning people, they are quite out of place, not only when removed from Palestine, but when carried forward into a more advanced state of society. Yet early was Christianity carried back to this primary stage in the progress of man; its growing stature was arrested by being fitted into the iron bed of Judaism; the Church was remoulded into the form of the kingdom of David; the sword which Christ commanded Peter to "put up into its place" was unsheathed, and placed in the hands of the

civil power; and that religion, which was intended, like the atmosphere, to surround, embrace, and vivify the earth, yet uncontrolled and uncontrollable, became materialised; and under the names of Pope and Infallibility, the Jewish high-priesthood, the Jewish Urim and Thummim, or Oracle of God, and Jewish rigidity or immutability, became the grand characteristics of the Christian church.

Much of this is to be traced to the early preaching of the Gospel by men who were Jewish in all their habits, peculiarities, and prejudices; and even the "Apostle of the Gentiles," the great object of the wrath of the Jews, has contributed his share. In his anxiety to convince the Jews that Christ had superseded Moses, he uses Jewish phraseology, applies, allegorically, all the descriptive epithets of the old covenant to the new; and, pointing upwards, he contends that Christ has entered the true "Holy of Holies," and is "a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true Tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man." By thus adapting himself to Jewish prejudices and modes of thought, he succeeded in his immediate object of convincing many; but he doubtless aided somewhat in the Judaizing of the church, which not even his expostulations with the Galatians could altogether counteract, that they were turning again to "weak and beggarly elements." But this is a subject which we cannot at present pursue; and we must turn to consider a new and portentous form of Judaism, which sprang up in the same quarter of the world where the laws of Moses were first promulgated, and amongst a people descended from the same stock as the Jews.

The peninsula of Arabia presented, at the commencement of the seventh century, a miniature of the existing state of the world. Here Christian heretics had fled from the persecution and intolerance of their Christian brethren; here Jews had retreated from Roman violence and Christian hatred; and here idolatry existed, in rank and degrading forms. The Arabs, half-brothers to the Jews, stood very low, morally and socially; they were gross and ferocious in their manners and habits, and very ignorant. It was then that Mohammed, the "Illustrious," appeared, and, aspiring to the character of another Moses, offered himself to his people, to lead them out of their house of bondage. Though he could neither read nor write, his was a great mind: he saw around him degraded specimens of Christianity and Judaism, and he saw the polluting influences of idolatry and superstition. His intercourse with Christians and Jews enabled him to become, in some measure, familiar with portions of the Old Testament, and to gain some faint ideas of the New; and the doctrine of the unity of God became the absorbing and ruling idea of his mind. The union of devout aspirations with personal ambition has been too often exemplified, the one as the warp, the other as the woof, of an energetic character; and Mohammed, who began in earnestness and faith, ended in deliberate imposture. That Mohammed was first inspired by truth, and a fervent desire to elevate the character and moral condition of his countrymen, is evident from his history; and that he deceived himself before he began to deceive others, is exceedingly likely: no mere impostor, conscious throughout of fraud, could sustain himself as Mohammed did. The Koran bears ample testimony to the steady devotion with which he adhered to the "eternal truth," as Gibbon terms it, which had first elevated his own mind—"That there is only one God;" though he compounded with it a "necessary fiction," that "Mohammed is the apostle of God."

Viewing Mohammed, not in comparison with the state of society in his time, and the circumstances by which he was surrounded, but, as he challenged it himself, with the prophets and apostles who preceded him, he appears but a literal plagiarist and vulgar translator. It would seem an easy task for a clever, dextrous man, to re-adapt the Pentateuch to the circumstances of a people descended from the same stock as the Jews, full of patriarchal traditions, living in the same country where the laws of Moses were promulgated, and who could not have been altogether unacquainted with the Jewish belief, that a prophet was to be raised, like unto

Moses, unto whom they should hearken. The Jews scattered in the peninsula of Arabia still expected their Messiah; the Christians had glimmering notions of an advent and a millennium. Mohammed, therefore, had little else to do, apparently, than to combine these ideas and circumstances in his own person. In fact, he did little else than this—revivified Jewish ceremonial law, borrowed his mosque from the synagogue, stole the "sword of the Lord and of Gideon," and from the Paradise of Genesis and the New Jerusalem of the Revelations, compounded a heaven glittering with gems, sparkling with crystal waters, and fragrant with musk. In this point of view he appears destitute of originality; and his success as much the fruit of accident as of genius.

But to God alone is reserved the right of judging men and actions by the standard of universal truth: we, in judging the conduct of our fellows, must not forget our common humanity. Viewing Mohammed by the circumstances which surrounded him, he stands out a great if not a good man. His personal conduct was worthy of one who aspired to the reputation of a leader and guider of the people; though a polygamist, it was in a state of society where polygamy takes its place as a portion of social existence, and he could plead the example of "holy men of old." Otherwise, he was grave, temperate, and active; abounding in self-reliance, and ever true to himself; confiding in his manners, and humble in his deportment; and though he rose to be a king, he never forgot his character as a prophet. He could not have foreseen the prodigious extent to which his name and doctrine reached, yet he deserves the credit of having not only elevated the moral and mental character of his countrymen, but of inspiring a vast portion of the human race with an aversion to idolatry as decided and complete as ever Christian or Jew could feel, and of diffusing not only a devotional belief in a one true God, but a belief in future rewards and punishments. "Religion," exclaimed Mohammed, "is nothing without prayer!" Such a sentiment is not the sentiment of a cool impostor.

We may point to Mohammedism, as well as to the existing state of the Jews, as a decided proof that the wisdom of that great man, Moses, was under divine direction. It was because of its Jewish organisation that Mohammedism prevailed. It shows the vitality of truth, even when united to falsehood; and it manifests how admirably adapted were the laws of Moses to the circumstances of the Jewish people, when a resuscitation of them, in a mutilated form, produced such mighty results. Judaism, indeed, belonged to the past; and it might have replied to Mohammed, as the disturbed shade of Samuel did to Saul—"Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" But though we cannot divine the why and the wherefore Mohammedism has been permitted to arise and overshadow the earth, presenting an almost hitherto impenetrable barrier to Christianity, we may be allowed to suggest, that perhaps it has been suffered to fulfil some of those preliminary purposes which should have been accomplished under the Jewish dispensation. The conflict of Judaism and Christianity caused the breaking up of "the fountains of the great deep" in the world of the human mind; and though the waters of the flood have not yet abated, we have reason to hope that when they do subside, freer space and a more fertile soil will be presented for the diffusion of Christianity.

Mohammed tried to enlist the Arabian Jews in his interests; but they refused to accept a descendant of Hagar, the bondswoman, as their prophet and Messiah. He also intended, originally, to make Jerusalem the focus of his faith; and had he done so, three great bodies of religionists would have been all possessed with the one idea of locality. But he changed his purposes, and, in revenge for his rejection by the Jews, punished them, when he could, with great severity. But four years after the death of Mohammed, Jerusalem was taken (A.D. 636) by his followers; the caliph Omar caused a mosque to be erected on the site of the Temple; and for four hundred years, Christian pilgrims visited the city under the protection of its Mohammedan masters. Meantime the Jews, who thus saw their favourite Jerusalem

divided between two great rival religions, both of which they considered as bastard products of their own faith, were content to follow the fortunes of their new masters. The successors of Mohammed did not imitate his severity towards them; the Jews were patronised by the caliphs, whose treatment of them presented, in many respects, a striking contrast to the treatment given them by the Christians; and these isolated wanderers were found wherever the crescent was set up. In Europe they were protected by Charlemagne; and a Jew was ambassador from that emperor to the famous Harun al Raschid, the caliph of Bagdad, who, as a proof of his good will, sent to Charlemagne a curious clock, and the keys of the supposed "holy sepulchre" at Jerusalem. In Spain, under the Gothic kings, they were treated with extirpating cruelty; but after the Moors conquered that country, the Jews enjoyed a golden age, and recommended themselves to their Mohammedan masters, by their commercial habits, and their cultivation of science and learning.

During the period of which we have been speaking, the Jews, scattered over the greater portion of that world which once constituted the Roman empire, were largely engaged in commercial transactions. In the fifth and sixth centuries, taking advantage of the wars which disturbed the whole face of society, they became the general SLAVE MERCHANTS of Europe—a traffic bewailed and denounced by Pope Gregory I., who, moved by the sight of young and beautiful Anglo Saxon slaves in the market at Rome, procured missionaries to be sent into England. It would be interesting to inquire whether the grasping and overreaching spirit so universal in the Jews, is a peculiarity of the race, or has been contracted through the force of circumstances. Jacob, the father of the twelve patriarchs, was certainly, in many respects, the type of a trading Jew. He cheated, or at least overreached, his father and his brother, and he most dexterously overreached his uncle Laban, keeping all the while within the limits of a bargain, and at the same time grossly violating the spirit of moral obligation. This grasping and overreaching tendency is oriental, and, as such, may belong to the blood of the Jews. Moses interdicted them from exacting usury—that is, *interest*—from one another; but he gave them free permission to exact usury on whatever they lent to a foreigner. And here we come to a most curious illustration of the absurdities of human nature. The Jewish law, preventing the taking of usury, was merely one of the many regulations contrived by Moses for promoting a spirit of humanity and brotherly love among the rude people he ruled. "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of anything that is lent upon usury. Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury, but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all that thou settest thine hand to, in the land whither thou goest to possess it." Yet Christian legislators have adopted this very plain and very obvious regulation, as of universal obligation; as if it were a greater crime to make large profit by the loan or use of money, than the sale of goods; while the Jews, to whom the regulation was given, have become the greatest usurers of the human race!

By the time of Solomon, the Jews had become a commercial, or trading nation, as well as an agricultural; and we find various allusions to mal-practices, or "tricks of trade," in the Proverbs. "Divers weights and divers measures, both of them are alike abomination to the Lord."—"It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." (How descriptive of a Jew broker of the present day!) Their dispersion, during the captivity, must have led them more and more into commercial business; and in the time of Christ, the great resort of Jewish pilgrims from all quarters of the world to visit the Temple, and pay the devout tax exacted for its support, led to the business of money-changers, who earned a livelihood by exchanging foreign coins (most of them marked with idolatrous emblems, and therefore unfit to be paid into the Temple treasury) for Jewish shekels. It was because they violated the spirit of the Jewish law, by exacting usury—or something like it—from their brethren, and

for turning the professed worship of God into a source of pecuniary emolument, that Christ, with an air of stern authority, which they felt to be irresistible, because backed by moral and popular approbation, overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and drove out the sellers of sacrificial animals.

But it was after the Jews had lost all hold upon Palestine and Jerusalem, and more especially after Christianity became a ruling power, that they grew so conspicuous as traffickers. They could not preserve anything like an adherence to their ceremonial law, and yet mingle freely with Christians and Pagans; and necessity, the "mother of invention," sharpened their wits, and led them to practise businesses by which they could, in some measure, preserve their liberty of action. Then the cruel exactions to which they were repeatedly exposed—the foul robberies and confiscations which they repeatedly endured—the concentrated value and moveable nature of their property—and the unsettled state of their lives, must have developed all the low cunning of humanity, and exasperated that desire of revenge which found no other vent, no other mode of satisfaction, than that which resulted from a chuckling, secret sense of overreaching those who hated them. Abundant proof has been given, that the Jew, with fair play, can stand as upright as the Christian; and, under a better state of things, we may hope that the synonyms of "Jew" and "cheat" will lose their equal value, and require a commentator to explain them.

The tenth century brought a great change for the Jews, both in Europe and Asia. Free access had been given, by the Saracen masters of Jerusalem, to the increasing hordes of Christian pilgrims: though these tolerating Mohammedans, stern haters of idolatry, could scarcely tolerate the scandalous scenes which began now, with undisguised effrontery, to be performed over the pretended sites of holy places. "Had the Christian pilgrims," says Gibbon, "been content to revere the tomb of a prophet, the disciples of Mohammed, instead of blaming, would have imitated their piety: but these rigid Unitarians were scandalised by a worship which represents the birth, death, and resurrection of a God; the Catholic images were branded with the name of idols, and the Moslems smiled with indignation at the miraculous flame which was kindled on the eve of Easter in the holy sepulchre." While these tricks were practised, for the edification of the faithful, a general impression prevailed in Europe that the year 1000 would witness the advent of the Son of God, who was to descend in the valley of Jehoshaphat, to judge the world. Hundreds disposed of their property, giving it to the clergy, or for charitable purposes, and hurried to Jerusalem. Pilgrimage became a mania: but while the mania still raged, a foolish caliph, through some frantic caprice, and in utter opposition to the policy of his predecessors, interrupted the devotions of the pilgrims. In A.D. 1009, "the temple of the Christian world, the church of the Resurrection, was demolished to its foundations; the luminous prodigy of Easter was interrupted; and much profane labour was exhausted to destroy the rock which contains the supposed holy sepulchre. At the report of this sacrilege, the nations of Europe were astonished and afflicted; but instead of arming in the defence of the Holy Land, they contented themselves with burning and banishing the Jews, as the secret advisers of the impious barbarian. Yet the calamities of Jerusalem were in some measure alleviated by the inconstancy or repentance of the caliph himself; succeeding caliphs resumed the maxims of religion and policy; a free toleration was again granted; with the pious aid of the Emperor of Constantinople, the holy sepulchre arose from its ruins; and, after a short abstinence, the pilgrims returned, with an increase of appetite, to the spiritual feast."

The very great increase of pilgrimages, during this century (the eleventh) laid the foundation of those extraordinary events, the Crusades. The Turks, sweeping onwards from their Scythian deserts, conquered Jerusalem; and savage in their manners, as well as full of zeal for their newly-acquired faith, they paid little respect to the intentions or persons of Christian pilgrims. We only here allude to the Crusades, for the purpose of reminding the

reader of their connexion with our history. They rendered more savage and intense the fanatic hatred which was felt towards the Jews throughout Catholic Europe, who were now regarded as the crucifiers of the "Lord of glory," for the recovery of whose holy sepulchre every good Christian was willing to peril all that was dear to him; they were teased, tormented, and plundered in France; massacred in Germany, at the cry of "Hep" "Hep," the initials of the words "Hierosolyma est perdita," "Jerusalem is lost!" persecuted, with bigoted fury, by rich and poor in England, and at last banished the kingdom in the reign of Edward I.; and expelled, under circumstances of outrageous folly and cruelty, from Spain, which, by that act of madness, inflicted an almost incurable wound on itself, for the country lost its best and most productive inhabitants.

In the very midst of the turmoil and confusion of the Crusades, a new power was evolving, which was about to become far more potent than the sword. The poor Jews, driven from country to country, seeking for rest and finding none, returned, like the dove to the ark, into their own invulnerable patience and hope; and yet, unknown to their tormentors, they were performing a great service to the cause of European civilisation.

Whether or not they were the inventors of BILLS OF EXCHANGE is a question of little moment; we know that, moving disjointedly over the surface of society, they became the chief bankers and commercial agents of Europe, and paved the way for funds and loans, and the dominion of CAPITAL. The world owes them far more for this service than it can yet fairly estimate; and it appears to us, that that Providence, which educes good out of man's evil, has made the separate existence of the Jews, and the cruelties of Christians towards them—a separate existence perpetuated by their own obstinacy, and cruelties committed in the ignorance of barbarism—a grand means of advancing the civilisation of the world, of furthering the social and intellectual progress of the human race.

The Jews, after their banishment in the reign of Edward I., are not supposed to have returned to England till the time of Cromwell. But it is exceedingly probable that they were in this country from about the period of the Reformation; though, from the persecution to which they were subjected throughout Europe, they had learned to make their movements stealthy and unobserved. Cromwell permitted them to return openly; and "he allowed a limited number to settle in London, and to have synagogues. They were sufficiently numerous to celebrate the feast of tabernacles in booths, on the borders of the Thames." But their joy was imprudent; the public spirit was far too bigoted for such an open display; and Cromwell, who had intended to give them a formal sanction, allowed his intentions to drop. After the Restoration, they came in greater numbers; many of them were Portuguese Jews, flying from the intolerance of their own country; and these were still farther increased by Jews from Germany, Poland, and Barbary. But the Portuguese Jews, many of them noble, all high-minded, and mostly rich, kept themselves quite distinct from their other brethren, whose habits, poverty, and ignoble spirit, rendered them indeed unfit associates; "the haughty Lusitanian Jew," says D'Israeli, "would have returned to the fires of Lisbon, ere he condescended to an intermarriage with the Jew of Alsace or Warsaw." The Jews, in London, were sufficiently influential and numerous to procure an act to be passed, in 1753, permitting their foreign brethren (for British-born Jews are British subjects) to be naturalised without taking the sacrament; but here the Legislature outstripped the public spirit, and popular clamour caused the act to be repealed in the following year. Since that period, they have lived undisturbed in this country; and in recent years their wealth, spirit, and activity, have been gradually pressing against those barriers of interdiction, raised in ignorance and bigotry, which shut them out from the free enjoyment of civil rights. The words, "Upon the true faith of a Christian," are still, however, in their way, when they aspire to offices of trust and honour; and the Court of Chancery has refused to make valid a legacy given for the instruction of Jews in their religion, though

any other charitable bequest for the benefit of Jews is good in law.

The condition of the Jews in some parts of the Continent has been very considerably ameliorated. Napoleon made them citizens, placing them on the same footing as other Frenchmen; some German powers have also given them civil rights; and in Holland they flourish. There are supposed to be from 28,000 to 30,000 in Great Britain, of whom about 18,000 are in London; in France, 50,000; in Holland and Belgium, 80,000; in Austria, Prussia, Italy, &c., they number nearly a million; in Russia and Poland upwards of half a million—while their numbers throughout the East are unknown.

What warrant is there, in Scripture or reason, that this widely-dispersed body is once more to be restored to what is called "their own land?" The land is no longer theirs; they forfeited it ages ago. Are they to be gathered from the lanes of London, from the high-roads of Russia, from Europe, and Asia, and America, to build again the house of David? Moses, David, and the Temple, belong as much to the past, as old Egypt, or Nineveh, or Babylon, or the Roman empire of the Cæsars—there is a progression in the history of the world as certain as in the life of man. Are they to be converted, in some remarkable manner, and quitting their pursuits in all parts of the globe, to hasten to the Holy Land, as a miraculous signal to the human race of the truth of the Christian faith? A poor compliment to the moral power of Christianity, to suppose that it requires the aid of so clumsy a contrivance! It is our Judaism that has helped to perpetuate the Judaism of the Jews. We must abandon our dreams about Jerusalem, and show the Jews that Christianity is a universal not a local faith—intended for the world, and not for a race. We must abandon our Judaical rites and ceremonies, and convince the Jews that we are not rivals but superiors. How can we laugh or reason them out of their distinctions of meats and drinks, when they still see a large portion of the Christian world bowing down to images, a forced continency obstructing the command of the Creator, as well as his blessing on themselves, that they should "increase and multiply," and even our own clergy walking in Levitical state, claiming title, and officiating at altars? And, lastly, we must convince them that the evil spirit of Judaism which has so long possessed the Christian church—the spirit of monopoly, of intolerance, and of persecution—that spirit which was sent judicially against the abominable idolatrous Canaanites, whose vices made the land ready to vomit them forth—that spirit whose operation was restricted within the bounds of the Hebrew Government, where law and religion were the same, and blasphemy was high treason—that that spirit, revived in an evil hour for us and them, and embodied in our practices and feelings, has no sympathy whatever with the spirit of truth. Then, as we restore them to the possession of civil rights, and cause them to stand up on their feet—as kindness melts their hearts, and association dissolves their prejudices—as knowledge breaks in upon their Rabbinical gloom, and the "day-star" arises—we will witness the gradual influence of the "dew upon the grass, and the rain upon the tender herb;" and as the Israelites draw near, to gaze, with other feelings, upon the burning bush of Christianity, they will hear the same awful voice that spake to their great ancestor—"Put thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

#### A SHARP CUT.

ONE day a shrewd son of the soil was sent to the house of a Yorkshire farmer upon his master's business, and, as the good old custom goes there, he had what is called a hearty drinking set before him; but still one part of the refreshment was a puzzle for Luke, being different from anything he had ever seen before—namely, a whole Dutch cheese. How to begin to it Luke was at no small loss to imagine: the master, however, popping in just at the moment, Luke, in a tone of apparent simplicity, said, "It's vary like a foot-bill this, measter; whereiver am e ta cut it?" "Cut it! wha," exclaimed the farmer, in the midst of a hearty crack of laughter, "cut it wese you like, my man." "Wha, then," responded Luke with a smile, and popping the cheese under his left arm, "all cut it at hoame, if ye please, measter." —*Doncaster Chronicle.*

## THE CHELSEA BOTANIC GARDEN.

We know nothing more delightful than a ramble during a summer's evening through the lanes and footpaths, from the western outskirts of London to the Botanic Gardens at Chelsea. The very localities call up pleasing or historical recollections: there is Gloucester Road, leading to Gloucester Lodge, once the residence of Canning;—Cromwell Lane, with its pretty almshouses, commanding a view of the somewhat crazy mansion inhabited of old by the Protector;—Mr. Greenwood's villa, where the last Duke of York expired;—and, finally, the beautiful Gothic new church, the master-piece of Savage, which greets our entrance into the populous district of Chelsea. Here leaving the unostentatious dwelling of the indefatigable Ingpen (the well-known author of a Treatise on Insects, and who, though possessing a mere spot of garden-ground, cultivates upwards of 600 species of plants,) on the left, we arrive at Cheyne Walk, at the end of which we see a tall dignified-looking building; and, on rounding the corner of the contiguous wall, we arrive at a handsome iron gateway;—this, gentle reader, is the entrance to the Apothecaries', or Physic Botanic Garden, in speaking of which, a genuine lover of botany might be tempted to exclaim, somewhat in the words of Robins, when Gatton was under the hammer, "He who enters these walls opens the gates of Paradise!" Indeed, the view through the grating, richly festooned with the broad leaves of the *Aristolochia siphon* (or birth-wort), is highly pleasing. A broad gravel-walk, extending in a westerly direction, conducts to a group of magnificent agaves and aloes, arranged in front of the handsome building, the back of which we saw from the road. To the right, the giant leaves of the East-India plantain, overtopping the other inhabitants of the hothouse, invite to further inspection; while, to the extreme left, the lofty cedars, towering above a mass of objects, give promise of a rich treat in that quarter.

The place is chiefly celebrated, however, for the number of old and curious plants which it contains, and which are scarcely to be met with in any other collection; and, need we add, for the store of racy anecdote and inexhaustible information of the worthy curator, Mr. Anderson.

It is the most ancient botanic garden existing in this country; those of Gerard, Tradescant, and Watson, though previously established, having long since disappeared. The early history of this garden is involved in obscurity, and it is singular that the first mention of it in the minute-books of the Society of Apothecaries should be in a way purely incidental. It is there stated (1674) that several members proposed inclosing it with a wall, at their own expense; which accordingly took place. Ten years after this, Evelyn writes in his Diary, "1685, August 7th, I went to see the Apothecaries' garden of simples at Chelsea, where there is a collection of innumerable varieties of the sort; particularly, besides many rare annuals, the tree bearing Jesuit's bark, which has done such wonders in quartan agues. What was very ingenious was the subterraneous heat conveyed by a stove under the conservatory, all vaulted with brick, so as he has the doors and windows open in the hardest frosts, secluding the snow." In 1691, it is described as having "a great variety of plants, both in and out of the greenhouses, with perennial green hedges and rows of different coloured herbs, and banks set with shades of herbs in the Irish stitch-way, which are very pretty."

In 1712, Dr., afterwards Sir Hans Sloane—a name ever to be revered by lovers of science—purchased the manor of Chelsea, of Lord Cheyne, from whom the Society had previously rented the garden, and a few years after settled it upon the Society *in perpetuity*, at a yearly rent of 5*l.*, under certain restrictions: viz.—that it shall at all times be continued as a physic garden, for the manifestation of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God in creation, and that the apprentices may learn to distinguish good and useful plants from hurtful ones resembling them; also that fifty specimens of different plants shall be delivered annually to the Royal Society, until they amount to 2000; in default of which, the Royal Society may appropriate the whole ground to their own use at the same rent, and on delivering the specified number of plants to the College of Physicians, &c. Some years after this, the celebrated Philip Miller was appointed gardener, and under his direction the present handsome fabric, containing a library, public dining-room, lecture-room, and ample accommodation for the gardener, was undertaken and completed in 1732. Aiton and Forsyth (afterwards the King's gardeners) also successively filled the office of curator to the garden; and on the death of Fairbairn, in 1814, the present curator, on the strong recommendation of Sir Joseph Banks and Sir J. E. Smith, was appointed to succeed him.

A handsome statue of their benefactor, Sir Hans Sloane, by Rysbrach, was executed in 1737, by order of the Society, and it now graces the centre walk, facing the building. Looking southward from this statue, we have a fine view of the two majestic cedars, the ornaments of the garden, planted in 1683; and, continuing our course, we arrive at a handsome gateway, opening on the river, being the water-entrance for the members of the Society, when they used to arrive in their own barge to dine here.

It was in this garden that Sir Joseph Banks learned his first principles of botany, under Miller. Fifty, ay, or sixty, years ago, when residing at Chelsea with his mother, he might be seen any morning, from five to eight o'clock, trying experiments on aquatic and other plants, and here he soon learned to appreciate the intelligence of the present curator (then a journeyman), and to form a friendship for him, which continued uninterrupted till his death. Not a few of our eminent medical men owe their knowledge of botany to the lectures delivered both here and at the Apothecaries' Hall. Since the appointment of Dr. Lindley, within these few years, as demonstrator, the number of students has greatly increased. The lectures are delivered every Monday and Friday mornings, from May to August, commencing at eight o'clock.

Now let us revel, after this dry historical detail, amidst the beauties of nature. In this hothouse on the right of the building, a magnificent *Zamia horrida* presents itself. It is something between a palm and a fern. We remember its immense stem or trunk, standing like a rough-hewn pedestal of granite, for more than a year, without the slightest appearance of vegetation; and now how luxuriantly its crown of leaves extends on all sides! Here are the Fan Palm, the Sago Palm (from the pith of which sago is produced, as well as from that of the *Cycas revoluta*, a plant nearly allied to the *Zamia*), and the Date Palm, in various stages of growth—from the single-ribbed cotyledon (or first leaf) bursting its sheath at the surface of the soil, to the stately, many-fronded (leaved) tree. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the different stages of growth in this palm. It is extremely interesting to watch the germination of seeds; the two great natural divisions of plants being grounded on the appearance the infant vegetable presents. Few people would suppose that the hard stone of the date could germinate in the open ground, yet nothing is more easy than to produce young date-palms in this way; though, of course, they require to be removed into shelter before winter. Some ten years ago, when a hothouse was rarely an appendage to a suburban residence, Mr. Anderson was regularly called upon to furnish the Jewish synagogue in London with a frond (leaf, five or six feet long, with numerous leaflets diverging from it.) of this palm, to be used in procession by the high-priest, at the Feast of Tabernacles. As the frond was required to be still in its sheath—that is, before the leaflets are expanded,—while still young, and consequently near the heart of the tree, Mr. Anderson was beginning to find his stock much diminished in vigour by the yearly sacrifice of one of the leading shoots of a fine plant; when happily the Jewish merchants began to follow the lead of their Christian brethren, in erecting hothouses to grow their own palms, so that he has been relieved from this tax for some years past.

Here is the true Ginger, with its thick roots; Turmeric, of the same natural family; Arrow-root, so called because the thick fleshy root was supposed to extract the poison from wounds caused by the poisoned arrows of the Indians; Pepper, a climbing plant cultivated in the East, much the same as we do hops. But what is this reedy plant growing in a cistern of water? It is the celebrated Papyrus of the Nile, with its triangular stem bearing a tuft of flowers on the top. It was the thin pellicle lying between the bark and flesh of this stem that the ancients used as paper, stripping off and uniting the pieces till they formed the size required, when they were pressed and dried in the sun: hence the origin of our word *paper*.

In the greenhouses may be seen several species of Asparagus, chiefly from Africa;—how unlike our common esculent of that name! The Rice plant, which loves moisture, and has sometimes ripened seeds, &c. A whole day would be insufficient to notice every species of plant of which something interesting might be said, but we must not entirely overlook some of the unobtrusive denizens of the borders, in our walk round the garden. Here is the pretty Capers shrub, trailing its long straggling shoots like the bramble, with its delicate white flowers and bursting buds,—the latter not easily recognised as the capers we use at our tables. Further on we have a whole bed of the Mouse-pea, so named from the great resemblance the root bears to a mouse, both in form and colour; it is very palatable when boiled. It was a favourite hobby of Sir Joseph Banks to have a dish of these roots at his dessert.



This insignificant-looking vetch is the Chick-pea, the most nutritive of all pulse, and so extensively cultivated in the South of Europe. The Spaniards call these peas *garbanos*, and they enter largely into the composition of their *olla podrida* and *pochero*. Unfortunately the plant does not ripen its seeds sufficiently in this country to produce a crop. That row of plants of a greenish yellow colour is Alexanders (*Smyrnium Olusatrum*), a name which carries us back in imagination to the time when it was in common use as a salad and asparagus vegetable. Beware of gathering that lurid clammy plant: it is the fœtid Henbane, from time immemorial used as a drug. So violent are its properties, that the mere smell causes nausea and giddiness, and even delirium, in many persons.

On the rock-work, growing side by side, we find *Weld*, or dyer's weed, a species of mignonette without scent, used for dyeing yellow; and *Wood*, a cruciferous plant, formerly in great request as a blue dye before the introduction of indigo. It was the juice of this plant with which the ancient Britons used to stain their bodies. This plant was formerly called *Glastrum*, from *glas* (Celtic), blue; and from this Glastonbury derives its name, the plant being formerly much cultivated there.

But the great attraction of the garden at this moment is a magnificent specimen of the *Agave Americana*, erroneously called the American aloe, just bursting into flower. A temporary house has been erected to receive it, as a protection from heavy rains and the cold of autumnal evenings. This plant, which is of the pine-apple tribe, (its leaves resembling those of that plant, but being much larger and thicker,) was introduced into England from tropical America, as far back as 1640. It is frequently seen planted in tubs, as an ornament to old houses, and, from its enduring qualities and slow growth, was vulgarly believed to flower only once in a hundred years, but the time of its flowering is now found to depend on the degree of heat and cultivation bestowed on it. The first indication of inflorescence is a dense tuft of pointed leaves rising from the centre, out of which springs a thick scape or flower-stem, of rapid growth, which attains the height of twenty-five or thirty feet. Mr. Anderson has an apparatus for ascertaining how much it grows in any given time: he found the average to be five inches in twenty-four hours. The stem has now attained a height of eighteen or twenty feet, and the umbels, or branches, bearing tufts of flowers, are beginning to expand. When it has attained its full height, the appearance of the *Agave* is not unlike that of a majestic candlestick, with numerous branches diminishing in size as they approach the top.

The uses of this plant are many and various. In the South of Europe, where it is acclimated and planted as hedges, cattle are fed on the shed or bruised leaves, which are very succulent. Soap is also prepared from them. In America, the fibres are used for thread and cordage; the inward spongy substance of the decayed stalk is used for tinder: and we have seen a long piece of this stalk, or a nearly allied species, exactly like a mower's whetting-stone in size and colour, which Mr. Anderson informed us was in common use in Brazil as a razor-strop! In Mexico it is one of the most valuable products of the soil. Just before the flower-stalk springs up, the heart of the plant is scooped out, forming a cup which soon fills with juice, and which is removed successively till the plant is exhausted, when the leaves are dried for fuel. This juice is either fermented into *Pulqué*, the Mexican beer, by being set to ferment, or is distilled into the spirituous liquor called *Mescal*.

Although the two thousand plants stipulated to be supplied to the Royal Society have long since been delivered, and though there is no danger of the ground being applied to improper uses, yet such is the mutability of all human possessions, that in a very few years this garden may cease to exist. The soil has become so completely exhausted by constant cultivation, that, though many cart-loads of mould are annually imparted, it is found totally inadequate to support the different vegetable productions with sufficient vigour. The old plants and trees are becoming languid and sickly, and many of them have died, which is partly attributable to the great increase of population in the neighbourhood, and to the gas and smoke of the different manufactories. Various places have been mentioned as degrading situations for the removal of this valuable establishment, such as Kensall Green or Wimbleton, and proposals have even been made for incorporating it with that at Kew; for which, of course, the free consent of the Society must be obtained, and an act of parliament passed accordingly.

From these causes, in a few years this spot will probably be covered with houses, and the Chelsea Botanic Garden exist but in history.

## THE FOX AND FOX-HUNTING.

THE sports of the field are as various as they are attractive: there are few persons, whether born and bred in town or country, but are fond of field-sports of one kind or other. Some delight only in riding after stag or fox-hounds; others are content to follow the harriers. A great majority pursue, with their dog and gun, the black game on the moors, the birds on stubbles, the cocks and pheasants in the woods, or the water-fowl of the sea-coast or the rivers. Some there are who take no delight in any of these amusements, being averse to the fatigue of hunting and shooting, and who are rather inclined to seek for pleasure in the quiet and equally interesting exercise of the fishing-rod. All these pastimes have been sung of by poets, and minutely described by the Nimfolds of every age. Already the newspapers are teeming with accounts of the exploits of sportsmen on the Scottish moors and mountains: the birds are declared to be in abundance, actually running in crowds in the way of their slaughterers; and it would appear to be an easy task for expert marksmen to "bag" their fifty or sixty brace in a morning. We were amused, the other day, by listening to the comments of a lady on the "doings" of a worthy under secretary of state, who was in London, and in parliament, eagerly and sedulously attending to his grave and absorbing duties, and almost the next moment was heard of in his native country, as having, with the assistance of two friends, killed seventy-two brace before breakfast! "Pity," she exclaimed, "that so true a man, and so promising a statesman, should be devoted to so undignified an amusement!" And so, selecting this as her text, she enlarged on the wickedness, the folly, and the absurdity of all these aristocratic enjoyments. A fox-hunter she termed a galloping idiot, and a sportsman a fowling fool, and wound up her oration by the usual definition of an angler—a rod, with a fool at one end and a hook at the other.

Now, we are not inclined at present to give any formal opinion upon either the *morale* or the *rationale* of field-sports. We are not now in our rostrum, and are content, for the nonce, to take things as they are. Our readers, indeed, may easily conjecture that we think *men* might find somewhat more intellectual amusements; but seeing that there *are* men—sensible men—who find pleasure in hunting a fox to death, or stuffing a bag with game, we shall give a few brief notes on the Fox and Fox-hunting.

This "nightly robber of the fold" is the *Canis vulpes* of naturalists, and is as much detested for his depredations on poultry, &c. as he is valued for the sport he affords in the chase. There are many noblemen and gentlemen of fortune who would never visit their country residences at all, were it not for the exhilarating sport of fox-hunting; and thousands of high-bred horses are kept entirely for the purpose of joining in the pursuit.

The fox is noted for rapacity and cunning; it hides by day in thick underwoods, or among furze on commons or on fields,—on which account these haunts are called *covers*. Foxes breed in burrows formed by the rabbit in sandy banks, or rocky brows, where there is a covering of bushes of any kind. They bring forth from four to six cubs at a litter. The burrow, wherever it may be, after serving their purpose as a nursery, they afterward consider as a stronghold to which they always retire, if they chance to be chased by the hounds. In districts where foxes abound, there are always several of these *earths*, as they are called by the hunters, and with which all the fraternity of foxes appear to be acquainted; for to one or other of these earths a chased fox is sure to make, as soon as he or she is roused from a cover. In order that a day's sport may not be balked by the chase running too soon to earth, the *stopper* (a man attached to every pack of fox-hounds) is sent out on the night previous to the appointed hunting-day, to stop with turves, or other material, all the earths in the neighbourhood of the place of meeting.

We knew a gamekeeper, who, thinking that the foxes devoured too many of the redundant rabbits, which were his perquisite, set traps every evening at the mouths or principal openings of the fox-holes to catch the destroyers. While thus employed, a

*whipper-in* of Tom Oldaker's (Berkeley Hunt) used to dog the keeper, and employed himself in striking his traps as fast as they were set. On one occasion the keeper *doubled*, and detected *Will* at his work of mercy. When challenged about his presence there, *Will* could only answer, "Pray forgive me—remember, living foxes give us bread."

The fox makes great havoc of pheasants, partridges, and all other ground-nesting birds, and will dodge and catch sky-larks, when at roost on the ground, like a cat. But their favourite station is in or near an uninclosed rabbit-warren; for here they have not only a choice of food, but safe retreats to retire to, in case of alarm from the approach of an enemy.

When hard pressed for want of food, the fox avails himself of whatever he can pick up about a farm-house, invades the poultry-sheds, if possible, and helps himself. Nor does he feel any reluctance to seize a stray lamb, if it fall in his way, or if he can surprise it at a distance from the flock. But in consequence of the breed being much reduced, the fox is not so troublesome to flock-masters as in former times, when it was customary and absolutely necessary to "wake the folds," to guard against the attack of the fox, and in still earlier times, against the wolf also. The fox, like the wolf, would be extinct in a few years, were it not specially protected by influential sportsmen, and even, it is said, imported in considerable numbers from the Continent, or from one part of the country to another, for turning down; and the keeper who is known to entrap or shoot a fox receives the execrations of the whole company of foxhunters, and remains ever after a *marked* man.

Many marvellous stories are told of the subtilty of the fox. That he has recourse to many stratagems to puzzle and avoid his pursuers, is well known. He will climb a pollard-tree, and hide himself among the branches, and if it be hollow, will descend into it for safety; or, when hard pressed, will rush into an uninhabited cottage, clamber up the side of the chimney, and hide under the thatch of the roof; or, when he has an opportunity, will run through a flock of sheep, to distract his pursuers; or plunge into a river, and cross it obliquely, for the same purpose. He really appears to be conscious that his scent betrays his course and whereabouts; for, when he breaks cover, he runs, if he can, sidelong to the wind, that his scent may be blown to the leeward of his real course.

These are all instances of his sagacity which are well authenticated; but that he counterfeits death when found in a hen-house, which he has entered but cannot escape from; that to free himself from fleas, he gathers a mouthful of wool, and stepping slowly backward in a pool till almost over-head, causing the vermin to take shelter in the wool, which at last he drops, and allows to float away; and that he takes a branch of a tree in his mouth, to swing himself over the edge of a precipice, to gain a hole a little below the brink, are all such signs of rationality as to exceed belief.

Fox-hunting, with a *crack* pack of hounds, is one of the most exhilarating of all rural sports. The cheering hollowing and horn of the huntsman,—the eager responses of his attendants and company,—the varied challenging and ardent clamour of the pack,—the loud smacking of whips, all reverberated by surrounding echoes, form an association of cheering sounds, which, with the impetuous motion and all attending circumstances of excitement, arouses even the most sedate of those who are averse to field-sports to be partakers of the animating pleasures of the chase.

Nor is it only those beings, whether rational or irrational, actually engaged in the pursuit, who join in the stirring scene. Sheep crowd together, and remain alarmed spectators;—horses, and cattle of all ages and descriptions, quit their pastures, and will even break down fences to follow the hounds! The rustic young of both sexes are all on the alert, and even enfeebled age will repair to the nearest commanding station, to have a view of the joyous train. Unhappy he who, mounted on a sorry *cocktail*, soon loses sight and sound of both hounds and huntsmen, and is doomed in ambling pace to wend his solitary way, far behind the

distant pack, and, if he persist in his onward course, has the mortification, perhaps, to meet, returning from the death, the jovial company of which he had been all day in pursuit!

Foxes are sometimes domesticated, and kept chained to a kennel like a yard-dog. In this state they exhibit all those traits of cunning for which they are proverbial. If they wish to entice a puppy or other animal within the length of their chain, they slink cautiously to the farther end of the kennel, and lie down as if asleep. If the intruder venture to approach within the door, the fox springs upon it suddenly, and seldom misses inflicting a snap of punishment. When fighting a dog about their own size, they always have the best of the battle, owing to the sharpness of their bite and nimble action, snapping at every part of their opponent, while the latter aims at the neck or throat only; and of which he cannot lay hold, without first suffering severely in the fore legs and jaws. This handsome animal may be also brought up as an inmate of the house, were it not that its abominable stench is so powerfully offensive.

The fox is resolutely brave against any single antagonist, and will fight to the last, and, even when surrounded and borne down by numbers, is so obstinately sullen that he scorns to complain, even while the pack of dogs are tearing him to pieces! Indeed, the voice of the fox is never heard except when the sexes call on each other during the night, and which they announce by a weak and rather shrill bark.

#### HISTORY OF THE PENNY POSTAGE.

THE act authorising the government to reduce the postage on letters to a uniform rate of one penny, is now part of the legislation of the country. When the measure comes into operation, depends on the diligence or anxiety of the authorities. The act makes it "lawful for the Lords of the Treasury from time to time, and at any time, after the passing of this act," &c. It cannot be long, however, before the measure is in operation; and then every schoolboy may send letters to the Land's-End, or John o' Groat's House, for the price of a bit of gingerbread. That some minor evils or inconveniences will arise at first, is a matter of course; but the benefits—we do not *risk* much in prophesying—will be "prodigious." To whom are we indebted for this great change? What power is it, that has thus almost battered down the post-office snuggery, and scaled the walls of a fortress, deemed but the other day quite impregnable?

That searching "spirit of the age" which produced the Reform Bill, and has been overhauling most of the public establishments of the country, paid a visit to the Post-office in the year 1835, in the embodied shape of a government commission, for the purpose of making an inquiry into the mode of conducting its business. These commissioners, in a report dated July 23, 1835, said—"It appears to us that it is the strong tendency of the present system to place all the duties and powers, both of control and execution, in the hands of a single subordinate officer; and although we are not disposed to undervalue the services of Sir Francis Freeling\*, yet we cannot think that this is the proper and satisfactory constitution of any public department." This was a home thrust; and the publication of the successive reports of the commissioners, containing the evidence taken before them, with their suggestions for improving the management, &c., confirmed the general impression that the post-office, hitherto lauded (and to a certain extent justly), as a most wonderful establishment, was capable of being made much more available to the community.

Various intelligent men—amongst them Mr. Baring, now Lord Ashburton—had put forth opinions respecting the inexpediency of making the Post-office a medium for raising a portion of the revenue of the country. This was, at first, condemned as chimerical—"For see," was the reply, "what an admirable thing it is for everybody to get their letters conveyed promptly and safely;" and while they are gratifying or serving themselves by their *writings*, helping to support the expenses of government." But the opinion spread, notwith-

\* Sir Francis Freeling, our readers will recollect, was for many years secretary of the post-office establishment, and, in that capacity, had entire control over it throughout the country. He died about three years ago, and has thus escaped the experience of changes he never contemplated.

standing; and the agitation about the reduction of the newspaper stamp duty helped to spread it still more. The leading idea in this latter agitation, was to get the newspaper stamp duty abolished altogether, as being a "tax upon knowledge;" and the abolition of the stamp-duty upon almanacs afforded a precedent. But the question arose, if the stamp-duty on newspapers is taken off, how will newspapers get circulated by means of the post-office? The stamp-duty is another mode of paying the postage at present—it is, in fact, paying the postage in advance, by a mode which saves time and trouble to all parties—how is this to be remedied, if the stamp-duty is abolished? Mr. Charles Knight, the bookseller, who was one of those who felt a personal interest in the question of getting the newspaper stamp-duty abolished, proposed that *stamped covers*, at a halfpenny or a penny each, might be used, and that thus the newspapers might still retain their post-office privilege, without at the same time imposing a tax on those who received their papers by private hand. This idea was not adopted: but the newspaper stamp duty was reduced in 1836 to one penny, thus making every purchaser of a newspaper contribute his share of expense towards maintaining the post-office privilege.

Here, then, was a beginning; if newspapers could be sent freely by this mode of postage in advance, why might not a similar mode be applied to letters? Mr. Rowland Hill, Secretary to the South Australian Colonisation Society, and one of a family of brothers possessing considerable ability and tact (such as Mr. Matthew Davenport Hill, the barrister, some time M.P. for Hull, and lately appointed recorder of Birmingham, and Mr. Frederick Hill, one of the prison inspectors), sat down to calculate what it cost the Post-office to carry letters, and was surprised to find it the merest fractional amount, as compared with the prices charged. This, of course, anybody could have known, who thought for a moment that the Post-office paid over to the revenue a *profit* of at least a million and a half annually, after defraying all charges of management. But these things require to be demonstrated as clearly to the great majority of us, as Columbus showed to the courtiers, that an egg would stand upright if bruised at one end. It was, perhaps, as surprising at first to Rowland Hill's own mind, as it was afterwards to the public, that, after deducting the newspapers, whose expenses were already paid for by the stamp, and the franked or privileged letters, the expense of which had no right to fall on the postage-paying public, the actual expense of conveying a chargeable letter (taking the average) to any part of the kingdom, was only a very small fraction of a penny. He thereupon set to work; wrote a very small pamphlet, which was published in the beginning of 1837; and suggested Mr. Knight's idea of using stamped covers, so that letters might be paid in advance at a uniform rate of one penny. This pamphlet at once attracted great attention, for the public mind was prepared for it; otherwise, it would have fallen as silently as an ingenious pamphlet on joint-stock banks, or the derangement of the money market. Mr. Rowland Hill presented, in a simple form, an idea which had been floating in many minds; he suggested a remedy for an inconvenience which everybody felt; he spoke feelingly to the pockets of all commercial men, and deeply interested the philanthropists. The subject has been, accordingly, bowling on for the last two years; petitions flowed in upon parliament; a committee of the House of Commons, which investigated the matter in 1838, reported favourably; and though the Post-office authorities resisted and deprecated, the merchants praised and pressed. Without the assistance of the commercial classes, the measure would not have been won so soon—but when *they* take up a subject earnestly and unitedly, they are almost sure of carrying it.

Well, we are soon to have the enjoyment of penny letters in abundance; hunting for franks may be considered as abolished; and though, *at first*, we may be called upon to make up a deficiency in the revenue, and thus to pay for our letters in some other way, let us not forget this—that under what now may be called the old system, the wealthy and privileged classes had the advantage, because they could frank, or had facilities in getting franks, while under the new system the poorer classes have the Post-office thrown open to them as freely as it is to members of parliament. In opening, therefore, our penny letters, let us not forget that some portion of the credit in obtaining the boon is due to Mr. Rowland Hill, the demonstrator of the practicability of the scheme of a penny postage; to the newspaper press, of tory, whig, and radical principles, for hammering at the subject till the noise made the Post-office shake; and lastly, to the generous public, who saw at once what was good for it, and spoke to its governors in a "gentle whisper," which has proved irresistible.

#### BALAAAM AND HIS ASS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Francis Atterbury, bishop of Rochester in the reign of Anne and George I. was, as most of our readers are aware, a conspicuous political character. Though he had great talents and great ambition, is unequivocally admitted; he is also charged as being a very unprincipled man, though, probably, on insufficient grounds. He aspired to being archbishop of Canterbury; but the death of Anne disappointed his hopes, for George I. disliked him. He was afterwards deprived of his ecclesiastical preferments, by a bill of pains and penalties, which passed the legislature, banished the kingdom, and died at Paris in 1731,—consequences resulting from his political intrigues and efforts to restore the Stuart dynasty.

The bishop, one day, in the House of Lords, speaking of a bill under discussion, said that he had prophesied that such a measure would be attempted, and that he was sorry to find himself turn out a true prophet. Lord Comingsby, in a passion, said, that one of the right reverend bench had set himself forth as a prophet, but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to compare him to, unless it was Balaam, who was rebuked by his own ass. On this Atterbury replied, that he was very well content to be compared to Balaam, only he was at a loss to find out the ass; for he was sure nobody had rebuked him—*except his tortoise*.

#### YOUTH AND AGE.

The man knows more than the youth—he has more facts in his memory; but has he more aptitude to learn, more capacity for reasoning? No: it is at the commencement of youth, at the age of desires and passions, that our ideas shoot forth, (if I may so say,) and flourish with the greatest vigour. It is with the spring of life as with the sprig of the year. The sap then mounts vigorously into the trees, spreads itself through their branches, is diffused among the twigs, shades them with leaves, adorns them with blossoms, and sets their fruits. It is in the youth of man, in like manner, that those sublime thoughts are set which are one day to render him renowned.

*Helictus on Man.*

#### THE OYSTER.

With how many pleasing associations do not our awakened remembrances invest this noble animal! An oyster is one of the elements of social existence—a delicacy of no age, sex, or condition, but patent to the universal family of man; good in a scallop, better in a stew, best of all in the shell—good in pickle, in curry, in sauce—good at luncheon, before dinner, at supper—good to entertain a friend, good to eat by yourself—good when you are hungry—good, moreover, when you are not. The poor man eats oysters at a stall—you and I at our favourite tavern—the peer in his *salle-a-manger*. In lodgings, in chambers, in barracks, in the public office, in the editor's room, the student, lawyer, soldier, secretary, or gentleman of the press, recruits his exhausted spirits with an oyster; the emaciated valetudinarian thanks his kind doctor for permission to taste the nutritive and grateful food; the faded actress, in an interval of her weary toil, despatches the prompter's boy with a sixpence, and derives the life and energy of her closing act from the refreshing stimulus of an oyster.—*Blackwood*.

#### A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

In Lynne, their mayor is always chosen out of twelve aldermen, and they out of eighteen others. One of the eighteen being at Rising (an ancient but decayed burrow-town), and the then mayor a "mechanic man, a butcher, or the like, says he—"Mr. Mayor, I hear you have a very odd form and manner of election here of your mayor." "Why, how is that?" says the mayor. "Why, they say for certain that you and all your brethren go into a barn, where every man hath his bottle of hay layd him for a cushion: then ther's a calf turned in at the barn-dore, and looke to what bottle the calf go first, he's the man." "Why then," says he, "I see the difference betwixt us and our brethren at Lynne: wee choose with one calf, and you with eightene."

*Thom's Ancient Anecdotes and Traditions, 5c.*

#### GIVE US OUR ELEVEN DAYS.

Bradley, astronomer-royal, had a considerable share in the assimilation of the British Calendar to that of other nations. Lord Chesterfield was the original promoter of this measure, which was carried in 1751. The following curious anecdote happily illustrates the presumption and ignorance of the mob of those days:

Lord Chesterfield took pains, in the periodical journals of the day, to prepare the minds of the public for the change; but he found it much easier to prevail with the legislature, than to reconcile the great mass of the people to the abandonment of their inveterate habits. When Lord Macclesfield's son stood the great contested election for Oxfordshire, in 1754, one of the most vehement ories raised by the mob against him was, "Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of:" (the reader will recollect that Hogarth introduces this in his Election Feast;) and even several years after, when Bradley, worn down by his labours in the cause of science, was sinking under the disease which closed his mortal career, many of the common people attributed his sufferings to a judgment from Heaven, for his having been instrumental in what they considered to have been so iniquitous an undertaking.—*Edinburgh Review*.

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## METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPERS.

We have occasionally walked to the Post Office, to enjoy that fine sight, the evening departure of the mail-coaches—a sight which might be witnessed in all its glory only a year or two ago, and is already almost amongst the things that were. We have also occasionally stood in the hall of the Post Office, to witness the arrival of the newspapers on a Saturday afternoon—a sight not, certainly, so grand nor so dignified as the departure of the mail-coaches, but sometimes full of exciting fun. But the railroads are depriving us of these two of our cheap occasional pleasures: they talk of the difference between the last century and the present, but an entire century—ay, two of them—separates 1820 and 1840.

Let us indulge in a reminiscence:—It is Saturday afternoon. Some grand event has just occurred; the House of Commons came to a division, at five o'clock this morning, on a question, the issue of which has been waited for by the nation, with "intense anxiety," during the past week; or some awful and mysterious plot, some dark, Greenacre affair, the unravelling of which has resisted the energies of thirty thousand men and one hundred thousand women, has just received a sudden *dénouement*. Public curiosity has not been quenched by anticipation, nor has the intelligence been filtered through the London "Dailies" into the provincial cisterns. The newspaper window of the Post Office is thrown up, and a receiver stands in the open space. Newsvenders' porters are staggering up the steps, laden with messengers shortly to become "winged," and fly over the island. *John Bull* rolls over the *Age*; the *Atlas* is crushed by the *Globe*; the *Dispatch* dances on the *United Service*; the *Court Journal* dislodges the *Naval and Military Gazette*; the *Sunday Times* levels the *News*; *Bell's Messenger* kicks the *Weekly Chronicle*; the *Examiner* elbows the *Spectator*; the *Standard* knocks heads with the *Patriot*; the *Observer* stares at the *Sun*; and all the morning papers, shamefully misnamed as only "second-hand," and bearing internal and incontestable evidence of coffeehouse service, are strewn upon the floor, which seems as if it were about to be made the base of a paper pyramid.

Hark! slowly, deliberately, and solemnly, the bell of St. Paul's sounds out *one*! The ear accustomed to the hasty chuck or clink of some common steeple-bell, should come and listen to St. Paul's on an occasion like this, in order to have some idea of the dignity of sound. It is six o'clock—the newspaper window of the Post Office will be shut in a minute. Yet how long, how awful, seems the space between *one* and *two*! In that brief moment how many sacks of newspapers have been emptied through the open window—how many hundreds of worthy provincialists secured from the *fidgets* for a living day! *Two* now booms through the air, and the panting newsman, relieved of his load and his anxiety, wipes his forehead as he gazes upon his sack-laden companions, each of whom have come a very considerable distance since the first sound of the bell, and now stagger up to the window with a full conviction of the preciousness of time—of even a moment! *Three* is struck, and its deep, vibratory hum seems to render more intense the excitement, though the pert Post-office Hall-keeper

disturbs all our philosophy by switching his cane about, and yelping out "Go on! go on!" *Four*! onwards still they come, each man darting aside, as he is himself relieved, and empty sacks are tossed over the heads of fresh arrivals. *Five*! it still pours newspapers as if it poured potatoes! And at last *six* booms out, as if the great bell were a rational and a merciful creature, willing to stretch its prerogative to the utmost, for the benefit of men. Even while the last sound is swinging through the air, dozens of "Weeklies," expected at some remote place of our isle, have saved their destination for that night; but, as the vibration still continues, down comes the window with a thunder-shock, and the few, just in time to be too late with their burdens, stand for a moment to receive the ginning congratulations of their luckier brethren, and then turn back as heavy as they came!

Who affects to despise newspapers? who undervalues their power? who depreciates their importance? Not we! But, in truth, nobody does—not even those whose names and characters appear in them daily for months and years, and who would have it understood that they are indifferent either to their praise or blame. It has been attempted lately—that is, since the passing of the Reform Bill,—to inculcate the notion, that people should no longer take their opinions on trust from the editors of newspapers, but should think for themselves. A defunct monthly publication, called the *Companion to the Newspaper*, was started on this idea, by Knight, the bookseller, its professed object being to supply materials for political thinking; and the *Historical Newspaper* was tried for some time by the Messrs. Chambers, in Edinburgh. To a certain extent, the notion has been carried into practice, and the number of those who weigh "leading articles," as compared with the number who used to receive them in the spirit of faith, has been considerably increased. But the great majority of people still like to have folks to think for them on all matters out of their own immediate range. They have not the habit of forming judgments on what is external to themselves; and many a respectable and intelligent man, who can make up his mind *after* he has read his paper, and even differ from it, would still find it difficult to do so, if he had not consulted the "leading article."

The vast importance of the metropolitan press is evident from a glance at the provincial press. The leading papers of London think for the greater portion of the papers of the United Kingdom. A few there are, edited by men of superior character, or having peculiar sources of London information, which frequently start ideas for metropolitan papers. The *Scotsman*, published in Edinburgh, is a notable example of this; the *Dublin Evening Mail* and *Dublin Evening Post* form another; the *Leeds Mercury* a third. But the great majority of provincial newspapers are precluded, by their very position, from the exercise of independent thought, except on matters connected with local affairs. The earliest intelligence comes to London, and first appears in London papers: the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, the *Post*, the *Herald*, and the *Advertiser*, have already discussed the matter in its various bearings, in the morning; if anything farther remains to be said, or any new idea starts up during the day, it is sure to appear in the afternoon, and the *Standard*, the *Sun*, the *Globe*,

and the *Courier*, exhaust an almost exhausted subject. At the end of the week, some new view may be exhibited by the felicitous *Examiner* or the head-headed *Spectator*; the *John Bull* may suggest, the *Observer* may specially affirm; or the *Weekly Chronicle* may distil parliamentary ideas once distilled in the *Harvard Reformer*. Public subjects are thus frequently discussed to rags before they are served up in the provinces; and it is scarcely possible for even the cleverest man to suggest new ideas on topics which have been already so amply reviewed.

The metropolitan press is therefore the great indicator of public opinion for Great Britain, and even for her vast and varied colonies. It has come, also, to supplant a great portion of the influence of the *Pulpit* of the United Kingdom. Once on a time the *Pulpit* was the chief stirrer of the public mind, and the Press was quite subordinate to it. *Pulpit* orations had a wider scope than they have now: they embraced this world as well as the next, and clergymen considered it within their province to preach *ad* and *to* the times. If the civil disabilities of Jews or Roman Catholics were proposed to be removed, it was chiefly from the *Pulpit* that the alarm sounded against the audacious innovation; and stirring sermons preached to excited audiences were printed and echoed by the Press, until the country was roused by the cry, and a shout was heard that the Constitution was in jeopardy. But now the conditions are reversed: the Press, once subordinate to the *Pulpit*, has made the *Pulpit* subordinate to the Press; the range of the *Pulpit* has been narrowed, until none but a few old divines of the old school, or a few young ones who affect old ways, keep up the practice of preaching political sermons; and even the meetings of clergymen to consider, or protest against, any public measure, would have but little influence unless aided by a portion of the Press. The end of the week points to a period of cessation from ordinary occupation, if not of rest; all weekly newspapers published on Saturdays are Sunday papers—though the *Spectator* newspaper has more than once protested, in a tone of irritation unworthy of its good sense and ability, against being classed amongst the Sunday papers. Between Saturday night and Monday morning, thousands weekly imbibe all that they know of politics and literature—the weekly Press is their *Pulpit*. Evil (as well as good) has resulted from this isolation of the *Pulpit*, this dissociation of its usual topics with the common concerns and sympathies of every-day life, and attempts have been made to remedy the evil, by what are called *religious* newspapers: but these, few in number, are generally addressed to particular classes,—such as, in London, the *Record*, a kind of organ of evangelical churchmen; the *Patriot*, of dissenters, more particularly of the Independents; and the *Watchman*, a representative of a section of the Methodists. The *Standard* is, professedly, a compound of religious politics; and sometimes the *Times* treats us to a theological article, occasionally spiced with Greek.

There was once a crisis in the history of the *Times* during which even the *Times* itself trembled. For a short space it was thought that the Lucifer of the press had fallen from the heaven of its supremacy; and it must be confessed, that though the paper, as a business paper, towers still above all its contemporaries, it no longer holds the same moral position (we speak without reference to opinions) which it once did. It is not within our province either to know or discuss the causes which led to that great change, by virtue of which it now “preaches the faith which once it destroyed.” But whatever changes (if any) may have taken place in proprietorship or internal management, by which the powerful radical was turned into a powerful conservative, it would be wrong to say that the editorial change resulted from a cool *direction*, or from a cool consideration of advantages. For a con-

siderable period before the *Times* openly avowed itself as a conservative, its leading articles evinced irritability and ill feeling, resulting from wounded pride or mortified self-consequence. In the days of its radicalism, when men’s minds were directed towards the attainment of a few great objects, the *Times* was a battering-ram, shaking the walls of the constitution. We well remember its earnest appeals to the Duke of Wellington, just after Emancipation was gained, entreating him to walk onward in the bold, and to him very novel, path of a reformer: how distinctly it told him, that if he halted, he would fall from power; and how clearly it prophesied forthcoming events. But after its friend and correspondent, Henry Brougham, became Lord Chancellor, and after the excitement of the Reform Bill had somewhat subsided, the *Times* began to feel uneasy, as if it were neglected and despised by those whom it had helped to lift into power; it longed for an opportunity to display its former strength; and the New Poor-law system was selected as its ground of battle. Perhaps, also, Lord Brougham gave it some ground of personal offence, which it thought it had no right to receive from him who was once Henry Brougham: certain it is, that the same Lord Chancellor, whom it had lately praised as a most miraculous man, was now pelted with epithets not of the most laudatory kind. Then, its attempts to arrest the progress of the Poor-law Amendment Bill proved ineffectual; and even the *Companion to the Newspaper* began to twit Samson with being “shorn of his locks,” and no longer able to “go forth, and shake himself, as at other times.” All this was aggravating enough; and when the memorable 16th of November, 1834, arrived, the way appeared clear for a *revolution*. On that day Lord Melbourne was told by William IV. that the administration was dissolved; and next morning the whole city was startled by three short lines, which appeared at the head of the leaders of the *Times*, announcing the fact, and ending with “The Queen has done it all.” The leaders of the *Times* were at first somewhat cautiously expressed; but when the truth could no longer be concealed, it came out with its usual boldness, and from that hour to this it has been a fierce conservative, though at times articles have appeared, indicating that not even yet has the “old man” been entirely removed from its constitution.

About the period when the *Times* began to change, the *Morning Chronicle* emerged from an obscurity into which it had fallen. That old and respectable paper appeared to have sunk into the dotage of age; but a change of proprietorship renewed its youth, and it began to struggle forward once more. Then came the *turning* of the *Times*, and public excitement; popular indignation was directed vehemently against the deserter: the *Times* fell, and the *Morning Chronicle* rose; and that paper, naturally elated with its success, made great exertions to meet the emergency. The *Times* evinced much soreness, as tidings came daily that it was ejecting from various quarters; and it appeared not unlikely that Jupiter the Thunderer would be deposed, and the *Morning Chronicle* reign in its stead. In its vexation, the *Times* boasted that it directed the opinions of three-fourths of its countrymen—a boast which was whipped through all the other newspapers, and which even the *Penny Magazine* (in a paper on Hogarth’s “Politician”) stepped out of its way to sneeze at. The *Times*, also, was led by its vexation, and the taunts daily levelled at it, to do more than one ungenerous thing—such as to hint that the “brick-bat and bludgeon” expression, which fell from it in its radical days, and “the Queen has done it all,” were from the pen of the same correspondent.

But after the excitement died away—after Sir Robert Peel and his ministry were ejected from office, and Lord Melbourne was restored—when all things (except the *Times*) seemed to be

restored to what they were, the *Times* regained its old position as a "circulating medium." Its enormous amount of advertisements formed a deeply-grooved channel in which it ran; and though, in the matter of political writing, the *Morning Chronicle* clearly evinced its capability of taking up the position of "head of the morning press," there can be no question that the *Times* surpasses it in its resources for acquiring news, and its versatility in making use of them.

The *Morning Chronicle* is altogether a different paper from the *Times*, in external appearance, in management, and in writing. If not so alert nor so unscrupulous as its rival, it never descends so low, nor resorts so unequivocally to the use of unworthy means. Some time ago, the *Morning Chronicle* had a writer or an editor, who seemed bent on imitating, or rivalling, the style of the *Times*, treating every subject with a verbose flippancy, "stuffed with quotations," which was more calculated to injure than serve it. This writer the *Times* sneered at, as one who had his common-place book crammed, ready for use, on either side of a question or cause, as he had employment—which provoked an angry retort. But this sort of style has disappeared from the *Morning Chronicle*, and many of its recent articles have been worthy of its reputation.

The *Morning Post* has the credit of being the "glass of fashion," the favourite paper of the select, the special recorder of the Court and Almshouses, and the diligent describer of the names and dresses of all who appear at royal drawing-rooms. Recently, it has taken up the cause of a deceased lady with more zeal than either prudence or delicacy; and when the *Times* ventured to suggest a motive or reason for its continued recurrence to the subject, it turned round on its half assiduous, and, in no very courtly terms, called it a conservative for a consideration.

The *Morning Herald* is too often jeered at as "grandmania," the fading representative of the "Noodleism" of England; and until lately the supercilious "gentlemen of the press," not connected with the *Morning Advertiser*, have not hesitated, in their "private moments of hilarity," to term it "The Papdub." But the *Morning Advertiser* has risen into a highly respectable daily paper. It is the property of that large body known by the anomalous name of "licensed victuallers,"—i.e. publicans; and so the *Morning Advertiser* is to be found in almost every tap-room. In matter and in circulation it now ranks as the third or fourth of the London daily morning papers.

The *Standard* (out of which grows the *St. James's Chronicle*, though the child was in existence nearly a century before its step-father,) is the daily evening organ of the "high church." It is an exceedingly able paper: it has not the great "smashing fist" of the *Times*, but nothing can exceed the adroit, the polite, the ingenious style, in which it at once evades a consequence and suggests a difficulty. The *Globe*—also an ably managed paper—is perpetually badgered by the *Times* as *Cupid*; and it is broadly insinuated that Lord Palmerston, from whom the nickname is reflected, has a very considerable influence over the *Globe*. The joke has become somewhat stale: yet even to this hour the reputation of the energetic Secretary for Foreign Affairs suffers from the plaster of *Cupid*, and the nickname has long made some people think that a very active man is a mere dandy dawdle. Of the other evening papers, the *Sun* is well known from its varied activity, its expressoes, its "golden suns," and, above all, its earnestness, and steady devotion to its principles; and the *Courier*, which in ancient times stood at the head of the evening press, and was the especial and peculiar organ of the government, whoever might compose the existing administration, is now a respectable and steady reform print, advocating principles very different to what it did some fifteen or twenty years ago.

Of the weekly papers, the *Examiner* and the *Spectator* stand, unquestionably, as the intellectual chieftains. The *Examiner* has been long known for its graceful French vivacity, its brilliant and pointed wit, its felicitous hits, and striking views. The *Spectator* is more Scotch in its character; very business-like and extremely

industrious; of a sharp, probing, caustic disposition; and generally applying the severe test of an informed and cultivated common-sense to all subjects which come under its notice. The *Examiner* is far more generous in spirit than the *Spectator*: but this generosity often leads it to pet particular subjects or persons, which the austerity of the *Spectator* in general preserves it from. The literary reviews of the latter paper—often severe, but seldom unjust—enable it to rank as the first weekly literary paper of the day; while its political summaries render it an excellent work of reference.

In 1837, the *Examiner* and the *Spectator*—near neighbours, by the way—had a little bit of a *tif*, which disposed them to slap each other in the face occasionally. Perhaps, one cause of umbrage was the *Spectator's* reviewing "England under Seven Administrations," a reprint, by Mr. Foulblanque, of a series of his brilliant articles in the *Examiner*. The *Spectator* gave, on the whole, a very depreciating estimate of the powers of Mr. Foulblanque; and, however fairly the volumes might come before it, the review seemed, to our mind at least, animated by professional pique. In the same year, the *Spectator* began to break away from supporting the government; and it was too important a periodical to be permitted to do this, without receiving occasionally praise from conservative journals, or without drawing indignant remonstrance and remark from former coadjutors. To put itself right with the public, an article appeared, in September, 1837, under the title of "The Spectator's Policy and Position," in which the following passage occurred:—"A journal published but once a week—debarred by its price and the nature of its contents from circulation among the millions—never under the obligation of patronage from any government, nor at any time the organ of a party or set, but always representing the individual opinions of its editor and sole proprietor—a paper thus inherently destitute of the means by which influential journals commonly acquire their power, is just now the observed of all observers." This latter phrase was too good for the *Examiner* to miss; so, under the head of "Modest Merit," it rather insultingly exclaimed, "The observed of all observers—why, a fellow in the pillory could say as much!" and wittily suggested that the *Spectator* should change its name to *Spectaculus*. The retort of the *Spectator* was very poor: it easily loses temper in a dispute, and cannot cover its retreat with a laugh.

Being in a Movement mood, and anxious to take a lead, the *Spectator* regarded the early progress of Chartism with a favourable eye, thinking that it contained the germ of some future advancement of the public mind. The editor attended the meeting in Palace-yard, of "the working men of London," held on the 17th September, 1838; printed the "People's Charter," and defended the Chartists from some attacks. But as the *Spectator* circulates chiefly amongst the "upper class" of radicals—men who, however anxious for the social advancement of all ranks and degrees of their fellow-countrymen, are too intelligent to sanction error, absurdity, or extravagance, far less violence—it soon saw reason to discontinue the Chartist agitation.

Of other weekly newspapers, the *Joby Bull* is notorious for having first set out, for "God, the king, and the people," with Bible and Crown, and having soon got itself into numberless scrapes for slander: it is a quieter and decenter publication now, considering that it is a clerical organ, and edited by an accomplished wit.

The *Weekly Dispatch* is cleverly ferocious; its renowned correspondent, "Publicola," aimed at the reputation of being a sort of bludgeon Junius. The "Answers to Correspondents" in this paper is a very excellent department of it, and altogether it is exceedingly well adapted for a large circulation, though it is vexing to think that this circulation has been gained and maintained by a reckless coarseness, which indicates that the actual hard-working men of England are a great way off from being refined in their tastes, or calm and considerate in their judgments of public men and measures.

But it is not our intention to notice all the metropolitan newspapers—we have neither space nor present means of doing so. There are about ninety daily and weekly periodicals, of all kinds, issued in London, numbers of them addressing particular classes; and these, ever on the watch, ever looking out for subjects, ever ready to praise or blame, must exercise an enormous power, for good and for evil, on the mental habits of the people of this country, and consequently on its political well-being. It is a power, too, which no government can hope to check or overthrow, but with the destruction of the political life, spirit, and liberty of the empire.

## DOUBLING CAPE HORN.

Of all the expeditions that have of late years been undertaken with a view to scientific pursuits, that of Edward Poeppig, professor at Leipzig, is the most deserving of praise. The vast store of both animal and vegetable life that he discovered in the heart of the forests of Peru; the narrative of his adventures there, without a native guide, or any companion whatever; his account of his constructing a habitation, and subsisting for many a dreary month entirely by his own exertions in hunting and fishing; now pitching his solitary tent on the summits of the Andes, and now guiding his tiny canoe on the giant streams of the new world, are replete with interest; while the rich collection of plants and animals which he brought to Europe sufficiently testify his extraordinary industry and perseverance; and our admiration of his enthusiasm becomes unbounded, when we contrast the slender means and scanty supply of instruments with which he was furnished (the expedition being planned by a few private individuals) with the splendid outfit and regal resources of Spitz and Von Martins. While the last-named travellers have laid open the interior of Brazil, and the more recent voyage of Capt. Fitzroy in the *Beagle* (so interesting in a geographical and scientific point of view) has made us acquainted with the shores of that country, it remained for Poeppig to complete the picture of the southern continent of America, by a residence of five years in the wilds of Chili and Peru, where no other European had ever penetrated.

Poeppig left Baltimore, in a merchant-vessel, in August, 1826, and, after a favourable voyage across the Atlantic (for vessels leaving North America for the South Atlantic, towards the end of the year, are obliged, in order to avoid the trade winds, to sail in a south-easterly direction to the Cape Verd Islands, before crossing the Line) arrived in February, 1827, within a short distance of the dreaded Cape Horn; and as the dangers of doubling this point are now often a subject of conversation, from the frequency of the communication between this country and Australia, we shall translate Poeppig's description.

"Only two men of our ships could boast of having been on the west side of the Horn;—the one, a sailor, who for years had been a wanderer among the Feejee Islands (situated between the Friendly Islands and New Caledonia), and who at last, being weary of his solitary life, had found an opportunity of returning to Europe in a whaler; and the other, one of the officers. While the former, seated on the captain, might be seen attracting round him a crowd of eager listeners, the occupants of the aristocratic quarter-deck were no less interested in the adventures of their companion. Indeed, though we had all had some experience of a stormy sea, yet no one could witness our approach to the Cape with indifference, so completely were our minds imbued with its dangers. The following morning preparations were made for the tempestuous passage. To avoid the violent current of the Straits of Le Maire, we sailed round Staten Island. A mild autumnal evening, accompanied by many favourable signs, gave promise of fine weather, which we were eager to avail ourselves of, as the delay of a single day has been known to protract the passage to four weeks. The violent motion of the ship towards midnight, however, indicated those below that an unfavourable change had taken place. The sky appeared of that uniform grey colour which denotes a fall of snow; the sea—the true mirror of the firmament—extended darkly into the scarcely perceptible horizon, and broke with violence against our ship. A cold damp wind blew from the south, threatening every moment to shift into the west, and thus to destroy all our hopes of a speedy passage. Every wave impelled us nearer to the land, which presented the most forbidding aspect. Precipitous rocks rose from the water without disclosing a single point for a safe landing; and the white foam of the waves, as they broke half-mast high upon their sides, was plainly perceptible. Those walls of rocks were ranged in rows like the scenes of a theatre, while their pointed summits seemed struggling which should o'er-top the other. The background of this inhospitable picture was filled up by the high jagged mountains of the larger islands. The tops and clefts in the sides of these mountains were white with newly fallen snow, which, standing out in relief against the dark rock, increased the desolation of the scene. Thick but partial masses of vapour, rising in the long

vistas of rocks, slowly ascended to the dark masses of clouds, till the latter, extending over the land, appeared to rest upon it like an interminable streak along the horizon. Vain were all our endeavours, during that night, to advance beyond this fearful gulf; and when morning at last broke amid snow and hail, after a harassing night, we found we had been carried back four geographical miles. Another wearisome day was passed, when, towards eleven o'clock in the evening, the storm had so greatly increased that a wave, breaking over the ship, carried away everything on board—the crew could only save themselves by clinging to the tackling; all that could be done in this emergency was to lay our ship under bare poles—two of our boats were carried away. The second officer had the misfortune, during this fearful scene, to fall from the sail of the mainmast; no one had observed him in the darkness and confusion, and it was only by chance that he was found apparently lifeless on the deck, covered with blood, deadly pale, and streaming with sea-water. He was carried below, and notwithstanding the rolling of the ship, we succeeded in letting him blood. To our great joy he recovered his animation, and well might he esteem himself fortunate in coming off with only a simple fracture of the leg, and some inconsiderable bruises, so as, on reaching Chili, to be able to leave his bed; for how easily might he have fallen into the sea instead of on deck, or have been deprived of life by the fall!

"Sleep was out of the question during this raging of the elements and trying scene. The noise on deck was deafening, the whole crew were assembled on the poop; ropes were made fast across the vessel, to be laid hold of during the continued breaking of the waves. The darkness was impenetrable, except when the glimmering light from the compass, flickering ever and anon over the ghastly faces of our younger seamen, betrayed their fears, or revealed for a moment in the hard features of their elder companions that dogged belief in predestination so general among this class of men. Never did I behold the sea so dazzlingly bright. As the long waves rolled towards our ship, their white crests uniting as they broke high over the deck, we might almost fancy we saw the terrific spirits of the storm as they are said to have appeared to the intrepid Gama,\* warning him from approaching regions to which nature herself had opposed insurmountable barriers.

"With the grey light of the morning we discovered on the right a dark, undefined mass, resembling elevated land. In a few hours we had neared it sufficiently to distinguish its peculiarities—it was *Cape Horn*. This celebrated promontory was distant from us four English miles. From whatever side it is viewed it presents a suitable termination to so large a continent, appearing in its calm grandeur to denote the victory of land over water. The mass of rock, of which the cape consists, is not, like those of the neighbouring islands, divided into many groups. The land, gradually rising from the north-east, terminates at its greatest elevation in a rounded head, and sinks almost perpendicularly into the sea on the south. Of a dark colour, with scarcely any inequalities, and without the least trace of vegetation, the giant rock rears its head to the antarctic storm, for ever uninhabited and inaccessible to the savage. Not one of the innumerable race of sea-birds, which swarm in these seas, builds its nest there; for all of them find among the prickly and grassy umbelliferous plants of the less elevated islands a more secure retreat for their offspring.

"About noon we lost sight of Cape Horn, the weather still continuing stormy. It was not till the third day that we got into smooth water, when more sails were set, and all hands engaged in repairing the damage we had sustained. Our kitchen had been entirely carried away, and much serious injury done to the deck and tackling. We began to suffer much from cold, which indicated the vicinity of icebergs, the influence of which, according to experienced whalers, is so great that the thermometer begins to fall at the distance of a degree and a half; we were fortunate enough to escape them, but we saw by the quantity of floe-ice that they were not far distant. We also saw a number of the whales called *hump-backed whales*, so much dreaded for their courage and ferocity; while, being at the same time very wary and swift, and only to be met with in high latitudes, they are seldom pursued.

"On the 28th of February we reached with difficulty the sixty-second degree of south latitude, seldom attained by merchantmen; and nothing but urgent necessity would induce an ordinary

\* Vasco di Gama, a Portuguese navigator sent by Emanuel, king of Portugal in 1497, to double the Cape of Good Hope, and is the first who discovered that passage to the East Indies.

seaman to venture so far from the usual track. An impending change in the weather, not to be mistaken, which would very probably bring a direct west wind, filled all on board with apprehension. Our situation was indeed precarious. Half of our crew was unfit for service; some men laid up in consequence of continued labour in the wet and cold, while many of the younger men had their hands so hurt by the ropes as to be unable to use them. The captain himself was ill, and the second officer lay unable to move, from pain. The clouds assumed a threatening appearance; the whales, influenced by the atmospherical change in their own element, rose to the surface in shoals, appearing restless and uneasy. The precise moment was scarcely perceived in which the south-west wind suddenly changed to a brisk south wind. The loud call of the steersman recalled a long-forgotten joy among the crew, and even our patients seemed to forget their sufferings. In a few moments the sails were shifted, and under a press of canvas, we were flying from these dreary regions. On the 5th of March we reached the latitude of Cabo Pilares, a circumstance almost sufficient to occasion a festival on board, and which, at least, procured for the sailors a double allowance of grog."

### SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE.

#### NO. III.—THE DEATH-BED.

THE following day was dull and rainy, and threw additional gloom into the sick chamber of Ellen Barr. She was worse—decidedly worse; and the wasted face, the large dim eye, the skeleton hand, and the weak and trembling voice, spoke a language of fearful and sickening agony to those who, with such intensity of love, watched and hoped for her recovery. Her disease was a low fever, which had been long making its insidious, almost unperceived approaches, and had been brought to a crisis by exhaustion and agitation. She now lay asleep, but the eyelids were not quite closed. It has a dreadful, almost supernatural appearance, that sleeping of the eye under the half-closed lid: it awes like a glance into spirit-land, a torch in the vault, a light thrown on the skeleton of sleep. But the effect was rendered stronger, in the present case, by the parched lip, the flushed sunken cheek, and the convulsive expressions that passed over her face, not less fearful when for a moment they took the shape of a smile. Her mother and Anne were engaged below in assisting the servant in the now almost constant occupation of washing, compelled, for the fulfilment of a necessary duty to the invalid herself, to absent themselves from her side.

Clara was seated on a window-seat opposite the bed, occasionally anxiously glancing over the sadly-changed face of its occupant, and in the intervals striving to fix her attention on "the Book," which lay on her lap. There is but one whose philosophy is available to affliction; but it was strange to mark how cautiously she avoided those passages which might be the consolation of the bereaved, or the hope of the dying.

She had thus sat nearly an hour, when, on looking towards the bed, she perceived Ellen's eyes open and fixed upon her; they were looking very bright and anxious, and Clara advanced to her bed-side to inquire if she wanted anything.

"No, thank you," said the invalid, faintly, "only that you, Clara, would answer what I am going to ask—has mama—have any of you, had any dinner?"

"Oh, yes," said Clara; but, unaccustomed to prevaricate, her countenance spoke another language.

"Tell me truly, dear Clara," said Ellen, trying to raise herself, "what have you had?"

"We have done very well; don't trouble yourself about it, darling; think of nothing but getting well."

Ellen sighed, and lay silent for a minute, exhausted by her emotions. At length, with a quivering compression of the lip, and a wilder brightness of the eye, she said, "I cannot bear to lie here grieving and doing nothing. Clara," she added, hurriedly, "fetch me the little drawer that contains my papers."

"Wait, love, till you are better," replied Clara, soothingly, "you may make yourself worse by exertion now."

"Do not refuse me," said Ellen, more earnestly, "I am sure it will do me good."

Clara could not refuse; she fetched the drawer as requested, and pillows being placed to support her in a sitting posture, Ellen began with trembling fingers to look over some of the papers; then, taking a memorandum-book and pencil, wrote a few words, and, leaning back, closed her eyes as if in thought.

Clara had re-seated herself, but was silently watching her; and after a few minutes had thus passed, could see tears struggling from her closed eyelids. She advanced to her bedside. Ellen turned her face upon the pillow, and said faintly and sadly—"Take them away, Clara, take them away;" and her speech sunk into inaudible murmurings.

Clara silently obeyed, and then hurried down stairs to procure some of that light nourishment which was alone permitted to the invalid. There was scarcely sufficient left even for present preparation; and when it was ready, as her mother said she would take it up-stairs, Clara sat down, and hiding her face with both her hands, endeavoured to think what it was possible for her to do to procure this and many other necessaries that were required: a comb fell from her hair, and two or three long curls strayed over her face. She pushed them impatiently aside; but at the moment she rose, and telling Anne that she was going out, but would be back in about half-an-hour, resisted all entreaties to say where, hastily put on her bonnet and shawl, and left the house. She had not been gone many minutes, when a double-knock announced the arrival of the surgeon.

His sympathy was excited by the patient endurance of the suffering Ellen, and he was indignant at the supposed unfeeling parsimony of her friends. He was an honest man, but blunt, downright, and eccentric. His manners, however, were kind, even affectionate, towards Ellen, who liked him, and had great confidence in his professional powers; and for this her friends would have tolerated any rudeness towards themselves. He now made the usual inquiries relative to his patient, and after endeavouring by a few well-judged and encouraging words to animate her hopes, he adjourned to the drawing-room with Mrs. Barr.

"Your daughter is much worse, madam," he said bluntly, as soon as he had shut the door: "she has been agitated about something or other, and you have not obeyed all my injunctions respecting her;" and he named some expensive, and to them unattainable requisites. "I beg that you will no longer neglect to procure them; they are indispensable."

Mrs. Barr could not become more pale than this last shock and trial had made her; but if the surgeon had looked in her face when he said this, the sickening horror there expressed would have satisfied him of her maternal affection; but she misjudged him, and would not, more than she could help, express those feelings she did not believe he could sympathise with; and after some injunctions, abruptly given, and an intimation that he would call on the following day, he went.

She dried her tears, and went to the office, that she might consult with her husband as to some means of procuring what the surgeon had so strongly recommended. Mr. Barr and his son were there occupied, or trying to occupy themselves, as when we first met them. They had heard the arrival of the surgeon, but both had feared to hear his decision; and when Mrs. Barr entered, both strove to read in her face what they would have asked. She tried to smile, and burst into tears, but immediately recovering herself, strove to reassure them by mentioning the important and beneficial effect to be expected from the surgeon's recommendation; and they were proceeding to take into consideration how it was to be procured, when the postman's knock summoned Francis to the door. How had the strength of one sorrow and anxiety overpowered, almost extinguished, those which had made the postman's call so electrifying a short time before! With careless fingers, and a mind distracted by other thoughts, Mr. Barr opened the letter. His wife turned away with fresh tears; she remembered that which had brought her sick child so much disappointment; but an expression of surprise, followed by one of devout gratitude, attracted her attention, and, on looking up, she saw, fluttering from the envelope of a letter he was then reading, a bank-note for twenty pounds. Mr. Barr read aloud as follows:—

"Your correspondent, by the transmission of the inclosed, pays a debt which he has just discovered is due from him to you. He has particular reasons for not wishing further inquiry on the subject, and feels great pleasure in acquitting himself of this obligation."

Surprise and pleasure were of course the first sentiments excited, for Mr. Barr could remember no person from whom he might have demanded such a sum, and it was more than sufficient



to supply their present wants for Ellen. *There is no fiction in the instance of well-timed assistance here recorded.* Such a one has in living hearts prevented the arrows of self-reproach mingling their poison with those of bereavement.

Meanwhile Clara pursued her way along the miry and nearly deserted streets. A fear of anything like enterprise, and a bashful horror of speaking to a stranger, would at any other time have made her heart beat, and her limbs tremble, in the anticipation of such a project as that she had determined on; but now all these fears and trepidations were merged in one overwhelming anxiety. It was not, however, to the nearest hair-dresser's that she took her way she rather preferred, not wishing to be recognised, to proceed some few streets further to a shop she had before noticed. It was just one of that middle class where she fancied, from its unpretending, but respectable style, she would be most likely to meet with civility, if not a purchaser. On entering, the shopman, who was engaged in arranging some ringlets, bowed an inquiry of her pleasure.

"Do you purchase hair?" said Clara.

The man stared. "Yes, ma'am," he replied, "sometimes."

"I wish to dispose of mine," she resumed; "what would you give for it?"

"Why," he replied, scrutinising the colour of that which now hung nearly straight over her cheek, "that depends upon the colour; for black hair we give a very good price (Clara's was very light brown), but light hair is an actual drug; but if you will walk into the next room, Mr. Pratt will look at it, and tell you."

In the small room at the back of the shop, which was fitted up with a large looking-glass, a portrait of some one of the Thespian profession, looking daggers and dignity, its chimney-piece decked with divers porcelain shepherdesses and an ancient time-piece, the master of the establishment was engaged in giving an elegant curl to the just shorn locks of a young gentleman, who sat with his back to the door, beguiling the time with the perusal of a newspaper, over which his eye wandered furtively, as if it were a desperate and inefficient resource. On hearing a woman's voice, he turned round at the imminent hazard of a scold, and disclosed, to Clara's vexation and embarrassment, the features of young Carter. After the civilities of unexpected recognition on both sides, the man was proceeding to inform his master of the lady's business, when Clara hurriedly interrupted him, saying she would rather wait till Mr. Pratt was at liberty, and, sitting down, applied herself to the examination of a drawer containing combs, thimbles, pin-cushions, &c., that lay on the table.

"And how is your sister?" observed the young gentleman, carelessly.

"No better," said Clara, shortly.

"How well she looked the other night!—ah!" he continued, in a moralising tone, "in the midst of life we are in death."

Clara shuddered. Young Carter had no intention to wound, he only did not feel; and he continued, after examining the *total-ensemble* of his now finished hair, "Will you take a present to her from me?" advancing to the drawer, and singling out a small vinaigrette.

Clara's hasty "No, thank you," was softened down by the after-observation that Ellen must herself decide that point when she recovered.

"Well," he continued, anxious to administer some consolation, "I am very sorry to hear she is so ill; but you must consider what a blessing it is that it is not Francis;—not but what," he added, with elaborate gallantry, "of course a lady's illness must excite my sympathy most."

Clara's gentle nature was irritated by these untimely and mistimed observations, and she turned her head away with an involuntary expression of disgust; and the young gentleman, thinking that he had fulfilled all the duties of civility and consolation, politely wished her "Good day," and left the house.

"Well, ma'am," observed Mr. Pratt, who had heard, meantime, from his shopman, what she wanted, "I understand you wish to sell your hair; take your bonnet off, if you please, and I can soon tell you what I can give; but," he added, as Clara obeyed, "I fear you will be disappointed in the sum; I can't," he added, feeling it, "give more than eightpence an ounce for that colour and quality." (The colour, it has been observed, was light brown, and the quality would have found no objections but with a purchaser).

Clara was astonished; but that Mr. Pratt had expected, and he looked very careless whether he had it or no. "And how much do you think would mine weigh?" she said at length.

"Why, that I cannot precisely say," said Mr. Pratt, consideringly; "it might weigh an ounce."

"Unless you can ensure me a shilling for it," she said, "it would be to no purpose to leave it."

"Well, ma'am," smirked the hair-dresser, "to a lady, and a pretty one, I would be sorry to be over hard; so we'll say a shilling certain."

Clara's colour rose at the familiar compliment, and she said, in a repressing tone, "Name what you consider a just equivalent, and if it is not so much as I want, I can go elsewhere."

The man, spite of his assumed carelessness, did not wish to lose the chance of making what was really a good bargain, and he said more quietly, "Well, ma'am, then, I'll give you a shilling for it." "Not the front hair, I suppose?" he added, as he prepared to cut.

Clara intimated her intention to preserve the few curls included in that title; and in a few minutes her head felt chilly and bare, and its natural ornament lay on the table beside her. She received the remunerating shilling, and proceeded to another shop to purchase the nourishment for Ellen which she had sold it to procure.

When Mrs. Barr again returned to Ellen's bed-side, after finishing some necessary arrangements, she found Anne endeavouring to comprehend the earnest and incoherent words she was uttering, and to soothe an agitation whose cause she did not appear to perceive. Alas! the mother soon saw that it was the incoherency and agitation of delirium; but commanding and overcoming the fearful shaking of the heart and wildness of the brain that the sight inspired, she sat down by her side, and by soothing and endearing words strove to pacify her, in a low voice bidding Anne summon her father.

While Anne hurried down stairs for the purpose, Ellen's voice and words became more clear and distinct; pointing to the foot of her bed, where she was looking wildly as if at some horrible object, "You do not see him," she said; "but I do—I see him!" "but," she continued, closing her hands firmly and contracting her brow, "I do not fear him—fear not him who can only kill the body;" "but don't tell mama," she continued, in a lower voice; "hide him—bury him;" and then speech relapsed into a murmured tone of conversation with some imaginary personage.

The mother's groans were suppressed; but in her anxiety for the presence of some one who might counsel or assist, she was going to ring the bell to hasten their appearance, when Mr. Barr, Francis, and Anne, hastened into the room. A minute they stood by the bed in speechless dismay; at length Anne, in a firm voice, though her lip trembled and her eyes were filled with tears, proposed that the surgeon should be sent for; and Francis, half comforted with the idea of doing something, put on his hat to go. He fortunately found the surgeon at home, and though he was just going to dinner, overcome by the entreaties of Francis and his own kindly anxiety for the patient, he accompanied him immediately. On entering the sick chamber, the eyes of all were directed towards him, with that eager hope which the very presence of a medical man excites in such cases; but he was himself anxious, and he did not see the traces of their agony or expectation. Ellen now lay evidently exhausted on her pillow, her lips moving inaudibly.

After some quiet questioning and observation, the surgeon stood a few minutes, pale and anxious, beside the bed; at length, motioning to Mrs. Barr to follow, he left the room, and proceeded down stairs to that where the father and brother were awaiting his opinion. After closing the door gently, he said, "The fever has not yielded to the remedies I have applied; your daughter's situation is at present very dangerous, and I should wish further advice to be called in."

The drops of agony stood on the father's brow; he passed his hand heavily over it, as if to press down the tumultuous horrors that were throbbing there; but the mother's mind, weakened by her sufferings and inanition, was for a few minutes utterly prostrated by the blow of this announcement. She threw herself on her knees, and wildly prayed that God would take her and spare her child, resisting every attempt to raise or to comfort her; then, upbraiding them with deceiving her, insisted that Ellen was dead, and saying that she would wait there till she followed her. The surgeon's words had not less stricken to the heart of the brother; but his mother's state roused him to exertion, and the first fear that her mind had given way beneath its tortures was a new misery that, above his other fears could not deaden. The surgeon certainly had not expected his announcement to be so keenly felt, and he added his endeavours to the rest to recall her wandering senses. His efforts were answered by wild self-reproaches and bitter revilings against their poverty, whose

particulars her ravings disclosed, taxing it with the murder of her child; at length she leaned her head on the chair before her exhausted, and the surgeon, assisted by her husband, raised and laid her on the sofa, requesting Francis to bring some brandy. There was none in the house, but he immediately went for some, and on his return Clara stood at the door and entered with him. A few words prepared her for the sad state of affairs, and they went up-stairs together. Fearing the consequences of administering spirits under the circumstances, Clara told the surgeon that her mother had eaten nothing since the preceding day.

"God help her!" he exclaimed involuntarily, the real state of their circumstances now being revealed to him. He administered the restorative; then, as he perceived it effectual, he drew Mr. Barr to the window, and proposed that no time should be lost in calling in a physician to Ellen; and, he added hurriedly, searching for his gloves in his coat-pocket, and looking carefully out of the window, "send for Dr. Dale, and never mind troubling yourself about the fees at present; I will return and meet him in half an hour."

At the expiration of that time the physician and surgeon stood by the bed-side of the still-insensible Ellen. Mrs. Barr, now calm and collected, stood opposite, watching every glance of the eye, every change of countenance in the physician. Dr. Dale was a clever man of few words and decided manners; but little could be learned from his expressive face.

After the consultation of the two medical men, the doctor informed Mrs. Barr that though he could not give them certain hopes, he was not without any.

"I have ordered a remedy," he added, "which I trust may be efficacious; but the issue is in the hands of God. After giving the pill which will be sent," he continued, "she must be kept as quiet as possible; all depends upon the sleep which I expect to follow."

The pill was given to the passive invalid, who placed herself as if intentionally for slumber. Her mother sat by and watched the wandering eyes and just-moving lips, till they were closed and quiet in a deep sleep, and, thinking a thanksgiving, left the room noiselessly to announce the good news. How silent was the house during the next hour!—How did every sound in the street thrill the heart-strings of its inhabitants! Stealing feet with downy tread occasionally ventured to the chamber-door, and the news thus brought of continued and tranquil sleep relieved the hearts of the rest with almost the gaiety of hope. Anne alone remained with the sleeper; they had a stronger confidence in her presence of mind—the rest were persuaded by Clara to take tea. Still more revived and exhilarated by this refreshing meal, their spirits rose in proportion to their previous depression, and when it was announced that Ellen had awaked composed and seemingly better, they were happy. What happiness is there like the rebound of the heart from the pressure of misery! After ascertaining the delightful fact with his own eyes, Francis went out on a mission connected with some affairs which would detain him about half an hour.

With a light and cheerful tread Francis, on his return, ascended the steps, and ringing the bell gently, waited with a buoyant spirit and bright anticipations the opening of the door.

Mary opened it, looking frightened and anxious. "Oh! Mr. Francis," she said, as soon as she saw him, "I am so glad you are come."

"Why?" he replied, entering heart-struck by foreboding fears; "what is the matter?"

"Oh! sir," said Mary, notwithstanding her real sorrow, delighting in the opportunity of communicating anything that would excite a sensation, "your sister is much worse, quite out of her head; and the doctor is with her."

The brain of Francis nearly turned beneath this sudden transition from hope to agony; he could not speak: and Mary went on—"Mrs. Evans was here a while ago, and she spoke so loud before she would listen to me telling her of Miss Ellen's illness, that it disturbed her, and she has been worse ever since."

While she spoke, Anne crossed the back of the hall, and seeing her brother, hurriedly approached.

"Don't be alarmed," she said, though her own countenance spoke only fear and horror, "while there is life there is hope!"

"What does the doctor say?" gasped Francis.

"Oh! he does not despair," said Anne, trying to speak hopefully; "he attributes her relapse to the oppressive closeness of the air: if the wind does but rise as it may at sunset, he expects great benefit from it."

"No, no," said Francis, violently agitated, "it was that woman's unfeeling violence; may a curse rest upon her!"

"Hush, dear Francis," said Anne; "do not let evil wishes for others warp our prayers for Ellen."

The brother and sister went up-stairs to the open door of the sick chamber. The doctor had forbidden the entrance of more than one at a time; Dr. Dale was then leaving the bed-side, and the surgeon anxiously feeling the pulse of the patient, in whom weakness and agitation were contending under the influence of delirium. She was uttering successively all their names, and attempting anxiously to address to each something that could not be understood; but she recognised none. Mrs. Barr was sitting beside her, striving to comprehend her words, and to soothe her agitation; but she now neither wept nor trembled; the horror of the stroke threatened had for the time stunned her feelings. The remainder of the family were seated in the adjoining bed-room, anxiously listening to the sounds in the sick chamber, and watching the slightest wave of the blinds in the hope of detecting a rising breeze; but the draught of the open window was yet scarcely sufficient to lift them occasionally heavily and slowly.

The physician was gone, and the surgeon, who, at their earnest persuasions, consented to stay till some change should take place, entered the room where they were, and recommended all but one to adjourn to the drawing-room, so as to leave that floor as clear and airy as possible; accordingly, Anne remaining to assist her mother, the rest assembled below. They sat down—there were no tears; none spoke; no sound was heard in the house, but the gurgling utterance of imperfect words from the sick chamber, or the occasional low and soothing tone of the mother's voice.

At length Mr. Barr rose, and saying, in trembling accents, "There is yet one hope for us—let us pray Him to spare her to us;" they knelt; and when they rose, tears filled the eyes that had before been dry and aching, and hope dawned in their hearts once more. The surgeon, albeit unused, had bent his knee with theirs, and he sighed as he rose, with the conviction that all hope was vain. Clara sat down to watch the curtain which had been drawn before the open window, so as immediately to betray the slightest rising of the wind. That, too, was vain; the sun had set, and every moment seemed to take something from their hope. Now and then first one and then another went gently up-stairs to watch for some sign to revive it. Vain—still vain; the words of anxiety for them, that had occasionally been audible, and the utterance of their names, ceased to be understood. Then came the rattle in the throat—a sudden and clear pronunciation of the words "papa—mama;" and those groans that had pierced their hearts would have been heard with bleeding in the awful silence that followed. Ellen Barr slept the sleep of death.

#### TIME AND SIR WILLIAM JONES.

No virtue is more rare than economy in the division and use of time; and in the few instances where this has been rigidly practised, the world has seen prodigies of attainment. Seneca tells of the vigilance with which he seized on every moment of time, as it passed,—not a day, at its close, could he reproach him with idleness, and his studies were drawn out to a late hour of the night.

Sir William Jones is a remarkable example in point. With talents of a high order, it is true, but more especially by an industry that never tired, and a methodical appropriation of every moment of his time to some definite purpose, he made acquisitions in the midst of a busy life that astonish the mind, accustomed to observe only the ordinary results of intellectual labour. His aims were always fixed high, and he seldom fell below them: the vast schemes, which he did not live to mature, were not without their use in carrying his mind upward, and giving it the excitement of a lofty motive. It cannot be denied that there is sometimes danger to be apprehended from this very propensity of grasping too much. By indulging in so wide a range, the mind necessarily acquires a habit of dwelling on particulars, and, without the exercise of much caution and good judgment, its energy will be lost on trifles—*Magno conatu magnus nugas*. In the same proportion it will lose the power of developing broad principles, and of drawing from particulars general and philosophical conclusions. This was, doubtless, in some degree true of Sir W. Jones: not that his mind was deficient in power of philosophical discrimination, but his eagerness for new attainments was so great, that time was not left, nor space in his thoughts, for arrangement and combination. In many cases he reasoned and thought profoundly, but, take all his labours together, we are amazed rather at what he learnt than at what he taught.—*North American Review*.

## TALK ABOUT HOMER.

It is a curious pity that Homer's works were ever made school-books. We have, in general, so great a disinclination to learn the contents of pages which had been assigned to us as tasks, that, when we go on to man's estate, we very seldom repair with any degree of pleasure to the volumes which we "thumbed" so much in the days of our academic imprisonment. Homer's character appears, however, so strongly throughout all his effusions, and that character is so deeply marked by the love for his fellow-beings which shines out on every occasion, that we absolutely enthroned him in our hearts. How we should be delighted to sit by the old Chryses in one of the ancient cottages of Mitylene or Ithaca, and hear him pour out his enchanting descriptions—not of battles or sieges, for those we never much fancied—but of the manners of the time in which he lived, and his legendary lore relating to the ages which preceded his own!

Aristotle, we believe it was, who charged Homer with a disposition to represent men as better than they were. Bless the old man for it! How could he have done otherwise, for his mind was filled with the milk of human kindness? His imagination rarely separates itself from the daily occupations, interests, and passions of those men to whom it was first addressed. Agitated by that restless curiosity which is the necessary offspring of high intellectual powers, and enjoying none of those opportunities for gratifying it which the general use of letters and the art of printing enable us to obtain at home, he was obliged to wander abroad over the great volume of Nature. The fortunes, habits, and characters of men, were the objects upon which his intuitive powers most delighted to expatiate; and so deeply does he colour every subject which he touches with the shades of human nature, that even the gods, in his creed, were not exempted from its influence.

It is one of the most agreeable lessons we learn by foreign travel, that, take them on the whole, men are of a race of beings eminently kind to each other. Look at the myriads of that race by which this planet is inhabited, and see, after all, how few of them, comparatively speaking, are contaminated by serious crimes. Unprotected and unarmed, we have gone at large among them in many climates, and almost uniformly found them prepared to surround us with those sympathies which are deeply implanted in the human breast. The eye knitted, the cheek flushed, the hand stretched out to receive the stranger, to welcome him to the hearth, and to cheer him on his lonely way. We may be sure that Homer had good reason for the kindly feelings in which he always talks of his fellow men; for as he no doubt entertained them with his divine poetry, stirred up in their souls all their bravery, drew forth their tears, and provoked their laughter, they must have loved him for his genius, and he could not help loving them for their admiration of his matchless talents. We picture him to our mind's-eye, during the winter evenings of Lemnos or Epidaurus, seated amidst a family circle, in the light of a wood fire, captivating all hearts, young and old, with the wonders of Calypso's grotto, and of the golden palace and fruitful gardens of Alcinoüs. These delightful themes being exhausted, then came the hospitable cheer—the savoury stew—the roasted fowl—the nuts and half-dried grapes—the bowl of generous wine, a beverage which doubtless often reddened his aged cheek with gaiety, and heightened the natural eloquence of his tongue. Night advanced: loud blew the storm. Then the scene changed to the terrific cave of Polyphemus, or to the still more alarming horrors of Scylla and Charybdis. The climax of all this was, that his stories were seldom wholly new. They were grounded on old traditions, and thus awoke the early associations of his audience—the most pregnant sources of rapture which a poet can disclose. He tells us himself, that he seldom ventured on new additions to the circumstances of any tale; and

that to describe clearly and forcibly those already known and believed, was the summit of his ambition.

Some critics have, it is true, gone so far as to say, that the "Iliad," though so full of minute details, is itself a mere invention from the beginning to the end, and that no such contest as that called the Trojan war ever took place. And it must be confessed that doubts upon this point will arise in the mind of any person, who would set about calculating the numbers of the men represented to have been engaged on both sides, the quantity of shipping necessary for the transport of at least one hundred thousand Greeks from Aulis to the Hellespont, and the difficulties of supporting such an extraordinary mass of population within a small compass of desolated territory during a period of ten years.

Nor does the chain of improbabilities terminate here. Agamemnon, the lord of the greater part of the southern peninsula of Greece, might have been powerful enough to command the services of nearly all its effective force. Achilles, the prince of Hellas, might also have been induced by love of glory to join the expedition; to raise for that purpose seven thousand Myrmidons; and to build, or collect, fifty transports for their conveyance to the scene of action. But it is difficult to believe that, in such a state of society as then existed, the crime of Paris against a feeble Spartan prince could have excited a degree of resentment amongst the tribes of Phœcis, Athens, and Eubœa, not to mention the distant islands, sufficient to unite them in avenging it under the walls of Troy. The first gathering of such a various host, at that time, with rude, slow, and uncertain means of communication, would indeed have been a work of Herculean difficulty. Still more arduous would have been the enterprise of the chieftain who would attempt to keep them together for ten years in a foreign land, subject to the rigorous cold of winter, the parching heats of summer, and the various maladies of the Trojan climate.

The truth, perhaps, is, that some such abduction as that of Helen was perpetrated by some ardent lover, and that it gave rise to more than one contest. We know that a similar circumstance took place in Ireland, and that it led to many consequences of an important nature. No doubt the accounts of the war received by Homer were much exaggerated. When the bards of Greece began to give celebrity to the theme, every little state and village would of course be ambitious to share its immortality; and, in the absence of all indisputable records, the pretensions of Calydon would be as free from objection as those of Lacedæmon itself.

The question is, after all, one of very secondary importance. The great charm of the "Iliad," and more especially of the "Odyssey," is, the admirable picture they afford us of the manners of the country and age in which the author lived. Some would say, that here we should have written *authors*, upon the supposition, which very eminent critics have admitted, that these two poems are the work of different persons. Indeed, a positive denial of the reality of the existence of the person whom we call Homer has been made; and serious discussions have been raised about his birth-place and the period of his existence, which to this hour have never received a satisfactory solution. But devoted Homerians are quite satisfied that whoever composed the "Iliad" also composed the "Odyssey;" and that the identity of inspiration throughout the two productions is incontrovertible, whatever may be said about interpolated passages.

We first saw the Hellespont from the sea of Marmora. Its natural beauties are not to be compared with those of the Bosphorus. The hills on either side are low and monotonous; and we were rather surprised at first to find the channel so narrow, as Homer almost uniformly describes it as the "broad Hellespont." Surprise, however, ceased as soon as we entered the Dardanelles, where it opens rapidly into a magnificent sheet of water, which the bard had probably often contemplated from the Trojan shore.

Indeed, it is a striking characteristic of the poems attributed to Homer, that their topographical details are, for the greater part, remarkably correct. Thucydides frequently reposes on their authority for his geographical sketches of the countries to which

they refer. Strabo followed Homer's local descriptions with the piety of a pilgrim, and at the same time the caution of a critic. Wherever he turns, he bears evidence to the exactness of his guide. D'Anville, the prince of modern authorities upon this point, assures us that, in Homer's works, are to be traced the first and truest outlines of ancient geography. The travellers of our own day have observed few material changes in the natural aspect of those countries, as compared with their appearance in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." Such variations as they have noticed, are easily accounted for by the operation of those causes of change which the geologists have detected in many parts of the surface of our planet.

From examination of the subject, both personally and through such writings as we have been able to consult, the bard appears to have been *ocularly* acquainted with a great part of the western shore of Asia Minor. We say *ocularly*, because though he *may* have been blind in his old age, we cannot imagine that he was so at the period when his intellectual faculties were in their full vigour. The probability is, that he often visited the islands of the Ægean sea, and the continent of Greece, properly so called. Ithaca was perhaps the remotest boundary of his geographical knowledge on that side. Of the other Ionian Islands he speaks fabulously. The Adriatic, and all beyond it, seem to have been quite unknown to him. He appears to have been well informed with respect to Cete, Rhodes, and Cyprus, Syria, Phœnicia, and Egypt, although it is a curious fact that he makes no allusion whatever to the Pyramids. The shores of Thrace he visited with the interest which the religious and poetic fame of that country excited.

Homer's usual residence, and therefore most probably his native Isle, was Chios. The men and manners he describes, appertained, no doubt, to the whole continent of Greece, the islands of the Archipelago, and to that part of the western shore of Asia Minor which was connected with it by community of origin, language, and religion. It must at the same time strike an attentive reader, that a vivid oriental, almost Arabian hue, predominates in his pictures of domestic life. His imagination constantly teems rather with Eastern than with Attic imagery. Even at this day his descriptions of society are more conformable with the customs of Asia than those of Greece. In Circassia the resemblances are numerous, and wonderfully exact.

Witness those passages in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," from which we may trace the history of a single day's employment amongst the higher orders. The young men spent the morning in tending their fathers' flocks, or perhaps in chasing a wild boar, whose depredations had made him the terror of the country. The hills were as yet overspread with fogs, which the hand of cultivation had scarcely touched. In the midst of the deepest thickets these huge animals formed their coverts, strewing them underneath with dry leaves, and taking care that they should be so strongly coated at top with brambles, bushes, and weeds of every kind, that they were impenetrable to rain, wind, or sun.

The hunters scoured the thickets, until the cries of the dogs announced that they had found the enemy. The men then shouted as loudly as they could, gathering meanwhile round the place in a circle, until the boar, worried by the tumult, issued forth in defence of his home, his bristles erect, his eyes glaring with fire, and his tusks all foaming with anger. His antagonists, assailing him from every side with their spears, rivalled each other in the skill; not less than the spirit of their attacks; for on such occasions a fame was to be won, scarcely inferior to that which the field of battle gave. The "cynosure" of the principality sometimes assisted in the chase. Her presence naturally excited still deeper emulation among the hunters. At her feet were laid the hide and head, the lawful spoils of the combatant whose spear first mortally struck the prey.

The morning occupation of the elders was usually in the council, where they met to consult upon their mutual interests. Their deliberations were conducted upon principles of entire liberty.

Freedom of opinion and speech was the right of every individual in the assembly—a right not depending on the permission of the chief prince, but firmly established by law. We have innumerable instances in the "Iliad" of very warm debates indeed.

By the time the chase was over, the council was broken up, and all bent their way to their several houses; and having refreshed themselves in warm baths, and anointed their limbs with oil, they changed their tunics and mantles. Meanwhile oxen, goats, sheep, and swine, which had been driven into the court-yard in the morning from the pastures, were slaughtered and roasted by the cook and his numerous assistants in the kitchen. The savoury smoke ascended to the skies. The ready cakes were removed from the hearth, and heaped in baskets on the table. Wine, ten or eleven years old (we can bear witness to the excellence of the red wine of Zante) was drawn by the cup-bearers, under the watchful eye of the house-keeper, from the earthen jars in which it was kept, and tempered with cool water in large silver tankards, which were deposited on a table at the extremity of the dining-hall.

Round three sides of the room divans were arranged, the fourth side near the entrance being usually crowded by the cup-bearers and other attendants. Small tables were placed opposite each guest, furnished with a wine-cup and a wooden saucer filled with salt. In the middle of the hall, towards the lower end, a large table stood, on which the joints of meat were laid as they were brought up from the kitchen. At this table the cook stood and carved, distributing the viands in earthen platters, which were served round by the attendants among the guests. In the centre of the hall an elevated seat, studded with silver, and fixed near a column which supported the roof, was appropriated to the bard. Over his head a hook was inserted in the pillar, on which his harp might be suspended. He also had his table, which was laden as plentifully, and deliciously too, as that of the chieftain himself. The walls were hung with shields and spears—the pride and defence of the family.

While writing, we feel as if we were describing scenes witnessed or read of very recently in Turkey, Kurdistan, Circassia, and other parts of eastern Europe, or Asia. There was manifestly a more decidedly oriental cast in the manners of the Peloponnesus, and the northern states of Greece, during the early ages, than in those which followed the Persian invasion. The transition was, it must be admitted, a great improvement, wrought by the wise principles of legislation and of political government, which were eventually carried to such a high degree of perfection, and infused with so much diligence through all the relations of social life at Athens and Sparta.

Homer frequently mentions in terms of admiration the splendours of Sidon, and the colossal temples and hundred gates of Egyptian Thebes. This imperial city, whose ruins are still the wonder of the world, would appear to have been in his time flourishing in all her glory. We cannot collect from any part of his poems that he had ever heard of Babylon or Ecbatana, or even of the existence of the Assyrian empire. Neither does he make any allusion to the Jewish people, although in his productions we meet with many reflections on the uncertainty of human life, and with excellent precepts for the regulation of the passions, which have a striking resemblance to passages in the Proverbs, and other parts of the sacred writings.

Perhaps we are only authorised to infer from such coincidences, that from the earliest of the primitive ages a collection of wise rules arose from the natural sentiments and experience of upright and pious minds. The patriarch, vigilant for the happiness of his children, advised them betimes of the faults which they should avoid, and the virtues which they should cultivate in order to attain it. His age and dignity gave peculiar force to his admonitions; and these, shaped into maxims, were handed down from generation to generation as the golden rules of conduct. Amongst the Greeks they frequently compensated for the absence of law, and controlled the dogmas of those absurd superstitions which constituted the religion of the multitude.

## BOGOTÁ, AND THE REPUBLIC OF NEW GRANADA.\*

WE have lately had occasion to notice several of the South American States. Paraguay, Peru, and Buenos Ayres, have each in turn claimed our attention; and in each we have had far too little cause to congratulate their inhabitants upon the use they have made of their independence. The same course of events, varied by the peculiar circumstances of each state, has taken place in all:—their chiefs, inexperienced and imperfectly educated, have displayed all the vices of ambition, but have been without the power, moral or physical, to afford any of its benefits to their countrymen. Their quarrels have impoverished the people, injured their trade, and unsettled a society, which does not possess within itself the elements of regeneration, and cannot maintain even its present position without a constant leaven of northern energy, to keep the whole mass from stagnation. A regular intercourse with their father-land, and the continual introduction of natives of the "old country," to the almost total exclusion of any others, served, during the Spanish rule, to keep the society in all the Spanish American colonies upon a nearly equal footing: that society was distinguished by very many excellences; the general simplicity of manners, which seemed strange in European eyes, was almost patriarchal. The bond between all its members was the same. They were all natives or direct descendants of natives of the same country, and they clung together with a kind of family affection. This induced a sort of community of interest, which precluded much of the usual constraint too generally felt in social intercourse, and made the "Tertulias" (the evening gatherings, rather than set parties,) of the "Old Spaniards" very agreeable to the stranger; while the strict Castilian honour inspired a confidence in the transaction of business, which gave a healthy tone to the restricted commerce they were able to carry on. The struggles of the native-born for independence have necessarily very much altered the state of society. This was inevitable: as education, and consequent intellectual advancement, proceed, much of the simplicity of society must necessarily depart. The distinctions of intellectual rank begin to be more strongly marked, and divisions in society necessarily and beneficially take place; but, alas! the divisions which have broken up the society of South America are the effect of that party-spirit which elevates a successful general into a demi-god, and casts down the same individual into the dust before the feet of a more fortunate rival. Party-spirit has a most mischievous effect upon the moral feelings, and this reaches its extreme when parties fly to arms to decide their disputes. In war all stratagems and artifices are fair, and this has naturally led the South Americans to carry too much of their warlike chicanery into their commercial dealings. Those of the old Spaniards, the "Chapitones," as they are called, who remain, are still distinguished for their upright dealings; but the native-born South Americans have so far departed from the example of their progenitors, that it has become a proverb, that "a Chapitone's word is better than a Columbian's bond." Now, good faith is the very corner-stone of successful trade. Upon an extended foreign commerce, for which almost the whole of South America offers the greatest advantages, the improvement—nay, almost even the very existence—of the new-formed states depends; but this foundation being unfortunately wanting, it is with an anxious and almost despairing gaze that we contemplate their future prospects.

We have been led into these reflections by the perusal of the Journal of Mr. Stewart, who, as partner in an American house of trade, in 1836, undertook an expedition to Bogotá, the capital of the Spanish vice-royalty of New Granada, up to 1811,—then, to 1819, of the republic of Cundinamarca,—afterwards, of the republic of Columbia,—and, since its dissolution in 1831, of the new republic of New Granada; and from his book we shall borrow a few details. Mr. Stewart's object was to establish a manufactory,

\* Bogotá in 1836 7: being a Narrative of an Expedition to the Capital of New Granada, and a Residence there of Eleven Months. By J. Stewart.—Wiley and Putnam, 1839.

of what description he does not inform us, in Bogotá, and for that purpose he took with him several work-people, both male and female. Landing at Santa Marta, he proceeded up the river Magdalena to Honda, and thence by land to Bogotá; a tedious journey, difficult from the force of the current and the shallowness of the stream, and rendered dreadfully tormenting from the ill-conduct and laziness of the negro "bogás," or boatmen, and the incessant attacks of the mosquitos; of whom it was difficult to say which was the most tormenting.

Bogotá is singularly situated upon a plain elevated nearly 8610 feet above the sea, and surrounded by mountains. The climate, although it is so near the equator, (it is situated in 4° 30' north latitude, and 74° 10' west longitude,) is very mild, and the atmosphere, although excessively humid, probably from the near neighbourhood of the mountains, is considered healthy.

"The very first question," says Mr. Stewart, "which I believe every traveller must ask himself, when once settled quietly down in the city of Bogotá, is, 'What could have induced the Spanish government to select so singular and unfavourable a site for the capital of a great province, when the most clouded understanding would have pitched upon that of Honda, the head of navigation?' Twenty-four leagues of the worst travelling in the universe might have been thus avoided: why, the indirect taxation for the conveyance of goods, up to this time, might have afforded a sum sufficient to build a city of palaces twice the size of the present mud-walled town of Bogotá.

"The city of Bogotá may contain at present about thirty thousand souls; indeed, I should say less, for I took some pains to arrive at a close estimate of a portion at least: although the length is over an English mile, and the breadth about one-half, yet the majority of the houses are only one story high, and consist of but three or four rooms at most, while many of the two-story houses have but few inhabitants. Several of the larger and better class of buildings, which fill up large spaces, do not, perhaps, contain each more than eight or ten inmates. Then, too, the fact of the churches and convents, all of them nearly occupying a square, fully accounts for the population being so thin in comparison with the extent of surface covered.

"As concerns the architectural beauty of the place, if one excepts the cathedral and perhaps the church of San Francisco, there is but little worth noticing. Still the traveller will be often struck with the beauty and symmetry of the interior of buildings, especially of churches, when the exterior would by no means warrant such an expectation.

"The walls of the houses are commonly composed of rammed earth, which becomes in a short time very hard, and, after being white or yellow washed, really looks quite smooth and well-finished. These walls are of great solidity, and present a strong resistance to earthquakes. I have seen them rent to the width of four inches, and yet remain unbroken, which is probably the reason why so little taste has been displayed by the old Spaniards in erecting their buildings, and also by those few of the present day who might otherwise have raised more elegant structures. The roofs are covered with red tile, while not one-half of the prison-looking windows are glazed, although the chilliness of the climate so fully demands it. The greater number of houses with two stories have huge misshapen balconies, which overhang the street, and the eaves of many of the houses extend sufficiently to protect the foot-passenger from the rain; but it is not to be understood that they do so to the degree described by an *honourable* traveller, when he asserts that he could walk about the city anywhere without the assistance of an umbrella! The total absence of chimneys has a very singular effect. As a substitute, each house has a small raised brick aperture, through which the charcoal fumes and steams from the kitchen escape. The entrance to a house is generally through a passage paved with alternate rows of bones and stone, which has two huge doors,—the outer one appearing like that of a citadel, made of thick, heavy plank, plentifully studded with immense nails: this is made to fold, and is secured behind with a strong beam and massy lock. The inner door can be swung open at once, or entered by a wicket placed in the centre. Laden cattle are driven immediately into the lower court-yard, where on each side are arranged chambers for the storage of coal, &c.; the stable being also here. This yard is paved, and generally built square, having a connected gallery running round, over which the roof completely projects. A broad stairway of stone or brick leads from the inner door of entrance to this balcony, from which a number of doors and windows communicate with the room

beyond. But there is very little to admire in the interior arrangements of even their first houses."

"I saw, in many of the houses of the richer class, small private chapels, very neatly fitted up, with an altar, some good pictures, &c. The kitchen is always near the dining-room, that the dishes may be served up as warm as possible, more especially the great national drink of chocolate. For a real Bogotano, this can never be too hot; and so much does he esteem this quality, that, on the degree of heat which his chocolate may possess, and the relish he may have for it, will greatly depend the tone of his feelings and the disposition of his temper throughout the day. My friend G—g told me of an old gentleman in the Calle Real, who invariably attends in person to the preparation of this dish—his choice refreshment and favourite beverage. A little boy blows the fire all the while, and, when the chocolate is properly done, he has it poured into a silver vessel, that it may retain all the heat possible. When he has taken a few sips, his cup is again placed upon the fire for a minute or two, while he directs the boy, 'Sopla muchachito, un pocito mas.' (Blow, little boy, a very little more;) and then taking it up, exclaims, as he again sips the burning liquid, all the while tears coursing down his cheek for very agony, 'Bien! ya esta tibigito.' (Ah! now it is a little hot.)"

A pottery on an extensive scale has been established at Bogotá, by Messrs. Peak, of England, in conjunction with some natives of Bogotá, and is in a flourishing condition. A glass-factory, in consequence of mismanagement, does not succeed so well. A paper-mill "does little or nothing," and a cotton-mill was, when Mr. Stewart wrote, but just established. Other manufactories are on a very limited scale. His list of the conditions of various trades is curious and amusing, and we give it entire.

"There are at least sixty different tailoring shops in the city, and the tailors are the oddest set of workers there. Three or four men may be seen in a shop, seated upon low stools, (no cross-legging here,) all huddled together in front of the only place through which light can enter—viz. the street-door: one eye is employed on their work, while the other is on the street; a stitch is taken about every other minute, and I am positive one clever foreigner could do the work of all four, and much more neatly. They press with the common flat-iron used by women. Their garments, when completed, are wretchedly made, but their prices are not so very high: indeed, there is but little difference between Bogotá and New York in the cost of similar kinds of garments.

"There is but one celebrated boot-maker, a Mr. Michael, an American. His charges are ten dollars for best Wellington boots. There are a number of native workmen who sell, Jew-like, for just such prices as they can get; and so it is with every other trade here. I have seen a very good pair of boots bought on Saturday night, when the poor fellow was hard pushed for cash for the coming holiday, at two dollars a pair! They have a singular way of fitting themselves with ready-made boots or shoes: they never try them on at the time of purchasing, but have a mode of determining the right size with the hand; and I believe the measure is uniformly correct, although the same mode might not so well suit those in the latitude of the north; but here, if the length is ascertained correctly, the fine model of the Spanish foot will be sure to answer in every other particular; whereas, with us, the high instep and the low instep, the wide foot and the narrow, the straight and the crooked, and twenty other differences, tend to put all such calculations quite out of joint. They make excellent sole-leather here, but inferior upper.

"Carpenters and joiners do their work wretchedly bad, and are sadly lacking in the quantity and quality of their tools. A Mr. Mulford, an American cabinet and piano-forte maker, is doing well: a well-finished and excellent-toned upright piano, made by him, only brings five hundred dollars,—such a one would formerly have sold for at least twelve hundred. There are many beautiful woods of native growth here, admirably adapted for cabinet-work; but the fine white pine of the north is sadly missed in the manufacture of almost everything else, where a sound, light, and well-seasoned wood is absolutely necessary to make a perfect job. Most of the common woods are cross-grained and heavy, and might lie in the sun for ages without being seasoned so as not to warp afterward.

"Saddlers are also numerous; but a good English saddle will still bring sixty dollars, when the very best-made home-manufactured one will rarely bring over thirty.

"Gunsmith.—There is but one in Bogotá, who also acts as captain of militia and government armourer. His charges are

enormous. An active and good workman at this trade from the north might do well.

"The French baker and confectioner is bad enough, and yet he is rapidly making a fortune, as two others have done before him in the same business. No ordinary business pays so well as this, and were it properly conducted, it might be pushed on as large a scale as one could desire. It is a shame that the thing has not been thought of long before.

"A good watchmaker is also needed, and one who could unite with that business the setting of jewellery would do well.

"As for a bookbinder, the one who is now in Bogotá, and who does all the little business in his line, though a wretched botch, is good enough for the place at present, until a desire for reading becomes more manifest.

"The stores or shops in the Calle Real, the chief street for business, are sepulchral-looking dens enough. A great folding-door, made of the heaviest wood, several inches thick, secured by one or more large-bolted padlocks, and a bolt-lock besides,—all in the rudest style of the seventeenth century,—slowly admits you into a small room of about twenty-five feet by twenty—a perfect hole in the wall, with a rude counter running across it, and a few ruder wooden shelves stuck up around, without any regard whatever to regularity. The floor is a damp, cold earthen one, and, but for the different goods which are to be seen piled up in a most slovenly manner about the place, one could think of nothing save a prison, or a dreary cell of some wretched anchorage. There are not five exceptions (as regards retailers) to this description in the whole street, while the occupant's mode of dealing is even worse than his shop. Thorough rogues and Jews themselves, they consider all others in the same light, and act accordingly; beginning by asking a double price for the article wanted, and then, through fifty different mean operations, palming short measure and bad change upon you. I speak honestly my sentiments in these assertions, knowing as I do every native shopkeeper in the Calle Real; and I could not, conscientiously, make six exceptions in all to the above. It might do to cheat a customer of an inch or so out of two or three yards' length of old English measure or of a French *aine*, but from the pitiful, curtailed Spanish *vara*, such an act is unpardonable.

"The great staples in dry goods here are bayeta, a coarse woollen cloth, of a dark-blue colour, worn universally by the poorer classes; common cotton shirting, very highly starched, got up by the British expressly for this market; flashy prints and muslins, of French, British, and American manufacture—the British being generally preferred; light French and British cloths—black, blue, or deep brown colours, &c. Their choice of colours differs entirely from that of the people of Mexico, the West-India islands, or even of their own sea-coast, and is much more chaste. Where an article is of one colour, they seldom choose either red, deep green, yellow, or crimson; but chocolate, deep mulberry, maroon, or cinnamon colours, are always preferred for silks, satins, ribands, and velvets. No market, probably, in all the south has more trash of foreign goods than Bogotá; which proceeds, no doubt, from the constant demand for cheap articles here, quality being but rarely considered. Almost the whole tribe of shopkeepers at present in Bogotá owe their origin to the foreign merchant. Formerly they might be seen peddling their various wares in the streets, accoutred in the ruana and grass sandals. They are very saving and attentive to business, but when their capital has reached a certain height, they can go no farther; like Paddy with his basket of oranges, when one is sold out, they just purchase another. The only Bogotano in business who keeps a regular set of account-books is Señor R. Santa Maria!

"When goods are purchased in this place, and the amount exceeds ten or twenty dollars, an obligation is given on stamped paper, payable at such a date, binding the parties, with all the goods and chattels then in their possession, or hereafter to be acquired, body and estate; and this without any benefit which, as citizens, they might have over foreigners, &c. But no correct calculation can be made on their paying at the time stated; they consider it merely as a sworn acknowledgment of the debt, and no more. For this reason, and as there are no banks, and payments slow and uncertain, all such paper is of little or no business use; although, when money is hired, such notes are often received as security. I once asked one such for the payment of his obligation, but he told me to call again in a week or two. 'But,' said I, 'it has already been due full two weeks.' 'I shall not break before then, as you foreigners do in your own country, whenever you wish to make money,' was his answer, and the only satisfaction I could then obtain. In this way credits are not unfrequently

lengthened out so as to triple their first run; and but few, very few foreign merchants, are ever enabled to get wholly clear from the country, when once their goods have been exchanged for a New-Granadan's paper obligations; while their total lack of good faith, even towards one another, renders it, in their opinion, less objectionable to trick a foreigner. A cash-business is the only one advisable in a country like this, and is much more easily accomplished here than in many others; for, as their currency is purely metallic, and is always kept about them, without gaining one penny interest, therefore, provided they really wish to purchase, and the goods are offered sufficiently below the credit-prices to make it an object to buy them, they would prefer giving you the cash at the time of purchase.

"The *Boticas*, or apothecary-shops, all succeed well, and do an excellent business. There are three large and well-conducted ones, besides several others of lesser note. One of the former is kept by a Frenchman, who, it is presumed, has thereby realised thirty thousand dollars in a few years. A thorough-bred Bogotano is for ever ailing in some way or other, notwithstanding his fine climate: and no wonder, when a potation of strong chocolate, accompanied with a cigar, and this repeated three or four times a day, is all many of them live upon for days together, especially whenever they have the slightest fancy that something is the matter with their head. As to the balance of the body coporate, they seldom give it a thought, believing that every evil in the system takes its rise in the head. If they wish to remedy a foul stomach, they bind a handkerchief about the head: so, likewise, for a complaint of the spine or liver, while the feet are left entirely exposed!

"You may see women\* going along in a heavy, chill rain, bare-footed, but the head carefully wrapped, first, in a stout cotton handkerchief, then in a thick mantilla of coarse cloth, and over all a heavy felt or straw hat! There are fifty chances to one that the first person you meet in the street, with his face or manner betokening disease, even should the handkerchief not be in requisition at the time, if you inquire of him his complaint, will answer, '*Dolor de la cabeza*,' (pain in the head.)

"Hotels.—There is nothing of this kind in Bogotá. I do not believe there is a single other city, of equal size, in the civilised world, without one. There are two or three eating-houses; the only passable one being kept by a mutatto from the States, who told me that he tried a hotel in one of the largest houses in the place, but it would not pay. It is certainly a great inconvenience, to strangers especially; and the reason is the want of sufficient patronage, which proceeds from the extreme penuriousness and sponging disposition of the people in the hilly districts. In this they differ as widely from their countrymen of Carthagena as if they belonged to another nation."

"New Granada is rich in every species of mines, but I do not think that any, with the exception of the salt-mines of Zipaquira, repay the expenses of working. The emerald-mines of Mousa may yet be profitable, though, up to this time, the very bungling manner in which they are worked is a great loss to the country. The owner, Señor P., pays a small yearly rental for them, and his lease has yet some time to run. They do not understand getting out the stones, and consequently break and destroy the most splendid ones. I am confident that, by having proper tools, and competent workmen, a fortune might be realised in these mines. Young Señor Paris showed me a stone that had just the rough part cleared from it, and was about one and three quarter inches by nearly an inch in size, and weighing some hundred and odd carats! Its colour was the most deep and brilliant *gécuc*, with but few flaws, and those of a minor kind. Señor P. also presented me with a fine specimen of the stone in its native rocky bed. Having an English lapidary in my employ, I bought a few stones, and had them cut. He also cut a very few fine ones for Mr. Paris, but the latter refused to sell these, stating as a reason that he meant to go to Europe and satisfy himself of their real value, as foreign purchasers had heretofore, he believed, only given for them but half their worth.

"The silver-mines of Santa Anna are in the hands of an English company, who injured themselves by the extravagant manner in which they set out, coming directly to the country fully equipped with men, tools, and everything else on the most extravagant scale—all calculated entirely for an English meridian. At Honda, I have seen enough of these stores yet remaining to commence mining operations throughout the whole country, rotting to pieces, when the fine cordage and such things might readily have been turned to good account in Carthagena. I am told that even now they manage most sadly at the mines, and that they never can

pay under existing circumstances. The salt company pay a yearly rent to government of 96,000 dollars, and produce over 20,000 bushels per month, having the exclusive right of vending the article; for which they receive seven reals the *aroba* for fine, and six and a half ditto for the rock-salt.\* The company is made up of English and natives. Zipaquira, where the works are, may contain five or six thousand inhabitants, with a guard of soldiers to protect the rights of the company. There is a good church there, but no society whatever. The Indians of the surrounding country consider the monopoly of the salt by government as very unjust, and it certainly is a most burthensome tax upon one of the very first necessities of life.

"Amethyst, topaz, jet, cornelians, and agates, are all found in different parts of the country; so also are lead, copper, and other ores. Of coal, both anthracite and bituminous, there is no lack, at about one day's journey from the capital. The former I have myself used, and pronounce it equal to the very best in the United States.

"Education still makes but slow progress among the great mass of the people. One great point is, however, already gained—viz. the keeping of such schools as are now formed, outside of the convent walls, and beyond the domination of the priesthood, who, although they do not at this day war openly against a free and general system of education, still they do not exactly approve of it; and these possess, at the same time, many ways of setting afoot a counter current, which, if not watched, may yet become the strongest stream. I found that a much larger proportion of the children of both sexes attended the schools in Barranquilla and Mompo than in the capital. Primary books have been forwarded gratuitously from the United States, where great anxiety is manifested for the promotion of juvenile instruction in this country."

Our limits preclude us from extracting more about New Granada, and its capital, Bogotá. We have made the reader acquainted with the nature of the resources of the country, and some of the moral and physical obstructions to the development of these resources. The government monopolies, restrictions on immigration, the low state of moral feeling amongst the people, and their filthy habits, will tend to prevent that influx of British and American capital, enterprise, and character, which seem essential to the progress of the country. There is one good feature—slavery will soon be extinct in the republic, no slaves being *born* since 1819.

#### FATAL EXCURSION INTO THE BATTAS COUNTRY.†

A LARGE portion of the extensive island of Sumatra is known as the Battas country, from the tribes who inhabit it. The Battas are well known to be cannibals—a term which, in the infancy of geographical knowledge, was so often and so freely applied by credulous travellers, and so often found out to be applied absurdly and unjustly, that a belief sprang up that there were no existing race of men who voluntarily, and from choice, devoured the bodies of their fellow-men. But the cannibalism of the New Zealanders is unquestionable; and so also is that of the Battas of Sumatra. The Battas, however, considering that they are a warlike and savage people, are not of a ferocious disposition—they might rather be termed timid. Their principal food is composed of rice and batatas; and their cannibalism is confined to the devouring of the bodies of prisoners of war, or of those slain in conflict; and of criminals. It seems, that it is not considered lawful to eat the bodies of those slain in contests between one village and another, but only of such as may be considered as foreigners, or national enemies of the Battas. But it is affirmed that they eat the bodies of their aged relatives. When an old man feels himself becoming infirm, and tired of life, he invites his children to eat him; then his relations, friends, and descendants assemble; he ascends a tree, and they chaunt a dirge, the burden of which is, "The season is come, the fruit is ripe, and it must descend." The old man then comes down from the tree, and his remains are devoured.

The American Board of Missions, contemplating the Indian Archipelago as favourable for the establishment of a mission or missions, sent the Rev. Messrs. Munson and Lyman on a tour of observation and inquiry. They embarked at Boston, on the 10th of June, 1833, for Batavia, the chief seat of the Dutch on the island of Java. At Batavia they were hospitably received by the

\* "The government have since taken the management into their own hands."

† Memoirs of the Rev. Samuel Munson, and the Rev. Henry Lyman, late Missionaries to the Indian Archipelago, with the Journal of their exploring Tour. By the Rev. Wm. Thompson. New York: 1839.

Rev. Mr. Medhurst, residing there as the agent of the London Missionary Society; and, after some time spent in preliminary study and observation, they departed in a small vessel, to make some investigations among the islands west of Sumatra. The following extract from the Journals of the two missionaries, describes the crew of the vessel in which they sailed:—

"Our barque, which carries only 250 tons, though having much deck-room, presents quite a Babelic scene. There are American, Indian, and Dutch passengers, besides soldiers, European, native, Bengalees, and Malays. The language spoken by these ninety souls, are twelve in number; viz. English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, Danish, Bengalee, Moor, Javanese, Malay, Chinese, and Nyas; while there is scarcely an individual on board who does not understand more or less of Malay."

"Last night the clouds cleared away, and gave us a fair view of the Sumatran coast. This morning the mountains, trees, and fields, are all in sight. Last night the captain told us of a narrow escape from assassination. It is not a matter of surprise that so many officers are murdered by their men. The crews of these country ships are literally collected from the four winds of heaven. The officers are Europeans, but the sailors, who are three times as numerous as those of American ships, are gathered from every nation and tribe in the East.

"They are indolent in the extreme. No dependence can be placed on them when their help is most needed. The consequence is, the officers beat them without mercy, and some of them, especially the Manilla men, take revenge by murder. Many times in a year this mournful tragedy is acted over in one or more of the country ships.

"Not a day has passed since our embarkation, in which I have not witnessed repeated instances of these unmerciful peltings. One morning I heard the boat-wain, whose station is always in the fore-castle, chastising a Bengalee sailor. The delinquent retired abaft out of reach. The captain, observing this, stepped down from the poop, and struck him several times on the head and back, then kicked him flat upon the deck. This brought him again within the jurisdiction of the boat-wain, who gave him a warm reception with the but-end of a bamboo. He drove the poor wretch forward, and concluded by giving him the rope's end! Yet I was assured by a fellow-passenger, who is well acquainted with the treatment which these sailors receive, that the crew of this ship are comparatively treated with great humanity and forbearance! I could not but ask, if this is humanity, what is cruelty?"

The missionaries give the following account of what had been done by English missionaries, for the benefit of the Battas, before their arrival:—

"Spent most of the day in company with Mr. N. M. Ward, formerly of the English Baptist Society. He came out as a printer; first lived at Bencoolen, and laboured there successfully for about five years; having established schools in all the vicinity, and brought them under good regulations. Soon after the place was made over to the Dutch, he removed to this place, and laboured two years. Mr. Evans, who was originally established here, and laboured five years, left about the time Mr. Ward came, on account of ill health. Mr. Burton laboured two years in Tappanooly and vicinity, among the Battas. He gathered two small schools, but did not accomplish much ere ill health compelled him to abandon the station. From thence he proceeded to Bengal, where both he and his wife died. A manuscript collection of words which he made in the Batta language, and some other manuscripts, are in the college at Serampore; they, or copies, may be obtained, and would perhaps be of some use to future missionaries.

"Mr. Ward, in company with Mr. Burton, made a short incursion into the interior of the Batta country, from Tappanooly, but did not reach the most thickly inhabited part, which is on the borders of the great lake Tobah. Their journey up was five days, down, three, and six there. It was a fine level plain, covered with rice and houses as far as the eye could see; perhaps thirty or forty miles. It is called Salindoug District. Mr. B.'s ill health compelled their return. They went up at the invitation of the people, who came to Tappanooly for trade, and, soon after starting, fell in with a chief, who begged to accompany them, and at whose house they lived during the six days, making from there, daily, short excursions. Everywhere the people received them with joy, and entertained them well; they being the first white men who had visited the country.

"The whole population came out to see them, and feel them, to ascertain whether or not they were flesh and blood. Sometimes they came in such crowds as to fairly block up the way. The

missionaries carried the British flag always flying. This the people revered; not on account of its being a national signal, but thinking it a charm.

"They called a public meeting of all the chiefs in the vicinity, at which the object of the missionaries was explained, and the Ten Commandments read to them. They then entered into a long discussion whether or not they should adopt the Moral Law. They also had dances; one to the English flag, which was hoisted over the house, another to the missionaries themselves. The assembly was held from nine o'clock, A.M., to three o'clock, P.M."

The missionaries arrived at Tappanooly on the 17th of June, 1834; and then set off on their fatal excursion into the Battas country. The "Post-holder," a Dutch officer at Tappanooly, states, in a letter, that he provided them with guides, interpreters, and coolies for their baggage, but that the missionaries were warned that the journey was hazardous, on account of disturbances among the Battas. "The following is the substance of the account given by Si Jan, the servant who accompanied Messrs. Munson and Lyman from Batavia. He is described as an honest, simple-hearted man, who had been long employed about the mission family, and appears to have been seriously impressed by the truth of the Christian religion.

"He states that, after leaving Tappanooly, they found the road exceedingly difficult, consisting of hills and ravines covered with thick forests; so steep in many places, that they were obliged to ascend by means of rattans, tied from the tops of rocks, and to descend on their hunches. The coolies were compelled to tie their burdens on their backs, being unable to carry them on their shoulders or heads. The brethren, however, were enabled to master these difficulties. The thicket was so dense, that they were not much troubled with the heat of the sun, and the road so solitary, that they seldom met above four or five individuals in the course of a day's march. No houses or villages were seen on the road, and only at the end of each day's journey did they come to anything like a village. The journey was, of course, performed on foot, and yet they managed to advance about ten or twelve miles per day. When they arrived at a village, they were immediately surrounded by multitudes of natives—men, women, and children—who showed no sort of timidity at the presence of Europeans, but came boldly up to the travellers, and examined their persons and dresses with much eagerness, asking importunately for tobacco. On the second night after their departure, they fell in with a Rajah Swasa, who told them that it would be better not to attempt to enter the Batta country at first, but stay at Panchan until he should have time to go into the interior and make inquiries, when he would send them a letter from Tobah, to inform them whether or not they would be well received. The brethren replied, that they came with peaceable intentions, and that there was no necessity for such a measure. On being questioned whether he had joined in persuading the brethren not to proceed, Si Jan replied that he had not; but while staying at Panchan, and hearing such fearful accounts from the Malays residing there, of the murderous practices and cannibalic habits of the Battas, he had requested Mr. Lyman to be allowed to remain behind, with the Chinese teacher, but that Mr. Lyman replied, he must go, and that they could not do without him. He therefore went, accordingly. The following villages which they came to, with the names of their rajahs, Si Jan does not recollect; he only remembers crossing a very rapid river, which they effected by swinging across on rattan, tied from one side to another. The day on which the brethren fell, he thinks, must be Saturday, because he heard Mr. Lyman propose stopping a day at the next stage for the Sabbath."

"The last onset Si Jan describes as follows:—

"About four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, they came suddenly upon a log fort, which was occupied by a number of men, armed with muskets, spears, &c. To this fort they had approached within a hundred yards without being aware of it. On spying the fort and the men, the interpreter offered to go first and parley with them. After him followed the coolies with the baggage, and the brethren, their two servants, and the police runner, behind. When the interpreter arrived at the fort, Si Jan heard a disturbance, and, on looking round, found a band of about 200 armed men close upon them, from the side and the rear. The coolies, upon seeing the troop and hearing the noise, threw down their burden and fled, escaping on the other side; the interpreter also became invisible. Immediately the crowd of Battas came upon them, hallooing and brandishing their weapons, threatening to despatch the travellers at once. They came so near with their pointed spears and muskets, that Mr. Lyman was enabled to push by their weapons with his hands, entreating them to wait a little, and come



to an explanation, taking off at the same time their hats, and throwing them to them, with some tobacco which they had. This not pacifying the rabble, Mr. Lyman delivered up his pistols, as did also Mr. Munson, which were received and handed to the rest, but the disturbance continued. Mr. Lyman then asked Si Jan for the musket which he carried, but Si Jan refused to deliver it up, saying he then should be left defenceless. Si Jan even offered to fire, but Mr. Lyman withheld him, and asked for the musket for his own use. Si Jan gave it to him accordingly, and Mr. L. immediately handed it over to the Battas. Mr. L. then said, Call the interpreter; Si Jan ran a little way to call him, but not perceiving him, turned round to go to Mr. Lyman, when he heard the report of a musket, and saw Mr. Lyman fall, calling out Jan! Jan! A shout then rose from the Battas, which was answered by those from the fort. A rush was then made on Mr. Munson, who was run through the body, and fell. Another shout then followed. The cook, who had on a jacket given him by Mr. Munson, was the next victim. On seeing the brethren fall, he attempted to escape, but was pursued, and by one blow of their cleavers, had his arm cut off, while the cleaver went through the arm into his side. Si Jan and the police-runner now ran for their lives, and got into a thicket at a short distance: here they secreted themselves under the bushes, and remained all night, (the evening shades having already set in,) until five o'clock next morning. While Si Jan was in the thicket, he heard much shouting and rejoicing: and about seven o'clock the Battas fired off all their muskets, and then remained quiet."

"The Rev. Mr. Eunis, who has recently travelled in the Batta country, was informed at Tappanool that, 'had the people who committed the deed known in what character the brethren came, they would not have been murdered; but, being engaged in disturbances with a neighbouring village, and agitated with anger and fear, and seeing two strangers of unusual appearance approach, in the blind tumultuous passions of war they acted without knowing what they did.' It must be regarded, therefore, as accidental, and not as an occurrence which is to be expected in travelling in the Batta country. In 1824, Messrs. Ward and Burton passed through the same route, without seeing any danger

"When it became known from natives on the coast, and from others on the road, that the brethren were good men, and had come to do the Batta nation good, all the villages around leagued together for vengeance against the village where the outrage was perpetrated, and to require blood for blood. The unhappy village was named Saeca. In an unsuspected hour the surrounding population came upon it; set the houses on fire, killed as many of the inhabitants as they could, and destroyed their gardens and fields. Those who escaped were dispersed, some in one direction, and some in another; so that their community was dissolved. In their fields, and the place where their village stood, a thick jungle or swamp is now growing up, and the name of Saeca is no more heard."

#### A VISIT TO SOME PRUSSIAN SCHOOLS.

THOMAS WYSE, Esq. M.P. for Waterford, (lately appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury), is well-known as an Irish Catholic of large and cultivated mind, and as an enthusiastic advocate of a system of national education. In a paper "On the Present State of Prussian Education," published in the third volume of the Central Society of Education, he gives the results of a tour of school inspection in Prussia, made in the autumn of 1838. He says,—

"It is now some time since Cousin's Report on Prussian Education appeared in an English dress, in Mrs. Austin's excellent translation. It might have been expected that the information communicated in that instructive document would have gone far to remove many even of our most obstinate prejudices on the question of the utility and practicability of a national system of education. So far from such having been the case, even the Prussian system itself, (to display which in its true light, as to principles, applications, and results, was the great object of the Report,) continues to be misconceived and mis-stated amongst us. This, of itself, might be of little consequence, except to the so immediately concerned; but its influence on all educational questions, especially those affecting the policy of a general organisation, is highly injurious. It thus becomes necessary to revert, not merely to the document itself, but to the sources from which it is derived; and by a re-examination of many of the controverted points, and the facts upon which they rest, especially in their actual operation, to meet these mis-statements, whether inten-

tional or otherwise. Prussian education since 1832 has not only made great progress in quantity and quality in all its branches but this progress is directly traceable to the development of the system to which M. Cousin's Report refers.

"I spent a considerable portion of last autumn in the Rhenish provinces, of all others the most likely to put to proof the efficiency of the system. They are new acquisitions, of different religious communions, not very well disposed to their new masters, engaged at this moment and for some time back in a religious controversy, and, comparatively speaking, as yet undisciplined to the Prussian code (principle and practice included) of instruction. I had many opportunities of inquiry into both; not only into the system, but into its effects, physical, intellectual, moral, and religious, not upon one, but upon all classes of the community. The result, I am bound to say, was satisfactory. From personal observation and official authority, from the testimony of different professions, ranks, and persuasions, I have reason to believe the Report below, and not above, the reality."

The paper from which the preceding is extracted, is of considerable length, and we cannot undertake to condense it. But an abridged extract, describing some of the visits of Mr. Wyse to some of the Prussian schools, may interest our readers, most of whom, probably, are not in the way of meeting with the publications of the Society of which Mr. Wyse is an active member.

"The 'Stadt Schule,' or town-school of Bonn, gives a tolerably favourable idea of a class of schools common to all the considerable towns in Prussia. It is the great public school of the place, supported by the municipality, and frequented by the children of various ranks. It is divided into a male and female school, and each school is again subdivided into six classes. These classes are taught in separate rooms, communicating with each other—the girls above, and the boys below. The course proceeds from the simplest elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic, to the rudiments of history, geography, natural history, together with singing and drawing; so as to prepare them sufficiently, should they so wish on leaving it, for admission into the Learned school, or the *Sezt* class of the gymnasium. The *Fächer* system is adopted. Each master chooses some particular branch or branches of the course (many being often united, such as natural history, &c. &c.), and teaches them to the several classes in rotation. There are advantages and disadvantages in this arrangement; the former, however, seem to predominate. I was conducted first to the boys' school; the first classroom I entered was crowded. The boys were, as in most of our schools, seated at their desks in parallel lines across the room, ranged according to proficiency. This is by no means so good an arrangement as the theatre or gallery form usual in infant schools, &c. No reason can exist against its extension to schools of every description. It is adopted with benefit in the highest, such as the class-rooms of the university. The convenience to pupil and teacher is obvious; for the maintenance of order inestimable. Where the theatre form cannot be implicitly followed, a perceptible indentation in the floor should be adopted. The teacher was young, both in years and experience; he had abundance of activity and earnestness, though not much discretion. By too much zeal, he often failed in preserving quiet or attention. During the short time I was present, two or three were consigned for disturbance to the corner. It must not, however, be imagined that there was anything like the tumult of our English schools; the comparison must be confined to Germany. One cause of this general tranquillity may very probably be the national phlegm; but a more immediate and obvious one is the mode of teaching. Mutual instruction is banished; the classes are small and separated; the teacher instructs *vis à voce*, adopting the simultaneous and catechetical system, and sometimes (though not in as great a degree as in Scotland) the elliptical. Instead of confining himself to the desk or pulpit, he walks up and down at short intervals to every part of the school. Much, too, must be attributed to the skill of the teachers themselves, to the interest they throw into their instruction, to the just sense they have of the peculiarities of the youthful mind, and to the spirit and variety arising from change of class and teacher. The subject of the lesson was grammar; the questions were pressed with rapidity, and generally answered with ease. In some cases they appeared to be somewhat too refined for the pupils, and bordered a little on the pedantic and philological. This, however, might be taken with qualifications.—The attention which the Germans universally pay to their language in the course of elementary instruction may appear to us excessive and minute; but we must remember what that language is, and farther, the impression so general amongst German educationists, that the reasoning powers can never be so well developed as by

the thorough study of language, and that no language is better fitted for such logical discipline than their own. In the next classroom we found the pupils engaged with arithmetic, both mental (*Kopfrechnung*) and written. They showed more accuracy than quickness—pronunciation and manner were somewhat sluggish; but there was no guess-work—no error. In the third room, the teacher was giving his lesson on natural history. The school had not been many days assembled, and he had one of the youngest classes under tuition. We found him in the elements. By frequent and varied questions on the same points, returning to the same classifications in different shapes, and drawing out of the child, not merely facts which he had learned, but reflections which these facts suggested, he worked the subject of his hour thoroughly into the minds of his young auditors, and they must have left the room masters, not merely of the materials as far as they had been furnished, but well exercised in the method of acquiring, without his assistance, a vast deal more. Throughout, both here and elsewhere, 'well' seemed more the object than 'much.'

"From the boys' school we proceeded to the girls'. I heard with great pleasure a child of eight years old go through the several questions applicable to household purposes, first orally, and then in writing on the black board. There was no attempt at display at smartness; all was calm, clear, and correct. In the adjoining class we found the mistress nearly at the close of her reading lesson. I was permitted to take up the book, and to select any subject I thought proper. I opened at a beautiful moral tale called *The Flowers (Die Blumen)*. The reading was excellent; great precision, accurate emphasis, great purity of enunciation, great delicacy, great sweetness of tone. I observed to the mistress, on closing the book, that it was hardly necessary to ask the pupil any questions, in order to ascertain how far the subject just read had been comprehended; the just application of emphasis and accent I considered evidence enough. She was anxious, however, to give some further proof, and immediately required the child to narrate the whole of the tale in different language, which was accomplished with much readiness and skill. Industrial occupations, as far as the girls were concerned, were attended to as much as intellectual. Sewing, knitting, and other female work, were taught in an adjoining apartment.

"The 'Poor School' (*Armen Schule*) is superior to the *Stadt Schule*. The building is new, extensive, lofty, admirably distributed, and in the best possible situation, on the verge of the town, in the handsome new street, Friedrichstrasse. It was established, and continues to be supported, by the joint contributions of the municipality and of benevolent individuals. A certain number of children are clothed. On entering the gate, we found on our left (detached) the infant, or rather little children's school (*Kleinkinder Schule*); and in the midst of the court or garden the school-buildings, the ground floor devoted to the boys, the first floor to the girls. The religious teacher was occupied with the children of the infant school when we entered. He was a young clergyman, kind in his manner, but very earnest and impressive. He was teaching a portion of the catechism: the children answered the questions in the order asked, and then gave simple but precise explanations of each. This was followed by brief instructions and applications to practical purposes on the part of the clergyman. In the boys' school, classed and divided in the same manner as the *Stadt Schule*, we found one of the classes engaged with geography and history. The teacher examined in turn several boys, up and down. The Rhenish province was the subject chosen in geography; Prussia generally, in history. The pupils answered with ease and discrimination. After giving an outline of the kingdom at large, they went into the geography of the selected province; first describing it physically, then politically, finally statistically. The great natural features, the mountains and valleys, the course of the Rhine, the various streams flowing into it, and the several points at which they join, were all faithfully delineated; the political divisions at different periods were then marked out; and at the close of the examination, a rapid sketch was given of the produce, manufactures, exports and imports, population, &c. &c. of each province, district, and town. When any of these particulars was demanded in another shape,—for instance the site of a particular mineral production,—the answer was equally prompt and accurate. After each answer, the teacher pointed out the places mentioned in a large map at the end of the room. The examination in history was equally minute. The several great epochs of the history of Prussia, from the time of Charlemagne to the present day; the gradual formation of the Margravate of Brandenburg; the erection of that and other territories into a kingdom; the important reign of Frederick the Second; the conquest of

Napoleon; the successful war of liberation; and the present position and organisation of the monarchy; were all detailed by a number of different boys in great variety of language and manner, some adopting the dramatic, others the narrative, but all with fidelity, and perfect command of phraseology and subject.

"I did not perceive any exaggerated religious or political opinions in the whole of this, nor anything in phrase or thought, which might not have, with some little abatement for a natural preference for the virtues and glories of the father-land, been heard in the schools of our own free England. I wished to see the textbook from which these lessons had been taught: the teacher informed me there was none. He gave his lesson *virâ voce*; and this accounted for the diversity, and perhaps spirit, just noticed. He added, that in general teachers were left pretty much to their own discretion, with the exception of books for religious instruction; they required the approbation—the '*mit Genehmigung*'—of the religious superior. Each school adopted its own, though the government occasionally recommended; this statement I subsequently found confirmed by others. It is in accordance with the spirit of the early regulations; there are cases, however, in which books have been distinctly prescribed. In the girls' school, the first class we visited were occupied busily with their slates. They had nearly finished a composition; the subject was a short moral tale. In looking over two or three, the same diversity, both in thought and expression, and even in arrangement of subject, as what had just been observed in the boys' school, was perceptible. The mistress had given the subject *virâ voce*. When finished, a short interval was allowed to elapse before the pupils were required to give an account of it on their slates. This was quite different from the old dictation system. It called out in every way the powers of the mind, and really deserved its German designation, 'Thought exercise' (*Denkübung*). It was followed by reading:—the same excellences already observed in the *Stadt Schule* attracted our attention. The book used was a collection of instructions, or practical applications of the words of our Redeemer to the duties and trials of every-day life, in reference especially to the position of the children of the poor. The chapter read was an illustration of the words, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' parts of it were written with great simplicity and beauty. The next class was occupied with sewing, &c. Large tables, at which were seated about twenty girls, stretched across the room: each had her basket and music before her. The mistress walked up and down between the tables, ready to afford instruction or assistance when desired. The girls were neatly but simply dressed, their hair arranged in the best German fashion, and exhibiting every indication of cleanliness, cheerfulness, and good order. We inquired from the teacher if they were allowed to converse during this lesson, and were answered in the affirmative, but assured that they generally preferred singing. On professing a wish to hear them, one of the elder girls began at once a religious hymn, '*Du Unbegreifliche*' 'O thou Inconceivable!' and was soon followed by a second, third, fourth, &c. in parts. To this succeeded a more joyous air, '*Willkommen! willkommen!*'—'Welcome! welcome!' in which all joined. The ease and modesty, as much removed from all forwardness on the one side as from awkwardness on the other—the propriety with which the whole was executed—spoke highly in commendation of the influence and example of their teachers. In a room nearly adjoining, a ruder description of work was taught; instruction also in domestic economics, in which the Germans of all classes excel, was not forgotten. In the boys' school we were shown their writing and drawing books. The writing was excellent. Nor was this a holiday exhibition; the slates, especially in the girls' school, showed great attention and facility. The drawing was principally stereometrical, at least in the lower classes. The higher had advanced to the delineation of flowers, animals, &c., as well as of articles of furniture and other similar objects, and the more advanced pupils had added shading to outline. It was stiff, and hard, and somewhat formal; but, like the generality of German art, careful and exact, and evincing considerable practice in the close observation and delineation of forms, &c. Both singing and drawing are considered not so much arts as instruments of development, in a physical, intellectual, and moral sense. When I mentioned to a gentleman near, connected with the school, the smile with which the proposition to introduce both into our English schools had been received in a committee of the House of Commons, he asked me gravely if we did not teach speaking, reading, and writing—singing and drawing were only speaking and writing of another kind. Putting aside all consideration of their ulterior use, there is little doubt that they add materially to the facility and perfection with which the elements of all

instruction are taught in Germany. Hence the truth and delicacy of their reading, and the correctness, and often beauty of their writing. There were 600 children in the school; but the greatest order, regularity, and quiet prevailed in every part—not the result of age, but of early habit, and the kindly influence of their teachers. 'Die heilige Ruhe!'—the beauty and sacredness of tranquillity—was ever in their mouths. Greater attention has been paid to their moral training than is, I believe, usual in ordinary day-schools. The teachers attend and watch them during their hours of play in the grounds near, as well as during their hours of class and study. The three hours of religious instruction are strictly adhered to, even in the instance of the infant schools; and instruction in morals (*Sittenlehre*) accompanies instruction in the articles of faith. Throughout, great regard has been shown to local arrangements; the galleries, class-rooms, and teachers' rooms are all spacious and lofty, with high windows, well ventilated, and well warmed. Some of the apartments, such as the girls' class-rooms, we found ornamented with good engravings, religious and historical, well glazed and well framed. So far from thinking that these accessories are immaterial, they seemed to hold that nothing is to be despised which can give the pupil moral and mental pleasure, inspire pure taste, and assist in the development and refinement of the spiritual being, and uphold its mastery over the corporeal. Bodily punishment, it may be imagined, to enforce all this, was extremely rare. The masters, and especially the mistresses, rely, and with reason, on the power of good temper and good example.

There are several other schools at Bonn, public and private, all more or less exhibiting the chief features noticed in the preceding. Amongst them I may mention with just praise the 'Evangeliſche Schule,' or Protestant school, not far from the cathedral; it is not large, but conducted remarkably well, and embraces all the objects of study cultivated in the Stadt Schule. I assisted at the lessons in history and religion with great pleasure. The whole aspect of the school, its order, attention to every particular, even to the comfort and neatness of the apartments, gave the idea more of a private than of a public establishment. The list of text-books received from the teacher, I found extensive and good. Amongst the private schools which abound for the upper classes who do not often frequent the public schools, there are some excellent, amongst which may be noticed Mr. Knecht's.

Protestants and Catholics, it will thus be seen, have each their separate schools; but this arises from the circumstance of the population being in such large proportion Catholic, and the upper orders preferring in general their own schools. There is no indisposition, however, to joint education, wherever it becomes a matter of convenience. In the gymnasium, for instance, Catholics and Protestants are found constantly side by side. Their religious instruction is minute and ample, embracing not only religious dogmas, but sacred and Church history, as appears from the school cursus; it is given regularly to each persuasion by their respective religious teachers, under the same roof, but apart. No evil seems to result from this arrangement; it leads neither to religious discord nor to religious indifference. Each adheres to his own faith, but respects that of others."

#### CHINESE TRACT SOCIETY.

The Chinese print good books by voluntary subscription. A few persons subscribe, and have the blocks cut,—or, in fact, have the work stereotyped. They then cast off a few copies, in which it is stated where the books are deposited; and all good people are invited to have a few struck off, to give away for the instruction of the race. The names of the subscribers to the blocks are inserted. A person who wants fifty or a hundred copies sends to the warehouse, and has them cast off on purpose. His name is also inserted in the list of subscribers. I received, the other day, five volumes, from a person who had just received thirty copies of a collection of Moral Essays from all the Religious Sects. It is a maxim with them, that he who knows letters ought to teach women and young people that which is right.

*Memoirs of Dr. Morrison.*

#### A NICE CORNER.

Colonel Timms, a nephew of Mr. Elwes, the celebrated miser, being on a visit to his uncle, a great quantity of rain fell in the night: he had not been long in bed before he felt himself wet through; and putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dropping through the ceiling upon the bed. He got up and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found the same inconvenience. Again he got up, and again the rain came down. At length, after pushing the bed quite round the room, he got into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and he slept till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened. "Ay, ay!" said the old man, "I don't mind it myself; but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain."—*Topham's Life of Elwes.*

#### TOM BREWER'S NOSE.

Thom. Brewer, my Mus. servant, through his proneness to good fellowship, having attained to a very rich and rubicund nose, being reproved by a friend for his too frequent use of strong drinks and sacke, and very peevish to that distemper and inflammation in his nose—"Nay, faith," says he, "if it will not endure sacke, it is no nose for me."

*Thom's Ancient Anecdotes and Traditions, &c.*

#### ARCHY ARMSTRONG'S GRATITUDE.

One day, at dinner, James I. had a reader to read for him, in order to raise matter for conversation, in which the "British Solomon" might display his immense erudition. The reader read the twenty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, which contains a prophecy respecting Tyre; and the king started a discussion about a term in the eleventh verse—"the Gammadims were in thy towers." Several learned foreigners were present, among whom were Camero, a celebrated professor of divinity, and his pupil, the still more celebrated Samuel Bochart. Camero, on being asked his opinion, traced the word from a Greek term, signifying *one who fights with his jet*, and closed a learned disquisition by comparing Gammadim with the French *homme de main*, and the English *armstrong*. Straightway, Archy Armstrong, the king's fool, fell down upon his knees before Camero, and praised and lauded him for demonstrating the antiquity of the name of Armstrong by the authority of so great and holy a prophet!

#### EPITAPH IN HADDINGTON CHURCHYARD.

If Modesty commend a Wife,  
And Providence a Mother,  
Grave Chastity a Widow's life,  
We'll not find such another  
In Haddingtown, as *Marcus Gray*,  
Who here doth lie till the doomsday.

*Maitland's Theatre of Scotland.*

#### AFFECTING ANIMAL SYMPATHY.

An ill-fated cat fell into the hands of some young ruffians, who commenced the first stage of cruelty, which often leads to great crimes and to an ignominious end. The little wretches had passed from cruelty to cruelty, alternately stoning their victim and dragging it through a dirty pool of water, then beating and bruising it, and menacing it with drowning. Bepided pressed by the animal's cries of distress, which were now nearly coming to a close with its life, when a feeling quadruped came forward to save it. A dog, having contemplated for some time this scene of inhumanity, and barked disapprobation, rushed forward on the young assassins, and driving them one by one furiously off the spot, sprang to the rescue of the fainting and bleeding animal, and withdrawing it from the deep ditch, bore it off in triumph to his quarters. There, extending it upon the straw, and licking it all over, he recalled the vital spark, and then laying himself down upon it, restored it to some degree of ease, from the warmth imparted to it. After this, the kind and feeling dog fetched provisions on to his sick charge, and the people of the house, inspired by the example of the moral animal, gave it warm milk. Day after day did the dog tend the sick object of his care, until it was perfectly recovered, and the two are both to be seen at this day, after a long lapse of years, at the Falbot Inn, Liverpool.—*Sporting Magazine.*

#### DIFFICULTY OF DESCRIBING A BATTLE.

Historians never doubt but a man who has been in a battle has a perfect knowledge of all the events of it; yet they ought to know that perhaps this very man was in the rear-guard, where he could not so much as see the enemy, and that, even if he were in the advanced guard, he could, perhaps, see only a trail before him; and at all events, that he must have uncommon coolness to see distinctly what was before his eyes, and to make a faithful report of it.

*Robertson's Memoirs.*

#### DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

They little know, who talk of a poor man's bereavements coldly, as a happy release from pain to the departed, and a merciful relief from expense to the survivor,—they little know what the agony of those bereavements is. A silent look of affection and regard, when all other eyes are turned coldly away—the consciousness that we possess the sympathy and affection of one being, when all others have deserted us,—is a hold, a stay, a comfort in the deepest affliction, which no wealth could purchase, no honour bestow.—*Dickens.*

#### FIRST LOVE.

Scarcely one person out of twenty marries his first love, and scarce one out of twenty of the remainder has cause to rejoice at having done so. What we love in those early days is generally rather a fanciful creation of our own than a reality. We build statues of snow, and weep when they melt.

*Sir Walter Scott.*

#### ADVICE NOT CHARITY.

Voltaire, in his "Philosophical Dictionary," tells us of a beggar asking alms in the suburbs of Madrid, when a passer-by said to him, "Are you not ashamed to follow that infamous employment, as you are able to work?" To which the beggar smartly replied, "Sir, I ask for charity, not your advice."

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## THE OLD FIRM.

THERE is something about old-established places of business, both as regards their outward appearance and the abstract reflections which they suggest, that has always much interested us. Every thing about them presents indications of a protracted existence—of long endurance; and speaks of times gone by in a language which, if read aright, is, we think, not a little impressive; altho' it, neither the objects themselves nor their associations are of a kind that might be thought calculated to excite such feelings.

The Old Firm is always respectable—highly so. Its honour is unstained. It has maintained it unsullied through a long period of years, and through the most trying times. Its credit is unlimited. It is known over the four quarters of the globe, and on its integrity and punctuality men repose with the utmost confidence. No man who has a just claim on the Old Firm ever left its premises unsatisfied. No man was ever obliged to make a second demand on it for what it might be owing him. It never knew in its own practice what shuffling or evasion was. It detains no claimant an instant, but has always prided itself on the promptitude of its payments, and the equity and punctuality of all its dealings. The Old Firm, in short, is everything that is honourable and upright. It never took advantage of an oversight; it never availed itself, in its transactions, of the necessities of those it dealt with; it never harassed the unfortunate, nor ever pressed the straitened when good intention was manifest. It is a noble old house—a brave old house—though it be but a house of trade.

The Old Firm is generally located in some old building, situated in some old court or alley, which was once in the very centre of the throng and bustle of the city. But it is so no longer. It is now an all but entirely deserted place—silent and lifeless. The spirit of traffic has long since withdrawn to another and a new quarter of the town. There is now, too, grass growing in the old court-yard—a few tufts here and there in the interstices of the stones with which it is paved; for the Old Firm has become languid in its old age, and does not push business now as it was wont to do, nor keep that stir about its premises which it did in the days of its youthful vigour. There is, indeed, still some appearance of business about it, but very little; nothing to what there used to be.

There is an old decayed sign-board over the door-way of the old place of business. It was once on a day a flashy sort of thing—at least it was thought so then—but it is now so faded you can hardly trace a single letter of the names or words inscribed on it. It has not been touched for the last forty years. About that time it was renewed, having been on duty for thirty years before. Every thing about the old concern is dark and dingy, and old-looking. The windows are coated over with dust; the door is battered and greasy-looking—full of indentations and other indications of long tear and wear. It has not been touched with a paint-brush for half a century; nor, indeed, has any part of the premises. They are all precisely as they were when the old concern was in its youthful vigour, and that is many a long year since.

VOL. II.

The idea of touching up and making things look smart, is one that never for a moment enters the head of any one about the establishment. It is never dreamed of, and any proposal to that effect would at once be scouted as "nonsense" by all the old hands, both masters and men. They would not submit to the disturbance—to the breaking up of old arrangements—the demolishing of old use and wont conveniences which a process of renovation would occasion—on any account whatever. Where would old John the porter hang his ropes (his old greasy ropes) if the wall against which they hang, and against which they have hung, ay, and on the same nail too, for the last twenty years, was to be new painted? Where, indeed? John, we know, might find fifty other places for his ropes, and much more convenient places, too, but John himself does not think so, and that is enough. To attempt to paint that wall, therefore, is "nonsense," and John says it is, and all the other ancients of the establishment agree with him, from a fellow-feeling; because, if they have not ropes to hang on any particular wall, they have other favourite dispositions of things that would be wholly deranged or demolished by any attempt at reformation. With them all, therefore, such an idea is "nonsense," downright "nonsense," and not to be thought of.

Where would old Jobson, the old clerk, put his old ledgers and old cash-books, if the old crazy press in the old counting-house was removed to give more room, and admit more light and air? Answer that! Why could not old Jobson get a new press or other receptacle for his old books, and have it placed, too, in a much more convenient situation than where it now is? No; a new press, indeed, he might get, but all London could not produce one that would answer the purpose half so well as the old one. It holds precisely the number of books it is required to hold; and, better than that, it holds them disposed and arranged after the particular way in which Mr. Jobson likes to have them. Now, no new press could be made to do that. Again, as to situation, you might change it certainly, but could you do it for the better? Could you find any other half so convenient as the one it is in? You could not; for Mr. Jobson has *...* to turn round when seated at his desk, to lay his hand in an instant on whatever book he wants. All idea, therefore, of either renovation or reformation in or about the old premises is unquestionably "nonsense."

There is, moreover, about every one of the old hands connected with the old concern, a natural innate abhorrence of change independent of peculiar or personal consideration, and a profound contempt for, if not a positive hatred of, everything of a merely ornamental description. All kind of show and flash is their aversion. Brass plates, green or red cloth-covered doors, dashing signs, and all the other sorts of elegances of a similar description with which the modern place of business is sought to be made attractive, they, one and all, detest and despise from the bottom of their hearts.

We have incidentally mentioned old John, the porter, and his ropes, but old John is worthy of a little special notice. He is now a very old man. See, there he is; an honest-looking old fellow. He has been upwards of thirty years in the employment of the

Old Firm, and recollect the father of the present head of it, who is himself far advanced in years; the former had just retired from business in favour of the latter when John was engaged, so that they may be said to have fought the world's battle together, side by side.

John is as honest as steel, and devoted to his master's interest; he has, in short, but one fault—he dearly loves “a drop of summat.” He always did, but John carried his liquor discreetly. You could hardly ever know it on him, and it never prevented him doing his duty. His master, when he suspected John of having been indulging, and yet was not quite sure of the fact, used to ask John, laughingly, to pronounce the word “tolerable;” if he came out with it distinctly, he was acquitted; if the attempt was a failure, which in nine cases out of ten it was—a signal failure—John of course stood convicted.

The period of old John's services has given rise to a curious, but by no means unamiable, familiarity between him and his master. They converse together in the most free and easy way imaginable; John delivering his opinions with the most entire unconstraint, and his master, if not adopting them, at least listening to them, with the utmost patience and humility.

John respects his master—respects him above all other men, but this is a secret feeling; it is confined to his own bosom, and is not made manifest by any outward indications. It does not at all appear in their daily intercourse, which is conducted on a footing seemingly of the most entire equality.

“Well, John, what is going on to-day?” says the old gentleman, with an affable smile, when making his daily call at the counting house about mid-day, for he does not now come so early as he used to do, nor stay so long.

“Not much, indeed, sir,” replies John, with a regretful air, as if deploring the decay of business. “Nothing doing,” he adds, in a still more melancholy tone. His master observes it.

“Pho, pho! it don't signify, John, we can do very well without. We've toiled hard in our day, and may take it easy now, John.”

John is not now so able to work as he was; nor is he required to do so. In truth, he does nothing—not a hand's turn, but he thinks himself the main pillar of the old concern for all that. He thinks it could not possibly get on without him. John, therefore, has a very comfortable opinion of his own importance; and it is very amusing to mark the air of gravity and consequence with which, spectacles on nose, he examines papers presented at the house in the absence of the principals and clerks, although he can hardly make out a word of their contents, for John can do little more than sign his own name. This, however, does not hinder him from giving the bearers of such documents very decided opinions regarding the matters they refer to.

John spends the greater part of the evenings, previous to shutting-up time, in the counting-house, where, seated in a green arm-chair before the fire in the winter season, and close by a particular window in summer-time, he and old Jobson, the old clerk, carry on long prosy conversations. They speak for hours on end; telling each other long-winded stories about old partners and clerks of the firm, all dead many long years since, and about odd transactions that occurred in the business of the house half a century before. These stories they have told one another every evening for the last twenty or thirty years, but they do not find them a whit the worse, or a bit the less amusing on that account. The old boys chuckle and laugh over them each night with as much cordiality and glee as if the one had never told, and the other had never listened to, them before, and as if, too, they were not what they are, the dullest, most stupid, and most fruitless things imaginable. Not one of them has either head, tail, or body,

beginning, middle, or end; but they are capital stories for all that.

He is a curious old boy, Jobson; he is head clerk of the old concern, and has held that situation for thirty years. He came into the office a boy, and gradually rose to his present elevated position. Old Mr. Jobson is by no means a bright genius, but he is steady, sober, punctual, and methodical, and an unerring calculator; he commits no mistakes—he never did; he, indeed, takes a good while to everything he does, but he never blunders;—he was never known to be wrong in anything. There is, certainly, a tradition in the counting-house that Mr. Jobson once carried eleven instead of twelve from the pence to the shilling column, but it is not well authenticated.

Particular and methodical in everything, Mr. Jobson has a small bit of blue cotton rag hanging at one of the corners of his desk for wiping his pens upon. He would as soon want his coat as want this rag—he could not get on without it; yet there is hardly a week that it is not cut away by some of the young scamps in the office. The loss of a thing so useful and therefore so dear to the heart of Mr. Jobson annoys him greatly, and he has a thousand times threatened to report the circumstance of its felonious abstraction to the head of the house, and to bring the offender to condign punishment. But this threat he has never yet carried into effect. In the end, he quietly replaces the lost bit of blue rag by another bit of blue rag, invariably giving public notice, however, on such occasions, that the next who purloins it will be visited with his utmost wrath.

Mr. Jobson, too, cuts his pens in a particular way—both the feather and the barrel. He would know his own pens amongst a thousand, and can write with no other. Mr. Jobson also carefully wipes his pens before putting them past, and few things provoke him more than finding that any one has been taking liberties with them—cutting them or using them.

Mr. Jobson keeps all his writing materials in the most perfect order. In the right-hand pocket of his portfolio, he keeps an assortment of slips and scraps of clean paper—the cuttings of sheets that have been too long—the surplus bits of short accounts, &c., &c., for jotting on. The left-hand pocket, again, is stored with entire sheets; and he has contrived—and not a little proud is he of the contrivance—two other pockets or depositaries for half and quarter sheets; so that he is prepared, at a moment's notice, with paper adapted to any size of document that may be demanded. Mr. Jobson is a great economist in all things, but very particularly of paper. He never uses an inch more than is absolutely necessary, and hoards with great care all the cuttings and parings of reduced sheets. It is these that he has stored so carefully in the right-hand pocket of his portfolio.

Mr. Jobson was once very near contriving a thing for moistening wafers without putting them into the mouth, but it did not answer so well as he expected, and he was therefore obliged to return to the old method.

Our worthy old book-keeper has several “favourite aversions” of an official character. He abhors steel pens, and all sorts of fancy-coloured waxes, and fancy-coloured papers. He loathes the very sight of them. Conceive, then, what effect it would have on Mr. Jobson's nerves to address a letter to the firm on pink or green paper, and sealed with blue or bronze-coloured wax. Oh! how it would sicken his soul. He would hold the unhappy writer in deadly enmity as long as he lived; he would never forgive him; he could not.

Since we are in the counting-house, at any rate, let us take a look at these huge dingy old ledgers, with their inch-thick boards

and enormous clasps of brass. Not the books now in use in the counting-house, but the superannuated ledgers—the ledgers of other years; those that have been long since filled up and shelved, and have lain undisturbed for a quarter of a century; some of them much longer;—those that record transactions over which a long series of years have rolled. We want to philosophise a little, and depend upon it there is much even in an Old ledger to excite such a spirit. Let us turn up one of these and you will find it so;—see, all the dates arc of the last century; some of them as far back as its second quarter.

Where now are the individuals—where the firms—whose names stand at the head of these openings? They have all long ceased to exist—all passed away from the face of the earth. No man living knows of, or ever heard of, such people; yet they were great in a way, in their day:—they were well known upon 'Change;—they carried on extensive businesses, and toiled hard for the acquisition of the world's wealth. Where now are all their anxieties, and hopes, and fears? Where their speculations, their correspondents, their bills, their transactions, their debtors, and creditors? All, all passed away as if they had never been! Where now the commodities entered to the debits of these accounts? Where those chests of tea? Where those who drank of them? Where those pieces of silks? Where the gay belles who flaunted in them when fashioned into gown and pelisse?

These old ledgers are now rarely moved from their resting-places. Mr. Jobson now and then fishes out one from its depository, and amuses an idle hour of an afternoon by turning it over, and glancing at the long-past transactions it records, and reading the remarks in red ink which different hands have from time to time interpolated in the accounts. No one else ever touches them.

In all that vast record of sums payable and receivable by and to the Old Firm, there stands not one sixpence against the latter; but look what enormous sums are due to it;—sums that will now never be recovered, for those who owed them are all dead, unknown, and forgotten. There are unsettled debts in that old ledger that would amount to a handsome fortune. It is all lost! all gone! It is not in the philosophic spirit, however, that old Jobson looks over these accounts. He contemplates them with a business-eye, and shrugs his shoulders at the loss of so much good money. What would he not give, although it would not put a penny in his pocket, to be squaring off these accounts "by cash," with his little thick ruler, and precise and neatly drawn red lines! His fingers are absolutely itching to be at the delightful job.

For several years back, the principal and oldest partner of the Old Firm has been gradually relaxing in the closeness of his attendance at the counting-house; he rarely comes now till about mid-day, and seldom stops longer than a couple of hours; just long enough to look over the letters, and to answer those of a particular nature, Mr. Jobson replying to the others. He is a mild, gentlemanly-looking old man, and generally rides to and from his house to his place of business on a favourite little dun pony. Sometimes he takes the carriage, but very seldom—only in rough weather. He prefers the pony infinitely.

He is a worthy man, and has done a vast number of generous things in the course of his life. Both old Mr. Jobson and old John, the porter, can tell you of hundreds of instances of his benevolence and kindness of heart; of sums of money he has given away; of debts he has cancelled; of credits he has given to deserving young beginners. They can tell you of hundreds of instances of these, but there are twice as many more that are known only to the old gentleman himself and those whom he has benefited.

It is grieving to think, that not a change can be made, large or small, without our experiencing loss. Our "OLD FIRM" may be far behind the age; it may have its weaknesses, its follies, and its prejudices—but, alas! few of the active, pushing, dashing "New Firms" of modern days can stand a comparison with our kind, considerate, generous "Old Firm."

## THE ABENCERRAGE.

A TALE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING \*.

DURING a summer's residence in the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra, of which I have already given numerous anecdotes to the public, I used to pass much of my time in the beautiful hall of the Abencerrages, beside the fountain celebrated in the tragic story of that devoted race. Here it was that thirty-six cavaliers of that heroic line were treacherously sacrificed, to appease the jealousy or allay the fears of a tyrant. The fountain which now throws up its sparkling jet, and sheds a dewy freshness around, ran red with the noblest blood of Granada, and a deep stain on the marble pavement is still pointed out, by the ciceroes of the pile, as a sanguinary record of the massacre. I have regarded it with the same determined faith with which I have regarded the traditional stains of Rizzio's blood on the floor of the chamber of the unfortunate Mary, at Holyrood. I thank no one for endeavouring to enlighten my credulity on such points of popular belief. It is like breaking up the shrine of the pilgrim; it is robbing a poor traveller of half the reward of his toil; for, strip travelling of its historical illusions, and what a mere fog you make of it!

For my part, I gave myself up, during my sojourn in the Alhambra, to all the romantic and fabulous traditions connected with the pile. I lived in the midst of an Arabian tale, and shut my eyes as much as possible to everything that called me back to every-day life; and if there is any country in Europe where one can do so, it is in poor, wild, legendary, proud-spirited, romantic Spain, where the old magnificent barbaric spirit still contends against the utilitarianism of modern civilisation.

In the silent and deserted halls of the Alhambra, surrounded with the insignia of regal sway, and the still vivid though dilapidated traces of Oriental voluptuousness, I was in the strong-hold of Moorish story, and every thing spoke and breathed of the glorious days of Granada, when under the dominion of the crescent. When I sat in the hall of the Abencerrages, I suffered my mind to conjure up all that I had read of that illustrious line. In the proudest days of Moslem domination, the Abencerrages were the soul of everything noble and chivalrous. The veterans of the family, who sat in the royal council, were the foremost to devise those heroic enterprises, which carried dismay into the territories of the Christians; and what the sages of the family devised, the young men of the name were the foremost to execute. In all services of hazard, in all adventurous forays and hair-breadth hazards, the Abencerrages were sure to win the brightest laurels. In those noble recreations, too, which bear so close an affinity to war; in the tilt and tourney, the riding at the ring, and the daring bull-fight, still the Abencerrages carried off the palm. None could equal them for the splendour of their array, the gallantry of their devices; for their noble bearing, and glorious horsemanship. Their open-handed munificence made them the idols of the populace, while their lofty magnanimity and perfect faith gained them golden opinions from the generous and high-minded. Never were they known to deery the merits of a rival, or to betray the confidings of a friend; and the "word of an Abencerrage" was a guarantee that never admitted of a doubt.

And then their devotion to the fair! Never did Moorish beauty consider the fame of her charms established, until she had an Abencerrage for a lover; and never did an Abencerrage prove recreant to his vows. Lovely Granada! City of delights! Who ever bore the favours of thy dames more proudly on their casques, or championed them more gallantly in the chivalrous tilts of the Vivarambla? Or who ever made thy moon-lit balconies, thy gardens of myrtles and roses, of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, respond to more tender serenades?

I speak with enthusiasm on this theme, for it is connected with the recollection of one of the sweetest evenings and sweetest scenes that I ever enjoyed in Spain. One of the greatest pleasures of the Spaniards is to sit in the beautiful summer evenings, and listen to traditional ballads, and tales about the wars of the Moors and Christians, and the "buenas andanzas" and "grandes hechos," the "good fortunes" and "great exploits" of the hardy warriors of yore. It is worthy of remark, also, that many of these songs, or romances, as they are called, celebrate the prowess and magnanimity in war, and the tenderness and fidelity in love, of the Moorish cavaliers, once their most formidable and hated foes. But centuries have elapsed, to extinguish the bigotry of the zealot; and

\* From the *Kucherbocker*, New York Monthly Magazine, for June 1839.

the once-detested warriors of Granada are now held up by Spanish poets as the mirrors of chivalric virtue.

Such was the amusement of the evening in question. A number of us were seated in the Hall of the Abencerrages, listening to one of the most gifted and fascinating beings that I had ever met with in my wanderings. She was young and beautiful, and light and ethereal; full of fire, and spirit, and pure enthusiasm. She wore the famous Andalusian dress,—touched the guitar with speaking eloquence,—improvised with wonderful facility,—and as she became excited by her theme, or by the rapt attention of her auditors, would pour forth, in the richest and most melodious strains, a succession of couplets, full of striking description or stirring narration, and composed, as I was assured, at the moment. Most of these were suggested by the place, and related to the ancient glories of Granada and the prowess of her chivalry. The Abencerrages were her favourite heroes; she felt a woman's admiration of their gallant courtesy and high-souled honour, and it was touching and inspiring to hear the praises of that generous but devoted race, chanted in this fated hall of their calamity, by the lips of Spanish beauty.

Among the subjects of which she treated was a tale of Moslem honour and old-fashioned Spanish courtesy, which made a strong impression on me. She disclaimed all merit of invention, however, and said she had merely dilated into verse a popular tradition; and, indeed, I have since found the main facts inserted at the end of Conde's "History of the Domination of the Arabs," and the story itself embodied in the form of an episode in the "Diana" of Montemayor. From these sources I have drawn it forth, and endeavoured to shape it according to my recollection of the version of the beautiful minstrel; but, alas! what can supply the want of that voice, that look, that form, that action, which gave magical effect to her chant, and held every one rapt in breathless admiration! Should this mere travesty of her inspired numbers ever meet her eye in her stately abode at Granada, may it meet with that indulgence which belongs to her benignant nature! Happy should I be if it could awaken in her bosom one kind recollection of the lonely stranger and sojourner, for whose gratification she did not think it beneath her to exert those fascinating powers which were the delight of brilliant circles, and who will ever recal with enthusiasm the happy evening passed in listening to her strains, in the moonlit halls of the Alhambra.

On the summit of a craggy hill, a spur of the mountains of Ronda, stands the castle of Alora, now a mere ruin, infested by bats and owlets, but in old times one of the strong border-holds of the Christians, to keep watch upon the frontiers of the warlike kingdom of Granada, and to hold the Moors in check. It was a post always confided to some well-tried commander, and at the time of which we treat was held by Rodrigo de Narvaez, a veteran famed both among Moors and Christians, not only for his hardy feats of arms, but also for that magnanimous courtesy which should ever be entwined with the sterner virtues of the soldier.

The castle of Alora was a mere part of his command; he was alcaide, or military governor of Antiquera, but he passed most of his time at this frontier-post, because his situation on the borders gave more frequent opportunity for those adventurous exploits which were the delight of the Spanish chivalry. His garrison consisted of fifty chosen cavaliers, all well mounted and well appointed: with these he kept vigilant watch upon the Moslems, patrolling the roads, and paths, and defiles of the mountains, so that nothing could escape his eye; and now and then signaling himself by some dashing foray into the very Vega of Granada.

On a fair and beautiful night in summer, when the freshness of the evening breeze had tempered the heat of day, the worthy alcaide sallied forth, with nine of his cavaliers, to patrol the neighbourhood and seek adventures. They rode quietly and cautiously, lest they should be overheard by Moorish scout or traveller, and kept along ravines and hollow ways, lest they should be betrayed by the glittering of the full moon upon their armour. Coming to where the road divided, the alcaide directed five of his cavaliers to take one of the branches, while he, with the remaining four, would take the other. Should either party be in danger, the blast of a horn was to be the signal to bring their comrades to their aid.

The party of five had not proceeded far, when, in passing through a defile overhung with trees, they heard the voice of a man, singing. They immediately concealed themselves in a grove on the brow of a declivity, up which the stranger would have to ascend. The moonlight, which left the grove in deep shadow, lit up the whole person of the wayfarer as he advanced, and enabled

them to distinguish his dress and appearance with perfect accuracy. He was a Moorish cavalier, and his noble demeanour, graceful carriage, and splendid attire, showed him to be of lofty rank. He was superbly mounted on a dapple-gray steed, of powerful frame and generous spirit, and magnificently caparisoned. His dress was a marlota, or tunic, and an albornoz of crimson damask, fringed with gold. His Tunisian turban, of many folds, was of silk and cotton striped, and bordered with golden fringe. At his girdle hung a scimitar of Damascus steel, with loops and tassels of silk and gold. On his left arm he bore an ample target, and his right hand grasped a long double-pointed lance. Thus equipped, he sat negligently on his steed, as one who dreamed of no danger, gazing on the moon, and singing, with a sweet and manly voice, a Moorish love-ditty.

Just opposite the place where the Spanish cavaliers were concealed was a small fountain in the rock, beside the road, to which the horse turned to drink; the rider threw the reins on his neck, and continued his song.

The Spanish cavaliers conferred together: they were all so pleased with the gallant and gentle appearance of the Moor, that they resolved not to harm, but to capture him, which in his negligent mood promised to be an easy task: rushing, therefore, from their concealment, they thought to surround and seize him. Never were men more mistaken. To gather up his reins, wheel round his steed, brace his buckler, and couch his lance, was the work of an instant; and there he sat, fixed like a castle in his saddle, beside the fountain.

The Christian cavaliers checked their steeds, and reconnoitred him warily, loth to come to an encounter which must end in his destruction.

The Moor now held a parley. "If you be true knights," said he, "and seek for honourable fame, come on singly, and I am ready to meet each in succession; but if you be mere lurkers of the road, intent on spoil, come all at once, and do your worst!"

The cavaliers communed for a moment apart, when one, advancing singly, exclaimed—"Although no law of chivalry obliges us to risk the loss of a prize, when clearly in our power, yet we willingly grant as a courtesy what we might refuse as a right. Valiant Moor! defend thyself!"

So saying, he wheeled, took proper distance, couched his lance, and, putting spurs to his horse, made at the stranger. The latter met him in mid career, transpierced him with his lance, and threw him headlong from his saddle. A second and a third succeeded, but were unhorsed with equal facility, and thrown to the earth, severely wounded. The remaining two, seeing their comrades thus roughly treated, forgot all compact of courtesy, and charged both at once upon the Moor. He parried the thrust of one, but was wounded by the other in the thigh, and, in the shock and confusion, dropped his lance. Thus disarmed and closely pressed, he pretended to fly, and was hotly pursued. Having drawn the two cavaliers some distance from the spot, he suddenly wheeled about, with one of those dexterous movements for which the Moorish horsemen were renowned, passed swiftly between them, swung himself down from his saddle, so as to catch up his lance, then, lightly replacing himself, turned to renew the combat.

Seeing him thus fresh for the encounter, as if just issued from his tent, one of the cavaliers put his lips to his horn, and blew a blast that soon brought the alcaide and his four companions to the spot.

The valiant Narvaez, seeing three of his cavaliers extended on the earth, and two others hotly engaged with the Moor, was struck with admiration, and coveted a contest with so accomplished a warrior. Interfering in the fight, he called upon his followers to desist, and addressing the Moor with courteous words, invited him to a more equal combat. The latter readily accepted the challenge. For some time their contest was fierce and doubtful, and the alcaide had need of all his skill and strength to ward off the blows of his antagonist. The Moor, however, was exhausted by previous fighting and by loss of blood. He no longer sat his horse firmly, nor managed him with his wonted skill. Collecting all strength for a last assault, he rose in his stirrups, and made a violent thrust with his lance: the alcaide received it upon his shield, and at the same time, wounded the Moor in the right arm; then closing, in the shock, he grasped him in his arms, dragged him from his saddle, and fell with him to the earth; when putting his knee upon his breast, and his dagger to his throat, "Cavalier," exclaimed he, "render thyself my prisoner, for thy life is in my hands!"

"Kill me rather," replied the Moor, "for death would be less grievous than loss of liberty."

The alcaide, however, with the clemency of the truly brave, assisted the Moor to rise, ministered to his wounds with his own hands, and had him conveyed with great care to the castle of Allora. His wounds were slight, and in a few days were nearly cured; but the deepest wound had been inflicted on his spirit—he was constantly buried in a profound melancholy.

The alcaide, who had conceived a great regard for him, treated him more as a friend than a captive, and tried in every way to cheer him, but in vain; he was always sad and moody, and, when on the battlements of the castle, would keep his eyes turned to the south, with a fixed and wistful gaze.

"How is this?" exclaimed the alcaide, reproachfully, "that you, who were so hardy and fearless in the field, should lose all spirit in prison? If any secret grief preys on your heart, confide it to me, as to a friend, and I promise you, on the faith of a cavalier, that you shall have no cause to repent the disclosure."

The Moorish knight kissed the hand of the alcaide. "Noble cavalier," said he, "that I am cast down in spirit is not from my wounds, which are slight, nor from my captivity, for your kindness has robbed it of all gloom; nor from my defeat, for to be conquered by so accomplished and renowned a cavalier, is no disgrace. But to explain to you the cause of my grief, it is necessary to give you some particulars of my story: and this I am moved to do, by the great sympathy you have manifested toward me, and the magnanimity that shines through all your actions.

"Know, then, that my name is Abencerraz, and that I am of the noble but unfortunate line of the Abencerrages of Granada. You have doubtless heard of the destruction that fell upon our race. Charged with treasonable designs, of which they were entirely innocent, many of them were beheaded, the rest banished; so that not an Abencerrage was permitted to remain in Granada, excepting my father and my uncle, whose innocence was proved, even to the satisfaction of their persecutors. It was decreed, however, that, should they have children, the sons should be educated at a distance from Granada, and the daughters should be married out of the kingdom.

"Conformably to this decree, I was sent, while yet an infant, to be reared in the fortress of Cartama, the worthy alcaide of which was an ancient friend of my father. He had no children, and received me into his family as his own child, treating me with the kindness and affection of a father; and I grew up in the belief that I really was such. A few years afterward, his wife gave birth to a daughter, but his tenderness toward me continued undiminished. I thus grew up with Xarisa (for so the infant daughter of the alcaide was called) as her own brother, and thought the growing passion which I felt for her was mere fraternal affection. I beheld her charms unfolding, as it were leaf by leaf, like the morning rose, each moment disclosing fresh beauty and sweetness.

"At this period I overheard a conversation between the alcaide and his confidential domestic, and found myself to be the subject. 'It is time,' said he, 'to apprise him of his parentage, that he may adopt a career in life. I have deferred the communication as long as possible, through reluctance to inform him that he is of a proscribed and an unlucky race.'

"This intelligence would have overwhelmed me at an earlier period, but the intimation that Xarisa was not my sister operated like magic, and in an instant transformed my brotherly affection into ardent love.

"I sought Xarisa, to impart to her the secret I had learned. I found her in the garden, in a bower of jessamines, arranging her beautiful hair by the mirror of a crystal fountain. The radiance of her beauty dazzled me. I ran to her with open arms, and she received me with a sister's embraces. When we had seated ourselves beside the fountain, she began to upbraid me for leaving her so long alone.

"In reply, I informed her of the conversation I had overheard. The recital shocked and distressed her. 'Alas!' cried she, 'then is our happiness at an end.'

"How!" exclaimed I, "wilt thou cease to love me, because I am not thy brother?"

"Not so," replied she; "but do you not know that when it is once known we are not brother and sister, we can no longer be permitted to be thus always together?"

"In fact, from that moment our intercourse took a new character. We met often at the fountain among the jessamines, but Xarisa no longer advanced with open arms to meet me. She became reserved and silent, and would blush and cast down her eyes when I seated myself beside her. My heart became a prey to the thousand doubts and fears that ever attend upon true love. I was restless and uneasy, and looked back with regret to the unre-

served intercourse that had existed between us when we supposed ourselves brother and sister; yet I would not have had the relationship true for the world.

"While matters were in this state between us, an order came from the king of Granada for the alcaide to take command of the fortress of Coyn, which lies directly on the Christian frontier. He prepared to remove with all his family, but signified that I should remain at Cartama. I exclaimed against the separation, and declared that I could not be parted from Xarisa. 'That is the very cause,' said he, 'why I leave thee behind. It is time, Abencerraz, that thou shouldst know the secret of thy birth—that thou art no son of mine, neither is Xarisa thy sister.' 'I know it all,' exclaimed I, 'and I love her with tenfold the affection of a brother. You have brought us up together—you have made us necessary to each other's happiness—our hearts have entwined themselves with our growth; do not now tear them asunder. Fill up the measure of your kindness—be indeed a father to me, by giving me Xarisa for my wife.'

"The brow of the alcaide darkened as I spoke. 'Have I then been deceived?' said he. 'Have those nurtured in my very bosom been conspiring against me? Is this your return for my paternal tenderness?—to beguile the affections of my child, and teach her to deceive her father? It was cause enough to refuse thee the hand of my daughter, that thou wert of a proscribed race, who can never approach the walls of Granada. Thus, however, I might have passed over; but never will I give my daughter to a man who has endeavoured to win her from me by deception.'

"All my attempts to vindicate myself and Xarisa were unavailing. I retired in anguish from his presence, and seeking Xarisa, told her of this blow, which was worse than death to me. 'Xarisa,' said I, 'we part for ever! I shall never see thee more! Thy father will guard thee rigidly. Thy beauty and his wealth will soon attract some happier rival, and I shall be forgotten!'

"Xarisa reproached me with my want of faith, and promised me eternal constancy. I still doubted and desponded, until, moved by my anguish and despair, she agreed to a secret union. Our espousals made, we parted, with a promise on her part to send me word from Coyn, should her father absent himself from the fortress. The very day after our secret nuptials, I beheld the whole train of the alcaide depart from Cartama; nor would he admit me to his presence, or permit me to bid farewell to Xarisa. I remained at Cartama, somewhat pacified in spirit by this secret bond of union: but everything around me fed my passion, and reminded me of Xarisa. I saw the windows at which I had so often beheld her. I wandered through the apartment she had inhabited—the chamber in which she had slept. I visited the bower of jessamines, and lingered beside the fountain in which she had delighted. Everything recalled her to my imagination, and filled my heart with tender melancholy.

"At length a confidential servant brought me word that her father was to depart that day for Granada, on a short absence, inviting me to hasten to Coyn, describing a secret portal at which I should apply, and the signal by which I would obtain admittance.

"If ever you have loved, most valiant alcaide, you may judge of the transport of my bosom. That very night I arrayed myself in my most gallant attire, to pay due honour to my bride, and, arming myself against any casual attack, issued forth privately from Cartama. You know the rest, and by what sad fortune of war I found myself, instead of a happy bridegroom in the nuptial bower of Coyn, vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner within the walls of Allora. The term of absence of the father of Xarisa is nearly expired. Within three days he will return to Coyn, and our meeting will no longer be possible. Judge, then, whether I grieve without cause, and whether I may not well be excused for showing impatience under confinement."

Don Rodrigo de Narvaez was greatly moved by this recital; for though more used to rugged war than scenes of amorous softness, he was of a kind and generous nature.

"Abencerraz," said he, "I did not seek thy confidence to gratify an idle curiosity. It grieves me much that the good fortune which delivered thee into my hands should have marred so fair an enterprise. Give me thy faith, as a true knight, to return prisoner to my castle within three days, and I will grant thee permission to accomplish thy nuptials."

The Abencerrage would have thrown himself at his feet, to pour out protestations of eternal gratitude, but the alcaide prevented him. Calling in his cavaliers, he took the Abencerrage by the right hand in their presence, exclaiming solemnly, "You promise, on the faith of a cavalier, to return to my castle of Allora within



three days, and tender yourself my prisoner?" And the Abencerrage said, "I promise."

Then said the alcaide, "Go! and may good fortune attend you. If you require my safeguard, I and my cavaliers are ready to be your companions."

The Abencerrage kissed the hand of the alcaide, in grateful acknowledgment. "Give me," said he, "my own armour and my steed, and I require no guard. It is not likely that I shall again meet with so valorous a foe."

The shades of night had fallen when the tramp of the dapple-gray steed resounded over the drawbridge, and immediately afterwards the light clatter of hoofs along the road bespoke the fleetness with which the youthful lover hastened to his bride. It was deep night when the Moor arrived at the castle of Coyn. He silently and cautiously walked his panting steed under its dark walls, and, having nearly passed round them, came to the portal denoted by Xarisa. He paused, and looked round to see that he was not observed, and then knocked three times with the butt of his lance. In a little while the portal was timidly unclosed by the duenna of Xarisa. "Alas! señor," said she, "what has detained you thus long? Every night have I watched for you, and my lady is sick at heart with doubt and anxiety."

The Abencerrage hung his lance, and shield, and scimitar against the wall, and then followed the duenna, with silent steps, up a winding staircase, to the apartment of Xarisa. Vain would be the attempt to describe the raptures of that meeting. Time flew too swiftly, and the Abencerrage had nearly forgotten, until too late, his promise to return a prisoner to the alcaide of Allora. The recollection of it came to him with a pang, and suddenly awoke him from his dream of bliss. Xarisa saw his altered looks, and heard with alarm his stifled sighs, but her countenance brightened when she heard the cause. "Let not thy spirit be cast down," said she, throwing her white arms around him: "I have the keys of my father's treasures; send a ransom more than enough to satisfy the Christian, and remain with me."

"No," said Abencerrage, "I have given my word to return in person, and like a true knight must fulfil my promise. After that, fortune must do with me as it pleases."

"Then," said Xarisa, "I will accompany thee. Never shall you return a prisoner, and I remain at liberty."

The Abencerrage was transported with joy at this new proof of devotion in his beautiful bride. All preparations were speedily made for their departure. Xarisa mounted behind the Moor, on his powerful steed: they left the castle-walls before daybreak, nor did they pause until they arrived at the gate of the castle of Allora, which was flung wide to receive them.

Alighting in the court, the Abencerrage supported the steps of his trembling bride, who remained closely veiled, into the presence of Rodrigo de Narvaez. "Behold, valiant alcaide," said he, "the way in which an Abencerrage keeps his word. I promised to return to thee a prisoner, but I deliver two captives into your power. Behold Xarisa, and judge whether I grieved without reason over the loss of such a treasure! Receive us as your own, for I confide my life and her honour to your hands."

The alcaide was lost in admiration of the beauty of the lady and the noble spirit of the Moor. "I know not," said he, "which of you surpasses the other; but I know that my castle is graced and honoured by your presence. Enter into it, and consider it your own, while you deign to reside with me."

For several days the lovers remained at Allora, happy in each other's love, and in the friendship of the brave alcaide. The latter wrote a letter, full of courtesy, to the Moorish king of Granada, relating the whole event, extolling the valour and good faith of the Abencerrage, and craving for him the royal countenance.

The king was moved by the story, and was pleased with an opportunity of showing attention to the wishes of a gallant and chivalrous enemy; for, though he had often suffered from the prowess of Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, he admired the heroic character he had gained throughout the land. Calling the alcaide of Coyn into his presence, he gave him the letter to read. The alcaide turned pale and trembled with rage on the perusal. "Restrain thine anger," said the king: "there is nothing that the alcaide of Allora could ask, that I would not grant, if in my power. Go thou to Allora—pardon thy children—take them to thy home. I receive this Abencerrage into my favour, and it will be my delight to heap benefits upon you all."

The kindling ire of the alcaide was suddenly appeased. He hastened to Allora, and folded his children to his bosom, who would have fallen at his feet. The gallant Rodrigo de Narvaez

gave liberty to his prisoner without ransom, demanding merely a promise of his friendship. He accompanied the youthful couple and their father to Coyn, where their nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicings. When the festivities were over, Don Rodrigo de Narvaez returned to his fortress of Allora.

After his departure, the alcaide of Coyn addressed his children: "To your hands," said he, "I confide the disposition of my wealth. One of the first things I charge you is not to forget the ransom you owe to the alcaide of Allora. His magnanimity you can never repay, but you can prevent it from wronging him of his just dues. Give him, moreover, your entire friendship, for he merits it fully, though of a different faith."

The Abencerrage thanked him for his generous proposition, which so truly accorded with his own wishes. He took a large sum of gold, and enclosed it in a rich coffer; and on his own part, sent six beautiful horses, superbly caparisoned, with six shields and lances, mounted and embossed with gold. The beautiful Xarisa, at the same time, wrote a letter to the alcaide, filled with expressions of gratitude and friendship, and sent him a box of fragrant cypress-wood, containing linen of the finest quality for his person. The valiant alcaide disposed of the present in a characteristic manner. The horses and armour he shared among the cavaliers who had accompanied him on the night of the skirmish; the box of cypress-wood and its contents he retained, for the sake of the beautiful Xarisa; and sent her, by the hands of the messenger, the sum of gold paid as a ransom, entreating her to receive it as a wedding-present. This courtesy and magnanimity raised the character of the alcaide Rodrigo de Narvaez still higher in the estimation of the Moors, who extolled him as a perfect mirror of chivalric virtue; and from that time forward there was a continual exchange of good offices between them.

#### MY KNITTING-WORK.

YOUTH'S buds have oped and fallen from my life's expanding tree,  
And soberer fruits have ripened on its hardened stocks for me;  
No longer with a buoyant step I tread my pilgrim way,  
And earth's horizon closer bends from hastening day to day.

No more with curious questioning I seek the fervid crowd,  
Nor to ambition's glittering shrine I feel my spirit bowed,  
But as bewitching flatteries from worldly ones depart,  
Love's circle narrows deeply about my quiet heart.

Home joys come thronging round me, bright, blessed, gentle, kind;  
The social meal, the fireside book, unfettered mind with mind;  
The unsought song that asks no praise, but spirit-stirred and free,  
Wakes up within the thoughtful soul remembered melody.

Nor shall my humble knitting-work pass unregarded here—  
The faithful friend who oft has chased a furrow or a tear,  
Who comes with still unwearied round to cheer my failing eye,  
And bid the curse of ennui from its polished weapons fly.

Companionable knitting-work! When gayer friends depart,  
Thou hold'st thy busy station even very near my heart;  
And when no social living tones to sympathy appeal,  
I hear a gentle accent from thy softly clashing steel.

My knitting-work! my knitting-work! a confident art thou,  
As smooth and shining on my lap thou liest beside me now;  
Thou know'st some stories of my thoughts the many may not know,  
As round and round the accustomed path my careful fingers go.

Sweet, silent, quiet knitting-work! thou interruptest not  
My reveries and pleasant thoughts, forgetting and forgot!  
I take thee up and lay thee down, and 'use thee as I may,  
And not a contradicting word thy burnished lip will say.

My moralising knitting-work! thy threads most aptly show  
How evenly around life's span our busy threads should go;  
And if a stitch perchance should drop, as life's frail stitches will,  
Now, if we patient take it up, the work may prosper still.

Mrs. GILMAN.

### THE LIMITS OF KNOWLEDGE,

AS ARISING FROM THE IMPERFECTION OF OUR SENSES.

WE have treated in a former article of the gradual progress of knowledge, and have alluded to some of the accidental or political hindrances which delayed its advance; we now mean to speak of the natural causes which limit our powers of acquiring knowledge—of the difficulties actually existing in the subjects of our examination or researches, and altogether distinct from those arising from the social position of mankind, from the accidents which have destroyed the results of inquiry, or the prejudices that have prevented truth from being revealed even when it has been discovered.

The first difficulty arises from the imperfection of our senses. We place this first, both because it is so in importance, and it is also first as to the period when its influence is most exerted; for, after long application, this imperfection may in a great measure be removed, or the deficiency supplied by the use of various contrivances. For instance, the study of astronomy was for ages embarrassed by the errors arising in consequence of the notions of the celestial bodies being always considered to be exactly what they appeared to the eye; every change in their place being supposed to be caused by some actual motion in the planets instead of a variation in the position of the earth. It was long before the observer was able to remove himself, in imagination, to the centre of the system, and judge of their revolutions as if he saw their reality from this central and stationary point of view. In the mean time every newly-discovered eccentricity required the addition of another circle to the supposed machinery of the celestial orbits, till these became so complicated, and the system of the heavens appeared so confused and absurd, that the Spanish monarch, Alonso of Castile, might have been justified, had he actually used the apocryphal saying attributed to him, irreverent as it was, "That if he had been consulted at the creation, he could have given some good advice to the Creator."

By dint of long practice, and the assistance of a variety of ingenious contrivances, the accuracy of our senses is immensely increased, and seems capable of still greater perfection. The extraordinary manner in which use will refine and extend the senses is evident from the effects which the accidental deprivation of one sense will produce upon the rest. To a blind man the powers of touch and hearing are rendered so acute as in many instances to supply the place of sight; he can find his way through the labyrinth of streets, can at once ascertain the numbers present in a crowd, and can even distinguish colours by the touch. A curious instance of the powers possessed by these unfortunates was shown in the decision of a wager some time ago. The assertion had been made that if a man be placed where there is no definite object to fix his eye, he will find it impossible to proceed in a straight course; so that when rowing in a boat on the ocean, or walking over a heath of large extent and uniform surface, while a continued mass of cloud prevents his finding any guide in the heavens, his movements will be uncertain and wandering, and he will very possibly find himself, after a long journey, on the exact spot he first quitted. On this assertion the wager was laid, and as it was not easy to find a country such as was required, instead of placing the men upon a wide uniform plain, they were brought carefully blindfolded into a field, and having been once led across from one end to the other of the appointed course, were left to find their own way back, care being taken that no sound should arise to give them any direction. On the start taking place, every one, but one, of the blindfolded racers, after a few steps, wandered far out of the straight track, and proceeded in a course so irregular as to give little hope of their ever reaching the goal; the one excepted, however, walked boldly on without hesitation or deviation, and

laid his hand on the winning-post, to the astonishment of all who saw it, till they discovered that the man was blind!

Among certain nations the constant exercise of some particular faculty has tended to sharpen their senses in a remarkable manner. The Arab, by placing his ear to the ground, can determine from the sound of the footsteps the distance and number of an approaching armanent, and whether mounted or with camels. The American Indian can find his way in a direct line through trackless and interminable forests, to a place where he has once been; he can follow his prey by the guide of the track (or trail, as it is called in the West), which is altogether invisible to a European, and to show that this power is not peculiar to any nation, many of the American settlers, from constantly living in a state of warfare either with the same wild denizens of the forest as their Indian neighbours, or with these Indians themselves, have been found to acquire a sharp-sightedness almost equal to theirs.

Among the various professions, it is found that a soldier, by practice, acquires what is called a military eye, and can estimate the numbers composing a battalion, and the time in which several corps of troops, advancing in different directions, will reach a given point, in a manner apparently miraculous to an inexperienced person. Sailors possess an accurate appreciation of distance and motion at sea. Engineers have an almost intuitive knowledge of levels and ascents. In fact, we may easily convince ourselves both of the deceptions to which our senses are liable, and the power that use and practice have to correct them. If we look down a street and see a number of people at different positions on it, these do not look one smaller than another in the exact degree of their distance from us, though we know that, actually, their apparent size—that is, the space they occupy in the eye—varies precisely in that proportion; but constant use has enabled us to rectify this error, and we can allow for the variation thus caused, and tell that one man is tall and another stout, though these are much farther off, and fill perhaps not half so large a space on the retina of the eye as the nearer individual whom we pronounce a dwarf.

Let any one look down from a height and contemplate the view offered to him, such as can be seen from the top of the Monument or St. Paul's Cathedral, and he will find that from his exalted position objects look much smaller than usual; because, not being accustomed to see them in that manner, he is not enabled to correct by his judgment the evidence offered by his senses. Men whom he has seen, without their appearing smaller, at the far end of a long street, seem to him now, though he is perhaps only a couple of hundred feet above them, reduced to very small and insignificant dimensions; and his power of estimating the real size of objects is almost lost. A little time and practice on these high places would soon adapt his powers to the new circumstances in which they are required.

But an advantage still greater is obtained in the employment of instruments by whose assistance we are enabled to penetrate into regions altogether excluded from the reach of our unaided senses. Worlds, at an incalculable distance from our system, are brought by the telescope within the range of our scrutiny: objects so minute as to be otherwise invisible, have their forms and nature displayed by the microscope.

Dr. Hook calculated that by the aid of a single lens he brought into distinct vision bodies and animals so small, that a million times a million of them heaped together would have been no larger than a grain of sand. Since his time great improvements have been made in these instruments, and another form adopted called the solar microscope, which throws the magnified image upon a screen, where it may be more conveniently viewed than when the observer is obliged to pore through a narrow tube.

Another useful invention was that which enabled us, instead of the rays of the sun, which are always, and more especially in these climates, apt to disappoint us, to substitute a light that we could always ensure and have at command: this was what is called the Drummond Light, and the instrument is named the oxy-hydrogen microscope, because a blowpipe, whose flame is sustained by a

current of oxygen and hydrogen gases, is used to produce the light.

The principle on which the light is obtained is this:—It has been observed that many substances emit a considerable quantity of light when heated to a high temperature, although without being burnt, and even if they are altogether incombustible: the metals when red-hot are instances of this, but to no very great extent, as indeed they melt before the heat can be raised sufficiently. Many minerals, such as the earth, spars and crystals, and some gems, and the metallic ores, are much better adapted to this purpose, because they are more intractable or unalterable by fire; but it has been found that *lime* is the best of all; and this earth, when in a state of intense ignition, becomes the source of a light so brilliant that the eye can hardly bear to look on it; and the common flame of a lamp or gas, when placed beside it, appears quite feeble and ashy in comparison. The heat requisite for this, however, is not one which can be given by the fire of a common furnace; it can only be obtained from a blowpipe where streams of oxygen and hydrogen gases are burnt together. If we procure a current of hydrogen gas by pouring sulphuric acid (the oil of vitriol of commerce), mixed with water, upon some iron filings in a bottle, and set fire to it as it issues from a tube fitted into the neck, it exhibits a flaring unsteady flame of a reddish colour and feeble light. We must then obtain some oxygen gas, which may be procured by heating in a retort or gun-barrel the oxide of manganese, or red lead; this gas is the support of fire and respiration, and exists in the atmosphere, only mixed there with four times its quantity of another gas, azote; consequently combustion is much more rapid when the fire is supported by oxygen gas than when the common air only is present. If then a current of this gas be directed into the blaze of the hydrogen, this becomes changed into a straight, steady pencil of blue flame, whose light is still no greater than before, but the heat is intense: a piece of steel wire is melted and burnt directly it is brought within it: gold and copper melt and seem to evaporate: even platinum, the most difficult of the common metals, and which resists the fire of the strongest furnaces, runs down like wax before that of this blowpipe. It is into this flame that a small ball of lime, properly supported, is introduced, and thus we obtain the extraordinary light that is used instead of the sun's rays in the microscope.

By the aid of this instrument we can magnify one drop of water into a circle some yards in diameter, and bring into sight shoals of animals to whom that drop is of size sufficient to be their ocean, wherein they seek their prey and live and move as if there were no other world in the creation. Various and strange indeed are some of the forms and habits of these minute specimens of animated nature, and perhaps not less strange are some of the discoveries in the vegetable kingdom on the smaller species of flowers and their composition; or in the mineral kingdom upon the regular forms of crystals and gems. Yet there are greater, or rather smaller, things than these: we are still far from the boundary of Nature; the smallest animal, the minutest speck, that our best instruments enable us to see, are all composed of many parts; their machine is constructed with a variety of movements: they are furnished with limbs; they are endowed with organs necessary for them to perform the functions of their being, and yet "a million times a million" are no larger than a grain of sand!

Again we must imagine that all the substances in nature are composed of a collection of ultimate atoms, or indefinitely small particles; yet who ever imagined that he had rendered visible an ultimate atom? Water is supposed to be formed of atoms perfectly round, which have no cohesion or attraction for one another, and thus give to the whole body the properties of fluidity, enabling it to change its shape, to run and pour out with perfect freedom: but though we thus know their shape, we can never measure their size; we can force the fluid through the smallest apertures; we can convert it into steam, when the particles are separated by wide intervals; but we can never see them.

Air, another fluid, can be rarefied so far, that the contents of a

cubic foot, 1728 inches, shall not weigh the tenth part of a grain: if a quantity that would fill a space of the one-hundredth of an inch diameter be separated from the rest, the air can still be found there, and we may reasonably conceive that there are several particles present, though the weight is less than the seventeen hundred millionth of a grain.

These are a few of the marvels revealed to our sight among the near and the minute works of creation: at the other extreme of the universe, another instrument brings into view a mysterious system of vast and distant objects. The unassisted eye sees a certain number, rather less than a thousand, at once, of brilliant specks studding the heavens on a clear night; their degree of brightness varies considerably, but none look more than mere points without any determined shape or visible dimensions. Of these, five were found to be planets, or wandering stars, whose very complicated motions occasioned astronomers no little perplexity in their endeavours to calculate their orbits. This was the state of our knowledge of the stars when Galileo directed the first telescope towards them. Since his time instruments of gigantic size and powers have been constructed, and by these the five planets have been found to be near neighbours of this earth, belonging in fact to the same system, and moving in regular orbits round the same sun. Their appearance too changed from a mere speck, and was magnified into a large circle or disc. Traces of mountains and of clouds, of an atmosphere and ocean, were discovered in them; and smaller satellites, like our moon, were found to accompany the two largest. Five new ones were also added to the list. Among the fixed stars immense additional numbers were rendered visible. Herschel estimated that no less than 50,000 passed through the field of view of his telescope in one hour; and the whole number that can be seen is supposed to be at least one hundred millions.

Yet, though the instruments have been so improved, and so great a magnifying power is used, these luminaries are too distant to be expanded into any apparent size. Their intense radiance renders them visible, but even to the best telescopes they appear nothing but a speck. They are too distant for us to calculate their distance; as of the atom, because it is minute, so of these, because they are remote,—we can know little more than that they exist.

#### PARIS AND LONDON.

PARIS, like London, stands on both banks of a river: but the Seine is not nearly so broad as the Thames, and flows in a direction nearly opposite to it—namely, from south-east to north-west. The breadth of the Seine at Paris is nowhere greater than about 550 English feet, and at some points is not more than half that distance. The bridges, therefore, by which the Seine is traversed are not to be compared in point of magnitude with those of the Thames at London. The Pont Louis XVI., which, next to the Pont Neuf, is the longest of the Parisian stone bridges, measures only about 485 feet between the abutments, while Westminster Bridge measures 1223, and Waterloo Bridge 1242, feet. It is in the number of its bridges alone that the Seine is superior to the Thames. But the Parisian river is bordered on both sides by handsomely-built stone quays, furnished with parapets; many of them are favourite walks, and frequently present a picture of extraordinary animation and gaiety, from the concourse of persons of all classes assembled to enjoy the fresh air in this wide breathing-place, thrown open for them in the very heart of the city, and in the busiest haunts of its commercial and social intercourse. But, while we envy the Parisians their splendid quays, we must not forget that the dirty landing-places, the narrow wharfs, and the crowded vessels, which give such a different aspect to our river, proceed from the claims of our multifarious commerce. London is the *entrepôt* of the world; Paris is not a maritime city, Rouen being the seaport of the capital of France.

*Paris, and its Historical Scenes.*

## THE FIRST PINE-APPLE GROWN IN ENGLAND.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF CHARLES II.

SOME pine-apples had been sent from the West Indies, as a present to Charles II., which had greatly delighted that monarch.

"Why cannot we grow these fruits in England?" inquired he of Evelyn, after having just partaken of one with great relish.

"It may be done whenever your Majesty pleases," returned Evelyn.

"But how?"

"Only permit me to consult with your Majesty's gardener, John Rose, who reasons so pertinently on all things connected with the hortulan profession, and—"

The king was too impatient to hear more, and Rose was hastily ordered to appear before him. The gardener instantly obeyed the summons. He was tall and good-looking, though his features were strongly marked; and, in spite of his English name, he was evidently a Scotchman. He heard all that the king had to say, and listened to Evelyn's somewhat prosy directions as to the best method of extracting the crown of the pine-apple, &c. with a sort of proud humility, but without uttering a single word.

"Do you think you shall be able to manage it, Rose?" asked the king.

"I will do my best endeavours," returned the gardener, bowing. "Judged, being, by your Majesty's grace and favour, advanced to the supreme glory of my profession, I should be unworthy of my high station, if I did not do my utmost to meet your Majesty's wishes."

The king smiled approbation, and Evelyn and the gardener retired to consult further on the subject.

"The deuce take the fellow's price!" exclaimed Rochester, as soon as the gardener had left the room. "He talks of his high station as if he were lord chancellor at least."

"He is a worthy fellow," said the king: "I like him the better for his pride, as it keeps him honest; and I have but few honest men about my court, you know, Rochester."

"The courtiers feel themselves proud to follow your Majesty's example," retorted Rochester.

"Rather thin," said the king. "Thou art enough to corrupt a whole monastery."

"That is but a poor compliment," cried the earl; "I should find the monks all ready to my hand. But to return to Rose—what will your Majesty say, if I can contrive to make him give to me the pine-apple he is about to grow, instead of sending it to your Majesty's table?"

"Impossible!" cried the king.

"Nothing is impossible," said Rochester, "that depends on the weakness of human nature. Every man has his price: money will buy some—honours others—some may be coaxed—some frightened: all that is necessary is to know how to touch the right string."

"Thou canst do much, Rochester," said the king, laughing; "but this is beyond thy skill. Rose is a proud Scotchman, indifferent as to money—insensible to love, and possessing a firm belief that all the honours I could bestow upon him would be far inferior to his merit. As to coaxing or frightening him, he is too cold-blooded, and has too little imagination for either. In short, do what thou wilt, thou canst not succeed."

"We shall see," said Rochester.

In the meantime, Evelyn and Rose had entered into deep consultation as to the manner in which the important affair they had undertaken was to be executed. In these days of refinement, it is hardly possible to conceive the labour that attended growing that pine-apple. Hothouses, stoves, pits, frames, and bark-beds, were unknown, and even greenhouses had not been long invented. The only contrivance that had been devised for heating them was drawing a little iron wagon, filled with lighted charcoal, up and down the paths; and even this was not suffered to remain in the greenhouse all night—our ancestors, in the then infant state of

chemistry, having some vague notions that the effluvia from the charcoal would be as fatal to plants as it was to men. Evelyn, who was certainly far beyond his age, had devised what one of his cotemporaries calls "a cunning plan" for heating a greenhouse, by means of two stoves on the outside. These stoves had earthenware pipes attached to them, which were carried through the walls of the greenhouse to let in the heat; while, to prevent the smoke from accompanying it, the ends of the pipes had sliding shutters. The whole contrivance was strikingly clumsy and inartificial; but it was rather the tottering of the baby, which carries in it the germ of the stately walk of the man, than hopeless weakness. Evelyn's plan was afterwards very much improved by himself, and a modification of it is in use even at the present day.

We always love what we have taken trouble to preserve, and thus it was the case with Rose and his pine-apple. The very anxiety it had cost him gave it value in his eyes; it seemed almost like a part of himself, and, as it grew and flourished, he was proud of it, because he felt it was his own skill and attention which had made it what it was. The flowers had appeared and vanished, and the fleshy bracts which constitute the fruit were already beginning to swell, when the king took it into his head to visit the greenhouse in which the pine-plant was growing. He was attended by many of the gay lords and ladies of his court, who all pressed forwards with eager and curious eyes to examine this new wonder. Rose's heart swelled with pride as he heard them express their surprise and admiration, and he felt still prouder when he heard the king jest with Rochester about the fruit.

"You will not suffer yourself to be either coaxed or frightened out of it—will you, Rose?" asked the king.

"No, that I will not!" cried Rose, somewhat too energetically; for he felt at that moment as though his single arm could have defended his valued plant against a whole army. Then observing the king and courtiers look at him with some surprise, he attempted to soften his tone, and to remould his speech into the usual forms for an inferior, when addressing royalty. Charles, however, who was never very fond of toom, was rather amused than offended by the bluntness of his gardener, and he went away, repeating his caution to Rose to take care of the fruit.

There was very little need to repeat this injunction, and indeed Rose felt almost indignant at its being thought necessary. The king had been quite right in supposing him alike inaccessible to fear and bribery, but his Majesty was mistaken in supposing him insensible to love. Charles had, indeed, too seldom come in contact with strong minds to know much of their nature. Accustomed to see honour and principle every day sacrificed to interest, and accustomed himself to sacrifice everything to the whim of the moment, he had no idea of firmness arising from anything but obstinacy, and thought self-denial could only proceed from indifference. The self-denial of Rose was a thing he could scarcely have been made to comprehend, if it had been explained to him; and had it been possible to convince him of its truth, he would have regarded the possessor as a monster rather than a man.

Rose, however, under his cold exterior, hid passions stronger than his royal master ever dreamt of. Pride, ambition, love, and even revenge, were inmates of his breast, but a strong sense of duty kept them all in subjection. The object of his love was a pretty girl called Agnes, who was of Scotch parentage like himself, and who lived with her old, bed-ridden grandmother, her own parents being dead. This old woman was Scotch, and it was one of her greatest pleasures to talk with Rose of Scotland, which she remembered with all the fondness with which old people generally recall the scenes where they have passed their youth; while Agnes, who had been born in England, sat by and listened to their conversation. Of course, so momentous an affair as the growing of the pine-apple could not pass unnoticed. The old woman had heard it spoken of by her neighbours, and she had so frequently inquired particulars respecting it of Rose himself, that Agnes was weary of hearing it mentioned. She did not show this uneasiness, however, to Rose; and he never suspected it. In fact, he loved

Agnes too well not to fancy all her inclinations must resemble his own; and he often permitted her to enter the greenhouse, and look at his favourite plant, imagining that she must feel as much pleasure at its sight as he did.

It is difficult to unravel the springs of human actions, and still more of human feelings; but certain it is that, though Agnes was quite as much in love with Rose as he was with her, she did not sympathise with his feelings respecting this plant. Perhaps she was jealous of its engaging too much of his attention, and she had certainly some reason for being so—for he thought of little else, except herself; or perhaps she had taken a dislike to it from having heard so much of it: certain, however, it was that she did not like it, and she heartily wished that there was no such thing as a pine-apple in the world.

Time rolled on, and the old woman's health declined daily. Her thoughts were all now centred in her own approaching death, and in the fear of leaving her grand-daughter unprotected. Anxious, however, as she was on that score, she had too much Scotch prudence to wish Rose to marry till she was quite certain that he could maintain a wife; and she thought that his tardiness in pressing marriage could only proceed from that reason. Thus, while she harped on the same strings of Agnes's unprotected situation after her death, from morning till night, and frequently through the greater part of the night, with all the garrulity of old age, she never expressed any wish but that Rose were rich enough to marry her. Agnes was very young, and the respect which she had been taught always to pay to her grandmother made her set an undue value upon everything that the old woman uttered, and the incessant complaints and murmuring which she was compelled to hear had such an effect on the imagination of the young girl, that at last she began to fancy that money was the only thing wanting to make herself, and every one she loved, happy.

In the meantime all the energies of Rose were directed towards growing the pine-apple, and he was so absorbed in this pursuit, that he rather neglected his mistress. His love, however, had suffered no abatement. His tardiness in proposing marriage did not arise, as the old woman had supposed, from want of money, but partly from a dislike to taking Agnes from her dutiful attendance on her aged relative, and partly from a proud fear of being rejected. He was much older than Agnes, and though he felt an inward consciousness of his own superiority to any of the admirers which her pretty face and artless manners had attracted, he was not quite sure of her opinion on the subject.

The pine-apple was now ripe, and Charles had ordered it not to be sent till the evening before Lady Castlemaine's birthday, as he wished to present it with his own hands as early as possible on that day. The wished-for evening had arrived, and Rose, who had resisted numerous applications which had been made to him to allow different persons to see his precious fruit, unlocked the door himself, and gazed at it growing for the last time. His heart beat with various emotions: he felt proud of having accomplished his task, and happy that he had overcome all the difficulties he had had to contend with; but yet he could not help feeling a degree of pain at parting with what had been the object of his most anxious cares and constant attention for so many months, and he stood for a moment or two irresolute.

"This is sheer folly!" said he to himself at length, and standing up to the plant, he seized the fruit in his hand, and with his knife began to divide it from the stem. He had scarcely begun to do this, when he heard a light step behind him: he started, and hastily severing the fruit from the plant, he turned, still grasping both it and his knife, as though prepared to defend it. The knife, however, was quickly restored to its sheath when he beheld the tearful face of Agnes.

"My grandmother is dying," said the trembling girl, in an almost inarticulate voice, "and she has sent me to beg you to come to her immediately."

"I will only step to my house to lock up this fruit safely, and I will be with her instantly."

"Oh, Rose!" cried Agnes, "can you think of that fruit at such a moment as this? While you are going to your house, and returning, she will be dead." Rose stood irresolute. "Can you not take the fruit with you?" continued Agnes; "it will be quite as safe in your pocket as if locked up in your house. Oh! do not hesitate, if you love me!"

Rose hesitated no longer; he wrapped the fruit up in some moss, which he had taken with him for that purpose, and placing it carefully in his pocket, went with Agnes to the cottage, determined, if he found the old woman sensible, to implore her to witness his union with her grand-daughter before her death.

He found the old woman ill, but not so much so as he expected, and as a neighbour was sitting with her, he could not, of course, speak of love and marriage. The king was expected to arrive at Hampton Court that evening; and as it was probable that he would send for the pine-apple, it was necessary that Rose should be at his post. He accordingly bade adieu to the invalid, promising to return soon, and hoping that, when he did so, it would be to claim Agnes as his bride. The old woman slept in an inner room, and, as Agnes lighted her lover through the outer apartment, he could not resist pressing her hand, and whispering a few words expressive of his feelings; but no answering look of love beamed from Agnes's face—she was pale as death, her eyes looked sunk, and her lips trembled. She could not speak, but she returned the pressure of his hand with a fervour which seemed unnatural in a young and timid girl. Rose looked at her, but she turned away her head, though not before he saw that her face wore an expression of horror, almost of despair, which terrified him; but, before he could speak, she hastily bade him good night, and returned to her grandmother's room.

Rose returned home, musing on what had passed, without being able to guess at any explanation of Agnes's conduct. Her look had chilled his heart—there was more than grief in it—there was an expression that he could not understand. A horrible suspicion crossed his mind—the dissolute characters of the king and his courtiers were well known. He had lately seen her but seldom, and the court had been frequently at Hampton Court. Could she have listened to their vows? There was a look of guilt on her features, and she had shrunk from him, unable to meet his eye. The idea was too horrible to be endured. He stood still, and cold drops ran from his forehead with the intensity of his agony. He cursed his own caution;—"Had I spoken," thought he, "she would have been mine, and would have been safe!" And then the thought of her misery, and of what (if she had indeed fallen) would be her fate, crossed his mind; and the strong man wept like a child. He was passing through a narrow lane, which lay between the palace at Hampton Court and Agnes's cottage; and he sat down on the high bank, and hid his face in his hands, forgetting for a moment the king, his duty, and everything but the poor girl whom he had so lately thought his own. He was roused by a noise of carriages and horses, and he saw passing along the high road, past the end of the lane, the equipments of the king and his courtiers, with the flambeaux of the outriders flashing through the darkness, and all the noise and bustle which usually attends the movements of a court. He started up at the sound, and, hastily recalled to a sense of his duty, he entered a private road which led from the lane to his own house.

Gloomily, and without any of those proud feelings of satisfaction that he had felt only a few hours before, he prepared the ornamental basket in which the pine-apple was to be presented to the king, and, when all was ready, he put his hand in his pocket to take out the fruit; but what was his consternation when he found it was not there. He felt in all his pockets, emptied them, and shook his clothes; but in vain—the pine-apple was gone. He hurried back to the lane, and searched wildly, but without success. He was almost mad—the thought of the shame and disgrace he must undergo—the loss of the high station on which he prided himself—the insulting laughter of the courtiers—the ridicule of the king—and, more than all, the contempt of such a man as Evelyn, all rushed upon his mind, and, in a tumult of passions too fierce to be described, he seized his knife, and was just on the point of putting an end to his misery and to his intolerable sense of shame, by destroying himself, when Agnes rushed up the lane, and fell exhausted at his feet. Her face was pale, her hair dishevelled, and she was panting for breath; but she held a parcel in her hand, which Rose instantly recognised.

"Blessings—blessings on you!" cried he, "you have found it—you have saved me from despair."

Agnes's heart beat violently—so violently that she could not speak; but when her lover continued blessing her and thanking her, with an effort that seemed to be her last, she exclaimed, "Don't praise me—I can't bear it! I stole it from you!" and she fell senseless on the ground.

With difficulty Rose raised her, and carried her and his recovered prize into his dwelling. The motion revived Agnes, and, falling on her knees before him, she confessed that on the preceding evening, as she was returning from fetching water from the spring, a man had met her, and offered her a large sum of money if she could get this pine-apple; that the man had assured her its loss would not injure Rose; on the contrary, that the sum of money she would receive would be of the greatest service to him.

Here her voice faltered, and she hurried on to tell how the man had persuaded her to promise to try to get the fruit for him; he had told her what to say, and when to go to her lover. All had succeeded as the man had prophesied—for, indeed, Rose had never suspected her. But when she had obtained possession of the fruit, and when the time drew near at which the man had appointed to come to fetch it, her heart revolted at what she had done; indeed, she had never known a single moment's peace since she had made the fatal promise; and she had now come to give the fruit back—to tell Rose what she had done, and how unworthy she was—and to bid him adieu for ever.

While she spoke, and while she was yet sobbing at his feet, Rose gently raised her, and clasping her in his arms, whispered words of love and comfort in her ear. The astonished girl looked at him through her tears, without being able to comprehend why he did not spurn her from him; for her mind was too innocent to know the feelings she had betrayed, or the transport that her words had excited in the bosom of her lover. "Can you then forgive me?" asked she. She read the answer in his eyes; but, before he could speak, they were interrupted by a summons from the king, for Rose to bring the pine-apple.

The court had assembled in all its usual brilliancy, but the king was evidently displeased; for Rochester had been assuring Lady Castlemaine that he, and not the king, would on the morrow present to her a specimen of the new fruit.

"Your Majesty remembers our previous conversation about this pine-apple," said Rochester. "Now, I will bet a hundred guineas that I obtain possession of it before your Majesty."

"I will bet you five hundred," said the king, passionately.

"Done," returned Rochester: and the king impetuously desired some of his attendants to order Rose to bring the pine-apple into his presence. While the messenger was gone, the king remained silent and sullen, not replying to any of the gay jests of Rochester.

The messenger soon returned with Rose. "Produce the pine-apple," said the king, in a voice of thunder: and Rose presented it kneeling at his Majesty's feet.

What words can describe the effect this simple action produced on the whole assembly, or the feelings which agitated Rochester and his confederates? They could not disguise their rage; and as the countenance of Rose yet retained some traces of the emotions he had gone through, the king perceived that something remained concealed. He commanded an explanation; and when Rose had related the whole story, he was so delighted that he commanded a picture to be made of the scene, at the moment when Rose presented him with the pine-apple; and this picture is still in one of the rooms of Kensington Palace.

Of course, Rose and Agnes were united. Their lives were long and happy, and they were blessed with numerous children. Rose retained his situation of royal gardener for many years, and when he retired from it, it was with a handsome income to a pleasant place at Barnes. He died there; and having left a sum of money to have roses always planted on his grave, in allusion to his name, (a fancy which was in accordance with the fashion of the time,) his grave, with its attendant roses, is still to be seen in Barnes churchyard.

#### GENERAL SIR JOHN COLBORNE.

At the storming of the heights of Beira, on the 8th of October, 1813, Colonel (now Sir John) Colborne, who commanded the 2d brigade of Rifles, addressed his men, before leading them up to the enemy's redoubt, with "Now, my lads, we'll just charge up the edge of the ditch, and, if we can't get in, we'll stand there and fire in their faces." They charged accordingly; the enemy fled from their works, and, in following them up the mountains, Sir John, in rounding a hill, accompanied only by his brigade major and a few riflemen, found he had headed a retiring body of about three hundred of the French, and whispering to his brigade-major to get as many men together as he could, he, without hesitation, boldly rode up to the enemy's commander, and demanded his sword. The Frenchman surrendered it with the usual grace of his countrymen, requesting that the other would bear witness that he had conducted himself like "a good and gallant soldier." Sir John answered with an approving nod, for it was no time to refuse bearing witness to the valour of three hundred men in the act of surrendering to half-a-dozen.—*Random Shots from a Rifleman.*

#### MONKEYS, AND THEIR IMITATIVE POWERS.

On mentioning to a friend the wonderful account of Bisset, the animal teacher, which has recently appeared in a public Journal, [this patient and eccentric man succeeded so well in training cats, monkeys, &c. as to be able to exhibit a "Cat's Opera" in the Haymarket,] he observed, that in his native city of Vienna, monkeys are not only taught to dance and tumble on the rope, but that for some years past, there has been established what is called an *Affen Schauspielhaus*, or, as one would say, a Monkey Theatre. This building, which was erected for a company that particularly distinguished itself in feats of horsemanship, in the style of Astley's, is about the size of one of our smallest theatres, and is situated in what is called the *Forstadt*, or suburbs of Vienna. M. Atvenner, the proprietor of the monkey *trapezians*, had from his childhood a great partiality for animals, and was particularly fond of observing their habits. As he grew up, he began to form a little collection of wild beasts, which, increasing by degrees in number and value, he at last thought it worth exhibiting in the country-towns, at fairs and merry-makings, perambulating, like another Wombwell, with his living charge, and attracting the attention of old and young by his wonderful lion, panther, jackal, hyena, &c. &c.; but, above all, by such a number of monkeys, performing all sorts of tricks, that the arrival of so imposing a spectacle in the gay city of Vienna soon reached the ears of royalty itself. This was during the reign of the late Emperor Francis, who took great delight in visiting his own menagerie, and spared no expense in adding to it whatever was considered new and rare. He was so much struck with the great beauty and fine condition of the animals in the collection of M. Atvenner, that he immediately became a purchaser of them, and requested an annual visit from the vender at his beautiful palace of Schönbrunn, which was of course regularly complied with.

As the constant attendance of M. Atvenner on his animals enabled him to become intimately acquainted with their peculiarities, it is not surprising that he found the imitative powers of the monkeys vary according to the species, some being more adapted for the performance of one thing than another; and as he could muster a greater number of species than had ever been before exhibited, the fairs of his monkeys became the talk of the whole town, and he therefore resolved to give up all his other animals to his son, and only to retain the monkeys for himself.

The theatre was now taken, and regular representations by the monkeys were not only received with the greatest delight by the inhabitants of Vienna, but the emperor and his courtly train were actually attracted from Schönbrunn to witness the novelty. The stage of this theatre is about twenty feet long and fifteen feet broad, and is furnished in the usual way with a variety of scenes, drop-curtain, and orchestra. The monkeys, about twenty or more in number, go through all the exercises of the regularly-trained soldiers, and handle their guns, present, and fire, with a dexterity that is truly wonderful. They perform all kinds of dances, both on the tight-rope and on the boards, and the tricks they exhibit are certainly astonishing. They have regularly pitched battles on foot, and sometimes are mounted on large dogs trained for the purpose. It frequently happens that, during an engagement, one of the monkeys wages war with his nearest neighbour, when both immediately dismount, lay down their guns, and have a regular battle on foot; their canine chargers waiting patiently the result of the fray. This scene causes the greatest mirth to the spectators, but the taking of a fortified castle by storm, which is generally the conclusion of the piece, is the most laughable of all. A fortress is seen on the stage, loosely constructed of wood, and in it are placed a great many stuffed monkeys, and a proper proportion of living ones, to protect the building from the attacks of the enemy. The conflict begins, and though the animals are guided in their movements by the directions and gestures of four or five prompters behind the scenes, not a word is heard by the audience, and all goes on like a pantomime. In short, so great is the amusement of the spectators, and so continued are the bursts of laughter, that, if the monkeys had the power of speech, a word could not be heard during the engagement. The conflict never ceases till the fortress is taken, and the whole building razed to the ground; the monkeys having the sagacity to spare their living foes, and only to throw out and otherwise maltreat the stuffed ones!

Although M. Atvenner has never realised, like Mr. Bisset, "nearly a thousand pounds in a few days," (the sum paid for all kinds of amusements in Vienna being very low,) he seems, if report is to be credited, to be making daily advances towards a comfortable independence. A few years ago he sent his son to

England, to purchase whatever he could find that was new and rare in the monkey tribe, and also to increase the collection of other animals.

It is stated in a recent publication, called the "Intellectual Guide to London," that the Duke of Northumberland is the most successful breeder of monkeys in England, and has warm ventilated rooms and every suitable accommodation for them at Sion House.

According to the account of M. Davauceille, the French naturalist, in a letter to Cuvier, the maternal affection displayed by this imitative tribe, in their native forests of Sumatra, "is so tender, and even refined, that we might be almost tempted to attribute the sentiment to a rational rather than to an instinctive process. The females carry their young to the river, wash their faces in spite of their outcries, wipe and dry them, and altogether bestow upon their cleanliness a time and attention that, in many cases, the children of our own species might envy." And the indelible and amiable Pœppig, with a feeling of humanity almost peculiar to the German character, was once so struck with the affection of a female monkey to her young, during his interesting journey in Chili and Peru, that he could never afterwards fire at a female. "As I wished to obtain," says Pœppig, "a young Coaita monkey to rear, I selected for my aim, in a herd of monkeys that were proceeding very slowly (in consequence of the denseness of the wood through which they passed,) a female that carried a young one closely pressed to her breast. For a long time I found it quite impossible to come at the wary animal, from whom all the others, fearing the danger, had fled. My first shot wounded her in the hind feet, and seemed to give her great uneasiness; the second was received in another part of the body, without causing death: but how exceedingly was I distressed when, through the long-continued smoke of the gunpowder, I was enabled to discern the poor animal on a waving branch, with her body rolled all over her young one, which must have been effected at the moment of my aim, as she had received the whole contents of my gun herself! The struggles of death soon came on, but, instead of following the practice of the males when they are fired at,—that is, suspending themselves by their long tails, and thus exposing their young to fall to the ground with the greatest violence, when death appears at hand,—the dying mother glided down from the tree with her young, laid it carefully on a stronger branch among some climbers, and then threw herself down at my feet, and expired! Since that moment I have never been able to aim at another female monkey!"

It is much to be lamented that, in training most animals, so great a degree of cruelty is necessary; but, on account of the extraordinary power of imitation in the monkey, (which, it is well known, has its generic name *Simia* from the Latin word *simulare*, to imitate,) less coercion is required to train them. So far, indeed, do these animals put the talent of imitation in practice, that it has even been taken advantage of as a humane method of capturing them. We are informed that, in India, men are set to wash their faces in pails of water, which being imitated by the monkeys in water containing a portion of dissolved glue, their eyes become closed, and they are instantly caught.

Pœppig mentions the extraordinary degree of tameness which the monkeys evince in Chili and Peru, after being but a very short time in captivity. "The art of training wild animals by the American Indians," says he, "is unequalled; and that practised in taming old monkeys is very original. They are first shot by arrows dipped in a weak poison, which only stupefies them, and is immediately sucked out by the natives: the animal is then buried up to the neck in the ground, and some salt put into its mouth,—which is found a very effective antidote. He no sooner begins to recover himself, than he is tightly bound up in broad pieces of cloth, like a child in swaddling-bands. He is kept lying in this state for a few days, and, whenever he shows any inclination to bite, he is supplied with a draught of salt and water. Those monkeys that are the most difficult to tame are hung up at stated times in the smoke of a fire, and afterwards get cooked victuals seasoned with capsaicums. This mode of treatment, however rough and savage it may appear, has never been found to fail in subduing the animals, and making them subservient to the will of man."

Many wonderful stories are told of monkeys, and we have some even of their great utility, but the most extraordinary of all is that related by M. de Grandpré, who states that he saw, on board a vessel, one of this imitative tribe called the Chimpanzee, which, in face, form, and organisation, approaches the nearest to man. It was intrusted with the care of heating the oven, and was even so

attentive as to see that no coals fell out; and it understood when the oven had attained the proper degree of heat for the bread, when it immediately gave the information to the baker, who, placing the greatest confidence in the animal, lost no time in obeying the summons. This useful creature even lent a helping hand in unfurling the sails, splicing ropes, &c., in company with the sailors.

We have also heard instances of their imitative powers amounting to an annoyance to man. Such as, in South America, when MM. Condamine and Bouquer were making scientific observations, the domesticated monkeys removed their signals, peeped through their telescopes, touched the pendulum of their astronomical instruments, and even took up their pens, and attempted to write!

Man, however, need not fear any diminution of his importance—any rivalry of his *human* powers—from the imitative faculties of all the monkeys combined. Scientific observation has scattered the attempts of certain philosophers and naturalists to degrade their own nature, or rather to elevate that of the *Simia*—for between man and the monkey there is "a great gulf fixed:" the man may indeed degrade himself into the beast, but the beast cannot rise into the man.

#### THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER TAMING YOUNG REPUBLICANS.

IN a new work by the witty American author, Dr. Bird, called the "Adventures of Robin Day," there is the following very humorous scene. An American school, in which the use of the birch had been abolished, had become a pest to the neighbourhood; the boys triumphed over the master, and perpetrated all sorts of mischief; and the trustees of the school, anxious to reclaim it, hired, as teacher or "president," a gigantic Irishman, to whom entire discretion was allowed as to his mode of reforming the young "dare-devils." He thus makes his "first appearance" on the scene of action:—

"We were assembled at the academy door, comparing accounts, when the new president was pointed out by one who had seen him before, crossing the street to a turnstile which led into the school-house green, through a fence full five feet high. We all pronounced him a giant, and some one said, he looked as if he could 'walk over the fence like nothing;' a declaration which, though made in jest, was justified by the event; for the gentleman, neglecting the stile, either because he did not see it, or scorned to pass by a mode so humble and common-place, suddenly leaped into the air and over the fence, without so much as laying his hands upon it; which, indeed, he could not do, both hands being occupied by two mysterious-looking bundles, the nature of which, at that distance, we could not make out. The facility with which he performed this wondrous feat, as if it were a matter of every day's occurrence, and the appearance he had in the air, so like a fiery dragon or a flying dromedary, struck a kind of terror into the youthful republicans, who looked upon one another with blank visages; and then, as Mr. M'Goggin drew nigh, slunk away silently into the school, and betook them to their seats.

"In a moment more, M'Goggin entered; and we then saw that the two bundles he carried were composed of goodly birchen twigs, there being at least a gross of them altogether; and this sight, it may be supposed, did not banish the chill of our first impressions. These odious emblems of rule, carried on his shoulders like the fasces of a Roman lictor, he bore to the master's desk, situated on a platform; which having ascended, he turned upon us the light of his countenance, and roared (for his voice was like the bellow of a bull) in tones that made the glasses rattle, and I might almost add, some of our bones into the bargain,—'Good morrow till ye, ye spalpeens! I'm your masher and t'acher,—Get up and make me a bow, to show your good manners.'

"Now, whether it was that there was electricity in his tones, or that we were all willing to prove we were well-bred young gentlemen, it is very certain that every soul in school at these words bounced up, and fell to scraping and ducking with the utmost civility; which being done, the invader, dropping down upon his chair, roared out again, before we could follow his example and resume our seats, which we were about to do,—'Stand at aise!—as ye are, ye rappersces, till I lay down the law till ye!'

"In this, also, he was obeyed; though I cannot say any of us actually stood at our ease, but, on the contrary, we remained casting wild and anxious glances one upon another, as if doubting whether we had not of a sudden got some dangerous nondescript animal, instead of a new preceptor, among us. But the gentleman gave us no time for pondering. 'Now, ye blackguards!' he cried, 'listen to my spache, and remimber it every letter; and him that doesn't, belave me, I'll have the skin of him.' 'D'ye hear, ye vage-bones! Now, thin, I'm tould ye're an iligant set of divil's imps, one an' all, that knows nayther manners, nor obadience, nor dacency of behaviour; but arrah, ye divils, look me in the face, till I tell ye what I am of *meself*, that is the masher over ye!'

"Every eye was at once obediently turned upon the gentleman, who, with furious voice and hideous contortions of countenance, like a bull-dog taking physick, continued:—

"'Be the powers I'm nothing at all at all, only jist the gentleman that will bate the wickedness out of ye! D'ye hear that, ye rapsallions?'

"And with that, Mr. M'Goggin, whose ire seemed to rise at the sound of his own voice, jumped up again; and flourishing his birches, a whole bundle at a time, again burst forth; 'D'ye want to be licked, ye divils? I'm tould ye're grand fighting ganiuses. But d'ye want it? Does any of ye want it? If so, spake; spake up like big little fellows, any of ye; for, be my sowl, I'm itehing to begin wid ye!'

"This harangue, or rather defiance, for it was nothing less, the horrid fellow concluded by marching round the room, and prying into every countenance, as if for the purpose of finding some one disposed to try conclusions with him; and it is wonderful with what pacific modesty every eye was cast to the floor, the moment Mr. M'Goggin stood before its possessor. Even General Dickie Dare, who, we thought, could face old Nick himself, was observed to become so studious and intent upon a sum that he was working upon his slate as the Gorgon passed, as to be quite unable to lift his eyes up to it. In short, we were all very peaceably inclined that morning, and stood the challenge with patience,—because, as we agreed, as soon as we got out of school, Mr. M'Goggin was a stranger, and it was not worth while to quarrel with him at the first introduction. Besides, as we also concluded, it would be just as well to wait awhile, to know what sort of a person he was.

"In this particular, Mr. M'Goggin did all he could to gratify us, by laying open his characteristics as fast as possible. I should rather say, his characteristic, for he had but one; and that was a raging desire to get an opportunity to trounce some of us. He sat upon the watch all day long, birch in hand, threatening, fifty times an hour, if a boy did but look up, or scratch his head, or drop a book, or stir on his seat, or do, in fact, anything at all, to 'bate' him, if he did that again; and as we were all too intent upon the study of his characteristics, as above, to think of giving him such an opportunity of quarrelling with us, it so happened that, for five whole days, to the infinite astonishment of the whole town, we were the best-behaved boys that were ever seen in a school-room."

#### FEMALES OF NEW ZEALAND.

Many of the females of the superior class would grace a page in the "Book of Beauty." Of course, these are "Nature's ladies;" and, despite of the abominable education, and the displeasing scenes with which they are impressed from their tenderest years, yet, even in these wilds, we find a refinement solely appertaining to the sex, as simple as New Zealand society can admit of, in the absence, it must be admitted, of anything like decent training; and it is remarked by those Europeans who have intermarried with the females of the land, through the medium of the forms of the church, how agreeably surprised they have been at the quick perception exhibited by their native wives, who have doffed the customs of their ancestors with the same ease as they had cast away their native garments, and had conformed to the habits and manners of the respectable English families in their vicinity, whose conduct the native women admire, and at a humble distance follow—studying cleanliness and neatness in dress, after the English style, and rendering their persons pleasing in the eyes of their husbands. The females who reside far south possess not the delicacy that may often be observed in those who live in the north island. The voices of all are feminine, and, like the sex in every part of the globe, they are distinguished from the men by a greater flow of animal spirits, cheerfulness of temper, enduring fortitude and privations that often totally prostrate the stronger sex in physical conformation.—*Polack's New Zealand.*

#### LAND AND CAPITAL.

IN a report on the state of the peasantry in the county of Kent, published in the third volume of the Central Society of Education, the author, F. Liardet, Esq., records the following colloquy. We do not wish to be squeamish in the use of certain common terms, and Mr. Liardet, throughout his report, evinces his extreme desire, not only to elevate the moral and intellectual character of the "lower orders," but to respect their feelings: still, he might have avoided applying the term "fellow," to his respondent, who, by Mr. Liardet's own showing, evinced, for his station and opportunities, thoughtfulness and *candour*. He may, indeed, have yielded in debate, as much from respect to the "gentleman," who talked with him, as from conviction: but the debate is calculated to raise our respect for the man, and to make us wish that his physical, as well as his intellectual condition, were bettered.

"Talking one day with some men in the ville of Dunkirk, I observed, it was a pity there were no gentry in the neighbourhood. 'Well,' said one fellow, 'for my part, I see no good they are to us; all they do is to make hard laws to grind us down. There was my poor brother clapt into prison, and his wife and family left to starve, all because he had killed a few hares.'—'Well,' said I, 'what right had he to kill other persons' hares?'—'Other persons', indeed! why weren't they as much his as another's?'—'Because he had no property in the land which fed them.'—'Ay, that's just it, but he ought to have had though.'—'How! do you mean to say everybody ought to have land?'—'Yes, to be sure I do; look here now, didn't God give the land to *all*?'—'Well, what of that?'—'Why, then a few can't have no right to the whole of it.'—'But I say they may.'—'Then how do you make out that?'—'Suppose every man had had his share, I suppose you'll allow he had a right to do what he liked with it?'—'Why, yes; I can't say no to that.'—'Well, then, suppose one man wishes to sell his share, and another wishes to buy it, they would have a right to do so.'—'Why, yes; no doubt of that.'—'Well, suppose, after that, the buyer saves up more money, and sets up a shop, and clears a good deal, and other men see what he is doing and want to do the same, but they have no money, and they offer their land to him and he buys it; has he not a right to do so?'—'Yes, to be sure, if he gives them the money for it.'—'Well, then, you see here is a man who has got a good deal of land, and others lost theirs, and you own it's all right?'—'Ay, ay, that's all well enough; but our squires didn't get all their land in that way.'—'Perhaps not, but then those they got it from did.'—'But if a man makes money and buys land, hasn't he a right to leave it to his children or to anybody else he chooses?'—'Why, I can't say but what he has.'—'So, my friend, you see one man may have half a county, and another not half an acre, and yet the last has no fair right to complain.'—'Why, sir, to be sure you do make it out somehow, there's no denying that; but then it's a hard case, one man's good should be another man's harm.'—'But it is not: suppose a rich man were to come and build a cotton-mill in your neighbourhood, and your children could earn 10s. a-week each in it, you wouldn't think there was much harm in that?'—'Harr! no, indeed; it would be the best thing ever happened to us; for you see, sir, we are often puzzled to get work here.'—'Well, but how much would it take to build such a mill, and fit it up with machinery?'—'Why, I can't tell; but I suppose a good deal.'—'Then I can tell you a very moderate-sized one would cost 20,000*l.*'—'Indeed! that's a main sum!'—'Do you think the poor people in any place could ever club such a sum together?'—'Never, sir,—not if they lived to the age of Adam, and tasted nothing stronger than water.'—'So, then, if the rich man didn't come and build the mill, the poor people never could do it.'—'No, that's certain.'—'Then you see the wealth of the rich man in this case is a real advantage to the poor?'—'To be sure it is, sir; and I was quite a fool like not to see it before.'—'But did you never read of such things?'—'No, never, sir.'—'Did you ever see the Penny Magazine?'—'No, can't say as I ever did.'—'But you read the newspaper?'—'No, I can't say as I can undertake for that; but I read a little in the Testament.'—'But you talk of these things with your neighbours?'—'No, sir, not much of that; you see, sir, though some of us are 'cute enough in some things, we aren't quite up to what you have been talking of, and there an't no one here as can talk of these things to us.'"



## ANIMAL LIFE.

No man, by simply willing it, can stop the circulation of the blood, or even retard or accelerate its motion: the most vigorous exertion of the strongest will fails to affect in the least degree the action of secreting organs. The wisdom of the arrangement which thus removes the vegetative functions from the immediate control of the will, is too obvious to require elucidation. The single fact that the cessation of those functions, for the shortest space of time, would inevitably extinguish life, coupled with the circumstance that, during a considerable portion of his existence, man loses the power of exerting the will, (that is, while asleep,) is sufficient to show that the independence of the organic life is an indispensable condition of animal existence.

It is not less evident, however, that unless animals were provided with instruments ready at all times to carry into effect the mandates of the will, their life would be of very limited duration. Daily exposed to rude contact with the elements of nature and with inorganic matter, or to the superior prowess of other animals, they must soon be destroyed, but for some means of avoiding or defending themselves from these various dangers. Constructed so as to derive existence from the conversion of foreign bodies into their own substance, the power of searching for and securing food is equally essential to the preservation of their being. To enable animals to accomplish these purposes, they are furnished with organs admirably adapted to their several circumstances, and the ready agents of the will, the exertion of which is necessary to their action when in a healthy state. These are the organs of *spontaneous motion*.

Will implies  *motive*. Every exertion of will is the result of antecedent states of consciousness, constituting motives. The motives with which we, treating of health, have to do, are of two kinds—desire of pleasurable sensation, aversion to painful sensation. *Sensation* is the effect of our relations to the external world; some of those relations producing pleasurable sensations, others producing painful sensations. It is manifest, therefore, that before the state of mind called will can exist, we must have some acquaintance with our relations towards other bodies, and with their probable consequences, good or evil. The instruments by means of which this knowledge is acquired, and those which bring the organs of voluntary motion under the influence of the will, constitute the chief part of the *nervous system*, the material organization which displays the highest attributes of life. The organs of sense are the channels through which animals are made acquainted with their situation relatively to other existences; each sense taking cognizance of a distinct class of phenomena, and all the senses collectively enabling the individual, by means of their action on other parts of the nervous system, to obtain whatever information is necessary to its physical well-being. The nervous system, therefore, comprises the organs of sensation and volition, which, with the organs of voluntary motion, compose the organism of animal life.

• In the higher classes of animals, the basis of the bodily structure is *bone*. Bone is a complex organised substance, composed of an earthy and an animal matter, combined in various proportions; the former being the constituent to which the *hardness* of bone is attributable, the latter the seat of whatever elasticity and life it is endowed with. From its first formation until the extinction of its vitality, the relative proportion of these ingredients is constantly changing, the proportion of earthy matter ever increasing. Hence the pliability of the limbs in infancy, and their rigidity and brittleness in old age. Bone possesses blood-vessels, absorbents, and nerves, but not so abundantly as the other tissues.

Bone is formed into a great number of distinct organs, possessing every variety of size and figure; all its modifications having relation to the uses which they serve in the animal economy. The chief uses of bone are to support the soft tissues superimposed upon them,—to form strong cases for containing and protecting the more important organs, such as the lungs, heart, brain, &c.—

and to furnish fixed points for the action of the voluntary muscles, and thereby to aid in the production of motion. The osseous system, taken collectively, is called the *skeleton*, which in man consists of about 260 bones. It is the *skeleton* which determines the general outline and figure of the animal, and is the framework of the whole structure.

Bones are connected with one another by *articulations* or *joints*. Joints are of two kinds, movable and immovable: the joints of the arm and shoulder are examples of the former, the union of the bones of the skull, of the other. The parts which compose a movable joint are the extremities of the bones, which present corresponding processes (prominences) and depressions, fitting into one another more or less closely, and the substances which connect the bones and regulate their motions. The substances are *cartilage* and *ligaments*. Cartilage is a peculiar tissue, partaking of the qualities of membrane and bone; it covers the articulating surfaces, and, by its smoothness and great elasticity, facilitates the movements of the joints, and tends to prevent the concussion that would be occasioned by the employment of a hard unyielding substance like bone, in parts where so much motion takes place as in joints. Ligaments are strong, flexible, membranous bands, the use of which is to attach the bones to one another, to keep them in their proper positions, and to control their movements. By an infinite diversity in the application of this apparatus, all these purposes are accomplished in widely different situations, and no part of the animal structure exhibits a more perfect adaptation of means to ends than the mechanism of the joints.

Superimposed upon the bones are the *voluntary muscles*, the prime agents of spontaneous motion. Muscles are divided into two classes, involuntary and voluntary; the circumstance indicated by their appellations being their chief point of difference. The functions of the involuntary muscles, such as the heart and the muscular coats of the stomach and intestines, have been already explained, and our present observations are to be understood as referring only to the voluntary muscles, although some of them apply to the other class also. Contractility, for example, is the specific property of all muscular tissue. It may here be mentioned that the action of some external agent is essential to the production of muscular contraction. Such agents are called *stimulants*. The principal distinction between the two kinds of muscles lies in the different stimuli by which they are excited to action: the proper stimulus of the heart is the blood; each of the involuntary muscles has its appropriate stimulus; whereas the will is the stimulus of all the voluntary muscles, or, at least, is the ultimate cause of their contraction.

Muscles consist of an aggregation of exceedingly minute *filaments*, the diameter of which is said not to exceed the 7000th part of an inch. Of these filaments a greater or less number are bound up in a sheath of membrane, constituting a *fibre*. Fibres are united in the same manner, forming a *fasciculus* (bundle). A muscle is composed of fasciculi enveloped in a strong membranous covering. Every muscular filament is supplied with capillaries and nervous branches, by which it is nourished and brought under the influence of the will. The deep-red colour of muscles arises from the large quantity of blood sent to them; when deprived of that, they are nearly colourless.

The distinguishing property of muscular tissue is *contractility*,—that is, the power of diminishing its whole length; a power of which the chief functions of muscles are manifestations. The fibres of most muscles converge and terminate in firm and dense membranes, called *tendons*, by which they are attached to the bones. The direction in which a muscle operates depends on the arrangement of its fibres.

Of the functions of the muscles, those which move the fore-arm towards the shoulder afford a simple illustration. One of these muscles is attached by two tendons to the blade-bone, and at its other extremity is inserted into the upper part of one of the bones of the fore-arm. The second muscle takes its origin from the middle of the arm-bone, and is attached to the other bone of the fore-arm. It is evident that when these muscles contract (that is, shorten), the fore-arm and hand must be brought nearer to the shoulder, their proximity to which depends upon the degree of the contraction. In such cases bones may be regarded as levers, and muscles as the power applied to them.

The voluntary muscles are, of all the organs of the body, the

most completely and directly under the control of the will. Yet they may be in a state of perfect soundness, and nevertheless wholly removed from its influence. Cases are on record of persons retaining all their mental faculties, and yet being incapable, by the strongest effort, of moving a single muscle. Such cases are rare, but partial loss of the control of the limbs is frequent, as in paralysis. It is clear, then, that something more is needed for the production of motion than bones and muscles. This leads us to the next subject of consideration, *the nervous system*.

No branch of physiology is in so incomplete and unsettled a state as that which relates to the nervous system, the functions of many of its parts being still subjects of dispute, although the chief of them have been ascertained with considerable certainty. We shall merely give a general description of its anatomy, and state the opinions of the most recent and able inquirers as to its principal functions.

The nervous system is composed of four parts—the *brain*,\* *spinal cord*, *nerves*, and *ganglia*; all of which are composed of a peculiar species of matter, essentially identical in its physical properties throughout.

The brain is a body of a pulpy consistence and extremely irregular figure, occupying the cavity of the cranium, by which it is protected from external injury. It is invested in several membranes, which, among other uses, serve to separate the various portions into which it is divided, to contain and support its nutrient arteries, and thus to prevent the blood from entering the cerebral substance with too much force, affording extended surfaces on which the arteries subdivide and ramify. The chief divisions of the brain are into the *cerebrum*, or brain proper, and *cerebellum*, or little brain; each of which is divided into two equal parts, called *hemispheres*. In the adult human being, the average size of the brain is about one twenty-eighth (other authorities say one thirty-fifth) of that of the body; and it is very abundantly supplied with blood, some estimates making the quantity sent to it equal to one-fifth of the whole volume of blood, others to one-tenth. The contrivances by which this prodigious quantity of blood is prevented from injuring the delicate structure of the brain are among the most admirable provisions in the animal economy.

The spinal cord is connected with the base of the brain, and passes out of the cranium into the vertebral canal, extending the whole length of the trunk. It is provided with membranes similar to those which clothe the brain, and is imperfectly divided by a longitudinal furrow into two parts, corresponding to the hemispheres of that organ.

The nerves are slender cords which proceed from the brain and spinal cord, and subdivide into innumerable branches, pervading every part of the body, being especially numerous in the voluntary muscles. The distribution of the nerves resembles, and is co-extensive with, that of the arteries, while their structure differs but slightly from that of muscular fibres. They consist of aggregated filaments united by a membranous sheath, each filament being contained in a distinct covering of the same kind, on which its arteries are spread. Anatomists usually reckon nine pair of cerebral, and thirty of spinal nerves.

Ganglia are irregularly shaped masses of nervous matter, situated principally in the abdomen, along the course of the nerves, generally where two or three unite. They are more copiously supplied with blood-vessels than the nerves, and are invested in dense membrane. Ganglia belong chiefly to the vegetative system, and their functions are involved in great obscurity.

All the parts of the nervous system are intimately connected with and exercise great mutual influence upon one another; a circumstance on which one of its chief uses depends.

Before we proceed to the consideration of the functions of the nervous system, we must remind our readers that it consists of two parts—the organic, which has already been sufficiently noticed, and the (so-called) sentient, to which alone the following statements apply.

The brain is the seat of *sensation*. Thither are conveyed by the sentient nerves the innumerable impressions made upon their extremities, and there they become sensations, by means of which the animal is made acquainted with its external relations, as well as with the condition of its own body. That such is the function of the brain may be inferred from the facts, that all the nerves, either directly or through the intervention of the spinal cord, con-

verge in it as in a common centre; that impressions made upon an organ are not followed by sensation, if the nervous communication between it and the brain is interrupted; and that, on the other hand, after the loss of an organ, sensations are not unfrequently experienced, like those to which the lost member had usually given rise.\*

The brain is also the organ of *volition*: that is, it is the organ by which the will acts upon the body. The evidence in support of this proposition is conclusive. The *mode* in which the brain performs this function, the *mode* in which volition causes the muscles to contract and the limbs to move, is still, notwithstanding the persevering inquiries of a long line of distinguished physiologists, as much a mystery now as it was before those inquiries were commenced; but that the power of the will is exerted through the brain and nerves, is certain. Is the brain in a state of inactivity, as, in sleep?—the limbs are motionless. Is the communication between it and the muscles cut off?—the same result immediately follows; the muscles no longer obey the stimulus of the will. By injuries of the spine, which interrupt this communication, all control over the organs whose nerves proceed from the spinal cord below the fracture is lost, and men thus unfortunate have sometimes lived for years wholly deprived of the power of locomotion.

Since the brain is the material organisation by means of which mind is brought into relation with matter, and which, in fact, manifests all mental phenomena, it is not surprising that the state of the mind should affect the functions of the brain in reference to the body. That it does so, no one need be told; the influence of mental emotion on the animal economy is universally a matter of individual experience; but the reaction of the body on the mind, not less important or powerful, is little thought of.

The functions of the spinal cord are not ascertained with certainty. It is the centre from which almost all the nerves that supply the voluntary muscles are derived, and it appears probable that it is merely the medium of communication between them and the brain.

The office of the nerves has already been incidentally mentioned. It is twofold—to convey impressions to, and nervous power, causing muscular contraction, from the brain. It has been recently ascertained that nerves which perform both these functions are composed of two parts, each performing one of them. Until the nerve reaches the spinal column, the filaments belonging to these two parts are undistinguishable; but there they separate—those appropriated to the conveyance of impressions (the *sentient* nerve, properly so called) going to the *posterior* part of the spinal cord; while those which communicate the stimulus of volition to the muscles (the  *motive* nerve, which is destitute of sensibility, or, in other words, does not transmit impressions) are attached to the *anterior* part.†

There is one class of nerves which deserves particular notice—those which are the principal constituents of the *organs of sense*. An organ of sense is composed of organised substance and nervous matter. The conformation of the former is such as to adapt it to receive and modify certain classes of impressions produced by external bodies, while the disposition of the nervous matter is such as to fit it to receive and convey to the brain. Each of the organs of sense is capable of being acted upon by only one of these classes, the number of which is generally limited to five:—those which are occasioned by *light*, by the *undulations of the air*, by the *effluvia of odorous and sapid substances*, and by the actual *contact of bodies*. The names of the corresponding senses are, sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch.

The *sentient nervous system*, which we have been describing, exerts a great, though indirect, influence upon the organic nervous system, (for bringing it into connexion with which there is a special provision,) and is reacted upon by it.

Since, then, all the organs of the body, as well those which subservise the vegetative as those which are the instruments of the animal life, are connected together by the nervous system, it is evident that the closest sympathy must exist between all parts of the frame, enabling them to act in concert, to render mutual assistance in the performance of their functions, and rendering them all servants of the mind, each conveying its tribute, gathered from every department of the external world, to the seat of the soul, furnishing the materials of knowledge, and thus developing the faculties, calling into exercise the feelings, and satisfying the wants of our intellectual being. Thus also are the functions of

\* The word brain, here and throughout this article, is used in its widest sense, signifying the entire mass of cerebral matter. Much attention has been devoted to the inquiry as to the functions of the various parts of the brain, but it would be foreign to our purpose to enter upon that subject.

\* Huxley's *Physiology*, third edition, page 151.

† For the discovery of this important and interesting fact we are indebted to Sir Charles Bell.

the material frame made to minister to the pleasure and happiness of the immaterial soul, filling it with perceptions of majesty and beauty, and leading it to the contemplation of supreme wisdom and beneficence.

It appears, then, that all the functions of animal life are resolvable into sensation and contraction, standing in the relation of mutual cause and effect. In the present state of our knowledge these phenomena must be regarded as *ultimate* facts, for of neither of them has any satisfactory analysis been yet given.

We have thus completed a general survey of the framework of human existence, and of the physical phenomena which that existence presents. We have seen that the operations which take place in the human body are of two kinds—those which are common to man with the lowest forms of organised being, which serve merely to maintain the integrity of the fabric, and which, when in a healthy state, convey no distinct or vivid impressions to the mind, entering only indirectly into the composition of thought and feeling. The other class of operations, to the carrying on of which the former are subservient, are those in which life as connected with organisation in the highest sense, consists, and which act a most important part in the production of mental phenomena. But though superior to the organic functions, it is evident that, being founded upon them, the animal life must be materially affected by the manner in which they are performed.

#### CATCHING PIGEONS AND RABBITS.

When a field is sown with peas, it is resorted to by flocks of pigeons, to pick up the seeds which are left uncovered on the surface; and even when the seedlings are just rising out of the ground, these birds will move away the earth from the young stem, to get at the buried seed. This is at once both injurious and displeasing to the farmer, and who, if unqualified to carry a gun, or fearing to trust his boys with one, has recourse to other means to scare away or destroy the robbers. One of his schemes is as follows: Little cups of foolscap paper are made, about the size and shape of small candle-extinguishers, the bottom being tightly twisted, so as not to unroll easily, the upper open end being cut off square. When these paper traps are set, a small pointed dibble is used to make holes in the earth, just big enough to admit the paper cups. In each cup a single pea is dropped, and the inner margin of the top of the cup is anointed with thin birdlime. When the pigeons alight near these traps, they soon spy the pea in the bottom of the cups, and, thrusting in their bill to seize it, the birdlime and cup adhere to the feathers of the head above the eyes, and the poor bird, on raising its head, is completely blinded, and in the utmost alarm, flies directly up in the air to a great height, continuing to rise till, strength failing, they drop to the ground.

This kind of sport is often followed, under pretence of taking wood pigeons, but many tame ones are bagged at the same time. Rooks may also be caught by the same kind of traps, if baited with white grubs or morsels of raw meat.

Another ingenious means to which poachers have recourse, to capture rabbits in a *quiet way*, is performed as follows: Soon as the night sets in, the poacher slips into a warren, with neither ferret, dog, or gun. Instead of these assistants, he only provides himself with an ordinary-sized cork-bung, and a coil of pretty stout brass or iron wire. The bung is fixed securely to one end of the wire, and when a burrow is found which is likely to contain the game, the bung is introduced, and gently pushed forward, the wire being straightened as it comes off the coil. Soon as the bung is pushed in a little way, the left hand is introduced within the mouth of the burrow, and the mouth is closely stopped with pieces of turf round the arm above the wrist. The right hand is then applied to the wire to push the bung farther into the burrow, driving the game to the farther end. When the rabbit or rabbits can retreat no farther, and the bung is still pressed towards them, they leap over it, and leave it behind. Soon as this is perceived by the operator, which is known by listening to the bustle within, he begins to withdraw the bung gradually, bringing his game outwards until their legs are felt in the open hand of the poacher, who grasps and drags his prisoners forth.

By these means a poacher can soon fill his bag, without labour and without noise, where rabbits are plentiful; and as these animals are always, in unenclosed warrens, fond of extending the boundaries allowed them, the plan is a good one to catch the owners of new settlements, where their presence would be objectionable.

#### OSTRICHES.

According to native testimony, the male ostrich sits on the nest (which is merely a hollow space scooped out in the sand) during the night, the better to defend the eggs from jackals and other nocturnal plunderers: towards morning he *boomels*, or utters a grumbling sound, for the female to come and take his place; she sits on the eggs during the cool of the morning and evening. In the middle of the day, the pair, leaving the eggs in charge of the sun, and "forgetting that the foot may crush them, or the wild beast break them," employ themselves in feeding off the tops of bushes in the plain near their nest. Looking aloft at this time of day, a white Egyptian vulture may be seen soaring in mid air, with a large stone between his talons. Having carefully surveyed the ground below him, he suddenly lets fall the stone, and then follows it in rapid descent. Let the hunter run to the spot, and he will find a nest of probably a score of eggs (each equal in size to twenty-four hen's eggs), some of them broken by the vulture. The jackal is said to roll the eggs together to break them, whilst the hyena pushes them off with his nose, to bury them at a distance.—*Alexander's Expedition of Discovery.*

#### RECREATION.

He that spends his time in sports, and calls it recreation, is like him whose garment is all made of fringes, and his meat nothing but sauces: they are healthless, chargeable, and useless.—*Jer. Taylor.*

#### NO POVERTY IN AMERICA.

Throughout the prodigious expanse of that country, I saw no poor men except a few intemperate ones. I saw some very poor women; but God and man know that the time has not come for women to make their injuries even heard of. I saw no beggars but two professional ones, who are making their fortunes in the streets of Washington. I saw no table spread, in the lowest order of houses, that had not meat and bread on it. Every factory child carries its umbrella, and pig-drivers wear spectacles.—*Miss Montague's Society in America.*

#### THE CURE OF FOLLY.

Those who attempt to reason us out of our follies, begin at the wrong end, since the attempt naturally presupposes us capable of reason; but to be made capable of this is one great point of the cure.—*Gobsmith's Essays.*

#### COURTSHIP BY A SAILOR.

The Creole was as nice a craft as ever ye clapt eyes on, Mr. Lawrence. She was indeed, sir. She used to lumboat the ship. She took a fancy to me, 'cause I used to hand her traps in and out of the boat, and listen to her coloured talk atwixt the guns on the main-deck. It com'd on very suddenly, sir. The thing war clenched in a crack. "Take care of yourself, for sake of Sal," says she, one evenin', as I sees her in the boat as takes her ashore. "Take care, Poll," [Paul,] says she, (for she always calls me Poll,) giving me a squeeze of the fist as told more than she meant her tongue to tell. Well, sir, the next morning she brings me a bran-new length of black ribbon to tie my tie, shovin' into my fist, at the same time, as nice a case of comb as ever run through the hair of man. "Keep dat," says she, "for sake of Sal. Make you think of Sal whenever ye comb yer hair. Ah!" says she, leaving a deep sigh, "I do nothin' but think of you, Poll, all de blessed night." "And," says I, "Sal, I does nothin' but think of you all the blessed morn." "You say so, Poll! Den both tink o' 't'her." "So it seems, Sal," says I. "Well, 'spose, Poll, we tink both all the same as one." "I've no objection, Sal," says I, "though we make two of the thing; so, if you thinks as I does, we'll clinch the concern." "Nice man I' says she, running her fingers through these hanks o' hair. There's nothin' else for it left but to shove the ring on her finger.—*Land-Sharks and Sea-Gulls.*

#### A YANKEE HORSE.

He never tried to do anything, and couldn't. As for going, he can do that, and begin agin when the others leave off. No one going the same way on a 'pike ever saw anything but the crittur's tail when he was ahead, and didn't choose to be overtaken. He'll go at any pace under a steam-engine at full speed, and will overtake a first-rate steamer, if it stops to take in water. He's the cheapest crittur, too, as ever I seen; for he'll go by a toll-bar on a 'pike before the man can look out to see if anything is coming.

*Bentley's Miscellany.*

#### THE RETORT PROFITABLE.

One day last week, as a gentleman was passing along the High-street, he saw a school-boy, "with satchel on his back," looking wistfully upon the delicacies in a pastrycook's window. "What, my lad," said the gentleman, "I suppose you are in the *optature* mood." "Yes, sir," rejoined the youth, "and I hope you are in the *dattee* case." The boy got a shilling for his quip-kness.

*Worcester Journal.*

#### AIM HIGH.

A high standard—an elevated aim—this is the safeguard of character, and the main-spring of excellence. This makes the skilful mechanic, the enterprising merchant, the useful citizen, the learned jurist, the eloquent orator, the wise statesman.—*Dr. Hawes.*

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## CEMETERIES.

Nor many years ago, all London, living and dead, was packed in very small compass. The merchant lived near his place of business; the shopkeeper over his shop; the mechanic slept not far from his scene of daily labour; and the dead, huddled together in the churchyards, might be said to sleep in the city, too, though certainly their bones were not allowed to repose. It was only the fine people of the west-end who were in the habit of going out of town; and these, regarding the busy folks of the east-end as nobodies, were, in turn, looked upon but as distant neighbours. But now we are fast changing all that. The worthy corksneers were shocked by the information, that the bones of their ancestors were regularly exhumed, ground to powder, and strewed over the fields of the north: but the first movement was not to provide ampler accommodation for their dead, but to carry off the living from the smoke and the exhalations. Cabriolets and omnibuses appeared in our streets; small merchants followed the leviathans; little clerks ran after larger ones—and even the very mechanics, doomed, they said, to spend their days in London, began to stretch themselves, and to walk out of town. No wonder, therefore, that, if the living were thus rushing out of the heart of the metropolis, the dead should begin to follow; and that, along with suburban villages, terraces, places, and rows, we should have, north, west, and south, capacious inclosures known by the general name of CEMETERIES.

We have borrowed the idea of cemeteries (cemetery is from the Greek, signifying a place of rest or sleep,) as we borrowed the idea of bazaars, from the East; and, however pleasant both bazaars and cemeteries may be, they are certainly better adapted to the climate and character of their native soil, than to our cloudy atmosphere. This remark applies more particularly to cemeteries, whose trees, and flowers, and ornaments, seem to require a fine and steady sky to complete their natural effect. All travellers speak, for instance, of the cemeteries of Constantinople, with their cypress trees and beautiful marble tombs; an extensive one at Scutari, on the Asiatic shore, directly opposite to the city of Constantinople, is immense, and its cypress trees are so large and numerous, that they form a magnificent wood, giving an impressive and mournful character to the scene. Here women are frequently observed weeping near their husbands' or their childrens' tombs,—Friday, the Mohammedan Sunday, being especially devoted to this purpose; and here, also, many of the more zealous Mussulmans wish to be interred, "because," says Marshal Marmont, "tradition has led this people to believe that their nation will, at some future time, retire from Europe, and they do not choose that their ashes should cease to be under their Prophet's rule; never dreaming that, if a Christian prince should again reign in Constantinople, his authority would not be limited to Europe, but extend across the channel to Asia."

But though we have borrowed the cemetery from the East, we have only done so at second-hand—Père-la-Chaise being our more immediate model. The name it bears is that of a man not

unknown to history, the confessor of Louis XIV.; the ground now covered by the cemetery having once belonged to the Jesuits, over whom he was superior, who had here their central establishment in France. The cemetery of Père-la-Chaise lies immediately outside the Barrière des Amandiers, and here we may remark, that these Parisian barriers give a definite idea of when one is really out of town, whereas in London we are apt to think that the town will follow us for ever. The hill, on the slope of which the cemetery lies, rises to a considerable height; and from the top of it the city is seen to considerable advantage. But, though far from being disposed to depreciate, we cannot say that we surveyed Père-la-Chaise with unmixed approbation, as a suitable place of repose for the dead. Its walks, shaded by trees, and rising up the side of a steep hill; the fine views from the top, Paris lying below your feet; the tombs in the shape of temples, sepulchral chapels, funeral vaults, pyramids, and obelisks; the numerous monuments of illustrious men and women, which meet you at every second step; all these might conspire to draw out admiration and reflection, and dispose you to pronounce Père-la-Chaise to be the finest cemetery in the world. In one respect it is entitled to praise—it is not a Westminster Abbey, which compels the unapplied coffers of the living to be unlocked, in order to procure admission for the dead—there is no exclusion here.

Here sleeps Cuvier, one of the mightiest of nature's "questioners," and his lovely daughter, one of those rare individuals among French ladies who united beauty and accomplishments to modesty, and piety to mental ability. There lies the sarcastic, the witty Molière;—here Ney, the brave hero of a despotic military era, who preferred attachment to his chief to the solemn sanctions of an oath;—St. Pierre, the author, and Madame Cottin, the authoress, of works which have attained a universal celebrity, and are embalmed, like "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress," in the recollections of reading youth;—La Fontaine, Volney, La Place, Mæsen, Davoust, Caulincourt, Lauriston, Foy, Labedoyere, Denon, Fouché, &c. &c. And why forget, too, the tomb of Abelard and Heloise? But to our mind all availed nothing, because of the vulgar finery and trickery with which Death in this great inclosure was loaded. We turned away from the meretricious sentimentalism, the extravagant adulation, insulting the dead and affronting the living, with which many of the tombs were covered; and peeping through the windows of the little chapels crested over graves, and beholding all the idle frippery—candles, and cups, and offerings—we exclaimed, "Why has the hand of man deteriorated all the advantages of this fine burying-place? It might have been sacred to solemn meditation, and communion with the world of spirits; but man, restless, volatile man, steps in, and leaving marks of his littleness, his vanity, his conceit, his puerilities, disturbs all the higher associations which are gathering in the mind."

To those, however, who do not choose to take the matter so seriously as we did—who are not so easily upset by inscriptions bearing *untruth* in their very expression—Père-la-Chaise is full of interest. Amongst the many memorials, not a few may be found

which combine taste, tenderness, and truth, - and others may amuse, if amusement is sought. And what an immense variety of memorials of the dead are here!—from the humble grave, scarcely marked out by a withered garland, which some solitary and impoverished friend may have placed there, to the sepulchral altars, gaudily decked out. They say that Père-la-Chaise is a pleasant place—that here death is not so ghastly, nor his memorials so forbidding—that you can wander under the shade of the trees, and muse and meditate enough—and the flowers which are springing up under your feet may lift your thoughts to a world of peace. It is true; yet we did not enjoy Père-la-Chaise—it appeared to us to present too many materials for a satire upon the credulity, the vanity, the folly of the human heart.

It is said that a people's mode of disposing of their dead is a true index to that people's character. Abraham asked for a cave to "bury his dead out of his sight." The Egyptians—those strange worshippers of bestial gods, excavators in rocks and pillars of pyramids, builders of temples and tombs which were seemingly intended to outlast time and tempest—called the receptacles of their swathed and embalmed bodies "eternal habitations." What connexion had this with a belief in the eternity of the world? The Turks at this day call their burying-grounds "cities of silence." How expressively significant of that phlegmatic and taciturn people! An Irish funeral (we speak not of those disgusting exhibitions which are seen staggering through Dublin, but of a country funeral,) is a type of Irish character. What a strange combination of poetry and profanity, of feeling and recklessness, of sentiment and drunken profligacy! A Scotch funeral (like the general Scotch character) is quiet, decent, carefully performed, and even impressive, from the sober uniformity with which all attending it are clothed in black; but, like the Scotch character, it lacks a something—it is deficient in that warmth which dissolves the feelings into a tearful remembrance and a holy animated hope. In London, from the multitude of people, funerals are got over with a business-like alacrity: your neighbour may die next door, and be carried to his long home, without your knowing anything of the matter. The only thing that may strike the stranger's eye in the streets of our metropolis, connected with a funeral, is, either the showy, expensive mumery of mutes, nodding plumes, and hearse, with a flock of tearless attendants; or, amongst the humbler classes, the return of the female relations from the churchyard, in a slow procession, headed by the undertaker: they are wrapped in heavy ungraceful scarfs and hoods, which give them a repulsive appearance. As for the male attendants, they are doubtless all off to their different businesses—the claims of the living in London allow of little time to be wasted on the dead.

It is but recently that we have begun to naturalise Père-la-Chaise, though our neighbours Frenchified the cemetery of the East many years ago. But now a kind of cemetery mania is spreading through the country. Liverpool has several, one of which contains the remains and a statue of the ill-fated Mr. Huskisson; Glasgow has one, which, with a floridness rather unusual to the Scotch, the citizens have chosen to term the "Necropolis," or "city of the dead;" and Gravesend, mustering only about ten thousand inhabitants, has its new and splendid cemetery. The Glasgow "Necropolis" is finely situated: it occupies a height, once known as the "Fir Park," at the upper part of the town, overlooking the venerable cathedral, and commanding a view of the city; one of its ornaments is a pillar and statue to the memory of John Knox. In London we have three cemeteries, of which we now proceed to give some account.

The "General Cemetery," better known as the Kensall-Green

Cemetery, lies on the west, or rather the north-west, of London, on the Harrow-road. It was established by an Act of Parliament passed in 1832, and has the honour or the credit of being the first of these joint-stock company receptacles for the dead started in London. This cemetery is officially stated to be a mile and a half from Paddington, and Paddington is four miles and a half from the Bank; the city reader does not imagine that we will walk the distance. Not while we can get into an omnibus, and be driven to Paddington for a sixpence. Getting out, then, at Paddington, we are content to walk the mile and a half; and so, striking into the Harrow-road, we leave to our left the station, or London terminus, of the Great Western Railway. What a raw, unfinished aspect the buildings and works of these railroads give to this western extremity of the metropolis! Not far before us, the Birmingham railroad comes sweeping round, being carried by a tunnel under Kensall-Green, whither we are bound; and close at hand is the canal. The solitary walker need not, then, be at a loss for matter to speculate on—for two great railroads and a canal are surely materials enough for a thinking man. Perhaps, however, he is not in the humour, and the road appears tame and dull. But a sound of approaching carriages strikes his ear; and he has scarcely time to turn round and look, when a hearse and three or four mourning coaches sweep past. They are not coming from the Cemetery—they are going to it. Is this, then, the solemn page of a London funeral? The top of the hearse is covered with men, whose feet, dangling down, remind one of a poulterer's doorway, or game swinging from a stage-coach. The sensation which produces such a comparison is certainly not of a mournful character; and, in hastening after the vehicles to witness the ceremony, we get inspired by that feeling of hurry which animates one, when fearful of being too late to see a show. But stop—the vehicles are all drawn up by the road-side; the crowd of attendants descend from the roof of the hearse, and preparations are made for a procession. First, three or four march before the hearse, one of them staggering under a kind of cushion-like thing, loaded with feathers, which he bears on his head; others, with staves, walk by the sides of the hearse and the mourning-coaches, mimicking royal footmen in a royal display. Thus, hearse and coaches move on, attended by the undertaker's men, and marshalled by the undertaker himself: they pass a public-house, in front of which a hearse is standing, and where lounge other undertakers' men, who have just finished their respective "job," or "jobs," and are now drinking, to moisten their very dry sorrow: as the procession passes, winks and grins are exchanged, significant of that freemasonry which knits a "craft." We now enter the gateway of the Cemetery;—slowly moves the procession, as if such a thing as a race could not possibly enter into the mind of any one concerned in it. The loungers in the Cemetery have time to gather at the door of the chapel; hearse and coaches draw up; there is a slapping of coach steps and doors, and a hustle; the mourners follow not only the coffin, but the unmeaning cushion of plumes—for it would be sacrilege in an undertaker's eye to omit this serious and essential portion of the ceremony; then strangers elbow each other, after the mourners, and the door of the chapel (which contains an illuminated window) is shut; the funeral-service is read; the door is open once more, and the remains of the deceased are borne to the grave. The chief mourner is evidently a man in the middle ranks of life—not rich enough to be careless, and not poor enough not to care for appearances; his mind is too much affected to remark what has been done or what has been said: but for this poor, cold, unmeaning, funeral ceremony he will be mulcted in, at least, fifty pounds—while his doctor's bill may amount to twenty or thirty more.

What! our country reader may exclaim, must a man, whose

income is perhaps not more than two or three hundred pounds per annum, pay fifty pounds for burying, with bare decency, a member of his family? Yes, kind reader, it is even so. And we can tell you, too, that it is not even *bare decency*: for the greatest number of attendants are "hired mourners;" and undertakers' men, even though all clothed in black, are seldom lachrymose enough to maintain the dignity of their characters. The dumb "mutes," who are planted, with their muffled banners, on each side of a doorway on the day of a funeral, have not escaped the observation of Hood: any man, indeed, who walks London streets with an observing eye, may occasionally detect, on the countenances of mutes, paralytic expressions of countenance, which would defy the pencil of a Hogarth—such as when a mute is exchanging a recognitory ogle with the servant "next door," and, on any sudden alarm of an approach, relapses from grinning into gravity with a shock, like the springing of a rat-trap. Then, the cool, business-like alacrity with which all things are done: the undertaker may, at times, tread softly, and whisper; and his men may at times attempt to imitate him; but, alas! the semblance of sorrow is not even spread over the entire surface. The funeral service, impressive as it is, falls tamely on the ear; for, instead of being read, as it was originally intended to be read, by the parish-priest, familiar with the deceased, and in the hearing of those who knew his or her life and character, it is read by a man who is hired by the Cemetery Company, at so much per job, and who, if he were as earnest as Paul himself, *must* flag under the monotony of his daily duty. Yet, perhaps, there are not above eight or ten friends of the deceased present at the cold and expensive ceremony;—fifty pounds thrown away, under the influence of the tyranny of habit, and the tyranny of that most vulgar thing called *respectability*.

Not being in the "trade," we cannot undertake, at this moment, to give the various items which run up an undertaker's bill:—what with hearse, and "feathers," and coaches, and "mutes," with their muffled banners, and walking footmen in black, with their staves, and hat-bands and gloves for friends, a round sum is soon created. Indeed, as an undertaker remarked, in our hearing, the other day, a barely decent funeral *may* be done for eighteen or twenty pounds—but who, in London, laying any claim to *respectability*, would follow a coffin on foot? 'Twas the practice in Scotland (we trust it is so still) for all decent folks, including decent working men of every degree, to *keep* a suit of black, with which to be able to attend the funerals of friends and acquaintances; and many a poor but honest man, who has toiled not unworthily through life, and dropped not unregarded into the grave, is followed to his long home by forty, fifty, ay, and even a hundred friends, all clad in black, with significant "weepers" at the wrists, presenting a sober, decent, and affecting spectacle,—the more consoling from the reflection that not a glove nor a hat-band amongst the group has been contributed at the expense of the deceased's relations, except those worn by his immediate family.

The Cemetery fees are high; and the distance from particular parts of London to any one of them adds to the expense. In the "Catacombs," a space for a single coffin (which must be of lead) costs fourteen pounds; in the open ground, a brick grave—that is, a grave lined with brick, and calculated to hold six coffins—costs fifteen guineas, and the expense of the brickwork varies from eighteen to twenty-three pounds. The interment fees are five guineas; and, of course, nobody having a brick grave would think of leaving it unmarked by some kind of stone, which is additional expense. Common interments, in common graves, are lower.

Kensal Green Cemetery covers nearly fifty acres of ground; and though it has only been established about seven years, and for some time interments were very slow in it,—people having to be accustomed to the idea of a cemetery, as distinct from a churchyard,—it is now becoming *populous*, if the reader will permit us to use such a term. There are a variety of monuments—a few neat and expressive, but the majority of no particular character. The chief monuments are generally in the form of urns, vases, dwarfed obelisks, &c., but by far the largest number are thin slabs,

set up on end, and being in rows round the Cemetery, appear, at a distance, like packs of cards edgeways, the falling of one of which would make all the rest run down. The catacombs, or vaults, are indicated by colonnades, which contain a number of monumental tablets. The two chapels—one for the performance of the funeral service of the Established Church, the other in "the unconsecrated part of the Cemetery," for the use of dissenters,—are widely apart, at opposite extremities of the inclosure.

The South Metropolitan Cemetery, at Norwood, is about five miles from the bridges, and occupies the north and north-west declivities of a hill, covering about forty acres. On the summit of the hill are two conspicuous buildings—the chapels for the funeral rites of clarehmen and dissenters, which are not only near enough to make an unpleasant architectural contrast, but to force instantaneously on the mind the disagreeable fact, that hitherto religion has been the means of keeping men divided during their lives, and separates them in death. Others may indeed say, that it suggests the very reverse, reminding one of the progress of toleration and charity: but we would much rather that the idea of "toleration" should not be suggested at all, in a place whose chief business is to remind us that

"Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal laid  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

Though the Cemetery lies on the slope of a hill, the view is not extensive, as it is surrounded by a ring of gentle eminences, which, while they seclude and shut it up, give it a picturesque air, and one adapted to what may be termed the *pensive* character of the Cemetery. Glances of London may be obtained from the top of the hill; and that great landmark, the dome of St. Paul's, may be seen looming through the smoke and haze: but, on the whole, the South Metropolitan Cemetery is a quiet, picturesque place. There are scarcely any monuments yet erected in it.

The Highgate Cemetery is the smallest and the *prettiest* of the three. It occupies one side of Highgate Hill, running up to Highgate Church, which crowns the summit. The entrance gateway—a curious-looking pile—contains the chapel, a small plain room, with a painted window; and from hence the ascent is rapid, the view expanding as we rise. An "ingenious device" has been resorted to, in the construction of the catacombs. Continuing our ascent, we come to a covered passage, the entrance of which is flanked by two obelisks: this passage, or "crypt," is lined by sepulchral chambers, eight on each side, having "Egyptian" doors. The passage leads into a circular walk, or ring, the hill having been excavated in the form of a circular mound, which contains a number of closets or chambers, similar to those in the covered passage, and each with its "Egyptian" door. These chambers are small, but, being furnished with stone shelves, are capable of containing, each of them, a number of coffins. Having walked round this somewhat singular contrivance, we need not return by the covered passage; for, on the other side of the circular walk, there is a flight of steps, leading to a terrace immediately under Highgate Church, from which there is one of the finest views to be obtained in the neighbourhood of London. The catacombs lie below the spectator's feet, and have a striking appearance; the Cemetery ground, neatly laid out, covers the slope of the hill, looking like a flower-garden; and in the distance the great metropolis is spread out before the eye, east and west—all its towers, spires, and domes standing conspicuously out from the mass of roofs; and across the Thames, the back-ground is filled up by a screen of hills, running from Surrey into Kent, amongst which the spectator may endeavour, if he can, to discern the rival Cemetery at Norwood.

Other cemeteries are about to spring up in the neighbourhood of London: one, in particular, is now constructing at Stoke Newington—Abney Park, once the estate of the non-conformist, Sir Thomas Abney, the friend and patron of Dr. Watts, and where that worthy ornament of the dissenting body spent a large portion of his lifetime, being about to be made Abney Cemetery.

SURVEYING VOYAGES OF "THE ADVENTURE" AND  
"THE BEAGLE."\*I. — THE STRAIT OF MAGELLHAENS, COMMONLY CALLED  
MAGELLAN.

There is scarcely any class of society to whom *fine* community of life is more indebted, than our naval officers, and scarcely any description of books affords such combined information and entertainment as their *own* accounts of their exertions in the cause of their country—either in fighting her battles, extending her empire, or adding to the general fund of knowledge. The nautical surveys which a long interval of peace has afforded time and opportunity to effect, and which have been carried on with a zeal and energy beyond praise, are of the most essential consequence to our commerce, especially at the present day, when our merchant vessels are habitually circumnavigating the globe, and are led by enterprise to visit the most remote and unfrequented quarters,—places which have never, until very recently, been laid down in the charts with any pretension to accuracy, and unknown to all, save the crews of a few wandering vessels that may have accidentally visited their shores.

The various surveys undertaken by direction of the Admiralty since the Peace, extend over a large part of the shores of every quarter of the globe; but our attention has been particularly drawn to the account of the examination of the Southern Shores of America, the Terra del Fuego, and the Island of Chiloé, effected by Captains King, Stokes, and Fitzroy, recently published. Their charts and sailing directions are the result of years of painful labour, in a most arduous and dangerous service; and the narrative of their proceedings shows us how much we owe to the men who devote themselves to the service of their country, with equal zeal, in the comparatively inglorious but useful task of marking out the highways of the ocean, as in the more splendid career of warlike enterprise.

The coasts surveyed in the voyages we have referred to have hitherto been so little known, and so much of fable has been mixed up with the accounts given by former voyagers, as to invest them with peculiar interest; and it is our purpose here to give a sketch of the proceedings of the two vessels which were despatched on this service.

On the 22d May, 1826, the *ADVENTURE*, "a roomy ship, of 330 tons burthen, without guns (excepting one for signals), lightly though strongly rigged, and very strongly built," commanded by Philip Parker King, commander and surveyor, senior officer of the expedition; and the *BEAGLE*, "a well-built little vessel, of 235 tons, rigged as a barque, and carrying six guns," commanded by Pringle Stokes, commander and surveyor, sailed from Plymouth, under orders to proceed to Rio de Janeiro, touching at Madeira and some other places specified, on the way; and after receiving supplies, and making all necessary arrangements with the commander-in-chief on the South American station, "to proceed to the entrance of the River Plata, to ascertain the longitudes of the Cape Santa Maria (on the northern bank of the embouchure of the Plata), and Monte Video: thence to proceed to survey the coasts, islands, and straits, from Cape Antonio, at the south side of the River Plata, to Chiloé, on the west coast of America, in such manner and order as the state of the season, the information received, or other circumstances, might induce the commanding officer to adopt." The vessels were to continue on the service until it should be completed, or some other cause should induce the commander to give it up. He was further directed "to avail himself of every opportunity of collecting and preserving specimens of such objects of natural history as might be new, rare, or interesting; and he was to instruct Captain Stokes, and all the other officers, to use their best diligence in increasing the collections in each ship—the whole of which was to be understood to belong to the public."

Nine government chronometers were embarked in the *Adventure*, and three in the *Beagle*, for the better determination of the longitudes; and both vessels were supplied with every requisite which experience could dictate for effecting the object of the expedition, and providing for the health and comfort of those engaged in it.

After touching at Madeira, Teneriffe, and St. Jago, both ships anchored at Rio de Janeiro on the 10th of August, and remained there until the 2d of October, when they sailed to the River Plata.

\* Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H.M.S. *Adventure* and *Beagle*, between the Years 1826 and 1836. 3 Vols. 8vo.—London, 1839. Colburn.

In Maldonado, on the north side of the River Plata, their anchors were dropped on the 13th of the same month; and, till the 12th November, each vessel was employed on the north side of the river, between Cape Santa Maria and Monte Video.

It was thought best to undertake the most difficult part of the survey first, and accordingly, after all necessary observations had been made at or near Monte Video, the vessels, after leaving that place on the 19th November, steered direct for the Strait of Magellhaens.\* At Port Santa Elena, (between the 41th and 45th parallels of south latitude,) which they reached on the 28th, they remained some days. One object of their visit was to observe an eclipse of the sun, but the state of the weather rendered that impracticable.

They left Port Santa Elena on the 5th December, and on the 13th were off Cape Fairweather,—a point so similar to Cape Virgins, the north east entrance of the Strait of Magellhaens, as to deceive all on board, until the ship's real position was ascertained. This remarkable resemblance has frequently led mariners into error; a fact which leads us to notice it here. They landed near Cape Fairweather, where Captain Stokes took some observations, and fixed the positions of the more remarkable points of land. One of the party shot a guanoco, a species of llama, with long woolly hair: these animals are found in numerous herds in the eastern part of Patagonia, but appear to be scarce on the western shores. Their flesh is very good eating, and the occasional supplies subsequently obtained from the Indians were of the greatest service in preserving the health of the ships' companies.

On the 20th of December they passed Cape Virgins, and entered the Strait, which is here of considerable width, and almost immediately extends into wide bays on either side; but it is as suddenly contracted to a very narrow passage, called "the First Narrows," through which the tide sets with great force, running, in the narrower parts, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. Great caution is necessary in approaching this passage, so as to pass at the most favourable time. Captain King "twice passed through it against a strong breeze blowing directly through, by the aid of the tide." After passing the First Narrows, the channel again opens out, and in Gregory Bay, on the northern coast, safe anchorage is found: this is a convenient resting-place previous to attempting the Second Narrows, which, though not so formidable as the first, must be passed with great attention to the state of the tide, which runs through them to the eastward three hours after it has turned to the westward at Gregory Bay. Beyond the Second Narrows lies Elizabeth Island; and to the northward, on the Patagonian shore, is Peckett Harbour, a secure anchorage, where the Patagonian Indians are frequently to be met with, and where the crews of the *Adventure* and the *Beagle* several times procured supplies of fresh provisions. The course of the channel to the end of the Second Narrows inclines but slightly to the southward; it then bends almost directly south, and is wide and unencumbered with rocks or islands as far as Port Famine, about 33° 35' S. lat., where the *Adventure* and *Beagle* anchored on the 2d of January, 1827.

The Strait of Magellhaens may be divided into three portions—the eastern, the central, and the western, each distinguished by very marked peculiarities. The eastern portion, extending, on the Patagonian side, as far as Cape Negro, near the western end of Elizabeth Island, is of recent formation, and generally low. "On the north shore, however, near Cape Gregory," says Captain King, "a range of high land commences suddenly, with rather a precipitous ascent, and extends for forty miles to the north-east, where it terminates in detached rocky hills. The south-western end of the range is a ridge of flat-topped land covered with soil, but with here and there a protruding mass of primitive rock: one of these appeared to be of sienite or granite." A range of hills on the south side appeared to be similar, and the appearance of the Narrows and the smaller ranges of eminences has a general resemblance of character to these two ranges. Not a tree is to be found in this portion of the strait. "The nature of the soil is not favourable to plants which take a deep root, and therefore only shrubs and grasses are found: the former are thinly scattered over the extensive plains which characterise the country; but the grasses are abundant, and, although of a harsh and dry appearance, must be nourishing; for they form the chosen food of numerous and large herds of guanocoos."

The central portion may be considered as bounded by Port

\* Usually termed Magellan, but the correct orthography of the name of the voyager from whom they take their title is as above, and has been adopted by Captains King and Fitzroy.

Famine, where the rocks consist of clay slate, on the western side, and Cape Negro, where the clay formation commences on the east. The strait is here quite free from islands; "the mountains are high and precipitate, and consequently not easy to be ascended. They are in general three thousand feet, but some are found to be four thousand feet in height; and one, Mount Sarmiento, is upwards of six thousand feet high, and is covered throughout the year with snow. The line of perpetual snow seems to be about 3500 feet above the sea. The mountains whose height does not exceed three thousand are, during the summer, frequently free from any, excepting in holes where a large quantity is accumulated by drifting, and protected from the sun. The slate-formation continues as far as Freshwater Bay," [not quite half-way towards Cape Negro,] "where the stratified rocks leave the coast, and extend in a north-west direction. The soil then becomes apparently a mixture of decomposed slate and clay; the slate gradually disappearing on approaching to Cape Negro. Vegetation is abundant over all the slate-formation. From the regularity of the direction of the strata, the valleys are extensive, and much alluvial soil is washed down, which, blending with fallen leaves and other putrescent substances, produces a good superficial soil, in which trees grow to a large size, and the shrubs and smaller plants become particularly luxuriant and productive. The trees, the chief of which are the evergreen beech (*Fagus betuloides*) and the winter's bark (*Winterana aromatica*) are generally rotten at the heart; a circumstance which Captain King supposes may be attributed "to the coldness of the schistose subsoil upon which the trees are rooted, as well as to the perpetual moisture of the climate."

Both these trees are evergreens, and Captain King describes the country and hills as covered, from the height of two thousand feet above the sea to the very verge of high water mark, with a perpetual verdure which is remarkably striking, particularly in those places where the glaciers descend into the sea; the sudden contrast in such cases presenting to the view a scene as agreeable as it seems to be anomalous. "I have myself," he continues, "seen vegetation thriving most luxuriantly, and large woody stemmed trees of fuschia and veronica, † (in England considered and treated as tender plants,) in full flower, within a very short distance of the base of a mountain covered for two-thirds down with snow, and with the temperature at thirty-six degrees. The fuschia certainly was rarely found except in sheltered spots, but not so the veronica; for the beaches of the bays on the west side of San Juan Island, at Port San Antonio, are lined with trees of the latter, growing even in the very wash of the sea. There is no part of the Strait more exposed to the wind than this, for it faces the reach to the west of Cape Forward, down which the wind continually blows, and brings with it a succession of rain, sleet, or snow; and in the winter months, from April to August, the ground is covered with a layer of snow, from six inches to two or three feet in depth. There must be, therefore, some peculiar quality in the atmosphere of this otherwise rigorous climate which favours vegetation; for, if not, these comparatively delicate plants could not live and flourish through the long and severe winters of this region. In the summer, the temperature at night was frequently as low as 29° of Fahrenheit; and yet I never noticed, the following morning, any blight or injury sustained by these plants, even in the slightest degree.

"Whilst upon this subject, there are two facts which may be mentioned as illustrative of the mildness of the climate, notwithstanding the lowness of the temperature. One is the comparative warmth of the sea near its surface, between which and the air I have, in the month of June (the middle of the winter season), observed a difference of 30°, upon which occasion the sea was covered with a cloud of steam. The other is, that parrots and humming-birds, generally the inhabitants of warm regions, are very numerous in the southern and western parts of the strait; the former feeding upon the seeds of the winter's bark, and the latter having been seen by us chirping and sipping the sweets of the fuschia and other flowers, after two or three days of constant rain, snow, and sleet, during which the thermometer had been at the freezing point."

The western portion of the strait, which, from Cape Forward, some distance beyond Port Famine, trends to the north-west, is described by Captain King as composed of a succession of stratified rocks, a difference at once distinguishable by the form and nature of the ranges, and the direction of the shores; the hills are

irregularly heaped together; the sounds are intricate and tortuous in their course; and the shores are formed by deep sinuosities and prominently projecting headlands; the channels also are studded with innumerable islands and rocks, extremely dangerous for navigation. In this position the rock is for the most part granite and greenstone; and it is a remarkable fact that where the greenstone formation terminates, there the islands cease to appear. The decomposition of granite and the other primitive rocks which are found there, forms but a poor unproductive soil, so that although the land is thickly covered with shrubs, they are all small and stunted; the torrents of water also that pour down the steep sides of the hills wash away the partial accumulations of soil that are occasionally deposited; consequently few trees are to be found, excepting in clefts and recesses of the rock, where decomposed vegetable matter collects and nourishes their growth; but even there they are low and stunted, for the most luxuriant seldom attain a larger diameter than nine or ten inches."

We are afraid our readers will complain that we are tedious in this long detail, but without such a particular description, or the aid of charts, it would have been difficult to give a clear idea of the labours of our adventurous voyagers, whom we left anchored at Port Famine, and whom we hasten to return, promising for the future to be as entertaining as possible, but begging it to be understood that, like the *Spectator* of other days, "whenever we are particularly dull, our readers may be assured we have a design in it."

Port Famine derives its ill-omened name from the melancholy fate of a colony sent out here by Philip II. to take possession of and defend the straits. Two settlements were made, one at "Jesus," between the first and second narrows, and the other at San Felipe, now Port Famine. The colonists were cruelly neglected by their mother-country, and received neither supplies of provisions or any kind of assistance; and Sarmiento, who had projected the settlement, and was entrusted with its command, after making the most strenuous efforts to procure relief at Rio de Janeiro for his suffering companions, was taken prisoner on his voyage to Spain. After this, the colony was utterly abandoned, and of the whole number but two were saved, both by English vessels—one by Cavendish in 1587, and one in 1589, by Andrew Mericke. This "last man" said "that he had lived in those parts six years, and was one of the four hundred men sent thither by the King of Spain in the year 1562 to fortify and inhabit there, to hinder the passage of all strangers that way into the South Sea. But that town (San Felipe) and the other Spanish colony being destroyed by famine, he said he had lived in a house by himself a long time, and relieved himself with his caliver (muslock) until Mericke's arrival." This poor fellow died on the voyage to Europe. Cavendish gave the name of Port Famine to San Felipe, in remembrance of the wretched state of the colonists, and by that name it has since been called, but it is one of the most productive spots in all the strait, there being an abundance of food and water. The harbour is excellent, and its central situation rendering it very convenient for Capt. King's purposes, he fixed upon it for his headquarters during the survey.

As soon as the ship was moored, tents were pitched on shore, the decked boat carried by the *Adventure* was hoisted out to be coppered and equipped for the survey, and Capt. Stokes received orders to prepare the *Beagle* for examining the western part of the strait; previous to which she required to be partially refitted and supplied with fuel and water. He sailed on the 15th January. The *Hope* was despatched to explore the San Sebastian channel, and other inlets, on the southern side of the strait running into Tierra del Fuego, and meantime Capt. King was occupied in the survey of the coasts in the neighbourhood of Port Famine. In the conduct of trigonometrical surveys, it is very important to make observations and obtain bearings from the most elevated points that can be reached, and for this purpose Capt. King determined to ascend Mount Tarn\*, the highest land near Port Famine. "Our way," says Capt. King, "led through thick underwood, and then with a gradual ascent among fallen trees, covered with so thick a coating of moss that at every step we sunk up to the knees before firm footing could be found. It was very laborious work, and the ground being saturated, and each tree dripping with moisture, we were soon wet through. We proceeded along the same sort of road up a steep ascent; some one of the party constantly falling into deep holes covered by moss, or stumbling over fallen trunks of trees. As I carried a barometer, I was obliged to proceed with

\* Immense glaciers were discovered in several places, in the course of the survey.

† The stems of both from six to seven inches in diameter.

\* So named, because Mr. Tarn, the Surgeon of the *Adventure*, was the first person who reached its summit.



caution, and succeeded in emerging from this jungle without accident. After three-quarters of an hour spent in this way, we reached an open space, where we rested, and I set up the barometer. Our road hence was rather more varied: always steep, but sometimes free from impediment. Here and there we observed the boggy soil was faced with a small plant (*Chamitis* sp.) of a harsh character, growing so thick and close as to form large tufts, over which we walked as on hard ground. We struggled through several thickets of stunted beech trees, with a thick jungle of berberis underneath, whose strong and sharp thorns penetrated our clothes at every step, and began to find the fatigue very oppressive; some of my boat's crew suffered much, being unused to such exercise." A party had preceded Capt. King, and had got a tent pitched and a fire lighted, at a station about 960 feet above the sea, where they all slept. "The ground was so exceedingly wet that although we slept upon branches, forming a layer at least a foot thick, we found ourselves, in the night, lying as if in a morass, and suffering from cold, even with a large fire blazing at our feet." In the morning, "we resumed our ascent, and passed over rather than through thickets of the crumple-leaved beech, which, from their exposure to the prevailing winds, rose no higher than twelve or fourteen inches from the ground, with widely-spreading branches, so closely interwoven as to form a platform that bore our weight in walking." Better ground succeeded, and three hours' labour placed them on the highest pinnacle, about 2,500 feet above the sea. Here they immediately set up their instruments. "I was obliged," continues Capt. King, "to avail myself of Mr. Farn's assistance to hold the barometer whilst two of my boat's crew held the legs of the theodolite stand, for the wind was blowing very strongly, and the edge of a precipice was close to us, perpendicular for many hundred feet, and thence downwards so steep, that anybody going over would fall at least a thousand feet. The theodolite stand was unavoidably placed within a very few inches of the edge, and I took a round of angles, suffering however intense pain from the piercing coldness of the wind, which, heated as we were by the ascent, was much felt, though the temperature was not lower than 39°. I was lightly clothed, and should have fared badly, had not one of the party lent me his Flushing jacket, while he descended under the lee of the mountain-top to make a fire. The bearings and observations, which occupied me nearly two hours, being completed, we all adjourned to a sheltered cleft in the rock, close to our station, when we soon recovered the use of our fingers."

On the return of the *Hope*, Capt. King himself embarked in her to prosecute the inquiries begun in her former trip. Passing through Gabriel Channel, a remarkable passage, between two and three miles wide at the broadest part, but contracting in the middle, and running in nearly a straight line between two ranges of slate rock, he "noticed some extraordinary effects of the whirlwinds which so frequently occur in Tierra del Fuego. The crews of sealing-vessels call them 'willewaws,' or 'hurricane-squalls,' and they are most violent. The south-west gales, which blow upon the coast with extreme fury, are pent up and impeded in passing over the high lands; when, increasing in power, they rush violently over the edges of precipices, expand as it were, and, descending perpendicularly, destroy everything moveable. The surface of the water, when struck by these gusts, is so agitated, as to be covered with foam, which is taken up by them, and flies before their fury until dispersed in vapour. Ships at anchor under high land are sometimes suddenly thrown over on their beam ends, and the next moment recover their equilibrium as if nothing had occurred. Again a squall strikes them perhaps on the other side, and over they heel before its rage: the cable becomes strained and checks the ship with a jerk, that causes her to start ahead through the water, until again stopped by the cable, or driven astern by another gust of wind. At all these anchorages, under high land, there are some parts more exposed than others; and by watching for those places which are least troubled by these squalls, a more secure, or rather a more quiet, spot may be selected. I do not consider ships so anchored to be in danger if their ground tackle be good; but everything that offers a stiff resistance must suffer from the fury of their blasts. In many parts of this country trees are torn up by the roots, or rent asunder by the wind; and in the Gabriel Channel the 'willewaws,' bursting over the mountainous ridge, which forms the south side of the Channel, descend, and striking against the base of the opposite shore, rush up the steep, and carry all before them. I know of nothing to which I can better compare the bared track left by one of these squalls, than to a bad broad road. After having made such an opening, the wind frequently sweeping through prevents the growth of vegeta-

tion. Confused masses of up-rooted trees lie at the lower ends of these bared tracts, and show plainly what power has been exerted."

We cannot pursue the exact course taken in these boat expeditions, for all description would be unavailing without the assistance of the charts which accompany the volumes under our consideration. Neither shall we in this place make particular mention of the various interviews which took place with the Fuegian Indians, with whom a trifling trade was opened, chiefly in skins of the sea-otter, which the Fuegians hunt with their dogs. When we describe the voyage of the *Beagle* under Capt. Fitzroy, we shall have occasion to make particular mention of the Indians, and shall like that opportunity of giving a general account of both the Fuegians and Patagonians. The loss of their companions, one of them Mr. Ainsworth, the Master of the *Adventure*, by the upsetting of a boat, threw a damp over the spirits of the whole party, which was further increased by anxiety respecting the fate of the *Beagle*, which had outstayed the time appointed for her return. At length she appeared, and answered the first hail with the cheerful reply—"All's well."

Capt. Stokes had succeeded in his purpose after a most difficult and trying voyage, during which the crew suffered much from bad weather; both vessels prepared to return to Monte Video to refit. Capt. Stokes, on the return from the western extremity of the straits, had had the gratification of rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the *Prince of Saxe Cobourg*, a sealing-vessel belonging to Mr. Weddell, whose voyage towards the South Pole is so well known, commanded by Capt. Matthew Brisbane, who accompanied Mr. Weddell on that occasion. With the master and crew of the shipwrecked vessel, and all their personal property, and the greater part of the seal skins forming their cargo on board, the *Adventure* and *Beagle* set sail on the 8th May. At Gregory Bay they had an interview with a party of Patagonians, from whom they procured a supply of fresh guanaco meat, and again weighing anchor, they reached Monte Video on the 24th May, 1827.

From Monte Video they went to Rio to procure stores, and prepare for another voyage to the strait. Capt. King also applied for a tender to facilitate the surveys of the sounds and deep channels and the neighbourhood of the strait, and the inner sounds on the west coast, to which neither the *Adventure* nor the *Beagle* were adapted. But the detail of their further proceedings we must postpone to a future Number.

#### MILITARY ANECDOTE.

WHEN Sir John Moore was retreating through Galicia, a party of the 15th Hussars, in which regiment I then served, arrived late one night at a solitary house, midway between Lugos and Valmeda. We had had nothing to eat all day, and were famishing, particularly for want of bread, which had not crossed our lips for some time back; and as the Spanish peasantry generally keep some loaves in store, it became our great object to get possession of the prize at every hazard. A close search, however, in all quarters where such things used to be found proved unavailing, and we set round the hearth in the kitchen, wet, weary, cold, dissatisfied, and out of humour. At last it was observed that the padrone and his wife, having seated themselves on a large chest near the fire-place, could not, by entreaties or any other device, be induced to move. "I'll be shot," cried the man of the horse-artillery, "if the old rascal's store of bread be not in that chest; and hang me if I don't get at it in spite of him." We laughed, and asked him how he would proceed? "Oh, I'll tell you how to proceed," cried he. "The Spaniards, you know, are a mighty religious people, and we must humour them. Let's sing a hymn on our knees, and when they see us in that attitude, the chance is much against us if they don't kneel too." "A hymn!" shouted we; "what hymn?" "Nay," replied the artillery-man, "I dare say you are all wretched hands at psalmody; but surely we all know 'God save the King.' So here goes, boys;—down with you on your marrow-bones, and up with the stave." Down, accordingly, we all knelt, and, with faces as grave as if we had been in church, struck up "God save the King." The Spaniards stared. One of us contrived to make them understand that we were chanting a hymn to the Virgin; and sure enough they too knelt down, and put their hands together. This was all that our friend desired. He quietly raised the lid of the trunk, withdrew half-a-dozen loaves, popped them into a nose-bag, and never was noticed. We had a capital supper that night, and many a good laugh afterwards at the recollection of our successful psalm-singing.

*Gleig's Chelsea Hospital and its Traditions.*

## THE MAN OF LEISURE.\*

Mrs. SHERIDAN, a happy wife and mother, having concluded the bustle of a housekeeper's morning, ascended to her bedroom with the agreeable consciousness of a neat parlour and pantry, and commenced the important business of cutting out a piece of linen. The smooth surface of a well-made bed was appropriated to this somewhat intricate process, on which, humble as it seems, the happiness of one's husband greatly depends. There is scarcely a more forlorn or pitiable object in the universe than a man, who, putting on a new shirt, perceives some radical defect, with the awful consciousness that nine, fifteen, or twenty more are cut upon the same pattern. It so happened that Mr. Sheridan had detected, almost with complacency, the incipient decay of a set of shirts that had kept his neck as in a vice for a year and a half, and with many injunctions to his wife to be merciful, had purchased a piece of new linen.

Mrs. Sheridan began her work with a light heart, and humming a low tune, placed the various pieces on different parts of the bed, in the most systematic manner. It is delightful to create; and the humble evolutions of the needle and scissors have healed many a wounded heart; but to work for those we love gives an added charm to this seemingly humble employment. Mrs. Sheridan went tripping lightly round the bed to the growing tumuli of gussets, wristbands, &c., looking back to her life of placid duty, where even the clouds that had sometimes shaded her path were tinged with the light of love and hope.

She had not advanced far in the progress of her work, when a ring at the door-bell was heard, and a visitor announced. She smoothed down the border of her pretty morning-cap, and with a sorrowful parting glance at the bed, descended to the parlour.

The visitor was Mr. Inklin, a broken merchant, who had contrived to save just enough for his support, without energy to strike into new plans, though it was his intention to enter upon some occupation at a future day. Mr. Inklin had no gift in conversation—his voice was an anodyne, and his sleepy eyes seemed wandering to the ends of the earth. Nothing is so chilling in conversation as an unanswering eye. Besides this unfixed look, he kept up perpetually a grunting kind of affirmative, which destroyed the hope that a difference of opinion might stimulate his ideas. He dressed well, and made great use of his watch-key. Most men of leisure do.

The man of leisure sat down composedly, remarking that the day was fine.

Mrs. Sheridan assented, and tried to recollect if she had stuck a pin as a guide where she had drawn the last thread in the linen.

Mr. Inklin indulged upon the weather. "It had been warm," he asserted, "perhaps warmer than it was that time twelve months. Warm weather agreed with him. He thought it might last a few days longer—it was apt to in June."

Mrs. Sheridan looked towards him as he spoke, but it was to observe that his shirt-collar was more pointed than Mr. Sheridan's.

"You have a quiet time," said the man of leisure, "with the children at school."

"Yes, sir—very quiet," said Mrs. Sheridan, falling into a reverie, as she thought how well it was adapted to cutting out shirts.

Mr. Inklin went through the common-place matter of morning visitors, with many a resting-place between, until he remarked that "the wind was rising." Mrs. Sheridan had observed it too, with a feeling of dismay at the prospect of the commingling of all her shirt elements.

The man of leisure staid an hour, (he liked a morning-visit one hour long,) and then exclaiming, as the hand of his watch turned the expected point, "Bless my soul! past twelve o'clock!" made his bow, and departed.

Mrs. Sheridan went to her chamber. The wind was whirling neck, sleeve, and flap gussets in unceremonious heaps; and collars, wristbands, and facings were dancing in eddies on the floor. In her agitation she lost the important boundary-pin, and an error occurred in her calculations. The shirts were made, but for eighteen months her husband never took one from his drawer but with a nervous shudder or a suppressed execration.

\* From Tales and Ballads, by Mrs. Gilman, an American Lady.

## THE MAN OF LEISURE IN A COUNTING-HOUSE.

The man of leisure next visited the counting-room of B—— and Co., and socially seating himself on a barrel, hoped he should not prevent the head-clerk, who was his acquaintance, from writing.

"Not at all," said the polite clerk, putting his pen behind his ear with a constrained air.

"Pray don't stop on my account," said Mr. Inklin, with a patronising smile.

The clerk returned to his accounts and letters, while the man of leisure described, with somewhat more animation than usual, some herring he had eaten for breakfast. The clerk made an error in a figure, which cost Messrs B—— and Co. one week to rectify; and one of the correspondents of the firm was shortly after surprised with the announcement by letter, that a hundred bales of pickled herring would shortly be forwarded to order.

## THE MAN OF LEISURE AND HIS MINISTER.

It was Saturday night, and the Rev. Dr. Ingram sat in his study with his sheet before him, commentators and lexicons around him, and a well-mended pen in hand, when the man of leisure was announced. He entered slowly and almost diffidently, so that the compression of the Doctor's brow, produced by the interruption, gave way to an open smile of encouragement. I have mentioned that Mr. Inklin was taciturn, and not only that, but that he threw an opiate over the minds of his associates—there were long pauses in that long hour, and the good words of the clergyman fell on barren ground. At length Mr. Inklin arose, saying, "I fear I have broken the thread of your argument, sir." And broken it was. Dr. Ingram retouched the nib of his pen; listlessly turned the pages of Clark, Rosenmüller, Grotius, &c., rubbed his forehead, took two or three turns across the room, and threw himself on a seat in despair. The impetus was gone—the argument was frittered away; he stole off to bed, and dreamed that a thirty-two pounder was resting on his chest, with the man of leisure surmounting it.

## THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE POLITICIAN.

As Mr. Inklin was walking the next morning, with his usual measured step, his arm was touched by a serious-looking gentleman with spectacles.

"Fine weather," said the gentleman in specs.

"Uncommon fine," said the man of leisure; "nine more days of fair weather this month than the last."

"By the way, my dear sir," said the gentleman in specs, "I must not forget to tell you that \*\*\*\*\* has set up an opposing claim to the office for which I am a candidate. My friends have calculated closely, and it is ascertained that a very few votes will turn the scale in my favour. May I hope for your aid at the election to-morrow?" As the man in specs concluded, he cast a slightly inquisitorial glance on the somewhat worn-through, well-brushed suit of Mr. Inklin.

"Assuredly, my dear sir," said the man of leisure, with a patronising air. "I will make it my special business to attend to your interests."

Crowds pressed to the polls on the following day, at the appointed hour. The man in specs was there, smiling benignly. The opposing candidate was announced as elected by a majority of one.

As the man in specs walked home, he met Mr. Inklin coming with a more rapid pace than usual, followed by two men in ragged jackets.

"Hope I am not too late with my friends," said the man of leisure.

The politician's lips moved, and he "grinned ghastly." His words were inaudible, but his thoughts were, "Wear your old coat and be hanged."

## THE MAN OF LEISURE AND HIS LAUNDRESS.

"Praise your honour," said the laundress, as she laid two nicely bleached shirts, neck-cloths, and pocket-handkerchiefs on Mr. Inklin's dressing-table, "ye are owing for three months; and the soap and the starch and the firing runs up a heap, and my good man Patrick, that should be a help, lying with his broken shoulth, and the landlord seeking his rent, and me not able to stoll which side to look, and poor Patrick to be turned out of doors for no crime at all, if you please, sir."

"O, really, yes; I remember hearing of Patrick's fall. A very clever fellow that husband of yours. Here are two dollars, and I will give you the remaining trifle next week."

"Trifle!" said the landress, counting on her fingers the amount of twelve dollars due, as she left the room, "that's a trifle to some as isn't to others."

Two days after, while the man of leisure was fastening a paste brooch in his smoothly-folded shirt-bosom, poor Patrick was borne to the workhouse for a shelter.

#### THE MAN OF LEISURE AND A PRETTY GIRL.

The man of leisure called on Miss Emma Roberts, a pretty, blooming girl of seventeen. Emma was clear-starching. Talk about the trials of men! What have they to annoy them in comparison with the mysteries of clear starching; alas! how seldom clear! Emma was going on in the full tide of success, indulging in the buoyant thoughts of her age; there was a soft light about her eye as she drew out the edge of a *filin*, or clapped it with her small hands, as if they felt the impulse of young hopes.

"I am sure Harry Bertram looked at this collar last Sunday; I wonder if he liked it," thought she, and a gentle sigh rustled the folds of the morning robe on her bosom. Just then the door-bell sounded, and the man of leisure walked into the sitting-room, where Emma, with a nice establishment of smoothing-irons, &c. had encoined herself for the morning.

"You won't mind a friend's looking upon you," said Mr. Inklin, with an at-home air.

Emma blushed, loosened the strings of her apron, gave a glance at her starched fingers, and saying, "Take a seat, sir," suspended her work with the grace of natural politeness. In the meanwhile, the starch grew cold, and the irons were overheated. Emma was not loquacious, and the dead pauses were neither few nor far between. Emma, rendered deperate, renewed her operations, but with diminished ardour; her clapping was feeble as the applause of an unpopular orator; she burnt her fingers, her face became flushed—and, by the time the man of leisure had sat out his hour, a grey hue had settled over her muscles, and an indehible smutch disfigured Harry Bertram's collar.

Mr. Inklin soon called again, and met Harry Bertram. It was no influence of coquetry—but Emma railed her powers, and talked more to Mr. Inklin than to Harry—a modest youth, thrown somewhat into the shade by the veteran visitor, who out-staid him. Harry, who was not a man of leisure, could not call for several days; when he did, Mr. Inklin had "dropped in" before him, and was twirling his watch-key, with his cold, wandering eyes and everlasting affirmatives. Emma sewed industriously, and her dark lashes concealed her eyes. Her cheeks were beautifully flushed, but for whom? Mr. Inklin toyed with her work-box, without seeming to know that he was touching what Harry thought a shine.

Harry looked a little fierce, and made good light abruptly. Emma raised her soft eyes with a look that ought to have detained a reasonable man, but he was pre-possessed, and the kind face was lost. Emma wished Mr. Inklin at the bottom of the sea, but there he sat, looking privileged, because he was a man of leisure.

The fastening of the windows reminded him that it was time to go, for he did not lend his evening call to an hour. Emma went to her bed-room. She was just ready to cry, but a glance at her mirror showed such bright cheeks that it stopped the tears, and she fell into a passion. She tied her night-cap into a hard knot, and broke the string in a pet.

"Harry Bertram is a fool," said she, "to let that stick of a man keep him from me. I wish I could change places with him,"—and, sitting down on a low seat, she trotted her foot, and heaved some deep sighs.

The man of leisure was "just called in" twice a week, for three months. Report was busy—Harry's pride was roused. He offered himself to another pretty girl, and was accepted. Emma's bright cheeks faded, her step grew slow, and her voice was no longer heard in its gay carol from stair to stair. She was never talkative, but now she was sad. Mr. Inklin continued to "drop in," his heart was a little love-touched, but then there was "time enough." One evening he came with a look of news.

"I have brought you a bit of Harry Bertram's wedding-cake," said he to Emma.

Emma turned pale, then red, and burst into tears. The man of leisure was concerned. Emma looked very prettily as she struggled with her feelings, while the tears dried away; and he offered her his heart and hand.

"I would sooner lie down in my grave than marry you," said the gentle Emma, in a voice so loud that Mr. Inklin started, and, rushing to her own apartment, the china rang in the closet

as she slammed the door. Mr. Inklin was astonished. Poor Emma covered up her head and smiled again, but she never married, nor ever destroyed a little flower that Harry Bertram gave her when it was right for her to love and hope. The man of leisure bore her refusal with philosophy, and continued to "drop in."

#### THE MAN OF LEISURE AND THE PALE BOY.

"You'll please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir," said a pale, blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the man of leisure at his lodgings.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Inklin, "I shall be going that way in a day or two."

"Did you ask for the place for me yesterday?" said the pale boy, on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the same office.

"No," was the answer! "I was busy, but I will to day."

"God help my poor mother;" murmured the boy, and gazed listlessly on the cent Mr. Inklin laid in his hand.

The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentlemen's coats at the hotel. They shouted for joy, and his mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face.

"Mother, dear," said the boy, "Mr. Inklin thinks he can get me the place, and I shall have three meals a day—only think, mother, *three meals!*—and it won't take me three minutes to run home and share it with you."

The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with eagerness as he asked Mr. Inklin if he had applied for the place.

"Not yet," said the man of leisure, "but there is time enough."

The cent that morning was wet with tears. Another morning arrived.

"It is very thoughtless in the boy to be so late," said Mr. Inklin. "Not a soul to brush my coat."

The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said the man of leisure, "but the place in Mr. C——'s store was taken up yesterday."

"The boy stopped brushing, and burst afresh into tears. "I don't care now," said he, sobbing, "we may as well starve. Mother is dead."

The man of leisure was shocked, and he gave the pale boy a dollar.

#### THE MAN OF LEISURE ON A DEATH-BED.

Mr. Inklin was taken ill. He had said often that he thought religion might be a good thing, and he meant to look into it. His minister hastened to him, and spoke to him of eternal truths. With parched lips he bade him come to-morrow.

That night the man of leisure died.

#### A SCOTCH DRUNKARD REFORMED.

The only instance I have ever known of a confirmed dram-drinker giving the practice up, was Mr. S——, an Aberdeenshire squire, who once drank to such an excess that he fell into a stupor, in which he continued for many hours without any visible signs of life, and was thought to be dead. He was stretched out accordingly; a carpenter being summoned to measure the body for a coffin, and the funeral cakes (called buying bread) ordered. An old woman who watched by the corpse had fallen asleep, but was awakened by a noise resembling sneezing: she jumped up, and perceived the laird stirring one of his hands. Her fright and astonishment may be imagined; and, springing forth, she alarmed the whole family. The doctor who had been sent for was still in the house, and found the dead man come to life. Restoratives were administered, and he was put into a warm bed, where he slept off the fumes of his debauch, without any knowledge of what had occurred. He was so horrified, however, on being told how nearly he had escaped being buried alive, that he made a resolution to drink no more. The doctor recommended a gradual abolition; and in six months his daily dose was reduced from a quart to a wine glassful, to which quantity he limited himself for the rest of his life (fifteen or twenty years). His health was perfectly restored. Seven years after, he met the baker of the county town who had sent him the funeral cakes. This fellow was a wag, and sort of licensed character. Addressing the squire (who had been formerly at the head of the corporation) by his old title, he said, "Provoost, you have, I dare say, seen in your time many an unco thing: but saw you ever afore an account of your burying bread due seven years, and no paid for yet?"—and at the same time he thrust the bill into his hand!—*Gordon's Memoirs.*

## AMATEUR GIGMEN.

It is rather odd that there should be such a thing as a *passion* for gig driving—that there should be people afflicted with a mania—an absolute mania—for driving about in two-wheeled vehicles. The victims of this propensity are not, perhaps, very numerous; but they are sufficiently so, we think, to warrant us in singling them out as a class, and taking a glance at them for the edification of our readers.

Before doing so, however, we request it to be observed, that the propensity which we would designate as “the gig-driving mania” is not the composed orderly indulgence of those whose circumstances enable them to maintain gigs of their own, nor of those whose business requires the convenience of such vehicles. This kind of gigging is all a matter-of-course sort of thing, and presents none of the peculiarities—none of the features nor characteristics—which distinguish the particular fancy which we would speak of, nor of the particular class who indulge it. The passion for gig-driving—the rampant passion with which we would deal on the present occasion, is to be found only, or at least in greatest intensity, amongst such persons as, say—clerks on tolerable salaries, smart young master-tradesmen, &c. &c. who can only now and then indulge their vehicular fancies by hiring a gig on Sundays and other holidays.

We need hardly remark, that it is the performances of amateur gigmen that fill the newspaper columns of accidents with all those horrible stories about gigs run away with, and breaking the necks of their drivers, or the legs of those who are unfortunate enough to come in their way. It is the amateur gigman, and he alone (at least in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred), who is at the bottom, or rather who is the hero, of all those shocking occurrences which we find chronicled in such paragraphs as the following:—

“*Appalling Accident.*—Yesterday, as a gentleman in a gig was driving along Piccadilly, the horse suddenly became restive and unruly, and finally set off at a tremendous speed with his unfortunate driver, who, with looks and gestures of despair, kept pulling and tugging with might and main at the reins, but to no purpose. The furious animal held on his mad career, regardless of all efforts to restrain him. The sight was appalling in the extreme. At one moment the wheels of the gig were seen spinning high in the air, at another, coming in indirect but violent collision with cabs and carriages. The vehicle itself seemed every moment on the eve of being dashed into ten thousand pieces. The alarm created was dreadful—women and children screaming and flying in all directions, and men hurrying and crowding into every open door that presented itself. For some time the gig kept the middle of the street, but at length got upon the flag-stones, when a tremendous crashing of windows and lamps began to mark the career of the infuriated animal. This frightful progress continued throughout two-thirds of the whole length of Piccadilly, and, doubtless, had the animal continued along the great western road, there would have been much more mischief. But fortunately, it came at length to Hyde-park Corner, which wound up the catastrophe. The driver, who seemed a gentleman, tried to turn the furious animal’s head down Grosvenor-place towards Lambeth; but the spirited creature, having doubtless been formerly an inmate of a nobleman’s family, and accustomed to the park, turned his head the other way, and tried to dash in by the gate adjoining Apsley House, the town residence of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, who, we are credibly assured, was a spectator of the scene. At this afflicting crisis, the wheel caught the curb-stone, the shock was tremendous, the gentleman’s whip flew over the rails into the park, and he himself, with his horse and gig, rolled in the gravel, petrifying all who beheld it. The unfortunate gentleman is much cut about the face and other parts of his body, and has had, besides, two ribs and an arm broken. But, we are sorry to add, this is not all. A woman and child have also been knocked down and run over by the gig, and now lie in St. George’s Hospital, in a dangerous state. It is further said, that a gentleman who endeavoured to stop the gig has been seriously injured. The gig itself is literally smashed to pieces, and the horse is so torn and lacerated, that it is believed he is now fit only to be handed over to the tender mercies of those benevolent individuals, the knackers. The damage done to property by this unhappy occurrence is reckoned at seventy or eighty pounds, which includes about ten yards of iron railing, shattered and laid prostrate by the wheels of the gig. What the doctors’ bills in connexion with the unfortunate accident may amount to, cannot yet be estimated.”

Such, then, is a specimen of the performances of the amateur gigman.

It may be matter for wonder, seeing the frequency, nay, almost certainly, of such or similar results, that the gig-fancier should persevere in the indulgence of his driving propensity. So it is; but persevere he does, nevertheless. His mania is incurable, and neither broken legs nor arms will deter him from his favourite recreation. Nay, in truth, you would almost imagine that the more he is smothered and dashed and battered, the more attached he becomes to it; for he no sooner recovers from the effects of a toss out or a break down, than he is at it again. Amongst the first things he does, if he survives and gets round again, is to hire another gig, and treat himself to a day’s driving.

We have elsewhere observed, that the amateur gigman’s performances generally, if not always, take place on Sundays and holidays. These are his great field-days, for, as already hinted, neither his time nor circumstances will admit of more frequent exhibitions.

If, then, you would see this sort of person at one of the most interesting periods of display as an amateur gigman, take a turn through the streets at an early hour on a Sunday morning—say, about six or seven o’clock. If you do so, you will not have gone far before you will have descried a gig waiting at a door, standing conspicuous in the silent and deserted street. It is a yellow gig—a bright and flaming yellow, yoked to a half-tamished wall-eyed horse. Here, then, is precisely the thing wanted, a yellow gig and a starved horse. They are in charge of an ostler, who is impatiently walking to and fro on the flag-stones, waiting the arrival of some one, and from time to time cycling, with a look of suspicion, the crazy harness to which, without the smallest compunction, he is about to trust the life of the fancy gigman, but to which he would not trust his own for a thousand pounds.

By-and-by the green door opposite which the gig is standing opens, and, wearing an air of dignified consequence, softened and rounded off by an expression of pleasant complacence, there sallies forth a gentleman in travelling array. It is our amateur gigman. It is he for whom the yellow gig and wall-eyed horse have been waiting. There he is, then, stiff and shining in his new surtout, a long blue cloth cloak, with red-lined cape thrown with a careless ostentation over his right arm, and his external elegancies completed by a gorgeous white hat “spick and span new,” and glittering with a silvery brightness.

Without retreating the ostler, who has, however, touched his hat to him, and without looking either to the right or to the left, our amateur gigman advances towards his horse, but pauses midway to examine its appointments, which he does with the eye of a connoisseur. He then deposits his cloak in the vehicle, throwing it well back, and spending it widely, in order to show an admiring world as much as possible of the red-lined cape. This done, he pulls out a green net purse, gives sixpence to the ostler, draws on his gloves with a delicate sort of air, gets in, spends about fifteen minutes in adjusting himself in his seat, gathers up the reins with a knowing look, and, finally, gives the wall-eyed horse the hint to move off, when away tumbles and rumbles the yellow gig with a strange clattering wooden sound that no respectable machine of a similar kind ever emits. Away it goes, rolling, and rattling, and labouring, down the long deserted street, the white hat of the gallant champion pointing out his painted career, but at length gradually disappearing in the murky distance. A feeble flash or two, and it is no more seen. Our amateur gigman has gone to pick up a friend or two, amatees like himself, and then “hey for the highway,” a clear road, and no drawbridge.

We have recommended to the curious reader who may be desirous of seeing an amateur gigman in the most favourable circumstances, to go in quest of him on a Sunday morning. But he may have his curiosity gratified without being at that trouble; that is, without being at the trouble of hunting the streets for him. Let him, instead, just plant himself at any given corner for ten minutes, and in half that time he may calculate on hearing the deep and universal silence of the early morning suddenly broken by the rattling of wheels, mingled with much uproarious laughter. In a minute more, he will see a yellow gig, crowded with white hats, approaching him. It is a whole gig full of fancy men going on a country excursion. Four great stout fellows crammed into one small yellow gig! The squeezing and jamming is dreadful, and the oppressed and tortured vehicle labours piteously under the enormous load. But these are economical amateurs who have clubbed a gig amongst them, and are content to submit to this high-pressure travelling, on account of the thrift of the thing.

It is a well-established and undeniable fact, that the amateur gigman rarely returns from a day’s excursion without some accident or other befalling him; and, in the long run, he meets with something serious—a run off, a pitch out, and a fractured skull, being

the common *finale* to the amateur gigman's career. Before this happens, however, he usually runs through an interesting series of smaller accidents, such as breaking a leg or an arm, foundering a horse, snapping his gig-shafts, driving in a shop-window, or running over a few old women and children. Either, or more probably all of these pleasing little incidents, are sure to enliven the career of the amateur gigman.

Sometimes, however, the amateur gigman's progress is fully as much distinguished for the mischief he does to others, as for that done to himself. We are personally acquainted with a gentleman of this description, who has acquired such celebrity for killing and maiming people, that he can get no one now to enter a gig with him, and is therefore obliged, contrary to his former practice, to take all his drives *solus*, and, of course, to pay the whole gig hire himself.

This person, who is a hatter by trade, and a very *respectable* man, not only murders and maims, by running his gig against or over unfortunates who happen to come in his way, but has, also, the deaths of three or four of the companions of his excursions to answer for. He has killed two tailors, one shoemaker, and a fourth person, name and profession unknown. Yet, strange to say, he always escapes scot-free himself. He has had his gigs shattered to pieces; he has spread terror and dismay, death and destruction around him, yet has never met with the slightest injury in his own person;—not a scratch. While his unfortunate companions have had their heads smashed like so many eggs, he has stood up, unscathed and unharmed in the midst of the awful devastation. He, in fact, seems to have a life charmed against all that horse and gig can do, and hence, perhaps, it is, that notwithstanding the little casualties above alluded to, our friend's passion for gigs is nothing abated, but continues as rampant as ever.

So well known, however, is this renowned gigman for his pranks in gig-driving on all the roads leading from the city, and in and about all the villages in its neighbourhood, that children run screaming into their houses when they see him approaching in his gig, and although he should be yet at half a mile's distance. Mothers, too, on describing him, hurry in the greatest terror to collect their young ones together, and to put them in a place of safety. As he passes, he is contemplated in silent awe by the little white-headed urchins, who, having been taught to hold him in the greatest dread, peep at him furtively from behind doors and walls. Yet, to look at this murderous gigist, you would never take him to be the very formidable personage he is. He is a pleasant and cheerful-looking man, without the least trace of anything either sinister or sanguinary in the expression of his countenance. But beware, good reader, how you enter a gig with him, should he ever invite you to do so. As you value your life, don't allow him to enjole you into taking a share of one of those fatal machines with him. If you do, you are a gone man: your life's not worth six inches of whipcord.

#### THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

It is not in the wild valley, flanked with birchen slopes, and stretching far away among the crazy hills, that the music of the blackbird floats upon the evening breeze. There you may listen delighted to the gentle song of the mavis; but here, in this plain, covered with cornfields and skirted with gardens, sit thee down on the green turf by the gliding brook, and mark the little black-speak stuck as it were upon the top twig of that tall poplar. It is a blackbird; for now the sweet strain, loud, but mellowed by distance, comes upon the ear, inspiring pleasant thoughts, and banishing care and sorrow. The bird has evidently learned his part by long practice, for he sits sedately and in full consciousness of superiority. Ceasing at intervals, he renews the strain, varying it so, that although you can trace an occasional repetition of notes, the staves are never precisely the same. You may sit an hour or longer, and yet the song will be continued; and in the neighbouring gardens, many rival songsters will sometimes raise their voices at once, or delight you with alternate strains. And now what is the purpose of all this melody? We can only conjecture that it is the expression of the perfect happiness which the creature is enjoying, when, uncarried by care, unconscious of security, and aware of the presence of his mate, he instinctively pours forth his soul in joy, and gratitude, and love. He does not sing to amuse his mate, as many have supposed, for he often sings in winter, when he is not yet mated; nor does he sing to beguile his solitude, for now he is not solitary; but he sings because all his wants are satisfied, his whole frame glowing with health, and because his Maker has gifted him with the power of uttering sweet sounds.—*Macgillivray's British Birds.*

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

##### PAUL JONES.

THE "march of intellect" has all but destroyed the once very popular idea of Paul Jones; and this redoubted naval hero, who spread fear and alarm along our coasts, and left his name for years as a bugbear in his native country, is now reduced to his proper size, and we can look at him without shaking in our shoes. Yet we well recollect with what intense interest we gazed, in boyhood, on the flaring-red prints which represented his real and supposititious doings. "Paul Jones shooting his lieutenant" was indeed an awful picture; his truculent air, his enormous stride, his tremendous drawn sword, his fearful pistol belching forth a very sufficient quantity of smoke, formed a combination of "features," which led us to regard him as one of those "demons of the deep," the sound of whose voice might help to sink a seventy-four.

The "Life of Paul Jones," was published some years ago from original documents in the possession of John Henry Sherburne, Esq., Registrar of the Navy of the United States. From this volume we shall draw the following outline of his doings and character.

His father's name was John Paul, a Scotch gardener; and young John Paul was born at Arbigland, in Kirkcubright, in 1717. His native place forms a portion of the shores of the Solway Frith; and his vicinity to the sea inspired him with a desire for a sea-faring life. His friends sent him, at the age of twelve, to Whitehaven, where he was bound apprentice to an American trader. There are but few particulars, however, of his early life, except that his apprenticeship laid the foundation of his practical seamanship; and that after it was finished he made several voyages to various parts of Europe and America, and engaged in commercial speculations with a partner, from whose bad conduct he suffered materially. He was in Virginia in 1773, arranging the affairs of a brother who had died intestate; and it would appear that about this period he lived in America in a very retired manner, and was probably in pecuniary difficulties. It was about this period, also, that he adopted the name of Jones—why, the memoir does not inform us, but from henceforth he was known as John Paul Jones.

During the American war of Independence, but before the famous Declaration of Independence was made, the Congress determined on raising a fleet; and Paul Jones eagerly offered his services. The Congress appointed him a first lieutenant in the American navy on the 22nd December, 1775; and from this period Paul Jones became a public character.

The first proceedings of the American squadron were not very successful. In consequence of intelligence which they received, that there was a large quantity of military stores at New Providence, one of the Bahama isles, two sloops, with a body of 300 men, were despatched to that island. The Americans failed in surprising the island by night, and, though they landed the next morning without opposition, they found, to their mortification, that the governor had sent off the military stores the night before.

A few days after this affair of New Providence the American squadron fell in with the "Glasgow" man-of-war, and the broadsides of the English seem somewhat to have astonished the heroes of the Bahama isles. It was long before they were again able to put to sea. Sickness prevailed very generally, and scarcely a ship was manned. Jones, who panted for a new expedition, deeply lamented the unfortunate state of the American navy; 'the scamen,' he says in a letter to the Hon. Mr. Hewes, 'almost to a man, entered into the army before the fleet was set on foot: and I am well informed, that there are 4000 or 5000 seamen now in the land service.'

The difficulty of procuring seamen was not the only one to be encountered. The unfortunate engagement with the Glasgow produced considerable dissatisfaction; and unfavourable reflections were cast upon the different officers. The subordinate situation of Lieutenant Jones preserved him from any particular animadversion, yet he felt very keenly the severity of the public murmur; 'my station,' he observes to Mr. Hewes, 'confined me to the Alfred's lower gun-deck, where I commanded during the action; yet although the commander's letter, which has been published, says—all the officers in the Alfred behaved well—still the public blames me. No officer, under a superior, who does not stand charged by that superior for cowardice or misconduct, can be blamed on any occasion whatever. I wish a general inquiry might be made respecting the abilities of officers in all stations, and then the country would not be cheated.'

These latter expressions give a key to the character of Jones. That he was not only excessively brave, and daring to rashness, energetic, and persevering in pursuit of an object, is undisputed—but he was also excessively vain, excessively ambitious, restless under control, and almost inordinately eager to rise to command. Even in a subordinate situation, he thought the world was watching him. "The public," he says, "blames me!" Two court-martials were held on board the Alfred; and the evidence of the ability of Jones, and his forward comments and criticisms on the conduct of his superior officers, raised him to the command of a sloop carrying twelve six-pounders, called the "Providence." He was employed some time in escorting vessels from Rhode Island into the sound, and in convoying them from Boston to Philadelphia. In a cruise in September and October, 1776, he took "sixteen sail," of which he manned and sent in eight, and sunk, burned, or destroyed the rest. He was, at the same time, actively employed in writing letters about the state of the American navy, making suggestions, proposing plans, &c.; and thus his actions and his advice brought him conspicuously under the notice of the members of the Congress. "On his return home, at the end of the year 1776, he was immediately appointed to the command of a squadron in Rhode Island. The chief point of this expedition was Isle Royal. In his way to this place Jones fell in with the Melish, an armed vessel from Liverpool; this ship he captured, and he found that it contained 10,000 suits of uniform, which were intended for the army of General Burgoyne. It so happened, that at this moment the troops of Washington were almost destitute of clothing. The capture of the Melish was, therefore, most opportune, and tended, in no slight degree, to increase the reputation of Jones. After capturing many prizes, the commander of the little squadron arrived at Isle Royal. All the buildings appropriated to the whale and cod fisheries were destroyed, together with a very valuable transport; but the chief object of the expedition, which was to release the Americans who were confined in the coal-mines there, was not effected. Jones complained strongly to Mr. Hewes of the conduct of the officers under him, 'it completely overset the expedition.'

"The irregularities of which Jones complained arose altogether from the omission of Congress to establish a due gradation of rank among the officers of the navy. But their most urgent attention was now given to that important branch of national defence. A list of captains was immediately published, and Jones's name was inserted in it; regulations as to the pay, rank, and uniform of the different branches of the navy were immediately formed, and the whole force was placed in a much more efficient state.

"Jones was now acting under the commission of captain, from the independent authorities of the United States of North America.

"After receiving his commission as Captain, Jones devoted himself for a considerable time to the communication of his opinions as to the course which should be pursued to attain that perfection in the American navy, which he so ardently desired. Many of his ideas have been adopted by the present American government, and have been carried into effect on a very extensive scale."

In 1777, Congress resolved to reward Jones, for the services he had performed "in vessels of little force," and he was ordered to be sent to Paris, where Franklin and Silas Deane were residing, as commissioners for the purpose of bringing about an alliance between France and the newly-created government of the United States. The object of this visit to Paris was, to get possession and command of a "fine ship," which the commissioners were instructed to procure for him. But just as he was about to sail, he sent a letter to the "secret committee" of the Congress, which led to the immediate passing of the following resolutions:—

"In Congress, June 14, 1777.

"Resolved, That the flag of the Thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

"Resolved, That Captain J. Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship Ranger."

The letter from Jones, which produced the change, contained a bold project—to attack the coast of England; and thus, while the English were waiting for the success of their armies in America, they might be startled by having the war brought to their very doors. With this view he arrived at Nantes, in France, at the end of 1777; and on the 10th of April, 1778, sailed from Brest. Stormy weather interrupted his plans for a few days; but on the 22nd he made a descent at Whitehaven. "The harbour of Whitehaven was one of the most important in Great Britain, con-

taining generally 100 sail, and some of a very considerable size. The town itself contained near 60,000 inhabitants, and was strongly fortified. When night came on, the wind became so light, that the Ranger could not approach as near the shore as its commander had originally intended. At midnight, therefore, he left the ship, with two boats, and thirty-one men who volunteered to accompany him. As they reached the out-pier, the day began to dawn: in spite, however, of this circumstance, Jones determined not to abandon the enterprise, but, despatching one boat with Lieutenant Wallingford with the necessary combustibles to the north side of the harbour, he proceeded with the other party to the southern side. There was a dead silence when Jones, at the head of his party, scaled the walls. He succeeded in spiking all the cannon of the first fort; and the sentinels, being shut up in the guard-house, were fairly surprised. Having succeeded thus far, Jones, with only one man, spiked up all the cannon on the southern fort, distant from the other a quarter of a mile.

"These daring exploits being all performed without disturbing a single being, Jones anxiously looked for the expected blaze on the north side of the harbour. His anxiety further increased, as all the combustibles had been entrusted to the northern party, they, after performing their task, having to join him to fire the shipping on the south side. The anxiously expected blaze did not, however, appear; Jones hastened to Lieutenant Wallingford, and found the whole party in confusion, their light having burned out at the instant when it became necessary. By a sad fatality his own division were in the same plight, for, in hurrying to the southern party, their candles had also burnt out. The day was breaking apace, and the failure of the expedition seemed complete. Any other commander but Jones would, in this predicament, have thought himself fortunate in making his retreat good; but Jones would not retreat. He had the boldness to send a man to a house detached from the town to ask for a light; the request was successful, and fire was kindled in the stowage of a large ship, which was surrounded by at least 150 others, chiefly from 200 to 400 tons burden. There was not time to fire any more than one piece, and Jones's care was to prevent that one from being easily extinguished. After some search, a barrel of tar was found, and poured into the flames, which now burnt up from all the hatchways. 'The inhabitants,' says Jones, in his letter to the American commissioners, 'began to appear in thousands, and individuals ran hastily towards us; I stood between them and the ship on fire, with a pistol in my hand, and ordered them to retire, which they did with precipitation. The flames had already caught the rigging, and began to ascend the mainmast; the sun was full an hour's march above the horizon, and as sleep no longer ruled the world, it was time to retire; we re-embarked without opposition. After all my people had embarked, I stood upon the pier for a considerable time, yet no persons advanced; I saw all the eminences around the town covered with the enraged inhabitant.'

"When we had rowed to a considerable distance from the shore, the English began to run in vast numbers to their forts. Their disappointment may be easily imagined, when they found at least thirty cannon, the instruments of their vengeance, rendered useless. At length, however, they began to fire; having, as I apprehend, either brought down ship-guns, or used one or two cannon which lay on the beach at the foot of the walls, dismantled, and which had not been spiked. They fired with no direction, and the shot falling short of the boats, instead of doing any damage, afforded us some diversion, which my people could not help showing, by firing their pistols, &c., in return of the salute. Had it been possible to have landed a few hours sooner, my success would have been complete; not a single ship out of more than 200 could possibly have escaped, and all the world would not have been able to have saved the town. What was done, however, is sufficient to show, that not all their boasted navy can protect their own coasts, and that the scenes of distress, which they have occasioned in America, may be soon brought home to their own door!"

Only one of Jones's men was missing; this man had deserted, and, either from an anxiety to save the town, or to foil the project of his commander, had knocked at the doors of a number of houses, alarming the inhabitants by the intelligence that the shipping and town were in imminent danger. Nobody was either killed or wounded, but the daring assailant "brought off," he said in his letter, "three prisoners, as a sample."

Within a few hours after this affair, Jones had attempted another, the news of which added to the general consternation.

"From Whitehaven the Americans stood over to the Scotch shore, and the very noon of the day whose dawn had witnessed the

firing of the Cumberland ship was the moment selected for an exploit, if possible, of a still more daring nature.

"The treatment of the American prisoners of war in England had long been the subject of bitter and just complaint, not only by their own countrymen, but by the majority of the English nation itself. Subscriptions for their relief, and even satisfaction, had been opened in most of the principal towns of Great Britain; but this ebullition of national feeling had not yet produced any change in the conduct of the administration. Paul Jones was deeply affected by the sufferings of his imprisoned countrymen, and was constantly intent upon striking a blow in their favour. His favourite plan was to gain possession of the person of some Englishman of high rank, and then, by the influence of the captive noble, to procure an amelioration of the conduct of his imprisoned countrymen.

"With this view, Jones suddenly, on the celebrated 23d of April, landed at noon on St. Mary's Isle, accompanied by a boat's crew. On this island was the family-seat of the Earl of Selkirk, and to this mansion Jones immediately directed his steps. Before, however, he reached the house, he learnt that the earl had lately left St. Mary's for the metropolis. As the object of the expedition could not now be obtained, Jones proposed to Kienabuk, but his crew murmured. The English, they said, were not accustomed to spare either life or property in America, and they saw not why, as they had haled, they should not pay their intended visit. They were the same men who had landed at Whitehaven, and the captain could scarcely refuse them this reasonable favour. He himself, however, avoided personal interference, and leaving the command of his men to his lieutenant, with strict injunctions to behave with scrupulous politeness, he returned to his ship. The crew were soon afterwards informed by the boat's crew; they would not enter the mansion, but invited the business to their commanding officer. Lord Selkirk met the lieutenant, and behaved with great firmness. The officer's demand was moderate—at least for one in his situation, and the boat's crew returned to the Ranger with the family plate of the house of Douglas."

Meantime a spirit had been sent out to London, and along the coast, conveying the intelligence of the presence of this very daring—and, as many thought, very impudent—lover; and next morning Jones, having entered the Channel, and ventured up Belfast Lough, as far as Carrickfergus, the Drake, a twenty-gun ship of war, which had been lying in the roads, went out to meet him. "She was attended by five small vessels full of people, who were anxious to witness the punishment of the redoubted Ranger. The Drake had come out in consequence of an express from Whitehaven, and was very fully manned. Alarm smokes now appeared in great abundance, extending along both sides of the channel. The tide was unfavourable, so that the Drake worked out of harbour but slowly. This obliged the Ranger to run down several times, and to try with canvas up and main-top-sail to the mast. At length the Drake weathered the point, and having led out to about mid-channel, Jones hailed her to come within hail. The Drake now hoisted English colours, and at the same moment the American stars were displayed on board the Ranger. The American commander expected that peace was now at an end, but the English soon after hailed, and demanded what ship it was? The answer was characteristic—"The American ship Ranger; we wait for you, and desire that you will come on. The sun is now little more than one hour from setting, it is therefore time to begin."

"The Drake being within of the Ranger, Jones ordered the helm up, and gave the first broadside. The action was warm, close, and obstinate; it lasted an hour and four minutes, when the Drake struck. The fore and main topsail yards of the Drake were cut away, and down on the cap; the top-gallant and mizen-gall both hanging up and down along the mast; the second ensign, which the Drake had hoisted, had been shot away, and was hanging on the quarter-gallery in the water; her sails and rigging were entirely cut to pieces; her masts and yards all wounded, and her hull very much galled. The captain received a musket-ball in his head the moment before they called for quarter, and expired just after the Ranger's people boarded their prize: the lieutenant survived the captain only two days. 'I buried them,' says Jones, in his letter to the American commissioner, 'with the honours due to their rank, and with the respect due to their memory.' The English suffered dreadfully, from the number of their crew. Jones lost his lieutenant, but his men suffered slightly."

Had the great sea-serpent been seen, 100 leagues in length, sporting in the channel, with his head turned round the North Foreland, and looking up the Thames, the alarm could not have been greater. Jones, meantime, proceeded to Brest with his prize;

put the lieutenant he had placed in charge, under arrest for disobedience of orders; and wrote a long, polite letter to the Countess of Selkirk, in which he offered to purchase the plate taken from her house, when sold to produce prize-money, and "gratify his feelings" by restoring it. But he had more serious letters to write at Brest—for, in the low state of American credit, he found it difficult to raise money to purchase provisions for his crew and prisoners.

Jones, at the request of the French government, gave up the command of the Ranger, having a promise of a squadron. But the French officers were jealous of him; and a considerable period elapsed before he got the command of an old Indiaman, the name of which he got permission to change to "Bon Homme Richard," a kind of French compliment to Dr. Franklin, whose name was popularly associated with his "Poor Richard's Almanac." After some further delay, it was at length agreed that Jones should immediately sail with a squadron; and on the 19th of April, 1779, the American squadron, Bon Homme Richard (42 guns), Alliance (36 guns), Pallas (30 guns), Cerf (18 guns), and the Vengeance (12 guns), sailed from L'Orient, under the command of the Honourable Commodore John Paul Jones.

"Three months were passed in a cruise, which does not appear to have been very successful. Jones found the Bon Homme Richard, as he had expected, a bad sailer; her timbers were so ancient, that it was deemed impossible to make some alterations, which were considered necessary in consequence of the injury sustained by the Alliance running foul of her in the night, in a manner which appeared to Jones very suspicious."

The commander of this Alliance was a Captain Lundais, whose conduct gave Jones not only annoyance, but injury. Jones was informed that a king's ship and two or three cutters were lying in security in Lath Roads; and he determined to try and surprise them, and put Lath Road to ransom. But his French officers had no idea of such daring proceedings; and so much time was lost in considering the matter, that before it was determined on, the wind had become contrary, and the alarm had been given at Lath. Returning, in disappointed bitterness of spirit, to France, he got intelligence that the Baltic fleet, of forty-one sail of merchantmen, was lying in the Humber, ready to proceed to their destination, under convoy of two British ships of war. Jones waited till they appeared—but the merchant ships, on perceiving his squadron, crowded sail towards the shore, and the convoy ships, the Serapis and the Countess of Scarborough, steered from the line, and prepared for battle. "The Serapis, 41 guns, was one of the finest frigates in his Majesty's navy, and had been off the stocks only a few months. Her crew were picked men, and she was commanded by Captain Richard Pearson, an officer celebrated even in the British navy for his undaunted courage and exemplary conduct. The Bon Homme Richard was an old ship with decayed timbers, and had made four voyages to the East Indies. Many of her guns were useless, and all were ancient. Her crew consisted partly of Americans, partly of French, partly of English, and partly of Maltese, Portuguese, and Malays; and this crew was weak also in numbers, for two boats' crews had been lost on the coast of Ireland; and, to add to accumulated misfortunes, Jones's first lieutenant and eighteen men in the pilot-boat did not join the Bon Homme Richard in time for battle."

The two ships came up with each other at seven o'clock in the evening, and their broadsides were almost simultaneous. A manoeuvre brought the two ships in a line, and the Bon Homme ran her bows into the stern of the Serapis. The English now hailed the Bon Homme, to know whether they had struck. Jones himself answered, 'that he had not yet begun to fight.' But the truth was, that the broadsides of the Serapis had already produced an effect. The Bon Homme, before eight o'clock, had received several eighteen-pounders under water, and leaked very much. Jones received no assistance from his squadron: the Pallas was engaged with the Countess of Scarborough, the Vengeance held off at a distance, and the Alliance declined interfering altogether. The position in which the two contending frigates were now placed was most favourable to Jones; for not a gun could take effect on either side, and he thus gained some moments for consideration, which the American commander stood much in need of. Besides her superior force, he had already perceived, that the English was the much more manageable ship of the two. The Bon Homme now backed her topsails, and those of the Serapis being filled, the ships separated. The bowsprit of the Serapis now came over the Bon Homme's poop by the mizen-mast. Jones darted like a cat upon his prey, and immediately grappled. The action of the wind on the enemy's sails forced her stern close to the Bon Homme's

bow, 'so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponent's side.' This was a bold way of saving a sinking ship, and preventing the effect of 18-pounders under water!

After a desperate struggle, 'the Alliance appeared, and Jones now thought the battle was at an end; but, to his utter astonishment, Landais discharged a broadside full into the stern of the Bon Homme. The crew cried to him, 'for God's sake to forbear firing into the Bon Homme Richard,' but Landais passed along the off-side of the ship, and continued his firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the Bon Homme for the Serapis, for there was the most essential difference in their appearance and construction; it was full moonlight too, and the sides of the American were all black, and of the Serapis yellow. For greater security, Jones gave the signal of reconnaissance, but nothing availed; the Alliance passed round, firing into her commodore's ship, head, stern, and broadside, and by one of her volleys killed several men and wounded a valuable officer. 'My situation,' says Jones, 'was now really deplorable.'

'The Alliance at last sailed off—not, however, without giving the Bon Homme several shots under water. This was perfect destruction. The leak gained ground on the pumps, and the fire increased so much on board both ships, that some officers advised Jones to strike, 'of whose courage and good sense he entertained the highest opinion.'

'It was a grand scene that the Channel witnessed that night. A numerous fleet had taken refuge under the walls of Scarborough Castle; the Bon Homme and Serapis joined in an encounter almost unparalleled for its fierceness and duration, finely contrasted with the picturesque and shattered appearance of the Pallas and the Countess of Scarborough, now both silenced; and the moon, which was extremely bright and full, lighted up, not only this magnificent scene, but Flamborough Head, and the surrounding heights, covered with the inhabitants of all the neighbouring towns.

'While the American commodore appeared to be hesitating whether he should follow the advice of his officers, his master-at-arms, who was frightened out of his wits, suddenly let loose all the prisoners, amounting to nearly 500, telling them, 'to save themselves, as the ship was going to sink.'

'This last misfortune seemed to be decisive. One prisoner jumped over to the enemy, and told them, that if they held out a moment longer the enemy must strike. 'Our rudder,' says Jones, in his letter to Franklin, 'was entirely out, the stern-frame and transoms were almost entirely cut away, the timbers by the lower deck, especially from the main-mast to the stern, being greatly decayed by age, were mangled beyond every power of description; and a person must have been an eye-witness, to have formed a just idea, of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin, that everywhere appeared.' Yet, notwithstanding this state—notwithstanding that the prisoners were loose—that the ship was on fire in many places—and that there were five feet of water in the hold, Jones determined to fight on. He observed what his affrighted crew had overlooked—he saw the main-mast of the Serapis shake, and his practised ear told him, that 'their firing decreased.' He took care that his own should immediately increase; and, at half past ten, in the sight of thousands, the flag of England, which had been hoisted to the mast of the Serapis, was struck by Captain Pearson's own hand. Her main-mast at the same time went overboard.

Jones had scarcely time to remove his wounded into the Serapis, before his own vessel sank; the Countess of Scarborough had previously struck to the Pallas; and with those vessels Paul Jones took shelter at the Texel, and obtained permission from the Dutch government to establish an hospital for his wounded. The British ambassador at the Hague, however, in the name of his government, demanded the restitution of the English ships, and the delivery of 'a certain Paul Jones, a subject of the king, who, according to treaties, and the laws of war, could only be considered as a rebel and a pirate.' Much diplomatic correspondence ensued, the British ambassador insisting that Paul Jones was a pirate, having no commission from any government, and the Dutch government being unwilling to plead his American authority, as that would be equivalent to acknowledging the independence of the United States, and might involve a war with Britain. The difficulty was soon got over by the French government claiming the vessels and prisoners, which were accordingly delivered up, except the Alliance, which, being American property, was left, along with Paul Jones, at the Texel. The 'pirate,' as the ambassador termed him, appeared to be now caught in a trap. An order was procured for the dismissal of Paul Jones from the Texel;

and several English ships were on the watch for him. 'So completely did the American frigate appear to be blockaded, that escape seemed utterly impossible. One morning, however, Jones, with a favouring breeze, suddenly dashed from his retreat, and, 'in spite of all their cruising ships and squadrons,' fairly made his escape. 'I am, my dear philosopher,' he writes to M. Dumas, 'this moment arrived here. We have made our way good through the Channel, in spite of the utmost efforts of Britain to prevent it. I had the pleasure of laughing at their expense as we passed the Downs, in spite of their ships of war, and along the coast in full view of the Isle of Wight.'

The remaining twelve years of Jones's life—from 1780 to 1792—do not furnish much matter for observation. At Paris he was "lionised," and his egregious vanity led him to attempt to play the gallant (he was a short, swarthy man) and the man of fashion, writing pretty verses to ladies, and highly flattered by receiving great attention from the French court, as well as the approbation and friendship of Dr. Franklin. In America, whither he went in 1781, he received the approval of Congress, in spite of the intrigues of Landais, and other enemies: but before active employment was found for him, the independence of the United States was acknowledged by Britain. Paul Jones returned, in 1783, to France, appointed by Congress as the agent of America for European prize-money. In 1783, he entered the Russian service, on the invitation of the Empress Catharine; and was appointed vice-admiral of a fleet on the Black Sea. Jones was impatient of his commanding officer, the Prince Nassau-Seiger, who refused to be governed by his advice—but he had the satisfaction of saving the prince's division of the fleet from a well-timed attack of the Turks; and afterwards of defeating the Turkish fleet with his own division. But public approbation was as dear to Jones as his life; and when he found that the victory was attributed to the prince, and that he himself, to use his own words, in a letter written to the empress, was reduced to "a zero or a hulkquin," he made so much noise about it, and raised so many enemies, that he was allowed to absent himself "on leave of absence," and left Russia in December, 1789. He lived somewhat neglected afterwards; and died in Paris in the month of June, 1792, aged only forty-five years. The National Assembly went into mourning, on account of his death.

#### ROASTED APPLES AND SALAD.

SOME foreigner said rather wittily, that we have no ripe fruit in England but roasted apples. As the season for ripening after this fashion is not far off, I offer a greatly improved mode, which was brought from Paris, and which, when well managed, makes rather a rich dish of rather an insipid one. Select the largest apples; scoop out the core, without cutting quite through; fill the hollow with butter and fine soft sugar; let them roast in a slow oven, and serve them up with the syrup.

As I am on the subject of receipts, I will give another, which is also applicable to the season. It is a receipt for a salad, which I have seen at a few houses, but I think it deserves to be much more common.

Boil one or two large onions, till soft and perfectly mild. When cold, mix the onion with celery and sliced beet-root, roasted in the oven, which has more flavour than when boiled. Dress this salad with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper. The onion and beet-root are very good without celery. Roast beef, with this salad and potatoes browned in the dripping-pan, or in the oven, is a dish to delight the constitution of an Englishman in the winter-months.

The best lettuce-salads I know are dressed by my friend Dr. Forbes, of Argyle street, who is a proficient in aristology. His receipt is as follows:—

Take the finest lettuces you can get; strip off the leaves with the hand, using only those which are well blanched. Put them into the bowl whole, and, if wet, wipe each with a napkin. Put a sufficient quantity of salt and pepper into the salad spoon, and mix them with a little tarragon vinegar. Throw the mixture over the lettuce, and add vinegar and oil in the proportion of rather more than two spoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar. Stir the salad very well. It is best when not prepared till it is wanted; but if that is not convenient, it should be kept in a cold place, or the lettuce loses its crispness. It is only by experience that the proper quantities of the ingredients for dressing can be accurately measured; but there should be great liberality of oil, and the quantity of vinegar depends in a great degree upon its sourness. This mode of dressing applies equally to my first receipt, with the exception, I think, of the tarragon.—From "The Original," by the late Thomas Walker, Esq., one of the Metropolitan Magistrates.



## THE SOURCES OF CIVILISATION.

We extract the following pertinent observations from a lengthy article called "The American Merchant," in the July Number of the "Knickerbocker, New-York Monthly Magazine." Commerce, the grand element of human civilisation, is probably destined to extinguish war at some future and happier period of man's history; and, meantime, our security for a long peace between Britain and America will lie in that intimate and prompt commercial intercourse, and the extent of those transactions, which, by their very intricacy and entanglement, make it the interest of the majority in both countries to repress angry passions and cultivate good-will.

"It is now well enough understood, and frankly enough admitted, by philosophers, and by all right-thinking people, whether philosophers or not, that the first step in the process of raising man to the proper standard of moral and intellectual elevation, is accomplished by raising the standard of their physical comfort; that before we undertake to improve the mind, we must begin by improving the condition of the body; or, in other words, that physical civilisation, or the just relation between demand for the conveniences of life and the supply of that demand, is the basis of mental civilisation. Every general improvement in human existence is inseparably connected with the special improvement of the circumstances and modes of living. If we go into a community of savages, with the benevolent purpose of reclaiming them from their state of barbarism, we must begin with teaching them how to make themselves more comfortable. We must show them how to clothe themselves in better habiliments than the skins of beasts,—how to provide themselves with better and more abundant supplies of food than they can obtain by hunting and fishing,—how to construct more substantial and commodious habitations than the wigwam of the Indian, the cave of the African troglodyte, or the mud hovel of the Hottentot; we must make them acquainted with the nutritious and wholesome variety of products that can be obtained by cultivation of the earth; and gradually teach them what comforts and advantages are to be enjoyed by means of well-regulated and instructed industry. Not till we have done all this can any good result from our efforts to instil into their minds the principles of higher and more speculative knowledge. When we have taught them to dig the earth, to plant, to sow, to reap, to build, to weave, to cook, to tan skins into leather, to fashion wood and iron into implements of husbandry and of household thrift, then we may go farther, and instruct them in reading, and writing, and arithmetic. First, we must give them the knowledge how to supply their wants, and after we have done that, we may go on and give them books. We must commence by giving them things, and after this it will be time enough to give them knowledge.

"But what inducement have we to do all this? Why should we, who have come into possession of the comforts and enjoyments produced by civilisation, be moved to extend that possession to the barbarous and scarcely human occupants of those regions into which the light of civilisation has not yet penetrated? Why should we not rest content with our good things and our knowledge, and leave them to get on as well as they may, with their privations and their ignorance? The answer is at hand, and lets us into one of the secrets of God's providence, and of his wise and benevolent arrangements for the melioration and elevation of our race. In his wisdom and benevolence, he has bestowed upon every variety of soil and climate some peculiar products, which may be turned to account by all, in the supply of physical wants and the increase of physical enjoyments, but which can be shared by all only through some process of acquisition and conveyance, which necessarily implies systematic and regular intercommunication, and the establishment of certain relations between the people of different countries. One land produces the means of sustenance, another materials for clothing; a third abounds in wood, a fourth in minerals, a fifth in articles of luxury; and so, throughout all the earth, we find a great plan of mutual want and supply,—here abundance and there deficiency,—which imposes upon mankind the necessity of devising means to equalise possession.

"This equality of possession is so completely a thing of habit with us, and enters so largely into the composition of our daily life, that we seldom take thought of its remarkable operation: yet if we pause for a moment in any of our pursuits or enjoyments, and reflect upon the materials with which we are employed, we

cannot but be struck with admiration at the results of a system so extensive. We lay many portions of the earth under contribution, almost in every hour of our lives. Even in the simple business of refreshing ourselves with a good breakfast, we employ or consume the products of many regions. The tea we drink comes from China,—or perhaps it is Mocha coffee, from Arabia; the sugar with which we sweeten it, from the West Indies; our porcelain cups and saucers were probably made in France; the silver spoon with which each is provided once lay dark and deep in the mines of South America; the table itself is mahogany, from Jamaica or Honduras; and the table-cloth was manufactured from a vegetable production in Ireland; the teapot is probably of English block-tin; and the steel of which the knives are wrought may have come from Germany or Sweden; the bread is made of wheat, raised probably in Michigan; and the butter, if particularly good, must have come—a Philadelphian will say—from the neighbourhood of his own city. If we are in the habit of eating relishes at breakfast, we discuss perhaps a beef-steak from Ohio, or a piece of smoked salmon from Maine, or it may be a herring from Scotland. Or suppose we take so very useless a personage as one of the foplings, whose greatest pleasure is in the decoration of their persons, and whose chief employment is to exhibit themselves at stated hours in Broadway, for the admiration of the ladies, and see how many lands are called upon to furnish the nice equipments of his dainty person. His hat is made of fur, brought thousands of miles from the north-west coast of America, or from an island in the South Antarctic Ocean; his fine linen is from Ireland, inwrought with cambrie from British India; in the bosom glitters a diamond from Brazil, or perhaps an opal from Hungary; his coat is of Saxony wool, made into cloth in England, and it is lined with silk from Italy; his white waistcoat is of a fabric wrought in France; the upper leathers of his morocco boots have come from Barbary, and the soles are made of a hide from South America. His white hand, covered with kid-leather from Switzerland, jauntily bears a little cane, made of whalebone from the Pacific, the agate head of which was brought from Germany; and from his neck is suspended a very unnecessary eye-glass, the golden frame of which is a native of Africa. His handkerchief is perfumed with scents of Persia, and the delicate moustache that shades his upper lip has been nourished by a fragrant oil from the distant East, or by the fat of a bear that once roamed for prey amid the wastes of Siberia; while its jetty blackness has probably been artificially bestowed by the application of the same Turkish dye that gives its sable hue to the magnificent beak of the sublime Sultan.

"Thus we find that every country has its peculiar products; that the possession and use of these are necessary, or at least desirable, to the full enjoyment of existence; and that men are stimulated by the wish for that possession to pass from climate to climate, and from region to region, and thus establish intercourse between all the nations of the earth. But the mere act of visiting different countries will not suffice to gain possession of the things that are desired. These are generally either absolutely provided, or else prepared for use, by the people of the country to which they are peculiar; and something is yet to be done, in order to effect their transfer from the hands of those people to the hands of the strangers who come in search of them. Speaking in general terms, we may say that there are but two modes of effecting such transfer. One is, taking them by force,—the other, gaining them by way of exchange for some equivalent which is desirable to the original owners. The first mode takes the name of robbery, or of war, according to circumstances,—the latter is simply commerce.

"When commerce is carried on between nations enjoying an equal or nearly equal degree of civilisation, there is no particularly benevolent motive or beneficent result on either side. The transactions are of mutual convenience, and that is all. But the case is different where the commerce is between nations, one of which is civilised and the other immersed in barbarism. The civilised foreigner bestows upon the barbarous native something more than the mere articles of utility, which he exchanges for the merchandise of the latter. Those articles are of necessity such as the barbarian needs, to make him more comfortable—they are garments, better and more convenient than he can provide, for himself, or implements which facilitate his labour, or household utensils which improve his domestic conditions, or weapons that give him better protection against his enemy,—something, in short, to elevate his standard of comfort: and this elevation we have ascertained to be the first and indispensable step in the progress to civilisation. Thus, then, it appears, that commerce is an agent, and a most

powerful agent, in meliorating not only the physical but the moral and intellectual condition of mankind.

"It is so of necessity, and without reference to the motives or intentions of the parties. No matter whether the enlightened European send his ship to the tawny and savage native of an island in the Pacific, with the mere benevolent purpose of conveying to him, as donations, those products of European art which will enlarge the circle of his comforts and his pleasure; or seeks to gain, in exchange for them, the fish, or shells, or skins, which the rude skill of the islander enables him to collect for barter: the advantage to the savage is the same. He acquires the knowledge of those new and additional comforts, and with the knowledge comes the desire for increased possession. He has made the first step toward civilisation.

"When Captain Cook was prosecuting his voyages of discovery in the Pacific Ocean, he left, at every island which he visited, fowls, sheep, hogs, and the seeds of vegetables; and in so doing, he rendered a valuable service to the ignorant inhabitants. But the captain of the merchant-ship renders a service not less valuable, who now visits those islands, and exchanges with the inhabitants European cloths, knives, axes, spades, ploughs, and other useful implements, for the beef and pork which they have learned to cure, and the vegetable productions which their fertile soil yields in such rich abundance. Indeed, we may say that, of the two, his visit is the most beneficent; because, in the first place, he comes again and again, bringing always new supplies of useful articles for traffic,—whereas, the scientific navigator had accomplished his object when the island was once visited, and came no more; and in the second place, because the trader, by teaching the savages the value of their possessions, and that by means of them they can obtain the objects of their necessity or desire, has given them motives for industry and economy, and so helped them on still farther in the road to improvement, not only of their condition, but of themselves.

"But even where the agency of commerce is less direct and less apparent, it equally exists, producing results of even greater magnitude. It is only by commercial nations that expeditions of discovery are sent out,—partly because such nations only have the material means of ships, and seamen, and nautical experience, but still more, because it is only in such nations that the *animus*—the mind—exists, by which those expeditions are suggested. They are the fruits of a particular national feeling; and that feeling prevails only in communities which derive great and regular advantages from mercantile navigation, and to which that navigation is an ever-present subject of interest and regard. The Romans made no voyages of discovery; the commercial Phœnicians sent their ships to the remotest bounds of the then known world, and it is even believed by some that they were not ignorant of our American continent. So in modern times, Austria, with her very limited commerce, does little or nothing toward the extension of geographical knowledge, great and powerful as she is; while England, deriving all her wealth and power from her trade, has long taken the lead of all the world in the magnitude as well as the success of her exploring enterprises, stimulated at once by the nautical spirit of her government and people, and by the perpetual craving of her commerce for new fields in which to develop itself, and for those helps to successful prosecution which inevitably result from more accurate knowledge of seas and coasts, and other matters pertaining to navigation."

#### USEFUL SUGGESTIONS TO THOSE WHO WANT THEM.

In the course of my travels, I have seen many a promising and fine young man gradually led to dissipation, gambling, and ruin, merely by the want of means to make a solitary evening pass pleasantly. I earnestly advise any youth who quits that abode of purity, peace, and delight, his paternal home, to acquire a taste for reading and writing. At every place where he may reside long, either in England or on the Continent, let him study to make his apartments as attractive and comfortable as possible; for he will find a little extraordinary expense, so bestowed at the beginning, to be good economy at the end: let him read the best books in the language of the place in which he lives; and, above all, let him never retire to rest without writing at least a page of original comments on what he has seen, read, and heard in the day. This habit will teach him to observe and discriminate; for a man ceases to read with a desultory and wandering mind, which is utter waste of time, when he knows that an account of all the information which he has gained must be written at night.

*Clayton's Sketches in Biography.*

#### VISIT TO THE RAPIDS OF TROLHATTAN.

THERE is a steamer which leaves Stockholm once a week, and makes a very picturesque voyage down the Malaren and Wenern lakes to Gottenburg; thus giving the tourist an opportunity of seeing all the most interesting parts of the south of Sweden with comparatively little difficulty, but as the time of departure did not agree with our plans, we were obliged to forego the accommodation which the steamer offers, and proceed by land with no more delay than was necessary to see the rapids of Trolhattan.

Orebro, which we reached about ten o'clock, is a large and very neat town, with handsome straight streets and a good market-place. Most of the houses are built of wood, and painted red or yellow. These wooden houses in the Swedish towns present by no means an unpleasing appearance, being generally very neatly put together, and having windows filled with very large panes of glass, which give them a stilted air, not always in strict keeping with the squallidity of the interior, the fitting-up of which is generally the very reverse of what an Englishman considers comfortable. The most striking object on entering Orebro is a large square house, turreted, and surrounded by a wet ditch like a fortification; but I believe it is nothing more than the private residence of some whimsical proprietor. The church is very neat and substantial.

The next morning we arrived at Lidköping, a pretty town on the southern shore of the Wenern lake, which here is very broad; but certainly, as far as we have seen, not worthy to be compared with the lake of Geneva.

During the previous night we had the ill-luck to overtake our *förebud*, who worn out by fatigue, I suppose, had crept into some corner of the post-house, and was snoring in concert with the rest of the inmates when we arrived. On entering the room, to which we were directed by the melodious sounds, we saw nothing at first but what seemed to be bundles of rags; but gradually one after another they became animated, and about a dozen odd wild-looking figures rose from the ground, on which they had been lying, each stretching itself, and looking round it with an expression of idiotic wonder, which to any persons but belated travellers, and at any time except in the middle of a cold night, would have been amusing enough.

In vain did our servant again and again repeat his demand for horses; in vain did the *förebud* (who seemed not a little alarmed at what to him must have been our unexpected apparition) bawl in their ears: they preserved the same appearance of resuscitated mummies which they had worn when they first rose from the floor; and not a word could we get from them for nearly a quarter of an hour. I certainly never saw people so thoroughly bewildered, and we began to be almost in despair, when at length one of them revived so far as to be able to tell us that he had sent a considerable distance for horses, which he supposed would soon arrive.

Whilst we were talking, the horses actually did arrive, and after waiting a reasonable time, in order to give our *förebud* a chance of getting to the next station half an hour before us, we again proceeded on our journey.

The country through which we had passed between Arboga and Orebro was in general wild and dreary, huge masses of stone lying piled in all directions; but none of the scenery here, or in any other part of Sweden that we had hitherto seen, had any pretensions to sublimity: our feelings of astonishment and awe were therefore raised to the highest pitch when we arrived at Trolhattan.

There is hardly a place in Europe about which more contradictory opinions have been held, than these celebrated falls. Sir Humphry Davy thought the sight of them a sufficient compensation for the fatigues and privations of a voyage from England; whilst more than one traveller has declared that they were hardly the trouble of a day's journey. The cause of their disappointment may very possibly have been, that they had been accustomed to think and talk of the falls of Trolhattan, and therefore were annoyed at finding them only a succession of rapids. It certainly might have been an improvement if the waters of the Wenern had dashed themselves down a precipice of a hundred feet; but I must confess that, notwithstanding this defect, so far from being disap-

pointed, I have seldom in my life been more agreeably surprised, for I had never anticipated the sight of such a "hell of waters" as that which presented itself here.

Except the sea in a storm, dashing against the rocks of an iron-bound coast, I have never beheld so sublime a spectacle. The glaciers of Switzerland may be in some respects more striking at first; but they want the roar, and din, and motion, which give such an aspect of wild horror to the rapids of Trollhattan, reminding one of the waters of that fearful deluge, which swept away in one terrible ruin sinful man, with all his possessions and his hopes. "Lord, what is man?" is the ejaculation which naturally rises to our lips, when looking at such a majestic specimen of the Almighty's handiwork.

The rapids are seven in number; the two principal ones (which are divided by an island covered with trees) having a fall of about twenty-five feet: the river then becomes narrower, and its course is again interrupted by an island, which occasions two other falls; considerably below which are three more, much smaller, but by no means deficient in picturesque beauty.

Unfortunately the grandeur of this magnificent scene is impaired by the presence of a number of wretched saw-mills, the clinking and creaking noise of which harmonises badly with the roar of the mighty flood by which they are worked; and what is even more provoking, hillocks of sawdust rise in all directions on the banks of the river, giving a "worky-day" aspect to a scene which, even in spite of them, has few equals, but which without them would be perhaps the grandest in Europe.

The best view of the rapids is from a walk on the southern bank of the river; but there is by no means a bad prospect from the windows of the inn, where we sit for half an hour drinking tea, and looking at the river. A guide was introduced, who spoke a wretched jargon of German and English. He showed us his book, which contained the names of a great many travellers, among whom there were not, I think, more than half-a-dozen English.

Under his guidance we sailed out to see the great canal. This famous work of art, which had been attempted and abandoned at different times ever since the year 1526, was completed thirty-six years ago, on the 1st of August, 1809, when the first vessel passed Trollhattan, amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude.

By means of this canal, a communication is opened for small vessels between Gothenburg and Stockholm—that is to say, between the North Sea and the Baltic, the rapids of Trollhattan, which were the only impediment, being thus avoided. The gates of the locks are made of cast iron, the first pair having been imported as a pattern from England.—*Tour to Moscow, by the Rev. R. B. Paul.*

#### SPORTING IN FORMER DAYS.

Those fierce sportsmen, the Normans, were almost madly attached to the pursuit of the stag, as clearly appears by the fiendish cruelty of the statutory enactments of William I. for the protection of these animals; but in hunting the stag they made use of the bow and the spear as well as the dog. It is evident that much of the Norman mode of pursuit was retained in the days of Elizabeth. The Normans brought into the country the noble falbot, from which all our varieties of the hound have been derived; and this dog was used for the purpose of rousing the game, while the ambushed sportsmen discharged their arrows as it passed: if it were wounded, the dog pursued it, and such was the keenness of its smell, that he was able to follow his game through every fold, every labyrinth, and all intricacies. If, however, the deer was only slightly hurt, the chase was long—it ended, in fact, with the close of the day; for as the falbot was slow in pursuit, he could not, like the modern foxhound, run up to his game, yet, from the extraordinary acuteness of his olfactory organs; he could always trace it unerringly, whatever distance it might be ahead. In 1194, Richard I. chased a hart from Shepwood Forest to Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, and there lost him. He therefore made proclamation at Tunhill, and various other places in the neighbourhood of Barnsdale, that no person shall chase, kill, or hunt the said deer, in order that he might return to his lair in the forest of Sherwood. Thus, in early times, when one of the royal deer had run completely from its pursuers, the hounds, from exhaustion, being unable to continue the chase, proclamation was made in all towns and villages near which it was supposed the hart might remain, that no person might hunt or kill him, so that he might safely return to his forest; and the foresters were ordered to harbour the said hart, and by degrees bring him back to the forest; and that deer was ever after a "hart royal proclaimed."—*Sportsman.*

#### THE GHOST IN SPECTACLES.

I once saw what nobody, excepting always the audience of that particular night, could have seen—the Ghost of Hamlet's father acted at Covent-Garden Theatre in spectacles. Armour, of course, was the costume, and chalk the complexion: the performer was the late Mr. Chipman, who was remarkably near sighted. Having acted the Ghost so frequently as to have entirely forgotten the part, (for who can expect people to remember things for ever?) he had put on his spectacles on the outside of the casque which covered his "augmented" head, and, being suddenly called to the stage, on he went—helmet, glasses, and all. When once on, to remove the glasses would have been impossible: a ghost, without speculation in his eyes, taking off a pair of spectacles, would have been fatal; and, accordingly, the ghost performed his duty, even to the time of cock-crowling, framed and glazed as ghost was never seen before.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### A CAREFUL MOTHER.

A lady took a child to a physician in Utica, to consult him about its precious health. Among other things, she inquired if he did not think the springs would be useful. "Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he looked at the child, and then took a pinch of snuff. "I have not the least hesitation in recommending the springs; and the sooner you apply the remedy, the better." "You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?" "Upon my word, it is the best remedy I know of." "What springs would you recommend, doctor?" "Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of soap and water."—*Anecdotes of the Family Circle.*

#### GEORGE THE SECOND AND HOGARTH.

Hogarth dedicated his picture of the "March to Finchley" to George II. The following dialogue is said to have ensued on this occasion, between the sovereign and the nobleman in waiting—"Pray, who is this Hogarth?" "A painter, my liege." "I hate *hauteurs* and *boetys* too—neither the one nor the other ever did any good!" "The picture, please your majesty, must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque." "What! a *hauteur* burlesque a soldier? He deserves to be picketed for his insolence! Take his trumpety out of my sight."—*Ireland's Hoax.*

#### IMAGINATION.

Imagination is a good brood mare, and goes well; but the misfortune is, she has too many paths before her.—*Charles Lamb.*

#### THE FIRST OF JUNE.

The ship Marlborough (in the glorious battle of the 1st of June) having been disabled, was so roughly treated by three or four of the enemy at the same time, that a whisper of surrender was said to have been uttered, which Lieut. Noncon overhearing, resolutely exclaimed, he would never surrender, and that he would gild her colours to the stump of the mast! At this moment a cock, having by the wreck been liberated from the broken coop, suddenly perched himself on the stump of the mainmast, clapped his wings, and crowed aloud: in an instant three hearty cheers ran throughout the ship's company.—*Barrow's Life of Earl Howe.*

#### SCOTT'S CHAPTER MOTTOES.

It may be worth noting, that it was in correcting the proof-sheets of the "Antiquary" that Scott first took to equipping his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication. On one occasion he happened to ask John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. John did as he was bid, but did not succeed in discovering the lines. "Here it, Johnnie," cried Scott, "I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one." He did so accordingly; and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of "old play" or "old ballad," to which we owe some of the most exquisite verses that ever flowed from his pen.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

#### NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

It has been well said, by I know not whom, that an Englishman is never happy, but when he is miserable; that a Scotchman is never at home, but when he is abroad; that an Irishman is never at peace, but when he is at war.—*Walter.*

#### THE SPONGE FISHERY.

When at the island of Rhodes, I went to the sponge fishery, which is curious and interesting. It is a laborious and dangerous employment, but so lucrative, that five or six successful days afford those engaged in it the means of support for an entire year. The sponge is attached to rocks at the bottom of the sea, serving as a retreat to myriads of small crustaceous animals, which occupy its cavities. The fishermen dive for it to the depth of even a hundred feet, and sometimes continue for five or six minutes under water, unless the quantity of sponge they may have collected becomes inconvenient or unmanageable, when they are hauled to the surface by the crew of the boat to which they belong. The divers occasionally fall victims to sharks that attack them under water. The sponge is prepared for the market by being pressed to dislodge the animalculæ it contains, and afterwards washed in lye to deprive it of mucilaginous matter.—*Marshal Magnont.*

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## THE DESTINY OF MAN.

THERE have been different periods during the Christian era, when a more than usually strong impression, or fear, pervaded the minds of men, that "the end of all things" was at hand. It sprang up so early as the apostolic days, and Paul had to assure the trembling Thessalonians, that important events were to happen before that awful and sublime termination of the history of man. It agitated the minds of Christians, when local or general events seemed to warn them of the "second coming" of their Lord;—such as, when the church at Jerusalem retired from the doomed city on the approach of Titus and the Romans; and when the Barbarians, sweeping over the Roman empire, and leaving nothing but ruin and desolation wherever they came, appeared to be God's indicators that nature was about to expire. It agitated all Europe about the year 884, when the "black swarm" of Scythians were, says Gibbon, "mistaken by fear and superstition for the Gog and Magog of the Scriptures, the signs and forerunners of the end of the world." It was revived at the end of the tenth century, and greatly hastened those stupendous events, the Crusades; and at different periods since, down to our day, the hope, or the fear, of an approaching and very near termination of the present order of things, has employed the thoughts, and filled the minds, of grave, good, and pious men. There can be no question, that such an expectation would have become all but universal among Christians of the present generation, were it not for a variety of counteracting circumstances—first experience, the Press, facility of communication, greater power of consideration and comparison, all tending to weaken the expansive force of an IDEA, which might otherwise have spread irresistibly.

This expectation of the termination of the present order of things has been generally most operative during some great transition-crisis of the world's history. Men, impressed with the solemn conviction that there is to be an "end of all things," and seeing around them all the apparent signs and tokens of a dissolution of the world, naturally lifted their eyes from the troubled earth to the tranquil heavens, "looking for, and hastening unto" that event, so solemnly and yet so briefly described in the New Testament. But the troubles passed away, and the excitement subsided; once more "all things continued as they were from the beginning of the creation." Not, indeed, "as they were," in so far as the moral and natural history of MAN is concerned: but "as they were" to the external sense; summer and winter, noon and night, still chasing each other; storm and sunshine still variegating the face of the earth and of the sky.

And, perhaps, taking into consideration all that we have acquired, and all the progress we have made, there have been as strong reasons during the present century for expecting the sudden second coming of Christ as there have been during the eighteen hundred years that are past. The civilised world convulsed; thrones and dominions shaken; stars fallen from their heaven of power, and war on a gigantic scale making nations to tremble; and, amid all this confusion, the Bible translated into many tongues, and that

"Gospel," which had hitherto only trembled on the lips of missionaries, now made immortal by the Press. These latter things were done on a mightier scale than ever Christianity had yet the honour or the gratification to witness; and no wonder, therefore, that good men, walking in their own walled-up and narrow road, able to see far before them, and high above them, but incapable of surveying the ground on either side, should have thought the period was near when the angel, standing on the sea and on the land, would lift his hand to heaven, and proclaim that time should be no longer.

We are unquestionably passing through a great crisis of the world's history—a crisis in which "old things will pass away," and "all things become new." It is not at all probable that the present generation will see the termination of the crisis; but almost all men, either in their fears or their expectations, concur in establishing the fact that we are in such a crisis, and that it will lead to a new order of things. Those who are attached to established forms of government and religion, and who think that—each being perfect after its kind—they should remain as their makers pronounced them, "all very good," look with a natural uneasy feeling at the aggressive action of other principles; and those who are attached to particular creeds raise a shout of triumph at the signs and symptoms of the spreading of their particular form of faith. Thus, the other day, O'Connell announced that Protestantism was waxing old, losing its vigour, and is even now "ready to vanish away;" and that Catholicism is renewing its youth, and about to become really universal. "Fear not, ye of little faith," if in this ye dread the re-establishment of the Catholicism of four centuries ago. Four centuries, full of the most momentous events in the annals of our race, are not thus lightly to be rolled back;—as well might a human voice at the present day command the "sun to stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon." We have the "sure word" of Inspiration, that the "mystery of iniquity"—meaning thereby all error, all obstructive influences, all that tends to impede the progress of Christianity and the happiness of man—shall be "consumed with the spirit of his mouth, and destroyed with the brightness of his coming." This is no other than KNOWLEDGE and LIGHT: Truth, clothed in her celestial panoply, will overthrow all that is in opposition; and let whatsoever is not of the truth, under whatever name it may be called, tremble at her approach!

There is abundant reason to conclude, from the combined evidence of things around us, that there is a long period yet to be fulfilled of the present dispensation of humanity. Upwards of seven thousand years have elapsed, according to the most approved chronology, since this earth was re-arranged for the habitation of man, and Adam was placed in Paradise. Since that period the human race has been growing, not unlike the human individual. In infancy the parental voice commands and controls; the child is ruled by reason, but it obeys simply from affection. So, in the infancy of the world, did God deal immediately with men, as the parent deals with the child. God interposed his direct authority; men who lived six hundred or a thousand years transmitted that

authority to those around them, and retained it in their own persons; the patriarchal age marks the infancy either of a nation or of the world. But passion and imagination are developed in the individual long before reason can hold the reins; but for continued control, the ANIMAL would devour the MAN. Thus was it, too, in the youth of the world; thus do we read early of "the earth being filled with violence," and of unnatural vices eating out the heart of nations, as the worm devours the plant. And though we know that we have lost almost all of the history of the first civilisation of man; though we feel as if Egypt and Assyria, and even Babylon and Persia, belong as much to the past as do the fossils dug up by geologists;—though we almost know nothing concerning those adventurous Phœnician barks which ploughed unknown seas, and linked together the then civilised and savage worlds;—though we are yet groping amongst the buried records of Hindustan, and turn with a sigh, almost of despair, from the mutilated yet classic forms of Grecian art; yet we yet know that all this amount of civilisation, as compared with the existing state of the world, is but as the energetic, vigorous, yet crude mental efforts of the youth, contrasted with the calm and matured thoughts of ripener years. The world has passed through the follies and imaginative dreamings of youth; it has reached its middle age; and though middle age brings with it its own temptations and its own trials, it brings with it a solidity of character far different from the impulsive eccentricities of younger years.

Our belief that the world has yet a long period of its cycle to complete, is based upon three considerations:—1. The history and present state of Christianity; 2. The history and present state of man as a moral and intellectual creature; and, 3. The past and present state of science and art.

And first of Christianity. The grand proof, to our minds, of its divine origin—that proof which outweighs all external evidence—is its internal purity, and expansive power of adaptation to all circumstances of humanity. It can make the unlettered and brutal savage a kind, forgiving, forbearing, temperate, and just man, even while he remains in ignorance of much that a man should know. It can exalt the character of the wisest sage that the world ever saw—add dignity to his philosophy, and truth to his speculations. So, also, with nations. Its moral power is good for the lowest stage of existence, and good for the highest. It *must* be divine.

It is but a very trite observation to say, that this moral power of Christianity—this renovating and uplifting quality—has scarcely yet had free scope. But we may go further, and affirm, reverently, that it was not God's intention that Christianity should have free scope for perhaps two thousand years. It was the "fulness of time" when Christ came; the world had arrived at that stage in its progressive history, when He should appear to draw aside the curtain of immortality. But much preliminary work was to be done. The moral power of Christianity received a work to do which was to task its utmost energies. It was to contend with error, to elevate morality, to cleanse the intellect of nations. Often has it appeared, during this long struggle, to be overthrown, and cast down to the ground; as often has it sprung up, and renewed the strife. The early lifetime of Christianity was intended to be a time of WAR; its time of peace and repose has yet to come. Its warfare is not accomplished; MAN knows yet little of Christianity;—the strange system of Buddhism numbers its three hundred millions of followers; the doctrines of Brahma boast a hundred millions more; Mohammedanism musters its two hundred and fifty millions; and out of the remainder of the eight or nine hundred millions conjectured to form the living population of the earth, Christianity picks out about eighty or ninety millions

bearing her honoured name, but presenting as varied an aspect as did Joseph's coat of many colours.

What a work, then, yet remains for Christianity to do!—a work in which all her past experience will be brought to bear, and all her untried resources be developed. The lever of printing has been put into her hands, and the intellect of man is the fulcrum: she will achieve the boast of Archimedes, she will yet move the world!

The present state and history of man, as a moral and intellectual creature, forms our second ground of hope for the long-continued duration of the world. And here we need hardly dwell at any length. It would indicate a state of mind scarcely to be reached by argument, to deny that man occupies a higher position now than ever he did. True, he has lost as well as gained: but after subtracting the loss, there is a large balance in our favour. Truths in natural science are now taught to *children* which once the existing race of *men* could not have received. The professional beggar of civilised life is surrounded with comforts unknown to the barbarian chief. The minds which planned the pyramids, the stupendous temples, and the colossal statues of old Egypt, would not have been able to do what modern intellect has done, to decipher the puzzling hieroglyphics, and those silent monuments, and to read off from them, with *scarcely* the aid of written record, the manners, the dispositions of a nation which may be said to have been buried thousands of years ago. Phidias carved out for himself an immortal memory: but what is all the amount of intellect contained even in inimitable Grecian art, compared with that power of mind which measures the distance of the stars, and can tell, from the inspection of minerals, bones, and rubbish, that ere there was "a man to till the ground," and before it was possible for man to exist, this earth had its breathing inhabitants, and its waters sparkled in the rays of the sun! And look, too, at that invisible yet all-powerful element, PUBLIC OPINION, as it pervades England and the United States, is pervading the continent of Europe, acting on man generally through the medium of European power, and conveyed by our colonies to the remotest parts of the earth! The man of the present day is just the same creature as the man of five thousand years ago, as far as physical organization is concerned—he hopes and fears, is angry and pleased, loves and hates, smiles and sneers, is hungry and tired like his progenitors of the remotest period. Or rather, the animal man of modern civilised life is an inferior creature to the animal man of ancient civilised life. Division of labour makes his power and ingenuity finer and more subtle, and in the aggregate more effective and comprehensive, but it makes the *individual* creature more a slave of circumstances, and weakens his individual power. Printing, by presenting an imperishable, as well as a ready and available, vehicle of thought, has impaired individual memory, and narrowed that faculty or capacity which is to the intellect what the painter's canvas and colours are to his art. And the very comforts of modern civilised life have made man less able to endure, and weakened him constitutionally. But what a prodigious difference is there between the man whose food for a day or a week depends on several combining circumstances—the chance of meeting with game, the promptitude and certainty of his aim, and the perseverance of his pursuit, and the man who need not think of his dinner till he is hungry, and can calculate with absolute certainty on having his wants gratified on the faith of a little coin! The one is an intense animal; the other has the power of making the animal subservient to the man.

But this disengagement of the mere animal energy was in some respects hurtful instead of beneficial to the man of ancient civilised life. In countries where there was no direct light of revelation,

however polished in manners, and advanced in the arts of life, the standard of APPETITE-MORALITY was low. The thoughts, disengaged from the necessity of providing for mere existence, were too often employed in perverting the appetites, and contriving how to turn them into sources of unnatural enjoyment. Thus do we find, in the Epistles of the New Testament, fearful pictures of the depravity of manners among the Greeks and Romans; and to wage war with this depravity—to overthrow this low standard of appetite-morality, was one of the first and most immediate of the arduous tasks of Christianity. The early Christians were called upon to come out from “a world that lieth in wickedness;” to “flee foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition;” to “walk righteously, and honestly, and godly in this present world.” But so difficult was this to do—so hard was it for the finer spirit of purity to rise above the grosser atmosphere—that it required all the earnest injunctions, and all the most startling appeals, of the apostles, to keep the early churches from the surrounding contamination. We may venture to affirm, that if Paul had found the state of appetite-morality as high in his time as it is now, he would not have laid such a powerful stress on the conquering of the passions—he would not have besought Christians, that as they had been *slaves to sin*, so now they should be *slaves to righteousness*; nor would he have had such occasion to lift up his imploring hands, and, with streaming eyes, to exclaim, “of whom I have told you often, and even now tell you, *weeping*, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ!” For this great stress on the necessity of conquering the appetites produced a great delusion; it led to the idea of purity being associated with a falsehood; it made men think that violence done to our nature was a merit; that because the appetites had been *abused*, therefore they should not be *used*, and thus produced that great host of anchorites, hermits, monks, and nuns, with whom it was a “doing God service” to retire from the world, and shut themselves up from natural institutions. There were indeed Jewish *gremites* before our era; the Stoics taught that wisdom lay in reducing the appetites; and even Epicurus, whose name has been falsely taken as a type of appetite-morality, inculcated frugality and temperance as man’s chief good. But all these may be considered as the reaction or revolt of humanity itself, against those debasing principles of action which degraded man to a level with the brute creation—or rather *below* it.

Now, during the eighteen hundred<sup>th</sup> years of its existence, Christianity has been gradually, though often very slowly, elevating the standard of all morality, especially of appetite-morality. There is a vast difference between us and the Greeks and Romans—a great difference between us and our ancestors of five, three, or even one hundred years ago. And yet how far below the simple, pure, and elevating morality of the New Testament we still are! In London, with its churches and many-sounding bells—with its institutions, and knowledge, and light, how much unmitigated misery springs from the low standard of appetite-morality! Ah! Christianity has yet a great work to do; many years yet lie before it of arduous and energetic employment, before the *world* can be pervaded by its elevating principles; and we firmly believe, that when that work has been accomplished, hundreds, if not thousands, of years lie before it, in which it will *enjoy* its triumphs; and in which other intelligent creatures, as well as men, may have it demonstrated to them, what a vast fund of human happiness is contained in the much-misunderstood and much-neglected doctrines and principles of that little printed book which one can hold betwixt finger and thumb!

The difference, then, between the man of the past and the man of the present consists in the simple fact, that we have contrived a

SAVINGS BANK wherein to deposit our experience and our knowledge, and in which they accumulate at compound interest. It is this retaining and accumulating power which has raised the human being of our time above the human being of former ages; and it is this same accumulating power, acting on the same materials, which will carry forward the human race in future years with a railroad speed, as compared with the rate of our past progress. Man now ranks higher as a moral and intellectual creature than ever he has yet done—he will rank far higher in future years than he does now.

Little, indeed, need we here say as to our third ground of hope, the past and present state of science and art. We have just, as it were, got possession of Aladdin’s lamp; nature has just, as it were, opened the doors of her inner chambers, and bid us enter. Enormous stores of fuel in the bowels of the earth, yet undisturbed—for what purpose have they grown? The ocean just begun to be traversed by the power of steam—for what purpose has the achievement been made? Colonies planting on every vacant space, and emigrating man moving over mountain and plain, while the accumulated comforts of civilisation follow at his heels—for what purpose all this hurrying to and fro? Nay, for what purpose all the struggles of Christianity, all the progress of man as a moral and intellectual being, and all his triumphs in science and art? Is this vast storehouse of materials collected but to be destroyed? Has this earth been undergoing an educational course for upwards of seven thousand years, and now, when it has just attained to manhood, and with an ample fortune, is the scene to be suddenly closed, and the knell of nature to be tolled? Away with the supposition, so apparently unworthy of INFINITE WISDOM!—away with the supposition, ye who believe that “the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God,” who know and feel that “the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now!”

Yet we have no ecstatic notions. Ours, we trust, is a calm faith, a tranquil assurance. Our millennium is a natural product, not a miraculous one. We see in Christianity and in the human intellect enough of power, under proper combination, to raise man to as high a state of happiness as he is capable of in the present state of existence. Yet we “join trembling with our mirth.” We do not know what is to be the process of farther progress and alteration—whether the certain change that is approaching will be diffused over a long period of years, and be effected more by moral than by physical power, or whether disturbing forces will fracture the old state of things before the new is ready to replace it. Of this only we are certain, that everything betokens change, and change ultimately for the better, though probably accompanied by immediate evils or immediate suffering; and we rest satisfied that there is yet a long career for humanity to run—a career of continual improvement and benefit, and one which will make the future history of the world as brilliant as its past is dark.

“Then cometh the end.” The cycle completed, and God’s time arrived, a mighty change will take place. This world, which has been repeatedly subverted by fire and flood, will pass through another tremendous revolution, to effect which, even at this moment, there are stores of lightning in the clouds of heaven, and caverns of fire in the bowels of the earth; and the very atmosphere, by a slight change, could be made to burn as with “inflammable fire.” And those who are destined to live anew, their bodies raised and recomposed, the animal diminished and the intellect augmented, will perhaps be placed again on this very earth, which has been fitted by fire for the habitation of a higher race of creatures; and MAN, still retaining his bodily form, without its weaknesses and its passions, will enter on a new and endless stage of existence, in “a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.”

## A VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

NOTHING can be more beautiful than the first view which a stranger has of Constantinople, as he approaches it on a summer afternoon by the Sea of Marmora. At first it is descried like a low and irregular white cliff—and by degrees, as the distance diminishes, the cliff fades away into lofty buildings, surmounted by gilded domes, and environed by tall and stately minarets. First, the Mosque of St. Sophia becomes distinguished from the mass by her broad and massive-looking dome standing conspicuous from all others, like the upper part of a giant, overtopping and outvieing in size the ordinary crowd of men. Then another and another mosque separates itself, until the confused mass is arranged into the semblance of a great and rich city; the public buildings of which look down in patronizing grandeur on the smaller private houses, while in many cases, both are only to be seen here and there peeping forth from the ever-verdant trees which surround them on all sides, and make the city appear to the eye more like a huge garden, studded with summer seats, than the large and overgrown capital of a mighty empire. This mass of marble, wood, clay, and verdure, seems at first as if it was but one city; but by degrees the Bosphorus opens, and divides one part into Asia and another into Europe: still, as a nearer approach is made, the scene again changes, and the waters of "The Golden Horn" divide the European part into two.

At this spot, equidistant from both continents, the traveller seems as if he were in an immense basin, surrounded with buildings on all sides. To the north is the Bosphorus, studded with palaces and villages on both banks, until the Asiatic and European shores seem to meet. To the east stands the village of Scutari, in Asia, with its gilded and white-washed barracks gleaming in the sun, and reflecting its brilliancy upon the less-sized, but still gaudy buildings which it contains. To the west is "The Golden Horn," an arm of the Bosphorus, which runs up on the European side, stretching as far as the eye can reach, bearing upon its bosom an immense variety of ships at anchor, and thousands of little boats skimming across it in every direction. On the south bank of this right arm of the Bosphorus stands Stamboul, commencing with the low irregular gilded palace of the Seraglio, and stretching on with palace, mosque, dome, minaret, and tower, until the view is lost. On the opposite side it is again attracted by the less stately buildings of Galata, Pera, and Tophana, covering the hill from the summit to the water's edge.

Thus far, and thus far only, does "The City of the Sultan" hold forth a pleasing and grand appearance to the wondering eye of the stranger. The moment his foot touches the low dirty wharfs and quays at Galata, which is opposite what is strictly the Turkish city, the scene is, as if by magic, suddenly changed. He finds nothing but dirty streets, filled with ruins and squalid-looking buildings; the shops are without doors and windows for the most part. He naturally thinks that these are but some of the back lanes, and walks on, in hopes of finding some thoroughfare not absolutely disgusting from filth; but he only meets greater squalor, the longer he walks. Few of the streets are more than twenty feet wide, many of them not twelve, and even some not more than six, four, or three. Windows may be found jutting out corner-wise from one side to the other, so that in many cases it would be easy for opposite neighbours to open each others' windows with their hands. Not a great many of the streets can boast of any raised way for foot-passengers, and even those that can do so, yield them up to carts, carriages, horses, and other cattle, at the caprice of the beast or his driver. These streets, or rather narrow lanes, are composed of irregular whin and soft stones, put together without any order or design, but in such a way as chance might very well be supposed capable of doing. As the stranger walks along, he will find some attention necessary to avoid trampling on the many homeless dogs he finds lying everywhere on the street and *trottoirs*, and so very lazy that nothing but a smart stroke with a stick will make them get up. His patience will also be pretty well tried with the barking and snarling of such as may chance to be on their legs, and who know a Frank stranger as well as a London sharper knows a country bumpkin just come

to town. They are, however, easily put to flight, if not to silence; and very rarely in day-time do they attempt to do more than show their teeth. It will also be found necessary to keep a look-out, both before and behind, to see if there is no one coming galloping along, regardless of the streets, or those that are on them; or mayhap a group of eight, ten, or twelve porters, with a hogshead of sugar, or a pipe of wine, trudging along at an ordinary trot, who are generally good enough to shout out when it is too late to get out of their way; or a string of asses, mules, pack-horses, or camels, who, with their loads stretching completely across the thoroughfare, threaten to knock down any one that does not take refuge in a shop or cross lane. The carts and carriages, especially those drawn by bullocks or buffaloes, are worthy also of notice, as the horns of these brutes stick often out from their heads so as to occupy the entire breadth of the street, and a smart rap with a stick is necessary, in order to make room for a passenger.

As by degrees Galata (the Wapping of Constantinople), has been traversed, and the stranger begins to ascend to Pera, he will find the shelving streets more clean, but more difficult to walk upon, as the rain running down has contrived to make an irregular rut for itself. In Pera, there are fewer shops, but these are of a better kind, many of them having doors and windows, which although not exactly like those of Western Europe, yet look well, after viewing the squalid affairs in Galata. The streets here are more passable, the people better dressed, and the stoppages from carts, horses, &c., of rarer occurrence; but still the imagination wanders in vain for anything to solace and satisfy it, after the hopes raised from an outside view of the city. After a day of weary toil, through lanes and streets, the best of which are worse than the worst in any other capital in Europe, the stranger will probably console himself with the idea, that in Stamboul or the Turkish part of the town, on the opposite side of the port or "Horn," he may yet find streets worthy of the ideas which still haunt his excited imagination.

In Stamboul there are one or two large spaces of ground, used to exercise the troops upon. There is also a parade, where the fashionables of the Turkish Empire promenade on fine days; and which during the Ramazan, in November and December, is crowded with all the *élite* of the place, including even the Sultan himself: but, excepting these, there is not one good street or square in it all. Some of them are better than any on the Frank side; but some of them are infinitely worse, as a good shower of rain is certain to plough up three or four streets in a few minutes, leaving ruts extending for a quarter of a mile, and varying from six inches deep to three feet, into which the unfortunate traveller will fall, unless great care is taken in passing them. The shops here are more varied than in the Frank quarter; but still they are at the best but miserable. One street is filled with dealers in old iron; another with shoemakers; a third with carpenters, pipe-makers, trunk-makers, marble-cutters, fruit-merchants, &c. &c. These shops being little square boxes, varying from six to nine feet in front, generally quite open, where the artisan sits working at his calling, or smoking his pipe, the never-wanting appendage of a workman in Constantinople. Many fires occur in consequence, as workmen may be seen beating the red-hot ashes out of the bowl, among the wooden chips at their feet; and the wooden building, if once on fire, would burn at least to the ground, taking with it in all probability, as companions of its fall, all the others in the street. The reader will have observed in the newspapers an account of a dreadful fire which occurred recently in Pera, but which, it seems, is to be productive of some benefit, as the government are intending to cause improvements to be made.

Amidst all this filth, squalor, and irregularity, many splendid public buildings are to be seen; but there is not one good range of private buildings, nor one good street-front in the whole city; and the stranger will return home across the Golden Horn to Pera, wearied and tired by the horrid nature of the footing which he must tread, and most probably will exclaim that Constantinople, with all its grandeur, is the most uncomfortable-looking place in the world.

The only situation to have a good view of this varied place, and its many suburbs, is either from the "Tower of Galata," on the Frank side, or the "Seraskier's Tower," in Stamboul. Let the traveller take a view from the balcony of one of these, and he will find his toil of ascent well repaid, as his eye will be feasted by one of the most varied sights the world can boast of. From that elevation nothing of the dirt and filth of the streets can be seen. The eye can roam from one place to another, without wearying the feet.

Industry seems to have vied with nature, in the production of all that is wonderful in landscape, in water, and in buildings. Europe and Asia, main-land and islands, seas and rivers, palaces and mosques, parade-grounds and burial-fields; ships-of-war and tiny boats—all lie below the feet, presenting to the eye a more superb view perhaps than the imagination can create in her most fantastic wanderings.

Stamboul, or the Turkish part of Constantinople, stands upon a tongue of land, the south side of which is bounded by the Sea of Marmora; the north by the harbour, or as it is called "The Golden Horn;" the east side, or point of the tongue, by the Bosphorus; and the west, or root of the tongue, is attached to the main-land of Thrace. The point of the tongue is called "Seraglio Point," on account of one of the seraglios being built on the verge of it, and extends about a mile, in a slightly curved outward form, from north to south. The wall then stretches in a curve inward toward the south-west, along the shores of the Sea of Marmora, until it reaches "The Seven Towers," distant about four miles. From thence the wall takes an outward curve towards the north, as far as the waters of the Golden Horn, distant about four miles further: at the north point of this west side of the quadrangle, the wall then stretches east with an inward curve along the shores of the harbour towards the north end of Seraglio Point; this distance is also about four miles, and the circumference of the city may very well be estimated at thirteen miles by the wall; or fifteen miles, including the buildings that are sometimes to be found straggling near it. The Turks and rayahs only are permitted to reside here, but the greater part of it is inhabited by Turks alone. There are, however, portions set apart here and there for the Armenians; and a portion, called "The Fanaar," exclusively for the Greek rayahs; also another part, surrounding the ancient Palace of Constantine, only occupied by Jews. No Franks are permitted to reside on this side the Golden Horn.

The Golden Horn varies in breadth from a quarter to half a mile, and serves to divide the Frank portions of the town from the parts exclusively Oriental. Opposite to Stamboul stands Galata, or "The City of the Gauls," and also Pera, or "The City beyond the Walls," the size of which it would be difficult to measure, as it is so very irregularly built. Galata may be about two and a half miles long, by half a mile broad; but Pera is so intermixed with the other suburbs, it is necessary to take it in conjunction with them, such as Haskioy, Cassim Pasha, Demetri, Tophana, and Dolna Batchii. These, including Galata, will make a circumference of at least other thirteen miles. A circle of six miles in diameter would however embrace Stamboul, and the whole of these other suburbs; and there would be a great many unbuild places comprised in its ring. Travellers, in describing Constantinople, usually include Scutari, which stands opposite, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, at a distance of two miles, as well as the villages which are built along its banks on both sides, as far as the mouth of the Black Sea. If such are to be held as part of the city of Constantinople, then it can boast of more than twenty miles of extent. One street in particular, which begins at the bridge over the harbour, extends in an unbroken line as far as Therapia, a distance of at least eighteen miles, beautifully diversified with the different turnings and windings of the Bosphorus. At one time, the traveller along this street will find himself hemmed in on all hands with mosques and burial-grounds; at another with palaces on every side; while the scenery of the "Ocean Stream" is always bursting forth when least expected, to give variety and beauty to the walk.

Although no Franks are allowed to reside in Stamboul, they may have places of business in it, which they must quit before sunset; but are at liberty to return after sun-rise. Here are situated the Sublime Porte, the Mint, the Scarskier's Palace, and other government offices, also the seven Royal Mosques, the Great Bazaar, the Slave Market, the Mad-house, and almost all the Oriental commerce of the city. Of late years, there has been constructed a commodious wooden bridge, to connect it with Galata, &c. This bridge was the work of a Greek architect, and is probably the only one of the kind in the world. It is 604 paces, or 453 yards long, and is supported entirely by the water. The path across is raised a few feet above the water by means of small arches, resting on massive logs of wood; while about 100 yards' distance from each shore, there is a larger arch to allow *caïques* to pass under; but when any large vessel requires to enter the arsenal, a portion of the bridge is drawn out at the centre by ropes, and again replaced in the same manner when the vessel has passed. Turkish soldiers are stationed at both ends, and also on the large arches, to

prevent any smoking on the bridge; and this is the only place in all Turkey where smoking is forbidden. In dining-room or bed-room, in bed or out of it, with ladies or without them, on foot or on horseback, in a boat or a carriage, in public or private, man, woman, and child, all may smoke everywhere they please—alone and excepting on the bridge; for this there can be no reason, as it would not run any danger of fire from either pipe or cigar; but it is so ordained, and, of course, must be obeyed. This bridge is about half-way between Seraglio Point and the west end of Stamboul; but if any one wishes to cross the harbour at another place, he has only to take a *caïque*, or little boat, thousands of which are to be seen, skimming over the water like so many sailor-flies in a pond. The price of passage is, like everything else here, regulated by firmans—it is twelve paras, or three-fourths of a penny; but the boatmen are generally paid with a twenty-para piece, or a penny farthing: the fare is for the boat, and one, two, three, four, or even five, can cross in one boat for one fare.

Beyond the bridge, to the west of it, is situated the Dock-yard, Arsenal, Admiralty, and Royal Naval School. Here also the fleet generally winter. To the east of the bridge, on both sides of the harbour, extending more or less as far as the Bosphorus, are the merchant-vessels, loading and unloading, crowded together without any order or convenience; while in the centre of the stream four or five large steamers are generally anchored.

Next in importance to Stamboul itself is Galata: here is situated the Custom-house, in the neighbourhood of which the greater part of the European merchants have their counting-houses and stores. There are also a few Turkish, Armenian, and Greek merchants; but few comparatively who walk its streets by day inhabit them by night, as the dwelling-places of most of the Franks, and other merchants of Galata, are in Pera, which is situated beyond the walls of Galata. The gates are shut at sun-set, although some of them may be passed at a later hour; in fact, we have always found a *piastre*, or twopence-halfpenny, a key that would open them at any time.

Pera contains a great number of shops, such as tailors', boot-makers', haberdashers', oil-men's, grocers', &c. &c.; the greater part of them French or Italian, but not one English; in truth, there is only one English shopkeeper in all the capital, and that is a ship-chandler in Galata. The greater number of the houses in Pera are Frank dwelling-houses, a good many of which let furnished or unfurnished lodgings by the month, to those who do not require an entire house. There are also about twenty regular boarding-houses for strangers, and four very bad and dear hotels for wayfarers.

Demetri is inhabited almost entirely by Greeks; Haskioy by Jews; while the other suburbs are an indescribable mass of all nations, tribes, and tongues. It is not an uncommon thing for twelve or fourteen languages to be spoken in one house. At the table where we dined, there were eight sat down to eat, and the conversation was always carried on in five languages; and we have sometimes risen from table after having noted that the languages had been changed by one or another, until the company had unawares made use of seven. The landlady is Armenian—she speaks Armenian, Turkish, Greek, and Italian; the landlord is a native of Corfu—he speaks Turkish, Greek, Italian, French, and English; his mother and sister speak Turkish, Greek, and Italian; his father speaks Arabic, Turkish, Russian, Greek, and Italian; a Venetian spoke Italian and German; and another, a Prussian, German, French, and Hungarian.

The reader is doubtless familiar with, at least, the *idea* of Turkish coffee houses and Turkish story-tellers; the latter, the only approach to dramatic amusements enjoyed by the Turks. The late Sultan, however, aimed a serious blow at the profession of the story-teller, by interdicting coffee-houses altogether, under the pretence of these houses being made stages for the declamations of Turkish radicals, or rather, Turkish conservatives, who questioned the Sultan's alterations; and the coffee-houses had for a time to be sheltered under the guise of barbers' shops. In the Frank quarter several attempts have been made to establish a theatre.

Early in the spring of 1838, there came from Greece a band of about thirty actors and actresses, and having found in Pera some musicians, they obtained permission to perform. Accordingly, they fitted up and opened a large room in the principal street as a theatre. Although the place was pretty well filled, yet on account of its limited size, and the small charge for admission, it proved a losing speculation, and after continuing for two months it was abandoned. The proprietor next turned his attention to the con-



struction of an amphitheatre, and having obtained a suitable site, by the permission of the late Sultan, at the north end of Pera, enclosed with a high wall, he built a wooden house about sixty feet square, having a stage in front, and such other requisites for the due performance of the drama as could be made available in a temporary building.

In the theatre originally opened, two tragedies only were attempted—Aristodemo and Marco Bozzaro. One or two comedies were played, and a considerable number of farces; but the audience was mostly of that class who can only appreciate the latter. In the amphitheatre the manager began by giving exhibitions on the stage, of tight-rope dancing, feats of strength, agility, dexterity, &c. &c., and varied these with horsemanship in the circus. The change was a profitable one; it hit the fancy of the people, and the house was generally well filled. During the first three months the exhibitions took place three times each week, on Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday evenings. The performance originally began at half-past seven, and finished at sun-set. The attendance on ordinary days of the week was about a thousand; but on Sundays there were, at least, usually two thousand, and the average receipts were nearly 4000 piastres (or £40) each night of performance.

In Constantinople, however, as in almost every other place, success is certain to bring competition. The equestrian company in the employment of the late Sultan began to grumble, and asked permission to play before the public. The permission was granted, along with a suitable site, within the same wall as the first amphitheatre, and the middle of August saw a rival building, on much the same scale, rising close to the former.

On the completion of this second amphitheatre, the walls of Galata and Pera were pledged to the rival announcement-bills. For some reason, the government refused permission to allow both companies to act on the same evening, and they were requested to come to some arrangement on this point; but not being able to do so, the Pasha fixed that they should have alternately a week each, and each company might act, or not, every night of its own week.

The new company enjoyed many advantages which the old did not. They had a regular salary of 4000 piastres per month from the Sultan, besides stabling for their horses. This they enjoyed previous to appearing in public, and it was not withdrawn when permission was accorded to perform in Pera. They called themselves "The Imperial Company of Equestrians;" and although they did not pretend to be dramatists, yet by flaming announcement-bills, and every other practical species of puffing, they far outshone in public estimation their rivals, and during the first week of their performance netted 45,000 piastres, or about £450. They also bought from the rival company the right of performing one day longer than their first week; and which chancing to be a most beautiful Sunday, the house was crowded; and although they paid 5000 piastres, yet they netted by that night alone upwards of 13,000 piastres.

To say that either of these companies perform well would not be true; the performance is decidedly inferior to that to be met with at a large fair in England; but the greater part of the audience, never having seen any better, are remarkably well pleased. The first company is decidedly the best; but from the superior show and skill in setting everything off to the best advantage, the second one is decidedly the favourite with the inhabitants. The band, consisting of fifteen performers, attends both theatres, and is far superior to the other departments—in fact, such a band as would not disgrace any country theatre in England.

During the months of September and October these companies performed almost every night, unless when the weather was unfavourable, as a shower of rain before the performance prevented the audience assembling, and a shower during the performance soon cleared the amphitheatre; but in the month of November the performances were more rare, and towards the beginning of December the weather compelled the managers to give up altogether. As the day shortened, the time of performing also changed, the commencement being generally announced as about two hours before sun-set. In fact, when it was abandoned in December, the performance began as early as two o'clock in the afternoon.

In the month of December last, a person from Vienna opened a theatre, with pit, boxes, &c., in a building constructed for the purpose; the performance is entirely done by children, and consists of dancing, rope-dancing, and pantomime: it is, however, decidedly good—equal to anything of the same kind in Vienna, Paris, or London—and has not failed to draw crowds every night. The license only extends for six months.

#### STEAM-VESEL ACCIDENTS.

It is to the credit of steam vessels, and a great proof of their superior security over sailing vessels, when in honest condition, that no steamer was lost on our coasts during the hurricane of the 7th of January last (almost unparalleled as it was in force and duration), excepting a small iron one, the Tarbert Castle, on Loch Fyne, which, from her light draught of water, was unable to cope with it. From the opinions of several eminent ship-builders, captains of ships, engineers, surveyors, and others, it appears that steam vessels, generally, are insufficiently found in anchors and cables. Several good judges of nautical matters expressed to us their conviction, that a strongly-constructed, well-fastened steamer—from its peculiar build, and being unencumbered with lofty and heavy masts, spars, and rigging—could, with effective ground-tackling, ride out the most severe storms, even if her engines should be disabled.

The Rothsay Castle, originally built as a river vessel, was put upon a sea station between Liverpool and Beaumaris, for summer service; she was wrecked in 1831 on the Dutchman's Bank, about three miles from Puffin's Island, near Beaumaris; of 130 passengers on board, only 21 were saved.

The jury on the inquest expressed "their firm conviction, that had the Rothsay Castle been a seaworthy vessel, this awful calamity might have been averted. They therefore cannot disguise their indignation at the conduct of those who could place such a vessel on this station, and under the conduct of a captain and mate who have been proved by the evidence before them to have been in a state of intoxication."

The Forfarshire was wrecked September 7, 1838. Documents establish the fact, that the primary cause of this shipwreck was the defective state of one of the boilers; that its condition was well known to the owners and commander, when she left Hull on her last voyage, and that its repair had been delayed. Further, that in her greatest peril she might possibly, and very probably, have been saved by her anchors—her hull being sound and good—but that the cables were foul, so that the anchors could not be let go. Forty-five lives (at least) were lost.

Respecting the Northern Yacht, which foundered on the 11th of October, 1838, the circumstance of no inquest having been held, as no body was washed ashore, prevented that immediate and public disclosure of her unseaworthiness, which became known in the case of the Forfarshire, through the official interference of coroner and jury. We have, consequently, laboured under great difficulty in obtaining satisfactory testimony as to the state of the vessel previous to her last voyage, which proved fatal to about forty human beings.

The history of the "Northern Yacht" is the history of numerous steamers constructed or suitable only for river navigation, and afterwards put on sea service. "Many of these are built, not to order, but for sale; they are purchased by companies or individuals ignorant of what a steam vessel ought to be; they are advertised in seductive terms, such as "Splendid new and powerful steam vessels;" terms, of which the public only discover the fallacy by some tragical event.

Killarney.—This is a case of total wreck, January 7th, 1838, by which 29 persons lost their lives. According to Mr. Harvey, she became unmanageable from carrying too heavy a deck-load of pigs, 600 in number, and from shipping water. Some of the crew who were saved, and gave evidence on the coroner's inquest, stated that the fires had been put out by leakage from some defect in the boilers or pipes of the engine, and that she had no sufficient sails to keep her before the wind. The pigs might have been thrown overboard, but the latter defects would be irremediable.

Collisions between steam vessels, and between them and other craft, occur so frequently in crowded waters,—they are often so fatal to life, and so generally attended with litigation and expense in repairing damage,—that the want of a law, to diminish the evil is the subject of complaint by nearly all our correspondents. Collisions occur both by day and by night, at sea as well as in rivers. They commonly arise from the absence of an universal understanding as to the "rule of the road" to be observed by vessels in meeting and passing each other, and from the absence of an universal system of night-lights and signals.

We find, on analyzing the explosions contained in our list, that by far the greatest number have taken place in steamers belonging to ports where the practice of engine-makers is to apply exposed and accessible valves. Explosions have been most numerous in the Clyde, or in Scotch-built vessels, both river and sea-going. The Corsair, Fingal, and Antelope, are of the latter class; the Earl Grey, James Ewing, James Gallocher, Hercules, and Dumbarton Castle, of the former.

The next greatest number have occurred in the Humber and Tyne steamers, where the safety-valves are similarly constructed; being five instances in river-steamers, and the Victoria's, a sea-going vessel, on two occasions; at Liverpool, two, among the river-steamers, which had exposed valves. We did not hear of, or discover, any Liverpool-built and engineered sea-going vessel having exposed or accessible valves; nor does it appear that any accident of an explosive nature has happened to them; and we have not to record a single case of explosion of any Thames-built boiler, in passenger-vessels of any kind, nor in any other, excepting in a small experimental one. This freedom from explosion in the Thames is attributed by Messrs. Maudslay and Field principally to the practice of using inaccessible and sufficiently large safety-valves.

Safety-valves are often tampered with, and weighted by the working engineer, much beyond the pressure originally assigned by the makers of the engines, in order to gain power and speed. Proof of this is given in the instance of the James Gallocher; and Mr. Fawcett, the eminent engineer of Liverpool, states that "he has known valves, originally loaded at four pounds per square inch, to have been afterwards altered by some blacksmith so as to give the engine power to load them as he pleased; and he believes them to have done so even to twenty pounds to the inch. The safety-valves of the Duke of Bridgewater, a Liverpool river-boat, were originally made inaccessible; they were altered so as to be fastened down, like the Earl Grey's, at the pleasure of the engine-man, and the boiler consequently exploded, killing two persons, and seriously injuring many more.

An exposed valve, or a valve whose spindle is exposed on deck with moveable weights, or pressed upon with a steel-yard lever, is liked by the reckless, ignorant engine-men, who have the habit of accumulating pressure in the boiler, some minutes before leaving their wharf or place of departure, in order to race other boats. The same vicious construction of valve is also to be met with in many of the sea-going steamers of North Britain. That few of the latter have exploded is, probably, owing to their not making frequent stoppages. Some critical escapes have, however, taken place even at sea, where the consequences of an explosion would have been most disastrous.

Several perilous instances of this nature have been related to us by men of veracity and acquaintance with the subject. The following anecdote, communicated by an experienced commander of a steam vessel, will show the variety of ways in which by accident, as well as from design, exposed safety-valves may be dangerously loaded, and at the same time exhibit an accumulation of negligence and ignorance in engine-men and firemen, with the absence of proper apparatus to denote the pressure of steam in the boiler.

A steamer on her passage from Ireland to Scotland, was perceived by her commander during the night, and in a smooth sea, to be going with much greater than her ordinary velocity through the water. The engineer was not at his post; the captain inquired of the fireman how it was that the engines were going so fast? The man said, "He could not tell, for he had very little steam, and had been firing hard nevertheless." The captain began to look about him, and, approaching the chimney where the (exposed) safety-valves were fixed, he perceived a passenger fast asleep, with the greater part of his body resting on the flat, cheese-shaped, weights of the valve. This man had contrived, with some luggage, to make his bed there for warmth. On arousing and turning him off, the valve rose, and the steam escaped with a roar which denoted its having attained a very elevated pressure.

There was no mercurial gauge to indicate the pressure of steam to the fireman, who was accustomed to keep it as near as he could to the blowing-off point; and not hearing it escape, he "fired up," believing his steam to be low; and he was too ignorant to ascertain the fact, though the increased speed of the engines should have informed him that something unusual had occurred.

It is mentioned by several of our correspondents, that engine-men, firemen, and even masters, have frequently been caught sitting or standing on the safety-valves, or hanging weights and resting their bodies on the levers, in order to raise a high pressure of steam at the moment of starting.

The following is an analysis of ninety-two accidents, showing from what causes they occurred, and their results:—

Vessels.	ABSTRACT OF 92 ACCIDENTS.	Ascertained number of Lives lost.
40	Wrecked, foundered, or in imminent peril . . . . .	308
23	Explosions of boilers . . . . .	77
17	Fires from various causes . . . . .	2
12	Collisions . . . . .	66
—		453
92	Computed number of persons lost on board the <i>Finn</i> , <i>Frolic</i> , and <i>Superb</i> . . . . .	100
	From watermen's and coroners' lists in the Thames, exclusive of the above, during the last three years . . . . .	40
	From a list obtained in Scotland, exclusive of the above, being accidents in the Clyde during the last ten years . . . . .	21
		634

The greatest ascertained number of lives lost at any one time occurred by the wreck of the *Rothsay* Castle, when . . . . . 119 persons perished.  
 The greatest number at any one time from collision . . . . . 62  
 The greatest number at any one time from explosion . . . . . 21  
 The greatest number at any one time from fire . . . . . 2

*Abridged from a Parliamentary Report.*

### THE FIRST SHAVE.

Who amongst our male readers does not recollect *this* important epoch in their lives? The *first shave!*—the first step within the pale of manhood—the first warning to prepare for manhood's cares and troubles! Can you forget, dear male friend, the strange, mingled feeling of pride and shame with which you first applied the shaving brush to the upper lip, and followed it with the razor awkwardly and uncouthly handled?

Well do we recollect the momentous event. Well do we recollect the stealthy step and cautious movement with which we sought the depository of our father's razors; the noiseless secrecy with which we abstracted the said razors, and hurried to the most remote apartment, with our prize, that no eye might see us in the performance of the novel operation which we contemplated.

Well do we recollect how carefully we secured the door before commencing that operation, and the intense satisfaction we felt in that free and unconstrained use of papa's razors which we had thus secured; for we had long contemplated them with a wistful eye, but had not dared to meddle with them. Well do we recollect how we revelled in the luxury of wielding, unwatched and uncontrolled, these tiny but formidable instruments, and the engrossing interest with which we went through the process of our *first shave!*

Well, too, do we recollect our alarm and confusion when papa, discovering that *somebody* had been tampering with his razors, called out "Who's been at my razors? Does anybody know who it was that left my razors covered over in this way with soap and wet?" We said nothing; for we, of course, could give no information on the subject!

But more distinctly than all, do we recollect the blush that mantled on our cheek when it became manifest to us that a suspicion of our secret practices began to be entertained in the family; and never shall we forget how our ears tingled and our face reddened when this suspicion, which had hitherto been confined to suppressed tittering and giggling, with now and then a sly allusion to our secret, at length openly took tongue in the person of our little sister, who, detecting us in the act through the key-hole of our operating room, made the house ring with the cry of "Johnny's shaving! Johnny's shaving!" We thought the razor would have dropped from our hands. It was a trying moment. But driven desperate, as it were, by this flagrant exposure, and the consequent consciousness that concealment was no longer of any avail, we, from that day, became less and less anxious to elude observation, until we at length fairly began to shave with open doors; regardless what should see or know that we had taken to handling the razor.

Alas! what vicissitudes, what heart-wearing struggles with a selfish world, what hopes and fears, what cares and anxieties, crowd into the busy space between the day on which the soft down of the upper lip has been removed for the *first* time, and that on which the grey, grisly beard of the chin has been shorn for the *last!*

## TRAVELS ROUND MY STUDY.

AN esteemed friend of mine proposed, some days ago, to lend me a little work by the Count Xavier de Maistre, entitled "Voyage autour de ma Chambre," (A Journey round my Chamber.) I have not yet received it; but I can easily understand that a book describing a tour of that kind might be rendered highly entertaining. The idea is new, and that is of itself no small merit. Then the journey—it is one which anybody (who has a room) may undertake without difficulty. No passport is required—no packing up, that awful preliminary to travelling—no putting of money into your purse—no arrangements with your bankers—no liability to a blow-up on railway or in steamboat—no apprehension of seasickness—no fear of pirate on the wave, or of footpad on the land—no overturning of stage-coach or diligence—no treaties with those most smooth-tongued of all rogues, the couriers—no damp beds! The tourist can eat when he likes (provided he has anything to eat—he may (on a similar condition) drink when he chooses—he may stop without looking out for a hotel—he may go on without being persecuted by a posse of waiters, and chambermaids, and postillions—he may see all the sights without being afflicted by ciceroni—he may continue his tour as long as it may suit his fancy, and without exposing his health to the dangers of varying climates—and then, when he has gratified his curiosity to its fullest extent, he may return to the very spot whence he had set out, without anybody even suspecting that he had been from home. This is all very charming!

Moreover, this is a kind of tour which may be made without a companion. I can assure you, from no slight experience in locomotion, that this is of itself an advantage by no means to be despised. I except, of course, the case of a traveller who is accompanied by his family, or by any near and dear relative whose thoughts, wishes, and feelings are completely identified with his own, and in whose tastes he entirely participates. In almost every other instance, the chances of pleasure on a journey of any length with a companion are exceedingly limited. Two young men of the same college or the same neighbourhood, or having met accidentally on the road, intending to travel abroad for some time in the same direction, agree to go together. To enjoy all the benefit and entertainment they expect from their proposed journey, they imagine that they have nothing to do but to put equal sums of money into one purse, and then to order the horses; but they very soon perceive that their tastes and habits are not at all alike. The one smokes cigars, the other detests tobacco of every kind—it vitiates his breath, and leaves upon his clothes and in the carriage effluvia not to be endured. The smoker must therefore ride outside, whenever he wishes for a cigar; and if he be an inveterate "cigarist," he will be very far from liking this frequent expulsion from the interior of his vehicle, (for it is as much his as his companion's,) exposed to be broiled in the sun or chilled by the storm.

This is but the commencement of ill-feeling between the "companions." One is fond of stopping on the road to contemplate—perhaps to sketch—beautiful scenery: the other is for hastening onward, not understanding what there can be worth delaying him from his dinner in all the combinations of rock, of stream, or forest, of upland or of valley, that ever were formed by the hand of Nature. He has no eye for the picturesque, and would very much prefer to eat a *bifsteack*. One would loiter a whole week at Corinth, where in truth there is little to see, except the Acropolis and a few ancient columns: the other has none of that poetry in his soul which feeds upon the storied ground trodden by the bards and heroes of the olden time. One is a perpetual hunter after sights: the other soon tires of sight-seeing, which, by-the-by, speedily becomes a toil, if not taken very leisurely. Thus fresh causes of disagreement turn up every day, until it is a sufficient reason for one not liking the dedication of a day, or even of an hour, to a particular object that the other does wish for it, and so

—they part, each delighted at the recovery of his independence, and resolved not again to hazard it.

Let me begin by informing my reader of the region which I intend to traverse. It is a square room, some twelve or thirteen feet wide, situated on the borders of Middlesex and Hertfordshire, at a distance of about nine miles from St. Paul's, 51° 30' N. lat., and about no degree 10' long. W. of Greenwich. I do not actually see the New River from my window, but it is not far from me; for I think I cross it at least three times whenever I go to town; climate warm, for it is over my kitchen; population one, for I never allow anybody to inhabit my study save myself. The four corners, not the walls, coincide with the cardinal points. The eastern sun visits my window soon after he rises in the morning, and he stays with me in his course southward for several hours. This kindness upon his part is to me particularly agreeable: it is a great delight, upon entering my study, the first thing in the morning, to receive a salute from so illustrious a lord of the creation. It produces a genial effect upon my whole system; it cherishes the physical portion of me, and exorcises all the blue-devils from my soul, if by chance any had taken possession of it during the night.

I set out from my door. What is this door composed of? Of common deal. Where is this timber grown? In Canada. What a field of inquiry opens at once upon my view! Without at all amplifying my theme beyond its due limits, I might give a history of the growth, cutting down, and exportation of this timber from our American colonies. I might expatiate on the impolicy of the high duties which we impose upon timber imported from Sweden and Norway, merely for the sake of favouring our own colonial dependants. I might show the enormous amount of the bounties we have been long paying in this shape, in order to obtain bad timber at a high price, and to exclude the best woods in Europe, which we might have upon more economical terms. The subject might then suffer a short digression into the various plans upon which a door might be constructed—whether plain or panelled—how it ought to be painted or inlaid—the necessity of having it so neatly fitted as to permit no breath of wind to pass through, inasmuch as, to me, personally speaking, door-draughts are exceedingly annoying. They would naturally follow the history of painting, inlaying, and the art of carpentry.

Next, to come to the lock. Mine is a plain iron lock, fastened with screws on the inside of the door, with the ordinary brass handles. Here, again, is another space for inquiry held out. I might begin with the mine whence the iron is produced, and pursue it from the furnace to the locksmith's hands, with great interest. After the same fashion I might dwell on the brass handles, tracing the metal, and the skill and labour bestowed upon it, through all their stages. I might consider the various patterns of a door-handle, and describe, by way of displaying my acquaintance with much grander doors than that of my own study, the handles of glass, and gold, or of ivory, beautifully decorated with precious stones, which I have seen in other countries.

The first step inside the door places the foot upon a plain carpet. Would it be at all out of my legitimate course, first to give a plate containing the design of this carpet, and then to tell the reader where it was manufactured? In point of fact, it was made, I believe, at Kidderminster; and as scarcely one reader in five hundred is even superficially informed of the process by which these elegant sources of "comfort" are created,—still less of the preparation and infusion of the dyes by which its ornamental qualities are so much increased, or of the art by which its devices are produced,—should I not be conscientiously bound to throw all the lights I possess, or could acquire, upon all these different subjects? Could any critic, even in these days of hypercriticism, justly blame me for performing this obvious duty of a chamber-traveller?

Bending my way towards the north, I come immediately in contact with a press, or rather a small closet, in which I keep a variety of things;—a gun, powder and shot, a vast medley of old

letters, manuscripts, remainder volumes, a backgammon-board, one very bad hat, one less bad hat, one decent hat, plans of railroads, not yet, and probably never to be executed, a store of exquisite tea, the only tea in fact that I can drink without being punished by the heart-burn, some old foreign almanacks, and other things too numerous to mention.

What an abundance—what a diversity of matter already swells the volume of my “Travels round my Study!” *Volume*, did I say? Three volumes would hardly suffice, to do justice to the subject. For when I come to the gun, why not enter into a little essay upon guns in general? Why not mention the improvement, and say where, and at whose particular shop, or shops, the best guns of every kind are to be found? So might I deal also with the powder and the shot.

I might, moreover, confess that the said gun is a borrowed one, obtained to shoot a monster of a rat, who lately showed himself in my poultry-yard, with disposition hostile to a brood of young chickens, which the old rogue had seen disporting themselves there. It is a curious fact, that since the gun came into my possession he has most carefully abstained from repeating his visits, as if he had, by some emissary or another, gained intelligence of the preparations made to receive him. After all, it is not probable that even if I could see him again I could do him much harm, inasmuch as I am “no shot.” I once happened to have a fowling-piece in my hand, when I observed a crow in a very conspicuous position upon the branch of a tree. He saw me, too, very plainly, and evidently “knew his man.” Not the least idea about escape troubled his mind. There he remained,—and that in perfect safety too, although I fired at him seven times from a very short distance. Perhaps I was *too near!* Shame prevented me from making any further attempt upon his life. When he thought fit, he flew away very deliberately. Very well for me that he was not of the tribe of the “laughing crows,” which abound among the Himalayan Mountains, for certainly he and his friends would have had some fun about my gun. I should never have heard the last of it.

A selection from my letters would give not only an agreeable variety to my theme, but enhance the value of my work. By way of decoration, I might give lithographed fac-similes of these letters, and, after the most approved fashion of the day, present to the reader neatly executed wood cuts of the mansions or cottages, such as they might be, in which my correspondents were born.

The backgammon-board!—what a pregnant subject for a chapter or two! My muniments of property—very limited indeed, I am sorry to say; and as to my hats, perhaps the less said about them the better. By-the-bye, amongst my hats is one, price four shillings, for garden wear in summer. The material looks like straw, but it is not straw; it is of osier peeled, then slit and blanched. It cannot be put out of shape. Even if you were to tread upon it, or submit it to the tender mercies of a cart-wheel, it would still resume its form. Neither sun nor rain can do it injury. It is as light as a feather, and admits through its pores just as much of zephyr as is sufficient to keep the deposit within it cool, without exposing it to the cold. It has an ample leaf to shade the face from the “fiery rays of the god of day.”

Flying from the endless attractions of my “press,” I light upon a chimney-piece, where the first object encountered is a bottle with a glass stopper, filled with ingredients of a medicinal character, peculiarly well calculated to correct the bodily inconveniences which too often attend a studious and sedentary life. Every reader who, from necessity or choice, pursues that path of existence, ought to send me a decent fee for informing him of the contents of this bottle, which are these—due proportions of magnesia, soda, gunf, and Epsom salts, mixed together. Let him, whenever he feels flatulency, acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, that internal gnawing, which interferes so much with the pleasantness of existence, and the due functions of the brain, mix one tea-spoonful of these combined ingredients in a wine-glass

and a half of cold water, and drink it about one hour before breakfast. It operates at once, by cooling the whole internal system, and in solving the gases to which acidity gives rise. Let him add a little fresh-grated ginger to his tea, not take his tea too sweet or too hot, use very little cream or milk, or butter—and eggs not at all. Let him have his bread toasted, and confine himself to one cup—let him then take a quick walk, for at least one hour, in the best air he can command, and I will answer for it that his brain, if he really has one, will work well for four or five hours continuously. That is quite enough of time for one sitting, for the purpose of original writing. He may read as long as he likes—but never immediately after meals, nor beyond ten o'clock at night, which should uniformly find him preparing for bed. The celebrated chemists of Plough-court, Lombard-street, will furnish him, for one shilling, with as much of the medicine I have mentioned as he will require for a month; for he need only use it two or three times a-week—and not so often, unless he feels that he wants it.

So much by way of salutary advice. Travelling still over the mantel-piece, I meet with an antique lachrymatory, which I purchased in Naples. There are two figures upon it—those of Brutus and Cæsar: represented just, at the moment when the former, having drawn his dagger from its sheath, is about to plunge it into the heart of the man to whom he was indebted for the preservation of his life. The stern resolution of the ungrateful assassin, and the *Et tu, Brute!* of the usurper, are well-expressed in the features of the two Romans. The Etruscans have long had the credit of being the inventors and first manufacturers of those beautiful earthen vases of every description which have been found almost wherever excavations have been made in Italy, especially in Herculaneum and Pompeii. The “New Egyptian room” in the British Museum, however, puts an end to all the dissertations of the pedants upon this subject. The vases collected in that apartment show that long before the Etruscan nation existed, the arts, which it is allowed upon all hands they carried to the highest degree of perfection, were known and practised on the banks of the Nile.

To what use the vessel which we call a lachrymatory was devoted in ancient times, I cannot undertake to say. The idea, that they were intended as the receptacles for the tears shed upon the death of friends, has always appeared to me a sort of profanation. Those gems of the heart belong to the dead, and with them ought to depart this life. I should not wish to preserve a tear, even if I could. It is some consolation to let it fall from the mysterious fountain where it rises, and perish upon the grave of the loved one.

Thus my travels proceed, serious and light-hearted by turns, presenting a variety of objects, and thoughts, and feelings, just as capable of exciting and repaying the attention of a reader as those that might be found in many a tour of much more expanded territory.

#### FRENCH GALLANTRY.

If a lady meets a gentleman upon the little side-walk, which French courtesy calls a “*trottoir*,” it is the lady who trots into the mud. The French women seem used to this submission, and yield to it instinctively; and, indeed, all who feel their weakness, as children and old men, being subject to the same necessity, show the same resignation. Also, if a number of gentlemen are coteried, even across the broad walk of the Boulevards, the lady walks round, not to incommode them; and it is not to be expected of a French gentleman in a public place or vehicle, that he should give his seat to any one, of whatever age, sex, or condition, or that he should deviate from his straight line on the street for anything less than an omnibus. The French have been a polite people, and they continue to trade on the credit of their ancestors. What is curious to observe is the complaisance with which human nature follows a general example. A Russian wife, when the husband neglects to beat her for a month or two, is alarmed at his indifference, and I have remarked that the French women are the warmest defenders of this French incivility.—*The American in Paris.*

## THE STRUGGLE AND THE TRIUMPH.

I HAD been married about four years when I received a letter from my friend Eliza Somers, saying she would accept my invitation to pass a few weeks with me at home. Five years previous, we parted with mutual vows of unchanging friendship. She was my beloved companion in a boarding-school, when I was in a land of strangers, and had sympathised with me in all my childish troubles. Although we had been so long separated, our affection and sympathy remained unchanged, and our letters were records of cherished friendship and esteem. She had just returned from France, where a residence of some years had added to her accomplishments and intelligence, while I remained at home cultivating domestic virtues.

As the time drew near for her to arrive, I heard such accounts of her surpassing beauty and grace, that I almost regretted having invited her. I had an undefined fear that she might be too attractive in the eyes of him who engrossed all my affection and all my solicitude; but it was too late to retract, and I felt a feverish anxiety when I thought of her coming.

I was not naturally prone to jealousy, but it was the weakness of my husband's mind, that he could not see an interesting young girl without seeking to excite in her an admiration of himself. I was ashamed to let him know that I suffered from these flatteries, and often wept in secret after an evening spent in the society of young girls, by whom he seemed fascinated for the time. I was frequently mortified to see him waste his time and talents in such trifling, but feared to make any suggestions, lest he should think I wished to check a harmless indulgence.

The eventful day at length arrived; it was a beautiful sunny morning when the carriage stopped at the door, and my dear Eliza, with the bounding step of youthful grace, sprang to my arms. We wept with unobscured emotion, but ours were tears of joy. I forgot my incipient jealousy, and looked on this gifted being as one who was to fill up my sum of earthly happiness. She was dressed in a drab-coloured riding habit, with a black velvet hat and feathers. Her hair clustered in beautiful ringlets about her face, and her transparent complexion was tinged with the bloom of health. With the most perfect beauty, she seemed to have an entire unconsciousness of her attractions.

Nature had been bountiful to this beautiful creature in mind as well as in person, and I soon saw our gravest visitors listen to her graceful conversation with delighted attention. In the enchantment of her society, I was happy beyond all my former experience. She made no effort to captivate my Henry's imagination, or to flatter his vanity, but looked on him as a being set apart and consecrated to her friend; and the thought did not enter her mind that there could be any rivalry between us. I also felt a confidence in her integrity, and in those religious influences which had in her earliest years taken possession of her mind.

My husband, like her, was gifted with every imaginable grace of mind and person, but not, like her, blessed with such strict integrity or singleness of heart. It was, as I have remarked, the weak point of his character, to be very susceptible to the influence of female beauty. Although his responsibility as a married man and as a father, prevented him from expressing his admiration openly, yet many a fair girl has felt the pressure of his hand, and many an innocent eye glistened at the tale of flattery he poured into her ear under the insidious guise of friendship. His voice was soft and melting, and his manners so refined and delicate as to inspire immediate confidence.

He could not long resist the temptation of trying to excite in the mind of my friend an admiration of himself; but, while he thought to captivate her, he became unconsciously fascinated by her charms. Eliza was gratified by his attentions, because he was the husband of her friend; and she was proud of his friendship. But, although she listened to his conversation with gratified attention, and talked with him with animation and truth, she never flattered him. Thus was the seal placed on our youthful friendship, and although I might wonder how she could be insensible of his admiration whom all the world admired, yet I had consolation in the belief that she would not willingly become my rival.

The affection between Henry and myself was not impaired by these inconsistencies. He loved and respected me more than all the world beside, and he was a most devoted parent. It is true that he often made me unhappy, and he was sometimes on the verge of danger; but I could not fail to perceive that his impressions were evanescent, and that they did not interfere with his real affection for me. He laboured in his profession, he sought

honour and distinction for my sake, and it seemed his greatest pleasure to meet my approbation. It is possible that, if I had represented the folly as well as danger of his conduct, he would have been influenced by my counsel; but the fear of being considered that degraded being, a *jealous wife*, kept me silent, and I trusted to the redeeming power of his own principles. Some time after the arrival of Eliza we attended a fancy ball, and Henry, with animated looks, asked her to dance. They both danced exquisitely, and with great spirit and animation. The exercise gave a glow to her countenance, and my husband looked at her as if he was surprised and bewildered by her beauty. I was sorry I had not confided to my friend the history of my husband's excitability, because she was too generous to have interfered with my happiness, and her own excellent principles would have led her to check the first indication of an undue prepossession. He was evidently dazzled by her beauty, and the *éclat* attending her; but this was not the moment to allow me to make the humiliating confession that I feared her as my rival.

My agitation soon passed away; the frequency of these trials had, at length, given me power to control my emotions after the first shock, and when Eliza returned to me, I was as serene and tranquil as usual. She was now an object of great admiration and attention, surrounded by our most distinguished gentlemen, who listened with delighted attention to her graceful and intelligent remarks. Henry seemed studying her character, from the manner in which she received the homage now paid her. With the selfishness of man's heart, he wished she should look cold on others, and listen with pleasure only to him. His pride would not allow him to love, unless it were to conquer—but at a single look of encouragement he was at her side, and I began to be seriously alarmed lest his allegiance to me should be forgotten in his admiration of my friend. Thus I was kept in a state of agitation and dread, as I saw her power over him. But she was unconscious of the impression she had made, and I was supported by the hope that her sensibility would soon awaken in favour of one of the numerous candidates for her regard.

It is fortunate for the happiness of married life that there are interests and sympathies which bind husband and wife together, beyond the reach of external circumstances. Who could believe that he who was often quietly seated by the fire in my dressing-room, alternately caressing my lovely children and their mother, could be the same being, who, perhaps a few hours before, would almost have sacrificed their happiness and affection, to obtain the transient admiration of some favourite young girl? When fatigued with the world, the ease and comfort of his own fireside was a luxury to him. He took my hand in his one evening, and said tenderly:—

"You look pale, my dearest Laura. I wish I had spent the afternoon with you, rather than with those silly girls."

The tears started to my eyes, and I was on the point of telling him how much he made me suffer. He kissed away my tears, and said that no man living had so delightful and lovely a wife, and that it should be the study of his whole life to make me happy.

Some weeks passed away in all the alternations of amusement and weariness, happiness and discontent. He was proud of my beauty and accomplishments, and there were times when his attentions to me were almost exclusive and lover-like. At others they were shared by Eliza, and frequently she engrossed him wholly. I believe at this time I was the only object of his *love*, though to others he appeared to live but in her presence. She was often censured, while the apparently neglected wife was pitted.

Eliza was more admired than any lady who had appeared at our place for a long period, and she might have formed a most delightful connexion which would have satisfied even the ambition of her mother, and have secured her own happiness; but I believe that at this time my husband began to have an undue influence over her. My little Henry had been quite sick; I was confined almost exclusively to the nursery; and, in my anxiety for him, I forgot every other interest. From this cause my husband and Eliza were thrown much into each other's society. They read together—they wrote poetry for each other—they were both fond of music—and they were very sentimental. She lost her interest in the amusements of society, and, by degrees, her acquaintances, and even her admirers, ceased to inquire after her.

One day, when my little boy was nearly recovered, Henry proposed to take me to ride. As I had not enjoyed much of Eliza's society of late, and she seemed dispirited, I asked her to accompany us. It was a delightful morning, and the pleasure of getting out into the fresh air, with the delight of knowing that little

Henry was relieved from danger, exhilarated my spirits, and I was as gay as a bird. Henry was all attention and tenderness towards me, and we were both animated and happy.

Eliza seemed less amiable and less happy than usual, while I was like a child just released from captivity. The country, in the early spring, looked delightfully, and I proposed to get out and take a ramble in the fields. The proposition was agreeable to all, and we sallied forth. By degrees Eliza recovered her gaiety, and we were a happy, careless two. Suddenly we heard the crash of a fence, and, on the opposite side of the field, saw a tremendous bull coming furiously towards us. For an instant Henry hesitated which he should save, but in the next he had taken me in his arms, and set me over the fence; he then turned in hopes of being in time to save Eliza, but the coachman, seeing our peril, rushed to our assistance, and arrived just in time to place Eliza over the fence by my side. Henry jumped over and joined us, and I threw my arms around his neck, and kissed him in an agony of joy and terror. Eliza had fainted on the ground. She, however, soon recovered, and, as she opened her eyes, Henry gave her, as I thought, an impassioned kiss. But I ascribed it to the agitation of the moment, and would not allow it to embitter the joy and gratitude I felt for deliverance from such a peril. I was satisfied that, in a moment of danger, Henry had given me the preference, when one equally helpless was by his side. The coachman procured her a glass of water, and, as she took it, she said:—

“Thomas, I am glad it was you who saved my life, because I can reward you. But if it had been you, sir, reward had been out of my power, and my obligation would have been perpetual.”

I thought she spoke with a tone of resentment, and Henry looked distressed.

As we rode home I made an effort to recover the cheerfulness of the party by entering into conversation; but, after a few ineffectual attempts, we all relapsed into silence. My apprehensions for the happiness of Eliza were now seriously awakened. I feared that Henry had not been ingenuous with her. I thought that few men were so formed to dazzle the imagination of an unsuspecting young girl; and I had seen him, when he would sometimes seem willing to sacrifice his lofty ambition and aspiring hopes to gain the fleeting regard of some new being of fashion. I feared that my dear friend was deluding herself into the belief that she might cherish an innocent though romantic attachment for the husband of her friend; a delusion that would be fatal not only to her own happiness, but to mine.

I did not see her after our ride until she came down arrayed for a dinner party. She was splendidly dressed, and looked radiant in beauty; she had recovered her cheerfulness and self-possession. I kissed her affectionately, and told her I was delighted to see her look so lovely. Henry handed her to the carriage, and I saw a smile illumine her face, and a blush of surprise and pleasure spread over her countenance, as he stopped at the door to bid her adieu. As he turned to come in, the expression of his face gave me a chill, and a shudder ran through my frame! He had a look of triumph and satisfaction, for which I could not account.

He was going the next day on a distant excursion, and expected to be absent a week at least. Employed in making his business preparations, he allowed me no opportunity to observe his feelings. About eight o'clock he came in, and he looked so cheerful and happy that my mind was reassured. I resolved not to disturb his few remaining hours, by making inquiries which might lead to painful discussions. We passed the evening alone, chatted, and had music, as we used to do when we were at our happy home in the country. I forgave him silently the look of affection he had given Eliza, and was almost ashamed of my jealous fears. At ten o'clock he started up, and said:—

“You must be tired with the exertion you have made to-day, my dear Laura, and you had better go to bed. As Eliza has gone to a public ball this evening, it will be proper for me to see her safe home.”

Before I had time to speak, he had kissed me and left the house. I was now in an agony of suffering. I groaned—I clenched my hands—I raved about the room, until I was exhausted, and then sat down, and tried to recollect myself. Many little circumstances in the conduct of Henry occurred to my mind, and a conviction that his affections were lost to me forever, almost made me distracted. I spent an hour in this dreadful state; the idea of my sweet children, at length, came over my mind, and I went to the nursery. They lay sleeping sweetly together, and I burst into tears.

“O Henry!” I exclaimed, “how could you blight such a para-

dise of happiness? Can you know the wretchedness you have caused! Dear Eliza, you are innocent, for who could resist such allurements?”

Another hour of misery passed, and Henry came not. A second paroxysm ensued. At two o'clock the door-bell rang, and Henry and Eliza came in, laughing, and apparently very happy. I was not prepared for this. I shut the door of the nursery softly, and fainted on the floor. How long I remained I know not; but cold, and exhausted, and miserable, I lay down on the bed by the children almost without sense or memory. At day-light the door opened carefully, and Henry came in. He took my cold hand in his, and said he took a parting kiss of me and the children. I could hardly recollect myself. He said he had not been in bed; that, having some unfinished writing to do, and being obliged to travel as soon as the sun rose, he had remained in his study. “I was surprised, dear wife,” he continued, “not to find you in our room when I went to take leave of you.” I attempted to speak, but the words died away, and my tongue absolutely cleaved to my mouth. The room was dark—he could not see the haggard expression of my face, and I was too miserable to speak. He kissed me affectionately, and went towards the door; he seemed irresolute, and came and sat by the bed. He took my hand again, and said, “You seem languid this morning; are you well, are the children well?” My tears began to flow, and I should soon have told all my suffering, but the stage-horn sounded, and he left me.

When the maid came in to dress the children she found me so low and languid, that she alarmed Eliza, and begged her to send for a physician. Eliza came immediately into the nursery, but I was not able to speak. I could only sigh and moan. As soon as the physician saw me, he perceived at once that my system was in a high state of nervous excitement. He asked no questions, but ordered an opiate, and perfect rest and quiet. Eliza continued to watch by me through the day, and I gradually became composed, and slept. On the second day I was still unable to converse, but my recollection returned, and my sense of misery was very much mitigated. I began to think I had given too much consequence to the circumstances which I had noticed. I thought of Henry's unvarying kindness and affection, and of his indulgent forbearance towards all my faults. A thousand instances of his tenderness, and the sacrifice of his own inclinations to my happiness, rushed to my recollection, and I soon began to find comfort. On the third day I was able to enter into conversation with Eliza. She seemed unconscious that any part of my suffering had been occasioned by her, and I postponed entering on the subject until I had more maturely considered whether it would be expedient for me to notice the past, or to leave everything to the rectitude of her mind and heart.

It is singular that such a revolution should have taken place in my feelings, without any change of circumstances; but my nerves were again braced, and reason resumed her empire. Eliza took her needle-work, and gave orders that no company should be admitted, and we sat together composedly, but we were both in a grave humour. A servant came in, and brought her a book. It was enveloped in a brown-paper covering, and, besides being sealed, was tied with a string of very narrow blue ribbon. She looked confused, and said, with an effort to seem unconcerned, “You may lay it in my dressing-room.” All my subdued emotions were again excited, and my boasted philosophy gone.

I said to Eliza, “If you have no objection, I should like to look at that book;” and I held my hand out to take it from the servant, but she seized it herself, and said, “It's only a book which William Brown promised to send me. Why should you be so curious?”

“I am not curious, Eliza, but I have a particular reason for seeing what is contained in that envelope. I am convinced that the book did not come from William Brown.”

“Then you doubt my word?”

“No, that does not follow; you may be mistaken.”

She continued to hold the package irresolutely, but, at length, rose up, and was going with it to her own room. My resolution was now taken. I took hold of her arm, and said, “This book came from Henry—perhaps you do not know it, but I have too certain knowledge of the fact, for I gave him this blue ribbon to fasten a bundle of papers with, the evening before he went away.”

“Then, I see how it is, you are jealous;” said she, blushing.

“No, Eliza, not jealous; but I am grieved to see you under a delusion which may prove fatal to your happiness.”

“Do you think there is any harm in your husband sending me a book?”

"None in the world. But there is harm in the mystery and concealment."

She seemed extremely reluctant to open the package, but I was determined now to see whatever it contained. I had not, at this time, a vague and unsettled jealousy, which never fails to obscure the judgment, but I had a clear and distinct perception of duty marked out, and I insisted on the package being opened in my presence.

She slowly broke the seal, and untied the ribbon, trembling with embarrassment. At length she took out the book, looked at it carelessly, and said:—

"Here is the book; it is the Pleasures of Memory. I really do not perceive why you should attach so much importance to my receiving a little present from your husband."

"Eliza," said I, "you are not ingenuous—in that book is a letter; and that letter contains the reason of this agitation and concealment. I must read that letter before you quit the room."

"As the letter is directed to me," said she, "I suppose you have no objection to my reading it first."

"Certainly not, if you will read it in my presence."

She opened it slowly, and, at the first sentence, I saw that she was very much agitated. The colour left her cheeks, and, having read about a page, she began to tear the letter in pieces. I snatched it out of her hand, rushed into my dressing-room, and locked the door. I sat down without sense or motion—my circulation had ceased, and I was like a marble statue—I thought I should die.

The idea that Eliza was now in a state of suffering and suspense as well as myself, at length aroused me to action. I read the letter deliberately through twice. I saw, through the whole, the sophistry of a man who was dazzled at the idea of being beloved by such an exquisite being, and who was aiming to convince her that an attachment between them might be pure and perfectly innocent, and could in no way affect his duty or conduct as a married man. He alluded to his last interview in terms which convinced me that, under the name of friendship, they had exchanged pledges of affection, and he endeavoured to convince her that they violated no duty by such a course. His language and sentiments were pure and romantic, such as would suit the fancy of an unsophisticated female.

I will not here repeat his arguments or his expressions, but I inferred from them that Eliza still believed herself under the influence of a calm and holy friendship. It was my painful duty to enlighten her mind on this most momentous occasion.

I went to her room, and found her involved in the deepest misery. She acknowledged that she had deceived me, but said she had also deceived herself. She begged my forgiveness, and entreated that I would guide and direct her.

"I am in utter despair," said she, "and would fly to you, to my friend whom I have injured, for relief."

"My dear Eliza, there is but one course of rectitude, but one right way. If you have really been yourself deceived, you are not so much to be blamed as pitted. We are both placed in difficult circumstances, and we must take counsel together."

I took Henry's letter, read it through to her, and simply pointed out the consequences which would result from his reasoning.

"He has deceived himself as well as you," said I. "If you are sincerely desirous to act on Christian principles, you have but little to do. I do not wish to appear in Henry's eyes as an *irritated* and *jealous wife*, and, perhaps, if I should remonstrate with him, he would ascribe it to unreasonable suspicion. You shall, therefore, answer his letter in the terms which your awakened conscience and unbiassed judgment shall dictate. If Henry acquiesces in your opinions, and relinquishes all intercourse with you, what has passed shall remain a secret between us. I shall love you better than ever, and Henry will be saved the pain of knowing that the wife whom he respects, and whom he will again love, is acquainted with his dereliction."

This proposition was exactly suited to Eliza's character. It showed a confidence in her integrity, and regard for her feelings, which attached her more than ever to me. After some further conversation, I left her to write her letter.

She brought it in the evening for me to read. It met my approbation entirely; it contained reproof and counsel, as well as expressions of regard, but showed so clearly that she was governed by religious influences, as to leave no room for an appeal from this decision. "We passed the evening tranquilly but seriously together, and, before parting for the night, joined in a devout prayer, that our Heavenly Father would protect us and enlighten our path of duty, and teach all *erring* minds the way of truth."

Eliza and I separated on that eventful night, on terms of perfect confidence and friendship. She saw that she had erred, but such was the integrity of her mind, that, although she might feel sorrow in resigning the friendship and affection of such a being as Henry, and feel deeply the loss of his society, yet she resolved to act up fully to the promise she had given me.

And here let me pause to pay a tribute to the power of education. Principles of truth and piety, and responsibility to God, had been inculcated with every incident of her life, and, although great attention was given to her improvement in other respects, yet all was subservient to moral and religious culture. If Eliza forgot for a while her duty, it was owing to the great reliance she placed on Henry's integrity, and on her respect for his character. She did not perceive that she might be the means of alienating his affection from his wife and family, and thus be guilty of a great moral evil, but was led insensibly by the guise of friendship.

I was now more miserable than I ever had been. I had known sorrow and disappointment, but here was desolation and despair. I thought my husband's affections were lost to me for ever, and that he had forfeited my esteem in his attempt to interest the heart of my dear friend. This reflection added bitterness to my grief, and I was almost distracted. I did not attempt to sleep, and I found myself uttering exclamations of woe with wild gesticulations. Then I would sit down, and try to be calm. I recollected all his tenderness, all his care for me when I was sick and in trouble, and all the instances of devoted affection he had demonstrated for me through our married life.

"Is it possible," I exclaimed, "that all this happiness is lost to me, and that I shall live through it? Shall I become indifferent to him, and again see him flattering and caressing other beautiful girls? Shall I still be his wife, and yet, perhaps, an object of pity to my friends? There is something appalling in this inroad on the affections."

At length morning dawned. I heard the servants below; the doors opened, the shutters were unclosed, Henry's favourite servant went whistling through the hall. All seemed busy. All seemed happy. I alone was wretched. In order not to be spoken to, I laid down in my bed and pretended to sleep. Soon the cheerful voices of my children in the nursery told me they were awake and well; and a feeling of gratitude to my Heavenly Father that he had preserved them through the night, was the first gleam of comfort I had experienced. I became more tranquil, and was soon able to address that Being who is ever ready to answer the supplication of a humble sufferer. I did not rise to breakfast, but sent for Eliza to bring her prayer-book to my room, and she read to me the morning prayers and a portion of the Scriptures, and thus were our hearts sanctified and strengthened for the trials of the day.

It were vain to tell of the alternation of hope and despondency, of renewed affection and deep resentment, which agitated my mind until the day arrived when we might expect an answer to Eliza's letter. She, too, partook of my agitation, for she was uncertain how Henry would act on the occasion. We sat together in my dressing-room, abstracted and sad; the post-horn sounded, and in the next moment a letter was brought to me, which I knew to be in Henry's hand-writing. We both turned pale. There was something very affecting in our situation. So much of the happiness and respectability of our lives depended on the present communication, that we were almost breathless when I broke the seal.

I read in silence the first passage! I sprang from my seat. I threw my arms around Eliza's neck, and exclaimed, "We are happy once more! Virtue is triumphant, and my dear husband is restored to me." I fainted with excess of emotion. When I recovered I found Eliza standing by my side, and we mingled our tears and our caresses, until we were sufficiently composed to proceed. He entered into a detail of all his feelings and all his transgressions, and enclosed Eliza's letter for me to read, that I might witness his humiliation, and learn the value of her character. He said his affection for me had always been paramount to every other sentiment, and it was only in the late unhappy incidents that he had ever been in any danger of sacrificing his allegiance to me. "But," he continued, "if you and Eliza will forgive this dereliction of principle, my future life will show that I am worthy your confidence. Although I can offer no excuse for the past, yet I will prove that I am now awakened to the responsibility conferred by the elevated station I hold in society, and by the obligations of married life." In conclusion he said, "I shall depend on you, my dear wife, to watch over me, and remind me of my duty. If you see me yielding to my love of female admiration, you can

interpose your gentle spirit and reasonable mind, and I shall be shielded from temptation by the armour of hallowed affection." He thus in a frank and manly spirit acknowledged his faults and his danger, and I was too happy in the belief of his restored affection to investigate too closely the reasons for his disclosure. There is, indeed, a redeeming principle in wedded love. Providence has wisely planted about it interests and affections which enable married persons to bear with each other's aberrations and infirmities. As our union had been threatened with danger, we mutually felt the necessity of avoiding future trials, by an increased vigilance over each other's faults, and by perfecting our own character as moral and accountable agents.

MRS. GILMAN.

### THE BASIS OF LIFE-ASSURANCE.

#### SECOND ARTICLE.

WE have, in No. 35 of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, treated the subject of Life-Assurance in what may be termed a popular manner; that is, we avoided technical details, and used only those general arguments and considerations which all readers might easily comprehend. But we are unwilling to dismiss the subject without a few more "last words:" it is a very important one, and worth an effort to understand it. Let not our readers, therefore, be scared by the appearance of a few figures in the following observations: we shall treat the matter as plainly as we can, and are not without hope that we may be able to render it intelligible to some who may not have thought of it before.

Suppose that a certain number of persons of twenty years of age, the average duration of whose lives has been shown, by the Northampton Tables, to be thirty-three years and a third, were each to pay one pound per annum during their respective lives, the whole sum thus subscribed being, on the death of the last survivor, equally divided amongst their several representatives, each would have to receive 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; those who lived above the average term dividing the surplus of their savings amongst the representatives of those whose lives were short of that average. This would be a society for the equalisation of savings. But to assert that Assurance Companies were merely societies of this nature, would be far from admitting the full extent of their usefulness; for they not only undertake equitably to arrange the premiums according to the ages of the individuals assuring, but also to return the sums invested with *compound interest*.

Dr. Price endeavoured to show, as an argument to illustrate the difference between the amount of money accumulated at simple and compound interest, that if one penny were put out at simple interest for 1791 years, it would only amount to seven shillings and sixpence; whereas, by compound interest, its amount would be more than equal to the value of 300,000,000 solid globes of gold, each equal in size to the earth. This illustration, however, is of as little value as the boast of Archimedes, that if he had a fulcrum or prop for his lever, he could move the earth. If is a very troublesome little particle, sometimes. To take an illustration more to the purpose. It can be shown that eight pounds, placed at simple interest of five per cent., would in one hundred years amount to only forty-eight pounds, but if placed at compound interest it would accumulate to one thousand pounds. Further, a person aged twenty years, as we have before noticed, who would, by an Equalization Society, obtain for the amount of his savings of one pound per annum during life, 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, would, if the money had been placed at compound interest of three per cent., be entitled to 55*l.* 15*s.*, and with the facilities which Assurance Companies have of investing money, it is fair to conclude that this interest, at least, might be obtained after the payment of all expenses.

It would, however, be found very difficult, if not impracticable, for individuals to invest small sums, so as to obtain compound interest. Various circumstances will happen to prevent the drawing and investing of the dividends immediately they become due, and it is not unreasonable to conclude that at least one month upon each half-yearly dividend would be lost; so that the compound interest, instead of being for thirty-three years, would really be for only twenty-seven years and a half; and at the same time, any person who adopts this method of providing for his family is every

hour incurring the risk, by premature death, of not even realising this provision. But by the more prudent course of assuring his life, he has the satisfaction, from that moment, of knowing that his family are, under any contingency, secured from want.

To give some idea of the rate at which money accumulates, we insert the following Table, which shows the value of an annual investment of one pound, increased at compound interest of three per cent., from one year to fifty.

YEARS.	VALUE.	YEARS.	VALUE.	YEARS.	VALUE.
	£. s. d.		£. s. d.		£. s. d.
1	1 0 0	19	23 8 3	35	60 9 2
2	2 0 7	20	25 2 4	36	63 5 6
3	3 1 9	21	26 17 4	37	66 3 5
4	4 3 4	22	28 13 6	38	69 3 2
5	5 6 2	23	30 10 8	39	72 4 8
6	6 9 4	24	32 9 0	40	75 8 0
7	7 13 2	25	34 8 6	41	78 13 3
8	8 17 10	26	36 9 2	42	82 0 10
9	10 3 2	27	38 11 0	43	85 9 8
10	11 9 2	28	40 11 2	44	89 0 11
11	12 16 1	29	42 18 7	45	92 14 4
12	14 3 10	30	45 4 4	46	96 10 0
13	15 12 4	31	47 11 6	47	100 7 11
14	17 1 8	32	50 0 0	48	104 8 2
15	18 11 11	33	52 10 0	49	108 10 9
16	20 3 1	34	55 1 6	50	112 15 11
17	21 15 2				

If we desire to know what amount should be given by a person aged twenty years, to secure one hundred pounds at his decease, we shall find, by reference to the Table given in the preceding article (No. 135, p. 131,) that the expectancy of his life, according to the Northampton Tables, is thirty-three years; and, by the one above, that 1*l.* annually, placed at compound interest, will amount to 55*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* at the expiration of that period. Therefore, if 1*l.* annually will produce 55*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* in thirty-three years, it will require 1*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* annually to produce 100*l.* in the same time.

To what class of persons is the assurance of life beneficial? To all who depend on personal exertions or on life-incomes for support, more especially to those moving in a sphere of society whose offspring are not expected to fill inferior stations—such as clergymen, professional men, officers in the army and navy, and gentlemen holding public situations. But, in reality, there is no class, from the sovereign to the peasant, to whom it may not be advantageous; and it is reported to the credit of King William IV. that he did not neglect to secure a provision to certain individuals by its means. The most obvious use of life-assurance is to place those families who have been deprived of their natural protectors in a position to enable them to support themselves with a degree of respectability and comfort. But although this may be considered its legitimate object, it is to be apprehended that the persons who most frequently avail themselves of its benefits are those who assure their lives for the purpose of securing some pecuniary obligation. Even in this point of view it is highly valuable, both to the debtor and creditor. An instance of its utility for this purpose occurred to an acquaintance of our own. A youth had been presented with an appointment in the military service of the East-India Company, and his relations had not the means of paying the expenses required for his outfit, without injury to the other members of a very large family. By means, however, of assuring his life, the amount advanced to forward him in his profession was secured in the event of his death, which happened some years afterwards, from fatigue and privations during his military campaigns.

Another object for which an assurance might have been made available lately came to our knowledge. An individual who had been living in independent circumstances, on an income arising from leasehold property, held during the continuance of two lives, renewable upon the payment of a fine at the death of either of them, and with the liberty of naming a new life, was placed in the following predicament:—Some time since, one of the nominees died, no provision having been made for such an event; and before the amount of the renewal-fine could be obtained, the second party died, and the property became forfeited. Now, had an assurance on the first of the joint-lives been effected, this loss would have been prevented, and the party would not have been reduced from independence to a state of poverty.



When marriage is about to be contracted, it is the imperative duty of every parent to endeavour to get some provision made for daughters, in the event of the death of the intended husband; and where this cannot be accomplished by a settlement of property, how much wretchedness and poverty might frequently be avoided, if the parent were to recommend an assurance to be effected on the life of the husband! Here, again, a choice is offered of accomplishing this object, by means of an increasing or decreasing rate of premiums: to those whose incomes are small but increasing, the first might be considered very desirable; whereas, persons who have fixed incomes, with the prospect of increasing expenses, might perhaps prefer the latter scale.

We abstain from offering our opinion on the different tables of mortality: we have referred to the Northampton Tables, not that we consider them as anything like perfect, but from their being most generally in use, and thought the safest. By the aid of the government system of registration, the mean duration of life in this country may, in a few years, be accurately ascertained. We have also abstained from discussing the question of the comparative merits of proprietary and mutual offices. Individuals about to assure must exercise their own judgment in this matter, and must exercise caution too.

We cannot conclude our remarks without earnestly and sincerely recommending every person to consider seriously the necessity of making some provision for their wives and families. By a life-assurance, it is in the power of every one to do so. The individual who can only save one shilling a week may, with this sum, at the age of thirty-five, secure at least one hundred pounds to his survivors; and if with this sum an industrious family may be placed in such a situation as to enable them to obtain a comfortable livelihood, how great must be the responsibility, and painful the reflections, of those possessing ample means, who yet run the risk of leaving their widows and children in distress, when, by availing themselves of life-assurance, they might have avoided the possibility of such a calamity!

#### ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

MANY such things may be daily heard of the present Duke of Portland, in the neighbourhood of Welbeck Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, as convince you that he is one of those men who contrive to pass through life without much noise, but reaping happiness and respect in abundance, and, while gratifying the taste for rural occupation, conferring the most lasting benefits upon the country. I shall close the section of this chapter with the substance of one such act, as related to me some years ago. In the manner of relation it may, therefore, differ somewhat from that in which originally told, but in fact I believe it to be perfectly correct.

The duke found that one of his tenants, a small farmer, was falling, year after year, into arrears of rent. The steward wished to know what was to be done. The duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was really an experienced and industrious farmer, totally unable to manage it, from poverty. In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears. "John," said the duke, as the farmer came to meet him as he rode up to the house, "I want to look over the farm a little." As they went along, "Really," said he, "everything is in very bad case. This won't do. I see you are quite under it. All your stock and crops won't pay the rent in arrear. I will tell you what I must do: I must take the farm into my own hands; you shall look after it for me, and I will pay you your wages." Of course, there was no saying nay—the poor man bowed assent. Presently there came a reinforcement of stock, then loads of manure; at the proper time, seed, and wood from the plantations for repairing gates and buildings. The duke rode over frequently. The man exerted himself, and seemed really quite relieved from a load of care by the change. Things speedily assumed a new aspect. The crops and stock flourished; fences and outbuildings were put into good order. In two or three rent-days, it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was making its way. The duke on his next visit said, "Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again: you shall be tenant again, and, as you now have your head fairly above water, I hope you will be able to keep it there." The duke rode off at his usual rapid rate. The man stood in astonishment, but a happy fellow he was, when, on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm, just as it stood in its restored condition: I will venture to say, however, that the duke himself was the happier man of the two.

W. Howitt.

#### SNOOK, THE HIGHWAYMAN.

ABOUT the year 1800, during the period of the formation of the canal over Box-Moor, in Hertfordshire, a robbery of the mail-bags was effected one night by a man named Snook, which created a great sensation at the time, from the fact of Snook being afterwards executed near the spot of the robbery, which is now marked by a mound of earth opposite the farm-house, at the western end of the Moor. The mail-bags were in those days carried by horse, and, on the night in question, the man who had them in charge was stopped by a robber, and compelled to carry the bags to a solitary spot, and then told to go "about his business." The next morning the bags were found, with part of their contents, in a field, by some labourers in the employ of a respectable farmer named Pope. Information was immediately given to the post-master of the district, Mr. Page, of the King's Arms, Berkhamstead, who forthwith proceeded to the post-office in London, where he delivered what had been found to Mr. Freeling, (the late Sir Francis Freeling,) and, for the time, all clue to the perpetrator of the robbery was lost.

It afterwards transpired that the name of the culprit was Snook. He obtained by this adventure a large booty, having, from one letter alone, abstracted property to the amount of 500*l*. With this he hastened to "London, the needy villain's general home," and took up his abode in the borough of Southwark. There one of those incautious acts which commonly follow or accompany crime, had nearly betrayed him into the hands of justice. He sent a servant from the house where he resided, to purchase a piece of cloth for a coat, and gave her what she understood was a five-pound note. When this, as such, was presented in payment for the cloth, the tradesman said there must be some mistake, as what she had tendered, instead of being a five, was a fifty-pound note. The female returned to Mr. Snook, who, upon this, thought it advisable instantly to decamp, and he then directed his steps to Hungerford, in Wiltshire, which was his native place. Here he for some time successfully eluded pursuit, though the most active exertions were made by the police to discover his retreat, and a reward of 300*l*. was offered for his apprehension. He was, at length, taken, in consequence of being recognised by a post-boy who had formerly been his school-fellow. Carried to Hertford, he was put upon his trial, and found guilty. A severe example was thought necessary, and he was ordered to die. Instructions were then given to Mr. Page, who was high-constable of the district, as well as post-master, to select a place for his execution, as near as possible to the scene of his crime, so as not to give annoyance to the neighbourhood, and it was intended that he should be hung in chains; but this being opposed against by those who resided on or near Box-Moor, the design was abandoned. The criminal conducted himself with great fortitude. He proposed to one whom he had formerly known, to give him his watch, on condition that he should take away his remains; but the party applied to, unwilling to have attention fixed on him as the friend of such a character, declined the offer. It was, in consequence, determined that he should be buried under the gallows. The place already described having been fixed upon for the closing scene, on the day of execution, he was brought from Hertford in a post-chaise, and the apparatus of death, also brought from Hertford, having been previously erected, he was placed in a cart, and from that launched into eternity. After the corpse was cut down, it was then asked if any one would give him a coffin. Nobody came forward, and the hangman, having stated that the clothes of the dead man were now his property, proceeded to strip the body for interment. His garments having been removed, with the exception of the lower part of his dress, the executioner was about to seize also on them, when Mr. Page interfered, and insisted that some regard should be had to decency, and that these should not be taken from the defunct malefactor. A hole was then dug beneath the fatal tree on which he had suffered, and a truss of straw having been procured, half of it was thrown into the grave, and the corpse being placed on it, the other half was thrown on the body, and the earth was without further ceremony filled in. But the people in the neighbouring town of Hemel Hempstead, hurt at the manner in which a wretched fellow-creature had thus been entombed, subscribed to purchase a coffin, which, on the following day, they carried to the place where the miserable robber had paid the last penalty of the law, re-opened the grave, and deposited the lifeless form in the coffin so compassionately subscribed for, and the earth immediately again closed over him.—*Railroadiana*.

## EEL-FISHING WITH A SAP.

IN narrow rivers, up which the tide flows any considerable distance, excellent sport may be had in catching eels. A shoal of these commonly accompany the rising tide; and when this happens, about an hour before sunset is the best season.

The bait is formed of large earth-worms and packthread, and formed in the following manner:—A large quantity, say about a quart measure full of worms, are first obtained—either by catching them late in the evening, or early on mornings, while lying out of their holes in the dew. Or if this way of procuring worms be inconvenient, another mode must be practised, and that is by repairing to a moist meadow, with a sharp iron or wooden dibble, and striking it into the ground about a foot deep, and shake it from side to side, to produce a concussion of the surrounding surface. If any worms feel this disturbance, they (fearing it is the approach of their natural enemy, the mole,) immediately escape out of the soil upon the surface, to be picked up. Labourers employed in digging or trenching ground can also easily collect a store of worms for bait, at any time, and, if placed in a close vessel among damp moss, may be kept alive for a considerable time.

The requisite number of worms being obtained, the next and most disagreeable part of the business is, by taking a long slender packing-needle, to which a piece of packthread, five or six yards in length, is attached, and passing the needle through the entrails from end to end of the worms, pushing them back on the thread till the whole is covered. This done, the whole is formed into an assemblage of loops, about six or seven inches in length, tied firmly together at top. The *sap*, as this bait is called, is fixed to a stout pole ten feet long, by a *treble packthread* line, about the same length as the pole. A half-pound *sinker* of lead is fixed on the line, about ten inches above the *sap*, and then the whole apparatus is ready for action.

The fisher goes to the mouth of the river to meet the tide, and, as soon as he observes the first swell, throws in his bait. In an instant he feels the eels tugging at the *sap*, and when he thinks several have good hold, he suddenly swings the whole upon the bank. The eels bite and swallow greedily, and their teeth getting entangled in the loops of the packthread, hang on untended; and when shook off from the bait, it is immediately returned to the water for another haul.

In this way the sport is continued, the fisher moving along with the rising tide as long as a bite can be had, or while a morsel of worm remains on the thread; and, when the fish are plentiful, it is astonishing how soon the worms are stripped off. We have often seen nearly a painful of eels, of all sizes, caught with one *sap*, and in little more than half an hour.

In wide tide-rivers, a punt is most convenient for *sap*-fishing, and in this case an assistant is necessary to row the punt along with the tide; and so, in fishing in a narrow river, an assistant must attend to pick up the eels; for when they bite well, the manager of the tackle has no time to pick up his prey.

This method of fishing is so far pleasant as that there is no new baiting—no taking off the hook—nor no fear of the tackle getting out of order. The preparation of the *sap* is certainly disagreeable, and it is necessary (notwithstanding this disagreeableness) that the *sap* be used on the same day it is made, as the eels will not take a stale *sap*. There is no doubt but that *sap*-fishing in the *night*, in sluggish rivers, where large eels abound, would be successful, as an eel is easily felt when tugging at the bait.

## A MORAL TALE FOR THE TIMES.

A LITTLE Frenchman lent a merchant five thousand dollars when the times were good. He called at the counting-house, a few days since, in a state of agitation not easily described.

"How do you do?" inquired the merchant.

"Sick, ver sick!" replied monsieur.

"What is the matter?"

"De times is the matter."

"De *Times*! What disease is that?"

"De maladie vat breaks all de merchants ver much."

"Ah! the times, eh? Well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough—but how do they affect you?"

"Vy, monsieur, I lose the confidence."

"In whom?"

"In everybody."

"Not in me, I hope?"

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur, but I do not know who to trust at present, when all the merchants break several times all to pieces."

"Then, I presume, you want your money."

"Oui, monsieur; I starve for want of *l'argent*."

"Can't you do without it?"

"No, monsieur; I must have him," said little dainty breeches, turning pale with apprehensions for the safety of his money.

"And you can't do without it?"

"No, monsieur, not one little moment longare."

The merchant reached his bank-book, drew a cheque on the good old Chemical for the amount, and handed it to his visitor.

"Vat is dis, monsieur?"

"A cheque for five thousand dollars, with the interest."

"Is it bon?" said the Frenchman, with amazement.

"Certainly."

"Have you *de l'argent* in de bank?"

"Yes."

"And is it parfaitement convenient to pay de sum?"

"Undoubtedly. What astorishes you?"

"Vy, dat you have got him in dees times?"

"Oh, yes, and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed. "Monsieur, you shall do me von leetle favour, then?"

"With all my heart."

"Well, monsieur, you shall keep *de l'argent* for some leetle year longare."

"Why, I thought you wanted it."

"*Tout au contraire*. I no vant *de l'argent*—I vant de grand confidence. Suppose you no got de money, den I vant him ver much; suppose you got him, den I no vant at all. *Vous comprenez* him!"

After some further conference, the little Frenchman prevailed upon the merchant to retain the money, and left the counting-house with a light heart, and a countenance very different from the one he wore when he entered. His confidence was restored; and although he did not stand in need of the money, he wished to know that his property was in safe hands. This little sketch has a moral, if the reader has sagacity enough to find it out.—*New York Mirror*.

## COINAGE.

COINS are generally completed by one blow of the coining-press. These presses are worked in the Royal Mint by machinery, so contrived that they shall strike, upon an average, sixty blows in a minute; the blank piece, previously properly prepared and annealed, being placed between the dies by part of the same mechanism. Of these presses, and of the other machinery and operations used and carried on in the Mint, an excellent account, with illustrative engravings, has been given by Mr. Muesel, in the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. The number of pieces which may be struck by a single die of good steel, properly hardened and duly tempered, not unfrequently amounts at the Mint to between 300,000 and 400,000, but the average consumption of dies is of course much greater, owing to the different qualities of steel, and to the casualties to which the dies are liable: thus, the upper and lower die are often violently struck together, owing to a fault in the layer-on, or that part of the machinery which ought to put the blank into its place, but which now and then fails so to do. This accident very commonly arises from the boy who superintends the press neglecting to feed the hopper of the layer-on with blank pieces. If a die is too hard, it is apt to break or split, and especially subject to fissures, which run from letter to letter upon the die. If too soft, it swells, and the collar will not rise and fall upon it, or it sinks in the centre, and the work becomes distorted and faulty. He, therefore, who supplies the dies for an extensive coinage has many casualties and difficulties to encounter. There are eight presses at the Mint, frequently at work for ten hours each day, and I consider that the destruction of eight pair of dies per day (one pair for each press) is a fair average result, though we much more frequently fall short of than exceed this proportion. It must be remembered, that each press produces 3600 pieces per hour, but, making allowance for occasional stoppages, we may reckon the daily produce of each press at 30,000 pieces; the eight presses therefore will furnish a diurnal average of 240,000 pieces.—*Brande's Journal*.

## THE HOLIDAY OF THE CHIMNEYS.

A FABLE.

SCENE—CLAPHAM COMMON.

What driveth hither through the air?  
Darkening the May sunshine,  
Stifling all the spring-sweets there,  
Poisoning its balmy wine!  
Hills and trees that should be clear  
As light in water-drops, are dull,  
Not shadowy (like Fancy's fear,  
When thought with spirit-hopes is full),  
But like a dark and wrapping pall,  
Heavy and cold, and lifeless all.  
Let us this mystery unravel,  
And learn what thus doth hither travel.

Beneath that arched and changing sky,  
The loftest chimneys' breathless stand,  
Holding a council grave and high,  
As to what portion of the land  
Should be the favoured scene and site  
Of their still-journeying smoke till night.  
For at their plaints of gloom and soot,  
Darkening each day's commanded route,  
The King of the air had granted their prayer  
For one day's choice of a pathway there,  
And they were resolved that the brightest spot  
Of London's suburb land should be  
The one where, darker days forgot,  
They would unveil and sparkling see  
The loveliness of earth, without  
A frown to mar its harmony.  
And on this point they now debated,  
As I some lines before have stated,  
Of this debate, short notes will be  
Sufficient both for you and me.

One "shaft," its tenant dwelling there,  
By local habits led to fix,  
Through Highgate wished to take the air,  
And raved of views—"Canals and bricks!"  
Was uttered by another voice,  
And turned aside the hovering choice.  
One said "The East;"—a laugh replied,  
(A laugh does many points decide.)  
But for the West no votes were heard;  
The aristocracy of smoke  
Disdained the low and vulgar herd,  
That there alone of cooking spoke.  
The South had many votes: there stood  
The loftiest of their race; and oft  
The breeze from Dulwich and Norwood,  
With gentle breathings, wild and soft,  
Fanned and refreshed their glowing towers,  
Whispering of turf, and trees, and flowers.  
The point was carried, and, save one,  
The yielding shaft, agreed, *nem. con.*  
And as the light grew perfect day,  
Each one put on his mantle grey,  
Took "gaseous form," as the chemists say,  
And floated to the south away.

Oh! on their hopes what dreams did pour,  
As Bumbeth Marsh they glided o'er!  
The clear bright air, the quivering shade  
Of broad green leaves on grassy glade,—  
The sparkling river, rolling free,  
Like Time unto Eternity,—  
And that soft wind, whose voice comes by,  
Instinct with mournful memory,—  
The fresh-leaved hedge-row shadowing over  
The violet tuft and primrose pale,—  
The birds' glad voices, that still hover,  
Or wildly flit at o'er hill and vale,

As if through these did Nature bless  
Her Maker for her happiness.  
They reached the place where they hoped to find  
The beauty imaged in each mind.  
Alas for Hope! there is only one  
Whose truth shall live when its dreams are gone!  
They reached the place, and they looked around  
For gladness and beauty of light and sound:  
They looked around, but they looked in vain—  
Their own grey shadows gloomed the plain,  
Like the shade of a cloud surcharged with rain.

"Is this," they cried, with gloomy stare,  
"A sample of Earth's bright and fair?  
This darksome plain—this leaden sky—  
The heavy air—the mournful shade!  
Is this the dull reality  
That dreams have such an Eden made!  
The beautiful and gay shall be  
Our spirit's hope and faith no more!  
All else is gloom—why look to see  
In Nature any other power?"

As through the dark procession went  
These notes of murmur and complaint,  
Music upon the air was heard,  
That every spirit deeply stirred—  
The voice of Nature, from her throne,  
Simple and low—its first faint tone  
Hushed every accent but its own:—

"Your murmurs cease, ye sons of gloom!  
Nor blame me for your self-made doom.  
Nature is not less bright and fair—  
'Tis your own shadow clouds the air.  
Beautiful still, tree, river, flower,  
In every time of sun and shower;  
But ye—unhappy that ye are!—  
The darkness of your presence bring,  
And with your murky vapours war  
The colours and the breath of Spring!  
Then blame not me—ye bring the blight,  
And bear, where'er ye go, your night."

MORAL FOR THOSE WHO ARE MORALLY DISPOSED.

If all but gloom and sadness seem—  
Beauty a name, and hope a dream;  
If cloud and dullness, like a spell,  
Upon your path for ever dwell;  
Beware that your own mind cast not  
The shade and sorrow of your lot.

## SINGULAR CHARGE.

On one occasion, when Beau Nash was called on by the masters of the Temple for certain accounts, among other items he made this odd charge—"For making one man happy, ten pounds." "What is the meaning of this, sir?" said one of the dignities, in his gravest and most authoritative manner. "Why, to tell you the truth," replied Nash, "I happened a few days ago to overhear a poor man, who had a large family, say that ten pounds would make him happy for life, and I could not resist the opportunity of trying the experiment." The masters were so struck with the singularity of this explanation, that they not only allowed the charge, but even insisted on doubling it, in testimony of their approbation of Nash's benevolence.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

## LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

A great restraint is placed on the expression of public opinion throughout the Austrian dominions, but more successfully in Austria Proper than in Hungary. Here politics are freely discussed—not so there. At Vienna, an Englishman in a café was speaking to a friend about his partiality for tea, and observed, in the language of the country, "Ich liebe thee," or "I am fond of tea." One of the undress police, catching distinctly the last three syllables, immediately accosted him, saying, "Sir, *Liberié* is a word not to be uttered in Austria!" In fact, as Napoleon decreed *impossible* to be excluded from the French language, so *liberty* is declared not to be Austrian.—*Elliott's Three Great Empires.*

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## THE MILITARY EMBARKATION.

THERE are few scenes in this life more exciting, more heart-stirring, or more likely to warm up the very best feelings of our nature, than the embarkation of troops for a foreign, and perhaps an unhealthy clime;—parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, are more or less affected; and many a gentle heart is seized by the sudden, perhaps unexpected, order to march. On the occasion of which I am now about to speak, the route came by express at two o'clock in the morning, for a draft from the — regiment to join the service companies in the West Indies. They were to march at six from Chatham to Gravesend — just four hours' notice.

I have said that the route arrived at the dead hour of night, when the extensive garrison was hushed in the quiet of repose. The draft comprised a field-officer, one captain, two subalterns, one staff, and seventy rank and file, with the usual proportion of women and children. My brother belonged to the regiment which furnished the draft; he was the senior subaltern about to embark, and my consequent intimacy with the officers gave me an opportunity of observing minutely the misery which that route occasioned. I shall never forget it.

I was residing, at the time, at the Navy and Army Hotel; and was dreaming of anything but rising from my warm bed by candlelight, when my brother's servant suddenly entered my room, threw back my bed-curtains, and exclaimed, in a tone of voice which half-startled me, (he was an Irishman, poor fellow!) "The regiment is to march at six, your honour."

"The what!" said I, rubbing my eyes.

"The route's come, your honour," roared Denis, "and an't we all off, sure, in a couple of hours?"

"And where are we going, Denis?" I inquired, still half bewildered in the confusion of drowsiness.

"Oh! then, your honour," said Denis, "that's what myself didn't think of asking; but if your honour will just wait a bit, I'll step to the quarter-master serjeant, and sure he'll tell me all about it."

"No, Denis," said I; "your master may want you. I'll get up."

It was the winter, and what I consider the dreariest month; the season of enjoyment had not yet commenced;—perhaps, after all, for those who were leaving their country, it was better it should be so. I slipped my warm feet into my wretchedly cold slippers, and drew back the window-curtains, to peep at the weather. The surrounding objects lay quiet enough under the shade of night, and could scarcely be discerned through the small dizzling rain which came from the murky clouds. Not so the records of death in the churchyard immediately beneath my window, which, in contrast with the blackness of everything else, looked whiter than I had ever seen grave-stones look before. A wretched-looking donkey patiently crouched its lean carcass as much under the shelter of the wall as it could, with the meek resignation of its tribe; and the ticking of the clock; in the dreary stillness of the

scene, sounded awfully loud. It was a shivering affair altogether, the bare recollection of which makes me draw nearer the fire at this moment.

I dressed myself, shaved with iced water, and groped my way by the feeble light of a sorrowful-looking dip, along the gloomy passage to the kitchen, in the corner of which lay a heap of Wellington boots, with the numbers of the rooms marked in chalk on the soles. I had some difficulty in finding my own, not knowing the number of my room, and not caring to go back through the gloomy passage for the mere purpose of making myself wise on the subject. At last I ferreted them out; and as I cordially dislike pulling on a pair of filthy boots, half-covered with the dry mud of the previous day's wearing, I set to cleaning them, and, what with the novelty and the exertion of the undertaking, I felt myself in better spirits when I pulled them on. "This," said I, "come what may, is, after all, beginning the day like a gentleman." My next care was to pack my carpet-bag: that was soon done, and in a few minutes I had answered the challenge of the sentinel, and was wending my way up the steep ascent. When I reached my brother's room on the terrace, I found him and his Irish servant hastily packing the kit of an infantry officer.

As I could be of no service to him, I stepped over to my friend Captain Williamson's room,—No. 8 on the terrace,—and a gentle tap at the door instantly procured me admittance. He and his servant, another Irishman, were dressed in flannel jackets; and, what with packing and pressing down, and unscrewing and roping, and knocking down and folding up, the water stood in large round drops on his forehead. His delicate, pretty wife was packing a small trunk with the lighter articles of his wardrobe, and when she looked up at me on my entrance, her soft blue eyes were dimmed by the tears which trembled beneath the long, black, drooping eyelashes.

Williamson belonged to a good family in the West Riding of Yorkshire, but had been disinherited for marrying this fine young creature, whose respected parents lived near the neat little village of Sittingbourne. His father was dead, and the property was entailed on an elder brother; but the mother had a fair dowry. Williamson wrote to his imperious mother, and she answered his first and last letter to her on the subject in the following words—few and full of meaning:—"If you disgrace yourself by marrying the plebeian with whom you fancy yourself in love, you shall inherit my curse, and not my fortune."

Williamson, with the calm resolute air of a man driven by despair to the climax of misery, as carefully folded up his mother's letter as if it had been a bank post-bill for five hundred pounds, and placed it in a recess of his writing-desk. Next morning he crossed the country to Sittingbourne, and within a few yards of the small wicker-gate which opened into the beautiful paddock next her father's lawn, Mary Drummond pledged herself to wed the young soldier early in the following week.

When I entered Williamson's room on the eventful morning of his embarkation, I found her, as I have already stated, helping him to pack the lighter articles of his dress; but the effort was

painful almost beyond endurance, and she looked as if her feeble frame would sink under the heart-rending trial. She had on a black bombasin gown, with a deep trimming of tulle, for the loss of her first-born babe, a lovely infant boy, which had given its pure spirit to another and a better world about three weeks before. Her light-coloured hair was neatly braided across a forehead as fair to look on as the driven snow. Her delicately-formed expressive features expressed the torture of an afflicted mind—the inconsolable grief of a breaking heart; and the sobs which broke from her gentle bosom, rendered convulsive from the effort to catch them, were almost audibly echoed by the responsive mournful sighs of her husband.

In this scene of misery there was one circumstance which struck me with singular force, and I confess I felt ashamed of myself when I consider how little I helped to lighten the sorrow I witnessed on that gloomy occasion. Williamson's servant was an Irishman—a countryman of my own; and the good feeling with which the honest-hearted fellow bustled about the room, in his own way, to cover, as it were, the desolating grief of the wife; the blunders he made, which at any other time might have been amusing, to divert his master's mind; and his willingness and anxiety to do everything right, yet doing many things wrong, told me that the rough untutored mind of the Tipperary soldier could comprehend the anguish of the heart, and find, in his own original way, a more effectual remedy for the sorrows he sympathized with, than the more enlightened man who stood before him.

At five o'clock, the notes of the first bugle struck on our ear, and God knows they were discordant enough. The poor wife started convulsively from her seat, and, recollecting herself, tried to resume it; but the effort was too much, and she fell senseless into the arms of her husband. Her feeble spirit seemed to have fled that moment from its earthly tenement. I looked for the water-jug, but the Irish servant, in his bustling anxiety to get it, upset its contents into his master's chest. I ran to the opposite door, marked "Captain, No. 2;" an officer opened it, with an inquiring glance. "Water, sir," said I, "your water-jug. Mrs. Williamson is dying." He gave it me; I ran back with it, and sprinkled her death-like features, as she lay in her sable dress, unconscious of her misery, like a beautiful statue of despair; and the second bugle had but just sounded as she opened her languid eyes. I never beheld anything human so like marble—I never saw any form half so beautiful.

The troops were now assembled, and had gone through the scrutinizing inspection of the lynx-eyed adjutant. The baggage-carts were only delayed for Captain Williamson's trunks, and already had two messages been sent by the impatient officer of the baggage-guard: the remaining things were thrown in pell-mell. Mrs. Williamson was removed to the neighbouring hotel, where a post-chaise had been ordered; and all that remained to be done in the solitary barrack-room was to surrender his majesty's furniture in the order the officer had received it, agreeable to the specification pasted on the inside of the door.

After seeing Mrs. Williamson off, I joined the officers on the parade; and, as Williamson had not yet returned from the hotel, I found my brother, who was next in command, (the field officer being on leave of absence,) doing as much for him as kindness suggested, or etiquette would permit; but there were many arrangements which no one but Williamson himself could make. One man, for instance, would be thankful for a pound in advance, to pay his poor wife's expenses back to her family in Ireland; another man solicited the loan of a few shillings, to pay the sergeant of his company a small debt he had contracted; and a third wished to know whether he would be paid for the stopper of his firelock. Upon the latter claim an animated discussion took place, as to whether it came within the regulation or not. At length the colonel commandant arrived on the parade, to take a cursory glance at the order in which the troops marched off; and, to the credit of the regiment which furnished the detachment, it was generally observed, and universally acknowledged, that a finer

draft of men, young, healthy, animated, and in excellent order, had not left the dépôt for many years. The excellent band of the 87th attended: this was a farewell compliment on the part of the officers of that fine corps; and, precisely as the clock under the rifleman struck the hour of six, the troops filed off by threes, to the inspiring air of "The girls we've left behind us," amidst the cheers of the men, women, and children of the garrison; and many a civilian rose from his bed of down at that early hour of the morning, to enliven by his shout of triumph the spirits of those who were leaving their country, on their country's service.

I marched by the side of my brother along the beautiful line of road from Rochester to Gravesend. The Thames lay on our right, winding its majestic course between the low, fertile meadow-land of Kent and Essex; at one moment thrown into sudden refulgence by the pale brilliancy of the watery sun, as it struggled high in the heavens to break through the passing clouds, and then again relapsing into the cold leaden colour of its wintry aspect; speckled with hundreds of white sails gliding silently through its waters—the commercial glory of the first maritime nation in the world.

The troops, hitherto permitted to walk on the march in unrestrained intercourse with each other, were formed into line on our approaching Gravesend, and, filing off by threes, marched in good order to the place of embarkation; and again the enlivening national airs of the band produced that thrilling sickening sensation which cannot be described. I shall never forget the style in which they played "The Wedding of Ballyporeen." The men cheered, the women cried bitterly; and my brother's Irish servant, Denis, said "his heart was in his mouth!"

On our arrival at the Ordnance Wharf, we found the postchaise at the gate of a private residence, and poor Mrs. Williamson was sitting at the open window which projected from the centre of the building. There were other ladies also in the room: they, too, had been weeping; the traces of their sympathy with the sorrowing wife were too visible to be mistaken. I, too, could have wept—I confess I could; for my feelings were linked, as it were, with the departure of the troops, the approaching separation from my brother, and the expressive grief of this amiable, fine young couple. She looked at him, pale and placid, so fair and statue-like—more the representation of a human being, than a human being itself, endowed with life and faculties. Her soft blue eyes were fixed in motionless despair on the object of her pure and virtuous attachment—she scarcely seemed to breathe. The troops filed past, and cheered. The band struck into another and a sadder tune, "As slow our ship her foamy track;" and those who had tried, vainly tried, to administer consolation to her afflicted mind were obliged to bear the senseless frame of the wretched wife from the trying scene of her misery. Oh! what is there on this earth to equal the fondness of a woman's love? • •

Poor Williamson, the moment he halted the men, went into the house, and then the busy scene of embarking commenced. We found the boats in readiness. Thirty men was the allotted number for each—too many by ten, at least; for the tide, running up against the wind, caused what sailors may well term "a nasty cross sea," and the troops were saturated. Owing to the lubberly conduct of the watermen, one boat got aground, and had the bed of that part of the river been gravel instead of soft mud, she must have swamped; for she went bump, bump, bump, with such violence, that another bump would, I think, have bumped her keel in two. As for the watermen, who were old enough and ugly enough to know better, I pitied them; for I never saw two fellows of their calling, in petticoat trowsers, stand the sharp attack of a military rebuke so sheepishly as they did.

At the moment I was stepping into my boat, I heard a scream so shrill and wild, that every one turned simultaneously round to the quarter from whence it came, and, to my horror, I saw an unfortunate woman struggling, with violent and irregular gestures, in the water. I jumped into an empty boat with two soldiers, and by main force (so powerfully did she resist our efforts) we pulled her into the boat, and landed her on the wharf. She was a native

of Ireland, young, and very good-looking. Her husband, a well-conducted man of the regiment, had just embarked, taking with him her only child, a boy of seven years of age; and, oh! how bitterly she called for that child! Prostrating herself at the feet of the serjeant-major, she clasped his knees, and looking up to him in the anguish of a mother's heart, implored him, in the wild accents of despair, to give her back her boy, her darling boy. "For the love of God—for the love of Heaven, serjeant-major, give me my child—my boy—my only sweet, darling, jewel of a boy!" The poor serjeant-major (a portly, well-fashioned man, as serjeants-major usually are,) turned from the misery he could not relieve, in deep distress, and the wretched mourner, relaxing her hold, sprang from the ground with the wildness of a maniac, and clutching the feeble grasp of the soldiers, again threw herself into the river. At that moment an officer of the 69th regiment was landing from an Irish steamer, after parting with a fine boy, his second son; and he was providentially in time to save the afflicted woman from a premature grave. She was taken away in a state of bereavement bordering on insanity.

At length the troops, the baggage, the women and children, and all and everything pertaining to the voyage, were embarked, and the officers returned to lunch at the Falcon, all except Williamson—the poor fellow, remained where we left him; and at four o'clock the fore-top-sail expanded from its folds, the blue-peter was waving in the wind, and the report of a gun came booming along the water, to signify the immediate departure of the vessel. We clasped each other's hands in mournful silence—we cheered each other until the last cheer was faintly lost in the distance—and we lingered on the shore until the darkening twilight closed over the vessel in the distant estuary of the river. I then felt my brother had left me.

Two years after the embarkation of the draft from the—regiment, I passed through Sittingbourne, on my return from the Continent, and having but a fluty-shilling Irish note in my pocket, for which I could not get change, I made up my mind to take up my quarters at the "Rose," until a return of post from London. So I sat down, wrote a pathetic appeal to my agent, ordered a roast pheasant for my dinner, and strolled out of the village, in the direction of Mr. Drummond's cottage. I soon arrived at a turn in the road, which led me up one of those beautiful green lanes so peculiar to the woodland scenery of England, and in less than ten minutes I found myself at the white entrance-gate. A chubby, rosy-checked child came running out of the lodge, but on observing a stranger, ran in again, calling on its mother—a nice, matronly-looking young woman, who, wiping her hands on her apron, apologised for the figure I found her in—for it was her washing-week—and admitted me. Instead of proceeding up the avenue, which was sadly overgrown with nettles and weeds, I entered the neat little rustic lodge, and sat down on the chair she had dusted for me with the corner of her apron.

"Pray, ma'am," I inquired, "can you tell me what's become of the young lady who once resided here, and married a soldier-officer about three years ago?"

She raised her head from the steam of her washing-tub, and scanned me with so scrutinising a look, that I felt myself called on to declare at once that I was but a passing stranger, an early friend of the gentleman's.

"Sir," said she, wiping her forehead with the corner of a towel which lay on the dresser, "the poor young lady died of a broken heart, although the doctors here called it consumption. The mother soon followed her, and they both lie together, in the same grave, in the churchyard on the hill yonder. The father—my poor old master,—childless and a widower, walks about in a state of gloomy despondency, and will soon follow his wife and child; and then the brave soldier, who caused it all, may return to the little wicker-gate leading into the paddock beyond, where (God help me!) I have often watched him and my poor, dear, young mistress, and he will then see the havoc he has made in this once-happy family!" And the poor woman, overcome by her feelings, sat down and wept.

On my arrival in town, I found my appointment to H.M. ship *Lavinia*, fitting for the West-India station, and in ten days I sailed from Portsmouth, with despatches for the governor of Jamaica. The first thing I met, on landing at Port Royal, was a military funeral. The cap was at the head of the coffin, the sword and the scabbard were crossed, with the sash of the deceased arranged in the usual military style; and the solemn procession, with arms reversed, marched by me, to the measured beat of the muffled drum. Reader! whose funeral was it? Captain Williamson's!

### THE POT-BOY AND BOOTS.

Pot-boys are a decidedly peculiar tribe, apparently belonging to the class *Mammalia*, but as they have unfortunately been totally overlooked by all naturalists, ancient and modern, from Aristotle and Pliny down to Cuvier, Buckland and Darwin, it becomes somewhat difficult for a mere unscientific observer to give any satisfactory account of them. With the hope, however, of at least drawing the attention of the learned to this interesting subject, we will endeavour to give a brief sketch of their present condition.

The race of pot-boys is of undeniable antiquity; quotations without number crowd upon us to prove this assertion. We have but to turn up old "Burton" at our elbow, and there we reckon no less than three hundred and eleven, all pat to our purpose. But quotation is out of fashion in these days; a skilful opponent will so manage a brace of them, that you shall talk all night, and leave the positions of your first argument, just where you laid them down, all cold and sodden; you shall kill the froth till you are weary, and leave all the meat behind; till you find your trifle no trifle. No—no quotations if you are wise.

We have remarked that pot-boys boast a venerable antiquity. *Ganymede* is the first that we remember as mentioned to have inhabited earth, for "the man who bears the watering-pot," that heavenly tea-totaller, is not of kin to the race of whom we treat. Females, again, appear sometimes to have intruded themselves into the office peculiar to pot-boys; *Hebe* and *Jupiter*, *Vortigern* and *Rowena*, are cases in point; but though it has been urged upon us by an antiquarian friend, that the pedigree of pot-boys may be traced up to these illustrious stocks, we cannot coincide with him, and are sorry to say we believe that he has been imposed upon by some aspiring Chattertonian beer-bearer, who has persuaded him that a rude imitation of the mysterious chalk inscription behind the bar-door was a veritable druidical memorial. He said he found it in a *barrow*, and true enough he drew it forth from one, even before our friend's eyes. We give no heed to such vain babblings, although there is sufficient evidence to induce us to give some credence to a report which has reached us from another quarter—that the present race of barmaids may be traced up to the ladies aforesaid. The subject is deeply interesting, and we may, perhaps, be induced to lay a paper upon it before the Antiquarian Society; but at present our business is with the pot-boys.

Their antiquity having been thus satisfactorily proved, we shall next proceed to consider their present condition. In studying their habits, appearance, and conduct in the world, we have been led to the conclusion that they are somewhat akin to the satyrs: allusions to the companions of *Silenus* are trite and unnecessary, but still we are of opinion that the venerable gentleman who met *St. Augustin* in the wood was once a satyr, i. e. a pot-boy. It is a pity we cannot stop to prove it in Greek, that satyr and pot-boy are one; it must be allowed they have often been allied even in England; but, as we said before, we beware of quotations and stick to our text.

Many points of resemblance may be traced between the two. What was the music of *Pan's* pipes, to the cheerful jingle of the pot-boy, as he sets down his light and fantastic burrow, which seems the manufacture of *Syrinx*, with a dash? What is there in the tones of *Apollo's* lyre, to equal the merry chinking of the pewter pots, and the bland inviting voice which echoes "BEE-AW!" "BEE-OO!" (ad infinitum) in lovely cadence around thy suburban dwelling!

Let us take our own peculiar pot-boy—he who marks time for us from nine in the morning till nine at night, almost as regularly as the old house-clock upon the stairs—as an example.

His manner is impressive and full of mystic meaning, and the "young ladies," as with a refined politeness, the consequence of city breeding, he terms the smiling servant-maids upon his "walk," acknowledge it; albeit, as he snatches a kiss behind a porter-pot, some rosy damsel may be heard to exclaim, in a voice between a snarl and a giggle, "that if it warn't for the porter she'd throw the pot at him." But anon she glances at the snowy stones at her feet, and gratefully remembering the scrupulous care with which "Sam"

avoid to sully their purity—"for he wouldn't offend the young ladies for the world"—she relents, and smiles as she tells him "to go away for an imperient feller." And Sam laughs and shows his teeth—he has a fine set of teeth, very white, with particularly long canine incisors—strong proofs of satyral descent.

But with all his attractions and gallantries, the pot-boy never marries;—nobody ever knew where he came from, nor could it ever be discovered that he had father or mother. He is a mystery, a prodigy. The pot-boy never grows old—or rather, as the period of boyhood departs, just as the hobbledehoy begins to emerge into the whiskered man,—he disappears, nobody knows how. One day he shall salute you with his accustomed cry; his countenance merry and mischievous as ever; his hat as knowingly cocked; the everlasting greasy newspaper in the open pocket, wide-expanded by constant use; the same easily-braced nether garments; (does he wear them thus slackened, and with the corner of that apron so negligently depending behind, the better to conceal what relics still exist of the caudal appendages proper to satyrs?) with the same easy-going shoes, fitted for no feet but those of a pot-boy, as he shuffles swiftly over the ground, swaying gently between his two well-laden trays of porter and appendages. The next day, he is gone.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd beat,  
Along the lane, and near his fav'rite wall.  
Another came; nor yet upon the street,  
Nigh near the pump, was heard his usual call!

Samuel had vanished. Another sprang from some unknown cavern of the earth and succeeded him, how like, yet how unlike! He, too, in course of time silently disappeared. A painful doubt now weighed upon our mind, as to the probable fate of these mysterious denizens of the earth. We resolved to question the master of the new "boy," who was for the first time going his rounds under the guidance of the "governor," who was busy in instructing the neophyte where to call, where *tick* was to be given and where refused; but all that was useless, the boy knew it beforehand—by inspiration, we suppose. So we felt no scruple in stopping the great man. After a slight reference to the weather, and a casual digression on the subject of turnips and potatoes, we ventured to inquire, "What had become of his old boy? Was he ill?" "Lord bless you, no!" was the answer, accompanied with a look of mingled compassion and astonishment at the lamentable extent of our ignorance. "Lord bless you, no, sir! I never heard of a pot-boy as was ever ill." "Then why did he go? I thought you and he agreed very well." "Oh! we always 'gred together; but his time was up, d'ye see, so he's gone o' course. Coming directly, ma'am!" and away the landlord bolted to attend upon a fat old lady, who stood perspiring in the gateway, leaving us alone to meditate at our leisure upon his mysterious communication.

A few months after this conversation, we chanced to spend a night at a country inn, several miles off from our place of residence. Coming in late in the evening, wet and tired, our first call, after establishing ourself in our quarters, was for the Boots. Presently a tap was heard at the door, and exclaiming, "Who's there?" "Bee-oots!" was the answer, in a voice we thought we knew, and which was instantly followed by its owner, who appeared clad in the due professional costume, the plush jacket or natural skin of the animal,—naturalists are at fault on this point; the dingy unmentionables, which never could have been made by mortal tailor, the high-lows, and the scrubby fur cap, duly doffed, as its proprietor entered the apartment, bearing his implements of office. We gazed upon him, as he advanced with stooping shoulders, which gave him the appearance of never having stood upright, and contemplated his dingy features and shock head of hair, black as his hands, with great curiosity. Could it be Sam? It seemed impossible. Sam was upright as a dart, and his light-brown-hair, carefully turned in flat curls upon his temples, was the admiration of all his former favourites. We took a front view of the Boots before us, a three-quarter view, and gazed upon his face in profile; surely it must be Sam. Meantime we had been drawing off our boots, and preferring our own slippers to those procrustean articles produced on such occasions, as inseparable from the boot-jack, Boots got up from the ground, where he had been reverently kneeling at our feet; he turned and was leaving the room, when we called him back, and pretending an object in our inquiry, we asked him if he were born in that part of the country. "Can't exactly say, sir," he replied, twisting his features into a most curious expression of countenance, which reminded me more strongly than ever of Sam, "I belongs to the house, like"—and he shuffled rapidly towards the door. "Didn't you once live at the Eagle

and Tom Tit, at Pentonville?" we called after him as he pulled open the door with very little ceremony, and then, turning back just as he got into the passage, he put his head into the room, and grinning till he showed the whole of a set of white teeth, which we could have sworn to, he added, "I never heerd tell of sitch a place in all my days!"—and he laughed a low deep chuckle and disappeared.

Our curiosity had been so much excited, that when the waiter came into the room, we made some inquiries of him concerning the Boots, and in the first place asked if he knew his name. "Can't exactly say, sir," replied the waiter, "they call him Bill the Boots; never heard no other name." "Do you know where he comes from? I have an idea I have seen him before." "Don't know, sir; he was took with the house: these Boots like always is a sort of fixtures, though they don't charge 'em in the inventory." And the waiter laughed at his own joke, and dusted the side-board so hard, that all the glasses jingled again.

Next morning we could not manage to find out Boots, and though we stood in the centre of the inn-yard for a quarter of an hour, and in that interval heard Boots called, and heard him answer in half-a-dozen different directions, yet we could by no means catch sight of him; so we left his threepence with the waiter, and took our seat in the London coach.

We were the only passenger; and as we lay back in our solitary corner, we could not help recurring to the extraordinary answers given by Bill the Boots and the waiter. We recalled to our memory all that we had ever heard concerning those singular anomalies, Boots; we well knew that no person had seen them asleep, either by night or day; that no landlady was ever known to think of providing bed, sheets, or blanket for a Boots; and that no ostler had ever discovered one asleep in the hay-loft. At any hour of the four-and-twenty, Boots is forthcoming. He lights the gentleman who chooses to sit up till four o'clock to bed; he calls the gentleman who is to be waked at five. But the moment his services are ended, he disappears mysteriously, and none know what has become of him. Some have supposed that, like the genius of the ring, he becomes invisible when his task is done, and so remains until he is again evoked; others that, like the Mauth Doog, the infernal quadruped that haunted Ramsay Castle, or like Caliban in the "Tempest," he hides himself in some undi-couverable recess.

We began gravely and seriously to ponder upon all the mysterious facts we had gathered concerning pot-boys and Boots, and we came to the conclusion that they are essentially the same; though as the pot-boy increases in age, seriousness and dinginess, he accedes from that unworthy occupation, and, seeking the den of a full-grown Caliban, there undergoes a transformation, and emerges perfect Boots. Sometimes this happens before the time fixed by Fate for the final evaporation of the ancient Boots has arrived, and then the peaceful inhabitants are astonished at the apparition of a second Boots, whom old Robin calls *his man*. No one ventures to say anything, for there is a fearful glare in Robin's red eye, when any one attempts to pry into his secrets; and the two Boots live on together no one knows how, till at length Robin disappears altogether, and Bill reigns in his stead.

How this race is kept up has hitherto baffled our researches. The chambermaid—nay, the very cooks' substitutes—assistants—helps—they fly from the addresses of Boots; and were one to present himself at the altar, we think every clergyman would hesitate before he performed such a ceremony for a thing of such questionable humanity. Some patient antiquarian, or enterprising modern inquirer, may perhaps clear up their mysterious origin; but, until then, the nature of pot-boys and Boots must remain in darkness.

Such was the theory which we had erected to our own perfect satisfaction as we rode from Colchester to London, and we proceeded immediately on our arrival to work it out to its fullest perfection, for the astonishment and gratification of all the learned societies of Europe. But, one melancholy morning, we found all our inquiries and speculations scattered to the winds; we were suddenly convinced of the philanthropy of the landlord of the Eagle and Tomtit, and the facetiousness of the waiter at the inn: for, taking up the newspaper, we there read an account of one Samuel Simpson, *alias* Bill the Boots, being transported for fourteen years for housebreaking. It further appeared on the trial, that he had been formerly convicted for stealing fowls whilst he was a pot-boy at the Eagle and Tomtit at Pentonville. Here was decided proof that pot-boys and Boots are human creatures; for surely, if he had been a satyr, they certainly would never have received Sam on board the Hulks, but have forthwith transmitted him to the Zoological Gardens, to keep company with the chimpanzee.

## NEW LEBANON SPRINGS, AND THE SHAKERS.

MR. ANDREW BELL, the author of a work entitled "Men and Things in America," thus describes a visit which he paid to the Shakers. He went from New York to Albany, by the steamer; walked from Albany to Troy, intending to take "the stage," from thence to New Lebanon Springs, "a kind of dwarf Cheltenham, and much resorted to by company for the sanative power of its waters, or for pastime;" but when he arrived, he found he had missed the morning stage; he determined, therefore, to walk on, and allow the evening stage to overtake him. Passing over his walking and coaching adventures, including a conversation with the driver of the evening stage, who, it seems, was once on the point of being buried alive, if he had not revived and made a "demonstration" to his friends, we commence our quotation not far from the settlement of the Shakers:—

At Nassau, two miles from New Lebanon, we changed our driver. As I did not like his appearance quite so well as that of my "dead alive," I got inside, where I encountered an elderly man, with a gruff voice, who I could only see was fat, and who annoyed me greatly with questions, whether I was "a traveller, or a clergyman, or a merchant, or a mechanic, or—" I stopped him here, thinking he might even go lower in his conjectures as to what I might be, and said to him, "My good sir, just imagine that I am nothing at all—that I am nobody." I was not aware, at that time, that the term "mechanic" has a different meaning there than with us: it is generally applied to master tradesmen in different callings, especially workers in metal, such as machinists, brass-founders, and the like; also to engineers, railroad contractors, &c. This man, whose property he said lay near, soon got down and left us. I was not sorry for his absence. I could have been glad that he had left his daughter behind him, who was a well-spoken young lady. Whether her person were as agreeable as her conversation, I cannot say.

The watering-place, called New Lebanon Springs, is built on the top of a hill, of gentle ascent. It is composed of a bathing-house and three very extensive and stately taverns, forming a kind of square; its conspicuous position upon a hill, like "a city that cannot be hid," at a distance, with the hundred shifting lights in the windows, gave it the appearance of some illuminated palace in a theatrical scene; a comparison that was still further helped by the sounds of music and revelry, which fell upon the ear as we approached it. Having taken up my quarters at one of the taverns, I found myself in the midst of the gayest company I had yet mixed with in America. It is a resort for many invalids, to get rid of cutaneous and other diseases, in the first of which the waters are said to be very useful; but a much greater number repair thither to shake off the spleen, or are idlers who merely come to kill time. It is, in short, a place of innocent dissipation. Although not of the gayest turn of mind myself, I have always been, like Goldsmith's Doctor Primrose, an admirer of happy faces; and here there was a freedom of intercourse, a forgetfulness of the cares of life, an oblivion of its distinctions, all reigning about this charming spot, which it was quite delightful to meet with, and what I hardly expected to find, and indeed never did find afterward, in any part of America. Numbers of the young ladies, some with their parents, but mostly with their sweethearts, tired with much dancing in the concert-room, were walking about the grounds, pleasantly laid out garden-fashion, in the centre area of the buildings; the *stoup*, or colonnade in front of the taverns, had rows of chairs for gentlemen; and there sat the latter smoking, discussing lightsomely their own affairs or those of the nation, and all the world enjoying itself in its own way. But the tell-tale moonlight, which shone bright over all, showed me lady arms twined round favoured necks, with a most loving simplicity that thought no ill. These pairs moved about jauntily, keeping time in their steps to the cadence of imaginary music, the instruments having now ceased. It grew late, but no one seemed to think of going to rest: how could they, and leave such a bright shining moon behind!

Early next morning, which was Sunday, I got up to have a look at the healing waters. I found twenty or thirty people assembled around them, and drinking them by large tumblers-full, being used both inwardly and outwardly. It is the most remarkable water I have ever seen for clearness. The bottom of the reservoir was

lined with a shining, silvery gray-coloured deposit; and the fluid over it so transparent, that at a few feet distance it was difficult to believe there could be water there at all. Thin wreaths of smoke curled lightly over the reservoir's mouth. This hot spring issues from a rock, with a flow of eighteen barrels a minute. Part of the water is carried, by means of pipes, into the baths hard by.

Besides the large taverns on Mount Lebanon, there are several smaller buildings, such as out-houses, and a considerable dairy-farm. The view from this place over the country, especially towards the west, is very extensive and beautiful. Besides some intermediate villages, it includes the town of Nassau and a tolerable expanse of country beyond, but is intercepted by the high land that shuts up the Hudson, in the direction of Troy and Saratoga. The latter is famous for its waters also, and well known to us by the mortifying surrender of Burgoyne and his army to the Americans. To the north are the Catskill Mountains, ranged like a long line of giants, the nearer peaks darkly green, the further fading into different tints of blue. And in this direction, to the right and near to the spectator, are the broad slopes of other hills of inferior height, extending from east to west with a long sweep, covered with forests of funeral-looking pine. Here and there the roofs of small wooden dwellings peep forth; the thin, blue, early morning smoke, when I saw them, beginning to rise. There are but few of these, and they only slightly break the sombre monotony of the scene. Not a sound arises from this part of the landscape. The "song of early bird" is nowhere to be heard. It is the sabbath, and one would think that nature herself rested from her labours. I have often had occasion to remark the stillness of American scenery. Of singing birds, wherever I have been, there is a great scarcity. There are no skylarks; neither are there any daisies! Can the country ever be poetical? On this occasion I could see no fowls in the air, nor animals of any kind in the woods, excepting now and then a ground-squirrel; which it must be owned are pretty little creatures, but very shy. Even the crows and rooks of England are wanting, whose noisy presence would be most desirable to break up the stillness that surrounds one on every side. The absence of hedge-rows is another cause of baldness in their landscapes. The mode of fencing differs in different parts of America. In the upper portion of the state of New York, where I now was, (at a short distance from the western boundary line of Connecticut,) the fields are inclosed with zigzag fences. They are composed of long stakes placed horizontally, their points crossing and forming a series of obtuse angles, raised upon rails driven into the ground. At a distance, looking at them from above, they present an outline such as you see traced on the engraved plans of fortifications.

Three miles off, but to the north-west, the buildings hid from view by an interposing hill, crowned with wood, is the great Shaker establishment. The upper parts of their farms are, however, in sight, and in an admirable state of cultivation they are said to be.

Having breakfasted early at the tavern, along with some twenty persons, mostly gentlemen, (few of the ladies being visible as yet,) I set out to visit the Shakers. After a circuitous walk of three miles, I found myself in front of their meeting-house. It is a plain square building, having the exterior of a large riding-house. It was not yet opened. Opposite to it, the high road passing between, is the trustee's house, a substantially built and very neat structure, two stories high; such a place as would be fit for the residence of an English gentleman of moderate fortune. This building, with the meeting-house, school-house, &c., stands on rising ground, which still continues to ascend till it ends in a woody ridge. The descending ground, whereon stands the meeting-house, ends in a hollow, inclosing various mills and workshops, advantageously placed about a stream which there runs, so as to make its water-power available. As for the dwellings of the brethren, owing to the undulating surface of the land, scarce one is visible from the spot I have been trying to describe; they are scattered up and down in all directions on the different farms. Having no one to point out the property to me, or give me any authentic information about the society, I inquired of one of the first brothers I met whether the establishment could be seen that day? He answered me briefly, but civilly, that Sunday was an inconvenient day; but that if I were only "curious to see their worship," the meeting-house would be opened in an hour or two. I told him that was not all I wanted; that I had come from afar, and wished to get as much information as they were willing to give. After some slight hesitation, he knocked at the door of the head-quarters, and it was opened by "a sister," an elderly female, who showed me up to "the elder." This was a middle-aged man, shrewd-looking and intelligent, with an intellectual forehead and



penetrating eye. He seemed a perfect man of the world, and was of ready speech, having certainly nothing of the enthusiast in looks, manners, or conversation. He asked me what I wanted with him. I made an apology for coming on such a day, when, as I had just heard, it was not usual for visitors to be received, but that I had come from abroad, was pressed for time, as I was obliged to hasten back to New York, &c. He told me that it was not possible for him to show me the working part of the establishment, nor the grounds, because it was with them a day of absolute rest, and therefore he had no one to send with me; but he would willingly show me the government-house, which he thereupon did, and took me through the different rooms himself, with unceremonious civility. They were all well and substantially, though plainly furnished, and particularly neat and clean; the whole a model of order and comfort. The *pièce de touche* of a house is its kitchen, and none in London could exceed theirs in neatness of equipment. If the great business of life be to live well, in one sense of these words no means or appliances are wanting in the premises set apart for "the elders and trustees of the people called Shaking Quakers." One apartment, which he called "the store," was full of articles of light manufacture, for sale to visitors or others, mostly the handiwork of the sisters—such as baskets, cradles, and the like, with packets and samples of various kinds of seeds and grain, plants, bundles of healing herbs, &c. He assured me these were in great request in most parts of the country around, and their sale added considerably to the general funds; also, that the general produce of their fields and dairies had a higher value in the market than that of other producers. Next to the store he showed me the laboratory. He told me that more than one of the "brothers" had studied medicine; and that they had everything "within themselves," even to a printing-house.

We now returned to the sitting-room, and he seemed to be preparing to leave me; but I had a desire similar to that of Voltaire, who, in his *Travels in England*, relates that he asked Thomas White, of London, a leading Quaker, to whom he was introduced, "to be good enough to instruct him in his religion." I expressed to my Shaker, though in less direct terms, a similar wish. He asked me, fixing his keen eyes on mine, if ever I had heard anything remarkable about them in my own country before? I said I had not, excepting some slight accounts I had read in books of tourists, who all treated the subject in a strain of levity that had induced me to put little trust in them. He said that his duties would prevent him, for the present, from gratifying my desire; but that it was a pity I was so urgent, as I was welcome to call next day, or whenever it suited me, and that then he, or some other to whom he would mention my desire, would give me every reasonable explanation. "In the meantime," said he, directing my attention to a heavy octavo volume lying on the table, "there is a book which will tell thee more about our people than I can. And here again is a little work, lately sent forth by us, in our own defence, which will explain some things that concern us: should thou never find time to read it, it will be as a remembrance to thee—of my brethren, I was going to say, but they are thine also." So saying, he put into my hand a small pamphlet of thirty-six pages, 12mo. "To-day," said he, "thou mayst see, if thou wilt, a kind of worship which will be altogether new to thee. The hour of meeting will soon arrive, and so I must leave thee; but take thy seat at that window, and thou mayst turn the interval to profit by perusing the volume I have shown thee." So saying, he left me.—I here copy the title of the Shaker's pamphlet, thus kindly given; it was drawn up on occasion of some attacks made upon them by the State legislature: "A brief Exposition of the established Principles and Regulations of the United Society of Believers called Shakers. *O magna vis veritatis!* Cic. 'The power of truth is great, it must and will prevail, when false reports shall cease, and slanderous tongues shall fail.'"

The government of this singular community is founded on moral and religious principles: if they at all act up to what they profess, it might be a good thing for the world that Shaker establishments were more common. It is true I heard some scandalous anecdotes about them in their own neighbourhood, of clandestine connexions between certain brothers and sisters, and how that children had been born, and made away with, &c. &c.; but such stories are sure to get abroad, whether well-founded or not. Their pretensions to greater purity of life than others—both sexes being "even as the angels in heaven"—expose them naturally to animadversion; besides, their great prosperity is enough to make them envied by most and hated by many. The motto they chose for their pamphlet contains a consoling yet false assertion, that we confidently read in the books of philosophers when

young, but which our experience of the world afterwards obliges us, with a sigh, to refuse our assent to. How many times do good men descend to their graves, overborne with calumnies, which few ever take the trouble to examine into? If tardy justice is sometimes done to the injured in this world, (and this world was all that the ancient sophist's aphorism could refer to,) such justice is so rarely done as to form no rule, but is rather the exception. Most people are ever eager to listen to what makes against their neighbours, and hear with listlessness or impatience what can be said in their behalf. A remarkable instance of this occurred with respect to these same Shakers, which sufficiently proved that their Latin motto (Ciceronian though it may be) enounces a "vulgar error." A few months after my visit to them, one of the elders formed an attachment to a sister, and they agreed to leave the community, and get married. He had a right to do so, and none of his brethren objected to it. He gave proper notice to his colleagues months before he left, arranged his affairs, and parted with every one on the most amicable terms; at the same time quitting the community poorer than he entered it, for he took away no money, except a present given to him by his brethren—not as a *right*, for they recognise no claims of restitution, but as a testimony of their respect. Well—an Albany journal, immediately getting false information of the affair from some "kind neighbours" of the Shakers, roundly asserted that their principal trustee, "the keeper of the bag," had (Judas-like) betrayed his trust, and run off with the prettiest of all the young sisters, and an immense sum of money besides! Immediately this slander was eagerly copied into more than a thousand other lying newspapers of the United States. The individual in question (who may have been the very man whose conversation with me I have reported above) immediately wrote an indignant contradiction to a leading journal of New York. Not more than half-a-dozen out of the thousand just mentioned ever took the least notice of it; and thus, up to this time, and probably for ever, a respectable man is believed by millions of his countrymen to be a consummate scoundrel. "*Magna est veritas, et prevalebit!*" It will indeed prevail a bit, and a very small one too. No, no—unhappily slanderous tongues will never "fail." But these were after-reflections. Meantime I set myself seriously to read the heavy book he spoke of, which was a most voluminous history of the Shakers, from the time of their first foundation by Ann Lee, the wife of an English blacksmith. That good old lady, finding that prophetesses have no honour in their own country, left Toad-lane in Manchester, and came to America in 1771; probably finding our little island too small for her! In Toad-lane she had already dreamed dreams and seen visions, but few attended to them; while in America her accounts of them were listened to with respect. By and by the believers formed a sect, and various supposed manifestations of the Spirit shone forth in others of the members. The ground on which the Shakers, as well as most other enthusiasts rest—as, for instance, the French convulsionaries of the past, and the "unknown tongue" visionaries of the present century—is this, that nowhere in Scripture is it said that spiritual gifts ceased with the apostles. Accordingly, long details are given in the above-mentioned work, which, though related in earnest language, and with a plausible circumstantiality, yet seem quite ludicrous to one who is "of the world, worldly." I could only dip here and there into such a massive volume, which contained full 700 closely-printed octavo pages; for, independent of the absurdity of the subject, my attention was ever and anon diverted from it by the scene passing outside. As the hour of service approached, a flock of visitors began to arrive, some on foot, but mostly in carriages. No less than three stages came, full of ladies and gentlemen, from Lebanon Springs alone. Presently came "brothers and sisters" in quick succession; they were mostly conveyed in well-built spring-carts, and all dressed in the same sober uniform, which is even plainer than that of the Quakers, and as spotlessly clean. The men wore old-fashioned square cut fustian frock coats; plain-fronted shirts, without collars; some few with ample cravats, but mostly without. The women wore a dress of light greyish fawn-coloured stuff, fashioned in such a way as to hide as much as possible the contour of the body, and make all the sisters appear of one shape. They wore very high-heeled shoes, which added considerably to the height of their persons; and, being generally lean, and destitute of any projections to break their straight poplar-tree-like outline, gave most of them, when they stood up, the appearance of the ghosts of giantesses. Most of their complexions were pale, and their looks universally downcast and melancholy. At first they took their places on long forms ranged under the walls to the right; over their heads was a long row of pegs for bonnets. Their head-pieces

were of a shape like that of our coal-scoops, with retrenched handles: the material they were made of was apparently some cheap cotton fabric, and its colour a slaty gray. Similarly ranged, on the opposite side to them, sat the brethren, each under the shadow, not of his own fig-tree, but of an immense broad-brimmed hat of plaited straw; and a useful article this is, too, in summer. The position and look they assumed was the same as that of the sisters; and the hands of all were disposed in a convenient fashion for what is called *thumb-twaddling*.

The visitors had entered by side-doors in front of the building—the ladies by one door, the gentlemen by another; the same separation of sexes being observed for the audience as for the performers. The latter sat sideways to the rows of the sisters, the former were similarly placed as to the brethren; and we were ranged on seats sloping down from the entry-wall for a short way into the room. Behind the sisters was their door of entry; the brethren entered from behind also, but the door of the latter led into a side-room, like a vestry: thus were all parties kept separate. There were about 150 men, and, as near as may be, the same number of women. The spectators were full 200, occupying but a small space.

After the doors were shut, a dead stillness prevailed among the members for ten or fifteen minutes, and the silence was maintained unbroken by us also. All at once we were startled by a man's rising up with a sudden jerk: the others got on their legs in an instant, and after taking off hats, hanging them up, and stripping themselves to their shirts, they huddled the chairs together, and drew up in a long line. A similar operation was going on among the sisters—omitting the stripping; they unbosomed, however, and taking off their tiny shawls, stood up opposite to the men. These confronting lines were not parallel, but rather angular, so as to increase their length, the open part of the angle being that nearest to us. No two lines were ever more admirably dressed by any dull-serjeant. Midway between the ranks stood a select band of women, about a dozen or so, upon whom, as on a pivot, the whole machinery of the evolutions that followed seemed to turn. These always sung (or screamed) the loudest, and gesticulated the most energetically. They were like the *fuglemen* to a regiment when it is exercised. But let us take things in their order.

The two parties stood as immovable as a long avenue of statues, with eyes fixed on the ground, for full five minutes: at the end of that time symptoms of life began to manifest themselves by a kind of spasmodic projecting and retracting of some of the sisters' toes, which presently spread along the whole female line, and then communicated itself to the men by a quick infection: to this was soon added an astounding yell, the starting-note of a kind of ranting hymn, uttered by the strongest voice of the centre band, which was immediately caught up by all, and off they set, in a kind of singing gallopade. The same words were no doubt sung by every one, but the confusion of so many voices, some not keeping exact time, made it difficult to hear them connectedly. They rang the changes, however, very often on the following lines—

"In day of doom will Jest come  
To save my soul alive!  
To save my soul alive!"

Their style of singing, I am almost ashamed to say, made me think directly of Signor Corri; for even in the most sacred places will profane thoughts now and then intrude. This singer, while in England, one day passing near a meeting-house of Ranters, while voicing an uproarious hymn, put his hands in his sensitive Italian ears, and asked, with a look of dismay, "Vat deese peoples vere dooin." Being told they were singing the praises of God, he rejoined, "Den dey must tink he haf ver' bad ear."

The hymn, or whatever it were, of the Shakers was "a joyful noise" to the letter. All this while the brothers and sisters were moving about, sometimes in circles, at other times in ellipses; one while the brothers stood still, and let the sisters whirl round them—otherwhiles the reverse; but, however the figure changed, there was never any commingling of sexes. Both had their arms drawn close to their bodies, leaving their hands sticking up in a strange manner; and with these last, like a turtle's fins, they kept *flapping* time to the quick measure of their song. Meantime, loudest and most active in all this were the centre band of women. Many of them were quite hoarse before it was concluded. There they stood, like the axis of a wheel, while round them moved the wide periphery of this "periodical fit of distraction," as dounce old David Deans would say. At last, with every appearance of fatigue and lassitude, again they sat down, and a dead silence reigned for

fifteen minutes or so. Then the Spirit moved a man to get up and speak. He was evidently a "weak brother." His rambling, unintelligible discourse united the two essentials of bad oratory, being at once extravagant and dull; it was really what old Colonel Crockett would have called a strain of "almighty twaddle." When he had ceased, after a reasonable pause another got up: this was a speaker altogether of a different stamp, but his discourse was much more addressed to us than to his own people. He intimated, among other things, while deprecating the contempt of the world for his community, that it contained in its body some who had been well considered by that world they had renounced for ever: it was not because the world despised them that they left a distinguished place in its ranks; it was because they despised it, on account of its vanity, its nothingness, its total insufficiency, with all its allurements, to satisfy a reasonable soul. So long as he confined himself to this part of the subject, he spoke with easy fluency and great feeling. I strongly suspected, indeed, that he alluded, in much of what he said on this head, to himself; but when he came to treat of the peculiar notions of the Shakers, there was a sad falling off—he sank at once into downright rigmarole. The following was the sum of this part of his discourse:—Jesus Christ was man only, though inspired of God. He lived a pure life in this world by the Divine assistance. Ordinary mortals were not favoured with that assistance, at least to so great an extent, and therefore could not reach the same perfection that he did; but, by retiring from the world, and living a life of celibacy, it was still possible to attain to a great though inferior degree of purity—even to make human beings, in the end, fit for the society of angels in heaven.

After having conveyed this kilderkin of meaning in a tun of words, he suddenly stopped, and sat down; then there was silence again for a quarter of an hour. The "Spirit" moving no one else to speak, the affair closed as it had begun, only to another tune, which was of a slower measure, but carefully kept time to, with the same wagging of fins as before; the figures also were a little different, and of course having a less dizzying effect on the spectator's head. No Bible or Psalter-book, indeed no book of any kind, was used, nor prayers offered up; all was either extempore or learned by heart: howbeit their evolutions must have been well practised, for they were as perfect as those of dancing on a stage. When this second vocal gallopade was finished, the doors were thrown open, and the meeting broke up. The sisters immediately departed; the majority of them got into spring-carts, and in these were driven home by one or other of the brethren. Those of the latter who remained dispersed into little groups, probably discussing the merits of the speakers; and I, observing that they shunned contact with "the world" to which I belonged, and having no hope of further edification or amusement, took a first and last farewell of the Shakers.

#### ANECDOTE OF CATALANI.

HER want of literary attainments, joined to her vivacity in conversation, sometimes produced ludicrous scenes. When at the court of Weimar, she was placed, at a dinner-party, by the side of Goethe, as a mark of respect to her on the part of her royal host. The lady knew nothing of Goethe, but being struck by his majestic appearance, and the great attention of which he was the object, she inquired of the gentleman on her other side what was his name. "The celebrated Goethe, madame," was the answer. "Pray, on what instrument does he play?" was the next question. "He is no performer, madame—he is the renowned author of 'Werter.'" "Oh, yes, yes, I remember," said Catalani; and turning to the venerable poet, she addressed him, "Ah, sir, what an admirer I am of 'Werter!'" A low bow was the acknowledgment of so flattering a compliment. "I never," continued the lively lady, "I never read anything half so laughable in all my life. What a capital farce, it is, sir!" "Madame," said the poet, looking aghast, "the 'Sorrows of Werter' a farce?" "Oh, yes—never was anything so exquisitely ridiculous!" rejoined Catalani, laughing heartily as she enjoyed the remembrance. And it turned out that she had been talking all the while of a ridiculous parody of Werter, which had been performed at one of the minor theatres of Paris, and in which the sentimentality of Goethe's tale had been unmercifully ridiculed. The poet did not get over his mortification the whole evening, and the fair singer's credit at the court of Weimar was sadly impaired by this display of her ignorance of the illustrious Goethe and the "Sorrows of Werter."—*Hogarth's Musical Drama.*

## WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON.

## KINGSBURY GROVE.

WE were seized with an enthusiastic desire to visit the celebrated collection of Thomas Harris, Esq. of Kingsbury Grove, near Edgware; and Wednesday being the show-day, we had no difficulty in deciding as to whether we should go the beginning, end, or middle of the week; the only thing was to get a fine Wednesday, and one that was suitable in other respects. But it so happened that for many weeks the Wednesdays were either decidedly wet, or some unavoidable engagement postponed our stroll; till at last, we determined, even if the day should not be very fine, to sally forth. The early part of the morning was not indeed very promising, and rain came on, and as there was every appearance of a thorough wet day, we delayed our departure till nine, when, to our great delight, the clouds cleared away, and we made the best of our way towards the Edgware-road. We had proceeded but a short distance on our way thither, when in Cambridge-terrace we were attracted by the splendid and unique residence of the well-known traveller and botanist, Captain Mangles, in honour of whom that elegant plant *Rhodanthe Manglesii* is named. The exterior of this house is beautifully finished in every part, and is most tastefully ornamented with china pots and vases, filled with plants, so fresh and green in their foliage, and so resplendent in flowers of every hue, that the passer-by cannot but be struck with so unusual and so unexpected a treat in a street of the metropolis; and can it excite surprise, that it should be known by the epithet of "That beautiful house with the flowers?" Indeed, contrasting this gem of gems with the houses around it, we can only compare it to a precious stone of the highest polish, placed in a row with those just brought from the quarry, or to a diamond of the finest water with those in the rough! The interior corresponds in every respect with the beauty of the exterior, and in every room the objects of attraction and interest are innumerable. Among the most remarkable of the pictures is one over the fire-place in the drawing-room, representing the opening of an Egyptian tomb, in 1817, by the Captain himself, a most interesting account of which is given in his *Travels in Egypt and Syria*. There is a small, but elegant conservatory, entered from the staircase to the first floor, containing a great variety of the newest and most beautiful flowering plants. They are all arranged with the greatest taste, and kept in the very best order. Nothing can exceed the liberality and kindness of Captain Mangles, in permitting strangers to see his house; a recommendation from any of the Captain's friends—and few persons have more friends—being quite sufficient to gain a stranger admittance.

In continuing our stroll, we could not help observing the rapid increase of buildings on both sides of the Edgware-road, and were particularly struck with the superior style of architecture of the houses now erecting on the left, compared with those on the right which we had been accustomed to see many years back; and we could not help reflecting on the time when all that part of the country was covered with forests, or so thinly inhabited, that even as far as Paddington, which now fairly lays claim to be reckoned a part of London, there was not a single hedge-alehouse for the weary traveller. As a proof of this, a story is told of two maiden ladies who being on their way to London on foot, were benighted at Paddington, and were most dreadfully alarmed at not being able to procure a shelter for the night as they had done at other places they passed through. After wandering about some time, they were hospitably taken in by a very poor family, and as comfortably lodged as their poverty would permit. The ladies, on taking leave of their kind benefactors on the following morning, promised that not only this family, but all the poor in the parish of Paddington, should be supplied with bread and cheese at stated times of the year; and when they died, a sum of money was left in perpetuity for that purpose; but under the condition that the bread and cheese should first be conveyed to the top of the church steeple, and then thrown down among the people, to be picked up by any one who could get it! This was done for a long period, and

indeed the practice has only been discontinued about ten or twelve years, when it was found so troublesome, and to occasion so many quarrels, and so much confusion, that the money left for this purpose by the ladies was employed in purchasing small portions of land for the benefit of the Paddington poor; and to this day these lands are known by the name of the "Bread-and-Cheese Lands," a small stone being erected on each allotment, bearing the letters B. C. One of these stones may now be seen at any time close by the Bayswater-road, near the one-milestone; and another in Mr. Hopgood's nursery close by.

The next place which recalled the recollection of by-gone days was Kilburn Wells, which although it has now no pretensions whatever to be called a favourite place of public resort, was in former times famous for its waters, and was on that account very much frequented. We were here very much disappointed in being deprived of a sight of the cottage, celebrated as being the residence of Oliver Goldsmith; and in which he is supposed to have written the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the "Deserted Village;" it having been recently pulled down, to make way for the contemplated improvements in that neighbourhood.

The rain still continued, but we were not much inconvenienced by it, and continued our stroll, passing Cricklewood on the right, once the abode of the eccentric Lady Huntingdon; and after an hour's walk, we reached Kingsbury Grove, where we were soon absorbed in contemplating the wonders of the *Cacti*.

The *Cactus* tribe perhaps presents some of the most singular of all vegetable forms. The plants are leafless, and the stems are developed in the most eccentric shapes, apparently as if to supply the place of foliage; and their appearance altogether presents a character so little according with our ideas of any species of plant, that we can hardly feel convinced that what we are contemplating belongs to the same kingdom as the majestic oak or the lofty palm. These plants are principally found on hot, dry, and rocky plains, where the common forms of vegetation cannot exist; and they are, therefore, a wonderful means which nature has provided for the support of man, where neither food nor water can be procured. They abound in a very refreshing pleasant juice, and the fruit is by many considered not inferior to gooseberries. Karwinski informs us, that several of the *opuntia* (a division of the *cacti*) are the favourite food in Italy, Greece, and Spain, and in the latter country he says, "The love of eating this fruit is carried even to a passion. Many admirers of it eat a hundred at a time; and several people die every year, in consequence of having partaken too freely of this delicacy. Death from this excess is generally as sudden as that of cholera, and particularly to those who try to mitigate the complaint by drinking brandy."

We were much struck with the very extensive and varied collection of the *cacti*, at Kingsbury; and particularly with the manner of raising them from seeds in beds without pots, which is so skilfully practised by Mr. Harris's scientific and intelligent gardener, Mr. Beaton; and we were equally gratified in beholding the *Cactus ingens*, of which we had heard so much. This species is of a large globular form, and in its native country (Mexico) grows to such an enormous size that it is used by smugglers for concealing their contraband goods, particularly brandy: for this purpose, the inner part of the plant is scooped out, and the empty space filled with the goods or liquor to be concealed; the piece of the rind that was cut out is then carefully replaced, and the plant carried to its place of destination. This species, like most of the others of the genus *cacti*, is covered with very sharp, strong, and pointed spines, which have always been found a great annoyance to travellers in the temperate and tropical parts of America. Indeed many travellers, nay, even the most zealous collectors, consider the *cacti* as their greatest enemies; and Pöppig, in his "Travels in Chili and Peru," calls them, "the abominable cactus vegetation." Surprising as it may appear, these formidable spines do not deter the attacks of cattle in their native country, where these plants prove of immense value in satisfying their thirst when all the springs are dried up. "The mules," says Professor Zuccarini, "are very clever in kicking off pieces of the large

cacti with their hoofs in order that they may suck the juice, which then flows in great abundance." In private collections, the greatest enemies of the cacti are mice, rats, and bats, which attack, and frequently destroy these plants, however thickly set with spines they may be. We also saw here one of the most conspicuous of the cacti called the *Cereus senilis*, or the Old Man's Head; and, indeed, few names can be more appropriate, as the white hairs with which it is covered, particularly on the top of the plant, so exactly resemble those of a venerable old man, that for many a day after seeing this specimen, when such an appearance of old age met our eye, we could not help being struck with the justness of the comparison. Here is also the torch-thistle (*Cereus*), which in Brazil, its native country, grows to such an enormous height, that Von Martius observes, that "the chain of mountains, on the top of which they abound, though now considered lofty, would without them be low." Many species of the cacti are well known, even to general observers, by their splendid flowers, being often exhibited at flower-shows, such as the *Cactus speciosissimus* and *C. speciosa*, the flowers of which are of a most brilliant scarlet, or rather crimson, with a purple centre; and the Night-blowing *Cereus*, or Queen of the Night, the white and yellow flowers of which have long been celebrated and admired by the nocturnal visitor; yet few persons are aware of the great interest these plants excite, independently of their flowers, on account of the peculiarities of their forms, and their remarkable properties and uses. It is well known, however, that the cochineal insect used in dyeing, feeds on one of this family, called the *Opuntia cochenillifera*; and we had here the pleasure of seeing that insect on the plant in great numbers, and surrounded, as it always is, by a white woolly substance, like the scale insect on the vine, which it closely resembles. All the species of *Opuntia* grow in very barren places, and in crevices of rocks; and De Candolle observes the wonderful manner in which the European kind, *O. vulgaris*, is employed to fertilise the old lava deposited at the foot of Mount Etna. "As soon," says he, "as a fissure is perceived in the barren masses of lava, a branch or joint of an *Opuntia* is stuck into it, and this almost immediately pushes out roots, which are nourished by the rain that collects around them, or by whatever dust or remains of organic matter may have collected, so as to form a little soil; while the roots, once developed, insinuate themselves into the most minute crevices, expand, and finally break up the lava into fragments. These fragments being pulverised by degrees, from the action of the atmosphere, combine with the decaying mass of vegetation deposited by the dying leaves of the *Opuntia*; and thus become the first beginning of a soil, ready to receive fresh seeds, and to increase still further by the same process, till, in the course of years, the soil is increased to a sufficient depth to nourish grain. In this manner may man, by watching and taking advantage of the wonderful operations of nature, succeed in giving fertility even to a barren rock." The *Cochineal Opuntia* is called Nopal, in Mexico, and in ancient times it was almost held sacred, on account of the scarlet colour produced by the cochineal. It is still used as the symbolical sign of the kingdom of Mexico; and a branch of the Nopal, on which an eagle sits with a serpent of coral in its bill, now forms the arms of the republican government.

We now bade adieu to the interesting cacti, and began to wend our way homewards; only regretting that time did not permit us to extend our walk about a mile further, to visit the farm-house in Hyde-lane, leading to Kinton, in which Oliver Goldsmith wrote "She Stoops to Conquer," and also much of his "Animated Nature," his "History of Greece," and other compilations. Boswell alludes to this place in his "Life of Johnson." "Goldsmith," he says, "told us that he was now busy in writing a Natural History; and that he might have full leisure for it, he had taken lodgings at a farm-house, near to the sixth mile-stone on the Edge-ware-road, and had carried down his books in two returned post-chaises. He said he believed the farmer's family thought him an odd character, similar to that in which the 'Spectator' appeared to his landlady and her children; he was 'the Gentleman.' Mr. Mickle, the translator of the 'Lusiad,' and I went to visit

him at this place, a few days afterwards. He was not at home; but having a curiosity to see his apartment we went in, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals, scrawled upon the wall with a black-lead pencil."

On leaving Kingsbury Grove, we varied our walk by returning through the romantic and circuitous lanes of Kingsbury, as we were anxious to obtain a glimpse of Bransbury Park, laid out by the celebrated Repton; this place having been recalled to our minds by the recently-published uniform edition of that accomplished landscape gardener, edited by Mr. Loudon. All we had heard of the romantic beauty of this walk did not surpass our expectations; and on approaching the retired and beautiful little church of Kingsbury, which is situated on an eminence, and commands a fine view all over the country, we could not feel surprised that such a spot should be chosen by the sons of Mr. Repton, for the remains of their beloved father. We also viewed it with a peculiar degree of interest, as we knew that in it repose the ashes of a favourite daughter of the present Lord Mansfield, who was so grieved at her loss that he would not permit her body to be conveyed to the family vault, in Scotland; but selected this beautiful church as the sacred depository of one so dear to him; as he knew that he could there privately repair to her tomb. We remembered also being struck when visiting Ken-wood\*, his Lordship's beautiful seat, near Hampstead, with hearing of a pretty little garden which belonged to this young lady when a child, and which has been kept locked up ever since with the greatest care, no stranger being permitted to enter, and the gate of the iron palisades being always kept carefully locked by the gardener.

A large, flat, square stone in the church-yard attracted our attention, as it seemed to have been but recently deposited there, and was unaccompanied by any inscription or monument; and the grass, which was so fresh and green everywhere else, was only beginning to grow round this stone. On inquiry, we were informed that there lay deposited four unfortunate youths, who, it may be remembered, a short time ago met a watery grave in the reservoir close by Kingsbury. We added some wild thyme to our rural nosegay, and bidding a melancholy farewell to this interesting spot, proceeded on our journey, and were gratified with a sight of the long-looked-for Bransbury on our right; but, at the same time, we were surprised to find that London had extended so far, as to bring this place within two miles of the metropolis.

The sun was now down, and the green fields, hedges, and flowers gradually disappeared; but the glimmering of the lamps, and the bustle and turmoil of the town, announced that we were now near the spot from which we had set out.

#### IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

SOME astronomers have computed that there are not less than 75 millions of suns in the universe. The fixed stars are all suns, having, like our sun, numerous planets revolving around them. The solar system, or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is in diameter 3600 millions of miles, and that which it controls much greater. The sun which is nearest neighbour to ours is called Sirius, distant from our sun about 52 millions of miles. Now, if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun, or if our solar system be the average magnitude of all the systems of the 75 millions of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation! Who can survey a plantation containing 75 millions of circular fields, each 10 millions of miles in diameter? Such, however, is one of the plantations of Him who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand—meted out heaven with a span—comprehended the dust in a measure—and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. He who, "sitting upon the orbit of the earth, stretches out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." Nations to him are "as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance;"—and yet, overwhelming thought! he says, "Though I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also will I dwell who is of a humble and contrite spirit, and trembles at my word!"—*Christian Almanack for 1838.*

\* The proper name of Lord Mansfield's seat is Ken-wood, *ken* meaning oak in Saxon; and not Caen-wood, as it is generally spelt.

## A SABBATH DAY-DREAM.

'I had a dream, which was not all a dream.'

'The weather is so warm, and I have eaten *such* a dinner, that I am confident I shall fall asleep, if I go to afternoon church. What shall I do, mother?'

'Go to church, Louisa, as your father desires. Listen to the service, with proper devotional feeling; and give Mr. Snorer's sermon your undivided attention, and you will be in no danger of falling asleep.'

'Mother, I have tried that, and for the life of me, I can neither keep my feelings nor my attention alive enough to keep my senses awake. I have to pinch myself, and run pins into my knee, yet all will not do; some invisible power presses down my eyelids; and before I am aware, there I sit, my stupid head nodding, with its eyes shut, in full view of the congregation.'

'You have said all this before, Louisa, but you cannot stay at home, without displeasing your father; so let me advise you to make a virtue of necessity, and do your best to overcome this unlady-like habit of sleeping in church.'

Louisa's mother might have added more, but her father's voice was now heard, summoning her to attend him; and as in silence she pursued her way by his side, along the dusty path, beneath a scorching sun, her heart rebelled, and she longed to be in her own pleasant garden, or seated beneath the cool piazza. However, to church she went, and to sleep she went; and while her father listened approvingly to the sound doctrine and well turned sentences of Mr. Snorer's discourse, the nasal twang and monotonous cadence of the good preacher had their customary lulling effect on the senses of several of the congregation; but I doubt if any one of them was visited with so singular a dream, as occurred to poor Louisa, during her stolen slumbers.

The silly girl had read in one of her French lessons, a certain fanciful story, called the 'Palace of Truth,' and she now fancied the sacred edifice converted into such an abode, and Mr. Snorer's motley congregation subjected to the involuntary betrayal of their inmost thoughts. Even her respected father did not escape. He, good man, listened with profound attention, to be sure; but instead of the spirit of piety, an imp of sectarian intolerance occupied his mind; and all the arguments of the worthy Mr. Snorer were treasured there, as offensive and defensive weapons, wherewith to carry on a wordy war (fighting still under the banner of the Prince of Peace,) with certain of his heretical neighbours. Even in her dream, Louisa felt sorely grieved at her imagined discovery of how very, very far her father's spirit of religious controversy led him from the path of true Christianity.

A gentleman who sat in the next pew was wide awake, and apparently attentive; but when his thoughts were laid bare, they were found to consist of interesting calculations touching his earthly stores; while his wife, a notable housekeeper, was laying thrifty plans of domestic economy, her eyes at the same time fixed steadfastly on the minister, whose discourse she seemed to be devouring with both her ears.

A young lawyer was next subjected to the ordeal; and his mind presented such a medley of incongruous ideas, of shallow learning and vain conceits, that there was no room for devotion; and Louisa was glad to pass him by, and take a peep at the thoughts of his next neighbour, a brother lawyer, and, to casual observers, his counterpart in mental endowments; but there was a great contrast in the inner man. All wandering fancies were banished, and his high intellectual powers were turned attentively to the sermon of good Mr. Snorer, to whom he was listening, as he had often done before, wishing and hoping to draw instruction from his words; something to satisfy the cravings of a religious heart. But he was disappointed, as usual, and fell into criticisms on the preacher; pronouncing him 'dry,' 'phlegmatic,' and 'wholly uninteresting.'

An old bachelor sat near, a regular attendant on divine service; a religious man; a man who admitted no excuse for those misguided individuals who pass through this weary pilgrimage 'without God in the world.' There, at least, Louisa expected to find a well-regulated mind, properly devoted to the exercises of the day. But it was not so. The good man's heart was wandering after his eyes among the younger and fairer portion of the congregation; though he felt half disposed to quarrel with them for looking so pretty in their Sunday bonnets, that he could not keep his eyes off them. Louisa smiled archly, with malicious glee, when she found which way the old bachelor's thoughts were straying, and she dreamed that he stretched out his hand to seize her, and take his revenge; but she stepped back, and turned demurely towards a pew, where reclined a gentleman with perfumed hand-

kerchief in one hand, and on the other a kid glove. This young man was one of Louisa's beaux, and she felt curious to know whether Mr. Snorer's preaching produced any effect on his mind. But to her surprise, she could not find that he *had* any mind. There was a vacuum in its place! It was a mere puppet, dressed up in the externals of good society!

Louisa turned to some young acquaintance of her own sex, and, as she expected, found them with their frivolous thoughts intent upon dress, running up and down the scale of fashion, with the same monotonous perseverance with which young ladies are taught to run their scales on the piano. When their eyes lighted on a new and expensive dress, well garnished with feathers, and furbelows, and all the paraphernalia of fashion, they might be considered at the top of the scale; and down their silly thoughts ran again, when a dowdy object met their view.

There was one lady, whose handsome face and brilliant eyes had often excited Louisa's admiration. They seemed capable of expressing the pure intellectual sentiments of an elevated mind; but Louisa dreamed that the fine qualities of this beautiful girl were obscured by pride and vanity; and even, in church, these prevailed, to the exclusion of feelings better befitting the occasion. Perhaps, thought Louisa, if the preacher's words reached her heart, for a heart she has of innate worth, beating beneath that lovely form, if the preacher's words touched one chord there, it might respond in a nobler strain. But the discourse did not fix her attention, for which it would be hard to blame poor Mr. Snorer; and Louisa found her contemptuously scrutinizing the mean apparel of some humble-looking strangers in a pew before her. Mother and daughter they appeared to be, and were, as Louisa remarked, anything but well dressed. However, though the outside was mean, there was worth beneath it. In the heart of the old lady dwelt the piety which 'passeth show;' nor was her daughter destitute of devotional feeling; but at this moment, a sad struggle was going on in her mind. She felt herself meanly attired, in the midst of wealth and fashion. Poverty seemed to hang about her as a garment; and she was striving in vain to conquer this unworthy sense of debasement, by every lesson in favour of meekness and humility, that Christianity had taught her. Mortification had entered her young heart, and envy stood in the portal. 'How can I pray here,' thought she, amid looks of scorn, and eyes of cold inquiry? 'Go into thy closet and shut the door;' these words seemed to be ringing in her ears, and she longed for the sanctity of solitude, to relieve her from feelings which were at war with devotion. When she raised her head, her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes suffused with tears. It was the blush of false shame; the tears were those of mortified pride; and as her mother at the same moment raised her head, there was a remarkable contrast in the expression of tranquil resignation in her pale countenance. Louisa was gazing on them both, with much interest, and preparing to search deeper into their hearts, when a bustle in the congregation awakened her. Mr. Snorer had reached the end of his sermon, and very soon he and father Sommus stalked off together; and Louisa walked silently home. On arriving there, she hastened to her mother's room, and exclaimed as she entered, 'Oh, mother! I have had such a dream!'

'A dream, Louisa!' said her mother, in an incredulous tone.

'I cannot think you have been sleeping in church again!'

'That was a matter of course, I am sorry to say,' replied Louisa; 'but my dream, dear mother; will you hear my dream?'

Silence gave consent, and Louisa recounted her silly vision, as related above; at the conclusion of which, her mother yawned several times; and then remarked, that if dreams were any criterion of the disposition of the dreamer, Louisa must stand accused of great want of charity in her interpretation of her neighbours' thoughts.—*Knickerbocker, New York Magazine.*

## A DESCENDANT OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

At Baltimore I met and conversed with an elderly gentleman of the name of Wallace. In early life he had attended the classes at Edinburgh, and studied under Dr. Black and others. He boasts of being the only lineal descendant of Sir William Wallace, and still uses the arms and motto of that hero. He mentioned to me that he was once in an engraver's shop at Edinburgh, giving the requisite instructions for cutting his seal, when the Earl of Buchan, who was accidentally present, examined the arms and motto, and said, "Sir, there is only one family remaining entitled to these, and that family is in Virginia." The confirmation of his innocent and praiseworthy claims must have given him great satisfaction. He is a very cheerful communicative old gentleman, and I was really pleased to interchange a friendly grasp with a hand, the veins of which might be enriched even with a drop of the Wallace blood.—*Murray's North America.*

## SURVEYING VOYAGES OF THE "ADVENTURE" AND THE "BEAGLE."

NO. II.—CONTINUED SURVEY OF THE STRAITS OF MAGELHAENS, AND PARTIAL EXAMINATION OF THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF AMERICA.

AFTER considerable delay, waiting for the necessary instructions authorising Captain King to employ a tender, permission was at last obtained, and a schooner, to which Captain King gave the name of the *Adelaide*, was purchased, and made ready for the voyage. The command of this vessel was given to Lieut. Graves, and on the 23d December, 1827, the three vessels left the Rio de la Plata in company. They directed their course, in the first instance, to their old quarters at Port Famine. The *Beagle* was employed on the way in the examination of the coast between Port Desire and Cape Virgins, and was delayed by this service much beyond the time anticipated, but the *Adventure* and *Adelaide* arrived at Port Famine without further accident than rough weather when entering the straits, and the loss of two anchors by the *Adelaide* in consequence.

Whilst waiting at Port Famine for the *Beagle*, Captain King was joined by the *Usbridge*, a sealing vessel, belonging to a Mr. Low, which had entered the straits by the Magdalen Channel, which the surveyors had last year considered to be a sound. The *Usbridge* was in search of her companion, the *Adeona*, which was expected from the eastward; she soon arrived, and the two proceeded to Bougainville, or Jack's Harbour, a secure anchorage on the northern coast of the western part of the strait, to boil down their oil. These vessels were commanded by two brothers, men of great intelligence and daring enterprise. In the course of their sealing voyages they had explored almost every part of the straits, and from their experience, Capt. King derived useful information.

The plan of operations fixed for the season, was to lay up the *Adventure* at Port Famine, whilst the surveys were prosecuted by the *Beagle* on the western shores of America, and the *Adelaide* within the straits. Captain King accordingly proceeded in the *Adelaide* to explore, what on the old charts is called, the Sebastian Channel, nearly opposite to Port Famine, which was supposed to penetrate the Tierra del Fuego, and afford a passage to the Atlantic ocean, but upon examination it proved to have no outlet whatever. Returning to Port Famine, Captain King remained there one night, and then proceeded to examine some parts of the western portion of the strait. During his absence, the *Beagle* sailed on the 17th March, 1828. Captain Stokes was instructed to survey the coast as far as latitude 17° south, and to return to Port Famine by the 24th July at the latest.

After making some progress in the general survey, in which he was much interrupted by bad weather, Capt. King again returned to Port Famine, and, on the 30th April, once more despatched the *Adelaide* to carry on an examination of the openings on each side of Cayetano Island; but she returned on the 21st May, with the disagreeable intelligence of having had her only serviceable boat stolen by the Indians. "This," says Captain King, "was a serious loss, not only on account of so much time being thrown away, but also, because we had no other boat to substitute for her. To prevent delay I sent to Mr. Low at Bougainville Harbour, requesting that he would sell one of his boats; but he was himself so badly off, from similar losses, that he could only assist us by lending one for a few weeks, and as it was the only boat he possessed, it could not be spared to go far from his vessel. I therefore despatched Mr. Graves, in the *Adelaide*, to Bougainville harbour, to employ himself in examining the coast, thence to Cape Froward, and in the meantime began to build a whale-boat, to be ready for the *Adelaide's* use as soon as winter had passed over; for, from Mr. Graves's report of the state of the climate to the westward, very little could be done during the winter months.

The following is Lieut. Graves's account of the loss of his boat:—"Upon leaving Port Famine he proceeded at once to Port Gallant, and surveyed Cordes Bay; after which he crossed the strait to St. Simon's Bay, and anchored in Millar Cove, on its western side, immediately to the north of Port Jangara, from which it is only separated by a narrow neck of land. The *Adelaide* remained there, at anchor while Mr. Graves visited the different parts of the bay. Her presence had attracted a large party of Indians, who, occupying several wigwams near the entrance of the cove, paid daily visits to our people, and were apparently very familiar and well disposed. But they had cast a longing eye upon the whale-boat, which, when equipped for service, contained many things very useful to them, and they laid a plan to carry her off,

which succeeded. One evening she was prepared for going away at an early hour the following day, and to save time every thing that might be required was placed in her, and she was made fast for the night. Two or three Indians were then on board, and observing what was done, laid their plan, and at sunset, took their leave as usual. The night was pitchy dark, and at nine o'clock the boat was missed from alongside. The alarm was given, and instant search made at the wigwams of the Indians, who had all decamped, without leaving the least trace of themselves or the boat. The 'painter,' or rope by which she had been fastened to the vessel, had been cut through with some sharp instrument, most probably a knife which our people had sharpened for them on the grindstone that very day.

"Every possible search was made next morning, but without success; the boat that was left was one which could not be used with any advantage, and Mr. Graves returned to Port Famine. Vexatious as the accident was, I could not blame him for what had occurred, for no one had suspicions of such conduct from the Indians, who, on all other occasions, had kept at a distance from us after night-fall. The boat was properly secured alongside, and the night was so cold that no person would have thought the Indians would expose themselves to such a temperature (23°); for they must have swum alongside to cut her adrift, and then must have towed her away very gradually, to prevent the theft being discovered, for there were two persons walking the deck at the time. In order to prevent a similar loss in future, the *Adelaide* was forthwith fitted with cranks outside for hoisting up her boats when in harbour."

As the season advanced the weather became very bad, and the health of the people suffered terribly. The ground was constantly covered with snow from one to two feet deep, and every night more fell. Twice, the tents, with the exception of one large one which stood on higher ground than the rest, were inundated. "Scurvy appeared and increased," says Captain King, "while the accidental death of a seaman, occasioned by falling down a hatchway, followed by the decease of two others, and also of Mr. Low of the *Adeona*, whose body was brought to me for burial, tended to create a despondency amongst the crew that I could in no way check. The monotony of their occupations, the chilling and gloomy appearance of the country, and the severity of the climate, all tended to increase the number of the sick, as well as the unfavourable symptoms of their disease. The *Beagle's* term of absence was, however, drawing to a close, and I caused a rumour to be spread, that upon her appearance we should quit Port Famine. To give a semblance of reality to this report, the topmasts were ordered to be added, and the ship otherwise prepared for sea; which had a manifest effect upon the scorbutic, of whom several were in a bad stage of that horrid disease, and many others were just attacked. We found ourselves now, too, thrown upon our own resources for fresh food: scarcely a fish was taken by the hook, and the seine, though frequently shot, never caught any thing. Of birds, only a few hawks and small finches were procured, which were all reserved for the sick, the greater number of whom lived on shore at the tents, where they might walk about, and amuse themselves as they pleased."

The sick list became formidable: cases of scurvy increased so much during the damp trying weather to which they were exposed, that Captain King determined on sending the *Adelaide* to the northward to procure some guanoco meat from the Patagonians, and at the same time to survey that part of the strait lying between Cape Negro and the Second Narrow. "Lieutenants Graves and Wickham," continues Captain King, "and Mr. Tarz (the surgeon) went upon this service, the latter being most anxious to procure some change of diet for the sick under his care, for some of whom he was much alarmed. The appearance and severity of this disease, although every precaution had been used, and subsequent attention paid to their diet, are not easy to account for: fresh provisions, bread baked on board, pickles, cranberries, large quantities of wild celery, preserved meats and soups, had been abundantly supplied; the decks were kept well aired, dry and warm, but all to no purpose; these precautions perhaps checked the disease for a time, but did not prevent it as had been fully expected."

At length, on the 27th July, the *Beagle* made her appearance, but their joy at beholding her was somewhat damped by the illness of Captain Stokes. The service on which the *Beagle* had been despatched was most arduous, and the weather they had experienced had been dreadful.

It will be recollected that the *Beagle* sailed on the 17th March to examine the western shores of America, as far as 47° south,

The whole coast is broken up and indented by numberless bays and inlets, and is fronted by a perfect archipelago of islands intersected by narrow and intricate channels. Although the winter had not yet set in, still Captain Stokes experienced such severe weather as, even by the beginning of April, severely injured both his own health and that of his crew. We cannot follow his narrative throughout, but will content ourselves with noticing one or two of the most important incidents, which occurred before he rejoined the Adventure. "On the 13th April they discovered in the Port of St. Barbara (about 48 degrees south latitude,) just about high-water mark, half buried in sand, the beam of a large vessel which," says Captain Stokes in his journal, "we conjectured had formed part of the ill-fated Wager, one of Lord Anson's squadron, (of whose loss the tale is so well told in the narratives of Byron and Bulkeley): the dimensions seemed to correspond with her size, and the conjecture was strengthened by the circumstance that one of the knees that attached it to the ship's side had been cut, which occurred in her case when her decks were scuttled to get at her provisions; all the bolts were much corroded; but the wood, with the exception of the outside being worm-eaten, was perfectly sound. Our carpenter pronounced it to be English oak."

From the 30th of April to the 9th of May there was a succession of stormy weather, accompanied by almost incessant and heavy rain, which prevented the ship from mooring. They were now lying in a very excellent port, which, in honour of the Commander-in-Chief of the South American station, they named Port Otway. The delay proved, in one respect, advantageous, by affording a very reasonable cessation from work to the fatigued crew, and obliging Captain Stokes to take some little rest, which he so much required, but regretted allowing himself, and submitted to most unwillingly.

The 47th degree of south lat. being passed, the vessel's head was now turned southwards, and a diligent examination of the coast carried on as they proceeded. On the 20th they had the misfortune to lose one of their companions, Sergeant Lindsay, of the Royal Marines, and on the following day he was committed to a solitary grave on these inhospitable shores. After leaving the anchorage near which they had buried poor Lindsay, Capt. Stokes relates that, "under an impression that the island of St. Xavier was the scene of the Wager's wreck, I wished to examine its western side; but a strong N.N.E. wind did not permit my doing so, without risking the loss of more time than could be spared for a mere object of curiosity. I steered therefore to the south-eastward for an inlet, which proved to be the channel's mouth of the Spanish charts, and reached it after running seventeen miles from the south end of Xavier Island. We got no soundings with ninety fathoms of line, when at its entrance; but making no doubt that we should get anchorage within, we left, at the distance of half a mile, the islets of the northern point; passed between two others distant apart only one-fifth of a mile, and shortly after anchored in twenty fathoms, sheltered by an island to the westward, but with rocky islets around us in all directions, except the south-east, some of which were less than a cable's length from us. † Here we were detained until the 10th June, by the worst weather I ever experienced: we rode with three anchors down and the topmasts struck; and though we lay within a couple of hundred yards of the islands and rocks, and less than half a mile from the shores of the inlet, such a furious surf broke on them all, that it was but rarely a boat could land, even in the least exposed situations the inlet afforded. The evening of our arrival was fine, and we put up the observatory tent on the island to the westward of us; but the weather was so bad, during the next day, that we could effect no landing to remove it, although we anticipated the result which followed—namely, its being washed away."

In the short intervals of the horrible weather that prevailed, boats were sent to the northern shore of the inlet, for the purpose of procuring water and fuel; but though they sometimes succeeded, by dint of great perseverance, in landing through a raging surf, it was but seldom they could embark the small casks (barreases) which had been filled, or the wood they had cut.

"Finding the boats' crews suffer much from their unavoidable exposure during continually wet weather, I ordered some canvas to be given to each man for a frock and trousers, to be painted at the first opportunity, as a protection against rain and spray.

"Nothing could be more dreary than the scene around us. The lofty, bleak, and barren heights that surround the inhospitable shores of this inlet were covered, even low down their sides, with dense clouds, upon which the fierce squalls that assailed us beat,

without causing any change: they seemed as immovable as the mountains where they rested.

"Around us, and some of them distant no more than two-thirds of a cable's length, were rocky islets lashed by a tremendous surf; and, as if to complete the desolation of the scene, even birds seemed to shun its neighbourhood. The weather was that in which (as Thomson emphatically says) 'the soul of man dies within him.' In the course of our service since we had left England, we have often been compelled to take up anchorages, exposed to great risk and danger. But the Beagle's present situation I deemed by far the most perilous to which she had been exposed; her three anchors were down in twenty-three fathoms of water, on a bad bottom of sand, with patches of rock. The squalls were terrifically violent, and astern of her, distant only half a cable's length, were rocks and rocky islets, upon which a furious surf raged. I might use Bulkeley's words in describing the weather in this neighbourhood, and nearly at this season, 'Showers of rain and hail, which beat with such violence against a man's face, that he can hardly withstand it.'

"On the 10th, the wind being moderate, and the weather better, preparations were made to quit this horrid place."

The weather still continued unfavourable, and the health of the crew grew worse and worse, and on the 15th the surgeon, Mr. Bynoe, reported that a temporary cessation of labour would be of the greatest advantage to the crew, by affording an opportunity of recruiting their health. They were now again anchored at Port Otway, nearly in their old position, and here Captain Stokes determined on making a short stay. The yards and topmasts were struck, and the ship covered over with sails. Once a day a boat was sent ashore for clams and muscles, which proved of service to the sick, but the shores afforded no place for exercise, no game was seen, nor did any Indians make their appearance. There was nothing to break the dull uniformity of their melancholy position.

At this period of the narrative, Captain Stokes's remarks and notes end, and the tale is taken up by Captain King. He remarks with great feeling that "those who have been exposed to one of such trials as his (Captain Stokes's) upon an unknown lee-shore, during the worst description of weather, will understand and appreciate some of those feelings which wrought too powerfully upon his excitable mind." "The Beagle," he goes on to say, "remained quiet, until the 29th of June, when the surgeon reported 'the crew sufficiently healthy to perform their duties without any material injury to their constitutions.' Leaving Port Otway, she steered Long the coast with, strange to say, easterly winds and fine weather, which enabled Lieutenant Skyring to add much to the survey of the coast of Madre de Dios. Captain Stokes now began to show symptoms of a malady, that had evidently been brought on by the dreadful state of anxiety he had gone through during the survey of the gulf of Peñas. He shut himself up in his cabin, becoming quite listless and inattentive to what was going on; and after entering the strait of Magelhaens, on his return to Port Famine, he delayed at several places without any apparent reason; conduct quite opposite to what his would have naturally been, had he then been of sound mind. At last, want of provisions obliged him to hasten to Port Famine; and the day on which he arrived, every article of food was expended."

On rejoining the Adventure, his spirits returned, and he grew so much better that his officers did not think it necessary to communicate their fears to Captain King. The Adelaide arrived with a quantity of gurnoco meat, sufficient to supply all hands with fresh provisions for a week, but with very little apparent effect on the sick. The scurvy still raged on board the Adventure, and many of the Beagle's crew were still suffering from pulmonary and rheumatic complaints. It now became a question whether they should return to Monte Video, or go up to Valparaiso to refresh, and thence prosecute their survey. "Captain Stokes," continues Captain King, "was anxious to prepare his vessel for another cruise, being very averse to giving up our plans and returning to Mont Video, since he thought the crews, from utter disgust at the privations and hardships they had endured, would not be persuaded to go on another voyage; but that if they were to go to Chiloe or Valparaiso, to refresh, they might recover their strength and spirits, and be willing to renew the survey; which, however, he himself seemed to dread, for he never mentioned the subject without a shudder. He was evidently much excited, and suspicions arose in my mind that all was not quite right with him. I endeavoured to prevail on him to give his people a longer rest, but he was the more anxious to make preparations. On the 31st of July he sent an application for provisions, and in the evening I received a note from him, which was written in his former usual flow of spirits.

\* Xavier's Island is certainly the Montrose Island of Byron's narrative. The Wager was lost more to the southward, on the Guianeco Islands.

† This group was afterwards called The Hazard Isles.

The officers, however, knew more of the diseased state of his mind than I did; and it was owing to a hint given to me, that I desired Mr. Tarn to communicate with Mr. Bynoc, and report to me whether Captain Stokes's health was sufficiently restored to enable him to commence another cruise. This was on the 1st of August. The provisions had been sent, in compliance with his application, and the surgeons were on board the *Adventure*, considering upon their report, which was, as I afterwards found, very unfavourable; when a boat came from the *Beagle*, with the dreadful intelligence that Captain Stokes, in a fit of despondency, had shot himself.

"The surgeons instantly repaired on board, and finding him alive, had recourse to every means in their power, but without hope of saving his life. During the delirium that ensued, and lasted four days, his mind wandered to many of the circumstances and hair-breadth escapes of the *Beagle's* cruise. The following three days he recovered so much as to be able to see me frequently; and hopes were entertained by himself, but by no one else, that he would recover. He then became gradually worse, and after lingering in most intense pain, expired on the morning of the 12th.

"Thus shockingly and prematurely perished an active, intelligent, and most energetic officer, in the prime of life. His remains were interred at our burial-ground, with the honours due to his rank, and a tablet was subsequently erected to his memory."

This fatal event determined Captain King on quitting the straits immediately, and stopping only to obtain a fresh supply of guano-meat at Gregory Bay, all the vessels made the best of their way to Monte Video, where the free use of the bitter orange very speedily removed all symptoms of the scurvy. A bitter disappointment here awaited Lieutenant Skyring, who had been appointed by Captain King as acting commander of the *Beagle*, and whose services had been of such a kind as to lead him to expect that the appointment would have been confirmed; but the Commander-in-Chief, on his arrival, superseded all the appointments made by Captain King, and gave the *Beagle* to Mr. Fitzroy, flag-lieutenant of the *Ganges*. Captain Fitzroy was and is an officer fully competent to the service, full of zeal and energy, and apparently of an excellent and conciliatory disposition, since we find in the account of the subsequent voyage no intimation of the slightest disagreement between him and the other officers of the expedition, which, under the circumstances, might have too probably been expected; but we fully concur with Captain King when he remarks, that, "although this arrangement was undoubtedly the prerogative of the Commander-in-Chief, and I had no reason to complain of the selection he had made to fill the vacancies, yet it seemed hard that Lieutenant Skyring, who had in every way so well earned his promotion, should be deprived of an appointment to which he very naturally considered himself entitled. The conduct of Lieutenant Skyring, throughout the whole of his service in the *Beagle*,—especially during the survey of the Gulf of Peñas and the melancholy illness of his captain,—deserved the highest praise and consideration; but he was obliged to return to his former station as assistant surveyor: and, to his honour be it said, he did so with an equanimity and good-will which showed his thorough zeal for the service."

At Monte Video Captain King met the late Captain Henry Foster, in H.M.S. *Chanticleer*, on his Pendulum voyage. He was established at an observatory on a small island, called Rat or Rabbit Island, where Captain King visited him, and found him deeply engaged in that series of observations which has reflected so much honour upon his memory. Before he sailed, Captain King made an arrangement to meet the *Chanticleer* either at Staten Land or at Cape Horn, for the purpose of supplying her with provisions to enable Captain Foster to proceed thence to the Cape of Good Hope, without returning to Monte Video.

The refitting of the vessels occupied a considerable time, and some delays were occasioned by damages sustained during the heavy gales common at Monte Video, and known as "Pamperos." At length, on the 1st March 1829, the vessels finally sailed from Monte Video. After visiting some parts of the coast, on the 1st April, they found themselves off Cape Virgins, and the *Adventure* parted company from the *Beagle* and *Adelaide*, and proceeded to meet the *Chanticleer* according to appointment. Captain Fitzroy had previously received orders to proceed through the Strait of Magelhaens, and despatch the *Adelaide* to survey the Magdalen and Barbara Channels, both communicating with the Pacific on the south of the Straits, and himself to examine the Jerome Channel, an opening to the north which was supposed to communicate with the ocean, and then proceed, in company with the *Adelaide*, to Chiloe, where they were to be joined by the *Adventure*.

Our limits prevent us from following them on these services, but we propose to pursue the subject in a future Number.

## SMOKING IN THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURY.

I AM in possession of a curious memorial of the manners of a past age; it is a paper which was once an envelope of a pound of tobacco, with an engraving upon it, representing five dandies at the end of the reign of George II.; *beaux*, they were then called; for example, Beau Nash. These five beaux have before them a table, on which are lighted tapers, bottles, a punch-bowl, and those drinking glasses with stems eight inches high, and that spirally white ornament in the very body of the pillar, that has so often puzzled me to know how it could get in. The genius of a child has been presaged, from his breaking his rattle to discover the interior cause of its noise: the augury is uncertain; for I too have broken a stem of one of these glasses in the hope of arriving at, what I called, the paper cork-screw in its centre. The five beaux wear flowing wigs: they have small laced cocked-hats; one of the beaux, more dashing than the rest, perhaps the *Coryphæus* of the fumigation, has his hat on his head. There are light rapier swords too; some of them pendent in splendid uselessness from the sides of the wearers, and others innocently laid on distant chairs.

The sword, though in these times not a belligerent, was a great political engine; it inspired respect; it distinguished the gentleman; it raised its wearer from the pedestal to the capital of the social order. Nay, I heard an old squire from the Wolds of Lincolnshire declare, at the commencement of the French revolution, that the prevalence of jacobinical principles was entirely owing to the folly of gentlemen in leaving off swords. Perhaps he was right.

With what awe have I looked up to the chimney-piece of my father's study, surmounted by warlike machinery! A pair of pistols, the work of some celebrated artist of the seventeenth century; an immense sword, its hilt basketed with steel, such a one as was borne by Oliver Cromwell himself; yet the sword that then arrested my infant gaze, had been wielded by no roundhead, but by my grandfather's grandfather, the Cavalier John, who was wounded in the battle of Marston Moor; a prisoner of war in Tickhill Castle, and whose estate was sequestered by parliament in punishment of his delinquency and malignancy. So said the family legends. There was also a silver-hilted rapier, to be worn, no doubt, at smoking parties: but all these weapons had been allowed to be corroded by more than Hudibrastic rust, by prebendal oblivion.

But to my beaux of the print on the tobacco wrapper:—the following dialogue takes place amongst them, as appears by a scroll issuing from the vicinity of the mouth of each:—the vicinity of the mouth—the mouth itself is occupied; but these are the *ερεα περιεστρα*:—First gent. "This tobacco smokes well."—Second gent. "Where did you buy it?"—Third gent. "At NN's."—Fourth gent. "Where does he live?"—Fifth gent. "In the Bail, Lincoln." This was an admirable puff!

Yet one more generation of men, and all was changed: our smoking-rooms were turned into powdering closets, our summer-houses into conservatories. A coat tainted with the fumes of tobacco was a title of exclusion from good company. "Nobody smokes now," said they.

This change synchronises with the youth of the late King George IV. Just "glittering above the horizon," he caused all clouds to vanish, and dispelled all obscurities. But, alas! in vain did the elegance of manners and good taste of that most gracious sovereign oppose itself to the darkness that was again to overwhelm us. The martial ardour of the French carried them *ultra Sauro-matos*: a pipe was found to be a cheap and easy compensation to the soldier for his fatigues; an emblem too of his gains—all smoke! Military glory and smoking became the fashion of the day; and the tobacco-pipe is re-established in all its former honours, by a counter-revolution.

I have heard old French officers of the army talk with rapture of the comfort that a pipe afforded them at their bivouacs. The first Frenchman with whom I journeyed, held a pipe out of the window of the carriage: he was a young man; but they who were too young to have fought, wishing to prove themselves willing to engage, and weary of a quiet life, aspired to emulate the warriors of Wagram and Waterloo.—*Personal and Literary Memorials.*



## THE PRINCIPLES OF NATIONAL EXCHANGE.\*

The aptitudes of different nations for the creating of different products has, in many cases, been fixed by unchangeable, geographical, and physiological law. Cotton, coffee, spices, dye-stuffs, sugar, rice, and many of the most valuable fruits and medicines, can be cultivated only in southern latitudes. Wool, wheat, and bread-stuffs generally, flax and the most valuable animals, are found only in temperate climates. Iron is found in northern latitudes; and furs, hemp, and feathers are brought from climates still further north. One country is better adapted to commerce, another to agriculture, and another to manufactures.

Besides, a society, at one period of its history, is better adapted to one sort of production than to another. When capital is scarce and land is cheap and fertile, a nation is better adapted to agriculture; when capital becomes abundant and land dear, it becomes gradually better adapted to manufactures; that is to say, nations, as well as individuals, both by original endowment and accidental circumstances, have their special adaptations to the creation of particular products. I suppose it unnecessary to state, that nations, that is, people, if left to themselves, are, like individuals, disposed to avail themselves of the peculiar advantages bestowed upon them by their Creator. Self-interest teaches them this lesson with sufficient clearness, and they willingly practise it, if left to their own natural instincts.

It is also evident that, by each nation's devoting itself to that branch of production for which it has the greatest facilities, either original or acquired, its own happiness will be better promoted, and a greater amount of production created, than in any other manner. And while all nations, thus appropriate their industry, a much greater amount of annual value will be created for the whole human race, than by any change that could possibly be made. If Cuba should relinquish the raising of coffee and sugar, and devote herself to the raising of wheat; and New York, relinquishing the culture of wheat, should betake herself to the raising of coffee and sugar, would not both communities be poorer, and would not the price of coffee, sugar, and wheat be increased over the whole world; that is, would not all the world, and these countries especially, be poorer than they are now?

But, whilst it is thus evident that every nation's intended by the Creator to improve its own advantages, that is, to create that product for the creation of which it has the greatest facilities; it is also the fact, that every nation, and every individual of that nation, desires the productions of every other nation, and is happy in proportion as it enjoys them. What nation could be happy without the cotton of the South, the hemp and iron of the North, or the wool, wheat, or manufactures of temperate climates? Nay, let an individual look at the clothes which he wears, the furniture of his room, or the food and utensils of his table, and he will be immediately convinced, that every latitude of both hemispheres, and almost every country on the globe, are tributary to his happiness. His own country has peculiar adaptations, but they are adaptations for but few products, while every citizen of that country requires for his convenience, nay, almost for existence, the production of every other country. The desire can be gratified only by national exchanges. Hence we see, that national exchanges enter as much into the constitution of things under which we are created, as individual exchanges.

And the final cause of this constitution is, in both cases, equally evident.

Individuals are made thus dependent upon each other, in order to render harmony, peace, and mutual assistance, their interest, as well as their duty. Where men are mutually dependent upon each other, the prosperity of one is the prosperity of all; and the adversity of one is the adversity of all. No one can enjoy many of the blessings which God has intended for him, only in so far as others enjoy them also; and no one can be deprived of them, unless others are deprived of them to a considerable degree also. Thus, we see that the individual progress of man is, by the constitution of things, indissolubly connected with, if not absolutely dependent on, his social progress.

And, for the same reason, nations are dependent upon each other. From this universal dependence, we learn that God intends nations, as well as individuals, to live in peace, and to conduct themselves towards each other upon the principles of benevolence. Where all are mutually dependent, as in the former case, no one can prosper without increasing the prosperity of all, nor suffer

without bringing suffering upon all. Hence, it is truly our interest to seek the happiness, peace, and prosperity of other nations, as it is to seek the happiness, peace, and prosperity of our own nation.

From the above constitution it is evident, that universal exchange is as necessary to the welfare, and even to the existence of the human race, as universal production. We have already seen, that in all the departments of human industry, a great saving, both of time and expense, is effected by *division of labour*. This is as true of labour in exchange, as in any other case. Since, then, exchanges must be made, it will be better for *the whole*, if a *part* of a society devote themselves exclusively to the business of making them.

Thus, suppose that, in a given society, the labour is divided, so that each individual devotes himself to the creation of a given product. One man raises wheat, another rye, another wool; one labours upon iron, another upon wood, another upon leather, &c. Now, these persons can procure the productions of each other only by exchange. But if every one, every time he needs anything, is obliged to leave his labour to find a purchaser for his product, he will lose much time himself, and will consume a large portion of the time of all his neighbours. It would frequently take as much time to exchange a pair of shoes, as it would take to make them. This additional *time* must enter into the *price* of the shoes; and hence these, and every other article of consumption, would rise in price accordingly.

In such a case as this, it would clearly be a great benefit to the whole society, if some one should devote himself exclusively to the business of making exchanges. Every producer might then deposit with him whatever he had to exchange, instead of going in search of a purchaser. When this was done, every one, by going to him, might ascertain immediately, what was to be exchanged, throughout the whole community, and at what price; and also, what was required in exchange. He would thus be able, at once, to procure, by his own product, whatever was procurable for it; and to know what he must produce, in order that he may procure what he may need. Thus, the labour of a whole day, or of several days, might be accomplished in a few minutes, in a much more perfect manner than by any other method. Hence, as all the time unnecessarily consumed in the other method would be saved, there would be much more time to be appropriated to production. As, in a given time, and with given labour, there would be greater production, everything would be cheaper, that is, every one would be richer; and at the same time, a reasonable profit would remain for him who devoted his time to the labour of exchange.

Hence, we see that *exchangers* are as necessary to the *cheapness* of production as producers themselves. Hence, we also see how absurd is the outcry sometimes raised against them, because it is said they *produce nothing*. Did not a large class of the community devote themselves to this employment, it is impossible to conceive what would be the price of the most common and necessary utensil. Were the farmer obliged to carry his wheat or his cattle to Sheffield, to exchange for needles for his wife, or for a sickle for himself, who could estimate what the utensils would cost? If the labourer were obliged to go to Birmingham for a spade, which he must use in New York, what would be the price of a spade, and how would he ever be able to gain a subsistence? The labourer may sometimes complain that the merchant is rich, and that he is poor; that the merchant stands at his desk, while he labours in the street; that the merchant rides in his carriage, while he travels on foot. But it may be to him some consolation to remember, that were not the merchant rich, the labourer would be still poorer, for every article would be dearer; and, besides, there would be no one to pay for the labour, with which alone he is able to purchase it. Were not the merchant to be at his desk, the poor man would have no labour to do in the street; and were not the merchant to ride in his carriage, the labourer would be obliged to go barefoot. And, accordingly, we see that whenever mercantile business, that is, the business of exchanges, is the most successful, then are the means of living cheaper in proportion; and then are the operative classes richer; and the avenues to riches are the most widely open to all.

A good harvest in one country is a benefit to every country; because the favoured country desires a larger amount of the productions of her neighbours, and has a larger fund wherewith to pay for them. Hence, the exchanges between such a country and every other country are increased. On the contrary, a famine, or a war, or any other calamity happening to one country, is a calamity to every other country, because the

\* From the "Elements of Political Economy," by Francis Wayland, D.D., President of Brown University, U. S.

unfortunate country wants less of the productions of its neighbours; since it has less wherewith to pay for them. Its exchanges, therefore, are of necessity diminished. Hence, that merchant is short-sighted, as well as morally thoughtless, who expects to grow rich by short crops, civil dissensions, calamity, or war, in the country with which he traffics. A wiser and farther-sighted reflection would teach him, that it is very difficult to grow rich by trading with beggars, and that the benefit of one is always the benefit of all. To illustrate all this by a single case, let us ask what would be the amount of exchanges effected by the inhabitants of Great Britain, France, and the United States, either among themselves or with each other, if the productiveness of these several countries were no greater than it was in the time of Julius Cæsar?

#### A RAW RECRUIT.

THOMAS MILLER, the well-known author of "A Day in the Woods," &c., has, in a charming little book, called "Rural Sketches," given us the following humorous picture of recruiting at a country fair. —

In staggered Jack Straw, rolling drunk, with the serjeant's cap on, singing

"If I had a boon for a soldier would you,  
Do you think I'd say no? No, not I.  
Not a sigh would I draw, when I is red coat I saw,  
But a cheer I'd give for his bravery."

"What! have yo' listed, Jack?" interrogated half-a-dozen voices in as many tones. "I have, my lads," answered he, singing "And I never will follow the plough tail again. I've listed for a hoffer, an' if any o' yo's a mind to list wi' me [hiccup], I'll gi' yo' a shilling in his majesty's name, an' list you for full sargent." "You mean full private," said an old man, who had hitherto sat unobserved in the corner; "you mean full private, same as they'll make you when they get up to th' regiment. I once listed thirty years ago for a colonel, and when I got to th' regiment, and told 'em what I'd listed for, they laughed at me, and says 'Yo're above a colonel.' So I was above one; for our colonel only stood five feet five, and I stood near upon six feet—so they made me a grenadier." "I don't care," answered Jack Straw; "I took his majesty's money to be a hoffer [hiccup], an' he one I will, or else I'll not serve according to the articles of war. 'Now,' says I, afore I took the money, 'sargent,' says I, 'I list for an hoffer.' 'Yes,' says he; 'will you be captain, lieutenant, or ensign?' 'Ensign,' says I. 'Very well,' says he, and he put it down in black and white: you may go into the parlour and ax him;" and away we went, John Straw, ensign, leading the way.

In the parlour all was confusion. A good-looking rosy-checked girl was pulling at the arm of her drunken lover, and exclaiming, "Dinna list, Tommy, dinna list, or yo'll brake my heart; dinna list him, Mr. Soldier." "I will list," said the rough rustic; "give me a shilling to serve his most gracious majesty, Mr. King William: I'll not be a clothopper at the born days of my life, and put up wi' your ons and offs." "Oh! dinna list him, Mr. Sargent!" exclaimed the girl; "for his poor old mother would run stark mad if he was to go for a soldier, and I'm sure I dare not show my face at hoam without him. His mother's sure to lay all the blame on me, and say as he listed for love, and then whatever am I to do?" "I'll not list him while he's tipsy," replied the serjeant, saying a thousand pretty things to the distressed damsel, and accompanying every sentence with a knowing twinkle of the eye. By the aid of another maiden, however, the drunken swain was led off, and on throwing up the parlour window, we could perceive him and his sweetheart in the garden; she promising not to see Fred. Giles again, upon condition that he no more wanstled out Square Thornton's dairy-maid.

The serjeant still continued exhibiting his long purse, and pointing out the happiness of a soldier's life, while many a country bumpkin sat glowing beneath the sunny beams of imaginary glory, and old Mother Ward's sparkling ale. "Think but for a moment," exclaimed the serjeant, in the true "Ereles' vein," "of being exposed all the day in a hay-field, sweating beneath a scorching sun, until at night you're all as fired as dogs; while the soldier sits in his shady barracks, enjoying all manner of happiness, such as sleeping, smoking, or drinking. Then think of the chance of being promoted to an officer! Beside, there's no work to do; there's nothing, after you've learnt your exercise, but to keep yourself clean, and walk about all day like a gentleman. Then

there's the bounty, look at that," (and down went his purse upon the table;) "then again think of the honour of fighting for your king and country; and if you happen to have your leg shot off," (here two or three winced,) "why you've bread for life in a good pension. There's prize-money, too, and all the honour of saying you've been in such a battle; and if you go abroad, there's wine at a penny a quart—think of that, you rogues! and you've no horse to look after, like a horse-soldier, nought but a knapsack and a fire-lock. Who would follow the plough, when he can march beneath the glorious colours of the 12nd, to the merry fife and drum! and have plenty of sweethearts in every town, and money without working for it—eh, eh, my brave countrymen?"

"And who the devil," said the old man who had once enlisted for a colonel, "will take thirteen-pence a day to be shot at, eh? and have about twenty masters over him, eh? First comes a lauce Jack—'If you don't stir yourself, I'll report you to the corporal;' then comes the puppy of a corporal—'If you don't mind, I'll lodge a complaint to the serjeant;' then the serjeant—'Sir, you'll chance to see the black hole, if you are not more attentive;' then there's drill—'Hold your head up, or I'll put you in the awkward squad;' then another perping down your gun-muzzle, and examining you from head to foot, to see that everything's in apple-pie order; beside as many sort of officers as there are weeds in our common. Hey, hey, my lads, soldiering's all very well to talk about, but you no sooner are one than you've had a bellyful. Be content where you are: if you don't like your master now, you can soon get another; but as for promotion, if ever you get up it's to the *hoberts*, where they once promoted me, only for staying out we my lass after th' trumpet had sounded for 'all in.' What d'ye think o' that for promotion?"

The serjeant muttered something about desertion and back-scratching, and we retired up-stairs to join the dancers.

#### ANCIENT TIMES.

"How comes it, papa, that there is generally such a respect for ancient times?" inquired George one day, after reading a speech in which respect for the wisdom of ancestors was made a reason for not altering some foolish usage. "It is a sad prejudice," said Mr. Howard, "I once heard a man say he had no wish to appear wiser than his forefathers, and people applauded him; though, had they reflected that nobody could have too much wisdom, and that it is the best part of wisdom to add to wisdom, they might have thought differently. A philosopher remarked, that the same people who are most loud in praise of past time, are those who are always insisting on the superiority of old men over young ones. Now, ancient days are the youth of society, and the further you go back, the younger is the human race. If there is reason for deeming old men superior in knowledge to young men, there is the same reason why the present times should be superior to the past. There is, indeed, more reason; for old men grow decrepit, not so the race of man. Individuals decay, and their faculties are enfeebled as their experience increases; but nations communicate their experience from one generation in full mental vigour to another equally so. In morals there is a great improvement, both in knowledge and practice. The effect of conduct upon human happiness is more closely watched, and more accurately traced. Many actions, once held to be blameless, are now prohibited by opinion; many which were once deemed pernicious are now considered laudable.

"Never be astonished, my children! never be discouraged, if you should fail to find in ancient books what the ill-advised praises of some have taught you to expect. You will hear those whose opinions are of weight in the world, talk with awe and reverence respecting authors of antiquity, and when you turn them over to discover their merits, you may experience bitter disappointment. Do not despond—do not think, because you are unable to discover the extraordinary excellences, that your own faculties are necessarily in fault. It may be, the excellence you seek for is not there. Do not check your own habit of thinking, because you cannot unravel the thoughts of others. Many a worthless idol has had its worshippers. Take courage, even though you cannot understand the renowned authority. Perhaps he did not understand himself. Recollect what Epictetus said to the expositors of Chrysippus, 'You plume yourselves upon your meritorious labours. If Chrysippus had been able to tell us his own meaning, would he have needed you?'

"Journeying once in Andalusia, I reached one of the refreshing streams which are so welcome to the traveller, not only because they serve to quench his thirst, but enable him to wash in their

invigorating waters. My muleteer drank, and washed his hands; but no water did he convey to his cheeks or neck. I asked him the reason. He said, 'I don't like it: I deserted from the army, because they would make me wash my face every day. My forefathers never washed their faces.'

The next day, Mr. Howard and George walked together to a neighbouring village. They called at the house of one of the peasants, the door of which was opened by a string which passed through a hole and communicated with a wooden latch inside. George inquired why the neat and ordinary iron latch was not used? "Oh, Sir!" said the woman, "ours is rather a bad way, for the boys sometimes cut off the string, and when we are all out, there is a great fuss and trouble to open the door, and to get in; but it was so in our grandfather's time, and we don't like to change it." The chimney was smoking, and the room was full of black dust. "We have a shocking smoky chimney, sir, and it covers the plates, and the chairs, and the tables with dirt."—"But why don't you have it altered?" inquired George.—"Oh, sir, my husband and I often talk about it; but he says it was so when his father lived here, and his father's father before him: and he don't think himself wiser than his fathers." During the conversation, the cottager came in. He had across his arm a very old-looking and oddly shaped sickle, which excited George Howard's curiosity. "Thomas," said he (for that was the cottager's name,) "you have an ancient tool there."—"That I have, sir: I have seen all sorts of changes and fancies, but I stick by my old friend."—"But, surely, Thomas, you cannot do so much work; you cannot reap so much corn, or get so much money, for yourself or your family, with such a sickle as this!"—"Ay, sir, that's what our youngers say; but I don't set up to be wiser than those who have gone before me."

"There," said Mr. Howard, as they left the cottage, "you have another example of the wisdom of ancestors; and yet, in this poor man's case, there may be some excuse; for habit has made all these inconveniences almost enjoyments. He is more pleased with his fancy about resembling his forefathers, than he would be with the benefits which improvements would bring to him. To others, he does but little mischief: all you can say is, that he is a silly and imprudent man. But when any one prevents improvements which may benefit others, the mischief is as great as the value of the improvement. The desire of something better, whether in art, or morals, or laws, or happiness, is the source from which all that is good comes forth."

Conversations like these marked the happy days which the family of the Howards enjoyed; days made happy by the pursuit of knowledge and the practice of virtue. Of a thousand topics they talked; and at some other time my young readers shall hear how many other questions of right and wrong were settled among them. They shall hear, too, of journeys to other lands, and other stories by which points of duty were explained, and the claims of morality made easier and clearer.—[From *Bowring's Minor Morals*.]

#### WOMAN'S LOVE.

A woman's love, deep in the heart,  
Is like the violet flower,  
That lifts its modest head apart,  
In some sequestered bowyer!  
And blest is he who finds that bloom,  
Who sips its gentle sweets;  
He heeds not life's oppressive gloom,  
Nor all the care he meets.

A woman's love is like the spring,  
Amid the wild alone;  
A burning wild, o'er which the wing  
Of cloud is seldom thrown:  
And blest is he who meets that fount,  
Beneath the sultry day;  
How gladly should his spirits mount,  
How pleasant be his way.

A woman's love is like the rock,  
That every tempest braves,  
And stands secure amid the shock  
Of ocean's wildest waves:  
And blest is he to whom repose  
Within its shade is given;  
The world, with all its cares and woes,  
Seems less like earth than heaven.—KNICKERBOCKER.

#### TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions, and the man to whom this duty is addressed should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his dominion—in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasing objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make it the abode of neatness and good order; a place which brings satisfaction in every inmate, and which, in absence, draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will surely become the scene of cheerfulness, kindness, and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, and happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them, but fill their minds and souls in the way proposed, with the seeds of virtue and true prosperity.

#### THE FREEZING MIXTURE.

As a proof of the extreme cold produced by mixing snow and salt together, and its injurious effects on animal life, we may mention a circumstance which happened within our own observation. A young man, who was ignorant of the very low temperature produced by what chemists call the "freezing mixture," undertook, for a trifling wager, to hold his hand in a basin-full of snow and salt for fifteen minutes. He won the wager, but at the expense of his hand: it was paralysed.—*Bolton Free Press*.

#### THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

Mr. Lockhart relates, in his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, that having in conversation with him seemed to infer that poets and novelists were accustomed to look at life and the world only as materials of art. Sir Walter said, "Are you not too apt to measure things by some reference to literature, to disbelieve that anybody can be worth much care who has no knowledge of that sort of thing? I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds too, in my time; but, I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine, compared with the education of the heart."

#### GOOD FEELING.

Soon after the battle of Waterloo, when so many maimed and wounded officers were to be seen in the streets, a gentleman passing along Bond-street was somewhat forcibly pushed against the wall by a porter. In the irritation of the moment, he raised a small cane he had in his hand, and gave the porter a smart cut across the shoulders. The man instantly turned round, and threw himself into an attitude of attack; but perceiving his adversary had recently lost his right arm, he took off his hat, and without saying a word passed on his way.—*W.aker*.

#### CONSCIENTIOUS ACCOMMODATION.

The late Mr. Bush used to tell this story of a brother barrister:—As the coach was about starting after breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without first giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thou must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."—*American Paper*.

#### ANTIQUITY OF THE GLOBE.

Dr. Chalmers says, "Does Moses ever say, that when God created the heavens and the earth, he did more, at the time alluded to, than transform them out of previously existing materials? Or does he ever say, that there was not an interval of many ages betwixt the first act of creation, described in the first verse of the book of Genesis, and said to have been performed in the beginning, and those more detailed operations, the account of which commences at the second verse, and which are described to us as having been performed in so many days? Or, finally, does he ever make us understand, that the generations of man went further than to fix the antiquity of the species, and, of consequence, that they left the antiquity of the globe a free subject for the speculations of philosophers."—*Ecol. Christ. Rev. in Edin. Ency.*

#### A THEATRICAL FAMILY.

Our porter is a man of several talents: he tunes pianos for ten sous, and plays at the "Petit Lazaar" of a night for two francs. Indeed, his whole family plays: his grandmother plays the *Mother of the Gracchi*. He takes care, too, of his wife's father; but he dresses him up as a *Pair de France* or a *Doge*, and makes a good deal out of him also. Besides, he has a large dog, which he expects soon to play the *Chien de Montargis*; he is studying; and a magpie, which already plays in the *Pie Voleuse*. He had an only son, who, in playing *Colin* last winter—a shepherd's part in a *vaudeville*—had to wear a pair of white muslin breeches in the middle of the inclement season, and he took cold, and died of a *fluxion de poitrine*. The mother wept in telling this story, and then, some one coming in, she smiled.—*The American in Paris*.

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## WHITE AND BLACK.

MANY years ago, a little band of youngsters, the extent of whose knowledge was indicated by the range of subjects which they undertook to discuss, formed themselves into a debating club. Here, in their grave and learned assemblies, they settled all things to their own satisfaction. They decided, by a show of hands, whether there was more happiness in the pursuit than in the attainment of an object; whether a monarchical or a republican form of government was the best suited to the human race; whether a wife or a child should first be saved, in the probability of their being both likely to be drowned; what effects were produced by capital punishments; if suicide indicates insanity; and of which of her great men England has most reason to be proud. One question raised a discussion which extended through several sittings:—Are the natives of Africa naturally inferior in mental capacity to Europeans; and if so, what are the physical reasons? The philanthropists mustered in force, and formed the majority; and if noise and absurdity were convincing, the dispute need not have lasted long. But there was one sly fellow amongst them, somewhat the superior of his academic associates, who teased the philanthropists, and contrived to have a small minority to back him. But being at last driven into a corner, and about to be worried, he stood at bay; and, watching his opportunity, threw the whole assembly into confusion by affirming that black men *must* be inferior to white men, for a black man could not blush!

Not one of the debaters had ever seen a black man blush; none could tell whether black men could or could not blush, only one, in a feeble tone, ventured to insinuate that if they did, they would naturally blush black. The position, however, was a perfect poser; in this matter the knowledge of the clubbists was not skin-deep; and as they began, each one, much to meditate on the puzzle, the storm lulled, and by and bye the sitting was terminated without a vote. In the interval between that and the next meeting, there was much study, much investigation; and when they were assembled once more, one of the philanthropists, who considered himself well crammed for the occasion, undertook to refute the saucy infidel. The blood of black men, he said, was just as red as the blood of white men; there were hearts in black men as well as in white men; therefore there could be no doubt that black men blushed. Furthermore, he expounded that the cause of colour lay between the outer and inner layers of the skin; that the inner or true skin was similar in all nations; that the colouring substance or matter was interposed between this and the outer skin, which he learnedly termed the cuticle or epidermis; that, in white nations, the blood in its vessels shone through this outer skin, which, according as it was thinner or thicker, darker or fairer, gave to white faces their varied tints, but that, in black men, the silent eloquence of the life-giving fluid was veiled, or obscured, or concealed: but that there was not the slightest reason to doubt that black men blushed, though, "as the poet said," like great men born to languish in obscurity, they were doomed to "blush unseen."

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A murmur of applause was heard, and all eyes were turned on the "infidel," to see how he received this knock-down blow. He had listened in silence, but was not unprepared; but he disdained to tarry on the blushing point; he went farther, and boldly affirmed that mankind were composed of different and distinct races; that these races must have descended from distinct and different parents; that, besides a white Adam and Eve, there must have been a black Adam and Eve, a yellow Adam and Eve, a red Adam and Eve, &c. &c. This was another staggerer to the assembly, though here they were readier in reply than on the question of blushing. The "infidel" did not disown the authority of Scripture, but contended that the account of the creation of Adam and Eve in the book of Genesis related only to *one* of the many races of men; that this was the white race, intended by God to "have dominion" over all the rest, and that the others might have been created afterwards, without any notice being taken of the circumstance or circumstances. To this it was replied, that Paul had told the Athenians that God had "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," and that here was the authority of inspiration to the truth of the unity or homogeneity of man. The "infidel" was staggered in his turn; he promised a reply, if time were allowed him, and proposed an adjournment of the debate: but it was put to the vote, and carried by a majority, that the natives of Africa were *not* inferior in mental capacity to Europeans.

Paul, doubtless, did not utter a scientific or physical truth, but a *moral* truth, when he told the proud conceited Athenians, that God had "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." He was proclaiming the unity and ubiquity of God, in opposition to the manifold gods of polytheism; and he compressed into a single sentence that spirit of universal humanity or brotherhood which is the vital element of Christianity. It is almost as absurd to produce this text as a *physical* argument for the homogeneity of man, as it is to give a literal interpretation to the declaration, that man was made in the image of God. Not very long ago, we met with a hard-headed Scotchman, who had been settled many years at Wilmington, Carolina. He was, of course, a slave-holder; and while in this country, he eagerly entered into debate with anybody and everybody on the subject of American slavery. His creed was, that the blacks were essentially inferior to the whites. Being in Scotland, he walked from Glasgow to Paisley, visiting scenes of "auld lang syne;" and on his way, got into conversation with a Paisley weaver whom he overtook on the road, and at once dragged him into the slavery question. Tired with what he considered his sophistries, and indignant that a fellow countryman should so audaciously avow himself a slave-holder and an advocate of slavery, the weaver turned round, and said sharply, "How daur ye haud the image o' God in slavery?" The slave-holder turned round, and fixing his keen eyes on the weaver, replied, "Man, do ye mean to say that God is black?" Words cannot describe the look and attitude of the weaver; he seemed as if struggling to exclaim, that the negro was "God's image, even though carved in ebony;" but his sense-

tions choked for a time his utterance—he stepped back from his companion, as if unwilling to trust himself beside him; and at last, with a motion of the hand, and in a tone of voice which did honour to his moral feeling, because expressive more of sorrow than of anger, he said, “Gie wa', gie wa', ye awfu' man!”

The whole tenor of Scripture is opposed to the idea that man is composed of distinct kinds, or *species*. If such were the case, Christianity could not become a universal faith; it would be as absurd to send British missionaries to convert the Blacks, or the Yellows, or the Reds, as to expect that the lion or the tiger, because they belong to the genus *Felis*, will settle down at our firesides, and supersede the cat. Essential differences in physical organization must make essential differences in mental capacity; and if there be distinct races, the Revelation which describes the origin, history, condition, and prospects of one race, cannot be a Revelation for all races. And not only does the idea of distinct and separate races run counter to the whole tenor of Scripture, and do away with the universal applicability of Christianity, but it would most essentially narrow the sphere of benevolence, and break down our hopes as to the progress of the human race. If we belonged to the race for whom the Bible was intended, we might apply its hopes and promises to ourselves, but how could we do it correctly to other races, of whose origin and destination we were ignorant, and with whose organization we were very imperfectly acquainted? If we believe that the human race is composed of distinct species, we must give up the Bible as a revelation, and abandon our hopes of Christianity ever becoming the faith of the whole family of man.

But let us look at the matter apart from revelation, and on its own grounds. The Bible is not a scientific book; it has higher objects to attend to: but if human science leads to the conclusion, that the genus *Homo* contains but one species, then our faith in the Bible is strengthened.

The genus *Felis*, or the cat tribes, may serve as an illustration. The *Felidæ* are lions, tigers, leopards, lynxes, &c. down to the cat, which gives name to the genus. This united states or congress of the cat family differ from each other chiefly in external qualities—in size and colour: the skeleton of a kitten is nearly a miniature of the skeleton of different species of the genus. Yet these species are perfectly distinct, which is, indeed, implied in the word *species*. May not man, then, form a genus having several species included in it? The lion appears to differ less from the tiger than the ruddy, thin-lipped, long-nosed European from the jet-black, thick-lipped, and flat-nosed African. Are the miserable Bushmen, the filthy Hottentots, and the degraded Australians, of the same *species* as the classic Greeks, the stern Romans, or the energetic Britons? Lions remain lions, tigers remain tigers—but how has man, if he is descended from one pair, and forms one species, run into all the varieties of white, black, red, yellow, and brown?

Again, looking at the *moral* history of man, there appear strong reasons for supposing that the human race is distinctly divided. Why have the Blacks of Africa remained apparently stationary for centuries, while white men have emerged from barbarism? Why has the red man of America, in spite of his courage and his patience, melted away before Europeans, instead of amalgamating with them? Why have the Hindoos remained for ages a civilised yet apparently a passive, immobile, immutable race? What has kept China in its present condition for such a lengthened period? How is Australia peopled by a race standing at the very foot of the ladder of humanity, when, a few hundred miles from its shores, there is to be found a fierce, active, manly people, quite distinct in character? And how is it that it is the white race which fills the chief place in the history of the world in all past time, and

which is, at this hour, effecting the most extensive and most permanent alterations in its character and condition?

Reasons, founded on considerations suggested by such questions as these, made some sceptical writers regard man as being decidedly composed of different species. It was found that climate, though it might modify colour, was not the cause of colour; that, though a certain geographical relation appeared to be maintained in the distribution of coloured tribes and “pale faces,” yet heat and cold had no permanent connexion with black and white. If the children of white people browned by the sun in warm countries were born fair, and if the children of black people living in cold countries were born dark,—if races of coloured people were to be found in temperate latitudes, and races of fair people in warm ones,—the conclusion was irresistible that colour belonged to races, and was not the direct effect of sun and air.

But into how many kinds or species is mankind to be divided? If we are to be guided by minute differences in the shape of the skull, by colour, and by size, in our divisions, our work would never be done. The whites must be divided and subdivided; the blacks, in the varieties of their physical and moral characteristics, would require at least as many divisions as the whites; and, though certain great divisions can be made, marking out certain great portions of the human race, as white, black, red, yellow, brown, &c., in these divisions what almost endless varieties! Not only existing varieties, but varieties perpetually arising, which would confound former classifications, while the reasons that would influence us in making a specific difference between the white man and the black man should lead us to make a specific difference between the Briton and the Spaniard. There is an apparent vast difference between a delicately-tinted white and a jet black—but there is an almost endless variety of tints and shades between the two. There are difficulties attending the belief that all the varieties of men have proceeded from a single pair, and that they belong to a single species: but the belief that men are divided into species, and are descended from distinct progenitors, is attended with far greater and inextricable difficulties.

Seeing that man, in all his varieties, has certain qualities in common—that white, black, red, and brown are capable of existing in almost any portion of the world, and are capable of being acclimated under almost any sky—that they are capable of freely intermarrying, and that the offspring of a black and a white, or of a brown and a yellow, are generally of a medium tint—that the child of a civilised European, by being brought up from infancy amongst savages, would become a savage, and that the child of a savage, if brought up from infancy amongst enlightened people, and properly educated, would become an enlightened and educated person—there are strong reasons for presuming that man is essentially a homogeneous creature, and that all the differences in the races do not warrant us in considering the whole of mankind as belonging to more than one species. In this belief, naturalists look round the animal kingdom, to see if there are any examples in species of the lower creatures which may afford a comparison with that of man. They point to the dog, that faithful creature, which has linked itself to the human race, and “followed man all round the globe,” and they say here is a species affording us completely the kind of example we are in search of. The parent stock of the dog is a disputed point, but that does not affect our example. What relation has the bull-dog or the mastiff to the greyhound, or the terrier to the lap-dog? And what an immense variety there are in this species! exhibiting all forms, colours, and dispositions, and many of them peculiar to certain quarters of the world. Next to the dog comes the horse; and all the other domesticated creatures present similar examples of many varieties in each species.

The domesticated races have shared largely in the fortunes of the human race, and have come under those influences which affect human existence; many of them have artificial shelter, almost all of them are more or less provided with food by human forethought and exertion; the comparison which they yield, in the varieties of their species, is therefore more complete than if we had drawn it from some of the wild races.

There being far fewer difficulties attending the belief that man forms only one species, than the belief that the varieties of the human race are specifically different; and examples being afforded in the lower animal creation of many varieties arising in different species; the following serious question comes in due course:—If the whole human race are descended from one pair, what were the physical characteristics of that pair, and when and how did the differences arise which now mark out mankind into so many different races? The answer is short and simple—Don't know! We may guess, and guess very probably in many respects; but we cannot tell. Far back in history we find these distinctions in the human race existing: those who choose to go to Scripture for a solution of the problem may fancy that they find it in the prophetic blessings and cursings bestowed by Noah on his descendants; but that is not a very satisfactory way of getting rid of a difficulty. All conjecture may at once be stopped by confessing ignorance, and placing this amongst the other important matters in the early history of our race, of which we know little or nothing. It is enough for us at present to know that there are strong—very strong—natural reasons for believing in the unity of the human species, and that all the varieties of our race have sprung up since man was created; these varieties, like all the diversities in language, have been doubtless intended to work out some great end in the moral history of man. One thing we may venture to say—climate is not the cause of colour, but colour was certainly intended to have relation to climate.

The belief in the unity of the human race is a comfortable and consoling one. It not only reconciles us with Scripture, but it reconciles us with ourselves. A contrary belief would paralyse all generous exertion, and exhibit our noblest philanthropists in the light of ignorant enthusiasts, ridiculously throwing away a large amount of exertion. The unity of the human species is necessary to a belief in the universality of Christianity, and to hope in the progress of man. If the human race has diverged from a standard, it may converge to one; if races are disappearing before our eyes, we may rest assured that it is from no fatality arising out of the conditions of their existence, but from some fatal errors in human nature—in the race that is perishing, and in the race before whom the sad result is going on. And this suggests how grossly the powers of civilisation have hitherto been abused—how little exerted for good, as compared with their use for evil—and how affectionately we should cherish the memory of all who have striven to stem the current of mere human selfishness, and who, like Moses, have interposed among their fellows, saying, "Sirs, ye are brethren, why do ye wrong one to another!"

To deny, however, that there are distinctions between races of men, would be as foolish as to deny the existence of men short and tall, fair and swarthy, or with different-coloured eyes or hair. And to deny that some races are decidedly inferior to others in mental endowment and capacity, would be just as unwise as to deny the existence of great mental inequalities among ourselves. But as among families, so among men—the children of the same parents will often exhibit striking contrasts, mentally and physically; and the great family of mankind, however widely they may differ, belong to the one common stock, have had the same origin, are capable of sharing in the same hopes and the same destiny. There is common ground over all the world for the labours of the missionary and the philanthropist; and a mighty work has yet to be accomplished, before all the varied grades of coloured men, from the florid white to the jet black, can be brought to that level of reciprocal equality by which all men will acknowledge their common humanity, and act with common humanity to each other.

#### NEGATIVE ARTESIAN WELLS.

THIS name is given by M. Arago, to shafts sunk for the purpose of carrying off, or absorbing the drainage of Paris, and some parts of its neighbourhood. Paris is nearly surrounded by a plain, which forms what is called the basin of Paris, and which is bounded at irregular distances by low hills. The level of portions of this plain is scarcely higher than the bed of the Seine. Consequently, the difficulty of constructing sewers, and procuring a drainage are great, and, in some instances, but for the resource of which we are about to treat, insurmountable. The great scavenger's yard at Montfaucon, having been found, from its proximity to the city, a dangerous nuisance, the municipal authorities established another in the Forest of Bondy; and although in 1833 this received, but the fourth part of the matters furnished by the city, much difficulty was experienced in the subsequent process of extraction and dessication, owing to the presence of a sheet of water whose level in wet seasons attained that of the pits in the yard. It was possible to divert this excess of water into the channels of several small brooks, which have their sources in the neighbourhood; but as these brooks all run into considerable streams, which traverse villages, private properties, and lastly, the town of St. Denis, much inconvenience must have arisen to a manufacturing population of ten or twelve thousand, to whom pure water was absolutely necessary. To overcome this difficulty, the shareholders of the yard at Bondy, stimulated by examples to which we shall presently refer, conceived the idea of pouring into the earth the overflow of their pits. M. Mulot was commissioned to bore an Artesian Well, destined, not to bring water to the surface, but to absorb that which should be directed to its orifice. Two absorbing strata were discovered, one at the depth of 150 feet, and another at that of 240. The first absorbed about 70 cubic yards in twenty-four hours, the second 130.

But the Prefect of Police, alarmed at the evil consequences that might arise to the salubrity of the subterraneous sources, by thus pouring into them so large a quantity of impure water, ordered the suspension of the works until a commission of the Council of Health had examined into the affair. It is from a report drawn up in the name of this commission by M. Parent Duchatelet, that we have extracted the foregoing and following facts.

There exist in the basin of Paris several sheets or layers of water, separated from each other by impermeable strata of various kinds. The highest does not extend under the city; it is only found near the summit of the neighbouring hills, and is retained there by a stratum of clay, under which lies the plaster of Paris. Thus the wells on these summits, which are 650 feet above the level of the Seine, are frequently but twelve feet deep. This water evidently proceeds from the infiltration of rain, and the condensation of vapour on the surface of the hills in which it occurs. The second layer of water, which perhaps has the same source, extends under Paris, and all the neighbouring valley of the Seine, and, consequently, receives the drainage of a much larger surface. It passes through the sand which lies between the plastic clay and the limestone used for building, and supplies the twenty-five or thirty thousand wells of Paris.

The waters lower than these can only be reached by boring. Their number, and the depth at which they occur, vary in a very singular manner—sometimes they are entirely wanting. They will not always come to the surface; and if they do so, their flow is not the same in spots close to each other.

It should be remarked that these strata of water become more abundant as their depth increases, and that they have a *rapid current*, which assimilates them to subterraneous rivers. Many facts prove, on the other hand, that the two superior layers are quite stagnant. The higher one, which is much above the level of Paris, is not abundant, and is easily polluted by drainage from the surface. Thus the springs that arise in the Mont Valérien are excellent, while those of Montmartre are the reverse, from the impurities on its summit. The second sheet of water—that which supplies the wells of Paris—was formerly of the best quality, but the increase of edifices and population since the time of Francis I. has much deteriorated it. Subsequently to that period, recourse has been had to the water of the river. Never-

theless, the deterioration does not extend to any considerable distance; thus it has been demonstrated that in the neighbourhood of Montreuil and Fournaux, where the mud of Paris is deposited, the water of the wells has never been affected beyond a radius of 500 to 650 feet. The village of La Chapelle being placed on low ground, remote from the river, had no drainage; it was therefore necessary to dig immense pits to receive the overflow: these absorb all that is directed into them. Independently of a population of 4000, the village contains a large number of animals; nevertheless, the wells have not been affected beyond the above distance. A more decisive fact is furnished by the yard at Montfaucon. Toward the end of the last century, before the drain was formed which now carries off the excess of its pits, a proprietor dug deep holes, having their bottoms on a level with the water which supplies the adjoining wells. He succeeded in thus disposing of the water which incommoded him—the wells were affected, but never beyond the 650 feet.

A considerable time is required to restore the salubrity of an infected well. A manufacturer of the Faubourg St. Marceau wishing to dispose of the hot water of a steam-boiler, caused it to be poured into a well near that whence he drew his cold water. For some months no inconvenience arose, but gradually the water of the surrounding wells became so warm that it was unfit for general use. A different direction was given to the water, but it required a space of eighteen months to reduce the wells to their former temperature. Let us here remark that the suppression of nuisances and other causes would soon restore the water of Paris to its original purity.\*

As to the lower layers of water, their abundance and the rapidity of their currents render them dissimilar to the higher ones, and therefore, the introduction of impurities cannot much deteriorate them. In 1789, wishing to drain off the rain and other matters at Bicêtre (containing a population of 4000,) the architect, Viel, turned them into some neighbouring quarries; but wishing also to have a permanent infiltration he sunk a well down to the second layer, fifty feet below the bottom of the quarry. In the month of November, 1790, all the drainage of Bicêtre was turned into this shaft, and from that period it has had egress through the same channel.

Notwithstanding the remarkable success obtained at Bicêtre, a considerable lapse of time occurred ere Artesian Wells were elsewhere resorted to as a means of disposing of water that could not be carried off on the surface. A few years since, a well having been bored at St. Denis, inconvenience arose during hard frosts, from the ice preventing the running off of the waste water. This for some time prevented the sinking of a second well, when M. Mulot undertook to carry down into the earth the water raised to the surface after it had served the required purpose. The new well was bored to the depth of 215 feet; and in it were placed three concentric cylinders, similar to those of a common spy-glass, except that there was a space left between them. The water of the lower layer rises to the surface through the smallest cylinder; that of the layer 180 feet deep is forced up in the same manner between the middle and small one; and the large cylinder enclosing the other two, carries down into the third non-ascending layer of water, the excess brought up by the other two.

A manufacturer of potato-secula at Villetaneuse, a small village a league from St. Denis, disposed of fetid water by an absorbing well. Without such a resource he would probably have been compelled to close his establishment. The well was sunk to the depth of 210 feet. After it had been used five months, a boring rod having at its end a sucker and valve, was lowered into it. On withdrawing it only sand and whitened water were brought up, to the great astonishment of the manufacturer and engineer. This fact, which so strikingly proves the rapidity of the lower currents, is sufficient to dissipate all alarm as to the consequences of pouring such immense quantities of impure water into them.

Relying on the facts adverted to, the Council of Health has prevailed on the authorities to suffer the proprietors of the yard at Bondy to act as they please; and every twenty-four hours 120 cubic yards of liquid and solid matter is lost in the absorbing well.

This species of undertaking is destined probably to lead to important results in certain localities. Immense marshes, which under other circumstances must remain uncultivated from the impossibility of draining them, may be reclaimed. In short, absorbing Artesian Wells offer to the industry of man one of those valuable resources that Providence holds out to him, at the very moment when his progress appears to be arrested by insurmountable obstacles.

#### PROVISION FOR THE LADIES.

SOME social philosophers, in contemplating the manners of the higher classes, are very apt to decide that they exhibit a great portion of *degeneracy*, and they fancy to themselves some past happy era in which all was purity and goodness. If, however, we investigate the history of domestic life in high rank, we shall find upon the whole that we are not very much worse than our ancestors, nor our damsels of fashion and wealth when they marry, more unreasonable in their demands for a good "provision." As one proof of this (not out of place at the present moment,) we submit to our readers a curiosity of two centuries old, the letter of a lady of quality to her husband, in which she states to him her full expectations as to what she calls her "allowance." This lady was the daughter of Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London, in 1594, who died in 1610, worth, as some say, £300,000, but others carry his wealth as high as £800,000. All this came to William Lord Compton (ancestor of the present Marquis of Northampton,) who married Sir John's daughter, and it is said, the succession to such vast property (then) turned his head. It has, however, been doubted by Winwood, in his "State Papers," whether the contents of the following letter might not have had some effect in turning his lordship's head.

MY SWEET LIFE,—Now I have declared my mind to you for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink or consider with myself what ALLOWANCE WERE MEETEST for me; for considering what care I have had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which both by the laws of God, of nature, and of civil polity, wit, religion, government, and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant me £1,600 per annum (quarterly to be paid.)

Also, I would (besides that allowance for my apparel) have £600 added yearly (quarterly to be paid,) for the performance of charitable works, and those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for.

Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick; or have some other let. Also, believe that it is an indecent thing for a gentleman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with good estate.

Also, when I ride a hunting or hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so for either of those said women, I MUST and WILL have for either of them a horse.

Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, the one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with sweet cloth, one laced with gold, the other with scarlet, and laced with watched lace and silver, and four good horses.

Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women.

Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all orderly purposes; not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with chambermaids', nor theirs with washmaids'.

Also, for laundresses when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe; and the chambermaids I will have go before with the greens, that the chambers may be ready, sweet and clean.

Also, for that it is indecent to crowd myself up with my gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or in country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me.

And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six of them very excellent good ones.

Also, I would have, to put in my purse, £2000, and £200, and so for you to pay my debts.

Also, I will have £6000 to buy my jewels, and £4000 to buy me a pearl chain.

Now, seeing I am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel, and their schooling, and also my servants (men and women) their wages.

Also, I will have my house furnished, and all my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit—as beds, stools,

chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like: so for my drawing chambers, in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chair-cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

Also, my desire is, that you will *pay all my debts*, build Ashby House, and purchase lands, and lend no money (as you love God,) to the Lord Chamberlain (Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk,) which would have all—perhaps your life—from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden, what entertainment he gave me when we were at the Tilt Yard. If you were dead, he said, he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and he said he would marry me. I protest, I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty as to use his friend so vilely. Also he fed me with untruths concerning the Charter House; but that is the least; he wished me much harm—you know him. God keep you and me from such as him.

So now as I have declared to you what I would have, and what I would not have, I pray that when you be an earl to allow me £1000 more than I now desire, and double attendance!

Your loving wife,  
ELIZA COMPTON.

This lady, it must be confessed, possessed a very extensive notion of the necessity of securing a *good provision*. Her example has not been lost.

### BORROWERS.

THIS is a very large, but we are not quite sure if we can add, very reputable class. They will doubtless call themselves so, however; but as the point is one that admits of dispute, and as we never meddle with disputed points, we shall say nothing on the subject, either for or against, but content ourselves with saying they are a numerous class; a fact which admits, we presume, of no question.

On closely analysing the great body of borrowers, we find it naturally subdividing itself into various smaller bodies; in other words, we find that the great class of borrowers is made up of different minor classes, all regulated and actuated, indeed, by one common principle, but palpably marked and readily distinguishable from each other.

There is the bold borrower, the sneaking borrower, the occasional borrower, the habit and repute borrower (to use a Scotch law phrase), and the deep designing borrower. All these are the natural enemies of the rich man's purse: polite and civil enemies they are, it is true, but all the more dangerous on this account. You can guard against and repel open attacks on your purse, but where is your defence against the smooth tongue and the fair promise? where your defence against the insidious advances of the well-trained, well-practised borrower?

Borrowers, as we have said, are divided into five principal classes, and into as many heads shall we divide our paper, beginning with the

**Bold Borrower.** This person flies at high game only—fifties and hundreds (pounds, of course, meant), rarely going below twenty; this is about his minimum. The general bearing of the bold borrower is in keeping with the first part of the title bestowed on him; his manner is bluff, fearless, and outspoken; he carries things with a high hand. This person conducts his operations thus:—He comes up to you with a shout, slaps you on the shoulder, and in a confident, free and easy way, tells you he is short of cash to-day, and would be obliged to you for the loan of a couple of hundreds for a week or so. You think a moment, and while you are thinking he whistles and twirls his watch-chain, and without the slightest symptom of embarrassment awaits your decision. Taken at unawares by the confident bearing of the bold borrower, and in fact half-afraid to refuse him, you—although, perhaps, with no very great alacrity—produce the dust. He takes it up with the *nonchalance* of a tax-collector, counts it to the measure of an opera-tune which he whistles, thrusts it into his pocket under cover of a laugh, got up for the purpose through the medium of some capital joke which he tells you, and finally walks off with his prize, slamming the doors boldly behind him as he goes. The sound strikes to your heart, for you hear in it—at least you cannot help thinking so—the knell of your two hundred pounds. The consequence of this feeling is, that you begin to look rather foolish, as a man always does immediately after having done a foolish thing. There is a mingled air of abstraction, perplexity, and regret on your dismal countenance, that is particularly edifying, and not a little absurd. You now begin to wonder what

the mischief tempted you to give the man the two hundred pounds, and conclude by laying it down as a rule, that you will never lend another son of Adam a shilling. If you be a philosopher, you merely take snuff, and say it can't be helped.

The bold borrower carries his points by storm, by sudden surprisals, and a fearless bearing: the Sneaking Borrower proceeds differently. He, again, approaches you with a quiet stealthy step and hanging look. He wants you to read misery in his face, in order to prepare you for the tale of woe he is about to pour into your ear. With the same lugubrious look, he begins telling you of an extreme and unexpected difficulty in which he finds himself involved, and from which you alone can, or at least will (as he thinks), relieve him. If he finds the touch of the pathetic threatening to fail, he superadds a little moisture of the eye, and this does for you; this you cannot withstand. You ask the amount required—you hand it out. The sneaker takes it with a lacrymose visage, counts it with a sigh, puts it in his pocket with a groan, squeezes your hand—for his heart is too full to permit him to speak, and glides away. Now this is gone money, irretrievably gone; for the borrower on the pathetic principle never repays. He always cries when you ask him, and meets every request with a fresh catalogue of miseries; so that, what with his dismal face, his crying, and his misfortunes, the case is quite hopeless. It is a case in which you cannot find it in your heart to insist.

The Occasional Borrower, although not particularly marked any way, is rather a dangerous customer; for, not suspecting him of the failing, he is apt to take you at unawares, and is in general so respectable a sort of person, that you cannot well refuse him. The occasional borrower, then, we would say, is decidedly more to be dreaded than the

Habit and Repute Borrower; for, being quite aware of this gentleman's propensity, you are always on your guard against him, and have laid down an abiding rule that you will never lend him a sixpence. On this rule, therefore, you can fall back at a moment's notice; you are thus, as it were, always in a state of preparation, so that he can at no time take you by surprise. One excellent thing, however, there is in the character of the habit and repute borrower—you can refuse him without offending him; he never dreams of taking a denial amiss, so you need have no hesitation in favouring him with one at any time. This amiable equanimity of temper he derives from the frequency of the rebuffs he meets with, which have the effect of blunting his sensibilities, and rendering him perfectly callous to such treatment. He thinks nothing of it; if he did, he could never get on; for it would so damp and dishearten him, that he could make no attempts in any other. As it is, he comes as fresh to a fiftieth application, after forty-nine have failed, as he does to the first. The habit and repute borrower, in short, can stand without wincing, without the smallest discomposure, any amount of rebuff, whether it be in the shape of delicate evasion or flat denial.

There is, however, a very formidable quality connected with, and arising from the stoicism of the accustomed borrower. He can, and does, return again and again to the charge, however often repelled; so that there is no safety with him. Though refused to-day, he may be at you to-morrow, and that, too, with as much freshness and energy of application as if nothing had happened. But you must keep steady; there is no other way for it: and this you may the more readily do, that, as we said before, you need entertain no apprehension of offending him, however often you refuse him.

We now come to the last, but by far the most terrible and dangerous of all the borrowing tribe. This is the deep, designing Borrower—the cool, cautious, wary practitioner. There is no guarding against this formidable person, so well laid and so admirably concealed are his plans. He neither pounces on his prey like the bold borrower, who, after all, frequently misses his object by an over-confidence; nor steals on it like the sneaking borrower; he proceeds after a way of his own. The process is expensive, but he makes it pay in the end, and it is all but infallible in its results. Having fixed his eye upon—in other words, having selected his man, the designing borrower begins preparing him for the grand catastrophe by a series of hospitalities, knowing that nothing links a man's heart to you like frequent eating and drinking with him—particularly when you pay the expense. On this principle, then, he dines and sups him throughout the necessary length of time; thus feeding him, as it were, for the slaughter, and pleasantly does the unsuspecting victim swallow the treacherous viands. Minor civilities, too, of all sorts, he heaps on him in unsparing profusion. He sends him presents of game; now and then a dozen or two of choice wine; procures tickets of admission for his family into



exclusive places; proposes little parties of pleasure, arranges their details, and crowns all by paying their cost;—does, in short, a thousand things to bind the affections of his victim to him by the ties of gratitude.

In this course he will persevere for months, if necessary, without approaching in the most remote manner the great object at which he is aiming; his patience and perseverance in this way are astonishing. But mark, the longer he delays, and the larger his outlay, the more heavily he lays on when he comes to pounce; and in a mercantile point of view, it is but reasonable and fair it should be so.

If the meantime, little does the poor unconscious victim know what is awaiting him; little does he dream that every kindness done him is but another turn of the cord which is gently, but securely, being coiled around him, to end at last in binding him hand and foot, and presenting him, a completely trussed and unresisting victim, to the insidious spoiler. But so cautiously is this operation performed, and so pleasantly ticklish is the handling of the operator, that the victim perceives nothing of the danger till the crisis has arrived. When it does, the borrower descends gently on his prey; it is done during the discussion of a bottle of wine, the way having been prepared, during two or three previous days, by hints and insinuations. At length, however, the blow is struck—a request is fairly tabled for the loan of a thousand pounds. The victim, in the fullness of his gratitude for past kindnesses, takes him by the hand, gives it a friendly squeeze, and says "You shall have it."

It is all right then; the thing is done; trouble and outlay are all repaid, and a trifle over and above, by way of commission.

#### POEPPIG'S BOTANICAL PALACE.

THE extraordinary richness of the Flora of South America has been remarked by every botanist who has visited that country; and most travellers, even though they are quite ignorant of botany, speak of it in terms of the greatest rapture. The brilliant colour of the flowers, the majestic size of the trees, and the deep shade thrown by their enormous leaves, appear to have excited feelings, not only of admiration but of wonder. The enormous ferns, which grow here to be large trees with trunks several feet in circumference, the palm-trees, the bananas and plantains, and the numerous cacti and orchideous plants, give an extraordinary character to the scenery, quite unlike anything that can be seen in Europe; an effect which is aided by the enormous araucarias, with their long snake-like branches, which crown the mountains, and the mangrove-trees, which form actually an aquatic forest on the shores.

Much, however, as the botanical treasures of South America have been admired, they are as yet not half known; and numerous as the botanists are who have visited that country, every fresh one makes additional discoveries. Of all these, perhaps no one has excited greater interest than Pöppig, who passed five years in exploring parts of the country seldom visited by Europeans, and who underwent extraordinary hardships from the circumstance of his pursuits leading him generally far from the beaten track. The following account of a hut, which he called his Botanical Palace, because it was constructed of trees, all considered rare in Europe, may give some idea of the difficulties under which his researches were carried on.

"On arriving at Pampayaco, I found only four Indian day-labourers, and a mistiza woman, who was a kind of overseer in the absence of one of the proprietors. I had some difficulty to make myself understood among them, because I had very little knowledge of the Inca language, and they did not understand Spanish. Our conversation began respecting a place of shelter, because their abode consisted simply of a large covered space without walls, in which was the kitchen—a part appropriated for the labourers; and apartments for the proprietor, but which were so small, that with the best goodwill on both sides, the naturalist and the coca-plan-

ter could not carry on their occupations under the same roof. Our difficulties, no doubt, would have been great, if the erection of a house in this wilderness had been as expensive as it is in Europe, or if the climate had required a substantial structure; but, most fortunately, neither of these was the case. A wonderful old white man, who, from pure love of coca,\* had joined the savages, and who had wandered about this neighbourhood for several years, was very willing to assist me; and brandy procured the help of the Indians. We began to work the second morning after our arrival. We first obtained the trunks of trees from a neighbouring forest, the wood of which was very hard; and, although the forest sometimes contained only the most magnificent trees, we applied the axe without mercy. The black stems of the tree fern possess the invaluable property of incorruptibility either from rain or the moisture of the soil, and, as they are abundant about Pampayaco, we procured some for the principal supports of the house; and these, when divested of their soft external part, measured four inches in diameter. We selected a small flat surface in which we plunged the fern-trunks a few feet in the ground, in a perpendicular direction, pressing in the earth round them, to keep them firm; we then stuck stems of the very hard-wooded *godoyu* (an evergreen shrub with yellow flowers) between the fern-trunks, and this palisade was secured by horizontal interlacings of *ocotia* (a lofty evergreen tree, somewhat resembling the sweet bay), and similar light but hard woods. The rafters were formed of the slender stems of *cinchona* (Jesuit's bark), and *laetia* (a climbing plant, resembling the arnotto used for colouring cheese), and over these were fastened rows of *gynerium* (the bamboo of these forests); palm-leaves, broad plantain-leaves, and, in some places where great strength was required, the wide expanse of the *carludivica* (a plant with large palm-like leaves, named after Charles IV. of Spain, and Louisa his wife), formed the covering of the roof; and the walls were filled up with the straight but very light stems of the *cecropia*,† and covered over outwardly with a thin coating of clay. We made the doors of the *eriendrom* (a very lofty evergreen tree, with large bright scarlet flowers), the wood of which resembles cork, and is very soft and easily worked; and, as the use of iron in our situation was never thought of, we formed the plug-like appendage on which the doors turned at top and bottom of iron-wood. Indeed, not only the doors, but the small windows covered with gauze, the walls, the roof—impenetrable to the rain—and even the whole construction and furniture, fully answered our expectations; and any botanist in America would have found the house very habitable, and would have hailed it with pleasure. It is true, it was but sixteen feet long, and scarcely eight broad, and had no other flooring but the earth; but it protected us from the rain, and afforded us sufficient space, by economising it, (which we first learned during the voyage,) for the many mechanical operations of the naturalist; and of this space a small corner was reserved as the most sacred, on which was erected a small writing-table, where, after a long day's work or on leisure days, we had the most delightful treat in examining, comparing, describing, and drawing all the objects we had found. After one week of intense labour our botanical palace was completed, although the Indians only gave partial assistance. The finishing required another week, and we succeeded as well as if a number of carpenters' tools had been employed. We had two tables, supported by feet of the *cinchona rosea*, (one of the trees producing the quinine, or Jesuit's bark,) and even a kind of sofa, although rough, like the performance of Robinson Crusoe, and a great many small interior arrangements for our collection. Our beds were composed of the stems of reeds, supported by forked branches of trees fixed in the ground, and the bark of trees, beaten soft, served instead of a mattress. We found it necessary to take many circumstances into consideration, which, in other situations, are not necessary: such as the moisture of the soil, and the intrusion of insects, the necessity of having shelves or boxes so suspended that the collection of the naturalist placed on them might not be accessible to the wingless depredators, which so assiduously attack them; perfect security from the admission of rain, which even the best roof does not always prevent; a protection from gusts of wind, which occasion the greatest confusion among collections of plants and drawings. I erected

\* *Erythroxylon coca*, the leaves of which are chewed by the Indians.

† The *Cecropia*, or trumpet-tree, is remarkable for the extraordinary lightness of its wood, every part of its trunk and branches being entirely hollow. It takes its name of trumpet-tree from the branches being used by the natives as wind instruments. The wood of this tree is so dry, that the branches often take fire merely by rubbing against each other in windy weather.

a long kind of stand before the door of the hut, on which we every day dried the sheets of paper that had been moistened by the plants; and I dug a trench all round the hut to protect us from the attacks and fearful annoyance of the travelling ants, and removed about twenty paces of the luxuriant and intruding weeds, particularly the indigo plant and a kind of wayfaring-tree or guelder rose, because many small beasts of prey hurtful to man lodge among them, and even serpents are also found there, and penetrate into the huts. To the great astonishment of the inhabitants of this wilderness, our house was furnished with a few but invaluable hand-books, a small supply of instruments, besides a great many apparatus necessary for collections, and several hundred weight of large pieces of broken rocks to press the plants. Most delightful is the sensation of the botanist when, on returning home in the evening, fatigued by his day's work, and resting himself on the trunk of a tree, he contemplates the hut of his own erection, which, although it may not look elegant, yet fully be speaks all the simple and necessary accommodations.

Solitude, and dispensing with all civilised intercourse, were the necessary consequences of our settlement here. The inhabitants of Quebrada von Chinchao were even afraid to cross the ridge of mountains that separated us from them, and the solitary Pampayaco stood as a melancholy exile guilty of the greatest crime. Several weeks passed away before the proprietor of the estate, D. Manuel Pardo, returned, and he was often a long time absent. He was an old Spaniard and a white man, and although he came to Peru when very young, he still retained the mind, features, and peculiarities of his country, and as he lived far from his family, we became exceedingly intimate. While he was spending the day in his plantations, I explored the woods and passes of the mountains, or remained at my writing-table all day, and we only met in the evening to partake of our sparing meal. An old Indian was our cook, and indeed it was no difficult matter to dress our very scanty provisions, because, being obliged from necessity to live on Pythagorean fare, we seldom had a piece of *charque*\* from Chili to boast of, which by a wonderfully circuitous route sometimes finds its way to the ancient forests of Peru. It is only on the greatest festivals of the church that a messenger is sent on foot to Quebrada von Chinchao, a distance of about four geographical miles, to obtain, if possible, a little animal food; and I remember we were once for several months excluded from all communication with the civilised world, and subsisted entirely on boiled maize and roasted yams. It afforded us then no small enjoyment, when, by the kindly recollection of our friends in Heranuco, we were agreeably surprised by a small store of food. The bread made from the Indian corn was not all eaten at once, but cut in slices and toasted, carefully put away, and only used sparingly as dessert. If not toasted, bread only keeps a few days in this climate. We had but little vegetable food, because in the tropical regions there are but few culinary plants cultivated, and those we found there were too young to have ripened their roots or their seeds, and many that would soon have been in a fit state to be eaten, had been neglected. This scarcity once obliged us to eat the slimy and insipid fruit of a kind of squirting cucumber for several weeks together, a plant which is rather grown as an ornament than an article of food. Fortunately we had always yams, which are more nourishing than most of the roots of plants in warm countries, and can easily be planted at different seasons, and consequently produce a crop throughout the whole year.

#### THE DODO.

THE dodo was a bird of the gallinaceous tribe, larger than the turkey, which existed in great numbers in the Mauritius and adjacent islands, when those countries were first colonised by the Dutch, about two centuries ago. This bird was the principal food of the colonists; but it was incapable of domestication, and its numbers soon became sensibly diminished. Stuffed specimens were sent to the museums of Europe, and paintings of the living animal were executed, and copied into the works on natural history. The dodo is now extinct: it is no longer to be found in the isles where it once flourished, and even all the stuffed specimens are destroyed; the only relics that remain being the head and foot of an individual in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and the leg of another in the British Museum. To render this history complete, the fossilised remains were alone wanting, and these have actually been found beneath a bed of lava in the Isle of France, and are now in the museum of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris.—*Silliman*.

\* Charque is most preserved by cutting it into strips and drying it in the air.

#### AN AMERICAN "BRUTE" TAMER.

THE wonderfully successful friend of criminals, Captain Pillsbury, of the Weathersfield prison, has worked on this principle [of trust], and owes his success to it. His moral power over the guilty is so remarkable, that prison-breakers who can be confined nowhere else, are sent to him to be charmed into staying their term out. I was told of his treatment of two such. One was a gigantic personage, the terror of the country, who had plunged deeper and deeper in crime for the last seventeen years. Captain Pillsbury told him when he came, that he hoped he would not repeat the attempts to escape which he had made elsewhere. "It would be best," he said, "that you and I should treat each other as well as we can. I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into any difficulty on your account. There is a cell intended for solitary confinement, but we never use it; and I should be very sorry ever to have to turn the key upon anybody in it. You may range the place as freely as I do, if you will trust me as I shall trust you." The man was sulky; and for weeks showed only very gradual symptoms of softening under the operation of Captain Pillsbury's cheerful confidence. At length, information was given to the captain of this man's intention to break prison. The captain called him, and taxed him with it; the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told that it was now necessary for him to be locked up in the solitary cell, and desired to follow the captain, who went first, carrying a lamp in one hand, and a key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, the captain (who is a small slight man,) turned round, and looked in the face of the stout criminal. "Now," said he, "I ask you whether you have treated me as I deserve? I have done everything I could think of to make you comfortable; I have trusted you, and you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even planned to get me into difficulty: Is this kind? And yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me—" The man burst into tears. "Sir," said he, "I have been a very devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man." "Come, let us go back," said the captain. The convict had the free range of the prison as before. From this hour, he began to open his heart to the captain, and cheerfully fulfilled the whole term of his imprisonment; confiding to his friend, as they arose, all impulses to violate his trust, and all facilities for doing so, which he imagined he saw.—The other case was of a criminal of the same character, who went so far as to make the actual attempt to escape. He fell and hurt his ankle very much. The captain had him brought in and laid on his bed, and the ankle attended to; every one being forbidden to speak a word of reproach to the sufferer. The man was sullen, and would not say whether the bandaging of his ankle gave him pain or not. This was in the night; and every one returned to bed when all was done. But the captain could not sleep. He was distressed at the attempt, and thought he could not have fully done his duty by any man who would make it. He was afraid the man was in great pain. He rose, threw on his gown, and went with his lamp to the cell. The prisoner's face was turned to the wall, and his eyes were closed; but the traces of suffering were not to be mistaken. The captain loosened and replaced the bandage, and went for his own pillow to rest the limb upon; the man neither speaking nor moving all the time. Just when he was shutting the door, the prisoner started up and called him back, "Stop, sir. Was it all to see after my ankle you got up?"—"Yes, it was. I could not sleep for thinking of you."—"And you have never said a word, of the way I have used you?"—"I do feel hurt with you; but I don't want to call you unkind while you are suffering, as I am sure you are now." The man was in an agony of shame and grief. All he asked was, when he should have recovered, to be trusted again. He was freely trusted, and gave his generous friend no more anxiety on his behalf. Captain Pillsbury is the gentleman who, on being told that a desperate prisoner had sworn to murder him speedily, sent for him to shave him, allowing no one to be present. He eyed the man, pointed to the razor, and desired him. The prisoner's hand trembled, but he went through it very well. When he had done, the captain said, "I have been told you meant to murder me, but I thought I might trust you."—"God bless you, sir, you may," replied the regenerated man. Such is the power of faith in man.—*Miss Martineau's Retrospect of Western Travel*.

## TRAVELLERS' TALES.

To "lie like a traveller" was a phrase that at one period had become almost proverbial; in fact, so universally was it the custom for those who had wandered in distant countries to excite the admiration of their countrymen on their return, by accounts of the strong and sometimes impossible marvels which they asserted themselves to have seen, that it seemed as if they considered exaggeration one of the highest privileges they had purchased by the labours of their travel. We can but think it natural, if we consider how great is the temptation to manufacture extraordinary narratives, when these could be made with perfect impunity, and without any fear of discovery or contradiction, since the narrator himself was generally the only person who had ever traversed the regions he professed to describe: and when to this we add, how liable he was himself to be deceived; going out with a certain expectation of discovering strange things, and the most perfect credulity for any tale of wonder that the natives of the countries he visited might attempt to impose upon him; seldom able, even if he wished it, to obtain more accurate information, and almost always ignorant of the language, and obliged to depend upon the uncertain communication of sounds, or the translation of some ignorant interpreter; it is no wonder that their tales should at last have lost all credit, or that "lying" should have been assumed to be their characteristic, the "badge of all their tribe."

The old Greek historian and geographer, Herodotus, who was the patriarch of travellers, and deservedly bears the honoured title of "Father of History," was also called the "Father of Lies;" but this was a name given him at a period long subsequent to that in which he wrote, and was indeed undeserved. Many of his tales, it is true, are extravagant and apocryphal; but his exaggerations are not so much greater than those of other writers as to warrant the application of such a title to an honest man, whose veracity is daily confirmed by modern research. Nearly two thousand years after his work was written, which was more than four hundred years before our era, stories almost the same were told by voyagers, and found believers. (For specimens of these stories, we refer our readers to the Seventh Number of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, which contains some account of our famous old "Father of English Travellers," Sir John Mandevile.)

A few centuries later, when Rome was at the zenith of its grandeur, the popular credit for these startling stories seems to have declined, expiring by a gradual extinction for want of some visible evidence to give it confirmation. The world had been much better examined; almost every clime had been ransacked to provide entertainment for the citizens of the Imperial City; vast multitudes of animals, from all parts of the earth, were brought forward to perish in their amphitheatres; captives, from every nation, were dragged at the chariot-wheels of Roman conquerors. In every direction the world had been traversed, not by single adventurers, but by conquering legions: countries, however distant they might be, were no longer foreign; one by one they fell under the dominion of the Mistress of the World, and became subject provinces, or at best tributary kingdoms: and of these, thus well known, and forming portions of their own empire, it was not possible that the Romans could believe that any were possessed by such strange and inhuman inhabitants as Herodotus and his successors had described.

After the decline and fall of the Roman empire, the world was once more broken up into a multitude of kingdoms; but the possessors of these were too deeply sunk in ignorance to feel much

interested in learning the habits of foreign nations, or in discussing questions in natural history. The profession of the traveller for a length of time became extinct among a people, whose lives were passed either in the excitement of barbarian warfare, or sunk in brutal debauchery and sloth.

Brighter days at last dawned, curiosity gradually revived, and the traveller resumed his occupation. The East was then the favoured portion of the earth. Art and learning had there attained a great perfection; and the numerous evidences of the magnificence which existed in its cities stimulated a desire to inquire into its productions, and furnished many a tale, whose wonderful descriptions of boundless wealth and dazzling splendour met with full belief. The poet and the romancer, taking these countries for the habitations of their heroes, created there a brilliant world, wherein they allowed their imagination to exhaust itself in drawing pictures of the fairy-land, and of the bright beings with which they peopled its gorgeous palaces; investing those climes with a peculiar interest, and assigning to them a grandeur which few of their readers would be inclined to consider altogether fictitious.

When the regions of the East had been rather more accurately explored, and some of their imaginary splendours had faded, though enough real evidence of wealth remained, the discovery of another world gave a new impulse to adventure, and furnished a new residence for those marvellous productions of nature which the old travellers were so fond of describing. In this world everything was unknown; the inhabitants had little in common with those of the older countries, except the form, and not that exactly; the animals were either altogether new, or so much altered in appearance and habits as to be hardly recognised as belonging to the same species; the plants, even more than these, were of unknown races; and while objects so strange and unaccustomed were constantly found, it was a natural consequence that credulity should have been unbounded, that no fiction should be thought too extravagant, and no possible conformation of nature be deemed too monstrous or unnatural to be believed.

Shakspeare makes Othello speak of

"—the Cannibals, that each other eat;  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders;"

in a manner that renders it evident that, at the time he wrote, (which was about one hundred years after Columbus first discovered the New World,) such things were generally believed. The nation of men without heads has indeed been a favourite subject for travellers, who have spoken of them as being met with in various parts of the world. It was one of Sir John Mandevile's favourite topics; and, not long before Shakspeare wrote, Raleigh and Hackluyt, in their different accounts of parts of the New Continent, had repeated the assertion that there was to be found there a people without heads, and whose eyes, nose, and mouth were placed between their shoulders. Another variety of the human race, whose difference from common mortals consisted merely in the addition of a tail, was also frequently mentioned as having been seen both in the eastern and western world.

The Anthropophagi, or eaters of men, have been indeed proved to exist, but not to the extent they were supposed to do when the tragedy of "Othello" was written. The accounts of whole nations whose favourite and principal food was human flesh, are only evidences of those exaggerated structures, built upon a narrow foundation of fact, of which the early histories of America furnish so many specimens. The superior size of the natives of Patagonia, in South America, gave occasion to the stories of races of giants, each of whom rivalled Goliath in stature: in another district, the inhabitants were diminished into a tribe of pigmies. The first person who ascended the Parána river declared that there existed on its banks a nation of Amazons, where the government was in the hands of the women, who had reduced the male into the weaker sex; and from this gave the river the name of the Amazon, by which it is still most generally known. He it was also who first

told of a kingdom where gold was so plentiful, that the commonest utensils were made, and even the houses roofed, with that precious metal; an idea afterwards improved by other travellers into the creation of their El Dorado, or Golden Empire, situated on the shores of a vast lake called the White Sea, and whose metropolis, Paramaribo, was built entirely of gold and silver; the whole country being as full of these as the countries of Europe are of iron or lead, and the very stones in the earth being all composed of brilliant gems. Such was the splendid land for which so many adventurers wasted their labour in vain researches.

To continue our instances of embellished stories. A valley in Mexico was said to be filled with balls as perfectly round as cannon-balls: probably it was covered with those rounded masses of pebbles which sometimes mark the courses of former rivers. Trees are described as having three stems, which united, at some yards' height above the ground, into a single trunk; being most likely of a species similar to the banyan-tree in the East Indies, whose branches bend down to the earth, and take root afresh,—forming a number of young trees, surrounding and attached to the parent stem. In all these specimens we see some natural circumstance, garnished and exaggerated into a miracle, either from real ignorance or a desire to excite the astonishment of the hearer.

Many parts of the world have acquired a character from some accidental circumstances attending the first visit paid to them by Europeans. The *Pacific* Ocean was so named from the pleasure experienced by the voyagers on entering once more into comparatively untroubled waters, after encountering the stormy passage of the Straits of Magalluens. The inhabitants of the Ladrone Islands were not found to be more skilful thieves than those of many others, though the name Ladrone, or Robber, Islands was given them as a peculiar mark of distinction by their discoverers.

In the narrative of Anson's voyage, the island of Juan Fernandez is depicted in glowing characters, as a land enriched by all the gifts of nature and climate—a perfect paradise of delights. The descriptions of later visitors are in much less enchanting colours; but when Lord Anson's ships arrived there, they had not touched on land for some months; had contended against a long succession of stormy weather, that had well nigh destroyed them; and the diminished crews, exhausted with fatigue and hardship, and (worse than all) enfeebled by the ravages of scurvy, were ready to consider any land a paradise, where they could meet with rest and fresh provisions.

In the same voyage, Lord Anson anchored for some time at Macao, a port of the Chinese empire. His force, which on his leaving England, had amounted to a considerable fleet, had become reduced by various accidents and losses to a single ship, and he put in at Macao to refit, and procure provisions. It seems that the Chinese at that port took some advantage of his necessity, and obliged him to pay dearly for the required supplies; and the consequence was, that the historian of his expedition gives to all the Chinese the worst possible character for meanness and dishonesty, describing their conduct as a compound of the most vexatious exactions with the most outrageous attempts at fraud. No doubt, then and since, sufficiently numerous specimens of such a character were to be found there; the behaviour, both of the public authorities and private dealers at Canton, has been often that of a cunning but half-civilised people, but it has hardly deserved such sweeping and unmeasured censure as that bestowed on it: and when the disposition of a whole nation is calculated from the manners of the inhabitants of two or three ports, as untrue an estimate will be made as if a stranger were to describe all he had seen and suffered while refitting at some of the smaller English harbours, and undergoing the treatment of some of our custom-house officers, and then to declare it was a faithful picture of Great Britain.

In like manner, the relations of the members of our embassies to China were liable to be affected by the circumstances under which they were written. These envoys were despatched with great ceremony and expense to a distant court, and arrived there with a

high and true estimate of the power of the sovereign they were to represent; but they came to a place where this power was unknown, and could not be proved; their presents were termed tribute; the forms and manners of the respective nations were so different, that insults were no doubt mutually given without intention; they were perpetually harassed by ceremonials which they deemed unnecessary, and sometimes degrading: and one of these embassies was abruptly terminated by a dispute on a ridiculous point of etiquette, which the officials of both nations magnified into a grand and insurmountable obstacle. It is no wonder that the accounts of China furnished by the secretaries should give but a despicable opinion of its natives.

Another traveller to that part of the globe was betrayed into a mistake of a different kind, with respect to a people who were no distant neighbours of the Chinese. Captains Maxwell and Hall, after conveying Lord Amherst and his suite to Canton, spent the interval, while the embassy was proceeding to Peking, in a voyage of exploration among the multitude of islands to the north-east of the Chinese coast; and they staid for some weeks at a port in the large island of Loo Choo. An interesting narrative of the whole voyage was published by Captain Hall, on their return, wherein this island is described as the abode of an innocent and harmless race, who united the simple virtues of savage life to many of the refinements of civilisation; being in possession of arts and manufactures in a considerable state of perfection, favoured by nature with a delightful climate, where the fruitfulness of the earth supplied their wants without requiring laborious cultivation; and of government and manners so gentle, that crime and punishment were almost unknown, and an offensive weapon of war could not be ascertained to exist! Captain Beechey has since then visited Loo Choo, and found it by no means blessed with such superhuman perfections. Its inhabitants, though of a mild disposition, were no more exempt from vices than the rest of the human race; warlike instruments were common; punishments were inflicted, and even the use of torture was not unpractised: so hard is it to ascertain the truth, even in these days of enlightened inquiry!

In modern times considerable change has taken place, not only in the habits of travellers, but in the disposition of the public to believe their tales. That large portion of the nation that stays at home, and to obtain whose admiration is the great stimulus for the wanderer's exertion, has sometimes shown itself as unreasonably incredulous as it was at other times blindly ready to believe any fiction; a disposition that has deprived some worthy members of the traveller's profession of the reward due to their labours, and has fostered a tendency in their brother travellers, who have gone over the ground already traversed,—as, in fact, it is now almost impossible to help doing, unless we could find some newer world,—to scrutinise the narratives of their predecessors, and contradict them in every point, with the hope of proving their own superior accuracy of observation.

Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, was a sufferer from this species of injustice. After spending many of the best years of his life in exploring a hitherto unknown country, and after reaching the fountains of the Nile, whose position had long been in uncertainty in our geography, he discovered, on returning to England, that the public were very incredulous; it became the fashion to question his veracity, and the *Adventures of Baron Münchhausen* were written principally in ridicule of his extraordinary tales. In a *Life of Bruce*, written by Major (now Sir F.) Head, and published in the "Family Library," a most interesting account is given of the persecution he endured from the unbelievers in England, as well as of the minute and petty criticism which Mr. Salt, who afterwards passed over part of the same countries, bestowed on his volumes. It cannot be denied, however, that Bruce gave occasion for much of this. A long interval elapsed between his return and the publication of his *Travels*; he wrote frequently from memory, rather than memoranda; his imagination was warm, and his vanity considerable; and he tells stories of personal adventures not strictly true.

## SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE.

NO. IV.—REACTION AND EFFORT.

THE death of Ellen Barr was indeed a melancholy event in the family. Hitherto they had all clung together, forming their own little world, of which she was the brightest ornament; they lived on memory and on hope; on the memory of their former affluence, and in the hope that the cruel chancery suit in which they were involved would at last be brought to a conclusion, and that their short interval of misery would give a zest to the re-enjoyment of their wealth. But their circle was now broken; one, the favourite one, had been taken away, without the sight of that "promised land" to which their eyes were directed, and the whole family, for a few days, were in a state of stupor.

The necessities directly required, and which must be paid for immediately, drained them of their last sixpence before the coffin was placed in the earth, though they had been scarcely able to procure even a show of mourning, and the funeral was conducted in the most plain and unpretending manner. One morning found the mother and the remaining daughters seated in the drawing-room; Clara and Anne occupied in making and trimming a black bonnet for their mother, who, shading her eyes with her hand, was reading the burial-service in nearly audible tones, when the servant entered, and announced Mr. Davis; who, finding that Mr. Barr was not at home, had requested to see his wife. It was the undertaker. Mrs. Barr shuddered, and did not look up; and Anne coming forward, requested to know his business. The visitor was rather embarrassed; it would have seemed more like a matter of necessary business if he could have spoken to the father, but he endeavoured to strengthen himself by the recollection of his fears for his money.

"Why, ma'am," he said, glancing at Mrs. Barr, who had covered her face with her hands, and was rocking herself backwards and forwards, "I called about my account."

The mother's sobs interrupted him. Anne motioned Clara to take her into the next room, which Clara contrived, by dint of soothing and persuasion, to effect. When the door was closed, Anne turned to him, and said, "Why should you mention it so soon, and in such a presence? Surely, you might have waited a few days."

"I don't know, ma'am," said Mr. Davis; "in a common case I certainly should, but, in dealing with people who never pay their debts, one is compelled to act differently. I have as much feeling as most men," he continued, "but I cannot suffer myself to be taken in. It is a matter of business," he added, for Anne was too much shocked to speak; "and I can't afford to sport fine feelings."

At length Anne controlled her indignant agitation sufficiently to speak. "You have no right—no reason," she said, "to impute such a character to us. You cannot seriously think as you say, and it is indeed unfeeling to aggravate suffering by slander. The small sum due to you," she continued, interrupting his attempt to speak, "you will most certainly receive, and probably in a few days."

"You talk of slander!" said the undertaker, still wrathfully; "truth is no slander. I know you owe money already that you will not pay."

"Mr. Davis," said Anne, trying to speak calmly, "hear me coolly for a few minutes, and believe me, by the memory of our recent loss—" She paused a moment, then continued quietly—"We are poor, very poor, and we have been rich—we are desolate and miserable, and we have been happy; but the honesty, (I use a familiar term,) the honesty we never forgot when wealthy, we cling to though poor, and there is not a rich heir amongst all your customers that will more certainly satisfy your demands. You ought to know that, in this world, to be poor is to be guilty of all crimes; but do us the justice to believe it is our only one."

Anne spoke with a tone of sincerity that made its way to the mistaken but not hardened heart of her auditor. The very pain

with which the confession was made had its effect, and he tried to soften down what he had said, and to excuse his harshness by the declaration that he did but repeat what he had been told; and with hopes that they would soon be able to pay him, and reiterated excuses, he went.

Anne sat down, not to weep, but to think. The recent affliction, by its surpassing strength, had lightened, in the comparison, those fears that had before caused her shudderingly to avert her thoughts from the probable necessity of personal exertion; and she now saw (and the expression was audible) that "*something must be done.*" She would willingly have confined the necessity to herself, but this could not suffice; she therefore resolved first to consult her brother, and then to act steadily on their cool determination. While she was yet sitting there, her face buried in her hands, she heard the outer door close, and a slow step, in which she scarcely recognised that of Francis, ascended the stairs. On entering, he looked round inquiringly; to which Anne replied, by saying that Clara was with their mother in the next room. "But come here," she said; "I want to speak to you." He came, and sat down beside her. She took his hand that lay listlessly on the table, and continued—"She is gone, and we that are left must cling the closer to each other. Francis, we must not be content to suffer with and for each other—we must act." Her words seemed to touch the springs of feelings before excited; his face became paler, and involuntarily he pressed her hand painfully: she went on—"I know that your fears, your anxiety, would be for us, Clara and myself; it is for this reason I tell you, I have determined to endeavour, by my own exertions, to assist our present struggle—to seek some situation, by which I might reduce our expenses, and assist the rest."

He turned suddenly towards her, with a flushed cheek and excited manner. "Think of such a plan no more," he said; "that part is mine, and I have already resolved on it." Interrupting her reply, he continued, "I can surely add sufficient to our income to enable us to live with comfort, and I would submit to any privation for myself, rather than you should seek any of those situations that alone are open to woman."

"Dear brother," said Anne, affectionately, "I knew and felt, before I spoke, what would be your first feelings; but these must not sway us. What is *right* is *respectable*, and must be *HONOURABLE*. I know your utmost efforts alone could not suffice; and if they might, I could not endure that you should be the solitary sacrifice."

"Anne," he said, reproachfully, "could you feel any hesitation to accept your brother's exertions for your assistance?"

"Not one moment," she replied, earnestly, "I would accept from you as frankly as I would give, had I the power; but, I repeat, your solitary exertions could not suffice."

"That has not been tried," he said.

"Your wishes deceive you, or you would not doubt it," rejoined Anne.

He covered his eyes with his hand, and was silent for a few minutes; at length he said, suddenly—"And how would our mother now bear to part with you?"

Tears filled her eyes, but she did not speak, and he went on—"The utmost devotion on my part could not fill the place you and Clara would leave vacant. She now requires all the comfort we can give her; it is no time to leave her more desolate."

"Clara must remain at home," said Anne, with a faltering voice.

As she spoke, Clara entered; she looked anxiously at their agitated countenances, and asked what was the matter? The subject of their conversation was explained to her. The effect on her was not what each had secretly anticipated: she assented firmly to the necessity, and her spirit bent gracefully to it. Her only objection was, that Anne would be the better one to remain at home. "I am sure," she continued, "that I should be more equal to fulfil duties among strangers, than those where the very anxieties of affection would enfeeble their execution. Besides," she added, with a mournful smile, "I am the eldest, and must plead the privilege of choice."

This was a secondary point, and they did not dwell upon it; each remaining determined, however, that herself would be the one to leave home.

The next thing was to gain the sanction of the father and mother, and for this office Anne volunteered, and Francis was at length persuaded to assist her endeavours. Mr. Barr at first met the proposition with the most decided disapprobation; he mournfully assented to the necessity that Francis should occupy himself more profitably than he could do in his father's office, but it was many days before he could be brought to entertain the notion that his daughters, reared in all the delicacies of affluence, and in the genial atmosphere of domestic affection, should struggle among strangers for a subsistence in situations, which, although requiring an accomplished mind, firm principles, and the manners of a lady, are too often but marks for the arrows of ignorant assumption and vulgar impertinence. Continually accumulating necessities and his sense of justice, with their persuasions, overcame at length his objections, in which the thought greatly aided, that, as in case of his death, they must be thrown upon the world, it would be better that the first struggle should be made while he might be near to protect and aid them. Till he had conceded thus far, it was not named to Mrs. Barr; but then there was no time to lose, and Anne chose what she thought the best opportunity of mentioning it to her. It was the next Sunday, in the afternoon, that she followed her mother up-stairs, and found her weeping passionately over the last words that Ellen had written. Soothing her as well as she could with those consolations, that, spoken by the lips of sympathy and love, are the only ones that do not mock the sorrow they would comfort, she drew her gradually to speak of their present state.

"Dear mama," she continued, "think for one moment what would be your advice to another family in our situation, and what is right that let us do, looking neither before nor behind. You remember Sterne's story of the French nobleman, who laid aside the emblem of his rank in order to strive, in a lower, or rather another path, for an honourable support. We applaud such conduct in others—why should we hesitate to act so ourselves?"

"What do you mean, Anne?" said her mother, with anxious agitation.

"I mean this, my own dear mama," said Anne, firmly, "that we, your children, must not sit down idly resigned to the wearing agonies of poverty, and perhaps the imputation of dishonour. We must bestir ourselves, to win for you and for us competence and peace."

"You would not leave me, Anne?" said her mother, tearfully. "I have lost one—must I be robbed of all?"

"No, no," said Anne, checking her tears by a strong effort, and trying to speak cheerfully; "Francis will still be with you, and Clara will endeavour to find some profitable occupation at home. I too shall often see you. Oh, believe me, we shall be much happier in the consciousness of exertion."

"If I suffer you to make these efforts, I must share them," replied her mother, evidently more than half persuaded. "I could not bear to be the only one idle."

"You must cheer and comfort us all," said Anne. "To see you resigned and happy will be our best reward."

Her mother mournfully shook her head, but she seemed engrossed with anxious thoughts, and answered not. The conversation dropped, and Anne, understanding her tacit consent, proceeded with her brother and sister to consider how to put in practice their determinations directly.

The next morning, Francis, with the cheering hopes inspired by the resolution he had taken, proceeded on his first endeavour to gain some lucrative employment. It had occurred to him that Mr. Carter might be able to recommend or assist him in this; and his first visit was to him. It was a clear bright morning, and his heart opened to its influence. He pictured to himself his efforts at making their home again the abode of peace and plenty; distant visions of ultimate independent wealth unwittingly lent their encouragement, and the deep shadow of the past was for the moment overpowered by the light of the future. Arrived at Mr. Carter's, that gentleman being out, he sat down in the clerk's office, to await his return. There, seated at the desk, was at this moment only an elderly man, of grave and somewhat stiff demeanour, sometimes apt to offend by what he called candour. He had sat in that office eighteen years, and if he lived might do so for eighteen more, without any higher prospect. He returned a short "good morning" to the civil one of Francis, and, after scanning him from head to foot, returned to his employment of driving his pen with peculiar jerks over a piece of parchment. Francis varied his employment of watching the minute-hand of the time-piece by an occasional calculation of the bricks in the blank wall opposite the window, and watching the progress of the strange

hieroglyphics on the desk; but this last occupation introduced a reverie composed of anticipations of the time when he too should, with certain profit, be so employed.

These gleamings of the hope of true independence were interrupted by the entrance of young Carter, who was an articled clerk in his father's office. The young men might by common observers be called friends, but the word, in its truer and higher signification, could never apply to their intimacy. Civility there might be—sympathy there could not be—between them. Francis was rather apt to be intolerant of the follies and small conceits that agitated the narrow mind of Thomas Carter, jun. esq.; and the said Thomas Carter looked with a degree of uncomfortable respect upon the gentlemanly and rather reserved demeanour of Francis, whose talents he feared, and of whose appearance he was not a little jealous. The call of condolence had been duly made by the Carters, and therefore, in the son's opinion, all the duties of sympathy fairly fulfilled; so, without that gravity he might otherwise have thought necessary, hands were shaken, and civil inquiries made on both sides.

"You are waiting for my father, I suppose," said the son of the lawyer, as he laid his hat on the desk, and ran his fingers through his hair. "When do you expect him, Mr. Jeffers?"

"He can't be many minutes," was the reply, with no perceptible motion of the features or variation of the voice.

Young Carter raised his eyebrows significantly to Francis, but the hint for ridicule was not taken, and he pushed his hands firmly into his pockets, and cast about for something further to say.

Mr. Jeffers again spoke in the same peculiarly undemonstrative style. "Mr. Thomas," he said, "the copy of the lease of the Holdfast farm will be wanted to-day."

"Hang the lease, his executors, administrators, and assigns," replied the young gentleman, turning abruptly to the desk. "It is a decided bore," he continued, "pinning down one's genius to musty parchments. You're a lucky chap, Barr, to have nothing of this. Oh, there's no knowing what I might have been!" And he proceeded industriously to arrange his papers.

Francis had had little time to speculate on the important probabilities expressed in his last words, when the sharp voice of the elder Carter accosted him with his usual civil alacrity, and in reply to his requests for a few minutes' conversation, he led the way into his own office. "And now, my young friend," he said, as he put into its proper place a stray piece of sealing-wax, "what can I do for you?"

Francis had not considered beforehand what he should say, and he scarcely knew how to begin; but when people know well what they mean, and speak with a single-minded sincerity, they cannot be far wrong. "You, sir," he said, "who have to defend the cause, know well of how much property my father is at present unjustly deprived, and it cannot surprise you to hear that we are at this time in very straitened circumstances—so much so, that I have determined, by obtaining a situation in some counting-house, at once to relieve my family of the burden of my support, and to contribute to theirs. I trusted you might be able to recommend me to such a situation."

While Francis spoke, Mr. Carter had closed his eyes, contracted his brow and his mouth, and leaned his head on his hand. He felt sure of the cause, and of course of the payment by the security before mentioned; but though the termination of a chancery suit, like the end of the world, must come some time, that time is not very certain; and it might be desirable, if it could be done without hurting himself, to put into their hands the means of keeping them from absolute want. All this passed rapidly through his mind, and there was not much change in his manner as he replied, "I am sorry to hear you are so distressed; but, depend upon it," he continued, with elaborate condescension, "I will do myself the pleasure of obliging you, as you say, as soon as possible: and I think you do quite right." He rose from his seat as he added—"If you will call to-morrow morning, about this time, I shall be able, perhaps, to name some situation to you."

Francis took the hint to leave, but as, with a "good morning," he was passing out, Mr. Carter still standing by the table, that gentleman carelessly resumed, "Oh, by the bye, might it not be desirable for your sisters also to do something of the kind. I think I could find a situation of daily governess for Anne, in a gentleman's family with whom I am well acquainted. You know," he added, as he saw Francis's colour rise, "it won't do to let foolish pride stand in the way: you have too much sense, and I hope they have."

Francis bowed, but he did not speak, for he could not quite command his feelings; and their agitation had scarcely subsided when he arrived at his own door.

Anne admitted him, and before they reached the drawing-room, had learned the issue of his visit, including the proposition that respected herself. This last somewhat influenced their after-course, and at the conclusion of a debate, in which it appeared the object of each of the sisters to appropriate to herself that part which might be most difficult or distressing, it was decided that Anne should take advantage of Mr. Carter's offer, and thus assist their resources, with only a partial separation from her mother; Clara insisting that she herself should immediately endeavour to procure a situation that might also remove her; and in the afternoon, having procured the necessary sum by what they hoped would be the last sacrifice at the pawnbroker's, she persuaded Anne to accompany her to a register-office, where she thought her object might be attained. As they walked along, their conversation was entirely of their proposed change of situation; and it was curious to notice how differently these decisive measures affected them, while in action, to what they had fearfully and sadly anticipated.

As they passed a draper's shop, they came immediately in contact with Sarah and Celestina Carter, who were just leaving it. Those young ladies *did* bow, and there was a muttered salutation; but they must have been in immediate and pressing haste, for they hurried past them, waiting neither reply nor observation.

"They seem in haste," observed Clara, unsuspectingly; "is anything the matter, I wonder?" Anne smiled, but made no reply; and in a few minutes they arrived at their destination.

It was a shop in a much-frequented street, whose windows were filled with those announcements so interesting to two classes, but more especially to one. They entered. At a desk within sat a man with very gray hair, snake-like black eyes, which were generally half-closed, and pale and emaciated features. He looked up sharply as they entered, and putting his pen behind his ear, waited their communication.

"Oh, there are plenty such," he replied to their inquiry, slowly turning over the leaves of the large book before him, and reading from it—"Mrs. Cherbrook, of Hackney, wants a governess for her five daughters, who may be competent to teach them all the necessaries of a polite education, including all the *ologies*," he abbreviated with a grin; "music and mathematics, theology and metaphysics; a general acquaintance with Latin and Greek very desirable, and Hebrew an additional recommendation. Salary, thirty pounds."

He looked up inquiringly. Clara was aghast at these extensive requisitions, and begged him to name one which might suit more lowly pretensions. He read once more—"Mrs. Winson, of Elephant Cottage, Kensington, wants a governess for her daughter, whose ill health has retarded her education, to teach music, drawing, French, German, and Italian. She must be of good family, graceful manners, and of the established church. Salary, twenty pounds." He looked up keenly through his half-closed eyes as he concluded. His hearers were exchanging looks of surprised disappointment.

"That also is beyond me," said Clara, humbly.

"You are quite new to this business?" said the man, inquiringly.

"It is certainly my first attempt," she said, "but I can find unexceptionable recommendation."

"Yes, I dare say," he replied, nodding; "but that was not what I meant. But what *can* you do, and I'll make a memorandum of it?"

Clara with a slight blush enumerated, besides the common elements of education, French and Italian, and the rudiments of music and drawing.

"Surely," observed Anne, "you rate your musical powers too low."

"Oh, no," said Clara eagerly; "pray," she added, addressing the man, "set it down only as I have said."

He looked from one to another with a half smile, and wrote accordingly—inquiring the name and address. Clara gave it.

"Half-a-guinea, if you please," he continued, as he flitted the ink from his pen. They were astonished—they had not expected it to be above five shillings, and they had but seven. With some embarrassment they explained this. Accustomed to observation, and certainly well fitted for that which detects faults, he could not but perceive that they were what he would privately have called "very green," otherwise unsophisticated; and he civilly told them they might bring the remainder of the sum the following day.

The next morning, according to appointment, Francis proceeded to Mr. Carter's: that gentleman was again absent; but Mr. Jeffers, who was speaking to a client of inferior calibre, said that he expected him every moment, and, with unusual civility, begged

he would sit down, offering him a newspaper, which Francis accepted: and Mr. Jeffers proceeded to attempt to enlighten the client, as to the rights of his cause, which his technical, and sometimes directly contradictory observations seemed rather to cloud, to the simple comprehension of his hearer. He had departed, however, perplexed, if not satisfied, and Mr. Jeffers had raised his head, evidently projecting a remark, when Mr. Carter bustled in, accompanied by his son. The latter entered with a double distilled air of conceit. He gave Francis a slight condescending nod, and sat down to the desk with the importance of a particular occupation. Something had evidently much ruffled Mr. Carter's generally easy temper. He scarcely noticed Francis on his entrance. Addressing some questions to his clerk in a particularly sharp manner, to which Mr. Jeffers replied with his usual unmoved expression of voice and features, he then turned to Francis.

"Oh, I have not been able to do anything for you," he said abruptly; "I have been too much engaged," he added, throwing himself into a chair. "Here's this affair of yours—your father's, I mean—I am five hundred pounds out of pocket now, money paid down, and I learn this morning that there is a probability of its going against us; in which case I am in a pretty dilemma."

"I am grieved to hear it," said Francis quietly; "but while my father or myself live, you cannot reckon on any ultimate loss."

"Psha!" replied Mr. Carter, thoroughly out of temper, and having no sterling reason to conceal the fact; "it is easy to talk, but what can you do?"

"That time will show," replied Francis, endeavouring to speak coolly; and after a moment's pause, in which some feelings of pride and temper were overcome, he added, "Am I to understand, then, that you will not be able to forward my views, as I requested?"

"I can't tell—I'm afraid not," said Mr. Carter sharply. "Is that deed finished, Jeffers?" he continued, in the same tone, rising.

"On the table in your office," was the reply; and with a very questionable movement of the head the lawyer passed thereto, leaving his son somewhat vacillating between an assumption of cool dignity and impertinent amusement. Francis neither saw him, nor thought of him—he was disappointed, hurt, and angry; but it could be of no avail to stay longer, and with a civil "Good morning," he was taking his hat to depart, when Mr. Jeffers, holding out a folded paper, said—

"That is yours, Mr. Barr, I believe."

The words were spoken with the usual want of emphasis; but there was a meaning in his eye as he said it, that induced Francis to receive it unquestioning. He then took his leave—young Carter nodding as if he had suddenly remembered his presence, and Jeffers so closely busy with his pen, that there might have been a doubt if he saw or heard anything else. As soon as he got into the street, he opened the paper thus placed in his hands; it contained the following words:—

SIR,—Excuse the liberty I take, but I wish particularly to speak to you. Will you wait for me half an hour on the first bench in the Mall?

Your's respectfully, J. JEFFERS.

His communications with the writer of this note had hitherto been confined entirely to occasional questions, and information respecting their suit, in which it would have been difficult to discover any nature or disposition, except the superinduced ones of the lawyer's clerk. It might be some information on that subject—at any rate, if it were only to give him time to collect his thoughts, he determined to wait where he was requested, and proceeded there accordingly by the nearest road, which yet was not less than a mile. Arrived there, he sat down, and was soon lost in thought; and for some time nurse-maids chattered and giggled, and children laughed, cried, or shouted, unnoticed or unheard by him.

He heard the first quarter chime past one, and was beginning to feel impatient, when Mr. Jeffers, with a particularly upright, firm, and rapid pace, approached the bench. There was a sense of importance, struggling with some embarrassment in his manner, as he sat down beside him, and again apologised for the appointment. It might have seemed for several minutes that his intentions were already fulfilled in this speech, and the meeting; for, for that length of time, he sat silently regarding the dusty boughs above him.

"Well, Mr. Jeffers?" said Francis interrogatively.

The person addressed turned leisurely towards him, and with his usual undemonstrative voice and manner proceeded to his object.

"Mr. Barr, I am sorry to learn that you want a situation—I am very sorry," he repeated—"I wish I could do more, but I don't know of any place such as you would perhaps like best."

"This was not all you had to say?" said Francis with a slight smile as he paused.

"No, certainly not," said Mr. Jeffers more readily, "the truth is, I do know of one; but I am afraid you would think it beneath you. It is low for a young gentleman—I wonder how I came to think of mentioning it."

"I am much obliged to you for your good will," said Francis, "and I beg you will tell me what it is you mean. Be assured that no false notions of dignity shall stand in the way of any plan for procuring an honourable livelihood."

"Honourable—ah, there's the thing," said Mr. Jeffers.

"I mean that honour comprised in honesty," replied his companion.

"Then," returned Mr. Jeffers, with the faintest approach to a smile, "as we have settled the preliminaries, we may proceed to business. Seeing me only a lawyer's clerk," he continued, bridling, "you may not think I have connexions by whom I am respected. The elder partner in the firm of Stirling and Bonnycastle, Thames-street, is my first cousin, and would, I am sure, pay regard to any recommendation of mine. They are now in want of a confidential warehouseman; would you like to undertake the office?"

"The only question is," returned Francis, eagerly, "whether I should be equal to it; I am so perfectly ignorant of every part of trade but book-keeping."

"Oh," replied the other, "there's no fear of that. Well—I will leave a letter at your house this evening, which, presented to Mr. Stirling, will, I have little doubt, secure you the situation; and," he continued, with unusual energy, "whenever I can do anything for you or yours, depend upon me. I respect you, sir,"—and before Francis could express his feelings, or his acknowledgments, Mr. Jeffers rose hastily, and, with a hurried step and no further salutation, departed, leaving his companion at once surprised, touched and gratified.

Meantime, Clara and Anne had again visited the register-office, where the former had obtained a recommendation to a lady at Hampstead, whose more moderate requisitions were accompanied with the promise of a much more moderate salary. Elated with this success, Clara was endeavouring to give to her mother equally cheerful anticipations, when Francis arrived. The mingled intelligence he had to communicate, had on the whole only a cheering effect. The decision of the Chaucery suit had always been uncertain; and their determinations had made them feel independent of it. And if the mother grieved in secret, that her daughters must resign that station, of which maternal pride and affection believed them ornaments—if the father thought with anxiety of the strange scenes and new duties into which they must pass, neither could help feeling that they were acting rightly; and endeavouring to conceal their sorrow from its objects, they comforted themselves with the conviction that honourable exertion did not destroy the consciousness of rectitude.

#### A HINT TO THE REALLY HUMANE.

There are a few humane men, who, when they have profited by the best years of a horse's life, turn him into some park or homestead pasture for the remainder of his days. I give them every credit for humanity, but I confess that I regard this as a very questionable sort of benefit. It is ten times kinder to shoot him at once, unless he is kept warm in the winter, and fed not only with hay but with corn. Institute, for a moment, a comparison between a horse and a man, old, feeble, and turned out of doors. Let it be a favourite coach-horse, or hackney, or hunter. He has been accustomed to be delicately fed and warmly clothed; his apartment is warm and comfortable, and he has had a soft bed to lie upon. What is now done with him? He is exposed to external cold; at best, he has only a cheerless hovel in the winter, and with nothing but indifferent hay to eat. He has feelings in many respects not unlike ours. He cannot, indeed, estimate the intended humanity of the change; but, in many of his hours of abandonment, his reflections will resemble those of a person removed at once from all the refinements and comforts of polished life to a workhouse. In summer he is teased by thousands of flies, which he has not strength or spirit enough to drive away; and the matter ends by his being found some night or morning in a ditch or on the ground, perfectly unable to rise—and then we destroy him, in order to prevent a lingering and painful death. It would have been more merciful to have shot him at once.—*Youatt on Humanity to Brutes.*

#### INSTINCT OF INSECTS.

The instinct of irrational animals is one of their most wonderful endowments. We admire the sagacious acquirements of the elephant, the horse, and dog; but we have many instances of the power of instinct among the insect tribes which transcend every thing presented in the economy of the larger animals.

The fear of enemies is a very prevalent feeling among insects, and constantly calls for the exercise of their instinctive precautions. The larva of the May Fly is hatched at the surface of the water, but immediately sinks to the bottom a naked defenceless maggot, and as such, a choice morsel for many sorts of fish. To prevent this catastrophe, the worm has a power of discharging from the mouth, or exuding from the pores of its body, a glutinous substance which forms a case, to which small stones, bits of straw, and other matters adhere, and which completely disguises and defends the worm from its enemies. While thus inclosed, it moves from place to place upon the mud by protruding its head and fore-legs out in front, and trailing its house behind; but into which it retreats if alarmed. They undergo their last transformation in this case, from which they ascend out of the water by the help of a stem of a rush—spread their wings and fly over the surface of the water for about the space of one day, in which they prepare another brood, and die.

Many of the large beetles breed in the ground where their larva remain feeding on the roots of trees and other plants for a period of several years. The grubs are large, and are a delicious morsel for rooks or others of the *Pica* genus, if they can dig them out; and when they assume their perfect form they are also preyed on by many different kinds of birds. This the beetles appear to be perfectly aware of before they quit their subterranean abode. They also know that their enemies seek their food by day, and go to rest on nights; or else how should they make it a point to lie for a whole fine day after they are perfectly formed and able to fly any where, just within the surface of the turf, waiting till their enemies have gone to roost before they venture forth? About half an hour or an hour after sunset, a period which they must feel, (not see, from their dark abode,) they issue out in vast numbers; first opening their wing-cases and unfolding their wings, spring aloft as active inhabitants of the air.

This general resurrection of these insects is an amusing phenomenon, and to stand near a piece of moist meadow ground during their ascent is an interesting spectacle. Over all the surface the first buzz of trying their wings is heard; and next the heavy drone of their flight upwards in the air. Their rising is almost simultaneous; at least, of all those that have resolved to come forth on that particular evening; others of the congregation remain till the next or some following evening, before they quit their nurseries in the earth. This resurrection of the Maybug (*Melolontha vulgaris*) usually takes place in May, and soon as they take flight they congregate round the tops of the nearest trees, and there amuse the midnight wanderer with their nuptial hum and frequent dropping of the pairs upon the ground around. At daylight the assembly breaks up, and they severally betake themselves to rest; some to hide in the turf below, but many remain clinging to the leaves and twigs of the trees round which they had been hovering. If in these situations they are spied by the rooks, magpies, jackdaws, starlings, and house-sparrows, a general attack upon them is commenced, and thousands of them are devoured. Even the domestic poultry partake of such a feast with high glee; but they, as well as most of the small birds that eat them, reject the elytra and corslet before swallowing them.

The females repair to meadows where the soil is soft and puffy, or to heaps of any kind of loose earth, and deposit their eggs in holes made by their fore-feet, and which is the last act of their life.

All beetles, indeed we may add all insects which have corslets and wing-cases, breed and live for a longer or shorter time in the earth. Without such defences their wings would be destroyed while excavating, or in traversing their subterranean tunnels. Some of them exhibit no kind of parental feeling; but others do, not only by choosing or forming a safe and commodious cradle for their young, but actually storing it with proper aliment for them. This is a wonderful instance of instinctive foresight, for progeny they can never see. These dig a round hole in the ground, lay a few eggs in the bottom and cover them with a substance which the young can live on, until they can shift for themselves.

Others there are which, when they find a piece of carrion on



the ground too large to be taken down to their intended nursery, bury it with much labour, by excavating the earth from underneath it, till it is sunk to the proper depth. On this eggs are laid, and then the whole is covered with earth. Dead mice, rats, and moles are often interred in this way by the large black-beetle.

All this is the work of instinct, not only for the support of the helpless young, but also for their preservation while in the maggot state, for assuredly, if exposed on the surface, they would be quickly discovered and devoured by the small insectivorous birds.

The numerous family of moths are all preyed on by different birds; but, guided by instinct, they only fly by night; and when they alight, it is either on the under side of a leaf or on the bark of trees coloured like themselves.

Young earwigs are a favourite food of swallows and their congeners; and when these insects arrive at their perfect form and power of flight, they assemble in troops high in the air after sunset; but not one is seen to stir until the swallows have retired to their nests. It may be affirmed, indeed, that all insects which fly by night are those which would be in jeopardy from enemies did they fly by day.

Many insects, especially those belonging to the beetle family, counterfeit death on being disturbed; and will suffer themselves to be handled in any way; nor will they move a limb till they feel the danger is past.

Some of the wild bees are remarkable for their instinctive providence in the care of their young. The parents do not live in societies; being mostly what are called solitary bees. Some of them make holes in mud walls in which they lay their eggs carefully wrapped up in certain kinds of leaves, together with a little bit of wax for the sustenance of the young when they come to life and require food. When the mother has done this much, she never visits them more. Others make their holes in sandy ground, and there perform the same feat as the preceding.

Another species affects the rotten wood of a tree, in which they make a round hole about one quarter of an inch in diameter. The further end of this they line neatly with round pieces of the leaves of the gooseberry or of the rose. One egg is laid at the further end, and the space containing it is then enclosed by a partition also formed of leaves. Outside of this partition another egg is laid and also partitioned off. In this way the hole is filled with eggs and partitions alternately. The address with which this species of bee cuts and carries the pieces of leaves which she uses in furnishing her nest is amusing: having fixed on the leaf suitable for her purpose, she begins clipping with her jaws a round piece about the size of a silver sixpence out of the thin web of the leaf; and when separated she places herself upon it, and seizing the edges with all her feet, flies home with it to her nest. Some of these insects are so fond of elegance in forming these ovariums, that they line the inside with the petals of the gayest-coloured flowers. That they exercise judgment in choosing these leaves and petals is certain; but whether they are intended for the food of the young is uncertain: for we have frequently opened the nests and found the maggots in different stages of their growth; but never noticed that the leaves were gnawed.

The mason bee, (another of this tribe) appears to be so conscious that her larva would be found and devoured by birds if she made her nest too *mechanically conspicuous*, actually studies to make it more like a patch of mortar accidentally stuck upon the face of the wall than a regular fabric containing several neatly-formed cells, each containing a young nymph which mines its way out in due season. This insect, moreover, appears to be aware of the properties of clay; working it only when moist to form her building, and leaving it to harden in the sun to give greater security: the nests being usually formed on a south aspect upon walls or houses.

Even "the poor worm which we tread upon"—an animal which has neither head, eyes, ears, or limbs, shows a degree of instinct which is astonishing. They can have no experience that the mole is their natural enemy; but no sooner do they feel a concussion of the earth by the mining operations of the mole, than they escape out upon the surface to avoid them.

The above are only a few instances of the faculty of instinct so necessarily and completely possessed by some of the inferior tribes of animals; and which, when duly considered, approach so near to the reasoning and reflective faculty of man himself, that we cannot withhold our admiration and astonishment that such inferior objects of creation should be endowed with such provident propensities as are at once so necessary for their own preservation and for the perpetuation of the species.

## OUR AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

It is a curious topic of reflection (says the "Colonial Gazette," in a review of Mann's Australian Provinces,) to see how the usages of Great Britain are spreading over the world, and how short a space of time, comparatively, they take to spring up. Whilst the settlements founded hundreds of years ago by the Spaniards, Portuguese, and French, are stationary, or almost retrograding, the colonies of Great Britain have already many of the facilities of a mother-country. There are twelve steam-boats belonging to Sydney, and employed in trade; Hobart Town communicates twice a-week with Launceston, a distance of 120 miles, by a mail and two stages; and a coach runs daily to New Norfolk. Here is an account of the public buildings of the respective capitals of the two convict colonies.

### PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF SYDNEY.

It contains two Episcopal churches, and another building; one Scotch church, one Seceders' church, one Roman Catholic chapel, two Wesleyan chapels, one Independent chapel, and one Quakers' meeting-house; five banks of issue and deposit, with a capital of 1,720,000*l.*; one savings-bank; two assurance companies; one agricultural company; one gas-light company; one fire and life assurance company; three breweries, and two distilleries.

### HOBART TOWN

Contains nineteen streets, two wharfs or quays, and 1,500 houses; two Episcopal churches, and another building; one Scotch church, one Seceders' meeting-house, two Wesleyan chapels, one Independent chapel, one Baptist chapel, and one Roman Catholic chapel; five banks of issue and deposit, and two savings-banks.

### PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF ADELAIDE.

The public buildings are few, and simple in their construction, as must be expected in a colony so recently formed. The government house, or rather cottage, has three small windows in front, and is thatched with reeds. It is distinguished from the other cottages by having the royal colours flying near it. The church is built of stone and lime, and does credit to the piety of the first settlers, as it has been finished in as good style as could be expected in the early stage of colonisation.

The general post-office is an unpretending edifice, built of turf, lined with sun-dried brick about half-way up the side wall, which is about six feet high; the house being sixteen feet long by ten feet wide, thatched with reeds. It is surrounded by a row of empty flour-barrels, which, for greater security, are placed one over another in the rear. A single window, about three feet by one and a half, turns on a hinge, to answer the double purpose of receiving letters and allowing the postmaster-general to pop out his head to oversee flour and biscuit weighed from the commissariat stores, which are placed obliquely on his left.

### THE REAL SHACKLES OF THE PRESS—PRINTERS WANTED.

Nothing shackles the liberty of the press so much in the Australian colonies as the want of free printers and compositors; many political misdeeds are winked at, lest the convict pressmen should be withdrawn from the conductors of the press by the government. There are eighteen newspapers published in the Australian provinces, exclusive of almanacks, annuals, and magazines. Some of these journals are published twice a-week, and some books—such, for instance, as the *Pickwick*—have been republished in Launceston; so that sober compositors, emigrating to the colonies, need not fear procuring immediate employment. The wages are generally two guineas a-week—some, I believe, have more. But the great bane of the colonies is drunkenness; labour of all kinds being so high, that a man can earn as much in three days as will support him in idleness and inebriety the remaining three of the week; but, if of sober industrious habits, he cannot fail of obtaining a competence, and may by perseverance ultimately arrive at affluence.

### A HINT TO EMIGRANTS.

I would not advise any intending emigrant to take out wooden houses to any of these colonies; they will cost as much for setting-up as the first cost-price. A good tent, well lined with green baize, a camp-bed, a spring-cart, with a good steady horse, a few cooking utensils, a double-barrel gun, a kangaroo-dog and pointer

with a fishing-rod, should complete the establishment of an early settler. Thus equipped, he may travel from one end of New Holland to the other, with his flocks and herds and a few stockmen; and if his neighbour drive his stock to the right, he may take to the left, for there need be no strife between them, there being room and scope enough for all the emigrants that may go there for many years to come.

#### THE PRECURSOR OF IMPROVEMENT.

Cattle may be justly called the pioneers of emigration: they discover the best pasture and water, they also serve to drain the soil in marshes: on the banks of rivers, their deep tracks are filled up by each successive flood with alluvial deposit, which, being again trampled down by their footsteps, becomes hard, which raises the banks of the stream so high that they ultimately confine it within its proper bed, which is deepened daily until it becomes of sufficient depth to carry off the water. They also improve the quality of both soil and grass.

#### TURNIPS OF VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

There is no climate or soil better calculated to grow turnips and fold sheep than Van Diemen's Land. I have seen turnips, grown on the farm of Mr. Bransgrove, on the banks of the Tamar, upwards of forty pounds weight, quite solid and close inside; and it has this peculiar advantage, that, from the mildness of the climate, the turnips are never frost-bitten, and, when even partly eaten by the sheep, they do not rot or become useless, as they do in less-favoured climates. At present the farmers here have too great a range of pasture for their flocks to turn their attention generally to folding, but as population becomes more dense, they will be compelled to recur to it; and it is the opinion of many intelligent farmers that they could rear more sheep in this way, and feed them better, than by the present mode, and at the same time have much better crops of wheat and other farm-produce.

[*Six Years' Residence in the Australian Provinces, ending in 1839; by W. Mann, Esq.*]

#### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A NEGRO who had run away from his master in South Carolina, arrived in London in an American ship. Soon after he landed, he got acquainted with a poor honest laundress in Wapping, who washed his linen. This poor woman usually wore two gold rings on one of her fingers, and it was said she had saved a little money, which induced this wretch to conceive the design of murdering her, and taking her property. She was a widow, and lived in a humble dwelling with her nephew. One night her nephew came home much intoxicated, and was put to bed. The negro, who was aware of the circumstance, thought this would be a favourable opportunity for executing his bloody design. Accordingly, he climbed up to the top of the house, stripped himself naked, and descended through the chimney to the apartment of the laundress, whom he murdered—not until after a severe struggle, the noise of which awoke her drunken nephew in the adjoining room, who got up and hastened to the rescue of his aunt. In the meantime the villain had cut off the finger with the rings, but, before he could escape, he was grappled with by the nephew, who, being a very powerful man, though much intoxicated, very nearly overpowered him, when by the light of the moon, which shone through the window, he discovered the complexion of the villain, whom (having seldom seen a negro) he took for the devil! The murderer then disengaged himself from the grasp of the nephew, and succeeded in making his escape through the chimney. But the nephew believed, and ever afterwards declared, that it was the devil with whom he had struggled, and who had subsequently flown into the air, and disappeared. The negro, in the course of the struggle, had besmeared the young man's shirt in many places with the blood of his victim, and this, joined with other circumstances, induced his neighbours to consider the nephew as the murderer of his aunt. He was arrested, examined, and committed to prison, though he persisted in asserting his innocence, and told his story of the midnight visitor, which appeared not only improbable, but ridiculous in the extreme. He was tried, convicted, and executed, protesting to the last his total ignorance of the murder, and throwing it wholly on his black antagonist, whom he believed to be no other than Satan. The real murderer was not suspected, and returned to America with his little booty; but he, after a wretched existence of ten years, on his deathbed confessed the murder, and related the particulars attending it.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

#### PERSIAN NOTIONS OF ENGLISH AFFAIRS OF HONOUR.

THE people of this kingdom are of genteel nature, and delicate constitution; most of the ladies, and females, in general, are more delicate and refined than the blossom of roses. Their waist is more slender than the finger ring, their form is beautiful, their voice gains the affections. The men are very particular in their disputes, which are carried on with great ability. If there should be the widest possible misunderstanding, still they keep up the rules of politeness. If it should rise so high as to produce vindictive feeling, still they carry on their disputes in genteel style, and bad language (God forbid!) is not used. To be called a liar, is the utmost insult; this will lead to a duel—the duel is allowed here. Sometimes this happens in such circumstances as the following: If a man should be at an assembly, and should have something said to him improper or disgraceful, he who feels it to be such, would at once leave the room. Then he will relate it to some friend, saying, that he heard so and so, at such a place, in such a party, which he did not like at all. Then his friend will reply, "So-and-so, perhaps, did not intend to insult you, he might have said it by accident, write a note, and I will carry it to him, and learn more fully." Then the plaintiff will write to him a respectful letter, as follows:—"At such and such a day, at such an assemblage, I heard you say such words, which made my heart feel angry—please to explain to me what you meant." Then the friend will carry the note, and request an answer. If the object of the accused is not to insult him, he will write him an answer, as follows:—"Upon my honour I never intended to create any displeasure in you, and should I have said anything which you consider improper, I now beg your pardon." Such an answer will settle the question. But if otherwise, he will, neither excuse himself nor beg pardon, but will answer as follows:—"I have received your letter, which I will thus answer: meet me on such a day, at such a place, and thereby you will be informed, and learn all the particulars." This will give him to understand that the object is a duel. Then he informs his friends of it, and commences preparations to meet his opponent, and likewise the other will inform his friends that he has already appointed the time to fight with such a man. Then the friends of both endeavour to settle the question between them; but, generally, this cannot be effected without fighting the duel. However, when all mediations fail, then the two individuals, accompanied by their respective friends as witnesses, meet at the appointed place, exactly at the fixed hour, which will be published in the newspapers. When the two come to this place with their pistols, then the friends use their utmost influence of mediation; if at last all should be vain, then they separate from each other a distance of twenty feet, and the signal will be given, when both fire. Then it becomes a matter of chance; sometimes both of them are hit and perish, and perhaps no one is hit; or one dies, and the other is saved. Thus the question is finished. This act is permitted by their law, which does not condemn it: and it has been a well-known practice among the fools of this nation, from the ancient times. It is quite similar to the old foolish custom of the heathens, who threw both the plaintiff and defendant into the fire, believing that the flame would only burn the criminal, and not the innocent. Thus, also, these people believe that the bullet will not hit the innocent.—*Persian Princess' Journal.*

#### INCIDENT AT NAVARINO.

THE firing having ceased at Navarino, Sir Edward Codrington sent a lieutenant on board Moharom Bey's ship, to offer any medical or other assistance they might want. This vessel, with a crew of probably more than a thousand men, had but one medical officer on board, and he had, unfortunately, been almost the first man killed in the action. Her loss had been immense, and they had not thrown the dead overboard, nor removed the wounded to the cockpit, and the deck presented a most horrible scene of gore and mangled bodies. Amidst this frightful spectacle, about a dozen of the principal Turkish officers, superbly dressed, sat in the cabin upon crimson ottomans, smoking with inconceivable apathy, whilst slaves were handing them their coffee. Seeing the English uniform approach the cabin, they ordered ottomans and coffee for the lieutenant, who, however, quickly told them that he had more important business to attend to. He gave the admiral's compliments, and offered any assistance. The Turk, with a frigid composure, calmly replied that they stood in need of no assistance whatever.

"Shall not our surgeon attend to your wounded?"

"No," gravely replied the Turk; "wounded men need no assistance—they soon die."

Returning to the Asia, and communicating this scene, Sir Edward, after some meditation, said, "Did you observe among them a remarkably fine, handsome man, with a beard more full and black than the rest?"

"Yes, I observed him: he was seated next to the admiral."

"Return, then, on board, and induce him, or compel him, to go with you on board the Genoa, and keep him there until I see him. He is the admiral's secretary. I must have a conference; and take with you any persons he may wish to accompany him."

The Turk repaired on board the Genoa without any difficulty, accompanied by several persons whom he requested our officer to take with him. Sir Edward was closeted with him for a very long time, when he ordered the lieutenant to put the Turkish secretary and his companions on shore at daybreak, wherever they might choose to land. Rowing to shore, they saw the wreck of a mast, on which about a score of wounded or exhausted men were endeavouring to save themselves.

"I must rescue these poor fellows," said the lieutenant, anxiously.

"They are only common soldiers, and will soon die; never mind them," said the Turk, with the most grave composure.

"It is my duty, and if I did not help them, I should disgrace the service, and be reproved by the admiral." Saying which, the lieutenant pulled towards the mast, and succeeded in saving about a dozen of these unhappy wretches.

As soon as they were stowed in the bottom of the boat, the Turk, after a short but apparently profound meditation, suddenly burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"What is the matter?" cried the astonished lieutenant. "Good God! what is there here to laugh at?"

"Laugh!" exclaimed the Turk, with bitter sarcasm. "Laugh! By Allah! you English are a singular people. Yesterday you came into the bay while we were quiet at our coffee; you knocked our ships to pieces, killed or mangled all our men, till the fleet is one vast slaughter-house: and this morning you pretend to be so humane that you cannot pass a score of wounded soldiers without putting yourself out of the way to save them."

The lieutenant was astounded, and having no reply to offer to this odd view of the case, they proceeded to the shore in profound silence.—*United Service Journal.*

#### EXTRAORDINARY REVENGE.

The following anecdote, which we extract from the pages of the "Manchester Times," we have reason to know has reference to the firm who have been so worthily portrayed by the gifted author of "Nicholas Nickleby," under the name of "Choeryble, Brothers;" and as the recent announcement by the author that his unrivalled twins are not the mere creatures of imagination, gives great interest to everything relating to the noble-minded originals in the eyes of all who have become acquainted with them in the pages of fiction,—and few among the readers of the day have not done so,—we gladly take the opportunity of transferring it to our columns, although many months have elapsed since it was first made public.

"The elder brother of this house of merchant-princes amply revenged himself upon a libeller who had made himself merry with the peculiarities of the amiable fraternity. This man published a pamphlet, in which one of the brothers (D) was designated as 'Billy Button,' and represented as talking largely of their foreign trade, having travellers who regularly visited Chowbent, Bullock Smithy, and other foreign parts. Some 'kind friend' had told W. of this pamphlet, and W. had said that the man would live to repent of its publication. This saying was 'kindly' conveyed to the libeller, who swore that he should disappoint them, for he should take care never to be in their debt. But the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. The author of the pamphlet became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wantonly libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller! They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt-laws except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of 'brothers' would supply the deficiency. What, they—who had cruelly been made the laughing-stocks of the public—forget the wrong, and favour the wrong-doer! He despaired: but the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-room of the wronged. W. was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were 'Shut the door, sir!' sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. 'You wrote a pamphlet against us once!' exclaimed W. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire: but this was not its destination. W. took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He—poor wretch!—expected to see rogue, scoundrel,

libeller, inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm! 'We make it a rule,' said W., 'never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you wore anything else.' The tears started into the poor man's eyes. 'Ah!' said W., 'my saying was true. I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat: I only meant that some day you would know us better, and would repent you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now.' 'I do, I do,' said the grateful man. 'Well, well, my dear fellow,' said W., 'you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?' The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. 'But how are you off in the meantime?' And the answer was, that having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessaries, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. 'My dear fellow,' said W., 'this will not do—your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow—nay, don't cry—it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head amongst us yet.' The overpowered man endeavoured in vain to express his thanks—the swelling in his throat forbade words; he put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.

"Oh, brave, generous, noble W. G. I Tory though thou art, thine is the liberalism which gives balm to the wounded spirit, and makes men's hearts leap at the thought that benevolence is not extinct even in this age of avarice!"—*MS Life of a Merchant.* [We hope to be able to obtain a few more leaves from this manuscript, which is rich in similar anecdotes.—*Edit. Manchester Times.*]

#### CHINESE CORONATION.

At the coronation of the emperors of China, it is customary to present them with several sorts of marble of different colours, with addresses to this purpose:—"Choose, mighty sir, under which of these stones your pleasure is that we should lay your bones." The object of thus bringing him patterns of his grave-stone is, that the prospect of death may confine his thoughts within the due bounds of modesty and moderation in the midst of his new honours.

#### MAN INTENDED FOR HIGH PURPOSES.

—"Our life is turned  
Out of her course, wherever man is made  
An offering or a sacrifice, a tool  
Or implement, a passive thing employed  
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment  
Of common right or interest in the end;  
Used or abused, as selfishness may prompt.  
Say what can follow for a rational soul  
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,  
And strength in evil? Hence an after-call  
For chastisement, and custody and bonds,  
And oft-times death, avenger of the past,  
And the sole guardian in whose hands we dare  
Entrust the future. Not for these sad issues  
Was man created; but to obey the law  
Of life, and hope, and action."—*WORDSWORTH, Excursion.*

#### WOMAN'S BIRTH.

When Earth was fair and young,  
And man was there alone;  
He raised his bowers among  
An undisputed throne.  
At length, of slumber tired,  
And much to talking prone,  
A voice his heart desired  
To answer to his own.  
  
He sleeps—and visions fair  
Upon his lone heart stream—  
And 'mid the brightest there,  
The eyes of woman beam.  
He wakes—and with the morn  
Beholds his vision's theme;  
And thus was woman born  
The daughter of a dream.  
  
Then wonder not, that she  
Should like a dream be wrought,  
Marvel and mystery,  
With vision'd beauty fraught.  
The sun has unknown laws,  
The stars are hidden lot;  
'Are they less bright because  
Ye comprehend them not?'

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## RAILROADS.

JOHN BULL is just awaking from a vision of Railroads. When he first began to dream, he was in an uneasy position; and before his half-slumbering sense there arose a strange, mysterious creature, that seemed neither of the earth nor of the heaven, but a compound of both—such a one as Uncle Sam might describe as being “half horse, half alligator, with a touch of the earthquake.” It was, in fact, a kind of supernatural mermaid, or rather air-maid—judging by its head and shoulders, it might be taken for one of those “rosy Hours” which wing their rapid flight with the chariot of the sun, but its lower portion was a snake-like coil of steam and smoke. John watched its operations doubtfully; and when he saw it attempting to trundle some heavy machine over Chat Moss, and trying to tie Liverpool and Manchester together with a rope made of cotton and sugar, he gave a kind of chuckling laugh, and, like a man with the nightmare, made an effort to roar out “It won’t do!” But by and bye John saw it drawing all the sea-coast nearer to St. Paul’s; knocking down the milestones, and blotting the word “mile” out of our dictionaries; and waving a wand, made either of lightning or silver, gave the slumbering “one-eyed” islander the power at once to run on the earth, and fly through the air. John rubbed his hands in ecstasy, and laughed so long and loudly, that he turned himself on his wrong side, and found out that it was not *all* a dream.

In truth, railroads have been hitherto laid down on *sleepers*. Private companies have acquired unprecedented and enormous powers—power over our internal communications, power over the persons of their fellow-subjects, power over the fortunes and prospects of individuals. It is no use to say that public opinion will control this power; that the directors of railroad companies are shrewd and sensible men, who will never sacrifice large future interests to immediate profit, or incur the risk of provoking legislative interference by vexatious or ridiculous proceedings. The fact stands, that in this country, so proud of its freedom, so jealous of “the liberty of the subject,” bodies of men, associated for the express and only object of making money, have coaxed the legislature to grant them a portion of those functions which should only be exercised by the executive government. A river is God’s highway, on which any man may venture who can swim a boat; a road is the highway of man, intended for all who can drive, ride, run, or walk. But on a railroad nobody can *fly*, but those whom the railroad owners choose. On a river, you can go ashore for supplies; on a road, equestrian and pedestrian may calculate on obtaining “refreshment for man and beast;” but on a railroad you surrender yourself wholly and bodily into the power of the company. We are not now making the somewhat idle complaint, that a passenger must go when they please, and stop when they please; for the same complaint (if it be a complaint) must be made, with some qualification, respecting steam-boats and stage-coaches; if you dislike one particular steam-boat, or one particular stage-coach, you can try another, or go your own way, but on the railroad you must go by the company’s conveyance, whether you

like it or not. But our complaint is, that the moment one passes through the gateway of a railway company, and is seated in one of their carriages, he may consider himself as having passed from his own country into a foreign land. He has passed from the direct and immediate control of the laws of his country and the police of his country, into the exclusive dominion of shareholders or capitalists, and under the control of a company’s bye-laws and a company’s police. In a steam-boat a sailor may be rude, or on a stage-coach a driver may be quizzically free: on a railroad an Englishman is at once in the land of *bonds* and *bondage*; he flies, but he forfeits his liberty for the privilege of flying; he is no more his own master than Dan O’Rourke was, when sailing on the back of the eagle.

Poh! exclaims a railroad director, has not the legislature made our *private* road a *public* road? anybody can run a carriage on a railroad who chooses to pay the tolls. To be sure; and no doubt the legislature thought itself very knowing and far-seeing, when it thus compared railroads to rivers and highways, and provided a check to monopoly. But only fancy some clever person entering the railway yard with his “Tallyho” locomotive, all squeaking and snorting, paying his tollage, and demanding liberty to place his carriage on the rails! “Yes, sir,” (we are supposing the railway people to be superlatively civil;) “by and bye, as soon as the next train starts. You know, sir, our train will go faster than you, and if you can’t get out of the way when it comes up, ‘Tallyho’ will run a risk of being smashed, and it would be a pity to damage such a crack little article!” The gentleman is wonderfully pleased, lets off his superfluous steam, and permits himself to be shoved up and down, as he may happen to be in the way. Off goes the train, and on the rails gets “Tallyho,” not a soul lending a hand, and the engineer of the snug little locomotive breaking into a perspiration, trying to get “up” his steam once more, in order to move on. And on “Tallyho” moves, all the policemen in green livery, and all the firemen and engineers in the yard, and all the clerks in the offices, looking on, as waiters and ostlers look on, when an awkward horseman is getting up on the wrong side. But “Tallyho” never minds that; he is moving—bravo, he’ll overtake the train! Not a policeman holds up a red or a white flag, to tell whether all is right or all is wrong; “Tallyho” must make its own way, over embankments, under bridges, and through tunnels, by its own perceptions. It arrives at a station, and the station-people stare at the stranger; a supply of water and coke is required, but not a morsel can it obtain. Still it struggles on, till the fire goes out and the steam goes down; another train is advancing, and poor, smart “Tallyho,” unable to stir, is contemptuously dragged on to a side rail, along with a rubbish waggon, there to lie till it is thought proper to haul it home!

We freely grant that the safety of the public requires that something like a monopoly of management should be exercised on a railroad. In this rapid mode of travelling, the lives and limbs of hundreds would be in imminent peril every moment, but for prompt action and exclusive control; and he who chooses to fly must submit to its unavoidable inconveniences. But it seems a

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strange thing that private companies should possess a police power over lines of road (most of them running through several counties) similar to that which the lord mayor of London has over the river Thames. Similar, did we say?—it is far more stringent, because exclusive. The power granted to the corporation of London, in the control of the river Thames, was granted at a remote period, when the central and controlling power of the general government was far feebler than it is now, and it was granted to a body of men who, besides constituting the executive government of London, were and are personally and peculiarly interested in the care of the river. The power has been, in general, discreetly and beneficially exercised, though there can hardly be a question that the general government might now be able to exercise it more effectively. A similar or a stronger power, granted to a single railroad company, might not give rise to much objection; but when the whole country is becoming a network of iron rails, it is absurd, it is ridiculous, it is worse, it is a breach—we were going to say of the constitution, but it is a breach of all the principles of rational government, that a traveller in a free country should, in moving from one place to another, find himself passing from the control of the police and bye-laws of one private company to the police and bye-laws of another private company, differing perhaps materially from each other.

The directors of some railroads object to the interference of the legislature, on somewhat the following principle:—"We went to great trouble in getting our railway act; we encountered many difficulties, and much expense; the government did not give us a penny to help us on; and now, when we are beginning to reap the fruit of our labours, you have no right to interfere with us—a bargain is a bargain." Certainly, a bargain is a bargain; but the government, or rather, the legislature, did not sell the right of making the railroad, when it granted the act; it merely gave certain powers, *under trust*. The conventional understanding was this:—A company of capitalists come to parliament, and say—"We are willing, if you will allow us, to make a new kind of road, by which, while we expect to make money by it, the public good will be most materially advanced; it is true, we shall interfere with private property, we shall perhaps injure stage-coach proprietors, inn-keepers, &c., but as far as we can, we will make compensation; and though we may temporarily injure a few hundreds, we shall permanently benefit thousands." The legislature, then, seeing that it is really for the convenience of the public, grants power, on trust, to these capitalists. But if these powers are abused, or if a system has grown up, whose united or combined influence the legislature did not perceive, while it was granting the powers in detail, then it has not only a right, but it is its duty, to interfere with all and with every one of these railroads, and, without injuring their owners, to bring them under some general controlling system, by which the safety and benefit of that public will be best promoted, for whose good a government ought alone to exist.

In something like this spirit, a Committee of the House of Commons sat, during the last session of parliament, gathering evidence on the subject of railways generally. It begins to be felt, that a great change has passed over the entire system of locomotion in Britain, and that some general system is requisite to be adopted, for the purpose of bringing into harmonious action the varied and conflicting interests which have sprung up, under the powers of isolated acts of parliament. The committee came to no general conclusion; they very properly recommend caution, consideration, and extensive inquiry, before anything is done, and, with this view, they suggest that the committee should be revived in the next session of parliament. While, however, avoiding a general conclusion, they have called attention to some particular points, and reported the evidence given before them,—from which we now proceed to pick out a few matters for the instruction or amusement of our readers.

It is generally supposed, and it may be generally true, that the interests of the public, and the interests of the railway companies, run parallel. But there are exceptions. Mr. Gott, the deputy chairman of the Leeds and Selby Railway Company, and Mr. Clarke,

the secretary, said that their first fares were 3s. and 2s., but that this producing too small a dividend, the fares were raised to 4s. and 3s. when, though the number of passengers fell off to the amount of twelve thousand, the income of the company was raised by £1300. Ticked with this, and not caring much where the twelve thousand passengers went to, the directors made another experiment on the pockets of the public, and raised the fares to 5s. and 4s., but here they were taught that there was a limit to all things. Let us tell the result in their own words:—"We tried the experiment of increasing the prices a second time, and we found it did not answer the purpose, and we reduced them again; the object was to get a better dividend for the subscribers, and we failed in that.

"The first rise had the effect of decreasing your number of passengers, and increasing your income?—Yes.

"And your second rise had the effect of decreasing both the number of the passengers and the income?—Yes; and the passengers have not returned again; the habits of the people are changed."

Suppose, now, that all the railroads, after running down all the stage-coaches between their termini, were to try little experiments of this kind, stretching and stretching, till they disgusted a large portion of those who had imbibed a locomotive taste, and thus "changed the habits of the people!" Railroads would thus, after upsetting "vasted interests," and changing the seats of capital, become positive nuisances, because mere selfish monopolies, inflicted on the public at great expense, and endured by them with reluctance, even while unable to help themselves. The thing is possible; it is probable: we have given one instance, and here is another.

Mr. Ritson, the treasurer of the Manchester, Bolton, and Bury Railway, states, that his company lowered their fares for the express purpose of driving the remaining stage-coaches off the road; and when they had completely succeeded in that object, they raised the fares again!

Mr. Joseph Baxendale, who, after having managed for twenty years the concerns of the great carrying company, Pickford and Co. (of which he is a partner), went to take the general superintendence of the London and Birmingham Railway, is asked, "Are you satisfied that the fares are as low as the public have a right to expect?—I think the short fares ought to be reduced, and that they will be reduced.

"What is your reason for saying that they ought to be reduced?—It will give a larger body of people an opportunity of moving with great advantage, and will be a very considerable advantage to the railroad company."

This, however, is only the individual opinion of a salaried officer of the board; he certainly deserves the credit of having been candid and straightforward in his evidence, but his statements do not bind the directors. Mr. Edward Bury, who is the contractor on the London and Birmingham Railway, for supplying it with locomotive power, admits that "railways have destroyed, or they will destroy, all other means of communication whatever;" and that "the stage-waggons, and conveyances of that description," which have afforded accommodation to persons in the humbler ranks of life, "will in the end be taken off, and the companies *must* provide in the same way a kind of conveyance suitable to the means of those passengers." But Mr. Robert Stephenson, the engineer of the railway, candidly admits that "there is a class of people who have not yet had the advantage of the London and Birmingham Railway, which they ought, namely, the labouring classes." Yet in almost the same breath he admits that he cannot deny, but that the board lowered their fares to drive the coaches off the road, with a view of raising them again! If such things are done by great railway companies and by small, there is indeed reason for the interference of the legislature, to see that the great powers granted on the supposition of their being used as great public benefits, are not turned into oppressive monopolies.

One strong reason why there should be some active, independent control over the railway companies, lies in the fact, that almost all of them have greatly exceeded their original estimates of expense; and that there is a strong inducement to raise fares in

order to raise dividends. It is a pity that the railway companies should have exceeded their calculations: but no reason exists why voluntary speculators should take advantage of their powers, and make the public pay for inexperience, blunders, and sometimes extravagance.

Mr. Joseph Baxendale distinctly admits, that "very many of the matters connected with the London and Birmingham Railway have been too stringent; I do not believe that any private establishment would have ventured upon a variety of those matters; they are most of them minor matters, but they have created a considerable portion of vexation. If the same thing had occurred at a considerable distance from the metropolis, no notice would have been taken, but here, so close to the metropolis [how inconvenient!] and being completely under the eye of the public and the press, these matters have been brought forward, and have been represented in a very different way from what they would have been, if at a distance; but I am perfectly willing to admit that the company have been too strict in their mode of proceeding, arising from the novelty of the undertaking."

Thus we have it, on the confession of the gentlemanly, candid superintendent of the London and Birmingham Railway, that it is the easiest thing in the world for privilege to become monopoly, and for monopoly to become despotism, and for despotism to become oppression. We are much obliged to Mr. Joseph Baxendale; and we are really glad that the "mammoth" company has located itself so "close to the metropolis," and so "completely under the eye of the public and the press."

It appears that, taking all things into consideration—the novelty of railroad travelling, its velocity, the want of experience, &c. &c.—the number of accidents have not been so great as might have been expected; and that, with due care, this mode of conveyance may be attended with less risk than ordinary stage-coach conveyance. But this affords a reason why the government should have some control over the railway-police, instead of making them the mere servants of the company, in constable uniform, and with constable power. A Dr. Gordon told the committee a somewhat serious story, though tinged with the comic, about a scene that took place on the Southampton Railway. At Kingston, there were a great number of passengers waiting, who had paid their money for conveyance to London. The servants of the company, having taken the money, were legally and morally bound to provide the "consideration." But when the train arrived, the carriages were all full; and many, anxious to get up too, London, jumped on a truck, and got on the top of a carriage. They ran a chance of being jerked off, or of getting their heads cracked to atoms; so at least the doctor says, who, however, tells his story in a way that one can hardly help smiling at. "It appeared quite frightful: judging from the result, there was room, I believe; but one of the bridges near Wandsworth is very low, and there was notice given to stoop; they all ducked their heads together; but if one had been ill, or faint, or got a jerk, the consequences must have been frightful: it was a frightful sight, and I can refer to one or two gentlemen present who witnessed it; I suppose there was room, but at one of the bridges, judging by the eye, there was not room." It seems that this was treated as a good joke; and the train came in at the Vauxhall terminus "amidst the laughter and surprise of the people." Mr. Reed, the secretary of the Southampton Railway, affirmed that such things occasionally happened on all railways: but Mr. Saunders, the secretary of the Great Western, denied this, and said that on one occasion, a great number of people, coming from Ascot races, fearful of not getting up to London that night, jumped on trucks, and on the tops of carriages, but that the servants of the company would not permit the train to move till they came down, and extra accommodation was provided.

The London and Birmingham and the Great Western Railways originally intended to have a common terminus at London; and for this double purpose Euston-square Station was laid out. The two companies, however, disagreed about it; and the Great Western provided a terminus for itself at Paddington. The public may be thankful for this; it is quite a piece of luck: for though Mr. Stephenson says that the danger, if danger there were, would be at the point where the Great Western ran into the London and Birmingham, and not at the common terminus; Mr. Bury and Mr. Baxendale both admit that the danger and inconvenience would have been great. And yet four companies have been quietly arranging to make "one mile and three-quarters of the Greenwich Railway common to four different lines of communication, the Greenwich, the Croydon, the Brighton, and the Dover." Mr. Baxendale, who, besides being superintendent of the London and Birmingham,

is deputy-chairman of one of these very railways, the South-Eastern, is asked, "Have you ever considered whether the Brighton, the South-Eastern, the Croydon, and the Greenwich lines, all terminating in one station, is likely to lead to risk to individuals?" He replies, in his honest way, "I consider it very bad indeed."

"Do you think that it is that which the public ought to agree to submit to?—No, certainly not."

"Do you think the danger and inconvenience is very much increased by the Croydon line crossing the line of the Greenwich, in order to get to its station?—Yes."

Mr. Cubitt, the engineer, admits that there will be risk and danger, without unity of management, and good management—and how are we to be assured of that? Several witnesses affirm that a sense of interest will induce railway companies to co-operate together, for the good of the public: but Captain Moorson, of the London and Birmingham, admits, that though they ought to do so, they do not always do so; and another witness bluntly says, that when railway boards meet to effect some common and mutual arrangement, there is far too much "diplomacy" displayed, the interest of the public being forgotten in the desire to "overreach" each other! A striking illustration is given, of the want of mutual understanding, in the case of the Brighton railroad. Four different companies struggled with each other, but at last they were glad to coalesce, at a loss of £180,000 for parliamentary expenses. "Is that entirely lost?" the chairman of the Brighton Company was asked. "Undoubtedly, it is entirely lost." "Except so far as this," said Lord Granville Somerset, no doubt, very drily, "that the parties receiving it did not find it a dead loss?" To which the railroad chairman gravely replies—"No!"

Mentioning Lord Granville Somerset (a member of the parliamentary committee) we must go out of our way, for a minute, to introduce one or two more of his good-humoured, slightly sarcastic observations. Being on a railway direction must have a strong tendency to expand a man's destructive and constructive faculties—to set him an itching to pull down houses, raise embankments, and bore tunnels. On no other principle can we account for the unshrinking zeal of Mr. Moxon, the then chairman of the Croydon Railway. He thinks a railroad should walk over everything—he would not hesitate to knock down a church, if it stood in his way! "You think, that supposing it were advantageous to carry a railroad through Westminster Abbey, there would be no injustice in it, supposing that to be the best engineering line?—My answer was not intended to go so great a length as that; but, I say, that if any building, church, or anything else, stands in the way of a paramount public interest, it ought to be taken down."

"You would not mind demolishing Blenheim, or any other house, if the line must pass through it?—Your lordship puts very strong cases; I hope your lordship will allow me to say, that it must be a great exception in my mind that would induce me to say, that Blenheim must be taken down."

The parliamentary committee record their "deliberate conviction," that the Greenwich, the Croydon, the Dover, and the Brighton Railroads, should not be permitted to use a common terminus, nor "convey passengers until some plan shall have been adopted by which the apprehended danger may be removed." They say nothing about the Eastern Counties' Railway, and the Northern and Eastern Railway, which have made arrangements for effecting a junction, and using a common terminus, at a place called Webb-square, between Bishopsgate-street Without, and Shoreditch-church. The Eastern Counties' is to be carried past Chelmsford, Colchester, Ipswich, Norwich, on to Great Yarmouth; the Northern and Eastern is only proposed to be carried to Bishop Stortford, a distance of twenty-nine miles from London. It is a curious illustration of the railway system, that by far the greater number of shares in the Eastern Counties' Railway is held by residents on the western side of the island; there being about forty thousand shares held by Lancashire people, about a thousand in Essex, and between four and five hundred in Norfolk and Suffolk.

The committee consider, that as the legislature has practically given to railway companies a complete control over all the great channels of intercourse throughout the country, that some control over them should be placed in the hands of the executive government; and they suggest "a board to be annexed to the Board of Trade, of which the president and vice-president should be members, together with one or two engineer officers of rank and experience."

## THE MAD-HOUSE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

It was a cold raw day last December that I went over to Stamboul to see the Turkish mad-house. The day was not a dry day, because there was sitting and drifting snow; neither was it a wet day, unless to the feet, for the snow did not melt until it touched the ground. It was one of those disagreeable sort of days in which the elements seem to conspire how to make a man most miserable; and I found myself so, as I paced my steps up the steep streets leading to the great bazaar, occasionally rubbing the chill off my nose with my fingers, and changing my stick from the one hand to the other, in order that each might get warmed in my pocket in turn.

I was aware that the mad-house was somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Seraskier's palace; so, having got there, I asked the first Turk I met which was the way to the mad-house; he looked at me with an air, not of astonishment, but of patronising pity, for about a second, and then walked on without answering me. The next man I met was an Armenian, and to him I put the same question. He stopped and asked me what I wanted there. I told him that was my business, not his; and turned towards a Greek that I saw approaching. On my stating where I wanted to go, the Greek said that he was going near to it, and would show me the gate. After we had walked a few hundred yards, through several small unfrequented-looking streets, my guide pointed to a door in a wall, and told me that was the entrance to the place that I sought. I pushed up the gate, and entering found myself in a small square formed by houses of stone, apparently uninhabited. The centre of the square was planted with trees, and the ground covered several inches deep with withered leaves—altogether a most desolate-looking place. I walked across the square to a door of the same kind as that by which I had entered, and, pushing it up, found myself in another square of the same size as the first. On a short stool inside the gate sat a cavia, or Turkish guard, armed with his pistols and large knife, stuck into the ample shawl which was wound round his middle. He saluted me with "*Sabanhus chier olsun Effendim*" (May your morning be happy, my dear sir), to which I replied in due form, when he held out his hand, and said "*Baekshise*." This demand for a present was expected after the civility of a salute; so having put a twenty para piece, or three-halfpence, into his hand, I stood a little to reconnoitre where I was. The square was about 70 or 80 feet from the houses on the one side to those on the other. There were no windows in the side from which I entered; but the other three sides showed each four windows, having a strong framing of iron bars, but no glass in them. From each of these a great chain, polished clean, apparently from accidental friction, hung out, and the one end of it was fastened to a ring-bolt in the wall. At several of the windows were strangers, looking in through the bars. The doors were all open, and as people seemed to be going and coming at their pleasure, I entered the first door on my left, and found myself in a stone room about twenty feet long and eighteen broad, having an arched roof and a mud floor. There was one window on the side from which I entered, and another on the opposite side; before each of these there was a wooden bench raised about three inches from the ground, upon the top of which was some bulky substance covered with an old shaggy levantine capote. There was no other furniture of any sort in the room, and the only "*symptoms of civilisation*" that I could see were the two clean chains which came through the window-bars, and seemed attached to the lumps or masses huddled up on the wooden benches.

As I turned to retrace my steps, both of these bundles moved, and in piteous accents begged a few paras to buy tobacco with. I was horror-struck at the sight. They had scarcely any clothes on them, at least not nearly enough to cover their nakedness, and round their neck was an immense iron collar, to which one of the links of the chain before noticed was riveted, so as to form the padlock: bed they had none, nor covering of any sort but their worn-out ragged clothes and an old capote, which served them for blanket, coverlid, &c. &c., while the only place they had to sleep, or sit, or stand upon, was the wooden bench, raised about three inches above the cold damp mud floor. From this they could not stir, as I observed the length of their chain only allowed them to approach its limits, or, in other words, it was just long enough to enable them to turn themselves round. Both individuals were in exactly the same position, but placed at different windows, through which the wind and drifting snow was freely entering. So much misery I had never before seen; the sight chilled me far more than the cold day, and I hastily retreated to the next room, which had

three windows in it, but in every other respect the same as the former. Here also I found three miserable wretches chained to their uncomfortable benches. One by one I visited all the twelve chambers. They differed in nothing save in the number of windows, some having two, and others three, while almost at every one of them lay a human being, chained, with a heavy iron collar, and at least 56lb. of chain attached to it. In no instance did I find more individuals in a room than windows: in fact, the rule seemed to be, one prisoner to one window; yet in some of the chambers there was occasionally a window to be found, with the empty wooden bench before it, and the clean chain hanging through the bars, ready to be riveted to the first unfortunate the pasha or sultan might send. The entire number of inmates was twenty-seven. They were all Turks: some of them were merry, and continued singing a wild incomprehensible chaunt; others were the most woeful pictures of despondence and despair. Some scolded the visitors for coming to look at them: others thanked them for the visit. Many of them gazed with a look of stupor; but there were none of them had the appearance of being either constitutionally insane, or idiots. If insanity was inside the building at all, I think the treatment that the inmates were under was enough to have produced it; and my only surprise was, that human nature could exist under such an accumulation of hardships; for it would have defied the most ingenious cruelty to have put these beings in positions of greater misery. Yet although exposed to all the rigour of the weather, without a curtain to shade them from the drifting snow, they appeared for the most part careless of its severity; there was, however, one poor creature who, naked, with the exception of his capote, or great-coat, thrown over him, was resting on his knees on his hard couch, bending his head over a few pieces of inanimate charcoal that he had by some means or another gathered together, and endeavouring to imagine that it was a fire. I stood for a few minutes; it was heat-rendering to see how the poor creature wrung his cold and clammy fingers over the black mass, in the vain hopes of warming them. After he had done this a short time he observed me looking at him, and asked me for some tobacco. I put some down on his bench, lifted his pipe, filled it, and having struck fire, put a piece of lighted tinder in it. This movement of mine altered every feature of his face; his body ceased to shiver; he drew his limbs together in the Turkish fashion, sat down, completely covering himself with his capote, and waited quietly until I gave him the lighted pipe. I endeavoured to enter into conversation with him; but all he would say was, "*Shukur Allah*" (thank God); and when I parted from him he appeared to be one of the most happy beings in the world.

I entered into conversation with several of the inmates, and found some of them could talk sensibly enough: others did not know what they were saying; but such as condescended to speak addressed me by the name of *Captan*, which proved that they had discrimination enough to find out that I was a Frank, although dressed in the Turkish fashion; and almost universally, on turning away, they would ask a few paras to buy tobacco: the most of them had a chibook or Turkish pipe—but that was the only article of furniture in any of the cells.

One of these poor men deserves particular notice on account of his treatment, being different from all the others. On approaching one of the doors, I found it fastened with a padlock; and the window had a matting of reeds before it. I was about to pass on, when some Turkish boys called out something that I did not understand, and the curtain was drawn aside, when there stood a dervish chained by a heavy chain, which came down from the roof of his prison, and was fastened to a heavy iron collar round his neck. The chain would not allow him to sit down, nor to move more than a few inches from where he stood. What the meaning of this was I know not, and I could not find any one there that could give me the least information. I asked the guard at the gate if he was kept in that position day and night? but he answered me "*Bilmes*" (he does not know). On some words passing between the dervish and the boys, spoken in a dialect I did not understand, he put out of the window with his hand a little tin dish, and received from each of them a few paras. It appeared to me that the boys looked upon him as an inspired man, and had been soliciting his blessing. On the boys giving him the money, three young Turkish females came to the window and addressed him in a familiar, laughing tone, which he replied to in the same style. I never saw such a merry fellow before among the Turks. He laughed and joked with the girls, who seemed to be much amused. At last he assumed a more serious air, and appeared to me to be telling them their fortune, and, as far as I could make it

out, it was only another version of an old story told both in the East and West. They were soon each to get a husband, "*eye adam, pek eye adam*" (a good man, a very good man); he was to have "*tchock para*" (much money), and in due time there were to be plenty of little babies; at which announcement the girls giggled, and he having put out his little box, they gave him some money. As I was turning to go away, he called out "*Captan, Captan, gil borda*." I looked round; he was waving his hand for me to come nearer. I did so, when he told me that if I would give him some money he would whistle me a tune. I dropped a twenty-para piece into his little box, and he instantly commenced, and executed one in such a manner as to convince me that there were greater fools in Constantinople than he was. After visiting all the cells I made my way home in no very pleasant frame of mind, as so great a proof of the savage nature of the government under which I was living had never before been presented to me.

The next time that I visited the mad-house was towards the end of spring; the inmates, with one or two exceptions, were nearly the same: one new-comer was sitting cross-legged upon his bench, with no clothes but the capote thrown over his shoulders. Eight Turkish women stood in the room laughing and giggling, throwing him from time to time small pieces of money; nor did the appearance of a stranger at all interrupt the exhibition or abash the females, who seemed to consider it fine sport.

At the beginning of June I again paid a visit to the mad-house. The weather was scorching. The inmates were covered and housed the same as in winter. They seemed to know of no change either in clothing or lodging; and I question much if they had had themselves washed from the day they entered, or were likely ever to be washed again on this side the grave.

[Marshal Marmont, in his work on the Present State of the Turkish Empire, speaks in a very indignant strain of the treatment of lunatics in Constantinople: but his translator, Colonel Sir F. Smith, while admitting the justice of the Marshal's censure, adds, "It should be borne in mind that insanity is often believed to be feigned in Turkey, in the hope of escaping the punishment deserved for some offence, and that prisoners are often sent to these 'Timar Khans' by the judges, instead of the infliction of the more rigorous sentences justified by law."]

#### AN AUSTRALASIAN "CORROBORY."

IN the evening the blacks, having assembled in some numbers, entertained us with a "corrobory," their universal and highly original dance. Like all the rest of the habits and customs of this singular race of wild men, the "corrobory" is peculiar, and seems essential to their character. This amusement always takes place at night, and by the light of blazing boughs. They dance to beaten time, accompanied by a song. The dancers paint themselves white, in such remarkably varied ways, that no two individuals are at all alike. The surrounding darkness seems necessary to the effect of the whole, all these dances being more or less dramatic: the painted figures coming forward, in mystic order, from the obscurity of the background, while the singers and beaters of time are invisible, have a highly theatrical effect. Each dance seems most tastefully progressive—the movement being at first slow, and introduced by two persons, displaying the most graceful motions both of arms and legs, while others, one by one, drop in, until each imperceptibly warms into the truly savage attitude of the "corrobory" jump,—the legs striding to the utmost, the head turned over one shoulder, the eyes glaring and fixed with savage energy in one direction, the arms raised and inclined towards the head, the hands usually grasping waddies, bommerengs, or other warlike weapons. The jump now keeps time with each beat, and at each leap the dancer takes six inches to one side; all being in a connected line, led by the first dancer. The line is doubled or tripled, according to space and numbers: and this gives great effect; for, when the front line jumps to the left, the second jumps to the right, the third to the left again, and so on, until the action acquires due intensity; when all simultaneously and suddenly stop. The excitement which this dance produces in the savage is very remarkable. However listless the individual,—lying half asleep, perhaps, as they usually are when not intent on game,—set him to this dance, and he is fired with sudden energy; every nerve is strung to such a degree, that he is no longer to be recognised as the same individual, until he ceases to dance, and comes to you again. There can be little doubt but that the "corrobory" is the medium through which the delights of poetry and the drama are enjoyed, in a limited degree, even by these primitive savages of New Holland.—*Major Mitchell's Expeditions into Australia.*

#### CAPTAIN WILLIAM SNELGRAVE ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.\*

NOBODY can dispute that slavery was one of those evils which became benefits in the earlier history of mankind. Without referring to the patriarchal treatment of slaves in the East, (of which, in very early times, Abraham, with the numerous "servants born in his house," is a striking example,) we may take the single case of "Joseph and his brethren" as a general illustration of the evils from which slavery often saved its victims. Joseph was cast into a pit, with the direct intention of all his brethren (except Reuben, who in this instance acted the part of a humane hypocrite,) that the favourite of his father's old age should starve to death. But the caravan of merchantmen passing by, suggested the idea of getting rid of him, without the cruelty of murder or starvation: so "they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver: and they brought Joseph to Egypt."

We may rest assured that many a human being has been saved from horrid deaths by this system of slavery, which sprang up so early in the history of the world. When men were ignorant, or all but ignorant, of the principle of exchange of labour for capital—when warriors and huntsmen were eager enough to fight, but too proud to dig—the desire to possess slaves frequently checked that ferocity, which would otherwise have led them to shed the blood of their prisoners. The Mosaic law, instead of abrogating slavery, interposed to humanise it, and thus appeared to give a direct sanction to the practice of buying and selling men. Slavery is quite opposed to the spirit of Christianity: but Christianity did not prohibit it—nay, seemed indirectly to sanction it—because it was one of those institutions of civil life, or society, with which Christianity did not directly interfere.

There appears to have been a regular slave-traffic existing on the shores of England at the time of the invasion of Julius Cæsar—that is, before and about the commencement of the Christian era. Cicero, in one of his letters, written before the success of Cæsar's invasion was known at Rome, alludes to slaves, as a probable portion of the booty. How many young Britons may have been carried across the Channel, and, in the households of intelligent and kind Romans, transformed from barbarians into something like civilised beings! All readers are familiar with the anecdote of Gregory the Great, (*LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL*, vol. i. p. 203). Many illustrations could be drawn from the history of the middle ages, to show that the condition of the serfs was not intolerable—that bondage was not without its benefits. But do these things justify slavery? Because an evil has, in the actual condition of society, been beneficial in many instances, does it warrant us in perpetuating the evil? In the onward progress of society, the entire and absolute abolition of slavery, in all its forms and varieties, is just as essential to the future happiness of the human race, as was the emancipation of the serfs to the development of English freedom.

We make these remarks to introduce a few extracts from a book, which, from the title given in a note, the reader will perceive to be

\* A New Account of some Parts of Guinea, and the Slave-Trade: containing—1. The History of the late Conquest of the Kingdom of Whidaw by the King of Dahomé. The Author's Journey to the Conqueror's Camp, where he saw several Captives sacrificed, &c. 2. The Manner how the Negroes become Slaves. The Numbers of them yearly exported from Guinea to America. The Lawfulness of that Trade. The Mutinies among them on board the Ships where the Author has been, &c. 3. A Relation of the Author's being taken by Pirates, and the many Dangers he underwent. By Captain William Snelgrave.—London. Printed for James, John, and Paul Knapton, at the Crown in Ludgate-street, 1784.



upwards of a century old. It is useful, at times, to test the progress of opinion: and the first idea suggested by reading the extracts is—Would any Englishman, of the slightest character, dare to plead for the lawfulness of the slave-trade now? Yet Captain William Snelgrave appears to have been a humane and a sensible man; his book is curious and interesting, and dedicated to “the merchants of London, trading to the coast of Guinea.” He tells us, “In this country of Guinea, the English have trafficked a great many years: but, especially since the conclusion of the last French war, it has been so improved, that whereas in the year 1712 there went only thirty-three ships from England to that coast, in 1726 it was proved, before the commissioners of trade, that there had been there, the year before, above two hundred sail, to the great increase of navigation, and the advantage of our plantations in America.”

Let us see, now, how he pleads for “the lawfulness of that trade,” and let the reader note how all his arguments turn on the pivot of “*We may do evil that good may come!*” It is amusing, too, to observe in what an unconscious manner he states facts in justification both of himself and the trade, which condemn him and it more effectually.

“Before I give a particular relation of the several mutinies among the negro slaves, whereof I have been a witness, and which is to be the chief subject of this present book, it will be very proper to prefix a short account of the manner how the negroes become slaves—what numbers of them are yearly exported from Guinea—and then offer a few words in justification of that trade.”

“As for the manner how those people become slaves, it may be reduced under these several heads:

“1. It has been the custom among the negroes, time out of mind, and is so to this day, for them to make slaves of all the captives they take in war. Now, before they had an opportunity of selling them to the white people, they were often obliged to kill great multitudes, when they had taken more than they could well employ in their own plantations, for fear they should rebel, and endanger their masters’ safety.

“2dly. Most crimes amongst them are punished by mulcts and fines, and if the offender has not wherewithal to pay his fine, he is sold for a slave: this is the practice of the inland people, as well as of those on the sea-side.

“3dly. Debtors who refuse to pay their debts, or are insolvent, are likewise liable to be made slaves, but their friends may redeem them; and if they are not able or willing to do it, then they are generally sold for the benefit of their creditors. But few of these come into the hands of the Europeans, being kept by their countrymen for their own use.

“4thly. I have been told, that it is common for some inland people to sell their children for slaves, though they are under no necessity for so doing; which I am inclined to believe. But I never observed that the people near the sea-coast practise this, unless compelled thereto by extreme want and famine, as the people of Whidaw have lately been.

“Now by these means it is that so many of the negroes become slaves, and more especially by being taken captives in war. Of these the number is so great, that I may safely affirm, without any exaggeration, that the Europeans of all nations that trade to the coast of Guinea have, in some years, exported at least seventy thousand. And though this may no doubt be thought, at first hearing, a prodigious number, yet, when it is considered how great the extent of this coast is—namely, from Cape Verd to Angola, which is about four thousand miles in length,—and that polygamy is allowed in general amongst them, by which means the countries are full of people, I hope it will not be thought improbable that so many are yearly exported from thence.

“Several objections have often been raised against the lawfulness of this trade, which I shall not here undertake to refute. I shall only observe in general, that, though to traffic in human creatures may at first sight appear barbarous, inhuman, and unnatural, yet the traders herein have as much to plead in their own excuse as can be said for some other branches of trade, namely, the advantage of it; and that not only in regard of the merchants, but also of the slaves themselves, as will plainly appear from these following reasons.

“First, it is evident that abundance of captives taken in war would be inhumanly destroyed, were there not an opportunity of

disposing of them to the Europeans; so that at least many lives are saved, and great numbers of useful persons kept in being.”

“Secondly, when they are carried to the plantations, they generally live much better there than they ever did in their own country; for, as the planters pay a great price for them, it is their interest to take care of them.

“Thirdly, by this means the English plantations have been so much improved, that it is almost incredible what great advantages have accrued to the nation thereby, especially to the sugar islands, which lying in a climate nearly as hot as the coast of Guinea, the negroes are fitter to cultivate the lands there than white people.

“Then as to the criminals amongst the negroes, they are by this means effectually transported, never to return again; a benefit which we very much want here.” [Botany Bay was then unknown.]

“In a word, from this trade proceed benefits far outweighing all, either real or pretended, mischiefs and inconveniences. And, let the worst that can be said of it, it will be found, like all other earthly advantages, tempered with a mixture of good and evil.

“I come now to give an account of the mutinies that have happened on board the ships where I have been.

“These mutinies are generally occasioned by the sailors’ ill-usage of these poor people, when on board the ships wherein they are transported to our plantations. Wherever therefore I have commanded, it has been my principal care to have the negroes on board my ship kindly used and I have always strictly charged my white people to treat them with humanity and tenderness; in which I have usually found my account, both in keeping them from mutinying and preserving them in health.

“And whereas it may seem strange, to those that are unacquainted with the method of managing them, how we can carry so many hundreds together in a small ship, and keep them in order, I shall just mention what is generally practised. When we purchase grown people, I acquaint them by the interpreter, that now they are become my property, I think fit to let them know what they are bought for, that they may be easy in their minds, (for these poor people are generally under terrible apprehensions upon their being bought by white men, many being afraid that we design to eat them; which, I have been told, is a story much credited by the inland negroes). So, after informing them that they are bought to till the ground in our country, with several other matters, I then acquaint them how they are to behave themselves on board towards the white men; that if any one abuses them, they are to complain to the linguist, who is to inform me of it, and I will do them justice; but if they make a disturbance, or offer to strike a white man, they must expect to be severely punished.”

“When we purchase the negroes, we couple the sturdy men together with irons, but we suffer the women and children to go freely about; and soon after we have sailed from the coast, we undo all the men’s irons.

“They are fed twice a day, and are allowed in fair weather to come on deck at seven o’clock in the morning, and to remain there, if they think proper, till sunset. Every Monday morning they are served with pipes and tobacco, which they are very glad of. The men negroes lodge separate from the women and children; and the places where they all lie are cleaned every day, some white men being appointed to see them do it.

“It would be tedious to the reader, as well as to myself, should I relate all the particulars of our management of them, and the care we take to keep them in health and order; wherefore I shall conclude with this remark, that if a commander is himself well inclined, and has good officers to execute his orders, the negroes on board may be easily governed, and many difficulties (which unavoidably arise amongst such numbers) got over with a little trouble.

“The first mutiny I saw amongst the negroes happened during my first voyage, in the year 1704. It was on board the Eagle galley of London, commanded by my father, with whom I was as pursent. We had bought our negroes in the river of Old Callabar, in the bay of Guinea. At the time of their mutinying we were in that river, having four hundred of them on board, and not above ten white men who were able to do service; for several of our ship’s company were dead, and many more sick; besides, two of our boats were just then gone with twelve people on shore to fetch wood, which lay in sight of the ship. All these circumstances put the negroes on consulting how to mutiny, which they did at four o’clock in the afternoon, just as they went to supper. But as we had always carefully examined the men’s irons, both morning and evening, none had got them off; which in a great measure contributed to our preservation.

"Three white men stood on the watch, with cutlasses in their hands. One of them, who was on the fore-castle, a stout fellow, seeing some of the men-negroes take hold of the chief mate, in order to throw him overboard, he laid on them so heartily with the flat side of his cutlass, that they soon quitted the mate, who escaped from them, and ran on the quarter-deck to get arms. I was then sick with an ague, and lying on a couch in the great cabin, the fit being just come on. However, I no sooner heard the outcry, 'that the slaves were mutinying,' but I took two pistols, and ran on the deck with them; where meeting with my father and the chief mate, I delivered a pistol to each of them: whereupon they went forward on the booms, calling to the negro-men that were on the fore-castle; but they did not regard their threats, being busy with the sentry, who had disengaged the chief mate, and they would have certainly killed him with his own cutlass, could they have got it from him; but they could not break the line wherewith the handle was fastened to his wrist: and so, though they had seized him, yet they could not make use of his cutlass. Being thus disappointed, they endeavoured to throw him overboard, but he held so fast by one of them that they could not do it. My father, seeing this stout man in so much danger, ventured amongst the negroes, to save him, and fired his pistol over their heads, thinking to frighten them; but a lusty slave struck him with a billet so hard that he was almost stunned. The slave was going to repeat the blow, when a young lad, about seventeen years old, whom he had been kind to, interposed his arm, and received the blow, by which his arm-bone was fractured. At the same instant the mate fired his pistol, and shot the negro that had struck my father. At the sight of this the mutiny ceased, and all the men-negroes on the fore-castle threw themselves flat on their faces, crying out for mercy.

"Upon examining into the matter, we found there were not above twenty men-slaves concerned in this mutiny; and the two ringleaders were missing, having, it seems, jumped overboard as soon as they found their project defeated, and were drowned. This was all the loss we suffered on this occasion; for the negro that was shot by the mate, the surgeon, beyond all expectation, cured; and I had the good fortune to lose my ague, by the fright and hurry I was put into. Moreover, the young man who had received the blow on his arm, to save my father, was cured by the surgeon in our passage to Virginia. At our arrival in that place we gave him his freedom; and a worthy gentleman, one Colonel Carter, took him into his service, till he became well enough acquainted in the country to provide for himself.

I have been several voyages when there has been no attempt made by our negroes to mutiny; which, I believe, was owing chiefly to their being kindly used, and to my officers' care in keeping a good watch. But sometimes we meet with stout stubborn people amongst them who are never to be made easy; and these are generally some of the Cormantines, a nation of the Gold Coast. I went in the year 1721, in the *Henry*, of London, a voyage to that part of the coast, and bought a good many of these people. We were obliged to secure them very well in irons, and watch them narrowly; yet they nevertheless mutinied, though they had little prospect of succeeding. I lay at that time near a place called Mumfort, on the Gold Coast, having near five hundred negroes on board, three hundred of which were men. Our ship's company consisted of fifty white people, all in health, and I had very good officers; so that I was very easy in all respects.

"This mutiny began at midnight, the moon then shining very bright, in this manner:—Two men that stood sentry at the fore hatchway, where the men-slaves came up to go to the house of office, permitted four to go to that place, but neglected to lay the gratings again, as they should have done; whereupon four more negroes came on deck, who had got their irons off, and the four in the house of office having done the same, all the eight fell on the two sentries, who immediately called out for help. The negroes endeavoured to get their cutlasses from them, but the lineyards—that is, the lines by which the handles of the cutlasses were fastened to the men's wrists—were so twisted in the scuffle, that they could not get them off before we came to their assistance. The negroes perceiving several white men coming towards them, with arms in their hands, quitted the sentries, and jumped over the ship's side into the sea.

"I being by this time come forward on the deck, my first care was to secure the gratings, to prevent any more negroes from coming up; and then I ordered people to get into the boat, and save those that had jumped overboard, which they luckily did; for they found them all clinging to the cables the ship was moored by.

"After we had secured these people, I called the linguists, and ordered them to bid the men-negroes between decks be quiet; for there was a great noise amongst them. On their being silent, I asked 'what had induced them to mutiny?' They answered, '*I was a great rogue to buy them, in order to carry them away from their own country; and that they were resolved to regain their liberty, if possible.*' I replied, 'that they had forfeited their freedom before I bought them, either by crimes or by being taken in war, according to the custom of their country; and they being now my property, I was resolved to let them feel my resentment, if they abused my kindness;' asking, at the same time, whether they had been ill-used by the white men, or had wanted for anything the ship afforded? To this they replied, 'they had nothing to complain of.' Then I observed to them, 'that if they should gain their point, and escape to the shore, it would be no advantage to them, because their countrymen would catch them, and sell them to other ships.' This served my purpose, and they seemed to be convinced of their fault, begging 'I would forgive them, and promising for the future to be obedient, and never mutiny again, if I would not punish them this time.' This I readily granted, and so they went to sleep. When daylight came, we called the men-negroes up on deck, and examining their irons, found them all secure. So this affair happily ended, which I was very glad of; for these people are the stoutest and most sensible negroes on the coast: neither are they so weak as to imagine, as others do, that we buy them to eat them, being satisfied we carry them to work in our plantations, as they do in their own country."

We have no present space for more of our worthy author, and may therefore conclude with the following remark:—though we may smile at the captain's unconscious sophistries, it is a matter of regret that the *half-suppressed* slave-trade is now *only* carried on by daring ruffians, who run the same risks as pirates or smugglers, and practise atrocious cruelties; and that no *Suetyvares* are now in the traffic, whose humane character might mitigate its atrocities. The slave-trade, in its progress towards extinction, has been rendered more savage in its mode of management.

#### READING AT BOOK-STALLS.

THERE is a class of street-readers whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls; the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will be done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they "snatch a fearful joy." Martin B—, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of "*Clarissa*," when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work? M. declares, that under no circumstances of his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches. A quaint poetess of our day has moralised upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas:—

I saw a boy with eager eye  
Open a book upon a stall,  
And read, as he'd devour it all;  
Which, when the stall-man did espy,  
Soon to the boy I heard him call—  
"You, sir, you never buy a book,  
Therefore in one you shall not look."  
The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh,  
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,  
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.

Of sufferings the poor have many,  
Which never can the rich annoy;  
I soon perceived another boy,  
Who look'd as if he'd not had any  
Food, for that day at least, enjoy  
The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.  
This boy's case, then, thought I, is surely harder—  
"Thus hungry, longing thus, without a penny,  
Beholding choice of dainty-dressed meat:  
No wonder if he wish he ne'er had learn'd to eat!

Charles Lamb.

[Cheap literature has altered the state of things somewhat since the above was written.]

## TALK ABOUT HOMER.

NO. II.

THERE is abundant reason to believe that the education of the aristocratic youth was very carefully attended to in the early, as well as in the later, times of ancient Greece. We have in the *Iliad* innumerable instances of violent, nay outrageous, opposition in council to the will of a very powerful chieftain, whose character was haughty, impetuous, and selfish to an extreme degree.—Nevertheless, such was the liberality of sentiment produced in his mind by unlimited freedom of discussion in debate, that he yielded even to direct reproaches, when he found that he had merited them; and surrendered his opinions with an excellent grace, the moment he saw that there was a decided majority against him.

In assemblies of this description, where resolutions were adopted on principles so essentially democratic, the powers of eloquence necessarily produced great effect. The field of war and the public council were the principal arenas on which young men of birth could seek distinction. Accordingly, we find that schools of rhetoric were established from a very early period; and that the palm of eloquence was the object of keen contentions among the princely youths of the age. Moreover, when they grew up to man's estate, they were sent to foreign courts to gain information and practice; not less in the duties of the soldier, than in those of the orator, under skilful masters. The various shades, and eminent specimens of eloquence which the poems of Homer exhibit—though composed of course by himself—sufficiently prove that the faculties of men had been already applied to oratorical pursuits; and that the discipline and arts necessary to insure success were understood and highly cultivated.

The more we contemplate the manners of the primitive ages of Greece, the more steadily the conviction becomes fixed in the mind that there were other countries—not remote from that favoured land—in which civilisation had been carried to a very high degree long before its continental, or even island districts, were much inhabited. Indeed, all the researches that have been made amongst the regions of the ancient dead in Egypt, tend to put questions upon that point out of dispute. There seems little reason to doubt that Greece borrowed all, or nearly all, her arts from the banks of the Nile. Chains of connexion between the Egyptians and nations wonderfully refined, occupying Syria and Arabia, and Mesopotamia, may be traced, indistinctly, indeed, but still with appearances of probability sufficient to intimate that communities of great power in war, and conversant with many of the arts which embellish existence in peace, had risen, flourished, and fallen, even before the Pyramids were thought of.

One of the most graceful characteristics which marked the gallantry of the primitive states of Greece towards each other was, their treatment of the heralds or envoys. Functionaries of this description were uniformly held in the highest reverence.—Even when the communications with which they were charged were of the most objectionable kind, a decided line of distinction was always drawn between the envoy and his mission. His person was inviolable; the slightest attempt to question or impair his sacred rights was looked upon as not less than an impiety. Few objects seem more genial to the bosom of Homer than the cultivation of this generous spirit amongst his countrymen.

Some of the most emphatic lines in his compositions were levelled also against the practice of slavery, which prevailed to a considerable extent in his day. He exerted all the authority which his transcendent genius enabled him to wield against piracy of every description; but, especially, against that which had for its object the capture and sale of human beings. Princes of the highest rank considered it as a perfectly lawful trade—an honourable sort of mercantile speculation—to fit out and employ vessels for the purpose of capturing on or near the coasts, men, women, and children, with the view of selling them in Egypt, and other agricultural countries. Homer always raised his voice in its most indignant tones against those practices. Prosper, indeed, they might for a season; but certain they were, he prophesied, to be overtaken, sooner or later, by the just vengeance of the gods.

The generous warm-hearted bard seems always to feel peculiar pleasure in dwelling upon scenes of festivity and hospitality—such as our great nobles were wont to display in their halls in former ages. The guests appear to have usually cut the portions which they received into small pieces, with a knife or dirk, that was generally attached to their falchions. For forks the fingers were substituted; the latter, according to the agreeable custom still

prevailing in the East, having been previously cleansed with particular care. Before the guest touched the viands, a maiden waited on him with a golden ewer, a silver bason, and a napkin. While the banquet was proceeding, the doors were thrown quite open, and mendicants freely entered and sat down on the floor within the threshold. Their ragged attire formed no objection to the full exercise of their privileges in this respect, however squalid and defiled with smoke were their fragments of cloaks and tunics.

The beggar's chief defence against the rain and cold was a large deer-skin, stripped of its hair. His bald head, his eyes filled with rheum, his forehead parched and wrinkled, a staff in his hand, and by his side an old wallet, supported by odd pieces of belts, tied and twisted together and thrown over his shoulders, must have often constituted a member of this tribe a strange, though not an unpicturesque, contrast to the brilliantly apparelled senators and warriors seated at the tables. But had his appearance been still more revolting, it would have been overlooked by the noble sentiment which taught all classes to consider the poor and the stranger as under the special protection of Heaven. It would have been deemed an impiety to treat them with unkindness. The gods, it was believed, sometimes assumed the mendicant's garb, and wandered through the haunts of men in order to note their characters, and to distinguish the virtuous from the vicious. Hence, the poor were invested with a sanctity almost Christian.

The beggars admitted into banquet halls, as soon as they perceived that the guests had appeased their appetites, went round the tables, beginning from the right. When their wallets were filled with the doles which they received, they returned to their places near the threshold, sat down, and ate till they were fully satisfied, and then they took their departure—not always, however, in perfect peace, for now and then a quarrel arose amongst them. Whenever the dispute of words warmed into blows, there was an immediate rush from all the tables, especially those of the younger nobles, who, delighted to see the "fun," as an Irishman would say, formed a ring immediately, and encouraged the pugilists to prolong the battle. Off went the tattered cloaks and tunics immediately, and the latter being tied round the loins, the affair was regularly fought out, until one yielded the palm to the other.

It is due, however, to the better tastes of the age to observe, that the principal enjoyment of all numerous assemblies, after the pleasures of the table were over, consisted in listening to the musical recitations of the bards. The instrument with which the latter usually accompanied the voice appears to have been the *phorminx*, a harp of a simple triangular shape, of five or seven strings. Some no doubt were richly ornamented. The harp on which Achilles soothed his grief, while in temporary exile from the field of his glory, is said to have been framed of silver.

"Arriving soon

Among the Myrmidons, their chief they found  
Soothing his sorrow with his silver-framed  
Harmonious lyre, spoil captured when he took  
Pecton's city; with that lyre his cares  
He soothed, and glorious heroes were his theme."

We are not aware that any remains of Greek music have been discovered of an ancient date. It may be presumed to have consisted of the most simple melody. Its effects must have been necessarily powerful, because they proceeded not from a capricious combination of notes, but from those natural and passionate breathings of the soul which had for their only object to convey in the most expressive manner, the noblest strains of poetry in the most mellifluous language that ever captivated the ear. The mind was fascinated by the sentiment, the taste charmed by the diction, and the sounds which accompanied them at first naturally haunted the imagination, and were associated with them ever after.

Wherever Homer mentions music, he characterises it by the nature of the theme alone. He uses no expression which would authorise us to conclude that he was acquainted with those varieties of mode which have been denominated Dorian, Eolian, Phrygian, Ionian, and Lydian measures. The frequent occurrence in the *Iliad* of the same stanza warrants, and, indeed, imposes upon us, the supposition that this poem was delivered in recitative, which was varied only from a plainer to a grander strain, as the subject of the narrative required. Pauses were made between these changes, which the audience filled up with plaudits, if the bard delighted them, and, as in music, the return of the same passage, after an interval of varying modulations, relieves, and, for that reason, pleases the ear, we may believe that these occa-

sional repetitions, for which Homer has been censured by some of his critics, were considered from his lips as ornaments instead of blemishes.

The effect which the inspired poet produced, while he thus sang his verses to the sound of the *phorminx*, must have been enchanting, to a degree far beyond that which we experience in reading his works. If in the silence of the closet we feel the most vivid transports, while the mind, breathing an atmosphere of poetry, freely yields to the emotions which the vicissitudes of the Trojan war, or the contemplation of peaceful social life, as painted in the *Odyssey*, excite, can we be surprised at the mute attention with which the Greeks hung upon the effusions of the divine poet?

Such was the power of song, in Homer's estimation, that he tells us of the cheeks even of the artful Ulysses, at a moment too when he desired to conceal his princely rank, being flooded with tears, while Demodocus recited to his harp the fall of Troy. Alcinous, it is added, perceiving that the heart of his guest heaved with irresistible woe, was obliged to request the "illustrious" bard to suspend the lay.

"As when a woman weeps  
Her husband, fallen in battle for her sake  
And for his children's sake, before the gate  
Of his own city; sinking to his side  
She close enfolds him with a last embrace,  
And gazing on him as he pants and dies,  
Shrieks at the sight: meantime she ruthless foe  
Smiting her shoulders with the spear, to toll  
Command her, and to bondage far away,  
And her cheeks fade with horror at the sound;  
Ulysses so from his moist lids let fall  
The frequent tear."

Sometimes the sounds of the harp attracted the princess from the retired apartment which she usually occupied. Neither she, nor her daughters, nor, indeed, any other female (those only excepted who supplied the ablution water) ever attended at the banquet—a custom still rigidly adhered to in the East. In those primitive ages, however, as soon as the wine began to circulate, and the bard preluded to his choicest song, the heart naturally opened to the choicest affections, and demanded the presence of woman to cheer, and, at the same time, to chasten it.

The princess then entered, followed by two handmaids, who spread a couch for her near the chieftain, with purple tapestry, and placed near it a footstool. By her side they laid her silver work-basket and golden spindle, full of fine wool, which occupied her hands, while, in common with the hosts and his guests, her soul was given to the recitations of the bard.

It is expressly said of Helen that on such occasions she brought with her an Egyptian drug which she infused into the wine, while the cup-bearers were tempering it in the tankards:—

"A drug most potent to suppress or grief  
Or anger, and oblivion to induce  
Of all past evil. Whoso'er his wine  
So medicated drinks, he will not bathe  
His cheek all day with trickling tears, although  
His father and his mother both were dead,  
Nor even though his brother or his son  
Had fallen in battle, and before his eyes!"

Bravo! Here is the eulogium at once of woman and wine—worthy of old Homer's generous heart—and, perhaps, itself inspired by a more than ordinary draught of the finest vintage of Chios!

In the intervals of the songs conversations arose, in which the princess also bore her share. Whether speaking or silent, she was uniformly treated with the most courteous respect. The young and unwedded ladies were very rarely seen in the banquet-hall. Curiosity or coquetry sometimes impelled them to take a glance at a handsome stranger, when he first passed in, or, emboldened by the company of their attendants, to peep slyly at him through the half-opened door. But this was altogether a furtive proceeding, which would have drawn down reproof upon them, had it reached the knowledge of their parents.

Both the sexes, however, met freely in the dances which formed part of the public worship, as well as in those which sometimes followed the banquet. When the bard exhausted his themes, and the evening darkened apace, vases were brought into the hall, in which were torches mixed with dry wood. These were kindled, and the light which they diffused was kept up by a frequent supply of fresh materials. Lighted torches were also fixed in the hands of golden or bronze figures, which stood in recesses, or on pedestals, in different parts of the chamber. The females of

the family and the neighbourhood were then invited into the hall, the harp was again put in requisition, and the evening passed away in alternate dancing and singing. These amusements were rarely prolonged to a late hour. And whatever effect the admission may have had upon the otherwise engaging character of those times, it cannot be denied that the dance and the song were too often neglected for the indulgences of the table. Inebriation was a common vice, brawls followed of course; and where every man was already armed, and had besides access to the spears hung up in the halls, it may be easily believed that such accidental contests often terminated in a general row.

In those days, too, as in the ages that followed them, rivalry for the hand of a young princess of pre-eminent beauty attracted a number of suitors to her father's mansion. The task which the father had to perform on such occasions was one of no slight difficulty. Princes often came from a considerable distance, with their friends and followers, laden with valuable presents, to woo his daughter. It was a predominant maxim that he who offered the most splendid gifts (unless he was personally objectionable) was entitled to a preference, for this tested at once the affection of the suitor, and the competency of his means, to afford her an establishment suitable to her birth.

But the gifts of several princes might be equally rich, or nearly so; and even if they were not, still it often became a dangerous matter to decide between them, and send away the unsuccessful candidates. United by common disappointment, the latter might resolve to destroy their fortunate rival, the bride herself, and all her relatives. Or, wounded and made irritable by chagrin, they might fall on each other, and the victor, emboldened by success, might even carry away the royal virgin against her own consent, and that of her family. Scenes such as these were in those times of very frequent occurrence, and with a view to mitigate their sanguinary character, trials of skill, not very different from the tournaments of a later age, were resorted to.

These trials consisted of foot-racing, throwing the quito and javelin, but chiefly of feats in archery. Twelve stakes were fixed upright in the ground, at equal distances from each other. In the top of each of these a ring was inserted, and the whole were arranged in a straight line. The candidates stood, or sat, at a few paces from the first stake, and he who sent an arrow clear through all the rings, was declared the winner.

When the question as to the bridegroom was settled, the bride-elect, in her turn, made presents to her intended consort, and his friends. The marriage was celebrated by a splendid feast, after which the bride was conducted to her new home with great pomp and ceremony. A procession was formed of youths, who danced along to the sound of the pipe and *phorminx*, and the voices of the chorus who raised the hymeneal song.

In marriage, as indeed in all the affairs of life, a most respectful and affectionate attention was paid by children to the wishes of their parents. There was no service, however menial, which the son would refuse to perform when commanded by the father. The mother was equally venerated. If she became a widow, her rights remained undisturbed. To thrust her forth in such, or in any circumstances, was a deed which no son could meditate for a moment. It would bring down the wrath of the gods, the vengeance of the Furies, and the reproach of all mankind. Although the young men did not hesitate to speak their sentiments frankly, yet when they addressed them to their elders, they always did so with a reverential submissiveness, not less honouring those to whom it was shown, than those who showed it. It was a tenet of their religion, that the Furies waited upon age, and avenged in an exemplary manner, every indignity which it experienced. Parricide was a crime unheard of.

Fugitives under accusation were everywhere received and protected with a degree of kindness, which seems inconsistent with the moral tone of the age, and can be accounted for only by the influence of the laws of hospitality, which invested the stranger, at the moment of his appearance, with an inviolable sanctity. As soon as he entered under the roof, the master of the family rose from his seat, seized him by the right hand, cordially welcomed him, took his spear—without which travellers seldom journeyed—and laid it aside, and then led the guest to a seat. A table was set before him, the house-keeper heaped it with cold meat, bread, and wine; another female attended the host and stranger with water to cleanse the hands, after which they both partook of the repast. Some inquiries were then naturally made concerning the destination and engagements of the traveller, more from a motive of curiosity than of caution; for, whether he was a pirate, or a merchant, a criminal fugitive, a prince, or a peasant, he was

treated with every comfort which the house afforded. It was, of course, an immediate recommendation to favour, if the guest were connected with the host by hospitalities which had previously passed between themselves, or any, even the most distant relatives of their families. For such reciprocal ties were held as sacred as those of consanguinity, or kindred, and were transmitted with equal pride from generation to generation. But whether the guest was known or unknown, whether he came on business or in idleness, he was, in the first instance, plentifully entertained, every matter even of importance, and every question of curiosity, being postponed to this introductory and substantial demonstration of kindness. After this, the guest was free to go, or stay, as it suited his convenience.

Their rule of hospitality was one of true politeness, formed on the golden mean between indifference and excessive attention. They deemed it equally wrong to dismiss the stranger who was disposed to remain, as to detain him who was anxious to depart. While he abided with them, they were happy in his company, and whenever he pleased to go away, he carried with him their best wishes for his welfare.

It was seldom indeed that a guest did go away, particularly if he was discovered to be a person of distinction, or was an hereditary guest of the family, without prolonging his visit to nine or ten days, at the least. Before the hour of the banquet arrived, he was led to an inner apartment, where maids of the household were in waiting with warm water, which, after removing his mantle, and lowering his tunic, they poured upon his head and shoulders, while he bent over a brazen vase. The daughter of the family, even if she were a princess, as she had the care of the garments, attended with a fresh tunic and mantle, and when the maid had laved and anointed him, she presented him with the apparel. His feet were next bathed, and having braced on new sandals, he was prepared to make his appearance in the banquet-hall. Here every mark of favour awaited him. There was no reasonable request which he could make which the host would refuse, if for no other cause than merely that he was under his roof. To offer an indignity to a stranger in such circumstances, still more to take away his life, was a crime so heinous, that no man was deemed capable of committing it who acknowledged the power and feared the wrath of Jupiter. A warm bed was prepared for him, and when he finally took his departure, a silver cup, a shield, a falchion, or some other present, was bestowed upon him. In return for these kindnesses he expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms, and charged himself with their affectionate remembrances to such of their distant friends as it was probable he should see in the course of his journey.

Such interchanges of civility as these, companionship in the chase and in the field of battle, and other accidental causes, often gave rise to the establishment of friendships of the most generous and enduring character. The love of Menelaus for Ulysses was beautiful. "Had your father returned," said he to Telemachus, "it was my intention to build a city for him and for all his people, as near to my own as possible, that we might often exchange the delights of conversation."

This spirit of hospitality was universal. The stranger, to be sure, could not expect to meet the same luxuries everywhere. If he entered the hut of the shepherd he must have contented himself with sitting before a rough fir table, on a bundle of twigs tied together, and covered over with the skin of a goat or sheep. His fare would probably have been barley-bread, cheese, and milk, or in the better sort of cottages, a little pig hastily roasted on the embers, sprinkled over with flour, and an ivy wood-cup full of tolerable wine. But wherever he sojourned his presence gave rise to a little festival. The neighbours assembled to give him a graceful welcome, and to inquire the news which he had heard during his journey.

At a period when the means of intercourse, even between places not very remote from each other, were so few and precarious, this natural curiosity was no doubt often taken advantage of by mendicants, who were constantly roving from town to town—especially if any considerable war happened to be going on. These vagrants were no doubt the earliest bards—and among them abounded impostors. Homer pointedly refers to the numbers of the latter class, and remarks that from them the true poet was easily distinguishable by the elegance of his diction, and the elevated tone of his genius.

To the outcast of notoriously bad character, the smith's forge, or the public portico only, was open for the night's shelter. Mere poverty was of itself no cause for neglect. Wealth, indeed, always procured for its possessor respect; but it did not blind

him to the merits of those who were less endowed with the gifts of fortune. The prince often dined at the same table with the labourers who ploughed his field. He treated them with parental kindness; and, after a certain period of service, bestowed upon them a portion of his estate sufficient for a decent independence.

In the condition of society which then existed, it not unfrequently happened that the swineherd, the wood-cutter, or the ploughman had been once himself a prince, though subsequently reduced to servitude by the fortunes of war, or by having been stolen away from his own country in early boyhood by pirates.

Homer displays his magnificent soul in the picture which he more than once portrays of a patriarchal sovereign contemplating his people blessed with happiness, his hall well filled with guests seated in due order, and listening to the tuneful harp, the tables heaped with all sorts of good viands, and the tankards overflowing with delicious wine. Salvator Rosa's landscapes are always full of dense shade—of shade grateful to the senses of man in a climate where the rage of the sun is so constantly felt. Homer experiences a similar delight in exhibiting the charms of peaceful life, at a period when the sudden irruption of a barbarous enemy from the seas or mountains might, in one hour, confound prince and people in common misery, and turn all their cheerfulness into lamentation and despair.

### SOCIAL CONSPIRACIES.

WE—and we have no doubt many of our readers also—have been often agreeably surprised, at social parties, to find, without our having the slightest previous suspicion of the fact, that we were in the presence of persons of the most splendid talents—that there were amongst the guests, personally unknown to us, and of whom we had never before heard, several of the brightest geniuses of the age. This is a discovery, however, which we certainly in no instance should ever have made ourselves; for there never was anything about these geniuses to distinguish them from mere ordinary mortals,—nothing in their appearance, nothing in what they either said or did, to mark them out as the gifted beings which it seems they really were. For such discovery, then, we have been invariably indebted to the kind offices of some brother genius also present.

There exists a secret compact or conspiracy amongst the class of small geniuses, to take advantage of social meetings to puff each other into notice, and to trumpet forth each other's praises. This, however, be it observed, is not done in sincerity of heart, nor with the view of elevating a brother genius, but to secure to themselves a return of the compliment, which, by the understood, if not expressed terms of the compact, the bearded genius is bound to do. They, in fact, bowl to each other's hands, and thus exhibit the working of what certainly is a very pretty and ingenious device for catching a little temporary and local fame.

The field of operations selected by this fraternity is, as already hinted, the social meeting, either private or public; but they prefer the former, as being the safest, for in the latter there is always great danger of the thing not going well down. There are too many present, and there generally prevails, besides, on such occasions, a certain gruff independence of spirit that is very inimical to the attempts of small geniuses to secure any of those little, quiet, comfortable modicums of admiration for which they are so constantly and so eagerly on the hunt.

The private social meeting, therefore, is greatly to be preferred; for there reigns there, usually, a good humour and urbanity that will ungrudgingly give, on the slightest grounds, to any one who asks it, any amount of applause they may choose to demand.

The sort of league or conspiracy of which we are speaking, we beg the reader to observe, is not a distinctly expressed thing. Its conditions are not written, spoken, nor formally entered into between the parties in any way; but it is perfectly understood, and is as duly and strictly fulfilled as if its terms were engrossed on parchment. It is, moreover, so dextrously managed, that you would never suspect its existence, without previous information. It is usually conducted after the following manner; and we entreat the reader to note that, whenever, he witnesses a similar scene to that we are about to describe, he may safely set it down as a case of conspiracy.

A few toasts having gone round, a thin, pale-faced young gentleman suddenly gets upon his legs, leans both his hands upon the

table, and with a modest simper on his countenance, thus addresses the assembled party:—

"Gentlemen, I hope it will be considered no intrusion my intruding myself on the notice of this good company for a few seconds. [Cheers.] If, gentlemen, I intruded *myself*, it would be an intrusion; that is, if my purpose was to speak of myself, such proceeding would assuredly be something more than presumptuous. But, gentlemen, when I rise, as I now do, for the purpose of doing homage to genius, and of entreating you to join me in that homage, I am very sure the heart of every man here will go with me. [Considerable cheering.]

"Gentlemen, to some of you it may be known, but to most of you probably not, that we have the honour of having amongst us this night a poet, whose fame, I do not fear to predict, will one day fill the world to its utmost verge and circumference—whose fame, gentlemen, will one day stretch from pole to pole, and encircle the great earth, [Cheering,] and which will at once illuminate the dreariest depths of the American forest and gild the loftiest peaks of Teneriffe. Gentlemen, there is a poet amongst us—a poet, gentlemen, in whose numbers are combined the sublimity of Milton, the harmony of Pope, the pathos of Goldsmith, the fire of Byron, the chivalry of Scott, the philosophy of Wordsworth, and the gaiety of Moore. Yes, gentlemen, there is a poet amongst us in whose verse all these excellencies are combined, in one glorious rainbow of heaven-born poesy! [Tremendous cheering.]

"Gentlemen, need I name the gifted individual to whom I allude—need I point him out to you? I need not. That lofty brow, where genius sits enthroned—that eye, where beams the light of that genius, will guide you to the honoured person I mean, and by these will you know him.

"Gentlemen, I propose the health, with all the honours, of my respected and gifted friend, Mr. Higgins."

It may be thought that the speaker has come it rather strong in this eulogium—that he has laid it on rather thick: but there is good policy in this; for the stronger he gives it, the stronger he gets it back again. It is all returned him, and not unfrequently with interest, as, indeed, we shall find in the very case under discussion. But this is a digression. To proceed.

While the rather flattering speech above recorded is being delivered, you look round the table, to see if you can by any outward sign discover the "gifted individual" on whose gifted head this torrent of burning eloquence has been poured. In this scrutiny, your eye quickly selects and rests on one individual in particular, whom you observe in a state of suppressed excitement—of modest confusion, sitting with downcast look, twirling his glass between finger and thumb. He is trying to look unconscious, but it won't do; every lineament of his face betrays the delightful emotion with which his entire poetic frame is thrilled.

Marking these symptoms of sweet suffering, you at once set the sufferer down as the genius whose fame is destined to gild the peaks of Teneriffe. You are right; it is he, and no mistake.

The health of the gifted individual having been drunk, with a hip, hip, hurra, and a three times three—the acme, the very utmost pinnacle of a small poet's ambition,—he gets up slowly to his feet, for the burthen of his glories still bear heavily upon him, and after a pause of a second or two, occasioned by a keen sensibility to the honour just done him, and during which he exhibits a vast deal of amiable confusion, he addresses the friends around him in a tone of great humility, with manner corresponding, in the following words:—

"Gentlemen, the honour which you have just now done me is one which I must, and certainly shall, remember with pride and satisfaction to the latest hour of my mortal existence—till my sun of life shall have sunk down into the ocean of eternity. [Immense cheering.]

"It is an honour, gentlemen, that I do not know in what terms to acknowledge—it confuses, it overwhelms me [A touching pause here.]

"Gentlemen, I need not say that my very worthy and highly talented friend here, who led the way in conferring upon me that imperishable and never-to-be-forgotten honour, which summoned me to my feet as with the sound of a trumpet, has overrated any little poetical talents I possess. The poetical propensity I indeed own to; it burns in my bosom like a consuming fire; it has hurried my rapt soul into the boundless spaces of imagination; it has thrown the sublimity of darkness over every feeling of my heart. Oh! to have described it I should have poured liquid flames through my lines—I should have set my verse on fire with the intensity of thought and the burning brilliancy of imagery. But

all my attempts have fallen far, oh how far! short of my glowing aspirations! for,

As the bright sun, in glorious firmament high,  
Shines on a world where men are born to die;  
So my dark soul, in deepest depths immured,  
Sighs for the past, nor deems its hopes secured.

Yes, gentlemen, such is the picture I would draw of my own state and feelings, but adequately to describe these, nor tongue nor pen is equal.

"Gentlemen, I have already expressed, or rather endeavoured to express, the deep sense I entertain of the honour you have this night done me; an honour which, under any circumstances, I would have deemed inestimable; but when I reflect, gentlemen, by whom that honour was proposed, how much is its value enhanced! When I reflect that that honour was proposed by a gentleman who has cultivated poetry's sister-art, the art of painting, with a success and zeal that has placed him, by universal consent—by universal acclaim, I may say—in the foremost ranks of his profession; that has placed him on a pinnacle of fame, from which he can proudly contemplate the puny efforts of inferior genius, and defy the malice of detractors,—I say, gentlemen, when I reflect on this, I am confounded, overwhelmed—lost in the bright blaze of the effulgence that surrounds me!

"Who, gentlemen, who that has seen—and who has not seen?—the splendid productions of the pencil of my illustrious friend, Mr. Wiggins? Who has not been struck dumb with the superlative beauties they exhibit? Who, gentlemen, has failed to recognise in these productions the savage sublimity of a Salvator Rosa, the calm colouring of a Claude Lorraine, the tender touches of a Teniers, the rosy redolence of a Rubens, the mighty magic of a Michael Angelo, and the winning waggery of a Wilkie?"

"Yes, gentlemen, in the divine achievements in art of my gifted friend may be discerned in glorious combination all the excellencies of all the masters of both ancient and modern times.

"My illustrious friend, I perceive, blushes under these outpourings of an admiring spirit, but an applauding world confirms the commendation which I have so feebly expressed.

"Gentlemen, I propose the health of one of the greatest painters of the day—I propose the health of Mr. Wiggins."

Such, then, is a specimen of the working of the social conspiracy; and that that specimen exhibits little or no exaggeration, we have our own experience to attest. We have witnessed its counterpart in fifty instances, and we are pretty sure, if the reader will tax his memory, he could add probably as many more.

This system of mutual *buttering* or *larding* at social parties is pretty extensively practised amongst small poets; but the thing is done, after all, much more heartily and cordially when the aspirants for immortality are in different lines, as in the case of our illustration; for there is amongst the fraternity of small songsters a deep-seated hatred of and contempt for each other, that prevents them going the "whole hog" in each other's praise; they cannot do it for their lives, not even on the condition of having it returned.

The system, then, works much better, much more freely, when in the hands of parties whose pretensions rest on wholly different grounds; there being here no rivalry, they lay it on each other with an unsparing and fearless liberality.

We at this moment know a pair of small geniuses—the one a musician, a composer of music, the other a poet, who have established, and successfully carried on for several years, a regular copartnership in the trade of larding each other at social parties.

These two worthies hunt in couples, and carry on business, entirely on their own accounts; for we never knew of them praising anybody but themselves. Their system is to get invited, as often as they can possibly manage it, to the same parties. Indeed neither, if it can at all be helped, will go to any social meeting without the other. When an invitation, therefore, does not extend to both, the invited partner either suggests his brother genius to the inviter, or boldly takes him along with him, without an invitation, trusting to the urbanity of his host for a welcome.

The usual mode of proceeding of these two hunters after notoriety, when they have got planted at the same table, is as follows:

The musician—for we have observed he always leads the way—gets to his feet, and in a speech very much resembling that of the painter's, elsewhere given, proposes the health of the poet. The poet returns the compliment, and generally with an ample measure of interest; and thus have these two small geniuses bowed to each other's hands for the last half-dozen years, the process being invariably, and in every instance plainly, such as we have described it.

## PRISON DISCIPLINE IN BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

THE following observations from a recent article in the "North American Review" are applicable at the present time; the Reports of the Prison Inspectors showing that much in our prison economy still requires alteration and improvement.

It is truly affecting to observe how universal, before the time of Howard, had become the neglect of everything relating to prisons and prison discipline. Not only were prisons constructed without any regard to humanity, and without any design of promoting the reformation of prisoners, but it came to be the fact, that the whole economy of these moral charnel-houses was absolutely shut out from the thoughts of the happy and the virtuous. There was but one description of jail for the whole community, and into this were indiscriminately thrown debtors, thieves, murderers, persons detained for trial or as witnesses, lunatics, idiots, young and old, and frequently men and women, without classification and without constraint. If any solitary cells were to be found within these gloomy walls, they were generally under-ground, dark, damp, chilly, and too filthy to be described; and in these the more furious maniacs were incarcerated for life. The facts might have been easily ascertained by any one who chose to inquire into them. They must, we presume, have been known, they certainly *ought* to have been known, to judges, to grand jurors, to sheriffs, and frequently to lawyers. Yet, before Howard, no one had ever thought of directing the public attention to this shocking inhumanity. It is humiliating to reflect, how easily we become accustomed to the most enormous cruelty, and by how slight a circumstance a human being may be shut out from all our kindly sympathies.

"There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;  
It does not feel for man. The natural bond  
Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax  
That falls asunder at the touch of fire."

It is the peculiar merit of Howard, that he unfolded to the civilised world the mysteries of the prison-house. It was his great object to lift the curtain, and reveal to mankind the atrocities which were perpetrated in the very bosom of society. His journals contain a full, an accurate, and an impartial disclosure of the condition of jails, prisons, penitentiaries, and hospitals, throughout Great Britain and the greater part of the Continent. His labour was that of exploration. In this he was so completely successful, that it was impossible afterwards for the subject to be wholly forgotten. His labours must always be the groundwork of all that shall ever be done for the improvement of prison discipline; and no one can henceforth treat upon the subject, without introducing his discourse with a eulogy upon the character and labours of John Howard, the Philanthropist.

But Howard confined himself, almost exclusively, to an exhibition of the evils which at that time existed; and to the repeated inculcation and illustration of the fundamental principle, on which all improvements in prison discipline are founded, namely, *There is nothing gained by the imprisonment of criminals, unless that imprisonment tend to reformation.* He declares, that all his experience might be summed up in this one maxim. It is found in all his reports—it speaks out in all his correspondence. To direct the minds of men to its importance, was a labour of which the value can scarcely be exaggerated. But, unfortunately, Howard did not live to see his principles carried into practice under his own direction. He never embodied his ideas in the form of a prison, which should become the model for general imitation. He was in a commission for erecting a penitentiary in the vicinity of London, but, from disagreement with his fellow-labourers as to its local situation, he abandoned the undertaking. While he, therefore, demonstrated the fundamental principle, he left the manner of its practical application to be invented by others.

The result was, as might have been expected; Howard was canonized, and *orthily*, but the prisoners were neglected, and were in danger of being forgotten; so much easier is it to eulogize philanthropy, than to be indeed philanthropists. Notwithstanding parliamentary inquiry, prisoners in Great Britain remained for a long time very much as they had been. We presume, that Mrs. Fry found about as much misery and vice in Newgate, as Mr. Howard had found there fifty years before.

Within the last twenty years, however, a brighter era has dawned upon the prisons of Great Britain. The labours of the "Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, and for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders," have been attended with cheering success; and there is now reason to hope, that every

British prison will be hereafter constructed with the design of promoting the moral reformation of the criminal.

It is not remarkable that the United States should, for a long time, have followed the example of Great Britain, in her system of prison discipline. It was natural, that our fathers should entertain the sentiments in which they had been educated; and that they should erect, in this country, such prisons as they had been accustomed to see at home. Such was the fact. Our penitentiary system inherited all the vices of the land of our origin. The following description of the Walnut-street prison, in Philadelphia, in the year 1783, is a picture, by no means exaggerated, of very many of the prisons, both in this country and in Europe, at that period. Such have many of them continued until within a very recent date.

"On the 20th of November 1783, the supreme executive council of this State appointed a committee of their body to confer with a deputation of the Society, respecting the abuses in prison discipline. We would willingly draw a veil over the horrid transactions, which the Society were the instruments of Providence in discovering, exposing, and finally, in a great measure, preventing. The prison was a perfect pandemonium, rendered only the more conspicuous and revolting, from the contrast with the institutions of wisdom and benevolence, which everywhere surrounded it. It had degenerated from the imperfect condition of a workhouse, which it had been in the days of Penn, and for some time subsequently. The cruelty, the crimes, the misery, and nearly all the abominations, which prevailed in the prisons of America and Europe, were the constituent parts of our system.

"In this den of abomination were mingled, in one revolting mass of festering corruption, all the collected elements of contagion; all *ages, colours, and sexes*, were forced into one horrid loathsome communion of depravity. Children, committed with their mothers, here first learned to lisp in the strange accents of blasphemy and execration. The young apprentice, in custody for some venial fault, the tyro in guilt, the unfortunate debtor, the untried and sometimes guiltless prisoners, the innocent witnesses, detained for their evidence in court against those charged with crimes, were associated with the incorrigible felon, the loathsome victim of disease and vice, and the disgusting drunkard (whose means of intoxication were unblushingly furnished by the jailer!) Idleness, profligacy, and widely-diffused contamination, were the inevitable results. The frantic yells of bacchanalian revelry; the horrid execrations and disgusting obscenities from the lips of profligacy; the frequent infliction of the lash; the clanking of fetters; the wild exclamation of the wretch driven frantic by desperation; the ferocious cries of combatants; the groans of those wounded in the frequent frays (a common pastime in the prison), mingled with the unpitied moans of the sick (lying unattended, and sometimes destitute of clothes and covering); the faint but imploring accents for sustenance by the miserable debtor, cut off from all means of self-support, and abandoned to his own resources, or to lingering starvation; and the continual though unheeded complaints of the miserable and destitute, formed the discordant sounds heard in the *only* public abode of misery in Philadelphia, where the voice of hope, of mercy, of religion, never entered. In this nursery of crime, almost every species of profligacy was practised without punishment, and openly taught without any attempt at prevention.

"In this abode of moral contamination and of suffering, a few were released from their misery by the lingering pains of hunger, of cold, and neglect; several committed suicide; and the frequent and fatal pestilence—the inevitable consequence of filth and crowded apartments—swept off multitudes, to whom the means of education, as well as the lessons of religion, had never been offered—whose dying hours were unimproved—whose beds were attended by no merciful minister of the gospel, urging them to repentance, and bearing the blessed hope of mercy and forgiveness. They departed, either unheeded, or surrounded by wretches on whom their awful example produced no reform, from whom their suffering received no compassion, nor any alleviation. The last sigh of the most hardened was breathed out in audacious and shocking defiance; whilst brutal indifference, or agonizing despair, marked the dying moments of many of the tenants of a jail of a Christian community.

"Those of our citizens who remember the former condition of the prison in Walnut-street, can testify to the correctness of this description. *It is no overcharged picture of the fancy.*"—*Defence of Solitary Confinement*, pp. 10—12.

Such is a faithful description of the prison in the heart of Philadelphia, a city renowned for her deeds of philanthropy. It is a

melancholy illustration of the fact, that there is scarcely a conceivable degree of inhumanity, to which we may not become so accustomed as to survey it, for years together, with almost absolute indifference.

Shocking as is this description, it is sorrowful to add, that it too accurately portrays the condition of the greater part of the prisons in this country, and in Europe, at the time to which it refers, the year 1788-9. It is yet more painful to remark, that prisons of essentially the same character have, until very lately, existed in almost every State in the Union.

As an illustration of the nature and tendencies of the former, and to too great a degree the present, system of prison discipline, we would mention a case which occurred only a few years since, in one of the New England States. The only voucher for its accuracy, it is true, is the veracity of the sufferer himself; but the naturalness of the whole narrative is such, that we have never doubted for a moment of its essential authenticity.

The young man to whom we refer was an orphan, left in mere boyhood to the care of an uncle, who taught him his own trade, that of a shoemaker. The uncle, however, absconded in debt, while our informant was still a youth, and he apprenticed himself to another person of the same occupation. The master was poor, and the apprentice, of course, still poorer; the former failed, and was, we believe, sent to jail, and the latter, almost destitute of clothes, was again turned out, without a friend, into the street. His appearance was so squalid, that no respectable mechanic would employ him, and he wandered about the city for several days, cold and hungry, procuring barely enough to prolong existence, by doing little errands on a wharf.

In this condition, to cover his nakedness, he stole an old coat out of an entry. In one of the pockets, there was, unfortunately, a pocket-book, containing a considerable sum of money. This discovery alarmed the poor boy. To return it would have been to confess the robbery. To keep it was to render apprehension almost certain. While deliberating with himself what he should do, he was arrested, immediately convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in a common jail. Here he found himself consigned to the same apartment with three pirates, one of whom was afterwards executed, and the other two doubtless deserved execution. These wretches spent their time in instilling into the mind of this boy every sentiment of hatred against society. They taught him how to steal, and assured him, that the pleasantest life which he could choose was a life of dishonesty and robbery. They assured him that he ought to make society pay for its cruelty to him; that occasions for successful theft were of every day occurrence; and that he would thus become a gentleman more readily than in any other manner.

The poor child was too easily persuaded. He entered the prison, honest in principle. He left it, determined on being a villain. For weeks he was prowling about the city in search of some opportunity of theft; but he found these much less frequent than he had been led to suppose. He obtained, by doing odd jobs, barely sufficient to purchase food; and slept on cellar-floors, or in any hiding-place which the streets afforded. Having been in jail, he dared not apply to any respectable mechanic for work; and, as the cold weather approached, his situation became almost desperate. He was perfectly prepared to commit an offence which would send him to prison, "for then," said he, "I should be certain of having a place to sleep in at night."

In this state of mind, he was met by an old house-breaker, who immediately engaged him to rob a store. The robbery was successfully accomplished, and the booty secured. A reward was offered for the detection of the thief. A compromise was effected between the owners of the property, the managing robber, and the police-officer; a large part of the stolen goods was returned, and the remainder shared between the old offender and an accomplice, while this young man, who had been merely a tool in the transaction, was delivered over to justice. We need not add, that he was speedily convicted, and sentenced for a term of several years to confinement in the State-prison.

Several of the first months of this confinement were passed in solitude. It was mid-winter. The room to which he was consigned was unglazed; his bed was a bunk filled with straw, and his covering a single blanket. It happened, that, on several occasions, he awoke in the morning, and found himself covered with snow from the open window. His food was insufficient in quantity and poor in quality; and his health soon began to decline. Frequently he was obliged to lie with his limbs folded together during the whole day and night, for the sake of husbanding the vital warmth, until, even after being taken out, he was

for some time unable to stand upright. During this sad period, "My feelings," said he, "were continually vibrating between two extremes. Sometimes I felt myself injured; though I knew I had done wrong, yet I was conscious I did not deserve such protracted misery, and I could not help weeping over my situation. Then, again, I would feel that this was not manly, and I would brace myself to bear it without flinching, determined that, if I ever was set at liberty, the world should pay dearly for its treatment of me." These latter feelings gradually strengthened with time, and at the close of the term of solitary confinement had formed themselves into a habit.

When this melancholy half-year had elapsed, he was turned loose into unrestrained intercourse with men who had themselves undergone a similar training. He described the prison at large as a perfect pandemonium, where every evil passion of the human heart was cultivated to terrible luxuriance. "I do not believe," said he, "that there was a man there, who would have hesitated for a moment to commit murder, were it not from the fear of detection. I myself have frequently been guilty of murder in my heart." The only feeling possessed by the convicts in common, was, hatred against society, and a determination to be avenged upon it, if ever they had again the opportunity. To accomplish this purpose, they were willing at all times to combine together. Those who entered, were always ready to make known to those about to go out any particular facilities with which they were acquainted, for deprecation. They assisted each other in forming plans and in fabricating tools; and thus, on several occasions, it was commonly known in the prison, that a murder or robbery was to be perpetrated, some days before the occurrence took place. No one who knew of the existence of such designs dared to reveal them; for he was well assured, that, in case it were found out, he would inevitably be assassinated by some of the desperadoes by whom he was surrounded.

This was the manner in which, only a few years since, an enlightened community was labouring, at great expense, to diminish the amount of crime by which it was afflicted. The account above given is related from memory; but it is, in all its important features, presented as we received it. It had, at the time, every appearance of truth and naturalness; and we have had no reason, from any subsequent investigations, to question the veracity of our informant.

The praise of making the first effort to arouse the public mind in this country to the enormity of this evil must, without doubt, be awarded to the citizens of Philadelphia, a city always forward in every effort to promote the happiness, or alleviate the sufferings of man. On the 7th of February, 1776, an association was formed, denominated "The Philadelphia Society for assisting Distressed Prisoners." During the American Revolution, when Philadelphia was in the power of the enemy, this society seems to have been suspended or dissolved. On the 8th of May, 1787, some of its surviving members formed another association, under the name of "The Philadelphia Society for alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons."

"This useful and unassuming body," says Mr. Smith, "is the parent of all the societies which have since been formed for similar purposes, in Europe and this country. It has, perhaps, effected more for the permanent benefit of mankind, than any of the meritorious charities of this city of benevolence. It has the enviable fame of being the first to reduce the humane and philosophic theory of preventive and reforming punishments by the separate confinement and instruction of prisoners, to the unerring test of successful experiment."—p. 7.

The labours of this Society have been principally confined to the State of Pennsylvania. It investigated the condition of prisons throughout that State, laid them, from time to time, before the legislature and the public, and desisted not until it had procured the adoption of that system of criminal jurisprudence and prison discipline, which has since been known as the *Pennsylvania system*.

The other association, and that on which the greater share of the labour in this cause has of late years fallen, is the "Prison Discipline Society," of Boston. This society was organized in Boston, June 30th, 1825. Its first annual Report bears date June 2d, 1826. Since its formation, it has published thirteen annual Reports, forming together a volume of 1234 closely printed octavo pages. These Reports, we venture to say, furnish a mass of facts and statistics respecting prisons, and the various subjects connected with criminal jurisprudence, of greater value than can be found in any other works at present in the English language. By correspondence, it annually collects all the most important



information to be gained on this subject; and, by means of its secretary, it visits frequently all the prisons in the northern and middle states. Indeed, when we consider the very small expenditure of the Society, and the improvements in prisons and prison discipline which it has originated, not only in the United States and the Canadas, but also in Europe, we look at it as a striking illustration of the power for good which Divine Providence has conferred upon man. This society has not expended more than about 3000 dollars per annum; and yet, besides stereotyping all its reports, sustaining its secretary, and assisting in the support of several State-prison chaplains, it has spread before every man in the community the means of forming a judgment on this important question, and has brought about a radical change in the management of prisons in about half of the States in the Union. Nor is all this the whole, or even the half, of the benefit which has thus been conferred upon the community. It is now universally acknowledged, that the treatment of prisoners is a matter into which every virtuous member of society is bound to make inquiry; that the attempt to reform criminals is not by any means hopeless; and that it is incumbent on every political society to form for itself a system of criminal jurisprudence, which, by labouring for the reformation of all classes of offenders, shall reduce the actual amount of crime within the narrowest possible limits.

It is necessary to remark, that a difference of opinion has for some years existed between the friends of the Philadelphia and Boston societies, as to the best method of accomplishing their common object. The essential difference between these two systems is, that the one insists upon *total*, and the other upon only *partial* solitude; in the one case, the prisoners are *always* in the solitary cell, in the other, they are there only *for the night*. It is said, that the Pennsylvania system is more *merciful*; it never requires the use of severe punishments, while the other system cannot exist without them. This assertion, however, in neither point is sustained by evidence. It is granted, that at Auburn and at Sing-Sing great severity has, at times, been used. The convicts have been frequently flogged; and very much fear, so frequently as to show that there exists incompetency somewhere in the management of these institutions. At Weathersfield, however, the lash is very rarely used. The case, we believe, is the same in the prison at Charlestown, Massachusetts. Nay, more, this system may be conducted successfully without the use of stripes at all. The fact is, that either system may be conducted mercifully; and either may be conducted brutally. Both require a man skilled in the government of men; a mild, firm, temperate, and benevolent, yet inflexible disciplinarian. Under such a man, there will be but little suffering in either. Without such a one, in either there will be much.—*North American Review*.

#### SURVEYING VOYAGES OF "THE ADVENTURE" AND "THE BEAGLE."

##### NO. III.—CAPE HORN AND THE TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

AFTER parting company with the Adventure, the Beagle and Adelaide proceeded on the services respectively appointed to them, which they accomplished in a very satisfactory manner. Meantime, the Adventure proceeded along the coast of Tierra del Fuego in search of the Chanticleer, which they found anchored in St. Martin's cove at Cape Horn on the 16th April, 1829. Here they experienced very bad weather, but every favourable interval was seized for making observations. One occasion some very remarkable effects upon the compass were observed, which Captain King thus relates:—"The summit of Saddle Island, which I ascended for bearings, is composed of large blocks of greenstone rock, on one of which the compass (Kater's azimuth, without a stand) was placed; but the needle was found to be so much influenced by the ferruginous nature of the rock, composed of quartz and feldspar, thickly studded with large crystals of hornblende, that the poles of the needle became exactly reversed. An experiment was then made, by taking bearings of a very distant object, at several stations around, about fifty yards from the magnetic rock, when the extreme difference of the results amounted to 127°. The block upon which the compass stood in the first instance is now conspicuously placed in the Museum of the Geological Society\*."

The following day S.W. gales and thick weather set in, but taking advantage of a short interval of more moderate weather, Captain King ascended the highest peak on the south side of the cove immediately over the anchorage. The only path by which they could proceed was over the bed of a water-course filled with

loose stones, in passing which the coxswain, who carried a theodolite (an excellent magnetic transit), unfortunately fell, and materially injured the instrument he carried. On leaving the bed of the torrent, which they were obliged to do when it became full of wood, their difficulty was much increased; for in many places they had to scramble over the thickly-matted and interwoven branches of the stunted bushes of beech, which frequently yielded to their weight, and entangled their legs so much that it was no easy matter to extricate themselves. "At the height of one thousand feet," continues Captain King, "vegetation became much more stunted; we found the plants and shrubs of very diminutive size, consisting principally of the deciduous-leaved beech, one plant of which, though not more than *two inches* high, occupied a space of four or five feet in diameter, its spreading branches insinuating themselves among wild cranberry, chammitis, donacia, arbutus, and escalonia, so closely matted together as to form quite an elastic carpet. For the last two hundred feet we walked over the bare rock, on which no other vegetation was observed than lichens. The summit of the peak is formed by a loose pile of greenstone rock, in which the hornblende appears in very varied forms, sometimes in large crystals, and again so small and disseminated as to be scarcely visible; on the summit it is seen in very long narrow (sic orig. filiform) crystals, and the feldspar predominating, gives it a white appearance\*. The only living creatures we saw were a solitary hawk and one insect, a species of oniscus."

The view was most extensive, and afforded a good opportunity for obtaining bearings; but the wind was so violent as more than once to blow Captain King from the theodolite, and once actually threw him on the ground. The temperature was not below 35°; but, owing to the wind, the cold was intense, and the rapid evaporation produced the most painful sensations, particularly in their feet and legs, which were thoroughly wet when they reached the top. The height of the peak, to which Captain Foster had given the appropriate name of Kater's Peak, from having selected its vicinity for his pendulum experiments, is 1,742 feet above high water-mark.

Having completed their wood and water, and trans-shipped the provisions brought in the Chanticleer, there was nothing to delay Captain King's departure beyond an opportunity of rating the chronometers for the run to Valparaiso; but on the day after his visit to Kater's Peak, the weather became worse than ever. The gusts or williwaws, rushed through the valley of the cove with inconceivable violence, heaving the ship over on her broadside every minute, so that they were obliged to have everything lashed as if at sea. Days passed without a glimpse of the stars, and the sun only appeared for a few minutes above the hills.

"On the 3d of May," says Captain King, "the gale was more violent, and the williwaws became short hurricanes, in some of which the ship drifted and fouled her anchors. On the 10th we had a dry and fair day, which permitted us to right the anchors and moor again. The fine weather was of only a few hours' duration, when the gale again sprang up, and lasted, with little intermission, until the day of our departure (the 21th). From the 4th to the 22d the sky was so perpetually clouded that the only transits obtained in that interval were one of Antares, one of Regulus, and one of the limb of the moon, though Captain Foster even *slept close to the telescope* in the greatest anxiety to obtain observations. On the night of the 22d four stars were observed, by which the error of the clock was satisfactorily ascertained.

"Captain Foster's pluviometer, a cubic foot in size, placed on a stand two feet above the ground, at an elevation of forty-five feet above the sea, contained eight inches and a quarter of rain after standing thirty days; therefore, with the quantity evaporated, at least twelve inches must have fallen. The day after the above was registered, the vessel only contained seven inches and a quarter; so that in twenty-four hours one inch had evaporated, by which an idea may be formed of the sort of weather we experienced, and of the humidity of the climate."

We have been thus minute in our notice of Capt. King's stay at Cape Horn, because his narrative gives so graphic an account of the toils and sufferings to which those gallant men who engage in similar expeditions, filled with zeal in the cause of their country, and of science generally, are exposed; and of the untiring energy with which such labours are endured. Such reflections recur more forcibly to our minds when we remember that at this moment, the Terror and the Erebus are bearing our countrymen on that adventurous expedition to the Antarctic regions, from which, although years must first roll by, we trust they may return in

\* Nos. 268 to 271, Geo. Soc. Museum.

\* 283 to 286, Geo. Soc. Museum.

safety to enjoy the honour that awaits them. May they not experience the fate of the unfortunate Captain Foster, who was cut off just at the moment when his toils were over, and he was about to return to meet his well-earned reward! Capt. King's mention of this melancholy event, and of the character of his lamented friend, comes so warm from the heart, that even at the risk of overstepping our limits, we cannot avoid quoting it:—

"On the 24th of May," says Capt. King, "the Chanticleer sailed, and in two hours after we also left this dismal cove, in which we experienced a succession of very bad weather, an almost constant S.W. wind, and, for the last month, a scarcely ceasing fall of either rain, hail, or snow. The Chanticleer bore away round Cape Horn, and was soon out of sight. This was my last meeting with Captain Foster, who, the night before we sailed, communicated to me a presentiment, which he could not shake off, that he should not survive the voyage. I cannot now resist indulging in the melancholy satisfaction of saying a few words to the memory of my late excellent friend, and lamenting, with many others, the severe loss which science suffered in his death. He was a Fellow of the Royal and Astronomical Societies, and to the former had contributed (to use the words of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, as President of the Royal Society) a most valuable and extensive series of observations upon the diurnal variation, diurnal intensity, and dip of the magnetic needle; and upon other subjects connected with the terrestrial magnetism and astronomical refraction, which formed an entire fourth part of the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1826. For these papers he received the Copley medal; and the Lords of the Admiralty acknowledged their sense of the honour which was thus conferred upon the profession to which he belonged, by immediately raising him to the rank of Commander, and by appointing him to the command of the Chanticleer, upon a voyage of discovery and observation in the South Seas. The address of the President of the Royal Astronomical Society at the anniversary meeting\*, also bears ample testimony to his active and useful services in the expedition, under Capt. Parry, towards the North Pole, as well as to his ardent zeal, very great attention and accuracy, in everything he undertook for the promotion of science; and concludes the notice of his death in the following words:—'In the premature death of this young and accomplished officer, the Society has to deplore the loss of a zealous and active votary to science; and his memory will be long held dear by those who were more intimately acquainted with him in the relations of private life.' Captain Foster was unfortunately drowned near the close of his voyage, while descending the river Chagres in a canoe."

The Adventure arrived safely at Valparaiso on the 22d June, and while remaining there the chronometers were cleaned, and some of them repaired, and the ship refitted and provisioned with a full supply for the Beagle and the Adelaide, as well as for herself. As soon as these preparations were completed, the Adventure ran down to Chiloe to join her companions.

The Island of Chiloe, which now forms part of the Chilean Republic, was the last portion of the South American territories which adhered to the Spanish cause. It is a place of considerable importance, and may be termed the key of the Pacific. It is the northernmost of that vast Archipelago which borders the coast from lat. 42° to Cape Horn. At present the trade carried on at San Carlos, the chief place in the island, is very limited, being almost entirely confined, as far as exports are concerned, to timber; but notwithstanding the climate, which is very damp, the soil is good; and when education shall have raised the population, which is chiefly of Indian descent, in the scale of humanity, Chiloe promises to become one of the most important parts of the Chilean territories.

The Adelaide had not arrived when the Adventure reached San Carlos, nor did she make her appearance until the 20th of September. She had gone up the coast, by the channels that communicate with the Strait of Magelhaens at Beaufort Bay, passing inside of Hanover Island and Madre de Dios, surveying every opening with great care, in the expectation of discovering a communication with Skyring Water, but without success. There is, indeed, every reason to believe that there is no other communication between the ocean and those two inland seas, Otway Water and Skyring Water, first discovered by Captain Fitzroy, than the passage by which he approached, the Jerome Channel; for Mr. Low, whom we have before mentioned as the owner of the Abeona and Uxbridge (sealing vessels), entered and explored Skyring Water at a subsequent period, but did not succeed in finding any channel of exit.

On the Adelaide's arrival at San Carlos she was found to require considerable repair, and for that purpose was hauled down upon the beach, the survey of the port and parts adjacent being carried on by the other vessels in the meantime. Among other injuries, one of her masts had suffered, and considerable difficulty and delay would have ensued in procuring a substitute, had not the governor of the port, with great kindness, offered the flag-staff which stood in the market-place, a beautiful spar of Aleswood, a kind of cypress, for the purpose; a proceeding much deprecated by some of the wise heads of San Carlos, who were persuaded that the English intended to take possession of the island, and had begun their aggressions by capturing the flag-staff. Their apprehensions were relieved by the erection of a new one, which, although not of such magnificent dimensions as that which had been removed, sufficed to tranquillise their minds.

Captain King received at San Carlos the permission which he had previously sought to return home, without entirely completing the objects of the expedition; the state of the vessels rendering their continuance at sea for another season inadvisable. As soon, therefore, as the Adelaide was fit for service, preparations were made for leaving Chiloe. The Adventure proceeded direct to the Strait of Magelhaens, to complete whatever was wanting to perfect the survey in that quarter, while the Adelaide, which was to join her at Port Famine, was occupied in finishing the examination of the coast of the main land from Cape Tres Montes and Port Otway, to the entrance of the strait, a service which was most excellently performed by Lieutenant Graves and his assistant Lieutenant Skyring, who had joined the Adelaide in the strait, for the purpose of conducting the former surveys on the passage to Chiloe. The details of these voyages of the Adventure and Adelaide do not possess much interest, and we shall therefore content ourselves with stating that they both reached Rio de Janeiro in safety, where they were joined by the Beagle, whose course was directed around the Tierra del Fuego, on the 2d of August. The adventures of Captain Fitzroy on this passage were the occasion of the voyage round the world which he subsequently undertook in the same vessel, and with a brief account of them we shall conclude this paper. Leaving San Carlos on the 19th of November, he proceeded direct to Cape Pillar, at which point he was to commence his survey of the coast of Tierra del Fuego, and which he reached on the 25th of that month. The survey proceeded without further interruption than arose from the state of the weather, which in summer as well as in winter is equally wet and stormy, so much so, that were it not for the longer continuance of daylight, and a somewhat greater degree of warmth in the atmosphere, little difference could be perceived between the seasons.

Upon one occasion, in the latter end of January, 1830, the master (Mr. Murray) had been detached in the whale-boat, a remarkably fine boat which had been built while the vessels were at Chiloe, upon an expedition which was expected to occupy about three days; but his absence being greatly prolonged, Captain Fitzroy began to entertain serious fears for his safety. At length, he tells us, "At three this morning (the 5th of February) I was called up to hear that the whale-boat was lost, stolen by the natives; that her coxswain and two men had just reached the ship in a clumsy canoe, made like a large basket, of wicker-work, covered with pieces of canvas and lined with clay, very leaky, and difficult to paddle. They had been sent by the master, who, with the other people, was at the cove under Cape Desolation, where they stopped on the first day. Their provisions were all consumed, two-thirds having been stolen with the boat, and the return of the natives to plunder and, perhaps, kill them, was expected daily.

"The basket, I cannot call it a canoe, left the Cape (now doubly deserving of its name) early on the morning of the 4th, and worked its way slowly and heavily amongst the islands, the men having only one biscuit each with them. They paddled all day, and the following night until two this morning (5th), when in passing the cove where the ship lay they heard one of our dogs bark, and found their way to us, quite worn out with fatigue and hunger. Not a moment was lost; my boat was immediately prepared, and I hastened away with a fortnight's provision for eleven men, intending to relieve the master, and then go in search of the stolen boat. The weather was rainy and the wind fresh and squally; but at eleven o'clock I reached the cove, having passed to seaward of the cape, and there found Mr. Murray, anxiously but doubtfully awaiting my arrival. My first object, after inquiring into the business, was to scrutinise minutely the place where the boat had been moored, for I could not believe she had been stolen; but I was soon convinced that she had been well secured in

\* Ann. Meeting, 30th Nov., 1832.

a perfectly safe place, and that she must, indeed, have been taken away, just before daylight. Her mast and sails and part of the provisions were in her; but the men's clothes and instruments had fortunately been landed. It was the usual custom with our boats, when away from the ship, to keep a watch at night; but this place appeared so isolated and desolate, that such a precaution did not seem necessary. Had I been with the boat, I should probably have lost her in the same manner; for I only kept a watch when I thought there was occasion, as I would not harass the boat's crew unnecessarily; and on this exposed and sea-beaten island, I should not have expected that Indians would be found. It appeared that a party of them were living in two wigwams, in a little cove about a mile from that in which our boat lay, and must have seen her arrive; while their wigwams were so hidden as to escape the observation of the whale-boat's crew. At two o'clock on the first morning, Mr. Murray sent one of the men out of the tent to see if the boat rode well at her moorings in the cove, and he found her secure. At four another man went to look out, but she was then gone. The crew, doubtful what had been her fate, immediately spread about the shore of the island to seek for traces of her, and in their search they found the wigwams evidently just deserted: the fire not being extinguished. This at once explained the mystery, and some proceeding along the shore, others went up on the hills to look for her in the offing; but all in vain. The next morning, Mr. Murray began the basket, which was made chiefly by two of his men, out of small boughs, and some parts of the tent, with a lining of clayey earth at the bottom. Being on an island, about fifteen miles from the Beagle, their plan was as necessary as it was ingenious: though certainly something more like a canoe than a coracle could have been paddled faster."

The loss of this boat was of serious inconvenience, for they possessed no other, fit for encountering heavy seas and rough weather. Capt. Fitzroy, therefore, determined to make every exertion for recovering it, and in the meantime to construct another, for which purpose they had fortunately materials on board. He hunted the Indians most indefatigably, and on the 7th of February he tells us "at a place more than thirty miles E.N.E. of Cape Desolation, we fell in with a native family, and on searching their canoes found our boat's lead-line. This was a prize indeed; and we immediately took the man who had it into our boat, making him comprehend that he must show us where the people were from whom he got it. He understood our meaning well enough, and following his guidance we reached a cove that afternoon, in which were two canoes, women, and children; but only one old man and a lad of seventeen or eighteen. As usual with the Fuegians, upon perceiving us, they all ran away into the bushes, carrying off as much of their property as possible—returning again naked, and huddling together in a corner. After a minute search, some of the boat's gear was found, part of a sail, and an oar, the loom of which had been made into a seal club, and the blade into a paddle. The axe and the boat's tool-bag were also found, which convinced us that this was the resort of those who had stolen our boat; and that the women, six in number, wore their wives. The men were probably absent, in our boat, on a sealing expedition."

Captain Fitzroy explained to them by signs, that he wanted to recover his boat, and he persuaded the young man to accompany him and aid the other guide in their researches, but at night, both men took an opportunity to escape, carrying off with them two coats which Mr. Murray had lent them, to keep them from the cold.

It was not, however, until the morning of the 12th February that their pursuers again came up with the Indians. On discovering them, a plan was laid for surrounding them unawares, and taking as many as possible, to be kept as hostages for the return of the boat. This scheme was put into execution the next day, and two men, three women, and six children, were captured. But unfortunately this was not effected without bloodshed. The Indians made a stout resistance, arming themselves with heavy stones, which they wielded with great effect; and in order to save the life of one of the seamen, who was in their power and much hurt, it became necessary to fire at his adversary, and unfortunately the shot proved fatal. The Indians exhibited a great deal of strength; the women were so powerful, that Captain Fitzroy had no idea that it was a woman whom he and his coxswain endeavoured to pinion, until he heard some one say so. The oldest woman of the tribe was so powerful, that two of the strongest men of the party could scarcely pull her out from under the bank of the stream where she had taken refuge.

Depending upon the presence of the children as a sufficient guarantee for the safety of the prisoners, especially of the women, no very strict watch was kept on them, and eventually all escaped,

except three of the children; some, one night, while bivouacking on shore, artfully contrived to prop up the blanket beneath which they were lying, so as to make it appear that they were still beneath it, and then silently crept away, and escaped among the bushes; the rest, including three of the children, swam ashore from the vessel.

As rough sailors are not very well calculated to act as dry nurses, Captain Fitzroy took an opportunity of leaving two of the children in the care of an old Fuegian woman, who knew them, and was very willing to undertake the charge, and gave him to understand that she would restore them to their parents. The third, who, from the basket-work canoe which had been the means of saving Mr. Murray and his men, had been named Fuegia Basket, appeared so happy on board, and was grown such a favourite with the men, that he decided on keeping her some time longer. He was more ready to do this, since he was now convinced that there was little chance of recovering the boat, unless some better means were found of communicating with the natives than mere signs; and he hoped by keeping Fuegia for a month or two, and, if possible, by persuading some other Indians to spend some time on board, to teach them sufficient English to make them act as interpreters. With this view, when off the point called York Minster, he persuaded a young man, who afterwards took his name from this place, to come into the boat: he appeared quite contented, and his friends paddled away, and left him. When he got on board, Fuegia Basket told "York Minster" all her story; at some parts of which he laughed heartily. Fuegia, cleaned and dressed, was much improved in appearance; she was already a pet on the lower deck, and appeared to be quite contented. York Minster was sullen at first, yet his appetite did not fail; and whatever he received more than he could eat, he stowed away in a corner; but as soon as he was well cleaned and clothed, and allowed to go about where he liked in the vessel, he became much more cheerful.

Shortly after "York Minster" had been taken on board, Capt. Fitzroy succeeded in taking prisoner one of the men connected with the thieves, after whom he kept a constant look out. This man, to whom he gave the name of "Boat Memory," seemed frightened, but not low-spirited; he ate enormously, and soon fell fast asleep. The meeting between him and "York Minster" was very tame; for at first they would not appear to recognise or speak to each other. "Boat," says Captain Fitzroy, "was the best-featured Fuegian I had seen, and, being young and well-made, was a very favourable specimen of the race. York was one of the stoutest men I had observed among them; but little Fuegia was almost as broad as she was high: she seemed to be so merry and happy, that I do not think she would willingly have quitted us. Three natives of Tierra del Fuego, better suited for the purpose of instruction, and for giving as well as receiving information, I do not think could well be found."

Captain Fitzroy had in the first instance intended to land his guests before leaving the eastern coast of Tierra del Fuego, but when he discovered that the tribes inhabiting that coast, and who were called "Yapoos" by the Indians on board, were at war with the western tribes, and found that Boat and his companions expressed the greatest reluctance to be left there, and were perfectly contented on board, he determined on carrying them to England. He also procured a pupil from the Yapoos, literally purchasing him from his friends, who parted with him very readily at the cheap rate of a mother-o'-pearl button; whence he received the name of "Jemmy Button."

Captain Fitzroy says, that the Fuegians were much slower in learning English than he expected from their quickness in mimicry, but they understood clearly, when they left the coast, that they would return to their country at a future time, with iron, tools, clothes, and knowledge, which they might spread among their countrymen. They helped the crew whenever required; were extremely tractable and good-humoured, even taking pains to walk properly, and get over the crouching posture of their countrymen. While at anchor in Good Success Bay, they went ashore more than once, and occasionally took an oar in the boat, without appearing to harbour a thought of escape.

All these Indians Captain Fitzroy carried with him to England, and after affording them such education as could be imparted in the space of a twelvemonth, conveyed them back to their native shores. Their subsequent history we purpose to pursue at some future opportunity; but here we must take our leave of the Adventure and the Beagle, which both arrived safely in Plymouth Sound, on the 14th October, 1830.

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## ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.\*

It has been proposed, as a test of the extent or measure of genuine civilisation in a community, that we should mark how far there prevails, as a moral sentiment, a mutual delicate perception of, and quick deference to, the feelings and wishes of each other. Tried by this test, the people of the United States would rank very low. But then we must consider the circumstances which have modified their character. Their form of government sprang out of a great reaction of the human intellect; and its framers, reverting to the primitive signification of the word "aristocracy," (the best, most excellent,) resolved, that if there should be a necessity for an aristocracy, it should be an aristocracy of mind. The sovereign people were quite satisfied that there should be no distinctions but what arose out of moral and mental qualities: but they were not satisfied to enjoy their democracy without obtruding it—rendering it glaring and distinct. They did not understand, that the most perfect freedom and independence may exist along with the most perfect external evidences of kindness, considerateness, and politeness; and in their aversion to hereditary rank, and their desire to display what might be termed a new phase of humanity, they became rude, rough, careful of themselves individually, and careless of others. Thus, the very mode in which they manifested the freedom which they had won, developed the selfishness of human nature; it seemed like a degradation of character—a casting off of one's birthright or citizenship—for a man to evince a considerate attention to the feelings of his neighbour; and a people, the greater portion of whom had become rude and rough enough through the process of back-wood work, were rendered nationally perhaps as insolent in general demeanour and character as any people that ever enjoyed the prerogative of freedom.

In England it was too generally thought that all this outward carelessness, insolence, and rudeness, arose out of the want of dukes, marquises, and knights; that the Americans were an unpolished people, from the want of a *polishing* class. The cause which had brought out this rudeness and roughness into such strong relief was overlooked; the Americans regarded politeness as a gaudy weed, the produce of a slavish soil, and thus became intolerant of whatever had even the appearance of obsequiousness. It was not the want of a polishing class which rendered the mass of the people what they are; for, from the first institution of the American republic, there existed a natural aristocracy—a class whose manners and gentlemanly feeling might have given a tone to society. But the foolish idea that freedom was incompatible with deference checked the transmission of those manners; the physical resources and political framework of the country affording to thousands the easy acquisition of riches and influence, enabled the majority to rough-cast the national character; and so completely was the unobtrusive minority concealed, that it became a current belief that a Yankee could not possibly be a gentleman, from the

utter want of a model or standard by which the character of a gentleman could be formed.

The desire of distinction, however, being as natural and healthy an appetite of the mind, as the desire of food is of the body, the Americans are beginning to show the world that they are not without an aristocracy. Wealth is producing a "leisurely" class: but wealth and leisure are not necessarily in the hands only of those whose imaginations have been so educated, or whose characters and dispositions are so balanced, as to enable them to enjoy their leisure after the most rational and gentlemanly fashion. Can we wonder, then, that in an age like this, when swords, wigs, and broad cloth have lost their *graduating* faculties—when a lord on the street may pass for no more than a banker's clerk, and a banker's clerk may make a greater impression than the wealthy man who employs him—the desire of distinction should frequently waste itself on "trifles light as air," or that, in a country like the United States, where thousands can rise out of their *born* circumstances, and the faggot-splitter *might* become a President—that the desire of personal distinction should manifest itself, amongst half-educated but aspiring people, who are impatient of the general character of their countrymen, by an affected exclusiveness, affected delicacy, affected refinement, and great pretensions?

Those who may be disposed to palliate this American "genteel" tendency, may point to England, and remark how strongly it operates even among us. It is very powerful in our provincial towns, producing keen rivalries between the surgeon's daughter, and the clergyman's daughter, and the farmer's daughter; it is very powerful in our provincial capitals, Edinburgh and Dublin; and even in London, whose enormous size has a levelling power, and where truly a man may live as he likes, and almost do as he likes—even in London the aspiring "genteel" and "exclusive" spirit operates strongly. It operated strongly in all periods of our history; but it is far more strikingly manifested now, owing to the throwing-down of artificial barriers, and our progress in arts, the increase of our manufactures, and the power of our machinery, causing a far greater number to be thrown up, as it were, on the surface, and compelled to swim or sink. Its operation is so far hurtful, that being crowded together, we are, too many of us, like rats in a barrel of water, contending for possession of a solitary brick. It strongly develops social hypocrisies, and conventional extravagance—if Peter King has succeeded so well, by patient industry, or successful enterprise, that he can keep a finer house, give fine entertainments, and, "cutting" vulgar Gravesend and Margate, roll down to more aristocratic Brighton or Hastings, why should his old friend and "crony," John Cruchley, who has *not* succeeded so well, allow his weakness to be seen, or permit King to think himself a better man than he? This is the least painful part of the matter—the genteel beggary and the suicides it produces render it almost too distressing to dwell upon.

But in England, it may be replied, we have not abolished artificial distinctions, and therefore this mimicry of aristocracy is a natural result of our institutions, of our habits of thought, and of

\* Aristocracy in America. Edited by Francis J. Grund.—London. Two Vols. Bentley, 1839.

the power of example. In America, where they so loudly proclaim their equality, it is not only ridiculous, but dangerous to the existing state of society. Is it so? Is this straining after "genteelity" a proof that, at least in a portion of the United States, the tide is setting from democracy to aristocracy—from republicanism to monarchy? Whether this be the case or not, it is at least a proof of how little attention has been paid, both in England and America, to the education of the IMAGINATION. The desire of distinction, we have said, is as natural and healthy an appetite of the mind, as the desire of food is of the body. Without that impulse to exertion, which is derived through the medium of the imagination, man individually, and man socially, would either stand still or retrograde. But the imagination may be dosed with intellectual "gin," or fed upon garbage; and many an intelligent man and woman may confess how often their imaginations rested satisfied with visions of barouches, gigs, jewels, carpets, rings, chains, and dresses. And yet all this desire for distinction—all this longing for "genteel" society, with nice little villas, and figures resembling puppy dogs, but, intended for lions, (take a walk in some neighbourhoods of London for examples,) stuck on each side of one's door, is an indication of a desire for something better than mere distinction—a desire to be thought of as belonging to a class of society which implies, amongst other things, an educated and tasteful mind. Were a proper system of education more extended amongst us, this desire, amongst people who have risen into the possession of means, would not so often display itself in staring vulgarity, and by ridiculous assumption.

If we are to take the great increase of "genteelity" in the United States as a proof that its republican roughness is rubbing off somewhat, it is worth while noting that polite France is getting rude, and rough America refined. The politeness of France sprang from spurious causes—from subserviency and oppression; and now that republican notions are more diffused amongst the mass of the French population, that habitual deference which a former generation was taught is disappearing, and "the people," at least in Paris, are sturdy, rude, and often insolent. The very cause which made the Americans what they were and are is making the French what they are—the idea that freedom and deference are incompatible. When will men be taught that nations may be thoroughly free and thoroughly polite? When will freemen understand that mutual courtesy and mutual kindness, instead of degrading their personal equality, only enhances it? When will masters and mistresses talk to their servants in tones of affection, and servants obey, not from a selfish principle, not from fear, but from love? When will rich and poor mingle together, the one without a feeling of scowling hatred, the other without an idea of supercilious contempt? We don't know; "it is a far cry" to Utopia: but we believe there is plenty of room in the United States, without at all endangering its republican institutions, or affecting the liberties of the people, for imitations of European tastes and manners—for landlords to get civil to their guests, and "helps" to get civil to their employers—for tradesmen to be attentive to their customers, and customers to be waited on by their tradesmen—for merchants to furnish fine houses, and their wives to give grand parties—if all were only done in the genuine spirit of politeness—and taste.

This little bit of preaching is introductory to a few extracts from "Aristocracy in America;" a work, in the form of a journal, in which the author, in the character of a German, mingles amongst what may be termed the "higher" classes in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, &c., and then visits Washington, to mix with the classes who hold the government of the country. The book deals more with the imitators of aristocracy, than with the true aristocracy; and the fact that these

imitators of aristocracy are becoming more numerous, and therefore more offensively obtrusive, noisy, and vulgar, is a proof that the American character is becoming modified. Aristocracy is the radicalism of the United States, and democracy the conservatism; the aristocrats form the minority, but they are increasing in numbers; and though the "people," as being the majority, and the ruling power, will be able to keep the minority in check, there can be no doubt that all this affectation of gentility, so freely censured and ridiculed in the book before us, is indicative of a gradual softening-down of the harsher features of the American character. However, while the struggle continues, the two parties will draw very exaggerated pictures of each other. Let the reader, then, bear in recollection that "Aristocracy in America" comes from a democratic workshop, and that it does not spare the American pretenders to aristocracy. With this qualification, we can recommend the two volumes as sufficiently light, sketchy, and amusing, though the continual hammering on vulgar gentility becomes almost offensive by its mere iteration.

Here is a scene—the "arrival of the London packet" at New York:—

"On our return to the city, the steam-boat was quite animated. The packet-ship T— had arrived from London, and, having reported a clean bill of health, was permitted to land her passengers. Our boat therefore went alongside of her, and was greeted by loud cheers from the steerage passengers, who, dressed in their Sunday's best, were crowding the bow, gangway, and even the rigging of the vessel, eagerly awaiting their long-hoped-for delivery from imprisonment.

"The company on board of our boat, which, besides ourselves, consisted of a dozen gentlemen and nearly as many ladies, returned the salute in a dignified manner, by a wild stare of amazement; until, turning to the captain of the packet, who had jumped on the bulwarks of our boat to assist in landing his passengers, a fashionably dressed lady, accompanied by a gentleman, inquired what sort of cabin passengers he had brought with him?

"Mr. and Mrs. —," replied the captain, who, from his attention to the inquirer, appeared to have the honour of her acquaintance.

"Don't know them," said the gentleman; then turning to the lady, whom I judged to be his wife, 'do you know them?'

"I am sure I never heard their names before," said the lady, tossing up her head.

"Mr. — and two children," continued the captain.

"The wife of that vulgar auctioneer," remarked the lady, "that wanted to outdo everybody. Well, she will find a sad change; her husband has failed since she was gone, and is said not to pay ten cents in a dollar."

"Mr. —," continued the captain.

"What sort of a person is he?" demanded the gentleman.

"La! don't you know him?" cried the lady: "it's that grocer who made fifty thousand dollars in a coffee speculation, and has ever since been trying to get into the first society; but did not succeed, on account of that blubber-faced wife of his. They say that is the reason he went to Europe. Poor wretch! he probably thought people would, in the meantime, forget that he was a grocer."

"Mr. and Mrs. — of Baltimore," added the captain.

"Ah! our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. —. What a delightful creature that Mrs. — is! I used to be quite intimate with her at New Port; she always used to have such a choice set around her."

"Lady — and her daughter from London," resumed the captain.

"Lady — from London!" exclaimed the whole company; "where is she?"

"It's that fine-looking woman there, standing by the side of that young lady dressed in black." (Here the gentlemen applied their glasses.)

"Both equally handsome," cried a young man; "really English! excellent fall of the shoulders!"

"Only the bust a little too full," remarked the lady, "which is generally the fault of the English women: and, besides, they have such enormously large feet."

"Who is with them?" inquired one of the gentlemen.

"Captain — of the —th fragoons, who I understand is brother to Sir —."

"I presume they have brought their servants with them?" observed the lady.

"Two male-servants, a lady's maid, and the governess of the young lady."

"Then they must be rich."

"They have letters to Mr. A—, to Mr. and Mrs. —, and to many of our first people."

"Here the lady whispered something to the gentleman, which, as far as I could understand, sounded like this: 'We shall see them at Mrs. A—'s, and you must try to get introduced to them; it will be just the thing for us if we should ever go to England.' (Aloud to the captain) 'Have you brought some more English people!'"

"'Lots of them,' replied the captain; 'Mr. — and Mr. — of Manchester, Mr. — of Liverpool, Mr. — and Mr. — of London; all in the cotton business.'

"'We don't want to know *them*,' said the lady; 'business people, I presume—full of pretensions and vulgar English prejudices. Have you brought no other *genteel* persons besides Lady — and Captain —?'"

"'Oh yes,' replied the sailor, who began to be tired of the interrogatory; 'a young sprig of nobility; Lord —, as they call him.'

"'I am so sorry,' said the lady, with a bewitching smile, 'to trouble you so much, captain; but really I should be so much obliged to you if you were to show me the young lord.'

"'It's that chap for'ard,' said the captain, 'talking to the engineer.'

"'Then I presume he is a whig lord,' remarked the lady."

"'I don't care a d—n,' muttered the captain as he was going away, 'whether he be a whig, tory, or radical, so he pays his passage, and behaves himself like a gentleman.'

"Our deck was now covered with more than a hundred and fifty people, principally English and Irish, among whom there was a great number of women and children. Those that had come over in the steerage confined themselves for a short time to the forward deck; but after they had paid their fare, and ascertained that they were charged as much as those who occupied the chairs and settees that were placed aft the wheels, they gradually came one by one to partake of the same privilege, and, though not without hesitation, took their seats among the better dressed part of the company. This was the signal for a general move; the ladies forming themselves into little sets by themselves, with a portion of the gentlemen standing by their side, and the unencumbered part of the latter walking the opposite side of the deck. But the young progeny of England and Ireland, emboldened by their success, disturbed them a second time by walking the deck in an opposite direction; and one of them, a swaggering youth of about nineteen, actually had the impudence of addressing a gentleman who had been a *cabin* passenger on board of the packet."

"The gentleman answered without looking at him, and in so abrupt a manner, that the youth stole away very much like a dog that has been kicked by its master."

"These are the consequences of our glorious institutions!" exclaimed the gentleman, turning towards Lord —, who had taken his station at a little distance from him, and had evidently observed the reception his poor countryman had met with: 'this fellow here would not have dared to speak to us while on board of the packet; and now he is scarcely in sight of the American soil before he thinks himself just as good as anybody else. Did your lordship observe the insolent manner in which he came up to speak to me?'"

"His lordship gave a slight nod of assent."

"These people come here with the notion that all men in America are free and equal; and that, provided they pay the same money, they are just as good as our first people."

"'Hem!'"

"'But they soon find out the difference. People think there is no aristocracy in this country; but they are mistaken,—there are just as many grades of society in America as in England.'

"'Indeed!'"

"'Yes, my lord, and even more; and the distinctions between them are kept up much more rigidly than in England.'

"'I dare say they are.'

"'Yes, my lord; you will never see a gentleman belonging to our first society mix by any chance with the second, or one of the second with the third, and so on.'

"'So!'"

"'And if it were not for these intruders, who come here by thousands, and outvote us at the elections, our country would be just as refined as England.'

"'I dare say.'

"'Your lordship does not seem to believe it; but you will yourself see the progress we have made in the arts and sciences.'

"'I have heard some of my friends say the same thing.'

"'Why, my lord, New York is a second London; and, if it goes on increasing in the same manner as it has done for the last fifty years, will soon have a million of inhabitants.'

"'Ay, ay!'"

"'And Philadelphia is nearly as large.'

"'Ah!'"

"'Yes, my lord; and the society of Philadelphia is even more select than that of New York.'

"Here his lordship yawned."

"'But the most literary society is in Boston. Boston is the Athens of the United States.'

"'Is it a nice place?' inquired his lordship."

"'Why I do not exactly know what your lordship means by a nice place; but it is one of the handsomest places in the United States.'

"'Hem!'"

"'It has a most beautiful common.'

"'Ay, ay!'"

"'And a most magnificent state-house; from the top of which you have a most superb view of the neighbouring country.'

"'So!'"

"'And not more than three miles from it is Harvard College, the most ancient and distinguished university in the country.'

"Here his lordship indulged himself in a very long yawn."

"'With a library of more than forty thousand volumes.'

"'Is that all?'"

"'Why, my lord, this is a young country; and, considering all circumstances, I think we have done better than perhaps any other nation would have done in our place.'

"'No doubt of it,' replied his lordship."

"'Indeed, my lord, I think we can challenge history for a comparison.'

"'Just so.'

"'And if we were only left alone, we would do better still; but we are completely overrun by foreign paupers: they come here in herds, while men of high rank (here he bowed most gracefully) are but seldom induced to visit our country.'

"His lordship gave a slight token of acknowledgment."

"'And I trust, my lord, you will not repent of your resolution, and the fatigues of a long and tedious voyage.'

"The young nobleman nodded."

"'You will find the Americans a very hospitable people.'

"'I have always heard so.'

"'And though they cannot entertain you in your own style, they will do their best to please you.'

"Another nod of his lordship."

"'Your lordship must not forget that we are a young country. When we shall be as old as England, we shall perhaps do better.'

"'I don't doubt it.'

"'Your lordship is going to put up at the Astor House?'"

"'I do not know yet.'

"'Oh! your lordship must put up at the Astor House; it's the only decent public-house in New York. I shall myself put up there; and if your lordship will do me the honour ———'"

"'I will see by-and-by; my servant has taken the list of the best hotels in New York.'

"'Did you ever see such toad-eating?' exclaimed one of my companions, as we landed on the wharf, and were walking towards Broadway,—such a compound of arrogance and submissiveness, haughty insolence to an inferior, and cringing flattery towards a greater person than himself, as this man?'"

To this somewhat long extract, which, however, will give the reader an idea of the style and character of the book, we add the following, which gives us some idea of the character of the people:—

"The fact is, the *soi-disant* higher classes of Americans, in quitting the simple, manly, moral, and industrious habits of the great mass of the people,—habits which alone have won them the respect of the world,—have no fixed standard by which to govern their actions, either with regard to themselves or their fellow-beings; no manners, customs, modes of thinking, &c. of their own; no community of feelings; nothing which would mark them as a distinct class, except their contempt for the lower classes, and their dislike of their own country. How should such an order of beings agree amongst themselves? How should they be able to

make themselves, or those around them, comfortable? There is more courtesy in the apparent rudeness of the Western settler than in the assumed politeness of the city stockholder,—more true hospitality in the log-house of the backwoodsman, than in any of the mansions of the presidents and directors of banks with whom it has been my good fortune to become acquainted.

"I remember, some years ago, when travelling with a distant relative to the borders of the Mississippi, to have been approaching the habitation of a farmer, whom, in company with his wife, we found on horseback, ready to set out on a journey to the next market-town, for the purpose of buying stores for his family. There was no tavern or resting-place within seven miles of us; but, not wishing to intrude upon their domestic arrangements, we passed the house and doubled our speed, in order to be in time for dinner at the next village. The farmer, however, did not suffer us to continue our journey, without having refreshed ourselves at his house; and, persuading us to come back, he and his wife dismounted, and assisted in preparing and ordering everything necessary for dinner. We of course protested against their putting themselves to so much trouble for the sake of strangers, who, in an hour or so, might have reached a place, where they could have procured a dinner for money. 'Oh, I assure you, gentlemen,' replied our entertainer, 'I never suffer myself or my wife to be troubled either by strangers or friends; we merely discharge our duty, without either inconvenience to ourselves, or putting others under any sort of obligation. Lucy!' said he to a buxom girl that was playing with one of the prettiest children I ever beheld, 'you will see that the gentlemen want nothing. Eliza! we must be off, or we shall not get thither till dark. Good morning, gentlemen!'—'Good-by'e, gentlemen!' added his wife; both mounting their horses, and leaving us to enjoy ourselves and our dinner as best we might.

"What a picture of sincerity, honesty, confidence, frankness, and unostentatious hospitality is this, compared to the formal invitations to dinner, or a party, of one of the nabobs in the Atlantic cities! Take, for instance, the case of a rich man in New York. He prepares a week beforehand, and racks his brains as to what people he shall invite that will do credit to his house, and what persons he may safely exclude without injury to himself, and without offending them past reparation. He has one dinner-party for one set of acquaintance, another for another. At the one he will act as host, at the other as patron; the expense being in both cases proportionate to the rank of his guests. Who, under these circumstances, would not rather prefer the hospitality of the honest Kentuckian, whose Western friends averred that he was truly kind, for, when he had company, he simply went to the side-board, poured out his glass, and then turned his back upon them, not wishing to see how they filled?"

"The fashionable people of the Atlantic cities, who give dinner and evening parties either for the purpose of maintaining or acquiring a high rank in society, have themselves little or no disposition for company. With them society does not offer an agreeable and necessary respite from toil; but is merely a means of acquiring influence, &c. For this purpose it is not necessary to treat all persons with equal sincerity and politeness. '*La politesse nous tient lieu du cœur*,' say the French; but the fashionable people of the United States manage to get on without either. There is nothing in the composition of a fashionable American to compensate for the loss of natural affections,—nothing in his manner to soften the egotism which manifests itself in every motion, every gesture, every word which drops from his lips. And the worst of it is, that he imagines all this to be a successful imitation of English manners! He forgets entirely that, in imitating the manners of the higher classes in England, he is very much, in the position of a sailor on horseback; showing by his whole carriage that he is out of his element, and though straining every nerve to maintain his place, ready to tumble off at the first motion for which he is not previously prepared."

We must now pass to the real aristocracy of the United States, and for this purpose we must accompany our author to Washington:—

"Being," says he, "made acquainted with the *etiquette* of Washington, I ordered a carriage, and inquired the directions of the persons on whom I wished to call.

"Bless your soul, sir!" cried the landlord, "that is not at all necessary in this city; all you have to do is to tell the name of the person you wish to call on to the 'driver,' and he will carry you there with the greatest possible speed."

"That may be with regard to the President's house and the residences of foreign ministers; but I have also letters to some of the senators, and even representatives of Congress."

"That don't signify," rejoined the landlord. "These black fellows not only know the residences of every senator and distinguished member of Congress, but also those of the higher public officers, clerks, editors of newspapers, &c. Once under the care of a black 'driver,' it is quite needless for you to know the direction of a single gentleman in this city."

His first call was on an editor; but the editor was very unceremonious, and told him he was busy. He then went to Mr. Woodbury, the secretary of the Treasury.

"I was so fortunate as to find Mr. Woodbury at home, and was at once ushered into the parlour. I found him surrounded by his family, equally distinguished for beauty and accomplishments. Mr. Woodbury is a gentleman very nearly, or quite, fifty years of age, of agreeable address and kind manners; though, probably owing to his being born and brought up in New England, a little ceremonious. It has been the fashion in America for the last eight or ten years to decry 'the secretary of the Treasury,' and to impeach even his honesty; as if the money withdrawn from the United States' bank had filled his coffers and those of the President.

"Mr. Woodbury is a man of great tact for business, and of the most indefatigable application; but the style of his official documents is often laborious and cumbrous, with an occasional attempt at laconism, which renders the fault still more apparent. But, notwithstanding this imperfection, his annual reports contain a vast deal of information, and the most minute statistical details of the progress of agriculture, manufacture, and commerce, not only of America, but of every other country.

"From the secretary of the Treasury I drove to the lodgings of Mr. Henry Clay, the celebrated senator from Kentucky. I found this extraordinary man, who was then already a little past his prime, the very type of what passes in Europe, ever since the clever caricatures of Mrs. Trollope, as 'an American character.' Mr. Clay stands upwards of six feet; has a semi-Indian, half-human, half-savage countenance, in which, however, the intellectual strongly preponderates over the animal. His manners, at first sight, appear to be extremely vulgar; and yet he is graceful, and even dignified, in his intercourse with strangers. He chews tobacco, drinks whisky-punch, gambles, puts his legs on the table or the chimney, and spits, as an American would say, 'like a regular Kentucky hog-driver;' and yet he is all gentleness, politeness, cordiality, in the society of ladies. Add to this that his organs of speech are the most melodious; and that, with great imagination and humour, he combines manly eloquence and the power of sarcasm in the most extraordinary degree; and it will easily be conceived why he should have been able to captivate high and low,—*l'homme du salon*, and the 'squatter' in the Western wilderness.

"From Mr. Clay I called upon Mr. Thomas H. Benton, the democratic senator from Missouri. This gentleman is altogether in a false position; for he is, in my opinion, as much over-rated by his friends as he is under-rated by his enemies. I was the bearer of a letter to him by one of his most intimate friends, and a person of high standing and much influence in the country; and yet the reception I met with was cold and ceremonious,—his manners forced, and almost ludicrously dignified.

"My next visit was to Mr. Salis Wright, senator from the State of New York, the avowed democratic champion of that State, and indeed a man of the most extraordinary talents. He is one of those men whose urbanity and manners, the Americans indicate by saying, 'he has not a bit of starch in him.' Mr. Wright is a statesman, not a mere politician; and will, if his talents be properly placed before the public, play an important part in the history of his country. He and Mr. Calhoun are almost the only two senators free from the 'Congressional' sin of making everlasting speeches. He is always concise, rigorously logical, and, what is very rare in an American politician, singularly free from personal abuse."

The author's picture of Daniel Webster, the "terrible senator from Massachusetts," (now in England,) seems both unlike, and unfair: but as our extracts have been extended enough, we must omit all notice of his visits to other senators, as well as to stern old General Jackson, and polished, adroit Mr. Van Buren; and conclude with the following general observations:—

"In order to form an idea of the American government, it is absolutely necessary one should stay some time in Washington; and frequent, not merely the fashionable society, but the company of those sturdy members of Congress, who, deputed from every part of the Union, actually represent the opinions, habits, and sentiments of the different sections of the country. During the session of Congress, Washington is the miniature picture of the United States; enabling a stranger to form a better estimate of the character of the American people than many years' residence in different parts of the Union. The picture is always complete, not a mere fragment, as is necessarily the case in any other city east or west of the Alleghanies. It is there one can take a correct view of the state of parties; of the magnitude of the different interests, whether commercial, manufacturing, or agricultural; and of the political prospects of the country.

"One of the most amusing and instructive occupations is to contrast the representatives from the 'New States,' (the men that have not yet learned how to bow, and do not yet know what *r. p. c.* on a card means,) with the supple members from New York or Massachusetts, with their French and English civilisation hanging loosely about them, like a garment not made for their use; how the latter are striving for ascendancy, and how they are daily losing influence with those vigorous sons of the West, that reflect the genius and enterprise of a new world! The West—not the East, continually troubled with European vices—is ultimately destined to sway the country. The sea does not separate America from Europe; but behind the Alleghanies is springing up a new life, and a people more nearly allied to the soil that nourishes them, than the more refined and polished population of the seaboard.

"To sum up the whole: what is termed 'the aristocracy of America'—that is a considerable portion of all people worth from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars,—are, owing to the growing power of the West, a most harmless, though I cannot say 'inoffensive' part of the population."

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT'S VISIT TO DUBLIN.

ON Thursday, the 14th, we reached Dublin in time for dinner, and found young Walter and his bride established in one of those large and noble houses in St. Stephen's-green, (the most extensive square in Europe,) the founders of which little dreamt that they should ever be let, at an easy rate, as garrison lodgings. • Never can I forget the fond joy and pride with which Sir Walter looked round him as he sat for the first time at his son's table. I could not but recall Pindar's lines, in which, wishing to paint the gentlest rapture of felicity, he describes an old man with a foaming wine-cup in his hand at his child's wedding-feast. That very evening arrived a deputation from the Royal Society of Dublin, inviting Sir Walter to a public dinner; and the next morning, he found on his breakfast table a letter from the Provost of Trinity College, (Dr. Kyle, now bishop of Cork,) announcing that the University desired to pay him the very high compliment of a degree of Doctor of Laws by *diploma*. The Archbishop of Dublin, (the celebrated Dr. Magee,) though surrounded with severe domestic afflictions at the time, was among the earliest of his visitors; another was the Attorney-General (now Lord Chancellor Plunket); a third was the Commander of the Forces, Sir George Murray; and a fourth the Chief Remembrancer of Exchequer, (the Right Hon. Anthony Blake,) who was a bearer of a message from the Marquess Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, offering all sorts of facilities, and inviting him to dine next day at his Excellency's country-residence, Malahide-castle. It would be endless to enumerate the distinguished persons who morning after morning, crowded his levée in St. Stephen's-green. The courts of law were not then sitting, and most of the judges were out of town; but all the other great functionaries, and the leading noblemen and gentlemen of the city and its neighbourhood, of whatever sect or party, hastened to tender every conceivable homage and hospitality. When he entered a street the watch-word was passed down both sides like lightning, and the shopkeepers and their wives stood bowing and curtsying all the way down; while the mob and boys huzza'd as at the chariot-wheels of a conqueror. I had certainly been unprepared for finding the common people of Dublin so alive to the claims of any non-military greatness. Sir Robert Peel says that Sir Walter's reception on the High-street of Edinburgh, in August, 1822, was the first thing that gave him a notion of "the electric shock of a nation's gratitude." I doubt if even that scene surpassed what I myself witnessed when he returned down Dame-street, Dublin.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

#### AMAZONS.

HAVE our readers ever heard of Mary Ambree, that redoubted heroine, who

"When captains courageous, whom death could not daunt  
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunte,"

was foremost in battle, clothed

"from the top to the toe,  
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe."

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,  
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,  
Straight with her keen weapon shee slash him in three.  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

This "brave bonny lasse," who flourished in 1584, has had many modern imitators, and we believe that to this day, at all events till within these few years, a woman, who had during the last general war served on board one of our vessels, was in the receipt of a pension for wounds received in the service. But to say nothing of the Amazons of yore, who, despite the Phigalian marbles, are still held by the incredulous spirits of the age, to be apocryphal, and Joan of Arc, whose case is a special one, Mary Ambree does not appear to have been the first example of the female warrior, armed cap-a-pie, who led on armies to the field, from sheer love of mingling in the exciting turmoil of battle. Petrarch, writing to Cardinal Colonna in 1343, tells him that of all the wonders he saw in the journey he was then relating, nothing surprised him more than the prodigious strength and extraordinary courage of a young woman, whom he saw at Puzzuoli. "She passed her life," he says, "among soldiers; and it was a common opinion, that she was so much feared, no one dared to attack her honour. No warrior but envied her prowess and skill. From the flower of her age she lived in camps, and adopted the military rules and dress. Her body is that of a hardy soldier, rather than a woman, and scamed all over with the scars of honour. She is always at war with her neighbours: sometimes she attacks them with a little troop, sometimes alone; and several have died by her hand. She is perfect in all the stratagems of the military art; and suffers, with incredible patience, hunger, thirst, cold, heat, and fatigue. In fine, she lies on the bare ground; her shield serves for a pillow, and she sleeps armed in the open air.

"I had seen her in my first voyage to Naples, about three years ago; but as she was very much altered, I did not know her again. She came forward to salute me. I returned it as to a person I was not acquainted with; but, by her laugh, and the gestures of those about me, I suspected something; and observing her with more attention, I found under the helmet the face of this formidable virgin. Was I to inform you of half the things they relate of her, you would take them for fables: I will, therefore, confine myself to a few facts, to which I was witness. By accident, several strangers, who came to Puzzuoli to see this wonder, were all assembled at the citadel to make trial of her strength. We found her alone, walking before the portico of the church, and not surprised at the concourse of the people. We begged she would give us a proof of her strength. She excused herself at first, as having a wound in her arm; but afterwards she took up an enormous block of stone, and a piece of wood loaded with iron. 'Upon these,' said she, 'you may try your strength if you will.' After every one had attempted to move them with more or less success, she took and threw them with so much ease over our heads, that we remained confounded, and could hardly believe our eyes. At first some deceit was suspected, but there could be none. This has rendered credible what the ancients relate of the Amazons; and Virgil, of the heroines of Italy, who were headed by Camilla."

Whatever may be the temptations to the more sturdy of the fair sex of "achieving honour" after the manner of these warlike damsels, we would advise them to pause ere they embrace such a resolution; the man who should be bold enough to marry so terrific a personage would, we fear, fare almost as badly as the unfortunate Polish dwarf, who venturing on matrimony with a lady of ordinary size, was always worsted in every connubial dispute (pity it is that such things are, but such things will be;) for on the slightest symptoms of contumacy his lady perched him on the chimney-piece, and refused to take him down until he had made due submission: and we surmise that the spouse of a "Mary Ambree" would scarcely fare better, nay worse, for he must dread degradation rather than exaltation: he would not live in fear of "perching up," but knocking down, and the joys of chivalry are



past, when even blows from a lady's hand were held to honour the happy receiver. We fear all such feelings, if ever they existed (of which we have shrewd doubts, notwithstanding all the romances of troubadours, *et hoc genus omne*.) are no more; we have good grounds for this opinion, for we well recollect a case which occurred many years ago, in which the magistrates, one and all, sympathised deeply with an unfortunate husband, whose complaint of a strong-listed spouse was thus pathetically expressed in a street-ballad, inspired by the deep interest his suffering excited—

"For she worries me, and flurries me, and 'tis her heart's delight,  
For to whack me with the fire-shovel, round the room at night."

What prudent man would hazard such horrors? Beware! oh, ye Mary Ambraces!

THE AUTUMN OF 1839.

"We have now had," says the Kendal Mercury of the 5th of October, "fifteen weeks of wet, broken, and unsettled weather, in the course of which there have been fourteen wet Saturdays—thirteen of them happening successively. On the 21st ultimo, Crossfell and the neighbouring mountains were thinly coated with snow, but it soon disappeared." Similar accounts have been given of the weather in Scotland, the north-eastern and eastern counties of England, in Wales and Ireland. Deluges of rain, almost unprecedented in the memory of man, have fallen in these islands within the interval above mentioned; and they have been accompanied with tempests and hurricanes of nearly intertropical violence; some shocks even of earthquakes have been felt in several parts of England. In Lincolnshire, the reapers have had to perform their task while wading through floods that reached above their knees. The fortnight which filled up the latter part of September and the early portion of October, seems to have been remarkably fine, however, throughout large tracts of the empire, and to have enabled the husbandman to gather in safety much of the harvest, which had been at one period threatened with total destruction. Even in the southern counties of England, though the autumn on the whole has been favourable, there has been scarcely any continuance of fine weather. Several, indeed many, sunny days have occurred, accompanied by healthy, balmy breezes. But they have been excessively variable—one hour delightfully fine, the next intensely cold, presenting often amazing differences on the plate of the barometer.

The deficient harvest of 1838 tells a similar tale of the autumn of that year; and everybody will remember that in 1837 we had no spring, and indeed no summer until the latter part of June. After that period the weather continued wonderfully fine for our climate until the close of October.

My meteorological notes enable me to compare some part of the autumn of 1837 with that through which we are now passing. The subject is an interesting one in many points of view. I should premise that the notes for 1839 have been taken during a residence at Southgate (Middlesex); those for 1837 at Ramsgate.

1837.	SEPTEMBER,	1839.
4th. Fine but cold.		4th. Rain and wind.
5th. Fine and clear until 2 P.M.; after that, exceedingly cold.		5th. Rain and wind.
6th. Morning cloudy, cold easterly wind until half-past 10; after that, the whole day genial, bright, and bracing.		6th. Fair, remarkably beautiful.
7th. Morning clear, sunny, and bracing; evening cold; red clouds in the air, indicating rain.		7th. Cloudy day.
8th. Morning cloudy, sea hazy; noon, heavy rain.		8th. Cloudy, fine.
9th. Morning cloudy, but promising to be fine; the sea slate-coloured in the fore-ground, but presenting a clear line in the distance; noon warm and breezy; in the evening a tremendous shower of rain, which lasted for an hour.		9th. Cloudy, warm.
10th. Morning bright and breezy, day beautiful; afternoon exceedingly cold and windy.		10th. Cloudy, very warm.

1837.	SEPTEMBER,	1839.
11th. Morning bright, not a cloud in the sky, breezy, sea strong; afternoon sunny and mild; at night the moon brilliant, though now and then veiled behind inky clouds.		11th. Cloudy, very oppressive.
12th. Morning mild as a day of April, the sea without a ruffle; the leaves of the trees perfectly at rest; all nature calm as a sleeping infant. Mid-day, soft rain; in the evening it came down copiously.		12th. Cloudy, cool.
13th. Harsh, cold, high winds.		13th. Rain.
14th. The high winds continued.		14th. Rain and wind.
15th. Beautiful all day.		15th. Rain all day.
16th. Fine morning; afternoon cold and showery.		16th. Rain nearly all day.
17th. The whole day beautiful.		17th. Incessant rain.
18th. Morning fine, blowing hard from the south; the tide came in rapidly; night set in darkly; not a star to be seen.		18th. Incessant rain.
19th. Morning soft, vernal, sunny; the whole day delicious; the sky, at night, crowded with stars.		19th. Incessant rain.
20th. The morning splendid, the day warm; in the evening, a golden glow in the west; starlight night.		20th. Day fine and warm.
21st. Much the same as yesterday, not a cloud in the sky; the moon apparent during the whole day.		21st. Heavy and incessant rain.
22d. Morning splendid, sky of a dazzling blue; at noon it began to blow hard, the sea cross and foamy; in the evening, the western sky deep golden, but hazy towards the zenith, and at the zenith purple. A mariner remarked, that heavy gales often followed such a sky as that.		22d. Much rain.
23d. Morning clear and sunny, but continued to blow violently the whole day. Equinoctial gales.		23d. Much rain.
24th. The wind blew tremendously all day, towards the zenith, the sky perfectly clear at night, and many stars out; but near the horizon, several strongly-defined, pitch-black clouds, said to be indicative of its blowing hard at sea. Several wrecks reported.		24th. Much rain.
25th. Storm abated; at noon fine; evening, the wind up again; rain all night.		25th. Little rain, very cold.
26th. Wind completely down; day changeable; evening cold.		26th. Rain.
27th. Morning sunny, clear and warm; evening so cold that a fire became pleasant.		27th. Rain.
28th. The day soft, vernal, calm; now and then sunny, with slight showers.		28th. Fine day.
29th. Extremely beautiful morning, in the sky not a cloud, evening cold and blowing.		29th. Very fine day.
30th. Morning bright and warm, evening beautiful.		30th. Beautiful day.

OCTOBER.

1st. Morning lowering; afternoon chilly and misty.		1st. Pleasant weather.
2d. Morning cloudy, quiet, solemn; on the dark ground of the sea, lines and patches of light; butterflies about; birds flying about in groups. Afternoon and evening soft and balmy. At night the sky filled with glowing stars.		2d. Beautiful as a spring day.
3d. A truly heavenly day; new moon; delicious zephyrs from the south.		3d. Cold day.
4th. Morning cloudy, but the day turned out extremely beautiful; night starlight.		4th. After a very stormy rainy night, a foggy morning, but the day rather fine.
5th. Morning brilliantly fine, streaks of green and blue in the sky; evening mild and beautiful.		5th. Wind very high and cool.
6th. Morning squally, and one or two tremendous showers; afternoon very fine; starlight night.		6th. Fair.
7th. Morning beautiful, the sky a perfect azure, the sun warm and bright; the sea curled and breezy; a bright silvery haze on the French coast and along the Sandwich shore; the heath turning yellow, and very silent.		7th. Clouded all day.
8th. Morning fine, but cold rain in the evening.		8th. Clouded all day, but not unpleasant.
9th. Morning fine, but cold; towards noon, mild and beautiful. One of those fine solemn days when the hues of the clouds begin to incline to a wintry darkness, though still reluctantly.		9th. Exactly such a day as it was in 1837.

Thus, between the 4th of September and the 9th of October 1837, both included, we enjoyed twenty-four days of the most

genial and delicious weather ever perhaps known in this climate; whereas, during the same interval in the present year, we have had no more than fifteen days in all of weather that could be called "fair," in the most liberal acceptation of the term; the remainder having been days of almost continual rain.

We should like to see in the almanacks comparative tables of the weather for a period of about five years preceding the time at which they are usually published. Such tables would be infinitely more useful than the impudent conjectures hazarded in Murphy's publication, which, by a regular fatality marks as fair the day of rain and storm, and as windy and rainy the day that is generally pleasant.

We perceive that the Meteorological Society have just published the first volume of their Transactions. We may have occasion, in some future Number, to offer a few remarks upon this publication. We take the liberty to suggest to the gentlemen at the head of that Society (which promises to be a highly useful one), the expediency of issuing a weekly sheet, reporting from several fixed points—as, for instance, from Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Thurso, Belfast, Galway, Limerick, Cork, Dublin, Carlisle, Liverpool, Bristol, Falmouth, Portsmouth, Dover, London, and the principal inland counties of the three kingdoms—the daily state of the weather. Besides enabling the reader to compare the temperature and state of the atmosphere every day, at those different places, and thus serving essentially the cause of meteorological science, hitherto so much neglected, such a journal would be found extremely valuable in a commercial country like this, in which every change in the atmosphere, bearing more or less on the productions of the earth, during all the seasons of the year, is a matter of very great importance.

And it becomes so in this way. A deficient harvest must be made good by supplies of corn from abroad. The importation of such corn is not permitted until the home-prices ascend to a certain average, and then the influx of the foreign grain is so rapid, and the remittances for it must be supplied so quickly, that there is no time for these remittances to be made in our staple manufactures. Moreover, our goods are practically excluded from the ports of several of the countries which, in our emergencies, furnish us with the staff of life; and therefore we must send out our gold to pay for it.

The Bank of England is the great storehouse for our metallic treasure. When the Bank finds its heaps of bullion declining, it begins, for its own safety, to reduce its paper circulation, and an operation of this kind is felt, like an electric shock, through all the ramifications of our commerce, however minute or insignificant. Money becomes scarce—discounts difficult, even at high interest—prices fall, because needy merchants must sell at any sacrifice to sustain their credit—bankruptcies ensue—the manufacturing establishments reduce, or altogether suspend, their operations—at the very moment when bread becomes high-priced, wages fall, and hands are thrown by hundreds and thousands out of employment. Hence arise agitation, discontent, outrage, and the whole empire seems for a while shaken to its centre. Indeed, no system of society short of the solid, well-compacted fabric which exists in England, bound together by so many and such iron ties, would appear to be capable of sustaining and triumphing over the many assaults which these convulsions, having their origin generally in bad harvests, make upon it, we may say, periodically.

We might go further into this subject, but we have said enough for our present purpose, which is to show the immense importance of a careful registry of the weather in this country; a registry made up of simultaneous reports every week from different parts of the United Kingdom.

\* We are glad to see this subject taken up by Mr. Follett Osler, in a very able paper read by him at the last meeting of the British Association; and it is gratifying to perceive government authorities active in forwarding the cause of science. Orders have recently been issued by the Colonial Office, for a record of the state of the weather at the colonies, to be duly kept; and by the Trinity Board, for a similar register at all the lighthouses under their control.

#### KNITTING AND NETTING.\*

It appears that a very powerful and widely-extended confederacy exists among the ladies, amounting almost to a "Knitting and Netting Trades' Union." Knitting and Netting have actually become extremely fashionable; it is no longer "yon cottager who weaves at her own doo," but "these ladies, who busily ply the glashing steel in their own snug parlours." We rather suspect that the fair sex have taken a strong conservative turn, and are stoutly resolved to resist the "march of machinery"—how else can we account for it, that when feminine manufactures are driven from sanded floors and kitchen firesides, they have taken shelter in Brussels-carpeted rooms, and find favour in the brightest eyes? It is quite a "phenomenon;" and we would fain find out some philosophic knitter, wandering about a watering-place, who would resolve the mystery to us.

Here, now, are two neat little books, which are in much request by the ladies—one of them is marked "fourth edition, with additions." They are written by a lady; they are addressed to ladies; and they are studied by ladies. Being made aware of this, we took up the books, determined to begin at the beginning, and read straight through to the end, expecting to find them more entertaining than the last new novels. The preface of a book is, of course, the first portion of a book to a critic; so here is the modest manner in which our authoress makes her curtesy to the public, in the first series:—

"At a period when all Fancy Works are so justly appreciated, and highly patronised, it is presumed that this little volume—the only one hitherto published on this subject—may be valuable; as the compiler can assure those who have so kindly encouraged her in her undertaking, that each rule and pattern for work has been carefully tried, and found to succeed, by strictly observing the directions given."

That is more than many a critic can say, who cuts up a good book; more than many an author can say, who writes statistics of empires, and articles for Encyclopædias; more than many a doctor can say, who gives a certificate about the last-made patent magnesia. So honest a commencement naturally raised our opinion of the book; and we began to read.

Alas! that pleasure and pain should hunt in couples. The very first page commences with "Baby's hood, two ivory needles, No. 11 or 12," and we are bluntly told to "begin with 108 stitches in middle-size lambs'-wool." This was rather too much for us, so we rapidly turned over the leaves, passing babies' socks, and babies' mufflers, till we came to "knee-caps in lambs'-wool, and evening carriage shoes." But even here, though we had the kind assistance of a lady to whom the whole matter appeared perfectly plain, we were baffled; we could not be made to comprehend anything about "casting-on 60 stitches of the brown lambs'-wool," nor, though decanter ideas were suggested by "pretty patterns for doyleys," could we manage to "knit a row of two stitches plain, and two ribbed." But here it is in French—surely we can understand that:—*Pour faire une bourse à crochet à double maille. Il faut commencer avec huit mailles—we may give it up, for we can as little begin with eight stitches as we can with sixty, and we seem to fancy "purse," a more intelligible word than "bourse," though they are first-cousins.*

But, in truth, fair reader, (we have fair readers,) if you should "seriously incline" to try your powers in knitting and netting, and only know how to begin your stitches, these two little books will give you plenty of ideas for the exercise of your ingenuity. Do you wish to know how to make a "matrimony mitten?" Then we can tell you it must be "netted on a foundation of forty-seven or forty-nine stitches." Or a "cool nightcap—puff netting?" That we won't tell you anything about, except that you must "run a ribbon in at the top and bottom, and tie the top string tight." There are plenty of other things, porcupine and netted boas, gouty shoes, muffatees, tippetts, mats, &c.; but what interested us most, next to the "matrimony mitten, and the "cool nightcap," were "suspenders—two needles, No. 16," and if any kind lady will make us a pair, we can only whisper to her, that she must "purl the first stitch" (the last one is to be purled too,) and when she thinks they are long enough, she must begin "double knitting," and "finish in a point."

\* The "Ladies' Knitting and Netting Book." First and Second Series. London: John Miland, Chapel-street, Belgrave-square, 1839.

## THE BRITISH NAVY.—No. XII.

## DISMANTLING.—PAYING OFF.

"Our ship in port, our anchor cast,  
The tempest hush'd, and calm the main,  
We little think of dangers past,  
Nor those that we may meet again"—DIXON.

WHEN a vessel returns to harbour under the circumstances we have described—or, indeed, under any circumstances—the captain waits upon the commander-in-chief to report his arrival, the state of his ship, &c.; and one of the first cares is to remove the sick and wounded to the Naval Hospital, where every possible comfort is provided that can conduce to their recovery.

The port-admiral makes an official visit, musters the crew, and inspects them at exercise of the guns, and various evolutions, and reports to the Admiralty the state of discipline maintained on board. As our ship will require considerable repairs, a survey is held at an early day, and it is probable that orders will soon arrive to dismantle, preparatory to paying off and placing the ship in ordinary, there to await the convenience of the dock-yard establishment for proceeding to reequip her. For better accommodation, a hulk is assigned to her, as was the case while fitting.

During the last and preceding wars, the crew, whether pressed or volunteers, were retained for twenty-one years; and when they entered—which many did after being pressed, for the sake of the bounty, seeing there was small chance of escape—it was for *general* service; they were consequently liable to be draughted into whatever ships required men, and the separation of messmates, or attached shipmates, under this regulation, greatly aggravated the evil of impressment. At present, the generality of seamen enter for some particular vessel, the captain and first lieutenant of which are well spoken of alongshore; and the term of service implied is three years, that being the period that ships are usually kept in commission in peace; but they can be retained under the present law for five years, should their services be required. After that period, they can now claim a free discharge for two years, a great improvement in their condition, effected by an Act of Parliament passed in 1835. We shall not dwell on this and other matters connected with impressment and manning the fleet, but reserve our observations for the next and special article upon the subject, with which we purpose concluding this series of papers, entitled the "British Navy."

As the ship becomes stripped of the rigging and furniture, every article is talked, and, being well dried, returned into store by the warrant officers. The men, after working hours, are allowed "liberty" on shore, and as they have now prize-money, as well as pay, to receive, there is little difficulty in procuring from the Jews, for a promised consideration, the means to "carry on," and enjoy themselves in the pastimes they delight.

Drunkenness is a vice to which seamen on liberty are peculiarly addicted, and its prevalence is to be accounted for by the restraint they are necessarily kept under on board. It is a great evil and misfortune, and many have been the attempts to wean them, and direct their attention to some manly and healthful recreations, that would invigorate their bodies, instead of the besotting vice which reduces them to the condition of brutes, and, moreover, renders them easy victims to the harpies who prey on them, keeping them continually poor, whilst no class of persons have such opportunities of saving from their earnings sufficient to make provision for old age.

However desirable it is to improve the moral condition of sailors, we very much doubt the success of the attempts hitherto made or making, being for the most part applied to the *men*, who are too far addicted to grown habits to listen to the precepts of their advisers. It is difficult to teach "old dogs new tricks;" but the chance of success would be greater with the *boys*, if proper care was taken to train them "in the way they should go," and particularly to provide floating schools or asylums, where sea-apprentices might be boarded and instructed when their ships were laid up, instead of being lodged in the districts where they are certain to imbibe all sorts of vice. If the precept of our great poet is true, that

"His education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined—"

it cannot be better applied than to those youths who are to form our future defenders by sea; and as, under present regulations, nearly all the boys who enter on a sea-life begin their novitiate as apprentices, and bind themselves to obey the lawful commands of their masters, it only requires care and judgment on their part,

and liberality on the part of the owners, to train them to habits of sobriety and obedience, and make them equal, if not superior, to the best seamen we ever possessed.

To show how resolutely sailors are bent on intoxication—how prodigal in squandering their money—we shall relate some anecdotes, of the truth of which the reader may be assured. We recollect, on one occasion, being present when the liberty men from a frigate fitting at Plymouth were landed at Mutton Cove. Passing up the street, they observed a sailor, dead drunk, extended on the steps of a door, having been ejected from some public-house, after his pockets were picked: one of them, calling to the others, exclaimed, "My eyes, look here, if this babe has not got the start of us by more nor two hours!" Thus avowing their resolution to attain the same enviable state as soon as possible.

The same frigate was very fortunate in captures, her station being off Bordeaux, and as she always returned to Plymouth to refit, and despatched her prizes to that port, the men were well known, and could have obtained credit, even had they no money at command; but this was not the case. The first lieutenant, an excellent officer, highly esteemed by his equals and superiors and beloved by the crew, had impressed upon them the folly of spending twenty or thirty pounds on a single spree, when a tenth of the sum would procure them the same enjoyment; and he had induced them, on the frequent pay-days of prize-money, to consign their shares to a box, of which himself, one of the quarter-masters, and another petty officer, kept the keys.

Each man's deposit was ticketed, and his draughts noted thereon, and this embryo "savings bank" (for such establishments did not then exist) boasted considerable wealth. When a gang of liberty men were ready to go on shore, the first lieutenant—always styled by the crew "old Jack"—would cause the box to be opened, and dole out to each what he considered sufficient for him to lavish; but his views were not altogether so liberal as the depositor's, and, although they felt and admitted the benefit of this arrangement, and were thankful to Old Jack after a spree, for having limited their expenditure and afforded them the means of repeating it, many were the schemes and devices they adopted to draw an extra note or two more than the old boy considered sufficient. All excuses for purchases of clothes were soon exhausted, because the articles were not forthcoming at muster. At last a mighty feeling of affection for absent relatives arose, as if by one impulse, and great was the drain upon the box for five pound and ten pound notes, to say nothing of ones and twos then in vogue, in order to remit to mothers, sisters, and cousins. Old Jack was staggered, and never did bank director, at the most awful crisis, ponder over the rates of exchange more seriously than did the worthy first lieutenant meditate on the consequences to be apprehended from empty coffers. Much of the secret of the admirable discipline maintained on board lay in his management of the "box;" for as long as the men possessed the means of enjoying themselves on shore, and were certain of leave to do so frequently, provided they behaved well, they were contented, and scarcely any other punishment was resorted to, when Old Jack's displeasure was incurred, than either a refusal of liberty, or a very limited supply of money, which brought the offender under the derision of his messmates. In the vista before him, the first lieutenant saw, that when the box was empty, discontent and all its concomitant evils would appear, with the necessity for flogging, &c., and long did he meditate on the means of putting on the screw, so as to bring the monetary system to a healthful state. The amiable feeling of assisting their relatives he could not condemn,—nay, he had frequently excited it; but to find it exercised on a sudden so liberally, and so generally, perplexed him in the extreme. He was not, moreover, without suspicion that the men were deceiving him: but as he only exercised a kind of tolerant control over their money, he could not refuse it for such a purpose.

At last he hit upon a scheme to detect the imposition, provided it existed. He had hitherto taken the precaution to ascertain that the money was inclosed in the letters brought to him for the purpose of franking\*; but as they were afterwards thrown into the post-bag, every man who had remitted found means to abstract his own.

Great was the dismay; therefore, on the next remittance day, when the deposit box was opened, some hundreds of pounds drawn out for this purpose, and Old Jack, after seeing the inclosures inserted, and the seals affixed impounded the letters, and made known his intention of sending them to post by a safe hand.

\* Sailors' and soldiers' letters are franked by their commanding officers, and delivered by post, on payment of one penny.

Although probably not one of these letters was addressed to a real relative, or even if it were, contained any allusion to an inclosure, nobody was found to demur or confess, and doubtless a great portion of the money delighted the amazed recipients, or was appropriated by the dead letter office. The imposition being now provided against, and Old Jack, vexed at being duped, more stingy than ever, it became necessary to resort to some new device, for sailors appear to delight in squandering their money, and treating all within their reach. It happened that an old woman, the real, genuine mother of one of the seamen, had visited the ship, and was present at the detection of the scheme; with her an engagement was entered into, under which she became the representative mother of "many men," and, returning to Exeter, she received, under various names, remittances by post, returning a portion (we believe three pounds out of five), and thus the sailors worked the oracle in defiance of Old Jack, who had now no means of preventing this prodigal mode of abstracting from the box.

It may seem strange to the reader that the men, knowing they would be driven to these devices, should deposit their wages and prize-money at all, for it was quite optional on their part; but then they had the opportunity to see that those who did not, lost all their cash at one bout, whilst Old Jack's precaution secured to the depositors many. They had besides an undivided respect and esteem for the gallant old officer; and, knowing that all his plans were meant for their good, they wished to stand well in his opinion. Whatever might have been the motives, what we have related is the fact, and so it continued for three years, until the frigate was paid off; her crew draughted into several ships; and Old Jack was, after a service of more than half a century, promoted to Commander, in which rank he died a few years since.

So much for episode—now to our story. The prize is delivered to the charge of proper officers, who make an inventory of everything on board, and the ship, if worthy, is usually bought by the crown, such vessels not being allowed to pass into private hands, unless under stipulation to break up. The prisoners are consigned to the depot at Porchester Castle, and a receipt taken for the number, as the captors become entitled to five pounds for each, which is called "head-money." The officers—such of them as prefer liberty to close confinement—are placed on parole, pledging their word of honour that they will not pass beyond certain assigned limits, and they have an allowance paid monthly by an agent of their own government.

In the mean time, the dismantling proceeds rapidly, and a day is at length fixed for paying off the ship, and releasing the crew from their engagements.

The process of paying off does not differ materially from what we have described in our eighth article (No. XX. *Lond. Sat. Journ.*) under payment of advance; except that it now takes place in the dock-yard, instead of on board ship, as was formerly the case. The superintendent of the yard presides, the captain attending, also the purser, with his books, to substantiate his charges for slops, tobacco, &c. Should any dispute arise, the officer of division, who is required to keep an account of the slops, &c., taken up by his men, is appealed to. The accounts are, however, generally balanced before the day of payment, and the operation is over in three or four hours. As the men receive their wages, they are passed out of the dock-yard gates, and the space adjoining these is crammed with Jews, who eagerly seize on their creditors as they appear successively, in order to obtain a liquidation of their demands. There is great anxiety amongst the children of Israel on such a day as this, particularly since the new regulation has been adopted, for sometimes their victims contrive to escape. This is no easy matter, however, as shore-boats are not allowed to approach the landing-places of the dock-yard; they effect it by slowing themselves away in the boats of the ships sitting, and by going on board of these with the working parties, easily get conveyed in shore boats to Gosport on the opposite side of the harbour.

The destination of nine-tenths of the men paid off at Portsmouth is London. St. George's, in the East boasts its numerous Westmacks and other attractions, as much to Jack's taste, as the west-end amusements are to the nobility and gentry; and this is the haven he makes for to secure his anticipated enjoyment: he will even keep tolerably sober in order to effect his transit, which is always by coach, and on the out, in preference to the side of the vehicle.

We were present at the paying-off of a ship, at the close of last war, when a person, representing himself as the clerk of one of the coach-offices, attended at the cabin door, to book places for London. He had spread a report that only those who were booked by him could by possibility proceed that day, as he had secured all

the places. His charge was 2*l.*, and many and eager were the applicants to be placed on his list. The worthy proceeded very methodically, booking the names, and pocketing the cash; but his proceeding attracted the notice of the captain, as he passed to and from the cabin, and he at last insinuated a gentle desire to be informed of the business which appeared to have such attraction for the seamen. On looking over his list, he found that he had booked upwards of 300 men for passage to London by that night's coaches. It is needless to add, that he was an impostor, that the money was taken from him, and repaid to the men by his own list, whilst the offender escaped summary punishment by being turned out of the ship without ceremony.

Between the capture of a prize and the payment of the shares, considerable time usually elapses. In the present case, however, where the vessel is a national one, and taken under an enemy's flag, the law imposes no delay, and therefore we may suppose that in six months, provided the prize has been purchased by government, the money will be ready for payment. The captain has the option of appointing any one he thinks proper to act as agent—that is, to manage the sale of the vessel and the distribution of the money; but it is divided according to a scale ordained by proclamation, or by order in council. This scale has been altered several times, and always in favour of the seamen. The captain's share is still large, because he incurs the sole responsibility of paying for the illegal detention of any ship which he assumes, but fails to prove, has broken a blockade, or incurred some act of forfeiture; whilst the crew receive the benefit of those vessels condemned, without running any risk. When prize-money is paid on board a ship, the proceeding is in all respects the same as payment of wages, except that the clerk of the cheque and his establishment are represented by the agent and his clerks. When the men are paid off, draughted, or distributed about, they either receive their shares by personal application at the agent's office, with proof of their identity, or they may give a power of attorney to any navy agent to receive it for them. All shares not claimed within a limited time are paid into Greenwich Hospital, and invested in the funds, under the head of unclaimed prize-money; and this, in time of war, forms a considerable item in the revenue of that establishment.

The following is the scale by which prize-money is divided, under the present regulation, which bears date the 30th of November, 1836.—

After deducting from the gross amount all expenses of condemnation, agency, &c., the admiral, to whose squadron the ship belongs, has one-sixteenth part of the clear proceeds, whether he be present at the capture or not; and the captain (or captains, if more than one ship is concerned,) has an eighth part of the remainder. But if the vessel is directly under the orders of the admiralty, and not attached to any particular squadron, the captain has one-eighth of the whole.

The residue is then divided into as many shares as will suffice to make the following distribution:—

To the sea-lieutenants, sick officers, and captain of marines, or of land-forces serving afloat, master of the fleet, physician of the fleet, and master—10 shares each.

Lieutenants of marines or of land-forces, ensigns and quarter-masters, ditto, admiral's secretaries, chaplains, surgeons, pursers, mates, second masters, gunners, boatswains, carpenters, and first engineers—six shares each. Naval instructors have been lately added to this class.

Assistant surgeons, midshipmen, master's assistants, school-masters, clerks, &c., and all the first class of petty officers—three shares each.

Second class of petty officers—two shares each.

Able and ordinary seamen—one share each.

Landmen and boys of the first class, names under seven years' service, &c. &c.—two-thirds of a share each.

Volunteers, and boys of the second class—half a share each.

Before the ship is paid off, the officers belonging to vessels fitting come on board, and invite the seamen to enter, promising them a week or a fortnight's leave, provided they leave their chests and hammocks in pledge. As the generality of seamen who have tried the naval service return to it, in preference to the merchants', many are engaged under these conditions. The great majority paid off at Portsmouth, however, make their way to London; and when their money is spent, by going to the rendezvous, they can enter for any particular ship, and have their passage provided.

The ship and hulk, being cleared and cleaned, are surrendered up to the officers of the ordinary, the pendant hauled down, and returned to store; the officers going on half-pay.

## THE KING AND THE THUNDER-STORM.

WITHOUT doubt a great many very excellent jests were made upon the unfortunate wetting which dimmed the splendour, and woefully besmirched the gay gilding, and bedraggled the dancing plumes, of the brave lances who displayed their prowess at the "Gentle and Free Passage of Arms," at Eglintouq—that gorgeous pageant which for a time kept all good honest sight-seers, those dear lovers of the marvellous, on the tip-toe of expectation. But however excellent these jests may have appeared to those who fired them off, we fear the gallant knights, so unmercifully discomfited by Aquarius, must have felt sore at, in addition to their other misfortunes, being made the butts of such cruel jokes, uttered too by comfortable dry fellows, sitting with their slippered feet, cosily stretched out by the warm fire-side, sipping their wine in all the unmerciful enjoyment of shelter and security. But there is balm in Gilead even for such cruel stings; there is satisfaction in companionship, even in rib-roasting; and when we tell these valiant men at-arms of a king, who, arrayed in all the pomp and glory of a bran-new crown and sceptre, was exposed to even a worse drenching than that which befell a duck-pond of their destined ball-room, they ought to hold us in especial esteem as most charitable and gracious comforters.

Be it known, then, that in the year 1341, soon after those islands now known as the Canaries, but then called by their ancient title of "The Fortunate," and which in the decline of the Roman Empire had been forgotten and blotted out from the memory of mariners, had once more been discovered by those enterprising seamen the Genoese, Lewis of Spain, the eldest son of Alphonso, king of Castille, was seized with a longing desire to possess these new-found lands; imagining, no doubt, that some very excellent reason existed for bestowing such a flattering title on the coveted possession, and of course considering that none was more worthy than himself to play the "Fortunatus," and carry off the golden prize he thought he saw within his grasp.

Being charged with a negotiation with the pope, the magnificent and generous Clement VI., (and popes in those days claimed, and exercised to boot, the right of disposing of a great many other people's property besides their own,) he took advantage of his position to prefer a modest request to the sovereign pontiff, to bestow on him the government of the Fortunate Islands. Clement, who was naturally generous and benevolent, and who disposed with equal ease of a kingdom and a benefice, was graciously pleased to grant this petition. He crowned Lewis at Avignon with all possible magnificence, and himself pronounced an inaugural address, which, as a matter of course, was very much admired. Lewis, on his part, undertook to sacrifice his life and wealth to drive the infidels out of the islands, to establish the true faith, to hold his kingdom from the holy see, and pay an annual tribute.

These things settled, the pope put the crown on his head, and the sceptre in his hand, and ordered him to walk in procession through the streets of Avignon, bearing this splendid regalia, and attended by a most brilliant train. Unfortunately, this pompous march was disturbed, and utterly disarranged by a tremendous thunder-shower, which deluged all that gay assembly, and turned this most august ceremony into a jest. The new king, abandoned by all his court, arrived at his palace wet to his skin: a true prognostic, says Petrarck, who tells the story, that he would reign over nothing but fogs.

In truth, Lewis gained nothing by this election but the golden crown, and the pretty name of the Prince of the Fortunates—just suited to a hero of romance. But as to Clement, he enjoyed two very sensible pleasures; the giving an entertainment, and the making of a king.

Now if this story, real matter-of-fact, testified by an eye-witness, does not reconcile the Eglintouq unfortunates to their destiny, seeing there is a royal precedent under which they can shelter their drooping crests, we shall hold them to be totally unreasonable; and as we, in the excess of our charity, are unwilling to deprive any one of a legitimate subject of laughter, without at least supplying a succedaneum, we give the following *bon mot*, sported by Sancho, the brother of the aforesaid Lewis, for the benefit of all those who were not wetted at Eglintouq, but upon the express understanding that all further jesting thereanent shall be foreborne—an easy condition, as the story already waxes threadbare.

The pope, who was fond of king-making, had determined that Don Sancho should be a monarch as well as his brother, and accordingly proclaimed him king of Egypt, expecting great things from his bravery, experience, and excellent education. Don

Sancho, who did not understand the Latin tongue, asked the interpreter who accompanied him, what was the reason of those shouts of applause. "Sire," replied he, "the pope has created you king of Egypt." "We must not be ungrateful," replied the prince: "Go thou, and proclaim the holy father, caliph of Bagdad."

## TALK ABOUT HOMER.

NO. III.

## COULD HOMER WRITE?

IT has been asserted by several distinguished authorities that the art of writing was probably unknown to Homer. This, however, is an opinion in support of which no conclusive reason has ever been assigned. Before we could accede to it, we must believe that the Cadmians, who settled in Greece long before the age of Homer, were ignorant of any graphic aids for signifying those letters which, it is agreed on all hands, they imported with themselves. But this would be inconsistent with the nature of letters, which are nothing more than arbitrary signs of organic sounds represented to the eye. When it is said that the Cadmians first imparted the knowledge of letters to the Greeks, it is precisely the same thing as to say, that they first taught the Greeks the art of writing. Was it then transplanted to a barren soil? was it lost there, almost as soon as it was made known? If so, by what process was it revived in the time of Herodotus, for nobody denies that it was then very generally cultivated in Greece?

Those who impute ignorance of the art in question to Homer, seem to rest their belief on the persuasion that in his age it was little, if at all, practised among his countrymen. No monuments exist, it is said, to prove their acquaintance with this useful accomplishment. But is the conclusion, therefore, warranted that they were without it?

How can we make such an admission as this, with the poems of Homer before our eyes? Is it not infinitely more difficult to believe, that those extensive works were committed by him for preservation solely to the memory of the rhapsodists of his time, than to characters traced on less perishable tablets? Not to mention the general correctness with which they seem to have been transmitted, so far as relates to the diction, and even to the proper location of almost every line which they contain, how can we believe that so many poems connected with each other, could have been so admirably kept together by numerous rhapsodists? If each poem were complete in itself, and formed no part of a series, we might suppose their preservation by mere unassisted memory barely possible. But this is not the case. Every poem in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is in its natural place, and inseparably connected with that which follows or precedes it. Unless, therefore, we suppose that the bards of that age were gifted with powers of memory beyond the usual experience of mankind, it will be impossible for us to agree in the opinion that these poems were originally collected from oral tradition.

Nay, there are insurmountable difficulties before us, if we believe that Homer composed his two principal works without any assistance from tablets. In enumerating the catalogue of ships and forces, how could he have himself remembered, how could he have made others remember, so many mere names, with such geographical accuracy? The *Iliad* itself must have required some length of time in its composition. How was it possible that during that time, the memory of the bard should have been so perpetually alive to every circumstance of his narrative, as, even in the minutest features, to introduce a striking and boundless variety? The details of his battles present every moment, new conflicts, diversified frequently by shades which are scarcely perceptible to a hasty reader. Supposing he perfected his *Iliad* in his memory alone, how could he have recited such a copious composition, from day to day, and from year to year, with such unerring propriety, as to give every circumstance, character, scene, illustration, and expression, its just and peculiar position? We are desired to believe that these difficulties are explained, by giving Homer, and also the rhapsodists of his age, as well as of the age which immediately followed it, implicit credit for such extraordinary faculties of recollection, as have since fallen to the lot of mankind. And while we are called upon, most gratuitously, to believe in these their miraculous endowments, we are required to assume that they were so dull, or so unacquainted with the world, as not to have known that the art of writing existed among their countrymen, or knowing, that they did not acquire it! But this cannot have been the fact. The bards embraced the chief part, if not the whole,

of the intellect of the age. If the art of writing was preserved in Greece, as it must have been from the time of Cadmus to that of Herodotus, it could only have been preserved by those whose intellectual faculties best enabled them to learn it, whose profession stood most in need of it, and whose compositions exclusively supplied matter for its employment. Now, if we suppose his brother bards to have been acquainted with the art of writing, how can we believe that Homer, whose genius so eminently excelled that of all his contemporaries, was ignorant of it?

But it is said that Homer nowhere mentions the art of writing. If this were true, still it would not prove that he was unacquainted with the use of it. The pen which he uses is the last thing an ardent writer thinks of describing. Nor, indeed, are there many parts of the Iliad or Odyssey, which present fit opportunities for allusions to the art in question. At the same time, it must be admitted that the absence of any such allusion would be a very remarkable circumstance. There is, however, a passage in the Iliad which points, in unequivocal terms, to the custom of writing on tablets. Bellerophon, a young nobleman of extraordinary personal beauty, was virtuous enough to resist the proffered charms of Antea, queen of Argos. Indignant at the refusal, she falsely accused him before the king, of an attempt to dishonour the royal bed, and demanded his instant death. Proetus was a religious sovereign. He would not wound his conscience so far as to put Bellerophon to death, but he sent him to the king of Lycia, who was Antea's father, and at the same time made him the bearer of a folded or sealed tablet, which was to be handed by him to the Lycian monarch. In this tablet, it is expressly said, that Proetus had written many directions, all of which were meant for the destruction of the noble youth, in a circuitous manner, so as to relieve the scrupulous prince from the appearance of having had any immediate and direct share in the extinction of his life.

If any doubts still remain on this point, they will, perhaps, be wholly removed by one example more, which is to be found in the second and third lines of the *Batrakomyomachia*, or "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." Of all the minor poems of Homer, this admirable specimen of the burlesque bears the most decided marks of his genius. Its authenticity has been allowed by the greater number of the critics, and those, too, of the more acute and learned order. Now this composition commences with an invocation to the maids of Helicon to descend, as the bard prays;—"on a song which I have newly traced in my tablets (*δαταίσαι*) on my knees." It is agreed that these tablets were originally so called from their resembling, when folded, the letter Δ (delta), which proves that letters were already known. The passage further shows that these letters were used in poetic composition, that they were commonly inscribed on tablets, and that Homer had his tablets for the purpose. If, indeed, the poem belongs to a later age than that of Homer, as some critics affirm, then our illustration does not serve our argument. We have given our opinion; the reader must judge for himself.

#### TRIALS OF THE EARLY METHODIST MINISTERS.

Old John Herridge, writing to Lady Huntingdon for a supply for his pulpit, says, "But whom do you recommend to the care of my church? Is it not one Onesimus, who ran away from Philemon? If the dean of Tottenham (Whitefield) could not hold him in with a curb, how should the vicar of Everton guide him with a snivel? I do not want a helper to stand in my pulpit, but to ride round my district; and I fear my weekly circuits would not suit a London or a Bath divine, nor any tender evangelist that is environed with prunello. Long rides and miry roads in sharp weather! Cold houses to sit in, with moderate fuel, and three or four children roaring and rocking about you; stiff blankets like beards for a covering, and live cattle in plenty to feed upon you! Rise at five in the morning to preach; at seven, breakfast on tea that smells very sickly; at eight, mount a horse with boots never cleaned, and then ride home, praising God for all things."

On another occasion, writing to the same lady, he says, "Before I parted with honest Glascott, I cautioned him much against petticoat snares. He has burnt his wings already. Sure, he will not imitate a foolish gnat, and hover again about the candle! If he should fall into a sleeping lap, he will need a flannel night-cap and a rusty chain to fix him down, like a church-Bible to the reading-desk. No trap so mischievous to the field-preacher as wedlock, and it is laid for him at every hedge-corner. Matrimony has quite maimed poor Charles (Wesley), and might have spoiled poor John (Wesley) and George (Whitefield), if a wise master had not graciously sent them a brace of ferrets.—*Countess of Huntingdon's Life and Times.*

#### THE DAGUERRE'OTYPE.

IN several of our early Numbers, we drew the attention of our readers to the subject of this invention, and of Mr. Fox Talbot's photogenic drawing; and at that time described the effects of the different processes, and noticed the statement of M. Daguerre, that his method of operating (then a secret) was totally different from that of Mr. Talbot. This is now fully confirmed by the publicity given to M. Daguerre's process, his secret having been purchased by the French government; under whose direction he has put forth a detailed account of the means employed, and a short account of his connexion with M. Niepce, and of the process adopted by that gentleman; whose son, having, after his father's death, continued a series of experiments in conjunction with M. Daguerre, participates, as is but just, in the purchase-money of the disclosure.

M. Daguerre's account has been translated by Dr. Memez\*, and as it is to be procured at the trifling cost of half-a-crown, it will probably soon be in the hands of all who take an interest in this new art, the ultimate effects of which it is as yet impossible to foretell. Still in its infancy, and as yet but half understood, we know not to what extent of improvement it may be carried; and can but give a faint guess at the various purposes to which it may be successfully applied.

We have lately had an opportunity of beholding the practical application of this art at the Adelaide Gallery †, where M. de Ste. Croix, a French gentleman, has for some time been daily exhibiting the process, with very favourable results; and believing that some account of the mode of operating may not be unacceptable to our readers—at least, to such of them as have not had an opportunity of witnessing it, or of perusing M. Daguerre's published account,—we shall endeavour to give a short detail of what we beheld on that occasion, and of the history of the art.

Few "country cousins" visit London without paying their respects to the Adelaide Gallery, and its fame is blown so far and wide, that a particular description becomes unnecessary. Sufficed it to say, that it is a large building, situated in the Lowther Arcade, in the Strand, appropriated to the exhibition of models of all kinds of machinery, and of scientific objects of all kinds. Lectures, free of cost beyond the mere entrance-money, are daily delivered there on some subject of interest, illustrated by apparatus belonging to the institution. It is surrounded by galleries, and every corner is filled with objects of interest and curiosity. In a separate room, fitted up as a theatre, and furnished with shutters, by means of which the light may be at pleasure totally excluded,—an arrangement made for the purpose of displaying the effects of the hydro-oxygen microscope,—the Daguerreotype was exhibited.

M. de Ste. Croix, being unacquainted with our language, was assisted by an English lecturer, who explained the process as it proceeded, prefaceing it with a brief account of the progress of the art, of which there appear no traces before the early part of the present century. According to the statement of M. Arago, who is well known as one of the foremost in the ranks of French science, M. Charles, a French lecturer, made use of a prepared paper for obtaining silhouettes; but he never disclosed his secret. As early as June, 1802, Mr. Wedgwood, whose improvements in the manufacture of pottery have made his name so justly celebrated, communicated a paper to the Royal Institution, which was inserted in the journal of their proceedings, detailing some experiments he had made with nitrate of silver, which were partially successful; but neither he, nor Sir Humphrey Davy, who paid some attention to the subject after it had been broached by Wedgwood, could fit upon the means of fixing the image when obtained. The achievement of that object was reserved for Mr. Talbot, whose process, totally dissimilar to that of Daguerre or Niepce, is based upon the experiments of Wedgwood.

M. Niepce, who was a country gentleman, much addicted to the pursuit of scientific knowledge, began to turn his attention to the subject of obtaining drawings by the action of light, in 1814; and in 1826, accidentally learning that M. Daguerre was occupied in experiments upon the same subject, formed a connexion with him, which, in 1829, took the form of a regular partnership, by which

\* *History and Practice of Photogenic Drawing on the true Principles of the Daguerreotype; with the Method of Diatomic Painting.* By the inventor, L. J. M. Daguerre, Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Member of various Academies. Translated from the original by J. M. Memez, L. L. D., Hon. Member of the Royal Scottish Academy of Fine Arts, &c. London; 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.; Edinburgh, Adam Black and Co.

† A similar exhibition takes place, daily, at the Polytechnicon, in Regent-street, where Mr. Cooper delivers lectures upon the art.

a community of interest in any discovery effected by either was established.

M. Niepce's process was in its effects very similar to Mr. Talbot's, though totally different in its mode of action; and it was attended with the serious disadvantage of occupying several hours in producing an impression. He operated upon metal plates and glass, using asphaltum or bitumen of Judæa, saturated with essential oil of lavender, distributed in a very thin varnish, as his sensitive medium. When the impression was obtained, that part of the varnish which remained unaffected by the light was removed by a solvent of one part of essential oil of lavender and ten parts of petroleum, or by exposing the plate to the fumes of petroleum,—an improvement introduced by M. Daguerre. M. Niepce chiefly confined his endeavours to obtaining copies of prints; but he never succeeded in obtaining a correct representation of the natural shades, his images being, as in common photogenic drawings, reversed; the dark parts being light, and *vice versa*. He appears to have made use of glass more with the hope of discovering a mode of producing etchings from his impressions, than with the hope of producing by that means naturally shaded drawings; an object in which Mr. Talbot has perfectly succeeded.—[See *London Saturday Journal*, No. 19.] His whole process is accurately detailed by M. Daguerre, together with his own improvements upon it; and to that description we must refer such of our readers as desire more minute information, as our limits confine us to the more important discovery of the Daguerriotype.

M. Niepce had made use of iodine to "blacken his plates;" and at the request of M. Daguerre, he made many experiments to ascertain its effects in combination with various metals; but he met with no success, and gave it up in despair. It was not till after his death, which occurred in 1833, that M. Daguerre himself triumphed over every difficulty, and discovered the process, to which his name is now attached.

Five distinct processes are required to perfect a drawing by means of the Daguerriotype. The plate, which is of thin copper, silvered over, must, in the first instance, be *carefully polished*, an operation requiring much care and nicety of hand. Very fine pumice is used, applied in the first instance by means of cotton dipped in oil; it is then applied with dry cotton; after which, a small quantity of diluted nitric acid is carefully dropped on the plate, and accurately distributed over the surface: another very light polishing succeeds; after which the plate is heated over a spirit-lamp, which must be moved under by the hand, so as to distribute the heat equally; or, which is preferable, over charcoal, until its surface is evenly covered with a white appearance like a veil spread over it, when it must be suddenly cooled by laying it on a cold stone or a marble table. After this process, the operation of the acid is repeated three times; but the plates are generally put by after it has been twice applied, that the operator may not be too long delayed; the third and last application must be made immediately before the plate is used. This polishing is the only part of the operation that can be said to be seen; for in all the others, except placing the plate in the camera, which, at the Adelaide Gallery, was done out of the room, the daylight must be excluded, and the light of a small taper is alone allowable.

As soon as the plate was polished, the shutters were closed, and the audience were given to understand (for they could not see) that the operator, M. de Ste. Croix, was engaged in placing the plate in a closed box, to undergo the second process, *the application of a sensitive coating*. This is done by fitting the plate to a piece of wood, which extends a little beyond the edges, and serves to support it, and then placed face downwards in a box contrived for the purpose, in the bottom of which stands a cup containing iodine, broken into small pieces, and covered with gauze. The fumes of the iodine rise, and, being evenly distributed by the gauze, spread themselves over the plate, which in from five minutes to half an hour, according to the state of the atmosphere, is covered with a fine coating of a yellow gold colour. It requires considerable experience to manage this part of the process with dexterity; for if the plate be in the slightest degree injured by light, or irregularly or insufficiently coated with iodine, the whole process must be gone over again. The moment it has acquired a sufficient coating of the iodine, it is removed to a box fitted with folding-doors, moved by semicircular handles passing through the back, and being closed up; the operator proceeds to the third process; *preparing the camera obscura, and placing the plate in it*.

The focus is regulated by the aid of a plate of ground glass,

\* Since the date of that Number, Mr. Talbot has continued his experiments, and has succeeded in obtaining very perfect drawings.

occupying the position in which the prepared plate is to be placed and a mirror attached to the instrument gives facility for judging of the effect of the object intended to be represented. When everything is properly adjusted, the box containing the plate is introduced, and the doors being thrown open by means of the semicircular handles, it is immediately exposed to the focus of the camera. The time necessary to complete an impression varies according to the power of the sun's rays, and can only be judged of by experience. In our northern latitude, complete success can seldom be expected, whilst beneath the tropics it is almost certain. The day of our visit happened to be extremely fine and clear; and in about twenty-five minutes, a representation of a group consisting of a bust and other subjects, was obtained, possessing great beauty. We were informed (for this part of the process was, as we have before noticed, performed in private) that on withdrawing the plate, no impression can be discovered by the inexperienced eye, although to one accustomed to the practice, certain signs appear, sufficient to indicate success or failure. But a momentary glance can alone be allowed. The doors must be instantly closed, and must remain so, until the plate be submitted to the fourth operation,—*bringing out the image*.

To effect this, the board with the plate attached is removed from the box or frame in which it was placed in the camera, and adjusted face downwards, at an angle of 45°, in an iron box contrived for the purpose\*; in the bottom of the box is a cup of mercury, which is heated by a spirit lamp placed beneath: a thermometer is attached, by which the process is regulated. Why it is necessary that the plate should be placed at this particular angle, is a mystery which yet remains to be discovered. The lamp is withdrawn when the thermometer has reached 60° centigrade (139° Fahrenheit). If the mercury have risen rapidly, it will continue to rise, but the plate must be withdrawn, if it exceed 75° centigrade (about 157° Fahrenheit). The process is watched through a glass fixed in the side of the box opposite to the inclined face of the plate, but no stronger light than that of a small taper must be used for this purpose. When the thermometer has sunk to 45° centigrade (112° Fahrenheit), the plate is removed, detached from the board, and replaced in the case with folding-doors, until the fifth and last process, *removing the sensitive coating*, is performed.

This operation is necessary, as, otherwise, those parts of the iodine still unaffected by light would become so when exposed to view, and the whole effect would be destroyed. To remove the iodine, either a saturated solution of common salt, or a weak solution of hypo-sulphite of soda, is made use of; but the latter mixture is preferable, as it removes the iodine more effectually. The plate is first dipped in common water, to moisten its surface, and is then plunged into a vessel filled with the solution, and carefully moved round and round by means of a copper hoop, until it is certain that every part of its surface is equally affected by the solvent. When the yellow colour has quite departed, the plate is placed on a kind of desk, at an angle of 45°, and distilled water, warm, but not boiling, is very carefully poured over the surface. As soon as the moisture has evaporated the operation is completed, and the drawing may be safely exposed to the full light of day.

The appearance of these drawings is very peculiar, and is scarcely susceptible of description. When the materials of its composition are called to mind, and it is recollected that the ground of the picture consists of an amalgum of mercury and silver, on which all the gradations of shadow, which are perfectly true to nature, are produced (according to the opinion of M. Arago), by a sulphuret of silver at the expense of the hypo-sulphite of silver,\* a better idea can be formed of the general effect than can be given by words. The shadows are a dull grey, varying in intenseness, till they become almost black, and their dead surface produces what is called by painters a loss of tone throughout the drawing, which is not agreeable. The whole appears unnatural; for though at the first glance it gives us the impression of its being the representation of a moonlight scene, that idea is immediately dispelled by the appearance of effects that can only be produced by the stronger light of the sun.

We had an opportunity of examining three plates, during our visit to the Adelaide Gallery; two being views of interiors, and one of Regent Street. They varied in excellence: that produced during our stay being the most perfect. But it must be recollected that the varying light of an English autumnal day is by no means well fitted for the use of the Daguerriotype, and that under such circumstances it is almost impossible to procure drawings perfect

\* No satisfactory reason has yet been given for this latter part of the process.

in every respect. The difference of latitude, even between Paris and London, very much affects its action. Whilst in London, in the month of October, from twenty minutes to half an hour are required, to obtain an impression, only from ten to twelve minutes are needed to produce the same effect in Paris, in the midst of winter, and in summer only five or six minutes are required there; and under more southern skies, two or three minutes would be sufficient\*.

The Daguerreotype, with all the necessary apparatus, is manufactured and sold in Paris, the total cost being about 20*l.*, and its free use is open there to the public; but we understand that, notwithstanding his bargain with the French government, M. Daguerre has taken steps to prevent its exhibition or use here, without his sanction; that he procured an injunction against M. de Ste. Croix; and that the exhibition at the Polytechnicon is under his licence. We regard such attempts as quite unwarrantable, and conceive it impossible that under the circumstances he has any chance of establishing a patent right in this country.

Attempts have been making abroad to apply the Daguerreotype to portraits; and M. Jobard, of Brussels, has announced that such will be forthcoming in a few months, and have every requisite of portraiture but colour. Whether this latter object will ever be attained is exceedingly problematical; but when such astonishing effects have already been produced, we do not despair. If coloured photogenic drawings can ever be obtained, we apprehend it will be by means of some modification of Mr. Talbot's process, rather than that of M. Daguerre.

At the recent meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, Mr. Fox Talbot made some remarks on the coloured rings which are observable when a piece of iodine, the size of a pin's head, is placed on a piece of silver, or on silver-leaf, on glass, and gently warmed; and Sir J. Herschel made a communication respecting a remarkable property in the extreme red rays of the prismatic spectrum, which he had observed in the course of experiments made on Mr. Talbot's sensitive paper; and with an extract from his letter, read before the section devoted to mathematical and physical sciences, we shall conclude.

He states, "that the extreme red rays (such as are insulated from the rest of the spectrum by a dark blue glass coloured by cobalt, and which are not seen in the spectrum, unless the eye be defended by such a glass from the glare of the other colours), not only have no tendency to darken the prepared paper, but actually exert a contrary influence, and preserve the whiteness of paper on which they are received, when exposed, at the same time, to the action of a dispersed light sufficient of itself to produce a considerable impression. When a slip of sensitive paper is exposed to a highly concentrated spectrum, a picture of it is rapidly impressed on the paper—not merely in black, but in colours, of which the red is tolerably vivid, but is rather of a brick colour than a pure prismatic red. What is remarkable is, that its termination falls materially short of the visible termination of the spectrum. The green is of a sombre, metallic hue; the blue still more so, and rapidly passing into blackness. The yellow is deficient. The whole length of the chemical spectrum is not far short of double that of the luminous one, and as its more refrangible end a slight ruddy or pinkish hue begins to appear. The place of the extreme red, however, is marked by no colour.

"It is impossible in this climate to form a brilliant and condensed spectrum without a good deal of dispersed light in its confines; and this light, if the exposure of the paper be prolonged, acts, of course, upon every part of its surface. The coloured picture is formed, therefore, on a ground not purely white, but rendered dusky over its whole extent, with one remarkable exception—viz., in that spot where the extreme red rays fall, the whiteness of which is preserved, and becomes gradually more and more strikingly apparent, the longer the exposure and the greater the consequent general darkening of the paper. The above is not the only singular property possessed by the extreme red rays. Their action on paper, already discoloured by the other rays, is still more curious and extraordinary. When the spectrum is received on paper already discoloured slightly by the violet and blue rays only, they produce, not a white, but a red impression, which, however, I am disposed to regard as only the commencement of a process of discoloration, which would be complete if prolonged sufficiently. For I have found that if, instead of using a prism, a strong sunshine is transmitted through a combination of glasses, carefully prepared, so as to transmit absolutely no ray but that

of definite red at the extreme of refrangibility, a paper previously darkened by exposure under a green glass has its colour heightened from a sombre neutral tint to a bright red: and a specimen of paper, rendered almost completely black by exposure to daylight, when exposed for some time under the same glass, assumed a rich purple hue: the rationale of which effect, I am disposed to believe, consists in a very slow and gradual destruction, or stripping off, as it were, of layers of colour, deposited or generated by the other rays, the action being quicker on the tints produced by the more refrangible rays, in proportion to their refrangibilities. It seems to me evident that a vast field is thus opened to further inquiries. A de-oxydizing power has been attributed to the red rays of the spectrum, on the strength of the curious experiments of Wollaston, on the discoloration of tincture of guaiacum, which ought to be repeated; but in the sensitive papers, and still more in Daguerre's marvellous ioduretted silver, we have re-agents so delicate and manageable, that everything may be expected from their application."

#### THE ORDINARY.

The cloth had just been drawn, when the gentleman, a coarse-mannered, overbearing, and over-dressed man, who had acted as croupier, proposed that wine should be the drink of the evening.

The proposal was received with general acclamation. There was one person present, however, to whom it seemed to cause great uneasiness, if one might judge by the sudden blush that mantled on his cheek, and the evident confusion that appeared in his looks. This person was a modest-looking young man, plainly but genteelly dressed, who had eaten his dinner in silence, and who seemed anxious to remain as much unnoticed as possible. Whatever might be his objection to the proposed beverage, he said nothing, but, turning to the waiter, whispered in his ear. In the next moment a small pint-bottle of ale was placed beside him.

In the meantime the table had been covered with wine-decanter, and these had begun to move in their orbits, when the eye of the croupier falling on the humble beverage before the young man just spoken of, he called out, tossing off a glass of wine at the same instant, "A black sheep in the fold, gentlemen, I see." All eyes were immediately turned on the young man, whose cheeks were now burning with the warm blushes of wounded feeling. It was some moments before he could collect himself sufficiently to take any notice of the rude remark, and the no less rude stare on the part of the company assembled, by which it was followed. At length,—

"Gentlemen," he said, in a modest but firm tone, "I do not choose to drink wine: I cannot afford it."

"People who can't afford to do as others do, shouldn't come here," replied the croupier, filling up his glass, and winking to the rest of the company.

"I took, and I still take, this to be a house of public entertainment, sir," replied the young man, in the same modest yet firm manner, "where a man is free to eat and drink as he chooses."

"You mistake, though," said the spokesman of the company. "There are rules regarding these matters which you ought to have known; and I propose that you be expelled this table unless you conform to the order of the evening."

The young man was about to reply, and from the sudden brilliancy of his eye, which showed that a latent spirit had been aroused within him, evidently in an indignant tone, when he was prevented by the interference of a respectable-looking old gentleman who sat at the further end of the table, and who, stretching himself forward a little, said,—

"Really now, gentlemen, I do not think this quite fair treatment of our young friend here. At least, I am sure it is not courteous: it is not gentlemanly. If he does not choose to drink wine, and still more, if he cannot afford it, as he has ingeniously told you, I do not see that any one here can possibly have any right to compel him to do so. This is, as he has said, a house of public entertainment; this is an open table, at which every man should be at perfect liberty to eat and drink precisely what he himself chooses."

"You're a little green too, old gentleman, I perceive," replied the croupier. "You've attained a *green* old age;" and he burst into a horse laugh at his own wit, in which he was joined by two or three of the company.

"But people, I say again," he added, "who can't afford to do as others do, shouldn't come here."

Touched to the quick by this iteration of the offensive remark, the young man started to his feet in an uncontrollable burst of indignation, and, looking sternly at his persecutor, said,—

\* Drawings and full descriptions of all the operations are given with the translation of M. Daguerre's book.



"No, sir, I cannot afford to do as you do, at any rate, and well do you know the reason. Well do you know, Mr. Harebrook, whom I have dependent on me, and that with justice to them and to others I cannot do as you do. This, Mr. Harebrook, is not the first time you have sought to bring me into painful and humiliating notice: beware how you repeat it."

Having said this, the young man, bowing slightly to the company, withdrew from the table, and immediately after left the apartment.

The Mr. Harebrook, who acted as croupier on the occasion of which we are speaking, was a lawyer; a man, as already said, of coarse and overbearing manners, to which we have now to add, a selfish disposition and dissipated habits. But he was well connected, and, through the influence of friends, had secured a pretty extensive business, to which was about to be added, at least so Mr. Harebrook himself expected, the law agency of a gentleman of immense fortune and landed property, who had lately advertised for a professional agent. Mr. Harebrook had applied for the appointment in question, and had procured so many and such strong recommendations from influential parties in support of his application, that he had no doubt of being successful; for Mr. Huntingdon, the gentleman who had advertised, and who lived in a distant part of the county, had expressed his satisfaction with the testimonials of the applicant, although he had not yet committed himself by any promise on the subject to which they referred. There was, however, or rather there had been, another candidate in the field. This candidate was the young man who had just left the table of the ordinary under the circumstances above described. He, too, was a lawyer, and a young man of great talent and integrity of character; but being young and unfriended, and having, moreover, only lately begun business on his own account, he had yet made but little progress in the world. The heavy burden of supporting a widowed mother and two sisters devolved upon him; to the first of whom he was an affectionate and dutiful son,—to the latter, a kind and tender brother. Yet was poor Freeling struggling manfully with the world; supported by the consciousness that he was doing his best. Scarcely daring to hope for success, yet unable to suppress the idea of there being some chance of a favourable issue, Freeling had also applied for Mr. Huntingdon's agency; but no notice whatever had been taken of his letter. It was what he expected, yet it hurt him. He felt humiliated and discouraged by the contemptuous silence of the great man; an effect which was not lessened by his learning that Harebrook was likely to be the successful candidate.

Such, then, were the circumstances of the two principal personages of our sketch, and such the position in which they stood with regard to each other at the moment we introduced them to the reader, at the table of the ordinary in the Buck's-Head Inn.

Freeling hurried to his little solitary office, placed some papers on which he had been engaged during the whole of the previous part of the day before him, and with a heavy heart began to write. The work was of a laborious and profitless kind,—some of the poorly-paid dudgeon of the profession; for very little of any other sort of employment had he yet been able to procure.

It was with a heavy heart, too, that poor Freeling returned home after the labour of the day was over. His depression, which he endeavoured to conceal, but could not, was marked by his mother and sisters. They asked him the cause,—but words would not have induced him to hurt their feelings by a disclosure of the truth: he evaded their inquiries, and pleaded the excuse of a headache to retire early to bed.

Freeling had not yet arisen on the following morning, when the servant rapped at his bed-room door and informed him that there was a gentleman in the parlour, who desired to see him immediately on professional business.

But too happy with the hopes of employment which such intimation was so well calculated to inspire, Freeling instantly rose, and in less than five minutes was in the presence of his visitor; in whom he was not a little surprised to recognize the old gentleman who had taken his part at the table of the ordinary on the preceding evening.

A slight smile of recognition having passed between the parties, the stranger introduced himself as Mr. Huntingdon, of Wealdon Hall, Essex.

The blood rushed to the young lawyer's face, accompanied by an emotion which he could not control; for in the old gentleman who stood before him,—in his advocate at the table of the ordinary, he recognised the wealthy proprietor for whose employment he had been an applicant.

"Mr. Freeling," began Mr. Huntingdon, in a calm tone, and

without further preface, "I some time ago received a letter from you, making offer of your services as my law agent or attorney, in answer to an advertisement of mine that appeared in the *Times*. I have also had an application for the same appointment from a Mr. Harebrook of your place,—the same gentleman, it appears, who acted as our croupier last night; and his application having been supported by the testimonials of many persons of respectability in this quarter, I had determined that he should have had my business, and it was for the purpose of arranging matters with that gentleman that I came here yesterday. I, however, missed him at his chambers when I called, and on doing so meant to have delayed the affair till to-day. But we met, nevertheless, as you know," continued the old gentleman, smiling, "although Mr. Harebrook is not, perhaps, aware of it; for he does not know me personally."

"Now, Mr. Freeling, to shorten matters, and to come to the point at once,—I don't like this man Harebrook. I saw much last night, while you were at table, to prejudice me against him,—and much more after you left. Now, one consequence of this is, that I am resolved not to employ him; another, that I am resolved to employ you. I like your manner, Mr. Freeling. I am plain with you. And I have made inquiries regarding you since I came to town. I tell you this, also, without hesitation; the results of which, I am happy to say, have confirmed me in the favourable opinion I had previously formed of you. I have learned much that was good of you, Mr. Freeling,—nothing that was ill; which is more than I can say of your brother in trade, Mr. Harebrook. You may, therefore, consider yourself as my attorney, Mr. Freeling, from this moment."

The business of Mr. Huntingdon, on which he immediately entered, proved to be worth five hundred a-year. Yet this was not all: having quickly gained the entire confidence of that gentleman by his integrity and talents, he introduced him to a wide connexion, which in a short time conducted him to independence.

#### KNOWLEDGE OF STEAM BY THE ANCIENTS.

DR. LARDNER'S Work on the Steam Engine, is now issuing in Monthly Parts, publishing by Taylor and Walton. The present forms the seventh edition of this work, and it is made interesting, by containing much additional matter, so as to form almost a new treatise. Such of our readers as have not had an opportunity of consulting it, may be able to judge of its style by the following extract:—

"Before the era rendered memorable by the discoveries of James Watt, the steam-engine, which has since become an object of such universal interest, was a machine of extremely limited power, inferior in importance and usefulness to most other mechanical agents used as prime movers; but, from that epoch, it is scarcely necessary here to state, that it became a subject not of British interest only, but one having an important connexion with the progress of the human race.

"The discovery of the fact, that a mechanical force is produced when water is evaporated by the application of heat, must be considered as the first capital step in the invention of the steam-engine. It is recorded in a work entitled *Spiritualia seu Pneumatica*, that Hero of Alexandria contrived a machine, 120 years before the Christian era, which was moved by the mechanical force of the vapour of water. The principle of this machine admits of easy explanation: when a fluid issues from any vessel in which it is confined, that vessel suffers a force equal to that with which the fluid escapes from it, and in the opposite direction. If water issues from an orifice, a pressure is produced behind the orifice corresponding to the force with which the water escapes. If a man discharge a gun, the gases produced by the explosion of the powder issue with a certain force from the muzzle, and his shoulder is driven backwards by the recoil with a corresponding force. If the muzzle, instead of being presented forwards, were turned at right angles to the length of the gun, then, as the gases of explosion would escape sideways, the recoil would likewise take place sideways, and the shooter, instead of being driven backward, would be made to spin round, as a dancer piquettes.

"After having been allowed to slumber for nearly 2000 years, this machine has recently been revived, and engines constructed similar to it are now working in these countries.

"Although the elastic force of steam was not reduced to numerical measure by the ancients, nor brought under control, nor

applied to any useful purpose, yet it appears to have been recognised in vague and general terms. Aristotle, Seneca, and other ancient writers, accounted for earthquakes by the sudden conversion of water into steam within the earth. This change, according to them, was effected by subterranean heat. Such tremendous effects being ascribed to steam, it can scarcely be doubted that the Greeks and Romans were acquainted with the fact, that water in passing into vapour exercises considerable mechanical power. They were aware that the earthquakes, which they ascribed to this cause, exerted force sufficiently powerful to extend the natural limits of the ocean; to overturn from their foundations the most massive monuments of human labour; to raise islands in the midst of seas; and to heave up the surface of the land of level continents so as to form lofty mountains.

“Such notions, however, resulted not as consequences of any exact or scientific principles, but from vague analogies derived from effects which could not fail to have been manifested in the arts, such as those which commonly occurred in the process of casting in metal the splendid statues which adorned the temples, gardens, and public places of Rome and Athens. The artisan was liable to the same accidents to which modern founders are exposed, produced by the casual presence of a little water in the mould into which the molten metal is poured. Under such circumstances, the sudden formation of steam of an extreme pressure produces, as is well known, explosions attended with destructive effects. The Grecian and Roman artisans were subject to such accidents; and the philosopher, generalising such a fact, would arrive at a solution of the grander class of phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes.

“Before natural phenomena are rendered subservient to purposes of utility, they are often made to minister to the objects of superstition. The power of steam is not an exception to this rule. It is recorded in the Chronicles, that upon the banks of the Weier, the ancient Teutonic gods sometimes marked their displeasure by a sort of thunderbolt, which was immediately succeeded by a cloud that filled the temple. An image of the god *Busterich*, which was found in some excavations, clearly explains the manner in which this prodigy was accomplished by the priests. The head of the metal god was hollow, and contained within it a pot of water; the mouth, and another hole above the forehead, were stopped by wooden plugs; a small stove, adroitly placed in a cavity of the head under the pot, contained charcoal, which, being lighted, gradually heated the liquid contained in the head. The vapour produced from the water, having acquired sufficient pressure, forced out the wooden plugs with a loud report, and they were immediately followed by two jets of steam, which formed a dense cloud round the god, and concealed him from his astonished worshippers.\*

“Among other amusing anecdotes showing the knowledge which the ancients had of the mechanical force of steam, it is related that Anthemius, the architect of St. Sophia, occupied a house next door to that of Zeno, between whom and Anthemius there existed a feud. To annoy his neighbour, Anthemius placed on the ground floor of his own house several close digesters, or boilers, containing water. A flexible tube proceeded from the top of each of these, which was conducted through a hole made in the wall between the houses, and which communicated with the space under the floors of the rooms in the house of Zeno. When Anthemius desired to annoy his neighbour, he lighted fires under his boilers, and the steam produced by them rushed in such quantity and with such force under Zeno's floors, that they were made to heave with all the usual symptoms of an earthquake.†

“In the year 1826, M. de Navarrete published, in Zach's *Astronomical Correspondence*, a communication from Thomas Gonzales, director of the royal archives of Simancas, giving an account of an experiment reported to have been made in the year 1543, in which a vessel was propelled by a machine having the appearance of a steam-engine.

“Blasco de Garay, a sea-captain, proposed in that year to the Emperor Charles V. to propel vessels by a machine which he had invented, even in time of calm, without oars or sails. Notwithstanding the apparent improbability attending this project, the emperor ordered the experiment to be made in the port of Barcelona, and the 17th of June, 1543, was the day appointed for its trial. The commissioners appointed by Charles V. to attend and

witness the experiment were Don Henry of Toledo, Don Pedro of Cardona, the treasurer Ravago, the vice-chancellor and intendant of Catalonia, and others. The vessel on which the experiment was made was the *Trinity*, 200 tons burthen, which had just discharged a cargo of corn at Barcelona. Garay concealed the nature of his machinery, even from the commissioners. All that could be discovered during the trial was, that it consisted of a large boiler containing water, and that wheels were attached to each side of the vessel, by the revolution of which it was propelled. The commissioners, having witnessed the experiment, made a report to the king, approving generally of the invention; particularly on account of the ease and promptitude with which the vessel could be put about by it.

“The treasurer Ravago, who was himself hostile to the project, reported that the machine was capable of propelling a vessel at the rate of two leagues in three hours; but the other commissioners stated that it made a league an hour, at the least, and that it put the vessel about as speedily as would be accomplished with a galley, worked according to the common method. Ravago reported that the machinery was too complicated and expensive, and that it was subject to the danger of the boiler bursting.

“After the experiment was made, Garay took away all the machinery, leaving nothing but the framing of wood in the arsenals of Barcelona.

“Notwithstanding the opposition of Ravago, the invention was approved, and the inventor was promoted and received a pecuniary reward, besides having all his expenses paid.

“From the circumstance of the nature of the machinery having been concealed, it is impossible to say in what this machine consisted; but as a boiler was used, it is probable, though not certain, that steam was the agent. There have been various machines proposed, of which a furnace and boiler form a part, and in which the agency of steam is not used. The machine of Amontons furnishes an example of this. It is most probable that the contrivance of Garay was identical with that of Hero. The low state of the arts in Spain, in the sixteenth century, would be incompatible with the construction of any machine requiring great precision of execution. But the simplicity of Hero's contrivance would have rendered its construction and operation quite practicable. As to the claims to the invention of the steam-engine advanced by the advocates of De Garay, founded on the above document, a refutation is supplied by the admission, that though he was rewarded and promoted by the government of the day, in consequence of the experiment, and although the great usefulness of the contrivance in towing ships out of port, &c., was admitted, yet it does not appear that a second experiment was ever tried, much less that the machine was ever brought into practical use.

“Solomon De Caus was engineer and architect to Louis XIII., king of France, before the year 1612. In that year he entered the service of the Elector Palatine, who married the daughter of King James I., with whom he came to England. He was there employed by the Prince of Wales in ornamenting the gardens of his house at Richmond. During his sojourn in England he composed and published at London, in the same year, a ‘*Treatise on Perspective*.’ This person was the author of a work entitled, ‘*Les Raisons des Forces Mouvantes, avec diverses Machines tant utiles que plaisantes*,’ which was apparently composed at Heidelberg, but published at Franckfort, in 1615. The same work was subsequently republished in Paris, in 1623.

“The treatise commences with definitions of what were then considered the four elements: earth, air, fire, and water. Air is defined to be a cold, dry, and light element, capable of compression, by which it may be rendered very violent. He says, ‘The violence will be great when water exhales in air by means of fire, and that the said air is enclosed: as, for example—take a ball of copper, of one or two feet diameter, and one inch thick, which being filled with water by a small hole, which shall be strongly stopped with a peg, so that neither air nor water can escape—it is certain that if we put the said ball upon a great fire, so that it will become very hot, that it will cause a compression so violent, that the ball will burst in pieces, with a noise like a petard.’

“The effect which is here described is due to the combined pressure of the heated air contained in the ball, and the high-pressure steam raised from the water; but much more to the latter than to the former. It is evident, however, from the language of De Caus, that he ascribes the force entirely to the air, and seems to consider that the force of the air proceeded from the water which exhaled in it.”

\* Arago, *Eloge historique de James Watt*; p. 22

† *Ibid.*, p. 21, note.

## HORRORS OF A STORM.

MANY a harrowing scream saluted the ear of the passer-by—many a female supplication was heard asking in vain for mercy. How could it be otherwise, when it is remembered that 20,000 furious and licentious madmen were loosed upon an immense population, among which many of the loveliest women upon earth might be found? All within that devoted city was at the disposal of an infuriated army, over whom for the time control was lost, aided by an infamous collection of camp-followers, who were, if possible, more sanguinary and pitiless even than those who had survived the storm!

It is useless to dwell upon a scene from which the heart revolts. Few females in this beautiful town were saved that night from insult. The noblest and the beggar, the nun and the wife and daughter of the artisan, youth and age, all were involved in general ruin. None were respected, and few consequently escaped. The madness of these desperate brigands was variously exhibited: some fired through doors and windows, others at the church bells; many at the wretched inhabitants, as they fled into the streets to escape the bayonets of the savages who were demolishing their property within doors; while some wretches, as if blood had not flowed in sufficient torrents already, shot from the windows their own companions as they staggered on below.—*Victories of the British Army.*

## A PAIR OF REAL TOP-BOOTS.

"Why, thin, I'll tell you," said Rory. "I promised my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o' top-boots, for, indeed, his reverence's is none of the best, and only you know them to be top-boots, you would not like them to be top-boots, bekase the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out intirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I went to a shop in Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o' top-boots I could see;—when I say purty, I don't mane a flourishin' taarin' pair, but sitch as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair o' boots;—and with that I pulled out my good money to pay for them, when just at that m'nt, remembering the thricks o' the town, I bethought o' myself, and says I, 'I suppose these are the right thing?' says I to the man.

'You can thy them,' says he.  
'How can I thy them?' says I.  
'Pull them on you,' says he.  
'Throth, an' I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to take sitch a liberty with them,' says I.  
'Why, aren't you goin' to ware them?' says he.  
'Is it me?' says I; 'me ware top-boots?' Do you think it's takin' lave of my smiss I am?' says I.  
'Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he.  
'For his reverence, Father Kinshela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?'  
'How should I know?' says he.  
'You're a purty boot-maker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boot!'  
'How do I know his size?' says he.  
'Oh, don't be comin' off that way,' says I. 'There's no sitch great differ betune priests and other men!'  
'Tell me his size,' says the fellow, 'and I'll fit him.'  
'He's betune five and six fut,' says I.  
'Most men are,' says he, laughing at me. He was an impudent fellow.  
'It's not the five, nor six, but his two feet I want to know the size of,' says he.  
'So I perswaded he was jecrin' me, and says I, 'Why, thin, you respectful vagabone o' the world, you Duffin jackeen! do you mane to insinuate that Father Kinshela ever went barefuted in his life, that I could know the size of his fut?' And with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! you impudent vagabone o' the world! you ignorant citizen o' the world!' And with that I left the place.—*Loves.*

## ADVOCATES AND CLIENTS.

An advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world—that client, and none other. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection.—*Lord Brougham.*

## GENEALOGY.

The whole science of genealogical accuracy is derived from the children of Israel, whose individual families indulged a hope that the promised Messiah might be born from their stock: a pure authenticated pledge became, consequently, one of the peculiar features of Jewish polity; such a qualification was deemed absolutely necessary to all candidates for power and honour.—*Quarterly.*

## AUTUMN.

BRIGHT flowers are sinking,  
Streamlets are shrinking,  
Now the wide forest is withered and sear;  
Light clouds are flying,  
Soft winds are sighing:  
We will be thoughtful, for autumn is near.  
  
Blossoms we cherished  
Have withered and perished,  
Scenes which we smiled on are yellow and drear;  
Feelings of sadness  
O'ershadow our gladness,  
And make the mind thoughtful, for autumn is near.  
  
Thus all that is fairest,  
And sweetest and rarest,  
Must shortly be covered, and call for a tear:  
Then let each emotion  
Be warm with devotion,  
And we will be thoughtful, for autumn is near.

Glasgow Courier.

## WHO RIGHTLY READ HISTORY.

He alone reads history aright who, observing how powerfully circumstances influence the feelings and opinions of men,—how often vices pass into virtues, and paradoxes into axioms,—learns to distinguish what is accidental and transitory in human nature, from what is essential and immutable.—*Edin. Rev.*

## WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The human heads on which he trod, were in his eyes a ground not sufficiently firm and serene; he tormented himself about his own future years and the fate of his children, and put questions concerning his preventments to men reputed wise in an age when divination was a part of wisdom. A Norman poet, almost contemporary, represents him seated in the midst of his English and Norman priests, and soliciting of them, with puerile importunity, a decisive exposition of the fate of his posterity. At every word that fell from their lips, this great conqueror trembled before them, as an Anglo-Saxon serf or citizen would have trembled in his presence.—*Edin. Rev.*

## NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS.

## A RECEIPT TO STOP BEGGING.

A person at Barnsley, Yorkshire, having been annoyed by swarms of beggars coming to his house, and his refusing to give them anything not at all preventing their attending as usual, he at last sent for a painter, and ordered him to write upon his door the words "Police office." The beggars, after this, were seen to come as usual, but on their viewing the writing on the door, they made a speedy and laughable exit. The experiment had the desired effect.

## THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

Mr. Watson, uncle to the late Marquis of Rockingham, a man of immense fortune, finding himself at the point of death, desired a friend who was present to open him a drawer, in which was an old shirt, that he might put it on. Being asked why he would wish to change his linen when he was so ill, "Because I'm told that the shirt that I die in must be the nurse's perquisite, and that is good enough for her!" This was as bad as the woman, who with her last breath blew out an inch of candle—"Because," said she, "I can see to die in the dark!"

## LONG TAILS AND SHORT ONES.

A lady, in passing through Hampshire, observed the following notice on a board—"Horses taken in to grass: long tails, three shillings and sixpence; short tails, two shillings." She asked the owner of the land the meaning of the difference of price. He answered, "You see, ma'am, the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short ones are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

## A GRAMMATICAL DISCOVERY.

In one of the principal schools in Edinburgh, a few weeks ago, as the master was examining his pupils on the plural of nouns, after having passed dice, teeth, geese, and many others, he asked one whom he had not previously questioned, what was the plural of penny. The boy, with great coolness, and apparently certain of being correct, replied "Two pence!" The laughter that succeeded may well be imagined.

## NOISY PIGS.

Footo being upon a visit at Lord Townshend's at Raynham, happened one morning to look into the pig-stye, and saw a silver spoon among the pigs' victuals. One of the housemaids coming by, and perceiving Mr. Footo, cried out, "Plague on the pigs, what a noise they make!" "Well they may," said Footo, "for they have but one silver spoon between them."

## AN AMBIGUOUS CONDITION.

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live now," replied the girl; "I am married."

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## THE DANCING DERVISHES.

HAVING heard much during my stay at Constantinople of the Dancing Dervishes, I joined a party of four English ladies and a German military officer, and one Tuesday forenoon we proceeded to one of their mosques, which is situated in the principal street of Pera. On entering the court-yard of the mosque, we were told that the worship would not begin until one hour after mid-day, and as it still wanted half an hour of that time, we strolled into the adjoining garden, where a number of black and white Turkish women were sitting with their children on a parapet overlooking the Bosphorus. After admiring for some little time the beautiful view of Scutari, with Mount Olympus in the background, as well as the varied and fantastic buildings studding the Asiatic shore of the channel, where the eye is led out as far as the Prince's Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, and again caught up with the mosques and palaces of Stamboul, and finally rests on the dirty roofs of Galata, lying below the feet; our notice was more particularly drawn towards the Turkish women, whose entire attention seemed occupied with the costume of the English ladies. In particular, I observed two huge black creatures who seemed lost in wonder and astonishment at the European dress and manner: there was also one young-looking Osmanlee with most beautiful black eyes whose emotions I could not guess, as she poured two streams of black lustre from under her *yasmak* in wondering curiosity at the Frankish dress. I ventured to address her by calling her boy a very pretty child: this compliment had the requisite charm, and she entered into conversation. The child was about sixteen months old, and dressed in the fanciful *shalvar* and *feredjic*, which looks so graceful on little children—its head was encased in a little skull-cap of a turkey-red colour, while round its brow was folded a richly-varied shawl, giving to the cap something of the appearance of a turban; across the folds of the shawl was fixed a string of gold coins of the reigns of Selim, Mahmoud, and other celebrated sultans. Of these gold pieces there might be from sixteen to twenty, valuing from four to twelve shillings each. The sacred cipher, or signature of the sultan, impressed upon them is regarded as a certain preventive against disease, witchcraft, the evil eye, &c. &c. The mother said that they called her little boy Achmet—that his father was dead, and he had no other relative in the world but herself—probably she was poor—at least she had the look of subdued poverty—but, before I had time to enter into any further conversation, a cavia advanced, and told us that the mosque was open. As we passed a private door that led direct from the garden to the mosque, we met several Turkish women, attended by their servants bearing their pipes, entering to say their prayers; previous to commencing which, and after it is finished, they regale themselves with a smoke. We proceeded across the court to the public door of the mosque, and, having put slippers over the tops of our boots, were asked by the Cerberus of the place to give him a *backshish*—this being done, we entered. The mosque consisted of one chamber of an octagon form, surrounded by a gallery, which filled up three sides of the octagon towards the north, and three towards the south. The east

side contained a species of oriental altar on which sat an old dervish, flanked on each side by an enormous candle. The side towards the west was occupied by the door, and, like that towards the east, had no gallery over it. The gallery was supported on sixteen square piles of wood; at about twelve feet from the ground, under this gallery, were assembled the congregation; while the space in the centre of the mosque, comprising all that was not under the gallery, was railed off with a strong wooden balustrade about thirty inches high.

When we entered, the centre portion was occupied by about twenty dervishes; some on their knees, and others flat on their faces, howling, Allah! Allah! Allah! Besides the congregation under the gallery, we could discern, mingled with them, several strangers who, like ourselves, had been drawn thence by curiosity; but the pious Mussulmans did not seem at all incommoded either by their touch or their stare, and continued their prayers without ever noticing the presence of the "infidels." The number of worshippers might be about forty, and the strangers about twenty—what the number of the female part of the congregation was I could not tell, as they were concealed behind a partition of wooden trellis-work, although their presence was sufficiently denoted by the clashing of their ever-restless tongues, which seemed more engaged in chattering to one another than in praying. At the door stood a stupid-looking Turkish sentinel, with his musket in his hand, ready to prevent at the point of the bayonet any one from defiling the mosque with dirty feet, and causing every one within to put a pair of slippers over his boots or shoes, or otherwise take them off altogether.

From time to time various devotees, soldiers, citizens, and others entered, and, mixing with the others, fell down on their knees, and commenced their prayers. The mosque might be about sixty feet in diameter, the part in the centre in which the dervishes were was of cypress wood, highly polished and glittering in the light, while the parts under the galleries were covered with mats of Alexandrian reeds. Opposite the door was a large piece of wood, painted black, like a sign-board, and covered over with a great many Arabic characters, written in too flourishing a style for my limited knowledge of the alphabet to decipher. Underneath was another black board with, in large characters, *Ya hazreti mevlana*—"O! our merciful lord;" while on both sides were little gilded tablets with the cipher of the sultan written upon them. In the sides of the building opposite the door, were several windows—the roof, walls, &c., were painted white and green, while the place altogether was as clean and light as the most fastidious could desire.

Shortly after we entered, the dervishes arrayed themselves into three rows, howling their prayers, bending on their knees, falling flat on their faces, and getting suddenly up on their feet again. All these priests were dressed in the usual dervish long *kalpak* and cloak. Their cloaks were of various colours, distinguishing their particular sect, and their faces gave indications of some stupefying sort of intoxication: indeed, frequently after falling down on their faces, and suddenly getting up on their feet again, as they walked round the octagon, it was difficult to conceive whether they were mountebanks at a fair, enthusiasts in a church, or

demons who had paid a visit to earth. After these priests had almost rendered themselves hoarse by their howling, there was a chaunting commenced from the gallery above our heads, when they went through their evolutions in silence, keeping time to the rude and stupid music. When the chaunting had continued for about ten minutes it ceased, and the priests again began their prayers in a low mumbling tone, amidst the confused sounds of which I could easily hear, *Allah! Allah! Allah! Allah! nur-dur, Allah! chalum dur*—and all the other Allahs of the Turkish Paternoster. When this had been finished, they continued moving about from the centre to the extremity of the circle, falling down during each revolution on their knees, and sometimes on their faces; this being performed the requisite number of times, they all extended themselves to the very margin of the railed space, and sat down on their knees in silence, with their face towards the east. The old dervish who had been all this time sitting in or on the altar, (for it would be hard to say which,) propped towards the front of the performers, and sat down on a red mat which one of them placed on the ground for him. This old dervish had a shorter *kalpak* or hat than the others, and round about it was bound a green shawl; he appeared to be the chief, and the chaunting again commenced as soon as he was seated. Some musicians also in the gallery began to play on kettle-drums and clarionets, but their performance was one continued monotonous, dum, dum, dum, tom, tom, tom; and better could have been produced out of an old pan and a penny whistle. This noise of chaunting and beating of drums, accompanied by the praying of the old dervish, continued about fifteen minutes. The other dervishes all remained motionless in their places: one in particular I noticed fast asleep, and was about beginning to nod myself when a trumpet sounded, and the whole fraternity suddenly fell flat on their hands and faces at the same instant; making with the palms of their hands such a loud smack on the floor that every stranger started. They now got upon their feet, and commenced slowly walking in a row round the circle—stopping always when they came to the place where the old dervish sat, and, making an obeisance almost to the earth, turning off again with the ordinary waltz step. This promenade was continued for about ten minutes, when they all stopped, and, throwing off their cloaks, untied a string round their middle, which let fall a very long shirt or gown, completely covering their feet, which were naked. The dervish next to the altar then walked up to the old dervish on the mat, and, making a most graceful oriental obeisance, swung himself in a moment, with his hands stretched out, into a complete spinning whirl. The gown was in an instant lifted off the ground by the motion, and twirled gracefully round with the body—immediately another and another passed up to the figure on the mat, went through exactly the same ceremony, and, in less than one minute, there were nineteen of them spinning round the circle like so many peg-tops.

The old dervish during this performance continued sitting on his mat, chaunting his prayers, in which task he was assisted by eight, who took no part in the reel, but who stood with their cloaks on, leaning against the pillars that supported the gallery. The other nineteen were now moving with the greatest rapidity to the tune of the music above; the step was much the same as the waltz, only the feet were kept close together, and one-half of the figure seemed on the forepart of the right foot and heel of the left, while the other part changed to the forepart of the left and heel of the right; the body rose and fell as the movement took place from heel to toe—but it was so very quick, and skilfully performed, that there was no jerk upon the perfect circular motion of the body. Fourteen of these dervishes moved round the extremity of the railed space, by advances of about six inches each

evolution of the body—but the advance had all the appearance of a slide forward, and not of a step; by which the circular motion was never destroyed. Inside this outer circle was another of four dervishes who also performed the double circular motion, while in the centre was one dervish who spun round as if he had been endowed with perpetual motion. In fact, the whole floor seemed covered with wheels, each moving on its own pivot, while the room appeared to be moving with them at the same time; and so regular was their motion, that although the ends of their fingers were often within three inches of each other and never more distant than twelve, yet in no instance during the service did they come into collision. The hands and arms of them all were stretched out at full swing—the greater part horizontally, but some with the one arm high and the other low, occasionally changing their position, and giving a waving motion to the body, as it rose and fell, from heel to toe and from toe to heel. Many of the dervishes' eyes were shut during the dance, but others retained them open. A few inclined their heads to the one side, but the greater part preserved them erect. After this had continued ten minutes the music stopped, and so did the dancers. They bowed their heads several times, and fell down on their knees. The music then struck up anew, and off they went as before. This was repeated in all three times, and occupied half an hour; during which period both halts did not exceed two minutes, yet the performers showed no symptoms of giddiness or exhaustion, although the perspiration was dropping off the heads of some of them on the floor. Having gone through these three reels there was a short pause, when they filed off into two columns. The members of the column to the left of the altar each kissed the cheek of every one in the other column, and, doing so, retired; while the one at the head of this second column kissed all his brethren to the foot, leaving the man next him to follow in his turn, until there was only one remaining; he bowed to the old priest on the mat, and, like his companions, disappeared through a private door.

The dancing dervishes are not a numerous body in Constantinople; they have only one mosque in the Frank portion of the city, and four or five in the Turkish quarter. Their performance takes place twice each week—viz. on Tuesday and on Friday, which latter day is the Turkish sabbath. Neither they nor the regular dervish, nor the howling dervish, are, in strict propriety, entitled to be called Mussulman priests; they are merely monks, and are in secret jovial, rascally, and irreligious. Their belly is their god; their sanctity is affected for the purposes of avoiding labour and gratifying their appetites; and they are viewed by the people with much the same holy awe as that which is accorded to a wandering friar in Italy or Greece.

[The preceding description of the devotional doings of the dancing dervishes of Constantinople may provoke a smile of pity, if not of contempt. Still, we of London, the "capital of the world," have no right to be extremely supercilious. On the day previous to writing this note, we attended a monthly meeting at Newman-street, the "Jerusalem" of the Irvingites, on which monthly occasions there are representatives attending from all their other churches. The greater portion of the assembly were of the "gentler" sex—indeed, on a first or casual glance, it might have been taken for an assembly of women. But under the arch where the late Mr. Irving used to stand for the purpose of officiating, were ranged twelve arm-chairs, intended for the "twelve apostles,"—most of whom, however, were absent,—and behind these were three semi-circular rows of "evangelists," presenting the appearance of a Sanhedrim or a senate. The services were, on the whole, very decently conducted; there were no outbursts of "unknown tongues," as is usually the case: but the "prophet" read a chapter, under supposed supernatural influence, accompanying his reading with a horrible elocution; and in the course of an address, after repeating "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh," he gave a hideous *Ho! he! he!* enough to freeze the blood of all who revered the Deity.—Ed.]

BIRDS *versus* INSECTS.

In looking through the various departments of animated nature, we cannot help noticing many wonderful adaptations of one tribe of animals to others, by which they reciprocally assist or correct the economy of each other, operating to the good of the whole.

One of the most striking instances of how the numbers and depredations of certain tribes of insects are reduced and prevented, is exemplified in the spring and early summer months. In those seasons the increasing heat bursts the buds, brings forth the young foliage of trees, and at the same time myriads of the larvae of insects, and which, were it not for the timely arrival of the summer birds, would devour every green leaf, flower, and fruit of the season. The eggs of these insects are deposited round the bases of the buds and in the crevices of the bark during the previous autumn, are hatched by the warmth of spring, and soon crawl to secrete themselves among and feed on the leaves, &c. They continue exceedingly voracious while they remain in the form of caterpillars, disappear and lie dormant while in the chrysalis state, and when they assume the perfect-winged and last transformation, the insects are then comparatively harmless.

It is when they are caterpillars they furnish such a rich treat to a great majority of the soft-billed warblers; and in the winged state they are preyed on by other tribes of small birds; and as already said, if these insects were not by these means reduced in their incalculable numbers, the verdure and even the hopes of the year would be destroyed.

The insects which are most numerous and destructive to the foliage and flowers of that season are the *tortrices*, so called from their habit of rolling themselves up in a young leaf, which serves them as a dry abode and a retreat from danger. This rolling of the leaf they accomplish by uniting the edges by threads spun from their mouth, and disposed across and across by their two fore-feet. The "worm in the buds" of roses and other plants is a species of tortrix, and though chiefly a plague in gardens, are also found on hedges and many forest trees. There are also numerous tribes of what are called mining insects, which first tarnish and afterwards destroy the foliage; as soon as hatched they eat their way into the substance of the leaf, live between the upper and lower cuticle upon the perenchyma, until their increased size compels them to forage on the outside. The chief of these miners are small moths. There are many other flies, moths, and butterflies, whose larvae feed on the tender productions of spring and summer, and which are the natural prey of our summer immigrants, the latter arriving at the very time the former are most mischievous.

The first little visitant which arrives to assist and amuse us by his shrill and sprightly call, is the *chiffchaff* or smallest willow-wren. They usually reach this country between the 20th February and middle of April, and are often heard before they are seen. Perched, or flitting from spray to spray on the tops of lofty trees among the opening buds in fine weather, they are heard frequently repeating their unvaried song of two notes, and though monotonous, it is at this early season particularly pleasing as indicative of the approach of summer. The *chiffchaff* is wholly a sylvan minstrel, lives entirely on insects found on trees, though they do not nestle there, but at the bottom of trees under tufts of moss or long grass. Except two or three, the *chiffchaff* is the smallest British bird, and is known by its olive-brown colour above, and dull white below; but much better by its song, of which the name is a literal description.

Our next vermivorous assistant is also called a willow-wren, and much resembles the preceding in colour and habits; this is, however, somewhat larger, and a much better songster, the song being a pleasant strain of ten or twelve notes, begun high and graduated down to near an octave below. This the bird repeats from time to time, while hopping about among the branches of low trees, or when near the nest; and as this species is pretty numerous, their united songs fill up a considerable part of the woodland choir. This species arrives a fortnight or three weeks later than the first, and inhabits hedges and coppice woods, and nestles on the ground.

There is a third willow-wren, which is equally useful as an insect-eater with the two former. It is called in some places the hay-bird, because they arrive later than the others, and are mostly seen and heard during hay-time. They frequent hollow woods, perch on the lower boughs, and sing a trilling kind of song ending with a well-performed shake. These three birds resemble each other very much in manners and general colour, but they are easily distinguished by their songs, which are very different.

The other most conspicuous migratory warblers, which are so useful in our gardens during summer, are the redstart, blackcap, whitethroat, lesser whitethroat, garden warbler, and common flycatcher. The wryneck, goatsucker, cuckoo, and nightingale, are also insectivorous; but they are more field than garden visitants, and are not so directly useful to the gardener and orchardist as the first mentioned. There are also a few field birds which are migratory and insectivorous, but whose services, whatever they may be, are not so appreciable as the species first mentioned. These are the titlark, the rellark, and the woolmate, which are only seen among field crops, and of whose economy as to food but little is known.

The above are our seasonal immigrants, which live chiefly on the larvae of destructive insects, and which, but for these birds, would ruin or greatly diminish many of our orchard crops in every year. But there is another tribe of birds which live entirely on the perfect insects, and which materially assist those which prefer the larvae—we mean the swallow tribe, which are so familiar as to be really our domestics. Of these the chimney-swallow, the house-martin, saff-martin, and black-martin or swift, are all well known. These birds, which annually repair to this country to breed, must necessarily devour incredible numbers of gnats and flies, which are naturally annoying both to man and beast, and which, but for the check they receive from these annual visitors, would increase so as to render the country itself scarcely habitable.

There are two other foreign birds which visit us in winter, and which, though in a great measure they are also insectivorous, render us but little service in this way, owing to the dead season they are with us—we mean the fieldfare and redwing thrushes. These arrive at the beginning, and remain with us during winter, in which season they pick up a scanty livelihood on downs or pastures, or when snow covers the ground, seek the remains of hips and haws on hedges. As soon, however, as the genial weather of spring sets in, they leave us for their native breeding-places, the marshes of Norway and Sweden.

The above-named birds, which stand us in such stead in our spring and summer months, are regular birds of passage. Their object in taking so long a journey from warmer skies, is an instinctive movement to enjoy a more temperate climate, and in which they can so easily obtain the most proper food for their young; for that the larvae of insects is the most proper and suitable food for young birds is indicated by several kinds, which are of themselves usually graminivorous, invariably choosing for their infant young the soft pulpy larvae of insects. Of this circumstance the common house-sparrow is a notable instance, and for which service to gardeners he deserves to be ranked with our native insect-eating birds, a class which includes a considerable proportion of the whole. They are as follow, namely, the gold-crested wren, the common wren, the redbreast, chaffinch, and creeper; all the species of titmice and those of the genus woodpecker are all insectivorous: some of them constantly so, others only when feeding their young. The finches subsist chiefly on seeds, and are sometimes troublesome in gardens; but as they pick up those of weeds as well as those of cultivated plants, they may be supposed to do as much good as harm.

There is a numerous tribe of British birds which live on water insects; but as they are not directly serviceable to the gardener or husbandman, are not included in the list of our seasonal benefactors.

But of all other insect-eating birds, the rook, jackdaw, and starling, are the most useful to the husbandman. These are ever searching the pastures and cornfields for various species of grubs, which are most destructive to the roots of cultivated plants. Notwithstanding these services, many of those who are most benefited by the labours of these birds are the least sensible of their good offices, and persecute them without mercy, whole rookeries being sometimes destroyed at once! And it is a very common custom wherever there is a rookery, and when the young have left the nest to perch on the branches, to invite a numerous "awkward squad" of gunners to have "a day's sport" in knocking down the *branches*. By this and other means of destruction the poor rooks are sadly harassed, and merely because they will steal a little baffle or wheat, but that only when the ground is so hard and dry as prevents them digging up their natural food.

There are, it is said, no rooks in the United States of America, and the farmers there suffer much in consequence. Indeed, it has been tried to introduce the rook into America as an agricultural servant, but we know not with what success. A very different proceeding this from what we have known, of a band of tenants

"humbly petitioning" their landlord to demolish his rookeries, and extirpate the breed from off his estate! Such petitioners were half naturalists, rather than whole naturalists!

We have thrown the foregoing observations respecting injurious insects and useful birds together, to prove what we set out with asserting, that the different tribes or classes of animated nature are so destined and formed as to assist in the preservation, or to correct the exuberance of each other, and thereby to maintain a balance which is manifestly either directly or indirectly advantageous to the whole. The insects are destined to be the food of the birds; and the birds are sent to reduce the insects, in order that they may not prove injurious to man and other animals. Thus the whole creation is so providentially arranged, and the various parts so wisely adapted to each other, that not a link of the great chain of being could be dispensed with without derangement and disorder.

#### MR. COOPER'S PENNY POSTAGE.\*

It certainly would be desirable, that the new system of a cheap and uniform rate of postage should be introduced, without any material change in the habits of the people, as to the mode of sending or receiving letters. Mr. William Cooper, of Southampton, who speaks with the authority of "one practically acquainted with the details of the Post-office in all its branches," has, in a letter the title of which we have given below, proposed a plan for the accomplishment of this object. He says,

"On the introduction of Mr. Rowland Hill's plan of a low and uniform rate of postage on all letters passing through the Post-office, it would be desirable, if possible, that the public should be allowed the same privilege as at present enjoyed, of paying the postage on letters when they are posted or when they are delivered; and also to introduce and establish the plan in question, without materially altering the instructions at present furnished to deputy-postmasters, clerks, receivers, letter-carriers, &c., as to the mode by which they are to conduct the Post-office department.

"The only object Mr. Hill has in view, is to allow letters to be transmitted through the Post-office for a low rate of postage. His plan of stamped covers was only suggested that the expense of conveyance might be as economical as possible. The principal objection to the introduction of stamped covers is, that the public would suffer inconvenience by being compelled to pay the postage in advance. For every letter the postage of which is paid when it is posted, hundreds are sent through the Post-office with the intention that the postage should be paid on delivery: and this does not arise because the Post-office arrangements allow of optional payment, nor on account of the heavy rate of postage at present charged, but solely from the very nature of business and intercourse. Four hundred and ninety-nine times out of five hundred, the receivers of letters are the parties who ought to pay the postage; and to compel the senders of letters to do so, would impose additional labour on them, by making it necessary that they should keep accounts against those with whom they correspond, the trouble of which, and the risk of re-payment, would check, to a considerable extent, the sending of letters.

"The proposal to deprive the public of the very great convenience of paying the postage in advance, or on delivery, by the introduction of stamped covers, ought to make every one anxious to ascertain what amount of labour in the Post-office department, stamped covers and pre-payment will actually save; since it is only by extensively diminishing the time at present consumed in post-offices, that any conceivable motive can be assigned for introducing such covers, or for abolishing the optional payment of such postage."

Mr. Cooper enters into a few details of post-office business, and then proposes his plan, which is exceedingly simple. If single letters are sent at the uniform rate of one penny each, the number of letters and the amount of pence will, of course, agree. "Let," he says, "such penny letters be stamped, sorted, but not taxed,

and during the necessary progress of examining those for the delivery of a post-town, to which a letter-bag is about to be sent, let the number of such letters be ascertained, and that number would be the amount in pence, for which the postmaster of that post-town would be accountable. By this means, the very labour which stamped covers are intended to save, would be unnecessary; the revenue would be more correctly secured than it is at present, for there would scarcely be a mistake committed, and persons would enjoy the privilege of paying for letters when posted, or when delivered, as suited their convenience, or the nature of their correspondence. With regard to paid letters, no time is ever wasted in taxing them, since it is performed while taking them in at the post-office window. Let such letters be marked in red ink, as at present, and their number ascertained separately when about to be placed in a letter-bag, and the amount of pence, for which the postmaster would be accountable at whose office they were paid, would be known by their number. The few letters that would be double or treble, [but the double or treble letters will not be "few"] liable to the charge of twopence or threepence each, could have the numbers 2 or 3 marked on them in red or black ink, according as they were paid or unpaid when they were posted; and such letters could be reckoned each as 2 or 3 letters, when the postmaster was ascertaining the numbers about to be placed in a mail-bag. The ship and foreign letters could be also marked with numbers, corresponding to the amount of pence charged or chargeable on them for postage; thus 1s. 8d. or 2s. 6d. could be marked 20 or 30, and each letter so taxed, could be reckoned as 20 or 30 letters.

"By doing away entirely with keeping post-office accounts in pounds, shillings, and pence, and adopting the above simple plan of accounting to the public revenue for postage, a uniform penny postage could be immediately introduced, without depriving the public of the very convenient mode of optional payment. This plan could be learned by the dullest post-office official in an hour, and it possesses this immense advantage, that the public would have to learn no other post-office regulations, than what every one is at present acquainted with. I have stated, that from the very nature of business and intercourse, if optional payment of postage were continued, and a penny postage introduced, an immense majority of letters would pass through the post-office unpaid, and within the prescribed weight on which a penny was charged; and they would require scarcely any of the time of postmasters, because taxing would be needless, and the amount of postage to be paid on such letters, could be ascertained by merely numbering them, which could be effected while a necessary portion of post-office business was transacted. The only letters which would require the labour of taxing, would be the comparatively insignificant number of paid, double, treble, &c., &c., foreign, and ship-letters; but, by the easy plan of taxing such letters with numbers according to the amount in pence charged, or chargeable on them, and by the simple mental process of allowing each to count as so many letters, according to the number marked on each, very little time or labour would be occupied.

"The plan proposed in the above remarks, can be illustrated thus:—If 1000 letters were posted in London for Birmingham, and 10 should be found amongst them, liable, owing to their weight, to the charge of 2d. each, all that would be necessary to do, would be to mark each of those 10 letters with the figure 2, and during the examination of the sorter's duty, the 1000 letters in question, would number 1010, which would be the amount in pence, for which the postmaster of Birmingham would be accountable."

Several serious objections occur to us against Mr. Cooper's plan; one of which (a probability he does not contemplate) arises from the probability, that, under the new system, the number of double and treble letters will be vastly increased. Could not all single letters enjoy their privilege of transmission for a penny, but some check be placed on double and treble letters? Double letters, or letters above a standard weight, might be charged higher rates—say 3d., 6d., &c., and be separately accounted for. Surely, however, the combined wisdom of the Lords of the Treasury, and all who are aiding them, will strike out some unobjectionable plan which will afford security to the revenue, and security for the delivery of letters, while its simplicity may enable us to enjoy this great boon without disturbance of our ordinary habits.

\* "A Letter to the Right Honourable the Postmaster-General, showing the practicability of the Penny Postage Plan, without having recourse to stamped covers, or abolishing the optional payment of postage." By William Cooper, 1839.

## THE FUEGIAN INDIANS.

In our 43d Number we promised to give the sequel of the story of the Fuegian Indians, who were carried to England by Captain Fitzroy, in the surveying vessel the *Beagle*.

It will be remembered that they were four in number—York Minster, who was at the time of his capture twenty-six, Boat Memory, twenty, Jemmy Button, fourteen, and Faegia Basket, nine years of age. They all arrived in perfect health in England; but although the greatest care was taken to preserve them from infection, Boat Memory was, soon after their arrival, attacked by the small-pox, which proved fatal. He had been vaccinated no less than four times, and the virus had at length appeared to take effect, when he was seized with the disease which carried him off.

Immediately on reaching England, Captain Fitzroy communicated the circumstances under which he had brought the Indians over, to the Admiralty, who declined to interfere in his management of them, but offered every assistance, and engaged to give them a passage back.

Captain Fitzroy applied to Mr. Wigram, the secretary of the Church Missionary Society, for assistance in procuring the means of education for his charge, and with the aid of this gentleman, who resided at Walthamstow, and of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, the clergyman of that parish, an arrangement was made for their reception in the house of the master of the infant school at Walthamstow.

The inside of a stage-coach was taken for them, to convey them to London. They seemed to enjoy their journey very much, and were particularly struck by the repeated changing of horses. "I took them myself," says Captain Fitzroy, "from the coach-office to Walthamstow; they were glad to see me, but seemed bewildered by the multitude of new objects. Passing Charing Cross, there was a start and exclamation of astonishment from York. 'Look!' he said, fixing his eyes on the lion upon Northumberland House, which he certainly thought alive, and walking there. I never saw him show such sudden emotion at any other time. They were much pleased with the rooms prepared for them at Walthamstow; and the schoolmaster and his wife were equally pleased to find the future inmates of their house very well disposed, quiet, and cleanly people, instead of fierce and dirty savages. At Walthamstow they remained from December, 1830, till October, 1831."

Here they received much attention and kindness from many benevolent people, and received a great many presents of useful and valuable articles. Mr. Wigram and Mr. Wilson superintended their education, and Captain Fitzroy and his sister were frequent visitors.

"The attention of their instructor was directed to teaching them English, and the plainer truths of Christianity, as the first object; and the use of common tools, a slight acquaintance with husbandry, gardening, and mechanism, as the second. Considerable progress was made by the boy and girl; but the man was hard to teach, except mechanically. He took interest in smith's or carpenter's work, and paid attention to what he saw and heard about animals; but he reluctantly assisted in garden-work, and had a great dislike to learning to read. By degrees a good many words of their own languages were collected, (the boy's differed from that of the man and the girl,) and some interesting information was acquired respecting their own native habits and ideas. They gave no particular trouble, were very healthy, and the two younger ones became great favourites wherever they were known." \* \* \*

"During the summer of 1831, his late Majesty expressed to Colonel Wood a wish to see the Fuegians, and they were taken to St. James's. His Majesty asked a great deal about their country, as well as themselves; and I hope I may be permitted to remark that, during an equal space of time, no person ever asked me so many sensible and thoroughly pertinent questions respecting the Fuegians and their country, also relating to the survey in which I had myself been engaged, as did his Majesty. Her Majesty Queen Adelaide also honoured the Fuegians by her presence, and by acts of genuine kindness which they could appreciate, and never forgot. She left the room in which they were, for a minute, and returned with one of her own bonnets, which she put upon the girl's head. Her Majesty then put one of her rings upon the girl's finger, and gave her a sum of money to buy an outfit of clothes, when she should leave England to return to her own country."

Capt. Fitzroy had entertained a hope that the partially-completed survey would be carried on, and that he should be able to return the Fuegians by the vessel appointed for that service; but finding that no such design was entertained, he chartered a vessel for the

express purpose of carrying them home. Just as he had completed this arrangement, his intentions were communicated to the Lords of the Admiralty, who very shortly afterwards appointed him to the command of the *Beagle*, with instructions to pursue the survey of the South American shores, and afterwards complete the circuit of the globe; a service which occupied five years in execution. The necessary orders were given for the conveyance of the Indians, and of a young man, named Matthews, who (at the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and some other benevolent people, who had raised a subscription for the purpose,) had volunteered "to accompany and remain with the Fuegians, in order to attempt to teach them such useful arts as might be thought suited to their gradual civilisation." He was intended to have had a companion, but none could be found in time.

In October, 1831, the party from Walthamstow arrived in a steam-vessel at Plymouth, and not a few boats were required to transport to the ship the large cargo of clothes, tools, crockery-ware, books, and various things, which the families at Walthamstow, and other kind-hearted persons, had given.

The *Beagle* sailed on the 27th December, 1831; but, in consequence of necessary delays at Rio de Janeiro and other places, the land of Tierra del Fuego was not seen until the 15th December, 1832. Three days after, some of the natives came on board. We are told, it was amusing and interesting to see their meeting with York and Jemmy, "who would not acknowledge them as countrymen, but laughed and mocked at them."

On the 19th of January Captain Fitzroy set out with his charge, including Matthews, with the intention of settling the whole party together in Jemmy Button's country, where York Minster and Faegia, who had struck up a match on the passage, had expressed their desire to be landed. Captain Fitzroy was pleased with this determination, but "he little thought what a deep scheme York Minster had laid." The next day, he tells us, that "Several natives were seen, but as Jemmy told us they were not his friends, and often made war upon his people, we held very little intercourse with them. York laughed heartily at the first we saw, calling them large monkeys; and Jemmy assured us they were not at all like his people, who were very good and very clean. Faegia was shocked and ashamed; she hid herself, and would not look at them a second time. It was interesting to observe the change which three years only had made in their ideas, and to notice how completely they had forgotten the appearance and habits of their former associates; for it turned out that Jemmy's own tribe was as inferior in every way as the worst of those whom he and York called 'monkeys—dirty—fools—not men.'"

On the 22d of January they "entered a cove near the Murray Narrow; and from a small party of Tekecnica natives, Jemmy's friends, whom we found there, he heard of his mother and brothers, but found that his father was dead. Poor Jemmy looked very grave and mysterious at the news, but showed no other symptom of sorrow. He reminded Bennett of the dream, (related in the previous chapter,)\* and then went for some green branches, which he burned, watching them with a solemn look: after which he talked and laughed as usual; never once, of his own accord, recurring to the subject of his father's decease. The language of this small party, who were the first of Jemmy's own tribe whom we met, seemed softer and less guttural than those of the 'bad men,' whom we had passed near the clay cliffs; and the people themselves seemed much better disposed, though as abject and degraded in outward appearance as any Fuegians I had ever seen. There were three men and two women: when first we were seen they all ran away, but upon two of our party landing and advancing quietly, the men returned and were soon at their ease. Jemmy and York then tried to speak to them; but to our surprise, and much to my sorrow, we found that Jemmy had almost forgotten his native language, and that, of the two, York, although belonging to another tribe, was rather the best interpreter. In a few minutes the natives comprehended that we should do them no harm; and they then called back their women, who were hiding in the woods, and established themselves, very confidently, in a wigwam within a hundred yards of our tents. Being within a few hours' pull (row) of Jemmy's 'own land,' which he called Woollya, we all felt eager, though anxious, and I was much gratified by seeing that Matthews still looked at his hazardous undertaking as steadily as ever, betraying no symptom of hesitation. The attentions which York paid to his intended wife, Faegia, afforded much amusement to our party. He had long shown himself attached to her, and had gra-

\* He had dreamt that a figure appeared to him and told him his father was dead.



dually become excessively jealous of her good-will. If any one spoke to her, he watched every word; if he was not sitting by her side, he crouched sulkily; but if he was accidentally separated, and obliged to go in a different boat, his behaviour became sullen and morose. This evening he was quizzed so much about her that he became seriously angry, and I was obliged to interpose to prevent a quarrel between him and one of his steadiest friends."

On landing at Woollya they were much pleased by its situation, and Jimmy was very proud of the praises bestowed on his land. They were soon visited by the natives, but Jimmy and his companions had lost so much of their native tongue as to find it difficult to communicate with their countrymen. The crew of the yawl set about cutting wood, digging ground for a garden, and making wigwams for Matthews, York, and Jimmy; meantime, "Canoes continued to arrive; their owners hauled them ashore on the beach, sent the women and children to old wigwams at a little distance, and hastened themselves to see the strangers. While I was engaged in watching the proceedings at our encampment, and poor Jimmy was getting out of temper at the quizzing he had to endure on account of his countrymen, whom he had extolled so highly until in sight, a deep voice was heard shouting from a canoe more than a mile distant. Up started Jimmy from a bag full of nails and tools which he was distributing, leaving them to be scrambled for by those nearest, and, upon a repetition of the shout, exclaimed, 'My brother!' He then told me that it was his eldest brother's voice, and perched himself on a large stone to watch the canoe, which approached slowly, being small, and loaded with several people. When it arrived, instead of an eager meeting, there was a cautious circumspection which astonished us. Jimmy walked slowly to meet the party, consisting of his mother, two sisters, and four brothers. The old woman hardly looked at him before she hastened away to secure her canoe, and hide her property, all she possessed—a basket containing tinder, fire-stone, paint, &c., and a bundle of fish. The girls ran off with her without even looking at Jimmy; and the brothers (a man and three boys) stood still, stared, walked up to Jimmy, and all round him, without uttering a word. Animals when they meet show far more animation and anxiety than was displayed at this meeting. Jimmy was evidently much mortified, and, to add to his confusion and disappointment, as well as my own, he was unable to talk to his brothers, except by broken sentences, in which English predominated. After a few minutes had elapsed, his elder brother began to talk to him; but although Jimmy understood what was said, he could not reply. York and Fuegia were able to understand some words, but could not, or did not choose to speak. This first evening of our stay at Woollya was rather an anxious one; for although the natives seemed inclined to be quite friendly, and they all left us at sun-set, according to their invariable practice, it was hard to say what mischief might not be planned by so numerous a party, fancying, as they probably would, that we were inferior to them in strength, because so few in number. Jimmy passed the evening with his mother and brothers, in their wigwam, but returned to us to sleep. York, also, and Fuegia, were going about among the natives at their wigwams, and the good effect of their intercourse and explanations, such as they were, was visible the next day (24th), in the confident, familiar manner of the throng which surrounded us while we began to dig ground for gardens, as well as cut wood for large wigwams, in which Matthews and his party were to be established. Canoes still arrived, but their owners seemed as well-disposed as the rest of the natives, many of whom assisted us in carrying wood, and bringing bundles of grass or rushes to thatch the wigwams, which they saw we were making, in a pleasant sheltered spot, near a brook of excellent water. One wigwam was for Matthews, another for Jimmy, and a third for York and Fuegia. York told me that Jimmy's brother was 'very much friend,' that the country was 'very good land,' and that he wished to stay with Jimmy and Matthews. A small plot of ground was selected near the wigwams, and, during our stay, dug, planted, and sowed with potatoes, carrots, turnips, beans, peas, lettuce, onions, leeks, and cabbages. Jimmy soon clothed his mother and brothers, by the assistance of his friends. For a garment which I sent the old woman, she returned me a large quantity of fish, all she had to offer; and when she was dressed, Jimmy brought her to see me. His brothers speedily became rich in old clothes, nails, and tools, and the eldest were soon known among the seamen as Tommy Button and Harry Button, but the younger ones usually staid at their wigwams, which were about a quarter of a mile distant. So quietly did affairs proceed, that the following day (25th) a few of our people went on the hills in search of guanocoos; many were

seen, but they were too wild to approach. An old man arrived, who was said to be Jimmy's uncle, his father's brother; and many strangers came, who seemed to belong to the Yapoo Tekeenica tribe. Jimmy did not like their visit: he said they were bad people, 'no friends.' \* \* \* \* \*

"During the first four days in which we had so many natives about us, of course some thefts were committed, but nothing of consequence was stolen. I saw one man talking to Jimmy Button, while another picked his pocket of a knife, and even the wary York lost something, but from Fuegia they did not take a single article; on the contrary, their kindness to her was remarkable, and among the women she was quite a pet. \* \* \* \* \*

"In the evening, Matthews and his party—Jimmy, York, and Fuegia—went to their abode in the three new wigwams. In that made for Matthews, Jimmy also took up his quarters at first; it was high and roomy for such a construction; the space overhead was divided by a floor of boards, brought from the ship, and there most of Matthews' stores were placed; but the most valuable articles were deposited in a box, which was hid in the ground underneath the wigwam, where fire could not reach. Matthews was steady, and as willing as ever; neither York nor Jimmy had the slightest doubt of their being all well-treated."

But notwithstanding these flattering assurances, Captain Fitzroy had great misgivings as to the fate of Matthews, and on returning after a short cruise, he found that "the new settler gave a bad account of the prospect which he saw before him, and told me that he did not think himself safe among such a set of utter savages as he found them to be, notwithstanding Jimmy's assurances to the contrary. No violence had been committed beyond holding down his head by force, as if in contempt of his strength: but he had been harshly threatened by several men, and from the signs used by them, he felt convinced they would take his life. During the last few days, his time had been altogether occupied in watching his property. At first there were only a few quiet natives about him, who were inoffensive; but three days after our departure, several canoes full of strangers to Jimmy's family arrived, and from that time Matthews had had no peace by day, and very little rest at night. Some of them were always on the look-out for an opportunity to snatch up and run off with some tool or article of clothing, and others spent the greater part of each day in his wigwam, asking for everything they saw, and often threatening him when he refused to comply with their wishes. More than one man went out in a rage, and returned immediately with a large stone in his hand, making signs that he would kill Matthews if he did not give him what was demanded. Sometimes a party of them gathered round Matthews, and, if he had nothing to give them, teased him by pulling the hair of his face, pushing him about, and making mouths at him. His only partisans were the women; now and then he left Jimmy to guard the hut, and went to the natives' wigwams, where the women always received him kindly, making room for him by their fire, and giving him a share of whatever food they had, without asking for anything in return. \* \* \*

"York and Fuegia fared very well; they lost nothing; but Jimmy was sadly plundered, even by his own family. Our garden, upon which much labour had been bestowed, had been trampled over repeatedly, although Jimmy had done his best to explain its object and prevent people from walking there. When questioned about it, he looked very sorrowful, and, with a slow shake of the head, said, 'My people very bad; great fool; know nothing at all; very great fool.' It was soon decided that Matthews should not remain."

After a long cruise, their vessels again visited Woollya; and Captain F. says:—

"The wigwams in which I had left York, Jimmy, and Fuegia, were found empty, though uninjured; the garden had been trampled over, but some turnips and potatoes of moderate size were pulled up by us, and eaten at my table, a proof that they may be grown in that region. Not a living soul was visible anywhere; the wigwams seemed to have been deserted many months; and an anxious hour or two passed, after the ship was moored, before three canoes were seen in the offing, paddling hastily towards us, from the place now called Button Island. Looking through a glass, I saw that two of the natives in them were washing their faces, while the rest were paddling with might and main; I was then sure that some of our acquaintances were thefts, and in a few minutes recognised Tommy Button, Jimmy's brother. In the other canoe was a face which I knew, yet could not name. 'It must be some one I have seen before,' said I,—when his sharp eye detected me, and a sudden movement of the hand to his head (as a sailor touches his hat) at once told me it was, indeed, Jimmy Button—but how altered!

I could hardly restrain my feelings; and I was not, by any means, the only one so touched by his squalid, miserable appearance. He was naked, like his companions, except a bit of skin about his loins; his hair was long and matted, just like theirs; he was wretchedly thin, and his eyes were affected by smoke. We hurried him below, clothed him immediately, and in half an hour he was sitting with me at dinner in my cabin, using his knife and fork properly, and in every way behaving as correctly, as if he had never left us. He spoke as much English as ever, and, to our astonishment, his companions, his wife, his brothers, and their wives, mixed broken English words in their talking with him. Jemmy recollected every one well, and was very glad to see them all, especially Mr. Bynoe and James Bennett. I thought he was ill, but he surprised me by saying that he was 'hearty, sir, never better,\* that he had not been ill, even for a day, was happy and contented, and had no wish whatever to change his way of life. He said that he had got 'plenty fruits,' † 'plenty birdies,' 'ten guanaco in snow time,' and 'too much fish.' Besides, though he said nothing about her, I soon heard that there was a good-looking ‡ young woman in his canoe, who was said to be his wife. Directly this became known, shawls, bands, handkerchiefs, and a gold-laced cap appeared, with which she was speedily decorated; but fears had been excited for her husband's safe return to her, and no finery could stop her crying, until Jemmy again showed himself on deck. While he was below, his brother Tommy called out in a loud tone, 'Jemmy Button, canoe, come!' After some time, the three canoes went ashore, laden with presents; and their owners promised to come again early next morning. Jemmy gave a fine otter-skin to me, which he had dressed and kept purposely; another he gave to Bennet. Next morning Jemmy shared my breakfast, and then we had a long conversation by ourselves; the result of which was, that I felt quite decided not to make a second attempt to place Matthews among the natives of Tierra del Fuego. Jemmy told me that he knew very little of his own language; that he spoke some words of English, and some Tekcnicca, when he talked to his family; and that they all understood the English words he used. York and Fuegia left him some months before our arrival, and went in a large canoe to their own country: the last act of that cunning fellow was to rob poor Jemmy of all his clothes, nearly all the tools his Tekcnicca 'friends' had left him, and various other necessaries. Fuegia was dressed as usual, and looking well, when they decamped: her helpmate was also well-clothed, and had hardly lost anything I had left with him. Jemmy said, 'York very much jaw,' 'pick up big stones,' †† all men afraid.' Fuegia seemed to be very happy, and quite contented with her lot. Jemmy asserted that she helped to 'catch (steal) his clothes,' while he was asleep the night before York left him naked. Not long after my departure, in February, 1833, the much-dreaded Oens-men came in numbers, overland, to Woollya, obliged Jemmy's tribe to escape to the small islands, and carried off every valuable which his party had not time to remove. They had, doubtless, heard of the houses and property left there, and hastened to seize upon it—like other 'borderers.' Until this time, York had appeared to be settled, and quite at ease; but he had been employed about a suspiciously large canoe, just finished when the inroad was made. He saved this canoe, indeed escaped in it, and afterwards induced Jemmy and his family to accompany him, 'to look at his land.' They went together in four canoes, (York's large one, and three others) as far west as Devil Island, at the junction of the north-west and south-west arms of the Beagle Channel: there they met York's brother, and some others of the Alikhoolip tribe; and, while Jemmy was asleep, all the Alikhoolip party stole off, taking nearly all Jemmy's things, and leaving him in his original condition. York's fine canoe was evidently not built for transporting himself alone; neither was the meeting with his brother accidental. I am now quite sure that from the time of his changing his mind, and desiring to be placed at Woollya, with Matthews and Jemmy, he meditated taking a good opportunity of possessing himself of everything; and that he thought, if he were left in his own country without Matthews, he would not have many good things given to him, neither would he know where he might afterwards look for and plunder poor Jemmy.

"I cannot help (thus Captain Fitzroy concludes his story), still hoping that some benefit, however slight, may result from the intercourse of these people, Jemmy, York, and Fuegia, with other

natives of Tierra del Fuego. Perhaps a shipwrecked seaman may hereafter receive help and kind treatment from Jemmy Button's children; prompted, as they can hardly fail to be, by the traditions they will have heard of men of other lands; and by an idea, however faint, of their duty to God as well as their neighbour."

## GÖTTINGEN

Is rather a well-built and handsome-looking town, with a decided look of the middle ages about it. Although the college is new, the town is ancient, and, like the rest of the German university towns, has nothing external, with the exception of a plain-looking building in brick for the library, and one or two others for natural collections, to remind you that you are at the seat of an institution for education. The professors lecture each on his own account at his own house, of which the basement-floor is generally made use of as an auditorium. The town is walled in, like most of the continental cities of that date, although the ramparts, planted with linden-trees, have since been converted into a pleasant promenade, which reaches quite round the town, and is furnished with a gate and guard at the end of each principal avenue. It is this careful fortification, combined with the nine-story houses and the narrow streets, which impart the compact, secure look, peculiar to all the German towns. The effect is forcibly to remind you of the days when the inhabitants were huddled snugly together, like sheep in a sheepcote, and locked up safe from the wolfish attacks of the gentlemen highwaymen, the ruins of whose castles frown down from the neighbouring hills.

The houses are generally tall and gaunt, consisting of a skeleton of framework filled in with brick, with the original rafters, embrowned by time, projecting like ribs through the yellowish stucco which covers the surface. They are full of little windows, which are filled with little panes; and as they are built, to save room, one upon another, and consequently rise generally to eight or nine stories, the inhabitants invariably live as it were in layers. Hence it is not uncommon to find a professor occupying the two lower stories or strata, a tailor above the professor, a student upon the tailor, a beer-seller conveniently upon the student, a washerwoman upon the beer-merchant, and perhaps a poet upon the top: a pyramid, with a poet for its apex and a professor for the base!

\* \* \* \* \*

As we passed the old Gothic church of St. Nicholas, I observed through the open windows of the next house a party of students smoking and playing billiards, and I recognised some of the faces of my Leipzig acquaintance. In the street were plenty of others of all varieties; some, with plain caps and clothes, and a meek demeanour, sneaked quietly through the streets, with portfolios under their arms. I observed the care with which they turned out to the left, and avoided collision with every one they met. These were "camels," or studious students returning from lecture; others swaggered along the side-walk, turning out for no one, with clubs in their hands and bull-dogs at their heels: these were dressed in marvellously fine caps and Polonaise coats covered with cords and tassels, and invariably had pipes in their mouths, and were fitted out with the proper allowance of spurs and moustachios. These were "Renommists," who were always ready for a row.

At almost every corner of the street was to be seen a solitary individual of this latter class, in a ferocious fencing attitude, brandishing his club in the air, and cutting quart and fierce in the most alarming manner, till you were reminded of the truculent Gregory's advice to his companion, "Remember thy swashing blow!"

All along the street I saw, on looking up, the heads and shoulders of students projecting from every window. They were arrayed in tawdry smoking-caps and heterogeneous-looking dressing-gowns, with the long pipes and flash tassels depending from their mouths. At his master's side, and looking out of the same window, I observed, in many instances, a grave and philosophical-looking poodle, with equally grim moustachios, his head reposing contemplatively on his fore-paws, and engaged apparently, like his master, in ogling the ponderous housemaids who were drawing water from the street-pumps.—*Morton of Morton's Hope.*

\* "A favourite saying of Ibs, formerly."

† "Excrecences on the birch-trees, and berries."

‡ "For a Fuegian."

## WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON.

## THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S VILLA, AT CHISWICK.

WE suppose everybody knows Turnham-green, whether from approaching in gala attire by Kensington and Hammersmith, or by Shepherd's-bush, and Gold-hawk-lane, (part of the long-deserted 'Roman road to "Regnum," lately restored to its pristine usefulness,) to "assist" at the Horticultural fêtes; or merely as we ourselves knew it in our youth, from the answer to the question, "Why should a bad cook take her peas to Hammersmith?" Because it is the way to Turn 'em green! Silly as this pun-riddle may appear, it has since acquired dignity in our eyes, from knowing it to have been bandied about by the wits of the last age; and it never fails to recal Goldsmith, that child of nature, with all his Irish blunders, to our recollection; as he is said to have pronounced it, with the answer: "because it is the way to *make 'em green*," and then to have wondered that nobody saw the wit! Well, then, mid-way in Turnham-green, on the left, a broad carriage-way bordered by fine young lime-trees, leads to the Duke of Devonshire's celebrated villa at Chiswick. The use of this road has been kindly granted by the duke to the Horticultural Society as the entrance to their garden; the simple gateway of which we pass on the right. The luxuriant and rapid growth of the lime-trees in this avenue is quite remarkable; no doubt owing to the careful treatment they have received. We remember some three years ago being surprised to see two men busily engaged at one of these trees; one of them had mounted a short ladder, which rested against the trunk, and was shaking the boughs, while his companion looked eagerly on the ground as if expecting to find some rich booty in the way of cherries or apples! On inquiring of the man we found that he was *looking for caterpillars*, this being the way in which trees are cleared of them in France and Germany, though the practice is almost unknown here; indeed, our continental neighbours are far before us in everything relating to entomology, as may be seen by the works of Kollar and others. At the end of this road a beautiful gate has been erected quite recently, which for a combination of chasteness, with elegance and simplicity, does infinite credit to the duke's taste. The rage for everything in the Louis Quatorze style has extended even to gateways; witness the gaudy entrance to Lord Holland's park, at Kensington, where so much gilding is crowded into a very confined space. In the present instance the gilding, which is but sparingly applied, only serves to heighten and relieve the white parts of the gate, which would otherwise appear glaring and monotonous. Some few years back this identical gate formed the entrance to Heathfield-house, situated at the further extremity of Turnham-green, and lately pulled down. Spacious as it still is, it was then much higher and wider, and always formed a conspicuous object from the road. There is a tradition that it was fabricated in Spain; and though making rather too great a demand on our credulity, yet we love to record it, as it shows how intimately Spain was connected in the minds of the people with the hero of Gibraltar, Lord Heathfield, who inhabited till his death the house which bore his name. Passing through this gate, we cross what was, two years ago, a market-garden, but which is now converted into a "pleasance," with emerald turf and gay exotics, when we arrive at another gate, and a road bordered by a quadruple avenue of lime-trees, their branches curiously trained so as to exclude the rays of the sun in the side-walks. This road conducts to the entrance front of the house, and, by a side-door, to the garden. The well-known liberality of the noble proprietor renders a visit to his house and grounds of easy attainment, and availing ourselves of his kind permission we presented ourselves at this door, where by the courtesy of the gardener, we were at once admitted, as if by magic, into a land "of faërie;" so beautiful did the flower-garden and the conservatories with their rich stained glass and chandeliers appear to us. From the centre conservatory a broad grass-walk bordered by flowers and tall hollyhocks leads in a straight line to a small private gate into the Horticultural Gardens.

This walk has been made for the convenience of the duke since he has been chosen president of the society. A curious undulating yew hedge or screen, upwards of twenty feet high, forms a sort of boundary between the flower-garden and pleasure-ground. As we entered the latter, we were reminded of the duke's inherent good-nature on seeing a most tempting swing suspended between two trees, near which stood another enticing apparatus, being no less than a "see-saw," which his Grace has had placed here for the amusement of his young relatives, the children of the Earl of Burlington, who are his frequent visitors.

The house itself is justly styled a villa, not being remarkable either for extent or elevation; but it possesses a certain richness of detail and harmony of design, which renders it particularly beautiful. It was planned and constructed by the celebrated Earl of Burlington,\* (who was also the architect of Burlington-house, in Piccadilly,) in the beginning of the last century, on the model of a Palladian villa, at Vicenza.† Before the wings were added from the designs of Wyatt, it is difficult to imagine how it could be fit, from its want of accommodation, for even the temporary residence of a nobleman; and we cannot be surprised that the witty Lord Hervey should have said of it, that "it was too small to inhabit, and too large to hang to one's watch."

The portico, which is of the richest possible character, is considered particularly beautiful. We remember visiting it in company with a young architect, who was so riveted to the spot that he could only be induced to make the tour of the grounds when he had settled that he should come back for a whole day to study it, and make drawings! There are some fine old cedars on each side of the approach, which Lord Holland is of opinion were planted by his ancestor, Sir Stephen Fox, (whose house stood on the site of the present flower-garden) in the reign of Charles the Second; they have been lopped of their lower branches, and raise their denuded stems as high as the house itself, where they branch out in broad horizontal masses, such as Martin loves to paint. But nothing can equal the beauty of the cedars on the lawn, planted at a more recent date, which feather in a most wonderful manner down to the ground; or rather whose magnificent branches extend for many yards on the ground, covered with foliage and young cones. Continuing our walk to the right of the house we arrive at a fine piece of water, and on ascending a gentle elevation, we have an extensive view of the Thames, and the villages on its banks; while, on the other hand, where the ground slopes down to the water, the eye rests on a wilderness of verdure, out of which the long clear stems of the forest-trees shoot up to a gigantic height. So completely is art concealed here, that no one would ever suppose that this raised ground is artificial; and that the water, which is quite clear and transparent, has been supplied by human labour. The popular tradition is, that one severe winter a former Duke of Devonshire employed a number of men to excavate the ground, and form a mound on one side with the mould; and the greater elevation of this mound at one end than at the other is accounted for, by its being said that the duke ordered the workmen to wheel part of the mould back again when he was informed that the work was done; so anxious was the duke to give employment to his poor neighbours. This elevated walk is the boundary of the pleasure-ground, beyond which there is an extensive park stocked with deer. We were much pleased to see that the present duke, with a true perception of the beautiful, has had an opening made into this park, for the display of one of the finest plane-trees we ever remember to have seen. Crossing the river by a stone bridge, we found the building still remaining in which Sadi, the most sagacious of elephants, had died. We remember seeing him some years ago perform a variety of manoeuvres at the word of

\* The Duke of Devonshire's grandfather married the only child of this Earl of Burlington, at whose death the title became extinct. It was conferred in 1831, on his Grace's uncle, Lord George Cavendish, whose grandson, the present earl, is now heir-presumptive to the duke's vast possessions.

† This villa is now for sale, and we have been told that it was offered to the Duke of Devonshire this last summer when he was in Italy, for a few hundred pounds.

command. When told to dress himself, he would take down a scarlet cloak from a peg and throw it with a jaunty air over his ample shoulders; and then kneel down for any of the spectators to mount for a ride: after which, he would replace his cloak, take up a bucket and fetch it full of water from the river, and seizing a broom or a scrubbing-brush, would begin cleaning his house. There used also to be a fine coatimundi, and other nut-eating animals, very appropriately colonised here under a spreading walnut-tree, where they could crack their nuts *ad libitum*, and fancy themselves in their native forests. They have all been recently removed to Chatsworth.

In another part of the grounds is a beautiful temple, near which are tastefully disposed a number of antique statues, vases, and other sculptural embellishments, brought from Italy by the Earl of Burlington. Among the statues, three representing Roman emperors were dug up from the ruins of Adrian's Villa, in Rome; they are of beautiful workmanship. A number of seats, which are placed at intervals, we also found on inquiry, to have been brought from the Roman forum. These seats are oblong blocks of stone, somewhat discoloured by age; and on each is the representation of a cloth thrown over the top, and hanging in graceful folds over the ends and sides.

Having presented our readers with some of the leading features of the exterior, we will now introduce him into the house itself, which is replete with interest, and to Mrs. Hughes, the most charming of housekeepers. The entrance to the principal floor is by a double flight of steps, at the top of which is the portico, before mentioned; the ground story, as in most Italian houses, being appropriated to the domestics. Here we were met by Mrs. Hughes, who has had the superintendence of the establishment for thirty-six years. Never has it been our lot to encounter a person of her class so thoroughly imbued with a love of pictures; no trouble seemed too much for her, so that we did but look at and admire them. She quite won our hearts, too, from the way in which she had treasured up the remarks of Dr. Waagen, (of whom she spoke highly, for his affability and condescension,)—telling us, that one particular painter was deficient in drawing the hand, another in drapery, &c. She has seen almost every crowned head in Europe; and what we considered infinitely more worth seeing, a host of poets, statesmen, philosophers, and painters, of this, and other countries.

The fine collection of pictures, which contains some gems, was made chiefly by the Earl of Burlington. Unfortunately, many of them are so badly situated with respect to light, owing to the peculiar form of the house, as to be very imperfectly seen. There are three beautiful Guidos, and numerous other works of the Italian school. There is an interesting full-length portrait of Mary Stuart, admired by Waagen for its expression; and we were much gratified at seeing an altar-piece, by John Van Eyck, representing the Holy Family, which, Horace Walpole is of opinion, contains the portraits of Lord Clifford's family, in the reign of Henry the Second, and one of the kneeling figures is pointed out as Fair Rosamond. The whole picture has quite a different character from those of a later date: it is small, and is divided into three compartments. The colours are singularly brilliant, considering that it is at least four hundred years old, and the countenances are expressive and animated. Van Eyck was the father of oil-painting, and his works show the first dawning of perspective, which before his time was utterly disregarded. We have very few of his paintings in England, our taste being, we fear, more for what will have a good effect in a room, than for delicacy of execution. There are miniatures of the Emperor Nicholas and his Empress, in the dining-room; in the former we thought we could distinguish the decision and kingly qualities for which he is celebrated—the face is decidedly handsome. Three rooms forming a kind of gallery of statues still remain in exactly the same state in which they were in the time of Lord Burlington; the walls and doors are white and gold, and the ceiling is surprisingly rich and beautiful.

The furniture of the bedrooms is extremely simple; in one of them the chintz-hangings were the choice of the "beautiful Duchess," and the roses looked as fresh and bright as if the curtains had only just come from the hands of the upholsterer. The housekeeper, however, anticipates great alterations as soon as the improvements at Chatsworth are completed; and no doubt much will also be done out of doors. On the principal floor, the room and bed are shown in which Charles James Fox expired, on the 13th of September, 1806; and it is singular, that Lord Lauderdale, his most intimate friend, whose obsequies have only just taken place, should have died on the same day, at an interval of thirty-three years; their birth-days were also the same, (24th of January,) though Mr. Fox was ten years older than his lordship. How well do we remember the sensation caused by the death of the gifted George Canning, which also took place at this villa, in 1827. The room on the upper floor, where this unexpected event occurred, possesses a melancholy interest.

We might have lingered for hours in the "summer-parlour," and china-room, (for I am sure good Mrs. Hughes would not have been tired,) if the gradual decrease of light had not warned us, that sun-set was approaching. Leaving the domain by the Chiswick-gate, (till very recently the main-entrance,) we could only bestow a moment on the tomb of Hogarth, in the church-yard; and with an indifferent pun or two in honour of Joe Miller, who is said to have lived at Chiswick, we regained the high road, and were soon rattling away towards the busy metropolis.

#### SOCIALISM.

HALF a century ago, and down to a later period, there walked the streets of Glasgow a worthy and a wealthy man, to whom the titles of Mr. and Esq. were seldom applied, but who was popularly and familiarly known as David Dale. This man had been emphatically "one of the people;" he had literally known the want, and felt the extreme value, of a penny—for he had been a pedlar, or "chapman," and also a poor journeyman weaver, in the days of his youth. But he was one of those whom the mechanical genius of a barber raised into extraordinary wealth; he had, if we are not mistaken, some connexion with Sir Richard Arkwright: at all events, he was among the first, if not the first, who introduced the cotton manufacture into Scotland. But David Dale, even in his wealthiest days, never forgot that he had been a poor man; and though elevated to the rank of a magistrate of Glasgow, and thus honoured with the title of "baillie," and required to appear, with his brother magistrates, in "cocked hat" and chain, still was he to be seen attending the little obscure Independent church, of which he was a conspicuous member, and shaking hands with the poorest of his brethren. In truth, his was a large and a liberal soul; he "did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame;" and a saying was long attributed to him by his fellow-citizens (who loved the honest simplicity of his character), that, when remonstrated with for the profusion of his charities, he replied, in a blunt but characteristic manner, that "God was giving him riches in shovelful, and it was the least he could do to deal it out by spoonsful."

There must have been poetry as well as piety in the composition of David Dale. The site which he selected for his cotton-mills, and the village which sprang up around them under the name of NEW LANARK, was perhaps as romantic a one as might be found in Scotland. Within a mile of the Falls of Clyde, in the midst of fine scenery, in a country full of historical associations, connected with Wallace in earlier times, and the Covenanters in later, and about a mile from Lanark, an old town, built on a hill which rises abruptly from the Clyde, and which gives name to the county, one might have thought that David Dale had conceived the idea of marrying the hard, iron-hearted genius of manufacture

to the gentle, sylvan spirit, who delights in woods, and rocks, and rushing rivers. But David Dale, if he had any such poetic notions, was, at least, a practical poet; he introduced schools into his mills, encouraged amongst his work-people the practice of cleanliness, which is said to be next to godliness, and the love of godliness, which is affirmed to be "great gain." New Lanark Mills might have been taken as a pattern for all the factories of the kingdom: the master moved amongst his men as if they were his fellow-men, to whom it was his business to supply, not only work, but, if possible, comfort, intelligence, and happiness; and the men in general felt that he, to whose combination of capital and skill and forethought they were indebted for comfortable existence, was a worthy—a true noble of nature, or rather we should say, one of the princes of Christianity.

David Dale died in 1806: but his son-in-law, Robert Owen, became the manager and partner of a company, which had, either before or after David Dale's death, become the owners of New Lanark Mills. Robert Owen followed out the "greatest happiness" practice of his father-in-law, but he did it on a far different principle. We know not how long he might have been in maturing his views of human nature, and his plans for the amelioration of society; but, from about the years 1816 and 1817, he and New Lanark Mills became well known to the public through the means of the press. He was in our "great city" in 1817, proposing plans for the creation of villages, where the employments of manufacture and agriculture might be combined. His plans came under the consideration of the legislature, then engaged in investigating the operation of the Poor Laws. He addressed "all sects, classes, and parties" of the British empire;—he was assailed and defended;—to visit the Falls of Clyde, New Lanark Mills, to see the schools, the children, the people, and the philanthropist, became a distinct object with tourists; and Owen himself was not idle, visiting London, and addressing the public, orally and through the press. His plans were assailed, in 1821, in the House of Lords, by the late Earl of Lauderdale, to whose attack Owen promptly replied.

Meantime, it was a period of great distress and great political discontent: in all the manufacturing districts, what was called "radicalism" appeared ready to burst forth, and overwhelm the country; and the agriculturists were suffering as well. It then occurred to a number of individuals, that, without pledging themselves to Owen's principles, they might try his plans on an extended scale: a subscription-list was proposed, for the purpose of making an experiment, and trying if it were not possible to form "Happy Valleys" over the length and breadth of the land; and a landed proprietor, Mr. Hamilton, of Dalzell, freely offered a tract of 600 acres, on the north bank of the river Clyde, not far from the town of Hamilton, and about midway between Lanark and Glasgow. The subscription-list gradually filled, during the years 1821 and 1822; the buildings, on an extensive scale, were begun; the land was laid out; and a kind of commotion began to prevail amongst the workmen of Scotland about this "new society" experiment. But, alas! the experiment was very sadly managed, and some 46,000*l.* or 50,000*l.* bunglingly thrown away. In this "Mutual Co-operative Association," it was all talk, and far too little work; we recollect visiting it not very long after its establishment, and the wolf was already, not only at the gate, but within the walls of "New Society." We found a huge barrack-like building (a portion only of an extensive plan) in the midst of fields, with people, some idling about, a few at work; as if for amusement, and others looking dismally on. We found a printing-office, from which the "new society" publications were to issue, and illuminate "old society;" and the types lay uselessly scattered about. Youths were practising in one building on wind

instruments, and making a horrible noise; children, who had been taught by a lady to sing a hymn, about "the veil that blinds the nations now," were romping in the play-ground, but the all-attractive "swing" was broken down. In a romantic dell there were a forge and a water-wheel: but, though the stream flowed, the wheel did not turn; and the man who was working at the forge was not 'working' on the principles of mutual co-operation. In the barracks, a notice intimated that a meeting was to be held about the affairs of the community; for it was like a colony which had eaten up all its supplies, without having produced anything, while no ships were to be seen approaching the luckless shore—in fact, in this community, in which want was to be unknown, many were starving. Yet in the evening there was an abundant turnout of awkward dancers in the dancing-room, which was but dimly lit-up; and a man dressed in a peculiar "new society" fashion, with turn-over collar, magnificent whiskers, fine mustachios, and curling locks, discoursed to a few visitors on the dawn-ing regeneration of the human race.

We left Orbiston (we believe that was its name) with a very painful feeling, for it was clear, that, whatever might be the merits of co-operation, here, at least, a fine experiment was ruined. The surrounding country people called the place "Babylon," and said it was "doomed" from the beginning. It was certainly a great offence to the quiet sober inhabitants of the neighbouring farms and villages; it was as if a city, with all its vices and without a police, had been set down in the midst of fields; and the feelings of country-bred people, accustomed to attend church and read the Bible on Sundays, were wantonly and roughly offended by the noisy doings of the unrestrained and careless portion of the "new society" folks.

While this luckless experiment was in progress, Mr. Owen went to America, to establish, in Illinois, his "New Harmony;" and having retired from New Lanark Mills in 1827, he has since been wandering between the old world and the new, propagating his opinions with greater or less success. At present they are spreading in England; and those whom we may term his followers have substituted the name of Socialism for Co-operation. The "Rational Socialists" exist in an organised form; they have a weekly periodical, called the "New Moral World," and it has been announced lately that an estate of 507 acres, near Southampton, has been secured, for the purpose of making an attempt in England to establish a mutual community society.

Besides the "Rational Socialists," who are, at present, very active in diffusing their principles, there are socialists who profess to take the New Testament for their guide, and who, therefore, may be termed "Christian Socialists." In one of their recent publications, called a "Tract for the Times," and which is put out by one who calls himself an "Evangelical Reformer," a proposal is made to found "a Christian community, after the manner of the early disciples of Christ." The idea that the early Christians were socialists has always been a very prevalent one, and has the sanction of Gibbon. "The community of goods," says Gibbon, "which had so agreeably amused the imagination of Plato, and which existed in some degree among the austere sect of the Essenians, was adopted for a short time in the primitive church. The fervour of the first proselytes prompted them to sell those worldly possessions which they despised, to lay the price of them at the feet of the apostles, and to content themselves with receiving an equal share out of the general distribution."

However we may differ about Gibbon's opinions, it seems almost impertinence to question his facts. But we think we will be able to convince some of our readers, that, in attributing a "community of goods" to the church at Jerusalem, he has been led away

by the prevalent notion. In fact, looking at the narrative in the Acts of the Apostles, it appears to us wonderful that such an idea as that of there having been "a community of goods" should ever have arisen.

There are only two passages from which the notion of a "community of goods" can be drawn, and we will quote them:—"And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need." . . . "Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

Supposing that this "community of goods" did not spring from any law of the church, but from a spontaneous but tacit enthusiasm, we cannot think that public opinion among these Christians would allow of any exceptions, but that, as all inequalities in temporal condition had been destroyed—as rich and poor were reduced to the same level—as all received alike from the common stock—so none could heartily join this social community who did not submit to the equal and general law. Ananias "sold a possession, and kept back part of the price." For what did Peter so sternly rebuke him? For the mean hypocrisy of pretending that a part was the whole, and thus trying to get a character on false pretences? or for the breach of a conventional law, and thus wronging his other brethren, who had put *all* they had into a common stock? or for both the lie *and* the cheat? Let Peter answer. "Whiles it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold was it not in thy power?" Most distinctly implying, that the entire matter was voluntary, and that not even the compulsion of opinion compelled Ananias, either to sell his property, or, after it was sold, to give up the purchase-money. "Whiles it remained," it was his own, as long as he pleased to keep it; "after it was sold," it was quite at his option to give up a fourth, or a third, or a half, or the whole—whatever he liked. On the idea of a "community of goods," the question of Peter would have implied an injustice and an absurdity: for even supposing, as we have said, that no law of the church had been made, but that the "community of goods" was a spontaneous thing, arising out of an enthusiastic tacit agreement, still, to say that Ananias was quite welcome to have kept a portion of the purchase-money of his estate, when all the rest had put all they had into a common stock, and were all receiving alike, would have been, of itself, an infraction of the understood rules of this social community.

Again, for what purpose were deacons appointed in the early Christian church at Jerusalem? To take care of, and provide for, the wants of the poor. The *poor*! Why, the idea of a "social community" banishes the word poverty altogether. *Poor* in a community where every one's goods were put into a common stock, and, in the language of Gibbon, where they contented "themselves with receiving an equal share out of the general distribution!" Recollect that the deacons were appointed, in the first instance, because the "widows" were neglected, these widows being foreigners: "there arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration." If every man and woman received an equal share in the "daily ministration," how should it happen that the "widows" were the first to suffer injustice? Is it not far more probable that the "daily ministration" was a ministration to the wants of the *poor*, instead of being a doling out of rations to the whole community? and that with the increase of "disciples" there was, of course, an increase of poor; and that thus the poor foreign widows came to be overlooked?

If the reader takes any interest in this matter, and will quietly read the passages referring to it in the Acts of the Apostles with an unprejudiced mind, he will, we think, come to the following conclusions:—There was no "social community" in the early church at Jerusalem. But in the first excitement produced by the preaching of the apostles, along with a belief in the approaching

destruction of Jerusalem, which was considered equivalent to the end of the world, and the re-appearing of the "Son of Man," many converted landed proprietors sold their property, and put it into a common stock for the behoof of the poor, this common stock being made up of voluntary contributions; and, in that spirit of loving equality which possessed them all, the richer members did not "say," or imply, that "ought of the things which they possessed were their own," but freely made their poorer brethren welcome to whatever they might require. In the only two passages from which the notion of a "community of goods" can be possibly extracted, there is a phrase made use of, quite opposed to it—"distribution was made unto every man, according as he had need."

To our minds, there does not appear, from the narrative, the slightest—we say the slightest—ground for belief, that in the early Christian church at Jerusalem there was "a community of goods." Such a proceeding, by reducing all men to the same level in temporal condition, and creating a social equality in the church, would, at the very outset, have struck at the root of that elevating and sustaining principle, CHRISTIAN CHARITY; a principle which was one of the most powerful in promoting the early progress of Christianity, not by destroying the distinctions of rich and poor, but by "knitting them together in love."

But the Christian socialists are not content with having a "community of goods" in the early church at Jerusalem; they go much farther. The "Evangelical Reformer" quotes from the preface to "Rules of the National Community Friendly Society of all Classes," the following language, which he attributes to a Mr. Gadsby, of Manchester:—

"Through our selfishness, we rejected the community system of living, adopted by the believers in Jesus for the first 200 years, at least, as will appear from the following indubitable authorities:—'And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul, neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many of them as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need.' (Acts vi. 32, 34, 35.) St. Justin Martyr, who flourished A.D. 110, says, in his Apology for the Christians, 'We, who loved nothing like our possessions, now produce all we have in common.' St. Irenæus, A.D. 118: 'Whereas the Jews consecrated a tenth, they who live under the liberty of the Gospel give all to the Lord's use.' Tertullian, who flourished A.D. 200, says, 'We Christians look on ourselves as one body, informed, as it were, by one soul; and being incorporated by love, we can never dispute what we are to bestow upon our own members; accordingly, among us all things are common.'"

The "community system of living" was adopted by the early Christians "for the first 200 years at least!" We really do not know that we can better meet this assertion than by another one—the "community system of living" was *not* known "for the first 200 years at least." Why, to suppose that the early Christians adopted the "community system of living" would be to blot out one half of the New Testament! All the exhortations, precepts, warnings, promises, and threatenings of the New Testament are addressed to human beings in a state of trial, caused by their living in a moveable, variable world—what is the meaning of the following, selected at mere random?—"Charge them that are rich in this world that they be not high-minded." "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith." "Masters, give unto your slaves that which is just and equal." "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give."

But, in truth, it is a mere beating of the air to reply to this reckless assertion of Mr. Gadsby. The "community system of living," we repeat it, was *not* known among the early Christians "for the first 200 years at least." Had it been so, that affectionate attachment—that brotherly love—that ardent devotion,

which were so characteristic of the early Christians, could not have been so strongly developed. It would have been a chief business of Christianity to destroy, wherever it could, by its "community system of living," the distinctions of temporal condition; and as, in the law of Moses, there is no word which designates "a beggar," so from Christianity there would have been expelled the ideas, not merely of pauperism, but of riches and poverty. The passages quoted by Mr. Gadsby prove a community of love, but not a community of goods—they reveal one of the secrets of the success of Christianity—they explain to us how pagans were compelled to say, "See how these Christians love one another!"

When, by the spreading of Christianity, to be a Christian was no longer a peculiar mark of distinction, then Christians strove to be distinguished from the mass of their brethren by real or affected sanctity and seclusion. The "community system of living" arose out of the spreading and the corruption of the primitive simplicity of Christianity, though in itself the new system had much in it to recommend it. In the fourth century there were numerous associations of Cœnobites in Egypt, the name being a compound of two Greek words, signifying "living in community." These Cœnobites had four professed objects in their association: seclusion from the world; manual labour; fasting; and prayer. The Cœnobites were strictly Christian socialists, for it was an essential rule of their communities that the members should all contribute by their labour to the common support: some worked as weavers, cutlers, fullers, &c., others made mats, baskets, &c. The numbers of individuals varied from hundreds to thousands, in different establishments; and some were more strictly managed than others, having walls inclosing their gardens and wells, so that these stricter socialists, or "new society" people, might have no pretext for going out, and mingling with "old society." The whole conventional system, in all its varieties, is traced by ecclesiastical writers to these Egyptian establishments; and whatever we may now think of combinations of men and women in monasteries and nunneries, there can be no question that in rude, and dark, and troublous ages, they were depositories of learning, and nurseries of Christian charity.

What we want to establish is, that the "Christian socialists" have no example in the early Christian church, and no warrant from the precepts of the New Testament, for erecting Christian communities on social principles; and that, therefore, all schemes for constructing "National Christian Community Societies" have no other authority to recommend them than that of their utility. On this ground the "Christian Socialists" have no higher claim than the "Rational Socialists;" their projects must stand or fall by their own intrinsic merits; and the only question is, What are they worth?

Men's imaginations have always rested on a "golden age," either past or to come; the idea that it was past being in a great measure the belief of antiquity, and the idea that it is yet to come being more the hope of modern times. Heathenism was in this respect retrospective, and Christianity prospective,—only the "golden age" which Christians have been generally taught to look for, has lain more in a future life than in the present—more in heaven than on earth.

There has, however, even in the darkest days, been a "little church" of believers or hopers in a coming "golden age" upon the earth; and their numbers, at the present time, are not only considerable, but on the increase in England. Some of these think that the "golden age" is to be brought about by the progress of time, and the operation of great causes; others are impatient of mere speculation, and would set to work at once. Certainly, there is, in the highest state of civilisation to which man has yet attained, so much unnecessary misery—so much evil that could be avoided, and so much distress that might be prevented, that we cannot wonder that benevolent minds should, from time to time, turn to socialism as a remedy for the evils of society. How charming to think that by combined labour, the long drudgery, and unequal distribution, of toil, may be done away! that starvation may be hunted out of the social inclosure! that widows may never know the bitterness of widowhood, nor orphans the miseries of deprivation! But Christian socialism has been tried again and again; it has succeeded and it has failed; and it will succeed and fail again. The well-known case of the Shakers, (of whose establishment we gave an account in No. 41 of the Journal,) is a signal instance both of the benefits and evils of socialism, for the Shakers have thriven in spite of their attempt to obstruct the great law of nature, and therefore their socialism has triumphed over a very powerful obstacle. In fact, socialism has been and

may be, made very useful in certain states of society, under certain local circumstances, and with proper management.

We understand Christian socialism to signify bodies of men, taking the New Testament as the bond of union, and, professing to act by its principles, combining to throw all their labour into a common stock for their mutual benefit. Let us, however, give it in the words of our "Evangelical Reformer," who says in his recent "Tract for the Times"—

"The labour of every member of the community should be equally given according to their strength, and the general products of their labour placed in one common store, and be equally distributed according to the need of the members. Every scientific appliance in aid of production would be used as a means of diminishing labour, and increasing the wealth and competence of the aggregated body. Here would be no dread of poverty, no bankruptcies, no fear of falling out of employment, no burning of hayricks because of the introduction of threshing-machines, no maliciously cutting warps in the loom, or destroying machinery in factories, because of the workers being thrown out of employment to starve; machinery here would work for the workmen not against them. The labour would be diminished, their leisure for the improvement of their minds would be increased, but their bread would not be taken from them by the use of the machine; there would be no strikes, because there would be no falling wages. The plenty which science would produce would increase the comforts of the workmen, who would be, under these arrangements, full sharers in its achievements.

"The parties would take their meals in a common hall, and none would know stint; for the combined labour of all, where none were idlers, would produce abundance and variety. Labour and fuel would be saved, by the economy of the kitchen, where cooking apparatus of the most approved and scientific kind would be employed. Where 400 fires, and as many cooks, are, in our present individual arrangements of separate families, now employed, one-tenth of the labour and fuel would amply serve to provide for 2000 individuals. The pleasures of a public dinner and tea-party would be every day enjoyed without any of their bustle or confusion. Constant use and scientific apparatus would render the business of serving systematic, pleasant and orderly. Botanic gardens, nurseries, and conservatories, would be respectively cultivated and reared as a delightful and instructive recreation of the leisure hours," &c., &c., &c.

Now, suppose that our modern Cœnobites were successful in cutting up society into communities such as these—what would be the result? 1. Considerable general comfort and happiness. 2. Considerable general quietude and apathy. 3. Convulsion and death. The whole history of the world—the whole adaptation of means and ends—show that LIFE was intended to move in an "Atlantic Ocean," round the globe—to be stirred by winds and currents, now lashed into storm, now spread out in calm. But our Cœnobites would cure evils by committing greater; they would retain life in separate and distinct reservoirs; and after having cleaned their tanks, and garnished their borders with flowers, they would cheerfully resign themselves to a tranquil slumber, never dreaming that weeds would overgrow all the purposes of existence—that socialism would die.

We have no present space for entering into an examination of Mr. Owen's principles; and, indeed, on the present occasion we have purposely avoided it. Christian Socialism would indirectly but practically set aside the New Testament, but Rational Socialism boldly avows its intention of doing so. We would not say an unkind word of Mr. Owen—nay, we are satisfied, that if, under Providence, he has a "mission," the labour of his life will not be thrown away. But we believe that man, whose whole structure of feelings—whose imagination, passion, pride, and action—all turn on the pivot of individualism, is not to be tamed down into a mere social community animal; and though we look for a greatly improved state of society, it will be one where the "community system of living" will be unknown, because from the general prevalence of Christian sentiment and feeling, and the improved tone of public opinion, it will be quite unnecessary.

Meantime, if philanthropists wish to try socialism, let them do it on the just principles of science—let them study political economy. Capital and labour should adjust themselves, as Dr. Arnot's hydrostatic bed is said to do—yielding wherever the slightest pressure is applied. Let colonies be founded—mutual assurance and friendly societies be established,—on the true principles of socialism, which preserves man's individuality—but iron-cast socialism is universally inapplicable, because universally impracticable.

## PNEUMATIC AND AIR ENGINES.

THE time is now past when the invention of a new machine, or a new application of an old machine, is calculated to produce alarm and bad feeling amongst the working-classes. They are now alive to the fact, that the multiplication of machinery is but another name for the multiplication of our national wealth, strength, and resources; and that in proportion as these are augmented the comforts and conveniences of the bulk of the population will be increased. That temporary evils at times arise from the forced and undue application of machinery to the manufacture of certain commodities, no one can deny; but, the distresses and ruin which sometimes attend the reckless speculations of individuals, (a sure indication of an overweening love of gain,) must not be considered as a necessary consequence of the introduction of certain machines or new modes of working—that is, they must not be looked upon as results which it is impossible to avoid, and which must follow the application of such mechanical operations as a necessity of their existence. Such a belief was at one time very prevalent, even among well-educated people; but we daresay the humblest working man is now able to discriminate the true causes of those occasional cessations from labour, which bring squalor and demoralisation in their train. They arise from the lower propensities being permitted for a time to abuse the valuable acquisitions of knowledge which have been made: in a word, from an inordinate love of wealth in individuals, in whom reflection and the higher moral sentiments are not sufficiently powerful to counterbalance and check the lower instincts. That the perfection of machinery will facilitate the civilisation of the human race, there can be no doubt; but as social improvement is slow as well as gradual, ages may be required before the truth of the assertion is brought home to universal conviction. We, therefore, look upon every accession to our stock of machinery—every new propelling power—as, to speak familiarly, another string to our bow,—another source of national wealth and social advancement.

Entertaining these views, we feel much gratification in introducing to our readers an account of what we consider a great mechanical discovery—one of those rare inventions which contain the germs of important and unexpected changes in the arts and manufactures.\* The discovery is a method of propelling machinery situated at any distance from the primary power, and is called a Pneumatic or Air Engine. This application of power independent of locality, is comprehensively termed a method of “transferring power.” It can be sub-divided as numerous and transmitted as variously as the gas which lights our streets. It is inodorous, innocuous, and not perceptibly affected by either heat or cold; it will neither burn, explode, rust, nor corrode; it is entirely independent of the formation of steam, and consequently neither wood nor coals are required for its production; and it may be conveyed from the same source so as to be made to forge the largest anchor or fabricate the finest lawn. But let us describe the construction of the works, and the manner of operating. Suppose a stream of water, either naturally descending from a mountain, or like a mill-lead, made to flow along an inclined plane, and situated several miles distant from a spot admirably calculated for establishing a manufactory. If upon this current of water, a common water-wheel be placed, and made to work exhausting-pumps, (similar to the air-pumps of steam-engines,) any vessel, or any number of vessels connected with these pumps, would be emptied of their air. Then let us suppose that a tube made of iron, or whatever will remain air-tight, and bear an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch, is carried from these pumps to a large cylinder like that of a steam-engine, it is clear that this same cylinder will be exhausted of its air, and a partial vacuum will be created, as is the case when steam is condensed in the works of a steam-engine. If when this is effected the air be allowed to enter either above or below the piston, just as it happens to be either up or down at the time, then a pressure will be exerted upon it equal to fifteen pounds to every square inch of its surface, that being equivalent to the weight of the atmosphere.

\* Public attention was first, we believe, particularly directed to the subject by an article in the 12th Number of the “British and Foreign Review.” It is to this source that we are chiefly indebted for our information.

However, as the vacuum is never complete, the calculation may be made at ten pounds of effective pressure. Of course, there are arrangements and appurtenances for regulating the admission of air at the proper moment when it is wanted. These are called slides, which, changing in the usual way with every stroke of the piston, the reciprocating action goes on as in the steam-engine; in short, it is just working with air instead of steam, this air, as we have described, being carried away from the working cylinder by means of a tube which connects it with the exhausting pumps at the water-mill. The tube may be twenty miles in length, or more if necessary; and it may be carried either above or under ground, as is most convenient. One condition is essential to the well-working of the machine, it must be perfectly air-tight.

We have said that no perfect vacuum can be formed, and that ten pounds of effective pressure is the amount of power which may be calculated upon as created in this manner by the prime mover. And it must always be kept in mind, that no power is, or can be, gained beyond what is produced at the water-mill; it is only transferred, and that with some loss, on account of friction. But then it may be taken to any distance, however great, and fixed in any locality, high or low, in town or country, in a manufactory, or in a royal drawing-room, without producing smoke, noise, or smell of any kind. And as the difference between the same power produced by coals and steam, and the expenses of locality and other incidents are great, the little loss of power sustained by the transference can be easily borne. It is evident that the original amount of power may either be kept entire or concentrated on one machine, or divided into branches as numerous as is required, each being taken to a separate engine. Consequently the aggregate cannot exceed the primary amount of power obtained from the torrent, river, wind, or fire, but, allowing something for friction, must fall a little below it.

It is John Hague, an engineer of London, to whom belongs the honour of having brought to perfection the pneumatic transfer of power above described. Like Watt's discovery, and almost every other by which mankind have been benefited, it has for several years had to struggle against ignorance and prejudice. But a conviction of its importance is gaining ground; and, if we mistake not, a statement lately put forth by one of our most distinguished geologists, will tend to turn public attention more generally to the subject. Dr. Buckland has said, that notwithstanding the vast coal-fields which we possess, that mineral must ultimately become scarce, and even exhausted, from the enormous consumption of it in manufactories; and he advises that the small coal or dross, now thrown away as useless, should, by a process he describes, be baked into a sort of bricks, and used as fuel, so that the evil day may be kept as distant as possible. Without presuming to controvert a statement from so high an authority, we cannot say that our apprehensions are very great of a scarcity of coal being felt for some thousands of years to come; and to make calculations with reference to such periods, is probably carrying science beyond its legitimate dominion. The advice, however, regarding the working up of the refuse coal, is worthy of serious attention for other reasons. And it is not because we dread a want of coal, that we would wish to see pneumatic engines spread all over the country; it is because the system, if carried out to its fullest extent, would produce a mighty change for the better in the moral and physical condition of the operative classes. Manufactories are at present concentrated in places where coal is cheaply and readily obtained, because that article is essential to the steam-engine; and where their place of business is, there will the lower classes be found, huddled together in ill-ventilated streets, and buried under clouds of smoke and noxious gases. We need not point out the evils which trace their origin to this state of things. But let us suppose the necessity for manufactories being thus crowded together on a small space removed, an entire revolution would be effected; engines and machinery might be scattered over the country in such places as were most convenient for the proprietor, and entirely independent of coal or anything else. All this might be done by a general adoption of the pneumatic engine. But to whatever extent it is carried, so far will it prove highly beneficial to all classes. We quote from the authority already mentioned an account of the works of this description at present in operation:—

Foster, of Stourbridge, was, we believe, the first who used Hague's engine, and has never permitted it to rest from the hour it was put into motion. The mint work at Utrecht was made by Hague, and is worked by it. The mint work at Rio de Janeiro was also made by him on the same principle; and the drawings made by Mr. Bell, now in charge of the Pacha of Egypt's



steam-vessels, are still in Cable-street (where Mr. Hague's premises are), and of great beauty. The sultan's machinery for making gunpowder was constructed by Hague, and worked by his pneumatic engine. The primary power from which it is transferred is about three quarters of a mile from the works\*. The conviction of its importance has at last penetrated into Lancashire, and Messrs. Wrigley, Lowside Colliery, near Oldham, have adopted it. The Tregollan Mining Company, Charleston, are using it, and are in treaty for seven more. In Cheshire there is one *three miles* from the primary power. Several are used in sugar houses in London; and lastly, a company has taken a wild moor in Lancashire, on which are streams or falls of water, for the purpose of transferring the power, and letting it out to manufacturers in the surrounding district."

Since the above was written, we have no doubt that several more have been added to the number now in effective operation. The pneumatic power has already been adopted to clearing mines of water, and in all mining operations it must prove a powerful auxiliary. A water-raising apparatus can very easily be constructed, the primary power for putting which in operation may be any number of miles distant. Several are understood to be at work, the construction of which is thus briefly described. "Suppose a series of iron boxes, each containing a ton of water, and twenty feet from each other. Exhausting pumps extract the air from these boxes; the water rushes into the lower box to fill the vacuum; as soon as it is full the valve closes, and the communication to the box next above opens, and the water rushes into it again, the vacuum being kept up, and the action continues. The machinery is very strong and simple, and not by any means liable to get out of order." Another most important purpose which the pneumatic engine might serve in coal mines, is the exhausting them of those inflammable and deleterious gases which often prove so destructive to human life. It may be conducted into those places where fire-damp or hydrogen gas have accumulated, and being set a working, it must consume and expel a certain quantity of foul air with every stroke, while at the same time it supplies its place with pure atmospheric air. The quality of the air expelled can easily be tested, and thus the workmen will know when it is safe for them to approach the mine. When we reflect on the number of lives that are annually sacrificed by explosions in coal-mines, it appears to us that this invention has claims on the attention of coal proprietors which it would be next to criminal to overlook any longer.

But the grand object which would be achieved by a pretty general introduction of the pneumatic engine would, as we have said, be the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. The breaking up of those dense and gloomy settlements of manufactories, and their more diffuse distribution over a wide tract of country would be an inestimable blessing—such a blessing, indeed, as the working-man of Birmingham and Sheffield is probably best able to appreciate, but which all may form some idea of. Whether this is to be effected rests entirely with the master manufacturers, not with the bulk of the people. The writer already quoted has some hopes of the success of the scheme; nor, whilst we most heartily concur in the philanthropic sentiments of the following passage, will we cloud the beautiful and smiling picture which he has drawn by the expression of any doubts or fears of our own. "He may live to see the waters of the Humber working the machinery of Leeds, Halifax, and Bradford, and the power of the Mersey conveyed by the side of the railway to perform the same labour at Manchester, and the neighbouring districts—he may, and blessed be the day! live to see our pyramids of manufactories, with their living masses, converted into villages and systems of domestic industry, where the parent may work his loom aided by his child, and yet the whole be under superintendence and regulation, and where even the quantity of power used will be unerringly registered, and consequently the quantity of work which has been done exactly known; where, instead of an atmosphere loaded with smoke, steam, and effluvia, may be for ever seen the clear vault of heaven; where, instead of polluted alleys and streets, never free from dirt and disease, gardens may smile, and afford a useful intellectual occupation for the operative after the labour of the day."

\* A letter from Constantinople is appended, in which the efficiency of the machinery is highly praised. It is also stated that his highness the sultan had paid a visit to the beautiful establishment, and this was a great deal for a Turk.

### ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

THIS peculiar style of rhythm, which has for centuries given place to more regular metre, and the graces of rhyme, was much in use among our Saxon ancestors, and appears to have also been in vogue with the Icelandic poets, and with those of other Gothic nations. Several English poems, written in alliterative metre, without rhyme, are extant, among which, that entitled *Pierce Plowman's Visions* is the one most generally known; but few readers, except those whose delight is in musty tomes, and who are deep in the mysteries of black-letter lore, are acquainted with more than the name of that singular poem. When our more ancient poetry was, towards the end of the last century, drawn forth from the oblivion to which it had been too long consigned (a good work, to which the publication of "*Percy's Reliques*" mainly contributed), the public was seized with a sort of Gothic fever; and they were so delighted with the novelty of the *feast* to which they were invited, that they one and all declared everything was excellent; antiquity was a sufficient passport to their praise, and they exercised their ingenuity in discovering fancied beauties in even the most worthless productions. That excitement soon passed away; but it produced excellent effects; and, freeing the mind from the shackles of an artificial taste, left us at liberty to appreciate and enjoy the poetry of nature. But it must be granted that the diction and style of most (though not all) of our elder poets, is so rough and rude as to render their perusal disagreeable to a modern reader. Few, we believe, except thorough-paced antiquarians, have had the courage to travel through "*Pierce Plowman*," or would think their trouble repaid by the snatches of true poetry interspersed; and yet in him, and many other poems equally rugged, passages of great poetical power and beauty are to be found, which deserve to be rescued from oblivion.

We were led to these reflections on meeting with the following lines, while idly turning over the pages of "*Percy's Reliques*," a book we are very fond of dipping into. It is an extract from a MS. supposed to be as old, if not older, than "*Pierce Plowman*," (which was written about the year 1350,) descriptive of a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between "*our Lady Dame Life*," and "*the ugly fiend Dame Death*." The lines quoted by Dr. Percy form part of the description of *Dame Life*, and we transcribe them, as being a fine specimen of powerful poetic painting, and affording an example of the very beautiful effect of alliteration, when judiciously used. Its constant repetition wears us, but in the last two lines of the following passage it falls upon the ear in delicate and enchanting harmony.

Shee was brighter of her blee [colour],  
 Then was the bright sonn:  
 Her rudd redder than the rose  
 That on the rise [hough] hangeth:  
 Meekely smiling with her mouth,  
 And merry in her lookes;  
 Ever laughing for love  
 As shee like would.  
 And as shee came by the banks  
 The boughes eche one  
 They towted to that ladye,  
 And layd forth their branches;  
 Blossomes and burgens [buds]  
 Breathed full sweete;  
 Flowers flourished in the frith,  
 Where she forth stepped;  
 And the graspe, that was gray,  
 Greened belive [instantly].

## THE MAN WHO HAD "NOTHING ELSE TO DO."\*

NEXT to being harassed by duns, run down by constables, and taken up by the gout, I do believe the man who has "nothing to do," leads about the most vagabond sort of life ever allotted by Providence to anything in the shape of a man. I believe this to be a rule without an exception; a law without the glorious uncertainty of the law. Your man of fashion is a man of business; always busy in his line. His lacquies, his tailors, his stables, and his debts, furnish him with "a place, and constant employment," independent of everything else. Your vagabond has his occupation, his trade, his standing in society. He falls into his place as scientifically as a corn-stalk-militia-man, at a regimental review, and goes through all the evolutions of his craft. The strolling beggar carries a sick child, or a greasy piece of parchment from a corporation officer, with a long tale at the end of it, or grinds on a squeaking hand-organ, or plays a fiddle to a dancing baboon. These worthy people all have something to do. You can understand what they were made for. The world wouldn't have all sorts of people in it, without them.

Well, the point to which I am coming, is this. I once knew a man who had nothing to do. He was the circumstance of an accident and a result. A mere "circumstance," for he was about as near nothing as nobody; of "an accident," for a rich old uncle left him a fortune, through forgetfulness to make a will, and leave it to his house-keeper, as he had promised; and "a result," for it neither turned his head, nor changed his disposition; it established him, my old friend Jeremiah Lincoln, for that was his name, in the indomitable resolution to be "a gentleman." And he had but one definition of that word; "a man who has nothing to do." He didn't fish it out of Dr. Johnson; he was his own lexicographer.

This resolution had been formed after mature reflection. It came about in this way. Jeremiah had been overworked when he was a boy. His mother sent him to school to one Stoffel Peeler, a big, brawny Dutchman. I knew him well, and he was a "peeler." The school-house was away off at the cross-roads, a mile and a half from our village, in a little clump of button-wood grove, interspersed with birch sprigs, originally, though they were being thinned out in our time; and it was a tiresome walk, for a lad who carried a half-conned lesson in one side of his head, and a well-conned idea of the quality of the birch sprigs, in the other side. Jeremiah always said it was too much for him; between the mother and the master, he would absolutely be worked to death; and this unhappy result might have actually come about, but for the lucky circumstance I am now to relate, which fortunately dropped in, and not only preserved his valuable life, but secured to the world the materials of this instructive story.

It was this. Our worthy school-master, among other sapient inventions for teaching the young idea how to shoot, had a rule, that the spelling class should, every Monday morning, reverse its order from head to tail; the lads took each other down, as they caught the missed words, through the week, and on Saturday, the boy who stood head, took home a certificate of approbation in his pocket, and the unlucky urchin who stood tail, was furnished with a contra certificate on his back. The word, one Saturday, was "Seingapatam." It took Jerry to the landing-place at the foot, and he went home "a striped pig." But that was not all. Master Peeler, for he was a genius in his line, gave poor Jerry the consolatory piece of information, at parting, that unless he spelled that word on Monday morning, syllable by syllable, putting it together as he went along, he should have another "waking up," that would be a caution to him all the days of his life.

Faithfully did Jerry strive to master that hard-mouthed word; to him it was a regular-built jaw-breaker. He "couldn't twist his tongue round it, no how." He spelled it over a hundred times; he dreamed about it at night; he turned it over, took it apart, and tried it, and tried it, until its tingling sound rang in his ears like forty sleigh-bells; and when Monday morning came, he sat by the fire, with his spelling-book before him, the very picture of despair. That word was his Shibboleth. The school hour was approaching; and, with the sensations of a culprit going to the gallows, he buckled his strap around the book, slung it over his shoulder, and flung himself out of the door. As he tracked his way toward the scene of his anticipated ignominy, the fresh and clear breeze of the morning seemed to re-invigorate his mind. His meditations took another turn. "I wonder," said he to himself, "what use there is in going to school for ever? What good will it do me to be banged and banged about, like a dog? I wish I was a gentleman! I wish I had nothing to do! Master Peeler is a great rascal. He

\* From the "Knickerbocker."

would n't knock me about so, if I was a man. I'll not go to school to be hammered in this way;" and his wrath rising with his recapitulated wrongs, he clenched his fists, and broke out aloud, "I'll be hanged if I do!"

"If you do what?" said a stern voice, behind him.

He looked around, and there was Master Peeler at his heels! Not recollecting, at the moment, that all his cogitations, except the last expression, had been confined to himself, and seized with the belief that all the disrespectful thoughts which had been so vividly present to his mind, had been uttered in the ear of the dreaded form whose frown chilled his blood, he uttered one shriek of terror, flung away his book, and taking to his heels, never looked behind him, until he had bolted in at his mother's door, and slammed it at his back. "Mother," said he, to the astonished old lady, "Mother, I'll be darned if I'm going to be licked ag'in, for all the Seringatangtangs in the book! I won't never go to school no more! I won't—I won't!"

The argument that ensued is of no consequence here. The fact is, Jeremiah Lincoln's literary labours terminated at "Seingapatam."

The next time I saw him was in a stuffed and cushioned chair, in the back room of a quiet house, in a retired part of the city. Three years had gone by, and the men and things of the world, like the heads in a kaleidoscope, had assumed, after the successful casts of time, new combinations of shape and colouring. Jerry was enjoying the comforts of three thousand dollars a year—had sunk into the repose of perfect retirement—had reached what he conceived to be the summit of earthly felicity—and even the village schoolmaster had been forgotten, or at least forgiven.

The docile spirit of the boy, which never, except on the one memorable occasion already alluded to, had risen to fever-heat, now slept behind the mirror of his blue eye, as calm and serene as the clear sky in a quiet lake. He never opened a book—they were tiresome; nor a newspaper—they were exciting. He walked around the square, when an umbrella was not necessary, or took an afternoon airing with Tom, in a tilbury and a "family horse." But in process of time the "sights" in his neighbourhood became old; the faces he was accustomed to see familiar; he had told all he knew to everybody with whom he was acquainted, and a little enlargement of his sphere of action became perceptible. He strayed one day to the site of a new building, some squares off; and while amusing himself by looking at the hodmen carrying their burdens up the long ladders, a brick fell upon his head. Whatever there was within, however, was so well protected, that the uncivil salutation produced no very alarming consequences. He was picked up, set on his feet, the blood and dirt wiped away, a patch applied to the wound; and to the kind inquiry, "what the Harry he was about standing there, right in the way?" his unsophisticated answer was, "he had nothing else to do."

This little incident might have been of service to him, if he had had any employment at home. But that being out of the question, he was soon abroad again; and the next time I saw him he wore an air of sullen disquietude. He had been shamefully, shockingly ill-treated. "What do you think?" said he; "I stepped aboard a steam-boat at the wharf, yesterday; I was looking through her—I had nothing else to do, you know—and before I was aware, I found we were travelling up the North River! I couldn't think of going from home. I had no money, no clothes—knew nobody; and when I politely asked them to put me ashore, and let me go home, they told me I might mind my own concerns, and that I had no business to be on board if I wasn't going to Albany! But that's not all," said he, looking cautiously around, to see if anybody could hear, "they actually sent me on shore, in a little boat, ten miles off, because I could not pay my passage; and I begged my way down in a truck-cart." I expressed my sympathy. "And yet," continued he, "when I went to the police-office, to complain of this kind of treatment, stealing me away from my home and friends in this way, they actually laughed at me, and said as much as that it served me about right; and that, as I "had nothing else to do," I might as well be riding ten miles out in a steam-boat, and ten back in a truck-cart, as not; they didn't see as it made any difference!"

I consoled the poor fellow as well as I could, and we parted. It was but a few days afterward, that Jerry's man Tom came to me, in great perturbation, and told me that his master had been missing all night, and that he had accidentally found him in the police-office, where he then was, charged with some offence; and he begged me to come down and see what was the matter. I went. Just as I had succeeded in elbowing my way through the crowd, I heard the name of "Jeremiah Lincoln" called out; and there,

sure enough, stood my poor friend, looking as wo-begone and sheepish as the merest drab of a skylark in the dock.

"Swear the witness," said the magistrate; and the witness was sworn. "What's the offence?" And the witness told his story; how a fellow had been arrested for stealing a pocket-book in the street last night; how a set of rowdies had rescued him; how they procured assistance, and captured a lot of the chaps, and this was one of them."

"What do you say to this?" roared the magistrate.

Jerry mumbled over a miserable explanation, the amount of which was, that, seeing the crowd, he just stepped over, and was trying to find out what was the matter, having nothing else to do, when he was seized, and carried to the "lock-up."

"Ah!" said the magistrate, recollecting himself, "I have seen you before; you are the man about town that *has nothing else to do*. You may go; but," and he shook his finger, "if I ever see you here again, I'll put you in a way to find employment."

Jerry seized his hat, and slunk out of the office like a whipped dog.

Finding that these accidental scrapes were rather troublesome and very annoying, particularly as, having nothing else to do, his mind invariably ruminated darkly and sadly upon one, until he got into another, he bethought himself of leading a more circumspect life, and stepping along his way with greater caution. Home was, of course, an absolute solitude, during all those hours, especially, in which the active world is busy; so he began to look around for some perfectly safe and lawful way of killing the time, which, day by day, he found hanging on his hands. He had noticed, in his walks, a lawyer's office, and sitting within it a quiet, demure-looking little man, with his chin on his hand, and spectacles on his nose. "That place," said Jerry to himself, "must be a sanctuary; if I could but scrape an acquaintance there, it would be a great thing; it would be so interesting to hear him talk; lawyers know everything, and a little more, they say; and maybe he has nothing else to do."

An opportunity soon offered. Having nothing else to do, Jerry endorsed a note for a neighbour, and in due time, much to his astonishment, was notified that "the holder looked to him for payment." He stepped into the little lawyer, to take advice. He found him poring over an old parchment-deed, which he had slipped out of the drawer into which he slipped the novel he was reading, as Jerry entered. A retaining fee, the advice required, which was, of course, to defend himself against the claim to the last extremity, and a familiar chat of an hour, completely broke the ice; and thenceforward Jerry made the attorney's office a regular morning-lounge. It was quite pleasant; the attorney was an agreeable little man; and an agreeable pair of black eyes occasionally peered through a glass door, which divided the office from an adjoining sitting room. An introduction to a pair of sisters, who formed part of the household establishment, soon followed; and as the attorney sometimes had a client, Jerry, who had nothing else to do, now and then strayed into the family apartment.

One day he was sitting in the attorney's office, as usual. The parchment deed lay upon the table; the spectacles were thrown back upon the forehead; and Mr. Coke, addressing himself very kindly to his friend, opened the following discourse:—

"Well, Jerry, my boy, when is it to come off?"

"Come off?—*what* come off?"

"Oh, the wedding! It's no joking matter with me, I assure you. Tabby, I understand, is going to leave me! Ah, you sly dog! Why didn't you take my advice, eh?"

Jerry was thunderstruck!

The attorney proceeded—"Never mind—I forgive you, you might have done worse, though I say it who should not say it. Sharp fellow!—little puss! Her ring on your finger!" (There it was—how it came there, Heaven knew, not Jerry.) "Yours on hers. Well, the sooner the better, eh!"

To make the story short, Jerry "was into it." He had nothing else to do, so they took him, and married him; and the last time I went that way, the lawyer's office was in Jerry's front parlour; the rest of the family occupied the remaining part; and a couple of spoiled urchins kept the nursery in an uproar. I saw him afterwards in the market, haggling for fish. "Jerry," said I, "I'm glad to see you—how do you get along, now-a-days?"

"Bad enough!"

"How?—a wife, children, dog, cats—cupids, a brother-in-law, and nothing else to do?"

"Hush!" said he, with a tear in his eye; "I'll be darned if I wouldn't rather go back to old Peeler, and learn to spell SEREN-GAFANTAM!"

#### PUNCTUALITY.

Mr. M—, a merchant of M—, was a great lover of punctuality in all its forms. Calling upon a mechanic one day, who was notorious for the non-fulfilment of his engagements, and by whom he had frequently been deceived, "When," says he, "Mr S—, can I have my work finished and sent home? Take your own time, but tell me positively, and do not deceive me, for I do not like to be disappointed." "On Thursday next," says the mechanic, "if I am living, you shall positively have it." Thursday came and passed, but no work made its appearance. In the evening the merchant called upon the printer, with the request that he would insert the death of Mr. S—, which he accordingly did in the following morning's paper. What was our mechanic's surprise, on taking up the paper next day, to find an announcement of his own death! Up he goes to the printer for an explanation. There he was told that Mr. M— authorised it, and they had supposed it correct. He, of course, repairs to the merchant to know what it means. Mr. M— shows great surprise on beholding him, and can hardly be persuaded he is not a ghostly appearance; "for," says he, "you solemnly promised me that, if you were *living*, I should have my work done and returned on Thursday: no work appearing, I very naturally concluded you were dead, and had it accordingly so announced." Mr. S— was abashed and silent, and we hope made better by the well-intended joke.—*Salem Observer*.

#### CONVERSATION.

There must, in the first place, be knowledge—there must be materials; in the second place, there must be a command of words; in the third place, there must be imagination, to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in; and in the fourth place, there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failure. This last is an essential requisite: for want of it, many people do not excel in conversation.—*Dr. Johnson*.

#### A REASONABLE REQUEST.

Two Irishmen about to be hanged during the rebellion of 1798, the gallows was erected over the margin of a river. When the first man was drawn up, the rope gave way, he fell into the stream, and escaped by swimming. The remaining culprit, looking up to the executioner, said, with genuine native simplicity, and an earnestness that evinced his sincerity, "Do, good Mr. Ketch, if you please, tie me up tight; for, if the rope breaks, I'm sure to be drowned, for I can't swim a stroke."

#### GARRICK AND DR. STONEHOUSE.

Dr. Stonehouse is said to have been one of the most correct and elegant preachers in the kingdom. When he entered into holy orders, he took occasion to profit by his acquaintance with Garrick, to procure from him some valuable instructions in elocution. Being once engaged to read prayers and to preach at a church in the city, he prevailed upon Garrick to go with him. After the service, the British Roscius asked the Doctor what particular business he had to do when the evening was over: "None," said the other. "I thought you had," said Garrick, "on seeing you enter the reading-desk in such a hurry. Nothing," added he, "can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into the church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible." He next asked the Doctor, what books he had on the desk before him? "Only the Bible and Prayer-book," "Only the Bible and Prayer-book!" replied the player, "why you tossed them backwards and forwards, and turned the leaves as carelessly as if they were those of a day-book and ledger." The Doctor was wise enough to see the force of these observations, and ever after avoided the faults they were designed to reprove.—*Countess of Huntingdon's Life and Times*.

#### PERSIAN ACCOUNT OF ENGLAND.

Their lights during the night make the day and night to be nearly the same. In all their cities, towns, villages, hamlets, mountains, hills, plains, hazards, and every street, light at night is just as it is in the day-time. This is effected by means of their conducting the light through pipes, as if it were a liquid or water. This they call gas, or what we may call spirit of coals.—*Persian Princess in England*.

#### THE AGHORI.

I had often witnessed, and more frequently read of, the revolting practices of numbers of the countless inhabitants of India, the slaves of a knavish hierarchy; but it was reserved for me this day to discover the extent to which the debasement of man could be carried without the intervention of priestcraft, and which, happily, was too far below the attributes of human nature to be erected into a system. I allude to the Aghori, who finds a place in the interminable nomenclature of Hindu sectarian classification. I may style this outcast of human nature the jackal of his species; but even this midnight reveller amidst graves and impurities is cleanly in his habits compared with the Aghori. The brute would turn away from putrefaction, and refuse to prey on the dead of his own kind: not so the Aghori, by whom a dead man or a dead dog is viewed with equal indifference, or rather appetite; and, disgusting as is the relation, he does not hesitate to feed on the excretions of nature. I had heard that such wretches did exist, not only in the sacred Ahoos, but amidst the impenetrable recesses of the other mountain dedicated to the Jain faith, in the peninsula of the Saurus.—*Tod's Travels*.

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## INFANCY OF NAVIGATION AND WAR.

It is agreed upon all hands that, at least in the Mediterranean, the Phœnicians were the first who attempted long and adventurous voyages, either as pirates or merchants. They found, probably, their earliest imitators amongst the islands and on the coasts of Greece; where, however, the arts of building and navigating vessels appear to have advanced very slowly. We know that the most ancient Greek ships of burthen were flat-bottomed; as were also, perhaps, the public ferries, which plied with cattle and passengers between the islands and the continent. These were half-decked vessels, from twenty to thirty feet long, by about twelve wide; their timbers were bound together by wooden pins, the joints being made water-tight by tow; a rudder was added, a single mast erected in the middle, with a yard-arm for a linen sail, which was managed by means of cordage (if the expression may be allowed) formed of leather thongs. Unless the wind was direct in their favour, they seldom raised the sail; relying more upon the aid of oars, many of which were used not only in transports, but also in those lighter vessels destined for war or general commerce.

The keels of the latter were convex, like those of modern ships, but, like the former, they were usually only half-decked, the remaining space, as far as the prow, being occupied with benches for the rowers. They shaped their course, we need hardly say, by the sun in the daytime, and at night by the constellations. But they usually kept in view of the shore; for, having neither the knowledge nor the hardihood so necessary for the safe pilotage of a bark through the darkness and agitation of storms, they uniformly steered for land at the first approach of a gale, disembarked, and then drew up their vessel on shore, where they remained until the danger was over. Their principal weapons of defence against pirates or enemies were long poles pointed with brass. Amongst the early Greeks, the Phœaciens (inhabitants of the island now called Corfu) are supposed to have been the most expert navigators. It is remarkable, that they still maintain their ascendancy in this respect.

Combat on the sea was but very little practised in the times of which we speak. The poles already mentioned were used in resisting the attempts of the enemy to board. Some skill was required on the part of the assailants, in order to break, or avert, these weapons; when the adversaries grappled with each other in the contest, the falchions and dirks were called into requisition. No results of any importance appear to have been achieved in such conflicts. The fates of cities, and of their inhabitants, were constantly decided either within their own walls or in the plains which adjoined them.

Those cities were, of course, the most liable to invasion which were in the neighbourhood of the sea, and remarkable for their opulence. An enterprising pirate, with a handful of followers, would land suddenly, and rushing into the city before the people had time to arm, would plunder the houses of their richest move-

ables, and often carry away citizens, their wives and children, to sell them as slaves. The repetition of these evils soon taught the Greeks the advantage of surrounding their towns with walls, which they fortified with high towers. They stored these edifices, as well as the interior of the ramparts, with loose stones, which they showered with prodigious celerity and force upon assailants. In order to guard against surprise in a season of danger, they appointed watches, whose duty it was, on observing the approach of an enemy, to sound a trumpet and alarm the citizens. The walls were soon crowded with men and youths; for in those days military duties were not confined to a numbered portion of the community, but all persons contributed; as far as their strength enabled them, to the safeguard of their hearths and altars.

Even where the siege of a town was protracted for a length of time, although decided military habits were necessarily assumed in the course of the warfare, still they never superseded the rights nor extinguished the feelings of a citizen. The combatants followed their own leader—but as his friends and companions in danger, not as his dependants. Hopes of plunder doubtless brought him many associates; personal regard, and the natural spirit of faction which flows from it, many also; but compulsion none. When they took the field, they carried with them their forum, their laws, their judges, and their religion.

The spoils of sacked towns were divided by common suffrage; the question of continuing or raising the siege was submitted to the whole host, assembled in council. It is true that, in all these cases, regard was paid to the dignity of the chief commander; his voice was pre-eminently influential, and nothing was done without his sanction. But though his supremacy was recognised, yet his power was as little absolute in the camp as it was in the council. He was obliged to summon the petty princes of the different bands on every occasion, in order to take their advice upon every movement of an offensive or defensive nature; and the opinions of the majority prevailed against his own. They revered and obeyed him, as far as it was consistent with their notions of freedom, because he was the fountain of honour; and they considered him as entitled to the chief glory of victory, because, in case of reverse, upon him fell chiefly the ignominy of defeat. They acknowledged also the advantages arising from the residence of the supreme rule in one person, but they always took care that that rule should be exercised in a manner which was conformable to the general will, and conducive to the public welfare.

The forces consisted of heavy and light infantry, of charioteers and cavalry. The heavy infantry were armed with spears and falchions; the former being generally of ash, pointed with brass, and the blade of the latter being universally of brass also, for iron was as yet extremely scarce. Independently of their mail, they defended their persons by large oval shields, which reached from the neck to the ankle, and were formed of several hides of leather spread one over the other. Some of the leaders had shields which were fortified on each side by plates of brass or of gold. The shield was supported by a belt, which was passed over the right

shoulder, crossing, on the breast and back, the belt which sustained the falchion in its sheath. On the interior side of the shield there were two small wooden or metal handles, which enabled the soldier to shift its surface to the front or side, or behind him, as his security in action or his convenience in retreat required. His spear he bore in his right hand, to hurl at the enemy with all the strength which he could exert. If it took effect, he instantly took his falchion, and, rushing on the adversary, speedily terminated his struggles for existence. If the spear erred, or only penetrated the shield of the opponent, without reaching his person, then the assailant endeavoured, if possible, to recover it; and if he failed, he either repaired his disadvantage by hurling enormous stones at his adversary, or by manœuvring behind his shield until he induced him to send forth his spear also. Thus they were again on equal terms, and the victory was decided in close contest.

The light infantry were without shields; they skirted the battle with bows and arrows, the points of which were barbed, and sometimes poisoned. Some bands emitted stones from slings, and others flung small javelins, which they drew back by thongs made fast to the weapon. Others used double-edged battle-axes of brass.

The chariots were drawn commonly by two, sometimes by three, very rarely by four horses, and, whatever their number, they were yoked always abreast; a custom which was not without its advantages, where lines or squares of infantry were to be broken. The body of the vehicle was contrived for the accommodation of two persons; one of whom held the reins and lashed the steeds, while the other, who wielded the spear, occupied a larger space behind, that he might not impede or be himself encumbered by the driver.

All were clad in helmets checked with brass; corslets which, with the appendant mail, covered the breast and flanks, and, in some instances, the back; and greaves, which reached from the knee to that part above the ankle where the sandals were bound. The helmets of the leaders were crested with horse-hair, and were in some instances formed of gold, as well as the remainder of the armour, but commonly of brass.

When a general engagement with the enemy was determined on by the chief commander and the princes allied with him, each flew to his own band—whether infantry, archers, cavalry, or charioteers,—and, animating them with all the eloquence of which he was master, he posted them in battle-array on the field. He who led a mingled force of charioteers and infantry disposed the former in front, giving them orders to restrain their horses in line,—not to crowd too much together, lest they should create confusion,—not to advance singly, from too great an eagerness to engage—nor, on the other hand, to retreat partially, thus weakening the squadron. It was particularly enjoined, that if any man was dismounted from his own chariot, and should find an opportunity of ascending the chariot of another, he should never seize the reins and attempt to drive horses which were strange to his voice and management, but grasp his spear and fight from the back of the vehicle. Any other course might be productive of serious disorder. The bravest bands of infantry were drawn up in squares in the rear, forming phalanges with spears protruded; and those of whose courage suspicions were entertained were placed in the middle, between these squares and the line of charioteers.

The forces being once arranged, the leaders left them to their own discipline and might, and advancing in their chariots, or on foot, towards the line of the enemy, gave challenge to the com-

manders to meet them in single combat. It was soon answered from the other side, often accompanied with reproaches; spears were hurled, falchions drawn, and, rushing at each other like lions, their shields and mail resounded under their ponderous blades, until either laid his adversary prostrate. The next movement was to cut off his head, and drag away the body to a distance, that the victor might strip it of the armour as his lawful booty; but this indignity the followers of the fallen chief would endeavour to prevent; the followers of the conqueror would as speedily fly to his support; the conflict would thus become general and desperate, until the prize was borne away by either host. Similar circumstances gave rise to similar engagements in other quarters of the field—chariot fought against chariot—shield clashed with shield—and showers of bows dealt death indiscriminately through the ranks, until night, fatigue, or defeat terminated the battle.

When the adverse host was posted behind ramparts, the strife necessarily became more tedious and complicated. The trench was to be passed—the gates were to be broken in—the towers were to be thrown down—a breach was to be effected in the walls—the lines drawn up, one behind the other, within, to oppose the assailants, were to be successively defeated—while volleys of stones and other missiles were hurled from the tops of the towers, ramparts, and houses, which the assailants returned with diminished celerity and weakened force. In such cases, the enemy storming the town were under many disadvantages; for, although the fortifications were not constructed upon principles of strength or regularity, yet the means of attacking, overthrowing, or mounting them were so feeble and imperfect, that they seldom succeeded.

The struggle was always attended with acts of the most barbarous cruelty on the side of the besieged, and with examples of suffering on the part of the besiegers, which wound up their passions to the highest pitch of frenzy. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if they retaliated, on capturing the place, in a manner equally inhuman. Every man who was capable of assisting in its defence was slain—the houses were plundered and reduced to ashes—the children and women, even while weeping over their bleeding sires, husbands, and brothers, were already apportioned with the other spoils among the invaders, and were led away in captivity to distant climes, where, unless a large ransom was offered, their bondage knew no hope of freedom. Frequently the city itself was levelled with the surrounding territory, and, after the lapse of a few years, no man could tell where it had stood.

Indeed, the whole system of war was one of savage and inexorable vengeance, such as the Indians of America are wont to wage. Quarter was seldom asked, and still more rarely given. Few instances of generous enmity appear, to redeem the horrors by which battles were characterised. Though the heroes affected the palm of imperishable fame, they rarely displayed any military deserts which would entitle their names to remembrance; if their memory had not been embalmed in verse that was destined never to die.

It was not, however, to be inferred, from the cruelty of their warfare, that they were unacquainted with any rules of discipline. The weapons which they used were unfavourable to combined exertion, yet the heavy infantry maintained their positions, or advanced with their leaders to an assault, with considerable firmness and regularity. They had no standards or rallying flags of any description. The chieftain, indeed, was sometimes distinguishable by a purple robe which he wore, and which, in circumstances of the utmost emergency—where his forces, for

instance, were flying in confusion, he stripped off, and waved in his hand, as a signal for their gathering around him.

The trumpet was used as an instrument for propagating alarm in cities menaced with sudden invasion; but it was not yet taught to convey the different orders of a commander. One of the main causes of this was, that the leaders were themselves so much engaged in personal combats with those of the opposing army, that, in fact, they paid very little attention to their followers, and after the first harangue, and a few words of general advice, they had no further orders to give. In a field where no presiding prudence directed the movements of the whole host,—where no plan of action was previously meditated,—and where everything depended, not on skilful manœuvres, but upon the simplest exercise of individual prowess, the trumpet would have been of no use. On the contrary, in such a state of imperfect discipline, it could have been only a source of dismay. They would not have called a retreat, for with regular retrograde movements they were unacquainted, and the leaders permitted nobody to fly but themselves. It was no uncommon thing for even the most distinguished of these to make the best of their way from the field when they were afraid of being overpowered; and such retirements are excusable only in such warriors in whose names the principal strength of the host resided, and upon whose existence the balance of the war depended. The simplicity of the age was too unstately to demand a flourish of trumpets as the signal of a king's approach; the gods alone, when they descended to the field of battle, were thought worthy of such honour, but it was sounded in the heavens.

The camp was composed partly of ships, if the enemy came from over the sea, partly of huts, the sides of which were constructed of planks coated on the outside with mud. The roof was of weeds, rushes, or moss. The tent of the commander was divided into several apartments, and was furnished with couches, tables, places for beds, and warm rugs. Regular sentinels were posted throughout the camp; if an attack were apprehended, the guards were considerably strengthened, and fires kindled, round which, divided into separate bands, and fully accoutred in armour, shields, and spears, they kept watch during the night. Those who were not employed on the night-watch in such cases of alarm, slept in open air before the tents, resting their heads upon their shields, their spears planted in the ground beside them. The leader stretched his mailed limbs on a wild bull's hide, and supported his head on a robe or piece of purple tapestry, rolled up in the form of a cushion.

The manners of the camp were of course essentially different, in many respects, from those of the court. As the supreme chieftain was under the necessity of frequently feasting his princely allies, it may be presumed that his tent was large enough to afford abundant storage for wines, and accommodation for a considerable menial establishment. But the subordinate leaders commonly cooked for themselves, assisted by one or two favourite companions. The ceremonies of the bath, and of cleansing the hands before sitting to table, were dispensed with. The bard also fled the shock of arms, though an accomplished prince would now and then soothe his spirit in the sounds of his own harp; while the soldiers round the watch-fires cheered the night with the shrill notes of the pipe and syrinx. The soft mantle was exchanged for the shaggy skin of the lion, the wolf, the panther, or the leopard. The close cap of ferret or dog-skin, which was usually worn in time of peace and in the idleness of the camp, was removed for the crested helmet. Mars was the god to whom they addressed their vows before rushing to battle; and if they won the victory, they celebrated it in pœans to Apollo. To Minerva they usually dedicated the spoils of an enemy, suspending them as a trophy, sometimes on a tamarisk, sometimes in a temple. In stripping a fallen foe of his armour, they evinced a savage inhumanity; but they almost atoned for it by the devotion with which they defended a slaughtered companion, by the affecting sensibility with which they mourned his death, and by the solemn honours which they paid to his remains.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

### ALEXANDER VOLTA.

ALEXANDER VOLTA, the discoverer of the most wonderful instrument that human intelligence has yet bequeathed to man, the Voltaic Pile, or Galvanic Battery, was born at Como, in the territory of Milan, in Italy, on the 18th of February, 1745. He was educated under his father's eye in the public school of his native city, and at an early period gave unequivocal indications of uncommon endowments. His natural disposition was singularly happy, his love of order was conspicuous, and his application such that he soon outstripped all his school-fellows. Like the illustrious Davy, he paid court to the muses at an early age; whether they smiled upon him we cannot say, for his poem, which was written in Latin, has not seen the light. Some lines on Saussure's ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc, are also reckoned amongst his achievements in verse. Both subjects are susceptible of poetical embellishment by a lively fancy, but still the choice of these themes indicates the bias of Volta's mind to philosophical pursuits. And it is well that this bias prevailed over every other predilection. The world would scarcely exchange the Voltaic Pile even for another "Divine Comedy," or a new "Orlando Furioso."

At the age of eighteen, we find Volta in correspondence with the celebrated philosopher Nollet, relative to some of the most recondite questions in physics. Six years afterwards he had the boldness to encounter the subject of the Leyden jar in the first memoir which he published. This apparatus had been discovered in 1716, and soon excited great attention all over the civilised world. Many were the theories brought forward to account for its singular and astonishing effects; but to Franklin belongs the honour of having explained its mode of action; nor does it appear that the labours of Volta added anything to what was previously known. At the time to which this part of Volta's life refers, (it may be mentioned) the subject of electricity in general was eagerly investigated, and pursued by almost every one who laid claim to the title of philosopher. The field which it presented for experiment and speculation was as rich as it was ample; it had equal attraction for the hoary veteran and for the youthful aspirant. Each new discovery that was made, like a new ascent in the Alps, opened up still more comprehensive views; the prospect expanded with every step that was taken in advance; and, like some newly-settled and fertile country, whoever engaged in its cultivation with proper industry, was pretty sure of reaping an adequate reward. To this subject, accordingly, Volta devoted much of his time. His second memoir, which appeared in 1771, contained a description of a new electrical machine. This treatise is remarkable for the steadiness which the author displays in avoiding systematic generalisation, so fascinating in itself, and so frequently baneful to science. He walks by the light of observation alone in determining the various conditions of electrical bodies,—a restraint the more remarkable from the youth of the author, and from its rarity at the time. It is pleasing to record that Volta's countrymen were loud in the praise of his talents, that he was immediately elevated to the situation of regent of the Royal School of Como, and that he was soon after chosen professor of physics, at Pavia.

The fact that electricity shows itself or disappears in certain bodies when they are separated, or in immediate contact, led to many interesting researches. Volta made it his particular study, and the result was the discovery of the perpetual electrophorus, an admirable instrument, which in the smallest size forms an inexhaustible source of the electric fluid. To the memoir which embodied an account of this invention, succeeded, in 1778, another very important work. It had been previously observed that a given body, whether empty or full, has the same electrical capacity, provided the surface remains constant. But it was Volta who first established this principle upon a solid basis. By his experiments he proved, that of two cylinders having the same surface the one which is longest receives the greatest charge, so that an immense advantage is gained by substituting for the large conductors of common electrical machines, a number of very small cylinders, although, on the whole, these do not occupy a greater space. Thus, in combining sixteen wires of thin plated rods, each one thousand feet in length, we might, according to Volta's theory, form a machine powerful enough to kill the largest animal by its discharge. Not one of Volta's discoveries was the gift of chance—all were the fruit of study. Every instrument with which he

enriched science, existed in principle in his imagination before an artist was employed in its material construction.

In 1776-7, our philosopher was occupied during some months with a subject purely chemical. Yet it was ultimately made subservient to the advancement of electrical science, for which he had the most decided predilection. At this period, chemists having found inflammable gas nowhere native except in coal and salt-mines, it was considered a product of the mineral kingdom alone. But Volta demonstrated that the putrefaction of animal and vegetable substances is always accompanied by the disengagement of inflammable gas; that if we stir even the mud at the bottom of a pool, the gas is disengaged from it, and rises with all the appearances of ordinary ebullition. Thus the inflammable gas of marshes, called in scientific phraseology, *carburetted hydrogen*, is a discovery of the professor of Pavia. Volta pursued the subject further, and was led to a series of discoveries closely related to one another. It was his belief that burning fountains, and tracts of ground which emit smoke and flame, are attributable to the presence of this gas, now shown to be much more widely distributed in nature than was formerly supposed. But he did not hastily resign himself to any theory, however plausible it appeared, from simple analogy; he applied the touchstone of experiment to every hypothesis. Reparing, in 1780, to Pietra Mala de Vellja, he rigorously examined the phenomena of the flaming mountain, which renders that place so celebrated, compared appearances with the descriptions of analogous localities in books of travels, and in opposition to received opinion, established the fact, that these phenomena do not depend upon the presence of petroleum, or naphtha, or bitumen, but upon that of the gas which he had found at the bottom of stagnant pools, and upon that alone. During his researches relative to carburetted hydrogen, he invented firstly, the *electrical gun and pistol*, upon which, however, we need not dwell, as they have passed from the hands of the philosopher into those of the juggler; secondly, the *permanent hydrogen lamp*, much better known in Germany than here, which lights itself by the most ingenious application of the electrophorus; and lastly, the *eudiometer*, the precious means of ascertaining the quantity of oxygen contained in a given bulk of elastic fluid, such as atmospheric air. The greatest philosophers consider Volta's eudiometer as the most accurate instrument of the kind extant. By its aid it has been proved beyond doubt, that under all circumstances, and over the whole earth, on the loftiest summit of the Andes, and in the deepest valley which they embosom, the proportion of oxygen in the atmosphere remains for ever the same.

But we have overshoot some events in the life of this distinguished philosopher. The electric spark was used to set fire to certain liquids, vapours, and gases, such as alcohol, the smoke of a newly-extinguished candle, and hydrogen, but hitherto all these experiments were performed in the open air. Volta, in 1777, was the first who repeated them in close vessels, and to him, therefore, belongs the merit of having first conceived the idea of that apparatus, in which our own Cavendish, four years afterwards, synthetically formed water by combining the two constituent gases, oxygen and hydrogen, by means of the electric spark. Some less important investigations relative to the dilatation of air we pass over, and come to those researches which ultimately led Volta to that capital discovery which has immortalised his name.

Electricity pervades the earth and all substances, but gives no indication of its existence, unless some mechanical or chemical means be had recourse to,—when, however, it is very easily called into activity. We cannot explain why it is roused from its state of quiescence, or indeed what it is, whether a material body penetrating all substances, or merely a property of matter. But an hypothesis of one kind or another is necessary for explaining appearances, and it has been assumed that electricity is a highly elastic fluid, capable of passing through matter with various degrees of facility. After electricity became an object of study with men of science, it was soon observed that bodies in one electric state attract, and in another repel each other. For instance, if a dry glass rod or a stick of sealing-wax, be briskly rubbed with a dry woollen cloth, and immediately presented to any light substance, such as fragments of paper or straw, it will instantly attract them, and afterwards repel them. Hence arose the hypothesis that there are two kinds of electricity, which have been called the positive and negative; referring to the above instance, the glass or wax, after being rubbed, is said to be positively electrified, while the light body is negatively electrified. Whether there really be two different fluids, or the mutual attraction and repulsion of bodies arises from the redundancy of elec-

tricity on the one side, (that of the glass,) or a want of it on the other (that of the straw,) is immaterial, since all the phenomena can be explained by either theory. For measuring the quantity of electricity contained in bodies, a class of instruments called *electrometers* were invented, and which may be briefly described. If two small pith balls be suspended from two threads, whose opposite ends are attached to a conductor which communicates with the electrified body, whatever it may be, then the balls, by becoming themselves electrified, repulse each other, and the distance to which they are separated, constitutes the measure of the electricity which the electrified body contains. Such is the general principle upon which electrometers are constructed, and it is sufficient to state that Volta made some very material improvements on the instrument, although his form of it has been superseded by more recent inventions. The hypothesis which had been advanced, that two fluids were concerned in the production of electrical phenomena, naturally led to the investigation of the source from which they emanate. The problem was an important one; but an experiment delicate although very simple, put philosophers on the way of its solution. In this experiment an insulated vessel, (that is, one placed upon a non-conductor, such as glass,) from which water was evaporating, gave indubitable evidence of being negatively electrified. In explanation of the fact, Volta advanced the doctrine that water passing from a liquid to an æiform state, borrowed not only the heat but the electricity of the body with which it was in contact; namely, the vessel. The electric fluid, then, is an essential part of those great masses of vapours which are continually exhaling from seas and other bodies of water, as well as from the surface of the earth. In rising into the higher regions of the atmosphere, these vapours encounter a cold which condenses them. As they condense, they give out their electricity just as they took it in when they expanded from a dense into a rare form, and the electricity thus disengaged would accumulate to an enormous extent in those upper regions, (for air itself being a very feeble conductor, hinders it from returning to the earth whence it was taken) were it not for rain, snow, hail, and those occasional violent discharges so familiar to us in summer and autumn. Thus, according to the theory here propounded, the electric fluid, which in a thunder-storm shoots like arrows of dazzling fire along the darkened sky,—which gives rise to explosions so tremendous and appalling, and which, in plunging from the clouds to the earth, carries destruction, fire, and often death along with it,—all these terrible phenomena are the inevitable consequence of the simple evaporation of water, a process which goes on so gently and moderately, that it is generally imperceptible to the senses! When we thus compare effects with their causes, it must be confessed that nature often presents the most remarkable contrasts. The hurricane, which sometimes reduces whole islands to a heap of ruins in a few hours, results from a cause as imperceptible in its operation as the evaporation of water, namely, the rarefaction of the air in the equatorial regions. By Volta's discovery a wide field for philosophical speculation was opened up, but this is not the place to pursue the subject further. We have now arrived at one of those rare and important epochs of science, in which a striking and unexpected fact, generally the result of some happy accident, becomes in the hands of genius the source of a complete revolution in science.

"What great events from trivial causes spring!" says the poet; and never was the truth of the saying more strikingly verified than in the immortal invention of the Voltaic Pile. In fact, it owes its origin to a slight rheumatism with which a lady of Bologna was affected in 1790, and for which a dish of frogs were prescribed by her physician. Some of these animals, deprived of their skins, were lying on the table at the time when an electrical machine was accidentally discharged. Although the muscles had not been touched by the sparks, they were strongly convulsed. The fact astonished Galvani, at that time an eminent medical lecturer of Bologna. The accident happened in his house, during his absence: but being informed of it by his wife, he repeated the experiment in a great variety of ways, and at length found, that similar contractions may be produced by interposing one, or, better still, two plates of metal between a muscle and a nerve. Following up his researches, he thought he had proved that positive electricity had its seat in the nerves, negative electricity in the muscles, and that the effect of the metal was merely to restore the equilibrium. These views were plausible, and seduced the public; electricity now took the place of the nervous fluid, which had long been a favourite form of expression for something which was supposed to express the mysterious phenomena of life, although no one had ever yet attempted to prove its existence. In a word, it was now believed that science had at

last obtained that physical agent which carries external impressions to the sensorium! But all this beautiful romance melted away before the searching experiments of Volta. He proved that similar contractions could be excited if we form a connexion between two parts of the same nerve, between two muscles, or between two parts of the same muscle; but to produce the effect two different metals were found to be requisite. He also showed that sensations can be excited by placing a piece of silver on one side of the tongue, and a piece of copper on the other; when their edges are brought into contact, or a connection is established between them by means of a conductor, a peculiar taste is felt, and not unfrequently a flash of light appears to pass before the eyes. The conclusion at which the professor of Pavia arrived was, that the electricity is not derived from the living system, but from the action excited between the metal and the humid animal fibre; that the animal matter acts merely as a medium conducting this electricity, and that the effects result from the electric fluid passing along the nerves and fibres. Although at first strenuously opposed on all hands, Volta remained unshaken in his opinions; and now that a splendid science has been created out of the happy accident of an humble frog lying near an electrical machine, his deductions are proved to be correct.

It was in the beginning of the year 1800, that our philosopher was led, by profound reasoning and ingenious experiment, to the construction of the Voltaic Pile, the most marvellous instrument which the ingenuity of man has invented, not excepting the telescope or the steam-engine. In pursuing his researches, he found that plates of different metals, such as silver and zinc, in contact with one another, are excited, the former negatively, and the latter positively. By interposing between these alternate discs a piece of wet cloth, and by increasing the number of pairs, taking care to connect the extremities, so that the circuit might return into itself, he discovered a method of greatly augmenting the Galvanic energy:—and such was the primitive form of this unrivalled instrument of chemical research. The relative position of the metals was the same in the whole series; that is, if the copper was placed below the zinc in the first combination, the same order was observed in all the others. The opposite ends being differently excited, as we have said, when they were made to communicate by means of a wire proceeding from each, electricity flowed from one to the other in a continued current. If the wires were applied to living matter, sensations and contractions were excited; they also gave the electric spark: in short, the whole phenomena of electricity were exhibited. The instrument in its early form is rarely used, as other arrangements on the same principle are found much more convenient. Volta himself invented another apparatus, which is nearly identical with the Voltaic Battery, now an indispensable part of the furniture of a laboratory. It consisted of a series of glass cups filled with water or a saline solution. In each cup was placed a plate of zinc, and a plate of silver or copper; the plate of silver in the one cup being connected with that of zinc in the other, by a thin slip of metal bent into an arc, and the same order being preserved as in the construction of the pile. Other improvements were rapidly introduced, and the discoveries in Voltaic electricity multiplied with a rapidity, and to an extent which surpassed anything hitherto known in the history of science. The most convenient form of the apparatus is that invented by Cruickshank, and well known by the name of the Galvanic (it ought to have been Voltaic) trough. It is simply a long narrow vessel in which alternating plates of zinc and copper are opposed to the action of a weak acid solution contained in cells into which the trough is partitioned. Three substances are necessary to form a Voltaic circuit, but it is indispensable that one of them should be a fluid. The electricity obtained in this manner is feeble, but it may be augmented to any extent by increasing the number of plates. Metallic contact is not necessary for the production of Voltaic electricity; it is entirely the result of chemical action. The intensity of the electricity is in proportion to the intensity of the affinities concerned in its production, and the quantity produced is in proportion to the quantity of matter which has been chemically active during its evolution.

Some of his biographers have represented Volta as having suffered from enfeebled intellect during the last six or seven and twenty years of his life! But there is no foundation for this charge; indeed it is sufficiently repelled by the fact, that, seventeen years after he had made his immortal discovery of the Voltaic Pile, he wrote two ingenious memoirs, the one upon the phenomenon of hail, and the other upon periodical storms, and the cold by which they are accompanied. Volta was incessantly employed in the duties of his professorship and scientific experiments. He

was one of the most popular lecturers of his time, and attracted students from all parts of the country. His language was lucid without preparation, sometimes animated, but always impressed with modesty and politeness. He rarely stirred from home, and never except when a scientific object was in view. In 1801, at the invitation of Buonaparte, then first consul of the French republic, he repaired to Paris, where he repeated his electrical experiments before a numerous commission of the Institute. It is narrated of Napoleon, that after witnessing the decomposition of the salts by means of the Voltaic Pile, he turned to Corvisart, his physician, and said, "Here, doctor, is the image of life; the vertebral column is the pile, the liver is the negative, and the bladder the positive, pole." The importance of Voltaic researches is not less than it was estimated by Buonaparte; but the results to which it was to lead were of a kind altogether different from those which thus suggested themselves to his mind. It was one of the redeeming points of his character, that he showed much attachment to men of science, and in many instances was their munificent patron. At his suggestion, the Institute voted the Italian philosopher a gold medal by acclamation; and as the great warrior never did anything by halves, on the same day Volta received from the funds of the state two thousand crowns, to defray the expenses of his journey. The first consul further displayed his zeal in the cause of this branch of science, by establishing a prize of two thousand five hundred pounds in favour of the individual who should make a discovery which would bear a comparison with those made by Franklin and Volta. He likewise conferred on Volta the cross of the Legion of Honour, and of the Iron Crown, named him member of the Italian council, and elevated him to the dignity of count and senator of the kingdom of Lombardy. But the philosopher and the politician are incompatible professions. He made no figure in the senate, in this respect falling short even of Newton, who, during his parliamentary career, is said to have spoken only once in the House of Commons; the solitary oration being a direction to the door-keeper to shut one of the windows through which a draught of air was directed upon the person who then addressed the house. Volta, however, never once opened his lips. Profound thinkers are liable to fits of abstraction, which are quite destructive to a public speaker. Newton was remarkable for his absence of mind—so Volta appears to have been; at all events, the following anecdote, related by M. Arago, savours of it:—When in Paris, he was duly seen entering bakers' shops and purchasing large loaves, which he devoured as he went along the streets, without ever suspecting that any one would remark him. He forgot that he was far from the rural scenes of his native Como, and in the heart of the most polite capital in Europe. These traits of the character of great men, although minute, are neither trifling nor uninteresting. Fontenelle has told us that Newton had a thick head of hair, and that he lost only one tooth; and we thank the pleasant Frenchman for his information.

In 1819, Volta retired from all connexion with the scientific world, scarcely admitting to an interview any of the numerous travellers who were attracted to Como by his renown. He expired on the 5th of March, 1827, aged eighty-two years and fifteen days. Volta was tall, possessing handsome and regular features, like those of an ancient statue, with a very large forehead, which profound thought had deeply furrowed. His long life appears to have been almost unvexed by those storms with which humanity is often so rudely assailed. His discoveries certainly created envy; but if, as Franklin says, happiness, like material bodies, is made up of insensible elements, then was Volta happy. He had a difference with Galvani, which was unfortunate. Yet no Italian ever pronounced the name of Volta without profound esteem and respect. Indeed, his countrymen seem to have entertained something like a fraternal regard for him; for, from Roveredo to Messina, he was hailed by the title of *our* Volta. Besides the distinctions which were conferred on him by Napoleon, he was honoured by the different academies of Europe. But these dignities never created pride in him, nor corrupted the simplicity of his character or manners, which retained to the last traces of the rural habits that he had acquired in youth. The desire of study was the only passion which he possessed, and the indulgence of it prevailed upon him pure from worldly contaminations. A strong and quick intellect, expansive and just ideas, and sincerity and uprightness, were the characteristics of the illustrious Volta.

As a discoverer, he is entitled to take a place in the same category with Newton, Watt, and Davy. The chief glory of Davy rests on the application of Volta's invention as an instrument of analysis. To Watt he presents the strongest points of comparison: the fame of the Scotchman is based upon his application of the



principle of latent heat (discovered by Black) in the condensation of steam, and the construction of his unrivalled steam-engine in conformity with this principle. In the same manner, we have seen the discovery of Galvani turned to account by Volta, and an instrument invented which has already explained some of the profoundest mysteries of nature, and will go on to do so: who can assign limits to its powers? The steam-engine has given us control over stupendous masses of matter, and enabled us to combat the elements with success; while the Voltaic battery has reduced these masses to their simple forms, and enabled us to ascertain the nature of the constituent particles of which they are composed. Nothing seems too great for the mechanical powers of the one, or too minute for the subtle and irresistible energy of the other; and he would be a bold theorist, indeed, who would presume to determine how far the influence of either may be extended.

### LECKINSKI'S TRIALS;

A TALE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

THE Duchess d'Abrantes (Madame Junot), in her "Memoirs," gives the following very interesting "trait of heroic fortitude on the part of a young Polish officer." His presence of mind was as remarkable as his courage—if not more so.

"When Murat was in Madrid, he had occasion to send some despatches to Junot in Lisbon. These despatches were of the utmost importance, and all the roads leading from Madrid to the Portuguese capital were covered by guerrillas, or by regular troops commanded by officers who had acted an important part in the Spanish revolution, and who thus composed the army of Castaños. Murat mentioned the difficulty to Baron Strogonoff, the Russian ambassador at the court of Spain, who had remained at Madrid. It is well known that at the period here referred to, Russia was the friend rather than the ally of France, Baron Strogonoff told the Grand Duke of Berg that he could suggest a plan for the transmission of the despatches.

"Admiral Siniavin," said the Baron, "is off the port of Lisbon. Send to me one of the most intelligent of your Polish lancers. He shall put on a Russian uniform, and I will give him despatches for the admiral; you can give him your instructions verbally, and I will answer for it that all will be right, even though he should be taken twenty times between this and Lisbon. The insurgent army is too anxious to secure our neutrality to be the first to create a ground of rupture."

"Murat was delighted with the scheme. He requested the commander-in-chief of the Polish troops, who I think was Kraskinski, to select for him a brave and intelligent young officer. Two days afterwards the Polish commander sent to the grand duke a young man for whom he declared he would answer with his head. He was named Leckinski, and was only eighteen years of age.

"The Grand Duke of Berg was not a little astonished to find the young officer manifest the utmost eagerness to undertake an enterprise of no ordinary peril; for in the event of his being discovered, his fate was certain—and that fate was death. Murat, brave as he himself was, could not refrain from pointing out to Leckinski the danger he was about to encounter. The young Pole smiled and said—'If your imperial highness will give me your orders, I will pledge myself to execute the mission. I thank my general for having selected me from among my comrades, every one of whom was envious of the favour.'

"The grand duke augured well of the young man's courage and intelligence. He gave him his instructions. Baron Strogonoff supplied him with despatches to Admiral Siniavin. The young Pole was equipped in a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal.

"During the two first days he pursued his course without molestation; but on the afternoon of the third day, he was attacked by a party of Spanish troops, who unhorsed and disarmed him, and conducted him before the general commanding the military force of the district. Luckily for the adventurous young Pole, that general was Castaños himself.

"Leckinski was perfectly aware that he was lost, if suspected to be a Frenchman. Consequently, he immediately resolved within himself not to utter a syllable of French, and to speak only Russian and German, which latter language he could speak with facility. The angry imprecations of the troops who conducted him to Castaños, sufficiently convinced him of the fate that would await him should he be discovered. The horrible death of General Reuc, who only a few weeks previously had perished in torture for no other offence than that of attempting to join Junot, might well have shaken his fortitude. Death itself may be braved, but to

meet it by a refinement of torture is more than the bravest man can contemplate with indifference.

"'Who are you?' said Castaños, addressing the Pole in French, which he spoke with perfect fluency, having been educated at Sorbèze.

"Leckinski looked steadfastly at his interrogator, made a sign, and replied in German, 'I do not understand.'

"Castaños himself understood and spoke German; but apparently not wishing to take an active part in the business, he called one of the officers of his staff, by whom the examination was continued. The young Pole gave his answers alternately in Russian and in German, and kept himself cautiously on his guard against dropping a single word of French. He had no easy part to play, for in the little apartment in which the examination took place he was pressed upon by a crowd of persons, all thirsting for his blood, and manifesting a ferocious eagerness that he might be found guilty—that is, declared to be a Frenchman.

"This furious excitement was increased by a circumstance which threatened to involve the unfortunate young man in inextricable difficulty. An aide-de-camp of Castaños (one of those fanatical patriots so numerous in the Spanish war), who from the moment of Leckinski's arrest, had declared him to be a French spy, rushed into the room in which the examination was going on, holding by the arm a peasant dressed in a brown jacket, and high-crowned hat surmounted by a red feather. Having worked his way through the crowd, the officer placed the peasant before the Polish officer.

"'Look at that man,' said he, 'and then inform us whether he is either a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I would swear by my salvation,' continued he, stamping his foot furiously on the ground.

"The peasant for a few moments gazed steadfastly at the young Pole. Then his dark eye kindled, and with a bitter expression of fury and hatred, he exclaimed, '*Es un Frances! Es un Frances!*'

"He related that a few weeks previously he had been to Madrid, to convey some hay; having, in common with all the inhabitants of his village, been required to carry forage to the barracks. 'I know this man,' continued the peasant, 'he is the same to whom I delivered the forage, and who gave me a receipt for it. I stood beside him for nearly an hour, and I know his face well. When I saw him arrive, I said to my comrades, 'That is the French officer to whom I delivered my forage.'

"Castaños probably saw the truth; but he was a noble and generous enemy. It was not by wantonly spilling blood that he wished to cement the edifice of Spanish liberty, which would have risen gloriously and durably had it been left to the management of such men as himself, Romana, Palafox, &c. Castaños possibly perceived that the prisoner was not a Russian, but he dreaded the cruel treatment to which he would be exposed if he were discovered to be a Frenchman. He suggested that he should be allowed to continue his journey; but at this a hundred menacing voices were raised.

"'But,' asked Castaños, 'would it be prudent to expose ourselves to the risk of a rupture with Russia, whose neutrality we have so earnestly solicited?'

"'No,' replied the officers; 'but let it be proved that this man is really a Russian.'

"Leckinski heard all this, for he understood Spanish. He was led out and locked up in a miserable chamber, which resembled a dungeon in the most fearful days of the inquisition.

"At the moment of his arrest, Leckinski had not tasted food since the afternoon of the preceding day, and when the door of his prison closed upon him, eighteen hours had elapsed since he had partaken of any nourishment. Add to this, the fatigue and anxiety he had suffered in the interval, and it cannot be matter of surprise that he threw himself in a state of utter exhaustion, on a mattress which lay on the ground, in one corner of his prison.

"He had been asleep about two hours, when the door of the chamber slowly opened, and some one softly approached his couch. A hand was held before the flame of the lamp, to shade the light from his eyes, and when the hand was withdrawn, Leckinski felt some one tap him on the shoulder, and a sweet-toned female voice uttered the words, '*Voulez-vous souper?*'

"The young Pole, who was suddenly roused from his slumber by the glare of light, the contact of the hand, and the words of the young female, raised himself on his couch, and with his eyes scarcely open, exclaimed in German, 'What do you say?'

"'Send him his supper,' said Castaños, 'on hearing the result of this first trial, and then saddle his horse, and let him continue his journey. He is not a Frenchman. How could he have kept

on the mask, when thus taken by surprise? The thing is impossible.'

"But Castaños did not exercise undivided authority. Leckinski's supper was sent to him, it is true, but he continued in his dungeon till morning. He was then conducted to a place, whence he could see the mutilated bodies of ten Frenchmen, who had been brutally massacred by the peasantry of Truxillo. There, for the space of a whole day, he was left to contemplate death in its most horrible form. He was surrounded by snares—watched by ears and eyes, eager to catch at any unguarded word or gesture. At length, at the expiration of several hours of cruel trial, he was reconducted to his prison, to reflect at leisure on the horror of his situation.

"Gentlemen," said General Castaños to his brother officers, 'I am as fully sensible as you of the importance of preventing communication between the different French commanders, at present in Spain; but in the position in which this officer stands, we cannot treat him as a spy, on the mere assertion of a peasant. The man may be mistaken. He may be deceived by a resemblance; and in that case, we should be murderers. That is not the character in which we ought to show ourselves.'

"It was a cheering relief to Leckinski to return to his prison. For nearly twelve hours he had before his eyes gibbets and mutilated bodies. Though his mind was haunted by horrid images and gloomy forebodings, he nevertheless fell into a profound sleep, for exhausted nature demanded repose. Amidst the dead slumber in which all his senses were lulled, the door again softly opened, a female form approached his couch, and the same sweet voice which had addressed him on the previous night, said in a half whisper—'Rise, and follow me—you are saved; your horse is waiting.'

"At the words, 'you are saved,' Leckinski started up, and immediately recovering his presence of mind, he replied, as he had before done, in German, by the question, 'What do you say?'

"On being informed of the result of this new temptation, Castaños urged his immediate liberation; but his wish was again overruled.

"Leckinski passed another miserable night. At daybreak next morning he was awakened by four men, one of whom was the peasant who alleged he had seen him at Madrid. They had come to conduct him before a sort of court, composed of the officers of Castaños' staff. They addressed to him the most bitter menaces, but, firm in his resolution, he appeared not to understand a word they said.

"When arraigned before his judges, he inquired in German for his interpreter. The latter was brought in, and the examination commenced.

"He was asked what was the object of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He replied by showing the despatches from the Russian ambassador to Admiral Smiavin, and his passport; but for the unfortunate rencounter with the peasant, who had seen him at Madrid, these proofs would doubtless have been satisfactory. However, the young Pole firmly adhered to the account he had first given of himself, and never prevaricated in his answers.

"Ask him," said the president of the committee, 'whether he is friendly to the Spaniards, since he says he is not a Frenchman.'

"The interpreter translated the question.

"Yes, doubtless," replied Leckinski, 'I love and respect the noble character of the Spaniards, and I wish your nation and mine were both united.'

"Colonel," said the interpreter, 'the prisoner says he hates us, because we carry on war like banditti; and he would like to see the whole nation united in one man, that he might annihilate it at a single blow.'

"Whilst these words were uttered, the eyes of the whole assembly attentively watched the expression of the prisoner's countenance, to see what effect would be produced by the infidelity of his interpreter. He stood unmoved.

"Leckinski was prepared for every trial, and was on his guard against the snare.

"Gentlemen," said General Castaños, who was present at the examination, 'it appears to me that there is no ground of suspicion against this young man, and therefore he must be set at liberty, and allowed to pursue his journey.'

"Accordingly, his arms and despatches were restored to him; and the brave young Pole thus triumphantly passed through a series of trials, which required almost superhuman fortitude and presence of mind. He arrived safely in Lisbon, fulfilled his mission, and wished to return to Madrid; but Junot would not suffer him again to expose himself to the dangers he had so miraculously escaped."

## THE DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE dogs of Constantinople may be divided into two classes—the Frank and the Turkish dog. The first class is small, and only to be found in the streets of Pera, or harbouring about the doors of Frank houses and cafés. They appear to be nearly all akin, if not in the direct line, from the English pointer dog, and it has been supposed that some English travellers, who have visited Pera, have either lost their dogs or had them stolen from them, and from these the present race has sprung; as certainly they have not been trained to the field, which I ascertained from several persons who made trial of them. Some of these dogs appear to have a local habitation and a name, as they may frequently be seen sitting in the doorways of Frank houses, to which they have—what is always denied to a Turkish dog—the privilege of an entrée. The greater part, however, like their Turkish brethren, are nameless and houseless wanderers, living and sleeping entirely on the street, or among the ruins of some adjacent building. They are harmless, and do not bark nor snap at the Frank as he passes; neither do the Franks beat or molest them in the smallest degree, but seem rather to regard them as unfortunate strangers in a foreign land; and if one of them should get assailed by a Turkish dog, woe to the assailant if a Frankish stick is near at hand!

The first thing that attracts a stranger on arriving at the capital of the Turkish empire, is the immense number of dogs he meets lying in his way—some in the centre of the street, others right across the footpath, sound asleep, and perfectly unconscious that they have chosen the situation, of all others, that will subject them to most danger. In walking along, a stick is absolutely necessary, in order to make them get out of the way; and in many cases three or four good blows have to be administered, in order to get the lazy cur to move. An Irishman, whose patience had been severely tried during the winter of 1838-39, used to remark, that "they were four-stroke-proof gentlemen"—one blow on the head, to awaken them; another on the legs, to let them feel they were awake; a third on the face, to make them get up; and a fourth behind, to help them to run away.

If a stranger appears in the street in the Frank dress, (and the dogs know a stranger as well as the *préfet de la police de Paris*.) and the dog be not asleep, he instantly sets up a cry, something between a bark and a howl, which soon draws all the other dogs in the vicinity forth, to join in the chorus. Woe to the poor stranger who is annoyed, in walking along the streets of a strange town, with six or eight dogs at his heels, and as many standing on each side of him—his temper will be put sadly to the test. The only remedy is to walk on, apparently unmindful of their attentions, but at the same time keeping a sharp eye upon their movements, until one of them, presuming upon his apparent negligence, more bold than the others, approaches within length of the stick—then let a blow be struck quick and heavy over his enterprising head; if well struck, a howl, such as must be heard to be understood, will follow from the sufferer: this will be caught up in chorus by all the others, and turning tail, the whole pack will each consult his own personal safety in a speedy retreat. If the blow is missed, or not dealt with stunning force, it had as well been left alone, as it will only increase their wrath and boldness. Nothing will drive them away but the howl of pain from some one of their clan, or some native, taking pity on the unfortunate Frank, calling out "Huist! huist! huist!" These exclamations have some magical sound attached to them that I could not understand, as I never yet heard a Turk or a Rayah use them, but the dogs ran away.

As the stranger begins to know the town a little better, the dogs know him also; and if he is liberal in dealing out heavy blows when they are called for, and careful to let the dogs alone when they do not annoy him, he will soon be left in comparative tranquillity; but it is not an uncommon thing for him to have his temper so much ruffled, that he begins to beat every dog which comes within reach of his stick. There was an Englishman who,

during the summer of 1838, adopted the resolution, that whenever a dog barked at him, to strike the next one he came to; and to this plan he stuck so close during his stay, that latterly the dogs gave him no annoyance, and the Turks called him "the dog-bastinating *ghiaour*."

To what particular race these street-dogs belong, it would be difficult to say. They appear to be a mixture of a great many mongrel breeds, but comparatively few of them are what is called the pure Turkish dog. Among the street-dogs, there are no doubt many of what is called the Turkish dog; an animal, though undescribed by naturalists, yet undoubtedly deserving of some attention—but the Turkish dog, in all its purity, must be looked for in the burial grounds, where they bear a proportion of nine to one of the mixed breeds; while in the streets their proportion is not more than one in ten. The street-dogs, or mixed breed, are of all shapes, sizes, and colours; some of them can only bark, others only howl, while there are again some who can both bark and howl. The pure Turkish dogs, on the contrary, are of one uniform shape, and generally at maturity are nearly of the same size. In form, they are like the strong, thick-set Scottish sheep-dogs, remarkably strong in the legs, and very broad from ear to ear; in size, they are rather larger than the shepherd's dogs, and generally of a black or brown-and-black colour; they cannot bark, but howl like a wolf; and, like the street-dogs, can only be put to flight by a smart hard blow—a slight tap is of no use; the blow must be struck with such force as to make the receiver cloquent—when he and his companions will take the hint, and make themselves scarce as speedily as possible.

It would be a matter of great difficulty to arrive at anything like an accurate calculation of the number of these street and burial-ground dogs in Constantinople. I have sometimes counted them in one street, and sometimes in quarters or divisions, at several different parts of the city and suburbs, and from these data endeavoured to come to an accurate calculation; but the sum total has always been such as to make me stagger, and I am almost certain that I will not be credited in stating their number to be about 200,000; though I think this account more likely to be under than above the fact. It may be wondered how so many of these animals obtain food; and I must admit myself perfectly unable to solve the problem, but imagine that the great source of their sustenance is derived from being the scavengers of the city and suburbs, devouring all sorts of filth and dirt thrown out from the houses: they also feed upon such strange dogs or cats, or stray rats, that may fall in their way; for they have all their particular localities, in which they are whelped, suckled, and fed, and in which they live and die. Woe betide the unfortunate dog that strays out of his district into that of another clan! if he escapes being torn to pieces, he will return to his own quarter well covered with wounds. The extent of these canine divisions of the city vary from sixty to two hundred yards in range; in any part of which, a dog appertaining to it is perfectly safe from all attack from his own species, but, if once beyond its precincts into that of a strange clan, the chances are ten to one that he never returns. I have seen many strange dogs get into the neighbourhood of where I lived, but very rarely saw any of them effect their escape. The whole dogs of the district, in such cases, are drawn together by a particular howl or bark, and the intruder being pulled down, is speedily devoured. The cats of the district live on terms of great amity with the dogs, and often may be found sleeping together in the street; but the cat that is imprudent enough to stray along the ground from his own quarter, is soon food for the resident dogs of the district intruded upon. The cats, however, are not often so foolish: if they are inclined to ramble, they do so along the house-tops, as they can do so for miles without any danger; taking the liberty of entering such houses as they find accessible in their stroll, and freely helping themselves, when they can, to the good cheer of the larder.

It is not an uncommon thing, in severe weather, to see the Turks with a bag of coarse bread under their arm, feeding these

animals in the street, although they would not give a morsel of it to a Christian dying of hunger; and there are certain portions of the city where a certain number of dogs are fed every day, by order of various deceased sultans. Connected with all the different barracks there is generally a band of from two to six hundred dogs, who may be seen scattered about the neighbourhood at all hours, basking themselves in the sun in summer, or warming themselves in the snow in winter. When the hour draws nigh for the soldiers' dinner or supper, they will all be gathered together in front of the barrack-gate, as closely huddled together as a flock of sheep, wagging their tails, and looking the very picture of joyous anticipation until the dinner is over; then the cart filled with the bones and cast-away morsels of the soldiers' repast appears—the dogs surround it on every side, and while it is being drawn to the place appointed for tumbling it up, the frenzy is great; but when the emptying takes place, and the precious morsels are scattered on the ground, the excitement is at its height.

One evening last winter, about an hour before sunset, on returning from a walk along with a friend, we saw a crowd of at least two hundred dogs on the hill in front of the artillery barracks, at the north end of Pera; they seemed closely huddled together, but there was a large space in the centre of the crowd, and something occupying it which was the point of attraction. Fearing that it might be some one fallen down unwell, or pulled down by these brutes, we made towards the spot, as by this time we had become so accustomed to the manner of frightening the dogs, that we had no fear. On a nearer approach, we found an old white horse on the ground, and apparently at the point of death—every now and then he was lifting up his head, and gazing on the expectant crowd around him; on which the circle would be considerably enlarged, but the moment his head dropped then they gathered more closely around the horse. If ever there was fear expressed in the eye and countenance of an animal, it was in that of the white horse; for, as he slowly lifted his head from time to time, and gazed around, he seemed as if conscious of the fate that awaited him, and frightened that the dogs would begin to eat him before he was dead. My friend and myself, being provided with two strong oak-sticks, dealt two thundering blows on the skulls of two of the greedy expectants of a feast—they howled fearfully, the others caught up the chorus, and they all set off: the poor old horse seemed thankful, and actually bowed his head as we departed, in token of his gratitude. After we left the scene a few minutes, we looked round and saw the scared dogs stealthily making their way to the place: and on the following morning, about an hour after sunrise, on going to the same spot, all we found of the horse was a part of one of the legs and the hoof—all the other parts were either devoured or carried away; but how the dogs managed to separate the parts I am at a loss to know, as we saw the horse entire very shortly before sunset, and it was not more than an hour after sunrise when we returned to the spot. It is ordered by the sultan, that when a horse, bullock, or any large animal, becomes a prey to the dogs, that a guard be sent, with axes &c. to cut it up, in order that the dogs may the more easily make away with it, and I have frequently seen them doing so; yet in this instance I could not imagine the guard could have known to turn out before sunset, unless they had been watching the death of the horse from the barrack windows.

The dogs in the burial-grounds have also their localities, beyond which they cannot stir without risking their lives. Their food seems to be the dead subjects of the Ottoman Porte; for, although the Turks bury in a coffin, and also batten it down with boards, the body is not more than from eight to twelve inches from the surface of the earth, and easily got at by the dogs, who, on account of the sloping nature of the greater part of the burial-grounds, can frequently enter a coffin without disturbing much of the surface of the grave, and not only find savoury food in the dead Mussulman's tomb, but also cheap and comfortable lodging, if the weather be severe. The burial-ground dog may, on the whole, be said to be better provided against the effects of the weather than he of the street; as the first can at any time find a lodging in some grave that has formerly served him as a dining-room, while the poor street-dog is obliged to content himself by creeping, in the cold nights, as close to the side of the house as he possibly can. It is a very common thing, after a severe night, for an early riser to see in his morning-walk ten or twenty dead dogs; but as the day wanes apace, these disappear. The dead-dog man appears with his donkey—receives a piastre from the unfortunate Frank

near to whose door a dead dog is lying—lifts the defunct upon the back of his ass, carries it off, and deposits it in some locality, where a few other dogs, more hungry than fastidious, soon make upon the carcass a morning repast.

It has been said by many who have visited Constantinople, that these dogs are perfectly harmless, and will not molest the Frank stranger, unless he disturbs them. This remark may have been true at one time, but it is not so now, as no one in the Frank dress is safe to walk in many portions of the city, unless provided with a good stick; of which they seem to have a very salutary dread, and in most cases will be content to bark and howl at it, without approaching within risk of being touched by it. Any person in the Turkish dress, with a fez or turban on his head, needs no stick, as they never molest the Turks; but if a Frank hat or cap is worn, a thick stick is indispensable.

One evening, on coming through the "Petit Champ des Morts," a little before sunset, accompanied by a friend lately arrived, I accidentally strolled on, a little in advance of him: on hearing a howling behind, I looked round, and beheld the gentleman surrounded by about a dozen of these yelping curs. He was dressed with a hat, and wore a blue cloak, but had no stick. He had turned upon his tormentors, and was endeavouring to kick them, but to no purpose. Seeing that he was rather unpleasantly situated, I made the best of my way towards him, but, ere I arrived, they had caught hold of him by the cloak, and pulled him down. The moment I made my appearance, the howling ceased, and the dogs fell back to a respectful distance from the Turkish dress, in which I chanced to be walking. The young gentleman got upon his feet again, more frightened than hurt; his cloak was torn in two or three places, but that was all the damage he had received.

At another period, when coming through the same burial-ground, on the route from Tersana to Pera, about sunset, dressed in a black hat, suttout, and trousers, without any stick, I was suddenly reminded of my position, by a pack of about ten dogs coming after me in full cry. To run would have been bad, and to stand no better; so, occasionally looking round to deter too near an approach, I walked slowly along until I picked up two large stones. The moment the movement was observed, they retired; but I having made a feint of throwing them away, they again approached with a considerable addition to their number. I walked on, and apparently took little notice, until the pack was about three yards from me, when turning round, I threw one of the stones with all my force amongst them: it struck one on the head—he gave a most dreadful howl, and tumbled over; the others set up a full chorus, turned tail, and made off with all possible speed. At this moment eight or ten Turkish women approached, and seeing the animal lying howling on the ground, and a large stone in one of my hands, began abusing me for a *ghiuour*, and saying I had no business to strike the dog; which abuse, though contrary to the laws of gallantry, safety compelled me to return, along with a threat, that if they would not let me quietly pass, I would finish him off with the stone I still held in my hand. They then sat squat down on the bank near to the wounded animal, and began to console it, something after the manner a nurse speaks to a squalling child, and I pursued my way unmolested.

That the Turkish dogs are often annoyed unnecessarily by the Franks, there is no doubt; but, on the other hand, the dogs are often the aggressors, as may be seen from the following instances, many more of which I could give:—

One fine winter day, at the commencement of the present year, when walking on the banks of the Bosphorus, a little below Therapia, along with an Irish artist, we were passing a Turkish guard-house, and talking on some subject which engaged our attention so much that we were not aware there were any dogs near us, when one caught the Irish gentleman by the calf of the leg, and instantly returned to the sentinel's feet. Enraged beyond measure, my friend seized hold of my stick, and flung it so as to strike the dog's legs; it was however too cunning, and evaded him. He was not to be so balked, and lifting a stone about fourteen pounds weight, he struck the dog on the chest: it dropped down, and the Turkish sentinel began to abuse him, and threaten imprisonment if he again touched it. He was, however, in too great a passion to care for a Turkish sentinel with an empty musket, and telling him to look to himself, or he would have a touch at him after he was done with the dog, he lifted up a much larger stone, and killed it at one blow, as it lay gasping for breath.

In the other instance, the aggressor was more fortunate; for, coming along the principal street of Pera, a dog came running out of the ruins of an old building, caught me by the thigh, and tore my trousers. Before I had time to strike him with my stick he

was gone; although a very unfriendly trick, it was a very nimble one. The wound, however, healed in a few days, as all wounds from these dogs do; for hydrophobia is perfectly unknown in Constantinople.

It has been said that there is a penalty inflicted on the Christian who kills a dog; but I have seen many killed, and never saw any notice taken of it, more than a passing exclamation of horror from the passing Mussulman.

A quarantine has now been established at Constantinople, one of the effects of which has been the employment of some thousands of carts and horses, to carry away the filth and rubbish thrown from the houses. Where the poor dogs are to find food, after this infringement of their ancient rights and privileges as scavengers of the city, it is hard to say; but the probability is, that in winter they will die by thousands, from actual starvation. They are perfectly useless, and the board of health applied to the late sultan for permission to kill them; but he would not grant it, as such a proceeding is contrary to the Koran: it is one, however, that has been formerly tried.

In 1613, Nassuf Pasha, grand vizier to Achmet III., transported all the dogs to Asia, and would have had them there destroyed; but the sultan, on consulting the multi, was told that every dog had a soul, and consequently forbade it. After the destruction of the Janissaries, Mahmoud seems to have intended to get rid of them; for he caused an immense number of sausages to be bought, and having poisoned them, gave the dogs a feast. Many thousands were thus killed in one day; but the people murmured so much, that he was afraid to commence a second day's work; he therefore ordered them to be expelled to Asia—but the order was very indifferently executed, and they are now again almost as numerous as during the time of the Janissaries.

In England a dog is a gentleman, compared to one of these poor miserable outcasts, covered with mange and sores, swarming with vermin, and starving with hunger. Verily, no one, until they have seen "the City of the Faithful," can understand in its full force, "I have not the life of a dog!"

#### HEROISM.

In 1706, Turin was besieged by a powerful army of the French, and, though the Turinese opposed to their besiegers the most resolute and skilful defence, and kept them at bay for many weeks, by foiling their attacks with frequent surprises and sorties, and with heavy firing from the walls, yet, at the end of three months, the assailants were so far advanced, that all the defensive fortifications had been mastered, and one alone remained to the Turinese, the capture of which (seemingly probable) would render the citadel and the town incapable of further defence. The governor of Turin, Count Daun, in order to save this last post of defence, and to get rid of a tremendous battery which threatened it, ordered a chosen body of men to approach the battery by undermining the ground, and to destroy it by a subterraneous explosion. The captain of these miners was Pietro Micca. He obeyed Daun's orders with the liveliest solicitude and most unremitting labour, and got so far in undermining the battery that nothing remained to be done but to lay the tram of powder and to set fire to it. When, lo and behold! the occupants of the battery, probably apprised of subterraneous operations by the usual expedient of putting dry peas upon a drum-head, which, by their disquietude, indicate that something wrong is going on below, began to delve and agitate the ground from above in such a manner as to apprise the underminers that they might every minute expect a meeting with the counterminers. The roof of the subterraneous passage shook down so much dust, and brought such unwelcome noises over the heads of the former, as to show that the battery-holders had no mind to be blown up without their own consent. The minutes of the awful crisis soon contracted into moments. For the whole body of sappers to retire without leaving some one individual to blow up the mine, was to give up the whole project. No resource for its success remained but for some one to set fire instantly to the powder in the mine; though this necessarily inferred the death of the firer. Pietro Micca took this task upon himself, and resolved to perish in accomplishing it. He ordered his company to retire. "Remember," he said to them, in a melancholy voice, "to recommend my tender children to the paternal heart of our king: let him be their supporter and father. I die joyfully to serve my country and king." He then advanced to the mass of powder that was to be exploded, set fire to it, and blowing up the battery, expired under its ruins. To this devoted act of Micca, Turin for that time owed its preservation.—*Scenic Annual.*

## ENGLISH PIRATES A CENTURY AGO.

THE same thing that has cleared our roads of highwaymen, has, in a great measure, cleared the seas of pirates—greater facility of intercourse, and prompt means for bringing depredators to justice. There are few parts of the world where pirates can retreat, with any hope of security, for any length of time; and a pirate without his *nest* is just as helpless as the robber without his *den*. But in the early part of last century there were many places which afforded snug retreats for the freebooters of the seas; and as commerce was beginning to be greatly extended, while its *security* was much neglected, there were too many facilities for reckless sailors, impatient of restraint, to run away, and transform themselves into marine tigers and sharks. Our English sailors formed no inconsiderable portion of the pirates of the first half of the 18th century, and their exploits divided the attention of the reading public with those of the highwaymen—the landmen having a Fielding to celebrate them, and versatile De Foe not disdaining to write the “Adventures of Captain Singleton.” Madagascar was a great retreat of the pirate, as it not only afforded them a snug shelter, but enabled them conveniently to molest the East Indian trade.

We have, in a previous Number, (No. 43.) given some extracts from the narrative of Captain Snelgrave, relative to the Slave Trade; and we now proceed to give a few more extracts relative to some English pirates of the early part of the last century. The book is interesting, and we believe very trustworthy; and we introduce the extracts for the purpose of illustrating, how much our *moral* characters are under the influence of human law and human opinion. Had Captain Snelgrave been engaged in the Slave Trade, now-a-days, its risks and its lawlessness would have probably destroyed the natural humanity and considerateness of his character and temper; but being engaged in what was then a reputable as well as a profitable business, he stands out in striking contrast with his unhappy countrymen, who, having put themselves out of the pale of the law, seemed to regard themselves as the antipodes of whatever was decent, just, or good. We are reluctantly compelled to abridge the Captain's account:—

“In the beginning of November, in the year 1718, the late Humphrey Montie, Esq., merchant of London, appointed me commander of the *Bird galley*, and gave me orders to go to Holland, to take on board a cargo for the coast of Africa.” After some stormy weather the vessel reached “the river Sierra Leone, on the north coast of Guinea, where we arrived the first day of April, 1719. We met with nothing remarkable in our passage, except that near the Canary Islands, we were chased by a ship whom we judged to be a *Sallee-rover*; but our ship outsailing her, they soon gave over the chase.

“There were, at the time of our unfortunate arrival in the above-mentioned river, three pirate-ships, who had then taken ten English ships in that place. As it is necessary for illustrating this story, to give an account how these three ships came to meet there, I must observe, that the first of them which arrived in the river, was called the *Rising Sun*, one Cocklyn, commander, who had not with him above twenty-five men. These having been with one Captain Moody, a famous pirate, some months before, in a brigantine, which sailed very well, and took the *Rising Sun*, they were *morooned* by him, (as they call it,) that is forced on board that ship, and deprived of their share of the plunder, taken formerly by the brigantine. These people being obliged to go away in her, with little provision and ammunition, chose Cocklyn for their commander, and made for the river Sierra Leone, where arriving, they surprised in his sloop, one Signor Joseph, a black gentleman, who had been formerly in England, and was a person of good account in this country. This man's ransom procured the pirates a sufficient supply of provisions and ammunition. Moreover, several Bristol and other ships arriving soon after, were likewise taken; and many of their people entering with the pirates, they had, when I fell into their hands, near eighty men in all.

“The crew of the brigantine, who, with their captain, Moody, had thus forced their companions away in the *Rising Sun*, soon after repenting of that action, it bred great discontents among them, so that they quarrelled with their captain and some others, whom they thought the chief promoters of it, and at last forced him, with twelve others, into an open boat, which they had taken

a few days before, from the Spaniards of the Canary Islands, and as they were never heard of afterwards, doubtless they perished in the ocean. After this, they chose one Le Bouse, a Frenchman, for their commander, who carried them to the river Sierra Leone, where they arrived about a month after their parting with the *Rising Sun*.

“At the first appearance of this brigantine, Cocklyn and his crew were under a great surprise; but when they understood how Moody and some others had been served by them, they cheerfully joined their brethren in iniquity.

“On the same day also arrived one Captain Davis, who had been pirating in a sloop, and had taken a large ship at the Cape de Verd Islands. He coming into Sierra Leone with her, it put the other two pirates into some fear, believing at first it was a man-of-war; but upon discovering her black flag at the main-topmast-head, which pirate-ships usually hoist to terrify merchantmen, they were easy in their minds, and a little time after, saluted one another with their cannon.

“This Davis was a generous man, and kept his crew, which consisted of near 150 men, in good order; neither had he consented or agreed to join with the others, when I was taken by Cocklyn, which proved a great misfortune to me, as will appear afterwards; for I found Cocklyn and his crew to be a set of the basest and most cruel villains that ever were. And, indeed, they told me after I was taken, ‘That they chose him for their commander, on account of his brutality and ignorance, having resolved never to have again a gentleman-like commander, as, they said, Moody was.’

“Upon mentioning this, I think it necessary to observe in this place, that the captain of a pirate-ship is chiefly chosen to fight the vessels they may meet with. Besides him, they choose another principal officer, whom they call *quarter-master*, who has the general inspection of all affairs, and often controls the captain's orders. This person is also to be the first man in boarding any ship they shall attack, or go in the boat on any desperate enterprise. Besides the captain and quarter-master, the pirates had all other officers as is usual on board of men-of-war.

“I come now to give an account how I was taken by them. The day that I made the land, when I was within three leagues of the river's mouth, it became calm in the afternoon. Seeing a smoke on shore, I sent for my first mate, Mr. Simon Jones, who had been formerly at Sierra Leone, where I had not; ‘bidding him take the pinnace, and go where the smoke was, to inquire of the natives, how affairs stood up the river?’ but he replied, ‘It would be to little purpose, for no people lived there. As to the smoke we saw, he believed it might be made by some travellers who were roasting of oysters on the shore, and would be gone before he could get a mile from the ship. Moreover, as night drew on it would be difficult for him to find the ship again.’ Thinking his answer reasonable, I did not press him further; though I understood afterwards, there was a town where the smoke appeared. But I did not then in the least suspect Mr. Jones would have proved such a villain as he did afterwards.

“About five o'clock in the afternoon, a small breeze arising from the sea, and the tide of flood setting strong, we stood for the river's mouth. At sun-setting we perceived a ship at anchor, a great way up the river; which was the pirate that took us soon after. The other two pirate-ships, with their prizes, were hid from our sight by a point of land.

“It becoming calm about seven o'clock, and growing dark, we anchored in the river's mouth; soon after which I went to supper, with the officers that usually eat with me. About eight o'clock, the officer of the watch upon deck, sent me word, ‘he heard the rowing of a boat.’ Whereupon we all immediately went upon deck; and the night being very dark, I ordered lanterns and candles to be got ready, supposing the boat might come from the shore with some white gentlemen, that lived there as free merchants; or else from the ship we had seen up the river, a little while before we came to an anchor. I ordered also, by way of precaution, the first mate to go into the steerage, to put all things in order, and to send me forthwith twenty men on the quarter-deck with fire-arms and cutlasses, which I thought he went about.

“As it was dark, I could not yet see the boat, but heard the noise of the rowing very plain; whereupon, I ordered the second mate to hail the boat, to which the people in it answered, ‘They belonged to the *Two Friends*, Captain Eliot, of Barbadoes.’ At this, one of the officers, who stood by me, said ‘He knew the captain very well, and that he commanded a vessel of that name.’ I replied, ‘It might be so; but I would not trust any boat in

such a place ;' and ordered him to hasten the first mate, with the people and arms, upon deck, as I had just before ordered. By this time our lanterns and candles were brought up, and I ordered the boat to be hailed again ; to which the people in it answered, 'They were from America,' and at the same time fired a volley of small shot at the ship, though they were not then above pistol-shot from us ; which showed the boldness of these villains ; for there was in the boat only twelve of them, as I understood afterwards, who knew nothing of the strength of our ship ; which was indeed considerable, we having sixteen guns, and forty-five men on board. But as they told me after we were taken, 'They judged we were a small vessel of little force. Moreover, they depended on the same good fortune as in the other ships they had taken ; having met with no resistance : for the people were generally glad of an opportunity of entering with them.' Which last was but too true.

"When they first began to fire, I called aloud to the first mate, to fire at the boat out of the steerage port-holes ; which not being done, and the people I had ordered upon deck with small arms not appearing, I was extremely surprised ; and the more so, when an officer came and told me, 'The people would not take arms.' I thereupon went down into the steerage, where I saw a great many of them looking at one another. Little thinking that my first-mate had prevented them from taking arms, I asked them with some roughness, 'Why they had not obeyed my orders?' Calling upon some brisk fellows by name, that had gone a former voyage with me, to defend the ship ; saying, 'It would be the greatest reproach in the world, to us all, to be taken by a boat,' some of them replied, 'They would have taken arms, but the chest they were kept in could not be found.' The reason of which will be related hereafter."

[It appears that Jones had a desire to turn pirate ; and, in expectation of meeting with a pirate ship, had been tampering with the men, and had put the chest out of the way.]

"By this time the boat was along the ship's side, and there being nobody to oppose them, the pirates immediately boarded us ; and coming on the quarter-deck, fired their pieces several times down into the steerage, and shot a sailor in the reins, of which wound he died afterwards. They likewise threw several grenado-shells, which burst amongst us, so that it is a great wonder several of us were not killed by them, or by their shot.

At last some of our people bethought themselves to call out for quarter, which the pirates granting, the quarter-master came down into the steerage, inquiring, 'Where the captain was ?' I told him, 'I had been so, till now.' Upon that he asked me, 'How I durst order my people to fire at their boat out of the steerage ? saying, that they had heard me repeat it several times.' I answered, 'I thought it my duty to defend the ship, if my people would have fought.' Upon that he presented a pistol to my breast, which I had but just time to parry, before it went off ; so that the bullet passed between my side and arm. The rogue finding he had not shot me, turned the butt-end of the pistol, and gave me such a blow on the head as stunned me, so that I fell upon my knees ; but immediately recovering myself. I forthwith jumped out of the steerage upon the quarter-deck, where the pirate boatswain was.

"He was a bloody villain, having a few days before killed a poor sailor, because he did not do something so soon as he had ordered him. This cruel monster was asking some of my people, 'Where their captain was ?' So at my coming upon deck, one of them, pointing to me, said, 'There he is.' Though the night was very dark, yet there being four lanterns with candles, he had a full sight of me : whereupon, lifting up his broadsword, he swore, 'No quarter should be given to any captain that offered to defend his ship,' aiming, at the same time, a full stroke at my head. To avoid it, I stooped so low that the quarter-deck rail received the blow, and was cut in at least an inch deep ; which happily saved my head from being cleft asunder : and the sword breaking at the same time, with the force of the blow on the rail, it prevented his cutting me to pieces.

"By good fortune his pistols, that hung at his girdle, were all discharged ; otherwise he would doubtless have shot me. But he took one of them, and with the butt-end endeavoured to beat out my brains, which some of my people that were on the quarter-deck observing, cried out aloud, 'For God's sake don't kill our captain, for we never were with a better man.' This turned the rage of him and two other pirates on my people, and saved my life ; but they cruelly used my poor men, cutting and beating them unmercifully. One of them had his chin almost cut off ; and an-

other received such a wound on his head, that he fell on the deck as dead ; but afterwards, by the care of our surgeon, he recovered.

"All this happened in a few minutes, and the quarter-master then coming up, ordered the pirates to tie our people's hands, and told me 'That when they boarded us, they let their boat go adrift, and that I must send an officer, with some of my people, in our boat, to look for theirs.' Whereupon my first mate, Mr. Simon Jones, who stood by, offered to go ; and the quarter-master telling him, 'He must return quickly, otherwise he should judge that they were run away with the boat, in order to go on shore ; and if they did so, he would cut me to pieces.' Mr. Jones replied, 'He would not stay above a quarter of an hour, but return whether he found the boat or not.' Happily for me, he soon found her, and returned (though it was very dark,) in less time than he had promised.

"Then the quarter-master took me by the hand, and told me, 'My life was safe, provided none of my people complained against me.' I replied, 'I was sure none of them could.'

"The pirates next loaded all their small arms, and fired several volleys for joy they had taken us ; which their comrades on board their ship hearing, it being then very near us, though we could not see it for the darkness of the night, they concluded we had made resistance and destroyed their people.

"It will be proper to observe here, that soon after we had anchored in the mouth of the river Sierra Leone, it became calm ; and the tide of ebb beginning to come down, the pirates cut their cable, and let their ship drive down with the tide towards us, from the place where we had seen her at anchor ; having some time before sent their boat against the tide of flood, to discover us. The ship being by that means come near us, and seeing our lights, without asking any questions, gave us a broadside with their great guns ; venily believing we had destroyed their boat and people. This put the pirates on board us in confusion, which I observing, asked the quarter-master, 'Why he did not call with the speaking-trumpet, and tell their ship they had taken us ?' Upon that he asked me, angrily, 'Whether I was afraid of going to the devil by a great shot ? For, as to his part, he hoped he should be sent to hell, one of these days, by a cannon-ball.' I answered 'I hoped that would not be my road.' However, he followed my advice, and informed their ship, 'They had taken a brave prize, with all manner of good liquors and fresh provisions on board.'

"Just after this, Cocklyn, the pirate-captain, ordered them to dress a quantity of these victuals ; so they took many geese, turkeys, fowls, and ducks, making our people cut their heads off, and pull the great feathers out of their wings ; but they would not stay till the other feathers were picked off. All these they put into our great furnace, which would boil victuals for 500 negroes, together with several Westphalia hams, and a large sow with pig, which they only bowelled, leaving the hair on. This strange medley filled the furnace, and the cook was ordered to boil them out of hand.

"As soon as the pirate-ship had done firing, I asked the quarter-master's leave for our surgeon to dress my poor people that had been wounded ; and I likewise went into the steerage, to have my arm dressed, it being very much bruised by the blow given me by the pirate boatswain. Just after that, a person came to me, from the quarter-master, desiring to know, 'What o'clock it was by my watch ?' which judging to be a civil way of demanding it, I sent it him immediately ; desiring the messenger to tell him, it was a very good-going gold watch. When it was delivered to the quarter-master, he held it up by the chain, and presently laid it down on the deck, giving it a kick with his foot, saying, 'It was a pretty foot-ball ;' on which one of the pirates caught it up, saying, 'He would put it in the common chest, to be sold at the mast.'

"I would not mention such trifling circumstances, but that I judge they serve to show the humours and temper of these sort of people.

"By this time, I was loudly called upon to go on board the pirate-ship. As soon as I came upon deck, they hurried me over our ship's side into the boat ; but when we arrived along the side of the pirate-vessel, I told them, 'I was disabled in my arm, and so desired their help to get me into their ship,' which was readily done. Then I was ordered to go on the quarter-deck to their commander, who saluted me in this manner. 'I am sorry you have met with bad usage after quarter given, but it is the fortune of war sometimes. I expect you will answer truly to all such questions as I shall ask you, otherwise you shall be cut to pieces ; but if you tell the truth, and your men make no com-

plaints against you, you shall be kindly used; and this shall be the best voyage you ever made in your life, as you shall find by what shall be given you.' I thanked him for his good intentions, telling him, 'I was content to stand on the footing he had proposed to me.'

"Having answered all his questions, one of which was, 'How our ship sailed, both large, and on a wind?' I replying, 'Very well.' He then threw up his hat, saying, 'She would make a fine pirate man-of-war.' When I heard that, I must own I could not but be concerned for answering so truly in that particular. But then, considering that some of my people would no doubt have told them the same; and, moreover, my journal, when they looked into it, would have made it plainly appear, which might have proved my destruction, I satisfied my mind with these reflections."

The pirates began a drinking bout, during which Captain Snelgrave's life was in peril, but for the interference and protection of one of them, who had been a school-fellow of Snelgrave's. Next day he was taken on board his vessel, and found wild work going on.

"Soon after we were on board, we all went into the great cabin, where we found nothing but destruction. Two escrutoires I had there, were broke to pieces, and all the fine goods and necessaries in them were all gone. Moreover two large chests that had books in them were empty; and I was afterwards informed, they had been all thrown overboard, for one of the pirates, upon opening them, swore, 'There was jaw-work enough (as he called it) to save a nation, and proposed they might be cast into the sea, for he feared there might be some books amongst them that might breed mischief enough, and prevent some of their comrades from going on in their road to hell, whither they were all bound.' Upon which the books were all flung out of the cabin-windows into the river."

Next night he "slept soundly, having been much fatigued; but I was awakened early in the morning by a great number of Capt. Davis's crew, who came on board to take part of the liquors and necessaries, according to agreement. It was very surprising to see the actions of these people. They and Cocklyn's crew, (for Le Bousse's were not yet admitted,) made such a waste and destruction, that I am sure a numerous set of such villains would, in a short time, have ruined a great city. They hoisted upon deck a great many half-hogsheds of claret and French brandy; knocked their heads out, and dipped cans and bowls into them to drink out of; and in their wantonness, threw buckets full of each sort upon one another. As soon as they had emptied what was on the deck, they hoisted up more; and in the evening washed the decks with what remained in the casks. As to bottled liquor of many sorts, they made such havoc of it, that in a few days they had not one bottle left: for they would not give themselves the trouble of drawing the cork out, but nicked the bottles, as they called it, that is, struck their necks off with a cutlass, by which means one in three was generally broke: neither was there any cask-liquor left in a short time but a little French brandy."

The pirates took several pieces of fine holland, and opening them, spread them on the deck; and being almost drunk, lay down on them. Then others came and threw buckets of claret upon them, which rousing them up, and the hollands being thereby stained, they flung the pieces overboard.

One more instance of the wild conduct of these pirates we must give. On a certain night, "supper was brought up about eight o'clock in the evening, and the music was ordered to play, amongst which was a trumpeter, that had been forced to enter out of one of the prizes. About the middle of supper, we heard upon deck an outcry of fire; and instantly a person came to us, and said, 'The main-hatchway was all in a flame;' so we all went upon deck.

"At that time, besides the pirates' ship's crew, who were mostly drunk, there was on board at least fifty prisoners, and several boats along the side, into which many people jumped, and put off. I being then on the quarter-deck, with the captains, observed this to them; but they, all in confusion, said: 'We know not what to do in the matter.' Upon that I told them, 'If the sober people were allowed to go away with the boats, no one would endeavour to save the ship; and we that were left should be lost,' (for the other ships were above a mile from us, and the tide of flood then ran so strong, that their boats could not row against it to save us). So I proposed to them, 'to fire the quarter-deck guns at the boats that had just put off, to oblige them to come on board again;' which being instantly done, it so frightened the people in them, that they forthwith came back; and all that were able, and not drunk, lent their helping hand to put out the fire; which, by this time, was come to a great head in the ship's hold.

"After this, I went down into the steerage, where I saw one Goulding, who was gunner's-mate, and a brisk active fellow, put his head up the after-hatchway, calling for blankets and water; 'which if not brought immediately, (he said,) the bulk-head of the powder-room would be fired, and the ship soon blown up.' Observing the stupidity of the people about me, who stood looking on one another, I caught up several blankets and rugs, which lay scattered about, and flung them to him, and so did others by my example. Then I ran out of the steerage upon deck, where meeting with some people that were sober, I got them to go over the side, and draw up buckets of water: and others handing them to Goulding, who had by this time placed the blankets and rugs against the bulk-head of the powder-room, he flung this water on them, and thereby prevented the flames from catching the powder, and, consequently, from blowing-up the ship, which must otherwise have happened; for there was then on board at least 30,000 pounds of gunpowder, which had been taken out of several prizes, it being a commodity much in request amongst the negroes.

"There was still great confusion amongst us, occasioned by the darkness of the night, and the many drunken people, who were not sensible of the great danger we were in: moreover, the people in the hold gave us as yet no hopes of their getting the mastery of the fire. So I went again on the quarter-deck, and considered with myself, if the fire could not be conquered, as I could not swim, I should have no chance of being saved; and even those that could, would, I knew, be exposed to be torn to pieces by voracious sharks, which abound in that river; so I took one of the quarter-deck gratings, and lowered it by a rope over the ship's side, designing to get on that, if I should be forced to quit the ship. For though the boats had been once obliged to come back, yet, it being a dark night, some people, unperceived, had slipped away again with them, and were quite gone away.

"Whilst I stood musing with myself on the quarter-deck, I heard a loud shout upon the main-deck, with a huzza, '*For a brave blast to go to hell with!*' which was repeated several times. This not only much surprised me, but also many of the new entered pirates; who were struck with a panic fright, believing the ship was just blowing up; so that several of them came running on the quarter-deck, and accidentally threw me down, it being very dark. As soon as I got upon my legs again, I heard these poor wretches say, in a lamentable voice, one to another: 'Oh! that we could be so foolish as to enter into this vile course of life! The ship will be immediately blown up, and we shall suffer for our villainies in hell fire.' So that when the old hardened rogues on the main-deck wished for a blast to go to hell with, the other poor wretches were at the same time under the greatest consternation at the thoughts of it.

"The apprehension of the ship's being just ready to blow up, was so universal, that above fifty people got on the bow-spit, and spilt-sail-yard, thinking they should there have a better chance for their lives; but they much deceived themselves, for had so great a quantity of powder as was at that time on board, been fired, it would have blown them up to atoms.

"There was one Taylor, master of this pirate ship, as brisk and courageous a man as ever I saw, who afterwards commanded the Cassandra, an English East India ship, and carried her to New Spain, where he and his crew separated. This person, with fifteen more, spared no pains to extinguish the fire in the hold; and though they were scalded in a sad manner by the flames, yet they never shrank till it was conquered; which was not till near ten o'clock at night, when they came upon deck, declaring the danger was over: so the surgeons were called to dress their burns. This was joyful news to us all on deck, for we little expected to escape.

"I shall now relate how this fire happened, from which our deliverance was almost miraculous. About half an hour after eight o'clock in the evening, a negro-man went into the hold, to pump some rum out of a cask; and imprudently holding his candle too near the bung-hole, a spark fell into the hogsheds, and set the rum on fire. This immediately fired another cask of the same liquor, whose bung had been, through carelessness, left open; and both the heads of the hogsheds immediately flying out, with a report equal to that of a small cannon, the fire ran about the hold. There were twenty casks of rum, with as many barrels of pitch and tar, very near the place where the rum lay that was fired; yet it pleased God none of these took fire, otherwise it would have been impossible for us to escape."

Captain Snelgrave gained so much of the good-will of the pirates, that, on leaving the coast, they left him one of their prizes, and he and others arrived at Bristol, in August, 1719.

## INTERNAL COMMUNICATIONS.

It is certainly a very noticeable thing that Brindley, Arkwright, and Watt should have been, not so much contemporaries, as successors; and that the mechanical genius of each should have been employed almost in that successive manner, which we ourselves would have done, had we been wisely contriving the best mode of developing our national resources. Produce is the basis of wealth: but produce derives two-thirds of its value from the facility of access to a market, and the cheapness, as well as easiness, of its conveyance. We were sadly in want of facilities for conveying produce to the best markets about the middle of the last century. Brindley, the son of a poor agriculturist, makes his appearance, and—not invents canals, for “Xerxes the Great” made a canal—but so improves their construction, as to cause all England to be intersected by them in a few years, and thus to open the road to a prodigious enhancement of our national resources. Then Arkwright and Watt—the one a barber, the other an optician—as if they had received special orders, set about their respective improvements—these improvements being destined to multiply our produce indefinitely.

Railroads have somewhat thrown canals into the shade; and if, in the article of speed, railroads could retain an exclusive advantage, then, for a long time, many of them would become, what many canals became, monopolies. But the canals are not disposed to die without a struggle; they are not disposed even to become mere drudges, carrying all the heavy weights, and moving at the rate of four or five miles an hour, while the railroads are flying off with not only the stage-coach traffic, but even the humbler canal passengers. Experiments have been making during several years, with a view of trying to improve the rates of velocity on canals. At slow velocities, the traffic of given weights was found to be conducted on canals more economically than by other modes of conveyance, but at high velocities the economy of the canal disappeared, “even when compared with the motive force required on a level turnpike road.” How then could speed be attained, with any hope of rivalling, in the slightest degree, the swift railroad? The swell of the water, and the damage to the banks, prevented the use of small steam-boats; and horses could not draw boats as fast as coaches. But the obstacles seem likely to be overcome.

“An experiment,” says the *Athenæum*, “has just been made on the Forth and Clyde Canal, in Scotland, which seems likely to be followed by very important consequences, in a scientific as well as commercial view; and to affect seriously the relative value of property in canals and railways. It is well known that there is a system of canal navigation practised on some canals in Scotland, in which light iron vessels, capable of carrying from sixty to a hundred passengers, are towed along by a couple of horses, at a rate of ten miles an hour; and this is effected by what is called riding on the wave. This new system of wave navigation, the theory of which has been fully explained in the reports of the meetings of the British Association, given annually in the *Athenæum*, has hitherto been limited in its use by the speed of horses, and been thrown back into comparative obscurity by the brilliant feats of the locomotive engine whirling its ponderous burden along the iron railway with the speed of the winds. The experiment, however, to which we now allude, shows that the same mighty machine is capable of performing feats equally astonishing in water as in land carriage. A locomotive engine, running along the banks of the canal, drew a boat, loaded with sixty or seventy passengers, at a rate of more than nineteen miles an hour! and this speed was not exceeded, only because the engine is an old-fashioned coal-engine, whose maximum speed, without any load, does not exceed twenty miles an hour; so that there is every reason to infer, that, with an engine of the usual construction employed on railways, thirty, forty, or fifty miles an hour will become as practicable on a canal as on a railway.”

The *Athenæum* (for October 26) gives the details of the experiments; they appear to have been very successful; and there seems little reason to doubt, that, with the aid of contrivances to overcome the impediment of locks, (such as slips of railroad on inclined planes) canal travelling may come to be as swift, and far pleasanter, than railroad travelling.

## JUSTICE AND CHARITY.\*

“There she goes again, kiting off with the beaux, and leaving her children to take care of themselves.”

This was an exclamation of a lady at one of the fashionable watering-places, as she turned with looks of displeasure from a window.

“Who is it?” said a new-comer, approaching the window.

“Oh, it is a Mrs. Langside, who has been here these three weeks, singing songs, roaming the woods, flirting with beaux, and talking nonsense.”

Mrs. Abberville passed to the door to gain a sight of the lady thus described. As she looked out upon the green lawn, she saw her not far off, sitting gracefully upon a horse, her slender and elegant figure set off by a becoming riding-dress, her blue eyes beaming with pleasure, and her cheeks glowing with excitement. As she wheeled her horse, the beauty of her person, her skill in horsemanship, her waving plumes and flowing skirt, constituted a *tout-ensemble* that extorted a universal exclamation of admiration, especially from the gentlemen who were gathered around.

“She is a lovely-looking creature!” said Mrs. Abberville with a sigh, as she seated herself by Mrs. Elton, who had made the preceding remarks; “tell me something more of her; are you acquainted with her?”

“Oh, yes,” said Mrs. Elton, “I have known her from childhood. She was a gay, flighty, good-natured thing, very smart in school, so as to pass for something of a genius. When she went into society, she was quite a belle; and at that time we were very intimate. She married at eighteen, and since then I have heard little of her, except that she has had three children, and was in poor health. A few weeks since, she suddenly appeared at the Springs. But her course here has been so contrary to my notions of propriety, that I have not been disposed to renew past friendship.”

“She looks very young and very amiable,” said Mrs. Abberville; “perhaps she needs a friend to advise her, and perhaps the influence of a friend might save her from these indiscretions.”

“Perhaps so,” said Mrs. Elton, with the indifferent air that seemed to say, “it is no concern of mine.”

“Has she a mother living?” inquired Mrs. Abberville.

“Yes, indeed,” said Mrs. Elton, “and that is the worst of it. She has been brought up to know better, and that is the reason I have so little patience with her. Her mother is a sensible and pious woman, one of the excellent of the earth, and it would grieve her to the heart to see her daughter in such a career as this.”

Mrs. Abberville was one whom sorrow had made wise. She had a gentle and loving heart, united with great delicacy, tact, and discretion. Though not gifted with brilliancy of genius, she had a sound and well-balanced mind, a superior education, polished manners, and an agreeable person. But the crowning charm of her character was religion; not that form of it which is exhibited chiefly by a rigid adherence to certain doctrines, forms, or external religious duties, nor that which is mainly busied with a system of benevolent operations for relieving the poor, or extending Christianity. True, she highly appreciated such efforts, and gave them her decided support; but with her, the primary duties of religion consisted in preserving a meek and quiet spirit amid the daily crosses and trials of life, in efforts to promote the comforts and enjoyment of all in her immediate sphere, in cultivating a charitable and tender spirit toward the erring or ignorant, and in seeking, by all wise and winning methods, to bring every mind within the reach of her influence, under the pervading influence of virtue and piety. She was like the orb of day when veiled by a cloud, imparting comfort and light, unnoticed and unseen.

The next day, as the party at the Springs were gathered in the large piazza, or scattered over the lawn, Mrs. Abberville espied Mrs. Langside sitting at the foot of a tree, her hat thrown aside, her guitar in her lap, while she was carolling merry lays to a troop of young persons scattered around her. Two or three young gentlemen were fluttering about her, while her husband stood by, a silent and gratified admirer.

Mrs. Abberville was near Mrs. Elton, and heard her remark to her next neighbour, “Just look at Mrs. Langside, flirting as usual with the beaux.”

“I wonder her husband is not jealous,” was the rejoinder.

“He is too much of a fool for that,” said Mrs. Elton, “of he would not encourage her as he does in her folly. Only think of her leaving her children all day, and till nearly eleven last night—trooping over hill and dale by moonlight!”

\* From “The Gift,” for 1840.



Then followed various criticisms upon the style of her dress, her conversation, her manners; while her various wild and imprudent speeches were retailed, with more or less exaggeration.

Mrs. Abberville looked on the object of these remarks with deep interest and pity, and, turning to Mrs. Elton, she remarked:

"Poor thing! her head is turned with the attention and flattery she receives; this is not the place for such a one as she. Dear Mrs. Elton, you have the delicacy and kindness which would enable you to play the part of a true friend and adviser. Why not renew your intimacy, and try your influence over her!"

"Ah, you know, Mrs. Abberville, I do not think as you do on such matters. I am utterly opposed to all this system of taking care of other people's affairs, and remodelling and making over other people's characters. I have more than I can do to take care of my own. Besides, I have seen so much of this kind of impertinent interference, that I am disgusted with everything that looks like it. Just look at that prising, dawdling fellow yonder! To him a glass of wine is the signal for a temperance lecture, a pack of cards draws forth a homily, and a cotillon is a text for a sermon; one would think he deemed himself the shepherd and bishop of the whole flock here. Don't you think the fellow had the impudence to draw up to me the other day to inquire into my spiritual concerns?" Here Mrs. Elton put up her pretty lip, and her companions laughed.

"But dear Mrs. Elton, because men and women without refinement or discretion run into one extreme, let us not run into the other. If poor Mrs. Langside were in poverty and distress, no one would be more ready to feel or to aid than yourself. But what treasure is so precious to a wife and a mother as her good name?—what evil to her and her children so great as the loss of it? Now you are just the one who may save her from this evil, for you have the tact, the delicacy, the discretion."

"Good bye, dear Mrs. Abberville, if I stay much longer I fear you will convert me, and I am determined not to be converted."

Mrs. Abberville rose to retire to her apartment. In passing Mrs. Langside's room, the door stood open, and she espied her rosy little ones singing and romping with great glee. A moment after she had passed, she heard a fall, followed by the shrieking of a child. She hastened back, and found that the little boy had pitched over the back of a chair, and, on examination, she discovered that he had probably dislocated his shoulder. Instant despatch was made for the mother and a surgeon, while Mrs. Abberville took the child in her arms, and tried to soothe his distress.

Mrs. Langside came rushing in, with all the anxious tenderness of a mother; and during the scene which followed, till the surgeon had finished his duties, she exhibited such energy, judgment, tenderness, and fortitude, as tended greatly to increase the interest already awakened in the heart of Mrs. Abberville.

This incident was the commencement of frequent visits to the room of Mrs. Langside, who for some days secluded herself from society to devote herself to her child. Mrs. Abberville observed that she was a good manager of her children, that they were always neatly dressed and well behaved, and that a faithful servant was in constant attendance upon them.

Mrs. Langside was one of those transparent, confiding beings, that needs only the touch of kindness to draw forth every thought and feeling.

"Your children look very nearly of the same age; I should think the two eldest were twins," said Mrs. Abberville.

"There is but little more than a year between their ages," said Mrs. Langside. "Oh, Mrs. Abberville, how little young girls understand what is before them, when they enter married life! I have been married only five years, and in looking back it seems to me like an age of suffering and gloom."

"You seem to have emerged out of it with a very light heart," said Mrs. Abberville smiling.

"Yes, and I dare say you and all sensible people think I am a wild, thoughtless, negligent mother. But, dear Mrs. Abberville, you do not know how much I have suffered, and how entirely I have been shut out of society that I enjoy so much—and how I have toiled and watched in my nursery over sick children, when I had not strength enough to take care of myself. This is the first season in which I and my children have been well, and I have come as it were out of a prison-house into this beautiful spot, where nature smiles so lovely, and every one seems so happy. Indeed I do try to behave as I know people think I ought to do, but my spirits are so excitable, and I feel so happy, and all around me are so agreeable and kind, that I cannot keep any of my good resolutions."

"How I wish," said Mrs. Abberville, "that the severe observers around you could know how much allowance should be made for you."

"Then people do judge me, severely?" inquired Mrs. Langside—"what do they say?"

"What should you think they would be likely to say of a pretty woman, who leaves her children a great part of every day, to roam about with young gentlemen?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Abberville, I feel that I have been very imprudent. But really I do not think my children are neglected. I always rise very early and take care of their clothes, and hear them read and recite their lessons, before I go out; and the good woman who has the care of them feels such an interest in them, and is so trusty and discreet, that I have even more confidence in her than in my own abilities. I am sure my children are well taken care of, or else I know I should not leave them."

"I am gratified to find that it is so," said Mrs. Abberville; "I wish you could as easily satisfy me that their mother is suffering no essential injury."

"I do not feel at all satisfied with myself," said Mrs. Langside, "and yet I do not realise any so very great evils that I encounter."

"That's because you do not realise what a suspicious and censorious world you live in, nor how strict are the rules which society imposes on a wife and mother. I do not regret the strictness of those rules, but I do dread the uncharitable and censorious spirit; and when I see a pretty wife and mother, where she is likely to be an object of envy and observation, in the career that you have entered, I tremble for the results, both to her and her children."

"You talk as my own dear mother would. Oh! I know I am not in the right way, and every night when I take up the Bible, her parting gift, to fulfil my last promise to her, I shed bitter tears to think how far I am from the course she would approve. I wish I had a friend to advise me, and to sustain my good resolutions; but my husband is so fond of society himself, and is so pleased to see me enjoying myself, that instead of aiding, he is constantly tempting me. Oh! I am so volatile, and have so little firmness of purpose! Dear Mrs. Abberville, what shall I do? I wish I could live near you, and that you would deal with me just like a mother. I believe you would find me both docile and grateful."

Mrs. Abberville would cheerfully have embraced an opportunity offered with such an amiable spirit, but she was suddenly summoned away to a distant part of the country. About a year after, she accidentally learned, that Mrs. Langside had become a resident of the same city with herself, that she was at one of the large and fashionable boarding-houses, and engaged in a round of company and excitement. She resolved to renew her intercourse, but for several weeks was prevented by various avocations.

One Sabbath morning as she was passing from church, she was joined by a gentleman with whom she had formed an acquaintance at the Springs. After passing the usual compliments, he inquired if she were not an acquaintance of Mrs. Langside. Receiving an affirmative answer:

"I wish you would call and see her," said he; "she is in great distress, and has no relatives, and apparently no very great friends in this place."

"What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Abberville.

"You know, perhaps, the tittle-tattle current at the Springs respecting her general deportment. Since she has been at the Mansion House, where I am a boarder, she has given even more occasion for this kind of scandal. She has been very gay, and often out late at dances and entertainments. Her health failed a short time since; I fear it was the effect of over-excitement and late hours. Her husband, a careless, thoughtless fellow, has been very intimate of late with Dr. Folson, who I think should have been shut out from good society long ago. Mrs. Langside could not have been aware of his character, or she would never have admitted him so freely to her apartments. When she was taken sick, her husband employed him as her physician. Envy and malice were on the alert, and things which with another kind of woman, or another physician, would have been regarded as perfectly proper, have been coloured and exaggerated by the tongue of slander, and disseminated all over the city. These tales have reached her ears in their full measure, and in her debilitated state have agitated and distressed her to such a degree, as almost to shatter her reason. She has no friends here in whom she confides, and her husband told me she was constantly wishing to see you, and yet was not willing to send for you."

"Alas!" said Mrs. Abberville, "the evil has come that I foreboded—I will go to her immediately."

In a few minutes Mrs. Abberville was at the boarding-house, and sent up her name; and shortly Mr. Langside appeared to welcome her.

"Dear madam," said he, "we are in great distress: I fear for my wife's life—I fear for her reason—last night she was in a raving delirium, and I constantly dread its return."

"Let me go to her," said Mrs. Abberville, "it will soothe her to receive the sympathies of a real friend."

Mr. Langside pressed her hand with grateful emotion, and conducted her to his wife's apartment.

In passing through the parlour adjoining Mrs. Langside's bedroom, Mrs. Abberville found her children with their faithful nurse. They were talking in suppressed tones, and looked anxious and sorrowful, except the youngest, who was lisping and crowing in the happy unconsciousness of infancy.

Mrs. Abberville stopped a moment to caress them, and the tears started as they clung around her with that instinctive feeling that draws the young to where gentle and tender sympathies warm the bosom and shine in the face. As Mrs. Abberville entered the darkened chamber, she saw her young friend lying upon a sofa near the fire, her face turned from them. She seemed to be dozing, and as Mrs. Abberville bent over her, she beheld with sadness the inroads of disease and distress on the wan countenance once so blooming and bright.

In a moment or so she seemed to awake—an expression of suffering passed over her face, and soon the tears began to gather under her long lashes, and quietly roll down her cheeks. In a few moments, with an agonising sob she exclaimed, "My mother! oh, my mother!"

It is said that Buonaparte, when he came to the full conviction that his career of glory and power was for ever past, and that soon he must die a solitary exile, turned him on his bed to the wall, and, in a burst of anguish, exclaimed, "Oh, Letitia—my mother—my mother!"

And thus it is with every heart, when it feels forsaken of all the world, then it returns to call for that long-suffering, that never-failing tenderness, which time, nor change, nor even guilt can destroy.

Mrs. Abberville stooped and kissed her cheek. "I will be a mother to you, my poor dear child," said she; and as she received the sufferer into her arms, she laid her head on her bosom, and wept over her with all the tenderness of a parent.

"Oh, kind Mrs. Abberville! how faithfully you warned me! how bitterly I am punished for my guilty neglect! Oh, have you heard all the dreadful things that are said of me?"

"Yes, I have heard of them, but I do not believe a word."

"No, you are too kind, too pure-minded, too full of blessed charity. But the world will condemn me, and I never can live to have such things believed of me. Oh, my poor mother, when she hears it, it will break her heart."

Here she burst into such an agony of weeping, that Mrs. Abberville was alarmed for the consequences.

"Compose yourself, dear child," said she, "I will write to your mother myself, before such vile rumours can reach her. Be thankful that you are innocent; and though for a short time your good name must suffer, yet truth will in the end prevail. Believe me, I will not rest till all that can be done to retrieve the evil is accomplished."

"God for ever bless you, dear, dear Mrs. Abberville! Oh, if my life is spared, and God will grant me his aid, you shall see that I am not ungrateful. I will, indeed I will, become all that you, all that my dear mother, can desire."

"God will give you his aid, if you sincerely seek it; and I doubt not this bitter trial will yet work 'the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' You need quietness of mind; do not let your thoughts dwell on this painful affair any more than you can help. Trust in God, and in the friends he has raised up for you, and all shall yet be well."

After seeing a composing draught administered, Mrs. Abberville departed on her benevolent mission. She first went to a friend of kindred spirit with herself. After consulting together, it was concluded between them, that Mrs. Abberville should quietly investigate the origin of the rumours, learn the exact state of the case, and then that they together should present the case to the principal ladies of the place, and engage them to call on Mrs. Langside, as a testimony to the world that they considered her an innocent and injured woman.

Mrs. Abberville, aided by the gentleman who had first called

her attention to the case, soon secured satisfactory results. It proved to be just such a concurrence of circumstances as would never have injured any woman, whose conduct as a wife and mother had been perfectly consistent. But a case like Mrs. Langside's is a fair test of the amount of charity to be expected from the world in general. A few were found by Mrs. Abberville, who conscientiously cherished that beautiful grace, "which hopeth all things, and thinketh no evil." Such immediately gave heed to her representations, and hastened "to bind up the broken in heart." But such were not to be found among the leaders of *the ton*; and yet it was their co-operation that Mrs. Abberville felt was needed.

Among these was Mrs. Elton, the early friend of Mrs. Langside; and with rather a faint heart Mrs. Abberville first applied to her. Trusting more to the natural kindness of her disposition, than to any principles of justice or charity, Mrs. Abberville gave a simple narrative of the transactions that gave rise to the tales which already had reached Mrs. Elton's ear. She then portrayed the scene of sickness and suffering she had witnessed in so touching a manner, that Mrs. Elton's feelings were greatly interested for her early friend.

"Yes, I will go and see her immediately; and yet—I do not know," said she, as she heard footsteps in the passage, "perhaps my husband will object."

Mr. Elton immediately entered, and his wife stated the case for his consideration.

"No, Mrs. Abberville," said he, with considerable warmth, "I am entirely opposed to countenancing a woman who has taken the course that Mrs. Langside has pursued. It is just what she might have expected. I have no patience with a woman who has a family of little children, that run on in such a career; this retribution is just what she deserves."

"I do not wish to justify Mrs. Langside in anything wherein she has offended. Let public sentiment reprove her for neglecting the duties of a mother, but is it right that she should suffer shame and disgrace for that of which she is entirely innocent? Consider, dear sir, what a calamity it is to a woman of delicacy and refinement, to be the subject of such calumny and suspicion."

"Indeed Mrs. Abberville, how do you know that it is mere calumny and suspicion? I feel no such confidence myself."

Mrs. Abberville then narrated the particulars of the case, which to any candid mind would have proved entirely satisfactory. At the conclusion, Mr. Elton remarked that he was glad that matters were no worse; that he thought Mrs. Abberville very kind and benevolent in her efforts, but that he differed in opinion as to the propriety of attempting to sustain a woman who had given so much occasion for scandal.

"We cannot be too scrupulous," said Mr. Elton, "in sustaining the barriers that protect female purity and propriety, and it is very well for every woman to be made to feel that she must be like Caesar's wife, not only pure, but unsuspected."

"I do not object to this strict measure for my sex," said Mrs. Abberville, "I only wish I could see that it sprang from a regard to justice and the safety of domestic institutions. But, Mr. Elton, do you suppose that if Dr. Ilerton had been Mrs. Langside's physician, instead of Dr. Folsom, that these tales would ever have gained credence?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Elton, "and Langside had no business to have employed such a man for his family physician."

"Then Mrs. Langside is suffering the consequences of Dr. Folsom's past misdeeds and her husband's indifference to what is a woman would banish her from all that makes life valuable."

"There does seem to be a measure of injustice in such cases, but you know enough of the general tendencies of things to be aware, that it is necessary to the interests of society that powerful barriers should guard the domestic purity of your sex, more than of the other."

"Indeed, I see no such thing, Mr. Elton," said Mrs. Abberville. "When a woman is cast down from hope, and honour, and happiness, and when her husband, her parents, and all her family suffer by her fall, is not the one who wrought her ruin the most guilty of the two? Are there any evils that flow from a breach of the laws of God that protect the family state, to be traced to one party more than to the other? Now tell me candidly, Mr. Elton, why should not Dr. Folsom be banished from society, as much and as irrecoverably as the unhappy beings who are partakers in his guilt?"

"He ought to be banished from society, Mrs. Abberville, and I always said so," replied Mr. Elton.

"And yet, did I not meet him here, in this parlour, a visiter to your wife, a guest at your table, not six months ago?"

"True, Mrs. Abberville, you did happen to call, the first and the only time he ever was invited to my house. I was obliged to invite him then, as it was a dining-party given to his brother, and I could not have left him out without a quarrel with the whole of that proud and influential family. I chose the least of two evils, you know. It is wrong, all wrong, I allow it, but you know we cannot alter the customs of society."

"No, we cannot, if men of purity, independence, and candour, will allow an innocent woman to suffer for the guilty, and uphold and patronise the criminal, because his family is rich and influential."

"Well, well, Mrs. Abberville, I see I am getting into a scrape. I just came in for my bank papers, and I cannot stay to argue the case. Good morning."

As Mrs. Abberville rose to depart, Mrs. Elton kindly regretted her husband's unwillingness, and said if she could persuade him to consent, she would immediately comply with her request.

Mrs. Abberville next entered the stately dwelling of the most wealthy man in the place. His wife was an amiable woman, yet very tenacious of aristocratic distinctions, and ambitious of being regarded as leader in the fashionable world. Yet she had paid dearly for her distinction. Her husband, the heir to an immense estate, had gone the whole length of dissipation and vice in youth, and his married life had again and again been disgraced by similar aberrations.

Mrs. Abberville found him sitting in the parlour as she entered, and well knowing how little charity such men ever accord in such a case as this, she gave up the idea of introducing the subject in his presence, when he himself began it.

"And so, Mrs. Abberville, I understand you are patronising our frail little friend, Mrs. Langside: can you satisfy the scruples of the over-strict as easily as you can your own charitable heart?"

"It is a subject on which I feel too deep an interest to be able to joke," said Mrs. Abberville.

"Then you really consider her a persecuted martyr—the gay, sweet little ogler! Well, charity can cover a multitude of sins—that is one comfort. I only wish all sinners had so kind a friend."

"Mr. Merton," said Mrs. Abberville, "I do not consider Mrs. Langside as guilty of what she is charged. She is suffering, as many another woman has done, because there is not moral feeling enough in the community to banish such men as Dr. Folsom from all respectable society. Will you tell me, Mr. Merton, why a man who is author of precisely the same evils, should not receive the same penalty as a woman? Why should not Dr. Folsom, and every other man who has sinned as he has, be cast out as infamous, and live in disgrace all his days?"

This was a home-thrust that Merton was not able to meet. He turned on his heel, rang the bell to hasten Mrs. Merton, and as he was departing remarked, that he should leave her to settle such questions of justice with his wife. "But one thing is certain," said he, "and that is, I shall never consent to have the reputation of my wife employed as a shield for the follies of such a woman as Mrs. Langside."

"And so," thought Mrs. Abberville, as he passed out of the room, "it is such a man as this who constitutes himself the judge of female propriety, and decides that an innocent woman shall lose caste, because she has not kept out of the range of such associates as himself."

Not expecting any favourable results from applying to the wife, after this rencounter with the husband, she shortly departed without mentioning the object of her visit.

In a few weeks Mrs. Langside was restored to health, but so deep was her sense of shame and disgrace, that no inducements could tempt her to appear again in society, and very soon she prevailed on her husband to remove to a distant place, where her name and history were unknown.

A few months after, her mother, Mrs. Stanley, paid her a visit, and a short extract from a letter from her to Mrs. Abberville will close this sketch.

"I found my poor Anna sad and dispirited; but my visit seems to renew her spirits and energy, and on the whole I do not lament an evil from which, I trust, so much good may result. She has laid out her plans for domestic and social enjoyment on rational, and I trust on Christian principles; and I anticipate that soon her warm feelings and active energies will be so happily engaged in the execution, as to render her far happier than she ever found her-

self in her gayest hours. She has tried the world very thoroughly, and I only fear that her disgust may be excessive. This I shall endeavour to prevent. I cannot close without alluding to a subject on which, as you may suppose, I feel most sensibly. There never was a more pure-minded being than my daughter ever has been. Her very innocence and ignorance of the wickedness of the world was one cause of her thoughtless indiscretions. I do not regret the strictness of society in regard to female propriety; but it is because society tolerates among its favourites the vicious and impure, that she has become so great a sufferer. And thus any woman may be brought to suffer, either in herself or in her children, unless our sex take that stand which alone can exact justice and protection.

"I am not an advocate for public movement or discussions on this subject. The thing can be accomplished only by an indirect and silent course. In the first place, mothers must learn to be as careful to cultivate purity of mind in their sons as in their daughters. How often do we hear young men speak of reading books, or visiting scenes, which they would by no means allow their sisters to do! just as if those most exposed to danger and temptation less needed the protection of a pure mind. Would not common sense teach that those most exposed shall be most warily guarded? In addition to this, every virtuous woman should take a decided stand that both sexes shall be treated alike under similar implications. Is it objected, that this would involve the inefficiency of constituting young ladies judges on such questions? I reply, that all that is aimed at can be accomplished in the domestic circle. Every man should be made to feel that his mother, his wife, his sisters, his daughters, would consider themselves as much insulted and degraded by associating with a vicious man, whatever be his rank or claims, as by being associated with a vicious woman. They should claim it as a right, and ask it as a favour, that those of their friends who do have an opportunity to judge of character should protect them from the contamination of vice, which should be regarded as degrading in one sex as in the other. You and I, and every woman who has any influence in society, should employ it to rectify the lax state of moral feeling on this subject; for it is woman alone who can thus redress her own injuries.

"May God bless you for all you have done for me and mine, is the prayer of your grateful friend,  
"ANNA STANLEY."

#### CLIMAX.

I stood in the hall of my father, gazed round on the bare walls and hollow-sounding corridors—I cried aloud, "The friends of my youth, where are they?—where?" and Echo answered, "Really, I don't know."—*American Paper.*

#### RADCLIFFE AND MEAD.

When Dr. Mead was young, and just beginning to be talked of, he was asked to Carshilton (to a club of medical bou-vivants). The object was to make him drunk, and to see the man: this design he suspected, and carefully avoided to fill a bumper when the sign was given. And he so managed as to see all the company retire under the table, except Radcliffe and himself; and the former was so far gone as to talk fast, and to show himself affected by the potatoes. "Mead," said he, "will you succeed me?" "It is impossible," replied the polite Mead; "you are Alexander the Great, and no man can succeed Radcliffe: to succeed to one of his kingdoms is the utmost of my ambition." Radcliffe, with all his bluntness, was susceptible of flattery when delicately dressed up, and this reply won his heart. "I will recommend you, Mead, to my patients," said he: and the next day he did Mead the honour to visit him in town, when he found him reading Hippocrates. Radcliffe with surprise asked, "Do you read Hippocrates in the original Greek?" "Yes," answered Mead, respectfully. "I never read it in my life," said the great Radcliffe. "No," replied Mead, "you have no occasion—you are Hippocrates himself." This did the business for Mead, and it completely gained the blunt Radcliffe; and when he did not choose to attend patients, he recommended Mead, who from that moment rapidly rose in his profession. "This," says Dr. Lettison, "I heard ten years ago from old Dr. Mounsey, of Chelsea, who was one of the party: and since, Crespiigny of Camberwell told me the anecdote of this drinking party."—*Physic and Physicians.*

#### A STRANGE PLEDGE.

One anecdote of Albuquerque is characteristic, not only of the man, but of the manners of those with whom he had to deal. Being in want of an immediate supply of the *primum mobile* to ambition, he coupled his demand upon the city for a loan with the singular pledge of his moustache, which was inclosed in the letter. This guarantee was the most potent he could offer; and if Lusitanian in its origin, was in perfect keeping with the custom of these regions, where honour and the moustache are convertible terms, and stand or fall together.—*Tod's Travels.*

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## A MONTH'S HOLIDAY.

How many emotions of pleasure are excited by the word "Holiday!" What vivid recollections of delight and enjoyment crowd upon our memories when we hear that name mentioned! In that one word, in fact, resides all the happiness of what most people call the happiest period of their lives—namely, their school-boyhood.

Question a dozen men, selected from any class or rank, who have ever gone to school—and who has not gone to some school, of some sort, except, perhaps, the very extremes of rank, the lowest of the poor, or the highest of the rich?—and ask them what portion of life they look back upon as that most enjoyed and regretted, and at least eleven out of the twelve will tell you that it was the time they spent at school. It matters not *where*—they may have been among the many hundred scholars of the aristocratic institutions of Eton, or Winchester, or Harrow,—they may have worn the muffin-cap of a national school, or the *no*-cap of the Blue-coat boys; or they may have belonged to "the academy"—that which inhabited the little white house, in the suburbs of the country town, wherein seven day-boys and five boarders were instructed in a little writing, a little arithmetic, and a little Latin—it is all the same—the happy schoolboy—the thoughtless schoolboy—is always regarded by the *man* as an object of especial envy.

And yet, the life of the schoolboy is full of miseries: there is no pleasure attending the production of the first addition sum, or the earliest blotted copy of pot-hooks and hangers. Bitter tears are shed during the tedious progress through compound multiplication; and there has hardly been one copy of the Eton grammar but could tell, as it fell to pieces at the close of its worn-out existence, of more sighs and sufferings than would furnish a dozen tragedies. The moment of the first departure from home; of first finding one's self left desolate among strangers, is one whose pain is often remembered throughout life—the very restraint, the compulsion to do certain things at certain hours, is also inexpressibly shocking to those expanded notions of liberty which are so universally entertained by boys of nine years old.

But the delightful holiday makes amends for all. The Saturday half-holiday—the Sunday visit to a relation in town—the accidental occurrence of some day of public festival—or the long-looked-forward-to arrival of the periodical vacation, are pleasures of the most perfect bliss. One such day effaces all recollection of weeks of confinement and sorrow; and that period of life is remembered in after years with affectionate regret, not because we were then thoughtless, or young, or school-boys but—because then we could have a holiday.

In after life this enjoyment is often out of our power. The gay and idle cannot enjoy it, because their days are nothing else: these are the people who first experienced *ennui*, and were put to their wits' end for shifts to "kill time." Others cannot, whom circumstances compel to a constant and eager attention to business; and who, even if they allow the body the occasional repose of a day, can never give the mind the unrestrained enjoyment of a holiday from cares and speculations—and these are much to be

pitied. But the soldier and sailor enjoy one thoroughly. The Duke of Wellington has said that the British soldier is a boy all his life long, and Jack is always a merry light-hearted fellow: the lives of both are passed in a state of general and severe restraint, with occasional intervals of unbounded liberty, and thus resembling the schoolboy in their condition, they are often as happy and thoughtless as he.

Another class there is, to whom the holiday is a day of enjoyment; and it is that large class of persons who are what is called "engaged in the city:" who write at desks or attend in offices from nine to six, for some three hundred days in the year. Their occupations may be various. Some may be in the offices of stockholders, in Throgmorton-street, or of barristers, in the Temple, or of merchants, in St. Swithin's-lane. They may be articulated clerks to solicitors in Chancery-lane, or bank clerks in Lombard-street, or part of the eleven hundred belonging to the Bank of England; or perchance, their happy destiny has attained to the favoured regions of Somerset-house, or the still grander Treasury; but each and all are employed in the business of others, which may occupy their time, but cannot be of personal interest; they may be engaged with all their heart and all their soul during the appointed hours; but after these are over, no anxious cares, no sad forebodings, interrupt their enjoyment of the present time. These have a greater respect for Sunday than even Sir Andrew Agnew himself, though they may not always keep it holy in his sense of the word. Christmas-day and Good Friday are especial blessings—and the last rather the greatest—because it can never fall on a Sunday. The decease of a sovereign is not unaccompanied with pleasure, loyal subjects though they be, since no business can be done on the days of the consequent burial and coronation.

But their highest happiness is in autumn, when the days are long and business dull; when the long vacation has commenced, the law courts are all shut, and, to use a common expression, "London is gone out of town." Then arrives the time when a holiday, of a longer or shorter duration, is considered one of their privileges, a right whose discontinuance would be worse than an infringement of the British Constitution: and then young and old, chief clerk and junior, assistant-secretary and accountant, hurry off to catch their annual allowance of country air and welcome relaxation, following the chariot-wheels of those more favoured children of fortune, who have left town some weeks before, and are already travelling in the same pursuit of novelty and pleasure, but are, very probably, not half so successful in the search.

Various are the directions in which they pursue their course, according to the time and finances at their disposal. Some journey into Scotland, and talk largely, on their return, about their exploits while fly-fishing for salmon, or deer-stalking in the Highlands. Others tour and sketch among the Lakes of Cumberland; while many perform a pedestrian excursion through Wales, this having become of late years a favourite country since it has been discovered that the scenery on the banks of the Wye is as fine as that on the shores of the Rhine, and much more accessible. Others visit some

watering-place on the south coast. This, however, is seldom found satisfactory; even Brighton is generally pronounced "dull;" Southampton is better, and Ramsgate, perhaps, best; but the condition of a solitary visiter is very melancholy at these places; he soon gets tired of looking at the fishing-boats and picking up shells, and the best of them become wearisome after a day or two; in fact, no long stop at any place, however delightful, would be endurable: having only a limited time to see the country, he is naturally all impatience to see as much of it as possible, and nothing can gratify him but perpetual locomotion. The sphere of his travels, too, is extending every year. Some three years ago, the cheap fares occasioned by the opposition of rival steam-packet companies caused an immense inundation of these wandering knights of the quill to flow towards Boulogne. It was said that of about eight packets per week, from London only, few left the Thames with less than 500 passengers, and all for Boulogne; while now that a traveller can be booked at the coach-office, in the Regent's-circus, to Paris direct, for twenty-six shillings, many go and spend their month and money in the French capital, the verge of whose furthest adventures, a few years since, was limited by Jack Straw's Castle, the noted tavern at Hampstead.

We expatiate on this subject warmly, because we enter into it feelingly: it is of one of those travellers—of ourselves, that is—that we would speak: and it is just after our return from such a journey in search of pleasure, and from our notes and recollections of our travels, that we have written the present pages. We cannot promise to relate the discovery of anything new—several travellers have already returned from visiting the Isle of Wight, which was the utmost limit of our wanderings: the counties of Hampshire and Somersetshire are also tolerably well known. We have not happened to fall in with any strange animals, or wild savages; nor have we compiled a dictionary of any unknown tongue. All that we can relate is some common observations on common topics; but if these do but give the reader, presently, one half the pleasure that they gave the writer at the time, this will be one of the most delightful narratives that have been published since the beginning of the century.

It was on a Friday morning, and on one of the few warm and fine days which the late ungenial summer has favoured us with, that we first passed through London streets with all the pleasurable feelings of perfect freedom. We proceeded to the coach-office, and as we stood there waiting the arrival of our destined conveyance, we thought that we had seldom seen London look so pleasant. For the last month, while impatiently expecting the day of our emancipation, we had grumbled at everything in town; had found the pavements either too hot or too wet, the smoky air very unpleasant, and the weather abominable. But now, with feelings excited, and gratified by expectations of pleasure, we looked on all around us with a satisfied eye—thought the air, even in London, clear, and the streets splendid. We made, too, many moral reflections on the different sensations experienced, at different times, from the very same objects; and then we thought how delightful it was to feel ourselves at liberty—to know that we were, at least, perfectly free; and then we cast our eyes on our well-stuffed carpet-bag, and felt that we were *not* perfectly free—that there was that one incumbrance, which we could not leave behind, nor yet carry away without a porter; whose preservation was necessary, and yet would be a care. How much happier, thought we, was the condition of the knights of the old romances! These could buckle on their armour, mount their steeds, grasp their lances, and bidding their faithful squires to follow them, journey on over desert plains, for days together, unincumbered with luggage, never eating, never drinking, never sleeping, except on the bare ground; and every now and then falling in with some rival champion or cruel giant, with whom they fought till their armour was cleft and shattered, and the earth all stained with blood; and then, having vanquished, they would ride on, and, perhaps, the same afternoon encounter some new adversary, with their strength as fresh and armour as sound as when they set out! Their powers of endurance also seem most remarkable; any one

of them appeared able to endure, in the morning, a dozen sword-blows or lance-strokes, every one of which would give the best modern hero the head-ache for a twelvemonth; and yet they feasted as heartily and danced as lightly afterwards as if they had merely spent the day in playing at billiards.

But all this while we are waiting for our coach. What can keep it so long? We always thought that our Rapids and Regulators were never out one second in their appointed time, yet now it is two minutes and a quarter past the hour—this is not punctuality.

"Hurrah! here it comes driving up at last!"—but stay, this isn't the coach, there must be some mistake; why this—this is an omnibus! "All right, sir: where's your luggage?" quoth the coachman—no—the driver; there can't be a coachman without a coach—jumping off his little shelf in front. Right! and is it possible? how sadly is it fallen from its former glories. Once it was the dashing four-in-hand, on whose box sat the coachman, as proud of his elevated position as a monarch upon his imperial throne, controlling, with dextrous hand, the prancings of his eager team, who seemed indignant at the delays which kept them from their headlong course; while behind sat the guard, with scarlet coat and trumpet, making the streets echo with his blast of triumph—and now the coach is a long box with two horses; the driver wears a livery, and the conductor a badge! Steam has well nigh annihilated those splendid equipages, as far as London is concerned: on one or two roads, indeed, they may still be found, retaining a brief lease of their existence; but this is only for a time, while tunnels are being excavated, and rails laid down, and their engineers and stokers (as the men are called, who supply with food the appetites of the furnaces) will supersede coachmen and guards, and one pair of drawing wheels perform the office of a couple of hundred horses. In former years there has always been a display of the mail-coaches, on the evening of the day when the horses receive their annual suits of new harness, and the men their new coats; and then between forty and fifty vehicles used to parade down the Strand, all gaiety and glitter—a sight that Englishmen would boast of as without its match in the world. But this year this procession has been abolished: so few mails are now left in existence, that to parade the small remnant would have been like publishing our misery to the world, and the mortifying spectacle was very properly spared. Next year there will be fewer still, and never, we fear, can we hope to see their departed glories return again.

These sad reflections were still further embittered by our feelings of present and personal mortification. We remembered the number of times when we had proudly mounted the roof of a coach, which bore the words "Edinburgh," or "Exeter," emblazoned in glittering letters on its crimson panels, conscious that we were then established for good, till coach and ourselves had arrived safely at our destination; and knowing, besides, that every one must see that we were going a long journey. But now we crept out of town, sitting twelve in an omnibus, as if we were taking a sixpenny ride from the Bank to Paddington! There was, however, no help for it; and as we threaded the winding streets which had to be traversed before we could reach Vauxhall, we comforted ourselves by the reflection, that though the appearances were so much altered, yet the reality remained the same, and that we were not the less going a long journey, because the first two miles were travelled in an omnibus.

We were disinterred from our burial in the long coffin, as the "Bus" is commonly called, at the terminus of the London and Southampton Railway: or, rather, to give it its more recent name, the *South-western* Railway, for the company of shareholders have extended their plan, and do not mean to limit their ambition or their railway, at Southampton, and have accordingly re-christened their undertaking. The buildings at the terminus, the offices and entrances, are of a far less splendid appearance, as far as relates to ornament and architecture, than those of the London and Birmingham, at Euston-square; and small blame to the directors for it, since the erecting a grand edifice at Vauxhall would have been a needless and inconsistent expense: placed so far out of town, and in a district that was once, if we may believe the records of antiquity, little better than a marsh, and is still damp and swampy; where it would have presented a very incongruous appearance, as compared with the low houses and narrow streets in the vicinity, and not being conspicuously situated, would have been little seen by any except those who go there for the purpose of conveyance; and these have seldom much time for architectural criticisms. It is the very principle of railways to do

everything at the most high-pressure velocity. Not only minutes, but moments, are of importance in their calculations of time; every motion must be as rapid, and every arrangement as prompt, as possible. There is little time allowed for preparation, and none at all for ceremony. One minute and three quarters are considered ample time to emerge from your omnibus, enter the office, procure your tickets, walk to your train carriage, get pushed in first and locked in afterwards, and then the bell rings and you are off. There can be no shaking hands out of the coach-window—a last farewell would be drowned by the screech of the steam-whistle—and if you put your head out, to nod an adieu, why your hat is blown off, and then it is lost; for how could you lose three miles of road, stop nineteen carriages, and 400 passengers for the sake of a hat? the thing is quite ridiculous.

There has been as much talked and written about railways and steam locomotion, within the last ten years, as on any subject, perhaps, that was ever started. More money has been spent, or is spending on them, than on any one object since the last war: and as an inevitable consequence of any topic exciting a great interest throughout a whole nation, a vast amount of exaggeration has found its way abroad, and has sometimes exerted a large and improper influence over public opinion. The railway system has found friends and enemies, both of whom have committed great excesses in the eager advocacy of their respective opinions; and from both has the system suffered. The effect of *over*-statements can never be otherwise than pernicious. If the exaggeration be of a hostile character, it excites some under prejudice against the best-devised plan; but if the reports of a friend or favourer be high-coloured and untrue, the effects are still worse; as these will, if discredited, bring ridicule on the scheme, or, if believed, will raise too high the expectations of advantage, and afterwards incur the natural consequences of falsehood, when men find their hopes deferred and their trust deceived.

Some writers, to whom this has been a favourite topic for dissertation, have expatiated upon a vast variety, and an incalculable amount of benefits which must result from the universal introduction of steam locomotion, and have indulged in numberless high-flown rhapsodies upon the happy state to which society will attain, when that object is accomplished. They have represented this whole island as then forming one large city, every one of whose millions of inhabitants has become the near neighbour of all the rest, and can be conveyed with almost the speed of thought to wherever his presence may be desirable. Where every occurrence is known in all parts as soon as it has happened; where every fact is published, as soon as it is discovered, every new improvement in the arts and sciences, every further addition to the dominion of human knowledge—let them be produced at whatever spot, or by whatever individual—are transmitted by an almost miraculous intelligence through the whole community; and as everybody will then know everything, it follows that the nation will be vastly improved, and the march of intellect proceed at double quick time. And this is one side of the question.

On the other, we cannot find that any word of universal condemnation has been uttered. There has not appeared any one bold enough to say that the whole system is injurious to the nation, or that the ultimate effects will be other than beneficial. But numberless objections are discovered in the details, and never-ending complaints made of sundry inconveniences attending this mode of travelling. Several of these good people have found that it will quite destroy the fine breed of horses, for which England is now so celebrated. Others, that the men for whom roads and coaches have hitherto found employment will be disbanded by hundreds, to the great increase of that distress which has given rise to Chartism. Some lament bitterly over the loss of so much good land, when the green meadows are cut up and covered with iron-rails, or begrimed with smoke and dust from the engines; and grieve that convoys of waggons and crowds of citizens should invade scenes hitherto acquainted only with pastoral simplicity. Another set of writers argue, on financial grounds, on the ruin that must attend the projects where expense is so recklessly incurred, without reasonable expectation of return. Indeed one of these finance philosophers we have known assert, that the expenditure of so many millions annually, as these erections are occasioning, will produce very dire consequences on the commerce of the country; that if they had been the gradual growth of half a century, they might be the signs of national prosperity, to which they would contribute; but as the hasty production of a few years, they will be ruinous. Now it seems reasonable to argue, that if anything be advantageous to be done, it cannot be a disadvantage that it

should be done quickly; and that the spending large sums among those who want it most, the lower and labouring classes—for it is into the hands of these that the greater portion finds its way, and immediately too—cannot be of harm to the country. Such, surely, seems a correct view of the question, as far as a common intellect can comprehend it.

However, we must stop now, as the subject has occupied us too long already; it is also too dull to be talked about on a holiday, and too abstruse to be discussed while whirling in a steam-carriage at five-and-twenty miles an hour. We will, however, just record here our own private and particular opinion on the relative advantages, or the reverse, of railway travelling, as far merely as comfort and convenience are concerned.

Seriously, then, as travellers in search of pleasure, we cannot say we like the new as well as the old conveyances. The noise is much worse; with the engines clanking and coughing, the steam hissing, and some eighty or a hundred wheels rolling round, and rumbling over the iron-rails. The effluvia from steam and fire, and heated oil, even though there is no smoke, is eminently disagreeable. The jolting, too, is greater, that is, in the same time; we allow that in travelling a hundred miles, the four-in-hand stage-coach endures as many bumps, and as much shaking, or perhaps more, than the train-carriage; but then in the former all this concussion is distributed through a period of ten hours, while in the latter, the whole is to be endured in four, and so must appear more severe. Then you cannot look about you so well. In the first-class carriages you are locked up in a box, lined with cushions, whence you can see nothing but two straight lines of wall running past you at a giddy rate of motion. The second-class carriages are open, cold, and draughty, where the rain comes splashing in, and now and then a spark from the engine—and if you put your head out, while going at speed, you cannot bear to look the wind in the face for half a minute. And the road is not so pretty. There are no green hedges by the way side, with roses growing in them, and no white-washed cottages, where the children are playing before the doors. Sometimes the height of the embankments over which you are carried makes you almost giddy; a deep cutting, too, is unpleasant; and a long tunnel altogether a bore. However, some of these grievances will diminish in course of time, custom will render us less giddy, and sensitive; and, certainly, when hedges have grown and superseded walls; when the slopes are covered with turf and flowers, and the works have lost a little of their too fresh and evident marks of the trowel and the pick-axe, something more may be said than we can now say in their favour, on the score of picturesqueness.

One feature of this mode of travelling, that strikes very forcibly him who tries it for the first time, is the rapid change in the nature and appearance of the scenery through which he passes. He has been accustomed to the common road, which generally proceeds at the usual level of the country; and moving comparatively slowly, he sees the aspect of the land before him some time before he reaches it, and finds it gradually alter as he goes on. But in the steam-carriage, moving so rapidly, and following a road which keeps an almost undeviating level, he finds the scene change before he can look at it; and the whole character of the earth vary according as the position of his level is relatively altered. At one moment he is passing over a wide common and going seemingly on the dead level of the ground; the next, the earth appears to have fallen away from him, and he is passing, as it were, hung in the air, over a deep valley; all at once he shoots under a bridge, whose sides and arch resound with echoing roar the rush of the train, almost stunning him with the noise, and when he looks again he is passing through a deep cutting, with banks so high as to shut out the view of the heavens; gradually they get higher, and the road looks gloomier, till, in another instant, he has entered a tunnel, and is enveloped in total darkness, except when a solitary light seems to fly past him, as he whirls by a lamp. Then he makes another sudden dash into the bright sunshine, and is passing on a narrow path built through a lake, whose waters appear almost under him; on the other side he encounters a hill which has been cut in two for him to go through, and whose riven crest appears some hundred feet above him, while its width seems hardly four yards—but is, most likely, a quarter of a mile—and then he is on an embankment built over a broad and cultivated valley, whose rivulet and meadows stretch far beneath him; while a clustered village, with its ivied church, on whose highest steeple he looks down, are in the distance—church and village and all looking no larger than the miniature erections of a baby-house.

## MR. NIBLO, THE BASHFUL LECTURER.

From childhood I was a passionate lover of science. I tore my drum to pieces to examine its internal mysteries; my kites were the envy and wonder of my schoolmates, so trimly were they cut and so nicely balanced; and as they soared above all others I felt an exaltation, a prophecy of eminence. My greatest delight was in chemistry; it even rivalled the love I felt for a fair little girl, a blue-eyed neighbour, who loved me in spite of my soiled face and dyed fingers. She was a singular contrast to the young experimenter, whom she occasionally honoured with a visit in his would-be laboratory; for there was a purity in her air as if no stain of earth could dwell on her; the rose-tint on her cheek paled off to a transparent white around her chin and throat; her pencilled eyebrows lay in light arches on her serene forehead; her flaxen hair fell like a fleecy cloud over her cambric dress which emulated snow, and her hands—how like unsunned alabaster they gleamed beside mine!

It was her habit frequently to peep into my laboratory and ask her sweet questions about the mysteries of my craft. One day she advanced further than usual; tucking aside her snowy dress, and stepping on tiptoe for fear of soiling her trim white stockings, she stood amid my crucibles as unharmed as asbestos in a flame, her light waving hair falling backward, and her blue eyes up-turned in pretty curiosity. I had been preparing oxygen gas from chlorate of potash, in a small glass retort over an Argand lamp, by which method it can be obtained much purer than by any other. The operation was successfully proceeding, and as the steady flame of the lamp continued to evolve the gas, it gradually escaped through the neck of the retort, and rose in brilliant globules under the water in which the receiver stood. Intensely occupied in watching the decomposition of the salt, I started at the sweet tone of her silvery voice, and as I eagerly advanced towards her, with my eyes grimed and beared with smoke and heat, and extended my stained hand to welcome her, the flame unnoticed rose too high, the glass shivered into fragments, and the hot contents fell hissing around her. She shrank back to avoid the broken pieces, when a curl of her beautiful hair caught in the blaze of a lamp near her. My first impulse was to throw over her a diluted solution of nitrate of silver (indelible ink).

The flame was instantly extinguished, but such an object as the poor child presented! The fast blackening liquid dripping from her fair locks, and ran down her face and garments even to the little foot that had just before trod so daintily. The lovely girl's self-possession vanished, and, roaring with terror, she flew from the apartment, alarming the neighbourhood with screams. This was her last visit to my laboratory, or even my home; she became shy and avoided me. I soon entered college, and when I returned, four years after, my blue-eyed beauty was a bride.

My absorption in technical books began to give an awkward and restrained tone to my manners and conversation, while a want of sympathy with those around me made me unsocial; a burning love of science, however, and a hope that I might individually enlighten the world, buoyed me up with a silent kind of vanity. With these feelings I saw my home. What wonder that I should rush to my little laboratory with intense interest! Parental fondness had kept the spot sacred; there stood the furnace and the crucibles, and placed neatly on one side of the apartment, the nameless articles I had used as expedients in my experiments, abstracted from the kitchen and store-room, for which I had been sometimes punished and sometimes praised. There was the very spot, too, on which my first love had been inundated with that fatal nitrate.

I smiled, but it was sadly; and as I began in earnest my more manly and scientific arrangements, I almost hoped such blue eyes as hers might look on me again. But I soon forgot that vision; and from that period my whole soul seemed centred in this apartment. I rushed to it with the first dawn of light, and the bright lamps of heaven were forgotten for its fitful rays. Such strong and passionate love cannot long keep within a narrow channel; it will burst forth, and fertilize or destroy. Without power to utter in conversation the deep stirrings of my thoughts, I resolved to lecture, to throw myself on the public; it seemed to me that I should be stimulated by numbers, and I was confident that in a mixed audience some hearts would beat responsive to the enlightened hopes of mine. Confirmed in this opinion by the advice of my family, I commenced writing a course of lectures on chemistry. I had never tried my powers of elocution beyond the college walls, and the themes there having no immediate interest for me, were sufficient excuse to my mind for any deficiency of grace or power.

The moment I began to write, an ambitious thrill ran through me, and I poured out on paper paragraphs that I thought would go with the force of light and sound through my audience.

The morning of the day on which my introductory lecture was to be delivered arrived. I read and re-read the advertisement inserted by my father, until I trembled and glowed like a girl. I revised my lecture for the last time, and inserted here and there slips of paper, containing additional notes.

The evening came, and I stood before a crowded audience of partial townsmen. If my readers are interested in this moment, they will like to know my appearance. I was twenty-four years of age, spare and of middle size, pale, with somewhat sharp features; my eyes were always thought remarkable; they were of a light blue, of a singularly piercing expression, so penetrating that they often attracted attention in a crowd, and yet, strange to tell, I could never fix them on a woman's face. I felt like a startled deer when a woman's eye met mine; but this peculiarity was compensated by quickness of motion that made me see without seeming to observe. My hands were delicately formed, and my thin hair was scattered on a high forehead. I had read my lecture frequently aloud in my own apartment. I had half fancied that the walls shook under the power of my language, and that the spirits of Bacon, Priestley, Lavoisier, and Black were bending down in angelic sympathy. Thus prepared, I stood before the audience, but in how different a frame! As I glanced round, I felt myself the merest atom. I forgot the bow that I had made twenty times before my mirror; my eyes began to swim, my teeth to chatter; the rustling of the first blank leaf that I turned sounded like thunder. I began to speak; my voice seemed to have descended two feet in my system. I lisped, I mumbled out one page, two pages, without raising my eyes; then came a reference to one of my interlocutory notes; it had slipped out, I could not find it. In searching for it I lost my place, began three wrong sentences, and attempted to extemporize. It was in vain; and crushing my manuscript in my hand I retreated from the hall, hurried through the streets, and locked myself in my own chamber. There I trod the floor like a frantic man, until tears, gushing freely as a school-boy's, came to my relief. I left my native town the next day.

But better hopes came over me. I condemned myself for attempting a lecture without experiments; they would have aided me, I thought. Attention would have been drawn away from myself to them, and I gradually came to the resolution of pronouncing the same course of lectures among strangers, with whom I flattered myself I should be more at ease. With this view I visited a neighbouring city, and, without delivering letters or seeking patronage, issued an advertisement. Of all seemingly simple things, an advertisement is the most difficult and perplexing. To advance one's claims sufficiently without an air of self-importance, to combine one's meaning in a few words, and those few the right ones, is no small task. Few who glance over the columns of a daily print, are aware of the waste of paper, the biting of nails, and the knitting of brows that have attended the concocting of those concise looking squares.

My advertisement appeared.

"Mr. Niblo, from Homertown, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Cityville, that he proposes commencing a course of Lectures on Chemistry and kindred subjects, illustrated by various interesting experiments, beginning with an introductory essay, on Thursday evening, which will be gratuitous."

There was no trick or cant, no forced comet-tail of patrons' names following the announcement. My hearers would come from the pure love of science. I breathed hard, but commenced conveying my apparatus to the lecturing-hall. On the way I broke a retort of great value and rarity. The two next days were employed in vain endeavours to supply its place. Every lecturer will sympathize with me in the horror I felt at the prospect of saying to my audience, in the midst of a brilliant experiment, "this *should* be so and so, ladies and gentlemen," instead of "this is." In the meantime I was stimulated and comforted by the daughter of my hostess, an intelligent girl, who possessed that class of frank bright manners, that save a bashful man an effort, and insensibly put him at his ease.

Lucia Breck had just past her girlhood; without laying aside her simplicity. Her feelings and thoughts gushed out like a full stream; they were scarcely wise thoughts, but I delighted in their freshness, and if ever she bordered on silliness, a just taste brought her back again. Her eyes were dark and glittering, and her brown hair lay smoothly on her forehead. Her rounded form spoke of youth and health, and her cheek was mottled with

"eloquent blood." Impetuous and self-confident, she sometimes startled those who loved her, who forgot how soon the world trammels the exuberance which to me was delicious from its spontaneity.

I scarcely knew how, but Lucia was often by my side, aiding me in my preparations, and chatting away without looking at me. Her needle was usually in her hand, and she seemed to talk as much to that as to me. Thursday evening arrived. Lucia, sweet creature, sprang about like a fawn; her eyes glittered with expression, and her jests and laugh rang out like silver bells. We went with her mother to the hall. I had visited it repeatedly by daylight, but never at night. As we entered we were struck with "the dim disastrous twilight." A few tallow candles, like sleepy sentinels, were placed in tin hoops against the walls, and two ornamented the desk where I was to stand. Who has not felt the chill of a badly lighted apartment, as the forms glide in and out like spectres? As it was too late to remedy the evil, my object was to attract immediate attention to the experiments. The stillness was awful, broken only by the tinkling of the glasses in my trembling hand.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said I, "observe this receiver. It is filled with a very peculiar gas. It has hitherto borne the name of oxymuriatic acid gas, but you will perceive its pale yellow green colour, which has gained it from Sir Humphrey Davy the name of chlorine. I shall insert this small piece of phosphorus into the vessel, and you will perceive an instantaneous and brilliant combustion." Alas for me, I had forgotten in my hurry that chlorine is rapidly absorbed by cold water, and I had been so long detained by the slow dropping in of the audience, that the water with which I had filled the pneumatic cisterns was entirely chilled. I might have noticed that the gas had disappeared, but for the dimness of the light. Ignorant of this, and too much embarrassed to feel if the water were warm or not, I desperately inserted the slight stick of phosphorus, expecting the usual brilliancy to ensue, which I had a thousand times admired. In vain; and dark and quiet all remained. This was a sad failure. My assumed confidence vanished, and I stammered out a few words, endeavouring to explain. The audience, disappointed as they were, were too good-natured to manifest any strong signs of disapprobation.

I determined then to recover my fast sinking credit, by a very beautiful and critical experiment of the union of the gases which are the constituents of water. Oxygen and hydrogen gas in their proper proportions had been prepared beforehand, in a tall glass tube. The wire from the Voltaic battery had been introduced, and I flattered myself there could be no failure here. Again I called the attention of my audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to show you an interesting and exceedingly beautiful experiment; you know what are the constituent parts of water; they are mixed in this tube"—(here I held up the tube, apparently empty, but filled with the invisible gases,) "in their proper proportions and gaseous form; I shall explode them by a spark from the battery, and you will see a small portion of water produced by the reunion of the gases." Unfortunately, in replacing the tube, I permitted the gases to make their escape. Unconscious of this, I applied my freshly charged Leyden vial to the Eudiometer. A spark shot from one wire to the other across the tube, but no explosion followed.

The audience looked and listened with all their might; nothing was visible but empty vessels; my trembling touch had caused the gas to escape, and the experiment was a nullity. Some lecturers possess the happy faculty of filling up such awful failures with fluent remarks or jests; but I was overwhelmed, and as the tube, freed from its pent-up gas, shook in my trembling hand, my heart sank within me, and I dashed it away. Just at this crisis I heard an hysterical giggle from Lucia. I was angry enough to have put her into the air-pump.

Utterly defeated in this effort, I turned my attention to the electrical machine. My audience gathered in a circle hand in hand. I applied the battery. Not a start—not an exclamation! My wires were as innocent as lambs; my audience looked at me with eyes between curiosity and ridicule, and retired to their seats, and again Lucia's involuntary laugh met my ear. At this crisis one of those annoyances, commonly called a thief, took possession of one of my tallow candles. It sank rapidly, until the flame reached the paper which enveloped it at the socket. I had no extinguisher, and was obliged to stop in the middle of a sentence to puff and blow at the increasing blaze. I forbear to describe the utter *forlornity* of my feelings and appearance, as I stood before the upshooting rays of that dying candle! I dismissed my audience, and almost clutching Lucia's passive arm, returned home.

It was necessary that an effort should be made to secure an audience for the next lecture after this failure. I laid aside my noble disdain of patronage, and examining my letters of introduction, selected those which were addressed to the most influential persons, and calling on them, requested their advice. I was courteously received by all, and allowed to use names at discretion. Friendly hands greeted me, and cordial bows dismissed me with wishes and prophecies of success. I inserted costly advertisements, with the formerly despised *comet-tail* of patrons, and determining that the hall should be well lit, spared no pains or expense for the perfect illumination. Lucia was sure that all would go off well.

"You wanted nothing but light," said she, "to have made the last lecture capital: besides, people knew that the matter of an introductory lecture will be repeated in the course, and they are less anxious to attend. I am sure I saw Mr. —, and Mr. —, in one corner on Thursday, but then it was so dark. But dear Mr. Niblo, we will have a glorious time to-morrow!"

"Sweet Lucia!

The evening came. I started with Lucia on my arm, ten minutes before the time. We saw the brilliant lights of the hall sparkling up as we turned the square, and they burst upon us as we entered the hall, while the polished brass of my apparatus shone in their beams.

"Give me a front seat," whispered Lucia, "where I can see and hear without being crowded."

I seated her, and went behind the desk to look for the hundredth time if all was in order. The clock struck eight, the appointed hour. No one appeared; twice I was deceived by the door-keeper's reconnoitring. Quarter past eight. Not a soul. I could not look at Lucia. Half-past eight. An old gentleman entered, and took his seat at a distance. He blew his nose. Mercy, how it reverberated! Another quarter of an hour elapsed. I dismissed the old gentleman, who claimed his money of the door-keeper, and Lucia almost led me home.

A few of my acquaintance rallied; they knew that my expenses had been great, and by dint of puffing and appealing, with a promise that I should exhibit some transparencies, a lecture was got up by subscription. A breeze was given by some leading people adding their names, and on the first of March, 18—, I stood before a full and fashionable audience. My experiments were brilliant, and Lucia's eyes were as bright as phosphorus. Applause ran through the apartment at my success: I forgot my diffidence, threw by my notes, and poured forth the titillate to science which had been burning like silent fire in my bosom.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," I said, in a voice of unhesitating dignity, "let me call your attention to a beautiful experiment, which, though of secondary importance in science, is still attractive, like the gem which glitters over the brows of the fair." With this flourish I directed their attention to a union which I was about to make of nitrate of ammonia and chlorine, and which I expected would prove a very beautiful experiment, but which requires peculiar care; for after being together for some time, a highly explosive substance forms, which detonates with great violence upon the contact of any oil. Unfortunately, a small portion of oil adhered to the rod which I introduced, and a most terrible explosion followed. A jar of sulphuretted hydrogen stood near, and its contents were liberally diffused, filling the room with appalling odour.

Splinters of glass with the coloured mixture spurted around the apartment. In an instant the jetty broadcloth of the gentlemen, and the rich silk of the ladies shared a common fate; groans of fright and disgust, screams and laughter, mingled discordantly; friend scarcely recognized friend, as the vile preparation adhered to their faces. I flew to Lucia; her new bonnet, her only silk frock, were ruined. As we walked home in silence, her good nature was fairly overcome, and when we reached the door she flung herself angrily from my arm, exclaiming, that she "wished chemistry was in the Dead Sea." I said Amen, and retreated to my chamber in despair.

I am far from wishing by the above narration of my calamitous *début* as a lecturer, to intimidate others. Many years have rolled away since that disastrous experience, and crowded audiences have testified to my success. The name of Dr. Niblo is not unknown in foreign academies, while he reaps at home the advantages of a successful professorship; while another Lucia, a pretty fairy, with eyes like her mother's, and the same round and merry laugh, wipes his spectacles and hangs upon his arm.

From Mrs. Gilman's *Tales and Ballads*.



## THE COCA CHEWERS OF PERU.

WE have introduced Pöppig's "Travels in Chili and Peru" to the notice of our readers on one or two former occasions, by translated extracts; we now present them with his graphic description of the Coca Chewers of Peru.

The country about Pampayaco is nothing more than a wilderness, consisting chiefly of mountains covered with thick forests, in which civilised man has either never taken up his abode, or has only passed through without leaving any trace behind. The peculiarity of the climate, which is hurtful even to the native Huanucos, and the almost impassable state of the roads, would, it might naturally be supposed, have frightened away the colonists; but the profitable cultivation of a plant which only thrives well in that country, has attracted numbers to the spot, and given a value to the land which seems quite incompatible with the surrounding wilderness. This plant is the far celebrated Coca, of which so many erroneous accounts have been propagated, from ages past to the present time, and which, as an indispensable article of consumption to the Indian of the Andes, and an object of extensive cultivation to the colonists, merits the utmost attention.

The Coca (*Erythroxylon Coca*) is a bush from six to eight feet in height, with small white blossoms and pretty green leaves, and to an unbotanical eye it might almost be taken for a common black-thorn. A large plantation of it has a very beautiful appearance, though not quite so much so as a field of coffee kept clean; as the very frequent gathering of the leaves of the Coca often causes the shrub to look withered, and a long time elapses before it can again assume its green attire. These leaves, which are gathered and dried with the greatest care, form an extensive article of commerce, and this use is as old as the first dawning of Peruvian history: because the rude primitive people received it from the Cadmus of their lofty mountains of Titicaca, and wherever the Incas afterwards penetrated, they distributed the Coca among the conquered inhabitants as a precious gift. The intoxication produced by this plant, is, however, like that from opium, of the most unsociable kind; the Indian stretches himself out in the shade, and alternately puts in his mouth a few leaves of the Coca, and a little finely powdered lime. Here he remains in silence, unwilling to be disturbed by speech, and whiles away half an hour swallowing the juice extracted from the masticated leaves, and renewing them from time to time. In however great a hurry the traveller may be, neither his signs of impatience, nor even the dread of an approaching storm, can succeed in rousing the Indian from his stupor; and if the white man were to attempt to restrain his Indian guide in this enjoyment he would soon find himself deserted; as the Indian would much rather relinquish his daily food, than submit to a prohibition of the free enjoyment of his Coca. This enjoyment unfortunately is only perfect in quiet and retirement; and as it disappears while walking or riding, if the traveller wishes to keep his conductor in good humour, whether in a boat or mounted on a mule, he must make up his mind to stop to allow him this gratification four times a day: and this sacrifice of time the landed proprietor is obliged to make to his labourers. The taste for Coca generally increases with years, whatever bad consequences may ensue. At first one is struck with astonishment at so extraordinary a prepossession in favour of a leaf; which, whether green or dried, has but very little perfume, is not balsamic, and in general has only a grassy, or at best a bitterish taste; but the wonder disappears when we ascertain, from observing its effects, that it has the same kind of effect on the nervous system as opium. The American Indians, and particularly those of the Andes of Peru, are haunted with a kind of foreboding of their own unimprovable condition, and they therefore hasten to relieve themselves from such melancholy feelings by the use of stimulants. This not only accounts for their use of Coca, but also for their unlooked propensity for spirituous liquors, which is so great, that there is scarcely another nation on the face of the earth to be compared to them. Coca is the source of the greatest enjoyment to the Peruvian; because, while under its effects, he is relieved from his accustomed melancholy, and his soothed imagination presents to him scenes, which in the usual course of things he can never hope to enjoy. If Coca does not possess the same degree of over-exciting power

which opium is known to do, it has sufficient to be doubly dangerous in its effects; because, although it is weaker, its effects last longer. Strangers are astonished to witness the innumerable diseases with which the various classes of the Peruvians are attacked, and which they are far from attributing to the indulgence in Coca; but a glance at a suffering *Coquero* (a name given in Peru to those who indulge most in Coca) gives the wished for explanation. Unfit for all the purposes of life, he is more the slave to his passions than the drunkard; and his kind of enjoyment renders him also in much greater danger. As the charm of the Coca can only be felt in full force when the powers of the mind are suffered to be perfectly at rest, the true *Coquero* retires to the solitary darkness of the wilderness as soon as the necessary occupations of the day are over, or as an irresistible desire to enjoy this kind of intoxication seizes him; and if night come on while he is in the forest, he remains stretched out under the tree which he had chosen, and without a fire for protection, he hears with indifference the snorting of the approaching ounce, the roaring thunder among torrents of rain, or the terrific raging of the whirlwind which is tearing up the trees by their roots. Here he often remains two entire days, and when he retires homeward, it is with sunken eyes, pale and trembling, the ghastly victim of an unnatural enjoyment. Whoever encounters the *Coquero* in his state of felicity, and, in spite of his love of quiet and retirement, ventures to disturb him by conversation, destroys the effect of the inebriating Coca, and is sure to be repaid by the hatred of the prostrate victim. Whoever is once seized with a passion for Coca, and has opportunities for indulging it, is sure to be undone. Most melancholy accounts are told in Peru of young men of the best families, who, by accident having visited the forests, and tasted the Coca merely to while the time away, had contracted a taste for it, and from that time abjuring the civilised world, as if seized by an evil enchantment, had refused to return to the towns and villages.

The inhabitants of Peru are continually finding runaway Europeans in the remote places with the Indians; and if, notwithstanding their tears, they forcibly convey the fugitives back to their civilised homes, they will never remain there: their hatred for the regulated forms of the town is always in proportion to their love for Coca, which can only be enjoyed by leading a savage life in the wilderness; they therefore withdraw the first opportunity that offers itself, degrading their whiteness, which is the natural stamp of a higher order; and by the unlimited enjoyment of the exhilarating leaf of the Coca, unworthily sink into the state of half savages, and fall a prey to untimely death.

These and similar facts were communicated to me by the most respectable inhabitants of Huanuco; and they also informed me that when the sons of white families had been brought back to their homes by force, they declared that they would rather die than lose the enjoyment of the Coca. I met with a similar example in Pampayaco. An inhabitant there, of the name of Calderone, a white man, and of very good family, had lived in the mountains for twenty years, and had become more like a savage than a European. Although scarcely forty years of age, he had the outward appearance of a man of sixty, and was totally unfit for any useful occupation, as his words could never be depended on. Like all Creoles, he was very proud of being white, but an enemy to all kinds of restraint, so that the mere idea of living in a town was painful to him. Being a true *Coquero*, he was only manageable when plentifully supplied with the intoxicating plant; but when it was no longer to be found, he disappeared into the woods, and returned in the course of several days, drunk and disfigured. As he was passionately fond of hunting, I found him of some little service, and the use of my gunpowder (not to be procured there) obtained me his greatest confidence. He was generally good-humoured; but when blamed, his anger was raised to the highest pitch. How often has he assured me, that he would much rather live for months (as he had done) among some Coca bushes, and support himself by fishing and hunting, than return to his family at Huanuco! His description of the beautiful visions that appeared to him in the night in the forests, and the state of his feelings while they were visible, produced on me a truly agitated sensation. When rain came on, he covered his half-naked body with the leaves that fell from the trees, and assured me that when they began to steam by the heat of his body, he could remain so for hours, without feeling the least degree of cold.

The exhilarating principle in the Coca is of a very evanescent nature, and dried leaves a year old are unfit for use. Even when fresh, as the testimony of the *Coquero* and experiments made by others prove, a great quantity is necessary in order to produce an effect of inebriation. Besides the undeniable influence which the Coca

produces on the nervous system from the mastication of the leaf, it has properties which are injurious in a smaller degree. When heaps of the leaves are warmed by the sun's rays, they emit a very strong smell, resembling that of new hay, in which there is a great proportion of cloves; and in that state the natives never permit strangers to sleep near them, as the most severe headaches ensue. When in but a small quantity, or after the lapse of a few months, the Coca has no longer any smell; and the more this is the case, the less power has the leaf. A stranger on tasting the Coca, whether green or fresh, or withered and a year old, thinks it has a grassy taste; which no doubt was originally the case with the Peruvians, as they always use a small quantity of quicklime with it. This powder, which would burn the lips of a stranger unused to take it, gives, according to the opinion of the natives, the true taste to the Coca. When it is chewed, the saliva becomes green, and an infusion of the leaf in water produces the same colour. I tasted the infusion, and found it had an insipid and grassy taste, but that it perfectly corresponded in its exciting powers to the wonders related of it. It occasioned the greatest uneasiness all the evening; restlessness and want of sleep; and in the morning, though its other effects were diminished, my appetite was gone. An English physician, Dr. Archibald Smith, who had a sugar plantation not far from Huanuco, once tried a weak infusion of the Coca as a beverage when he was quite out of Chinese tea: but he was seized with such unpleasant symptoms of nervous excitement, that he never made a second trial of it. When the use of the Coca is carried to the highest pitch, its fatal effects become visible, not only on the body, but on the mind and moral principles; as we find that but little confidence can be placed on the word of an intoxicated Coquero. Persons addicted to the use of Coca might attain the age of fifty if the plant were taken in moderation; but the oftener they indulge in it, and the warmer and moister the climate is, the sooner will its destructive powers begin to operate. The Indians, therefore, of the cold and dry regions of the Andes live longer when addicted to the use of the Coca, than the inhabitants of the warm forests, who enjoy a higher degree of excitement.

The first bad symptom that regards the health of the Coquero, is weakness of the digestive organs; and by continued or increased excess, a disease makes its appearance which is generally found to be incurable, and to which the Indians give the name of *Oplacion*. It appears at first but a very trifling complaint, and might be mistaken for indigestion, but it soon arrives at an alarming height. Affections of the gall, with the thousand tormenting sufferings attending them under a tropical sun, ensue; and constipation follows to so distressing a degree that it gave rise to the name of the disease. The derangement of the nervous system now becomes more and more apparent; headaches and many similar sufferings follow, the patient grows gradually weaker, refuses food, and falls away. A kind of black jaundice now sometimes appears, which gives a leaden appearance to the skin: but this of course is only observable in white men. A continued want of sleep follows, and the appetite very irregular; as sometimes after the greatest dislike to all kinds of food, the most ravenous appetite suddenly follows, and particularly for animal food, which it is quite beyond the reach of the poor inhabitant of the forest to obtain. Pains in the limbs, dropsy, and breaking out of boils, are also usual appearances. The patient is exceedingly variable in his humour, but in general he is very irritable, and notwithstanding his hopeless condition, he indulges in brandy to excess, whenever an opportunity offers. Thus the Coquero passes a few years of melancholy existence, till at last he dies from general and gradual decay.

The consequences of this excess are not less injurious in a moral point of view. The strong desire for retirement, because the Coquero cannot enjoy society, must have a bad effect on his mind; and if the mental powers are less injured by Coca than they are by drinking brandy, yet the bad consequences of both excesses bear a great resemblance to each other. But fortunately it is only a thinly populated region that is the peculiar theatre for the Coquero; because the bustle of the town does not suit the indulgence of this vice, and public opinion is more opposed to it than to drunkenness and gambling. A Coquero is also considered such an uncultivated being, that every white man shuns his acquaintance; although he excuses himself by saying that he chews the Coca to strengthen his stomach. The Indian only is excused for indulging in the use of this plant, as the negro, although fond of other enjoyments, does not like it; and the women of all ranks, whether in the Montana or the cities, indulge in it, but with the greatest secrecy. It seldom happens that strangers like it, yet it is said in Peru that the Chilians when they first meet with it in the Coca districts, use it as freely as the natives themselves. You often hear ignorant

people in Peru extolling the Coca as a wonderful plant, and a gift from heaven, capable of producing the most extraordinary effects. It is true that every one does not carry its use to such an excess as the decided Coquero: and that such persons as use it in moderation may go on chewing the Coca till they attain an old age, without experiencing any bad consequences from it, as people become accustomed to the use of opium or tobacco. The miner can work for twelve hours at hard labour in a mine, and sometimes doubles that period when necessity requires it, enjoying no other kind of food during this fatigue but a handful of roasted maize, and every three hours a cessation from his toil to chew the Coca. If deprived of this fascinating plant, he would work very badly and unwillingly; and when brandy is added to it his exertions are redoubled, and in his opinion the flavour much improved. But when he returns from his work, which by means of the Coca he has laboured at longer than any European could do, (provided that leaf has not engendered disease,) he is eager for his food, and consumes it in such quantities, that it is quite astonishing considering its miscerale nature. The same effect of the Coca takes place with the Indian in the capacity of messenger or bearer of burdens, or as a vendor of his own productions journeying to the foot of the Andes. He chews the Coca from time to time, and with a hundred-weight on his back, and over indescribably rough roads, he advances at the rate of seven leagues in eight hours. During the revolutionary wars, the troops of the patriots traversed great part of the country in a very short time, from the effects of Coca and brandy, and thus became a great terror to the Spaniards. Where the European would bivouac, the badly clothed and unshod Indian only lays himself down for a few hours to chew Coca. But the power of the plant is only an excitement which soon becomes dangerous, and when once passionately indulged in, destruction is sure to follow. It procures thousands of unfortunate beings but a short alleviation of their miseries, and the evils produced by its use among them are found to be incurable. We may therefore conclude with the old Spanish chronicler, who states, "that the use of the Coca is purely a depraved taste, and only fit for the Indians as they now are."

#### THE FORTUNATE LEGATEES.

THE following singular circumstance relating to coal-mines, which happened a few years ago in Parr (about fourteen miles from Liverpool), where there are several extensive collieries, will tend to show the immense value of coal-mines which lie under a small superficial extent of land. An elderly widow lady sold some property in Parr, consisting of a house and about thirty acres of land, to a gentleman, who purchased it for his own residence, for 3000*l*. The old lady thought there must be coals under the land, as there was so much in the neighbourhood; but it was the decided opinion of coal-proprietors, and others conversant with coal-mines, that there were not any coals in the property, or, if there were, that they could not be got from the workings of any adjacent colliery, on account of part of the land constituting what is called a fault—namely, an intervention of stone and earth, which sometimes happens (perpendicular), so as to separate delfs of coal from each other, and consequently they were of no value. The seller of the property, however, insisted that the coals should be reserved, unless the purchaser would give her 100*l*. for them. This he refused doing, and the coals were accordingly excepted from his purchase, and reserved to her. The old lady died soon after, bequeathing the coal-mines among the children of a deceased sister (seven in number, who were all labourers), and the residue of her property, worth about 3000*l*, to the children of another sister. The bequest of the coal-mines was considered a nominal thing, and the dissensions in the two families were great on account of it. The coal-legatees brooded for a length of time over their disappointment in not sharing their aunt's property with their cousins: but at length they contrived to induce some persons, who were supposed to have more money than wit, to undertake the expense of boring on the land (an expensive undertaking), to ascertain whether there were coals or not. The boring continued for a considerable time, to the great amusement of persons connected with collieries, but at last, to their great astonishment, the chagrin of the purchaser, and the unbounded delight of the legatees, two delfs of the best coal in Lancashire were discovered, extending nearly the whole breadth of the land, and could be easily worked. These coals were immediately purchased by the proprietors of a neighbouring colliery for 20,000*l*. On subsequent borings, three lower delfs were found, which the same parties purchased for 15,000*l*.—*Kidderminster Advertiser*.

## SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

NO. 1.—CASH.

We have all heard or read of the modern Egyptian magicians—those singular men, who, “within the circumscription and confine” of a blot of ink on a boy’s palm, profess to show to our sharpest and sagest travellers “the baby figures of the giant mass” of the world, absent and present. This little black mirror is a most ingenious improvement on the clumsier tricks of earlier necromancers, though some of them were ingenious enough in their way; such as the renowned Doctor Faustus, who is recorded to have exhibited to Charles the Fifth, at Innspruck, the figures of Alexander the Great, and the queen of Alexander the Great; and when Charles, in the fulness of his historical reading, recollected that Alexander had a wart on the nape of his neck, the worthy Doctor most obligingly permitted the great living monarch to test the great dead one, by touching, “under proper precautions,” the said wart with the tip of his fingers. This being done, and Charles—having such satisfactory proof of “identity”—being quite satisfied, Alexander made his bow, and vanished.

Will our readers permit us, for a brief space, to “do so in like manner with our enchantments?”—that is, if we can. We will neither rival nor mimic the Egyptian magicians; but, as we trust that all our readers carry golden mirrors in their pockets, we have only to ask them, each one, to place one of these mirrors in the palm of the hand, and to tell us what they see there. “Ah!” exclaims a ready rogue, with whom these mirrors are scarce, and therefore precious, “Is it what I see in a rare goolden sovereign? Troth, then, it’s mate, drink, washing, and lodging; and it’s myself only wishes I had an ould stocking filled full of them!” No doubt; that is what almost everybody is wishing every day of their natural lives. They long to have a copious supply, at all times, of those magical coins, in which lie, as if snugly packed by some supernatural mechanics, all that the heart of man can desire. What a strange and all-powerful locomotive is that lady or gentleman who walks the streets with a purse or a pocket full of sovereigns! There go the “sovereign people,” carrying about, with the greatest ease, the most staggering loads—cheeses, grindstones, bottles of wine, bunches of grapes, pounds of sausages, rolls of carpet, India shawls, chairs, tables, fire-irons, and—oh, tell it not in Gath, lest the Philistines rejoice!—human strength, human power, human will. Let the lord-mayor of London evermore be called CASH, for there is incantation in its very sound. For he sits in his civic palace, within a yard or two of the Bank of England, in the heart of the greatest MONEY MARKET that the world ever saw; and he reigns as king over all the princes of bills and bullion. But let no poor needy creature answer to the name of Cash—the odious appellation will tinkle for ever in his ear, like a tin kettle tied to the tail of an unfortunate cur. If he is a married man, the presence of his wife can suggest no tender emotions; for though he may never see her as hard Cash, he will often see her hard up. His children could never move, even on “the light fantastic toe,” without creating an unpleasant sensation, or suggesting the idea of floating capital. His butcher would always expect that poor Mr. Cash should “tip the rhino;” the baker would ask him to “shell out;” as he walked the streets, the cabmen would nudge each other, to see him “post the pony;” and his very “medical man,” though a most tender-hearted soul, would never be called in, on an emergency, without naturally looking for Cash down!

But we are forgetting our magical mirror. Whom, then, do you wish to see? Perhaps, like Charles the Fifth, you would like to see Alexander the Great. Put that coin in the palm of your

hand, and gaze upon him. We cannot show you “the wart on the nape of his neck;” but look upon his handsome face, his ear encircled with the symbol of the horn, the silent but eloquent testimony to the truth of the fact, that this extraordinary man made the foolish claim of being the son of Jupiter Ammon. Or here is another man, more wonderful still—Caius Julius Cæsar: he too, but not till after his death, was enrolled amongst the gods. Those lips appear instinct with life, even on that copper coin—firmness, energy, decision—he must have moved as a god amongst men. Or do you wish to see dim emblems of old England, the shadows of the past, from Cunobeline and Boadicea to the age preceding your own? Wonderful, indeed, are all those old coins, “living, yet dead,” and speaking to us “without voice or sound,” giving, as it were, their solemn attestation to the truth of history; they perform for us the character of Time, in Shakspeare’s “Henry the Fifth;” and as they lie ranged in an antiquary’s cabinet, seem to say—

“Myself have played the interim, by remembering you—  
‘Tis past!”

But stay, it is not with COINS but with CASH that we have got to deal—not with skeletons but with living creatures. Well, then, “try the trick” once more; place a sovereign in the palm of your hand, and look steadily at it. Hark, and you will hear the beating of its heart—it is the most sensitive thing in existence. Its nerves are finer than those of the human frame—it feels all the vicissitudes of the weather, and it is exquisitely alive to storm, and war, and revolution. Even while you hold it in your hand, you will see it contract and expand, and then contract and expand again. For though CASH is the most despotic monarch on the globe, like most despots, it carries about with it a load of cares and anxieties—listens to the slightest whisper of public opinion, and sleeps at night under a double guard. Its enormous strength enables it to rule the earth, and yet it is only by fresh contact with the earth that its strength is renewed and sustained. Truth, they say, is great, but Cash is often greater; and yet Cash, like Louis XI., is at once a tyrant and a truckler, now daring to rashness, now trembling with fear; and, while sometimes trampling on the proudest nobles, bending with superstitious awe before the leaden image which it wears in its cap.

You think that that sovereign is always a sovereign—that though paper, like man, may turn to its original rags, Cash is immutable. Make the experiment. Put up an hundred sovereigns, if you have them, in an old purse or an old stocking, and lay them past for a season, carefully counting them from time to time, to see that they are snugly there—that no thieves have stolen your treasure. “Thank goodness!” you exclaim, “happen what may, a riot or a revolution, a smashing of the Bank, a Great Fire, or a great flood, here are my hundred good gold sovereigns, and every one of them contains twenty shillings, and every shilling twelve pence.” Flatter not yourself, good friend; not a day in the year but your hundred sovereigns rise and fall, like the barometer and the thermometer. Wrap them in wool, and bury them in an oaken chest—even there all the atmospheric influences will reach them, and they will feel the balmy breath of spring, and the gloomy storm that destroys the hopes of the harvest. Take them out one day, and if your eye is quick enough, you will find every one of your sovereigns transformed into guineas, and your shillings into Irish “thirteeners.” Try them another time, and you will swear that some imp has been sweating or clipping your coin; all the sovereigns are lighter than they were, and threepence is struck off every shilling. There is hard water and soft water, and hard soap and soft soap—but what other substance, except CASH, is hard and soft at the same moment of time? Where will you find, in all

creation, a similar example of mutability and immutability compounded into one, except it be in this old trundling earth, of which Cash is the chief god and ruler, and which, though it seems to rest on "eternal pillars," yet goes on, trundling for ever, with a twofold motion, like a coach-wheel, and is never to be found in the same place for two minutes together.

Now this astronomical figure just comes in *thac* to assist us with Cash. Cash was meant to move, with a twofold motion, like the planets of our solar system; and whoever stops that "perpetual motion" disturbs the harmony of the spheres. You hear people often saying, "How scarce Cash is always—nobody seems to have any more by him than he barely requires for his own use—is n't that strange?" No, not strange at all. To have less cash than you require, is a pity; to have more, is a folly. The whole and sole object of cash is to minister to the convenience of men. It would, indeed, be very awkward to be obliged to run about the street, asking who will exchange a cheese for a grindstone, or a bullock for a sack of wheat—so awkward, that it would be all but impossible: for, though we could contrive to exist in "a state of barter," had the world been a bartering world, it would very likely have been a barbarian world. Cash may figuratively contain bread, and beef, and beer; but literally it contains nothing which can make man either fatter or fairer: it is hard to chew, worse to swallow, and amazingly difficult of digestion. All powerful as it is, cash is the mere creature and servant of men's wants and wishes; it enables one man to give his brains for bread, and another to exchange bread for beef. Cash is king of the Exchange, but exchange rules cash; and if there be more cash than there is a desire among men to exchange with one another, then cash loses its consequence—its value; for a quartern loaf is neither more nor less than a quartern loaf, whether you pay (or exchange) a sixpence or a shilling for it.

But stop, our reader impatiently ejaculates; here you have been detaining me all this time, with a sovereign in my palm, expecting to see a new magic lantern, and the wonder turns out to be no wonder at all! Well, then, transfer your sovereign from your palm to your pocket. Suppose you are about to leave your country for "a term of years," transported either at your own or your country's expense. You leave London when the money-market is "tight," and when bills are turned and returned before they can be discounted. During your absence, the genius of the tempest raises an impassable bulwark of storm round the "tight little island," so that all intercourse is cut off, and the people are driven literally to their own resources, and compelled to live within their means, if not up to them. Still farther, suppose that produce and population are adjusted to each other, so that not a blade of wheat nor a cabbage can be grown without finding a customer, and instead of "God never sends mouths but he sends the meat," it is "God never sends meat but he sends the mouths." Well, then, stretch a little farther, and suppose that underneath Kennington Common or Hampstead Heath there is found an inexhaustible supply of gold, and that government begins to coin sovereigns as fast as it can drive the Mint. Proclamation is made—"Relief of Distress! Notice is hereby given, that the Governor and Company of the Bank of England will henceforth issue sovereigns in any quantity to all who apply for them." What a happy "tight little island!" Everybody has got plenty of cash; it chinks in all pockets; it rattles on all counters; it is bursting all money-bags. The little boys, instead of playing at "chuck-farthing," may pop down sparrows with golden drops, and try to catch swallows by putting golden dust on their tails. But after all the wheat and all the cabbage has been grown that the island can grow, of what use are the golden sovereigns? Would there be

a single potato more in the market, if people could as easily get five hundred sovereigns for a basketful as twenty pence? Sovereigns would be as cheap as cowrie-shells on the coast of Guinea; and is it not a little striking that these cowrie-shells—beautiful little shells—should be, or have been, current coin on that coast from whence we got so much of our gold, and from whence we borrowed a name for that twenty-one-shilling coin, whose "Adventures" are now at an end? But in our island we are supposing sovereigns to be so plentiful, that they might lie about the streets like pebbles, the very pickpockets, bred and born, disdain- ing to stoop to pick them up. If, now, all the fowls that could be raised were raised, all the sovereigns in a man's pocket would not put an additional fowl in his pot. The Mint would stop labour, for it would be waste to coin any more; so much time and labour would be lost, and it would be much better to send all the Mint people to try and grow grass on the tops of the mountains. Then, from the superfluity of gold, we might discard our pewter plates, and get gold ones—we might tile our houses with gold. It would be a "golden island;" and if the storm would permit our reflection to be seen across the Channel, the glitter of our roofs, in summer, might seem to our "distant" neighbours as if there were "a wall of fire around our much-loved isle."

Now, your term of absence being expired, you come back to find out your country; and determined to discover if London stands where it stood, you brave the horrors of the perpetual storm, and, by a chance as lucky as an escape over the Falls of Niagara, gain the mouth of the Thames, and stand boldly up the river. What a change, you would exclaim—would that I had stayed at home! Here have I been broiling under an Eastern sun for many years—gained nothing but an enlargement of the liver and a paltry lac or two of rupees; and people whom I left as beggars are become so enormously rich, that I am ashamed to look them in the face. They must have found out the philosopher's stone, everything is gold, pots and all. But stay—what is this? They look dreadfully woe-begone; has a plague smitten down all the first-born of the land? "Ah, sir," says the first sensible man you meet after landing; "the last harvest was very bad, owing to very wet weather; our supplies are all eaten up, and it is at present only the month of June; the people are beginning to plunder the fields of the green grain, and to dig up the young potatoes; I will load your vessel with gold for a supply of provisions, for my family are starving!"

Plain, ludicrously plain, as all this may be, how hard is it for people plainly to comprehend that cash derives its prime value as a representative of produce, and a medium of exchange; and that the price of a sovereign is as variable as the price of wheat! The "king's name is a tower of strength," said the wise man; and not a few people might be found, who regard a coin as deriving its value from being made at the Mint, and bearing the royal effigy; and that, therefore, a sovereign is a "fixed quantity," deriving name and nature from the "fountain of honour;" once a sovereign, always a sovereign. But the making of money is in the hands of the government, on the same principle that the administration of justice is in the hands of the government—because it is best for the public convenience. If everybody chose to administer justice for themselves, there would soon be "Lynch law" all over the kingdom; and if everybody made their own money, it would be the next thing to a state of barter; it would be a return to the state of things which existed in the days of the "father of the faithful," when he "weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current with the merchant." Government, in making money for us, saves us this trouble of weighing; we take coin upon trust as containing a fixed quantity of gold or silver; but the value of that fixed quantity can no more be fixed than the price or value of a bushel of wheat; or, rather, money and produce are the scales of the weighing-machine: if about equal weights are in each scale, and they are not exposed to sudden disturbance, they will gently and equally vibrate; but if there be more produce than cash, or more cash than produce, then the

scales will fly up and down. There are but two ways of talking of the same thing; money may be dear and produce cheap, or produce may be dear and money cheap. But though cash is cash all the world over—even in China, where they sport a copper and leaden thing which they call a *cash*—the dullest man who has a fixed income can easily understand that his shilling is not always a shilling, if one year it gets him two loaves, and another year only one. In truth, it is the quartern loaf that represents a “fixed quantity;” not the sovereign.

If a man were asked, What was coal made for? he might reply, “Why, to burn, to be sure.” Ask him again, what the precious metals were made for? and why they are *precious*? he might “pause for a reply.” May we not, however, consider, that as coal was intended for burning, so the precious metals were chiefly intended for *circulation*? The density, portability, and other qualities of gold, along with its comparative *scarcity*, (without which its other qualities would not render it so serviceable) have pointed it out, from the earliest ages, as a fit and proper representative of value. But as the chief value of coal is derived during the act of combustion, so the chief value of gold is derived when it is employed in the act of exchange. Being scarce, and not to be made by human art; gold costs something to procure; it costs food and labour to get it out of the mine; and, when liberated, it is again exchanged for corn or cattle, for food, clothing, raiment, or labour. But whenever its motion is suspended, its power is suspended. It should walk, like the evil spirit, or the Wandering Jew, perpetually to and fro upon the earth, impelling men to exertion, by enabling them to reach a “long arm,” from island to continent, and from sea to sea, exchanging cotton for corn, or tea and sugar for wine and oil. The value of gold is developed by movement; if that movement is perpetual, (until worn down) then its value is perpetually developing. It is of no use to anybody, not even to the owner, when tied up in a bag, or locked up in a drawer or a chest.

Idolatry is said to have originated in simple, if not even somewhat laudable, motives. Men, desirous of having God “continually before them,” contrived some sign or token, by which their memories might be stirred, and their imaginations assisted. But when their hearts became “foolish,” and their minds darkened, then they fancied that the sign was the thing it signified, and bent with fear or awe before an inanimate image. Money has run a similar course. Men distinctly understood, in early ages, for what purpose a medium of exchange was used; the earliest coins were stamped with figures, emblematical of barter—an ox or a sheep; our word, pecuniary, is traced through *pecunia* to *pecus*, a sheep. But as traffic increased, and money became more portable, the representative of value became to be considered as value itself; and he who had his coffers full of gold and silver, was considered to be rich, because he had the power of procuring that which truly constitutes wealth. Hence, too, the stupidity into which men have fallen, with respect to the representatives of value, from the insanity of having a stew of pearls for supper, to the vulgarity of possessing a prodigious quantity of gold and silver plate, *because it is composed of gold and silver*. When men’s eyes are really “enlightened,” and they can look steadily at the elementary truths of science, gold and silver will come down from their false position; beauty and taste will constitute the genuine values of our household furniture and our personal decorations; men have begun to strip the gold lace off their clothes, and by and by, woman, fair woman, will rise above the true vulgarity of thinking herself elegant, because she is “gibbeted in jewels.” And if *CASH* cries out for assistance, our gold and silver plate will walk to the Mint, to be coined into *exchangers*, and to assist in the great work of mutual accommodation; a dinner will taste as savoury, when eaten off beautiful porcelain, as from massive gold.

Here, then, is our present conclusion of the matter of cash. Money derives its value, as being a very convenient representative of labour, skill, and produce. Value is, therefore, invested in money, but this value can only be evolved by exchange. If money becomes plentiful, while produce remains the same, this plentiful-

ness does not add one particle to human happiness or human wealth. Hence, the pope, who presented the alchemist with an empty purse, saying, “You can fill it!” must have been a true political economist. But if an increase of cash increases the number of exchanges, and thereby stimulates men to additional labour, and increases the quantity of produce, then human wealth and human happiness are increased. Hence, the coiner, who pours his base money into circulation, sins, not against the government, or monarch, whose image and superscription are impressed on the genuine coin, but he sins against you and me, he sins against the whole community, he sins against the market-place, he sins against human wealth, and, consequently, human happiness.

Yet, how many dreamers still walk the streets, with their heads in the clouds, expecting to be tripped up by a purse of gold? How many creatures of the human species are wholly animated by the spirit of Goethe’s “bestial:”—

“Come, throw me the dice,  
To be rich would be nice!”

And how many would laugh at the idea of there being a common coinage among civilised and communicating nations, so that a man might put “money in his purse,” and require, on his travels, no other exchangers than the hotel-keepers! A mere acquaintance with political economy will not, certainly, cure the evils of society, nor enable “tenant bodies scant o’ cash,” better to “hohle the factor’s snash:” but as men, when once thoroughly convinced of what is best for their interests, are not always slow in acting up to their convictions, so we rest satisfied that a time is not very remote, when nations, convinced that produce and exchange are the prime elements of wealth, and that cash is only of utility as a medium of exchange, will begin to look upon prohibitory imposts and non-intercourse laws, as we do now upon attempts to discover the philosopher’s stone. But this leads to matter for another article.

#### THE CIVIL DEPARTMENTS OF THE NAVY.

“The wise and active conquer difficulties  
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly  
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,  
And make the impossibility they fear.”—Rowe.

AMONGST the improvements effected in our public establishments of late years, not one is perhaps of greater importance than the consolidation of the civil departments of the navy.

As far back as we can remember, complaints were rife respecting the impediments to public business, caused by the independence assumed by inferior or secondary establishments, such as the navy, victualling, and transport boards; and none but those who had transactions therewith, and who were bandied about and referred from one department to the other upon the most frivolous pretences, could be at all aware of the inconvenience and annoyance which arose from a system pursued apparently with the design of thwarting instead of expediting public business; and with the foolish vanity of assuming a certain importance to which they were not entitled, entailing trouble, vexation, and expense upon all who came in contact with them.

One principal reason for the want of cordiality which evidently existed between the Board of Admiralty and its branches, was said to be their different construction. Whilst the members of the principal department were—with the exception of the second secretary—removed with every change of administration, and held their posts at the will of the minister, the commissioners of the navy, victualling, and the subsidiary boards, were appointed for life; and as these members doubtless imbibed the principles of their political patrons, it was possible that they might avail themselves of constant opportunities to prove lukewarm, if they did not absolutely thwart the measures and policy of a government opposed to their views. Thus the anomaly existed, of a great department of the state, so constructed as to render it almost impossible for its several branches to work in harmony; the members not only opposing each other’s principles in parliament, but differing as to the mode of working the details for carrying designed measures into effect.

Notwithstanding this evident absurdity, affecting, too, a branch of the service, upon the efficiency of which so much depended, so strong was prejudice, and so alarmingly had the evil grown by long tolerance, that a remedy was considered all but desperate;

and it is certain, that had not adventitious circumstances arisen, matters would have continued up to this day *in statu quo*, and all the inconvenience and detriment of playing at cross-purposes must have been again encountered in time of war; greatly aggravated as they would be by constant political changes, throwing parties opposed to the principles of the government in contact with those who supported it.

When Earl Grey held office as First Lord of the Admiralty, in 1806, he is said to have felt this inconvenience greatly, being foiled in every attempt to effect what he considered salutary improvements in the routine of the secondary departments, to check extravagance and create more unity of action amongst the several branches; and he is reported to have declared at that time, that if ever he had the power he would reform it altogether. Accordingly, when that eminent statesman assumed the premiership, one of his first acts was to set about his meditated reform in the civil departments of the navy.

Sir James Graham and the members of his Board being new in office, and unacquainted with the details, delegated to Sir John Barrow, the second secretary, a gentleman of acknowledged talent and great experience in official business, the task of drawing up the plan under which the consolidation has been carried into effect. The principles adopted were individual responsibility, vigilant superintendance; and that, whilst the head of each department should carry on the business of his office, he should be superintended by a member of the Board of Admiralty, so that in fact every separate establishment became amenable to the superior Board, taking their instructions for carrying measures into effect, such as they thought proper to direct, without question or dispute.

Under this system the Board of Admiralty, at all times responsible for the management of our naval affairs, became in practice what it was only theretofore in supposition, the comptrolling authority, and any inconvenience resulting from changes of administration was greatly alleviated, if not entirely obviated.

Before we enter on a description of the routine adopted under the consolidation, it will be necessary to give the reader some information respecting the old system, for, in truth, this is one of those subjects of which the public know but little, although foreigners, on visiting the metropolis, invariably direct their first attention to the establishment which controls that mighty power, the source and maintenance of all our wealth and greatness—the British Navy.

We recollect an instance of an illustrious foreigner, turning this curiosity to the advantage of a naval officer, to whom he was under deep obligations;—we allude to Gustavus Adolphus, the late King of Sweden, who, when dethroned, made his escape from confinement, and presented himself to Captain Mainwaring, of the *Tartarus* sloop of war, when cruising in the Gulf of Livonia, in 1810. He was received with every mark of respect, and landed at Great Yarmouth on the 12th of November in that year, from that vessel. The commander of the sloop accompanied his ex-majesty to London. The court of England was then in a distracted state, owing to the effect produced on the mind of George the Third by the death of his favourite daughter, the Princess Amelia; and as Gustavus Adolphus could not be presented at court, he visited the various institutions of the metropolis, escorted by Captain Mainwaring, to whom he was much attached. One of the first departments that he requested to see was the "Admiralty," from whence emanated the orders that despatched the British flag to humble its foes in every sea; and being ushered into the presence of Lord Mulgrave, then first commissioner, and received with great respect, his majesty took occasion to describe his visit to Nelson's ship off Copenhagen, and to express the admiration he had always entertained for everything connected with the British Navy. As a matter of course, the First Lord was flattered at these compliments from a crowned head—although a cracked one—and tendered his services in anything that lay in his power. Gustavus replied, that as he understood the officer in command of the vessel that brought him to England was eligible for a ship of promotion, he would wish Lord Mulgrave to advance him; and this his lordship readily promised to do. "Very well," said the ex-king, "as you have been kind enough to comply with my request, I will wait until the matter is accomplished;" and he very coolly seated himself whilst orders were issued for filling up and signing a post-captain's commission, which he actually brought away with him. Now, whether Captain Mainwaring had instructed his royal passenger how to act, or whether Gustavus, from his own experience of courts and courtiers, adopted this behaviour of his own accord, certain it is, that had he left the First Lord without the commission, the officer would have been despatched to some

foreign station to be promoted eventually, but probably after a considerable time; for the service he had performed of bringing the ex-king to England, where for many reasons he was an embarrassing and unwelcome guest, was not looked at by the Admiralty with favour. However, thus it fell out, and so for once a First Lord was jockeyed out of a captain's commission.

To return. By the ancient constitution of the realm, the maritime government and jurisdiction is vested in the sovereign as supreme, and usually delegated to a lord-high-admiral, or commissioners appointed to execute the office thereof. Upon the Board of Admiralty, composed of a council under a lord-high-admiral, and commissioners under a first lord, with two secretaries, devolves the chief command at sea, and direction of maritime affairs on shore. The office of lord-high-admiral has been always considered one of great distinction and trust. Although but the ninth office of state, so high is the honour, that the post has been mostly conferred on kinsmen to the sovereign, or the first rank of nobles. In our own time the late King, when Duke of Clarence, greatly coveted and at length obtained this post, and George Prince of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anne, was proud to hold it. When the office is placed in commission, the first commissioner, or "First Lord" as he is usually called, is always a statesman of talent and eminence, and a cabinet minister.

For the convenience of the public service, the duties of lord-high-admiral, which, in fact, embrace the conservatism of the whole of our maritime affairs, have been at various times assigned to secondary departments; so that by the creation of the Admiralty Courts of Jurisdiction, and, as our commerce extended, of the Board of Trade, the Customs, &c., this functionary has been relieved of nearly all such portions as do not directly embrace matters relating to the management of the royal navy. With the same view, the Navy Board, Transport Board, Victualling Board, and Sick and Hurt Board, were successively created; but these, after a while, arrogating to themselves authority which impeded the orders of the Supreme Board, and often nullified when they could not dispute its power, were found, as we have already stated, to impede rather than facilitate matters; and although the detail of business was tolerably conducted, the expense was enormous, for every department had its establishment of comptroller, commissioners, and secretaries, in separate Boards, all highly-paid officials, and each department jealous of interference from the others.

Under the consolidation of the civil departments of the navy, these inferior Boards have been abolished, and not only an immense saving effected by the reduction, but the whole establishment is placed upon a much more effective footing. There are now, besides the Board of Admiralty, five separate and distinct departments over which a chief is appointed to preside, and he is removable at pleasure, although the practice is never to remove him without some sufficient cause; for it is impolitic to be constantly changing the heads of departments, and, in fact, not only a serious injury to the public, but to the individuals, if they have been at the pains to qualify themselves. The five chief officers are called, surveyor-general, accountant-general, storekeeper-general, comptroller of victualling and transports, and physician-general. Each of these departments is superintended by one of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, giving attendance at Somerset House, where the offices are established, the three alternate days of Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, which are not Board days at the Admiralty, Whitehall. All matters of business in the ordinary course are transacted in the presence of the superintending lords, whose signatures are appended to every official paper in conjunction with the heads of the department. But when questions arise that they do not think themselves justified in deciding on their individual responsibility, they are brought on the following day, or as soon as convenient, under the consideration of the Board of Admiralty in council of all the members. Thus, whilst the ordinary duties are secured under this surveillance, anything out of the common comes under the notice of the Board of Admiralty itself, and gives the opportunity not only to the responsible parties to know what is passing, but to deliver the *fiat* or opinion upon the case.

We shall now sketch the duties of these five subsidiary departments, and we may perhaps, on some future occasion, specify the duties of the principal Board.

1st. THE SURVEYOR OF THE NAVY has the charge of building and repairing ships, but no power to build, repair, or dock a ship, except by order of the Admiralty. He divides and appoints out the artificers and workmen into their different stations for the week, receives daily reports of the state of the work going on in the dock-yards, the condition of the timber, and communicates to

the storekeeper-general the quantities on hand, and what will be wanting, so that he may make provision in due season. Formerly there were three surveyors of the navy and as many assistants; at present there is but one. An assistant-surveyor has been lately appointed, the necessity for building new vessels to replace worn-out and inferior ones, and more particularly steam-vessels of war, having caused considerable activity and increase of labour in the dock-yard establishments.

The surveyor's department is superintended by the senior sea lord, who sees that all ships are properly fitted, consults with the surveyor as to those to be brought forward, how the artificers and workmen should be distributed to expedite the work most needed, arranges as to the stowage of ships, the guns they shall carry, the powder they shall receive, &c.

2d. The STOREKEEPER-GENERAL is charged with providing and keeping up a proper quantity of stores, an account of the expenditure, and receives weekly returns of these matters from the dock-yards. He proposes the necessary contracts, which are advertised when approved by the Board. He is superintended by the second sea lord, and no tender for contract can be opened except in his presence.

3d. COMPTROLLER OF VICTUALLING AND TRANSPORTS, who has the charge of providing for victualling the whole of the navy, and also of hiring transports for the conveyance of troops and convicts. He assigns passages to officers of the army who are going to join their regiments, and has charge of all pursers' accounts. He is superintended by the third sea lord.

4th. ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL has supervision of every item expended on account of the navy, with the exception of the out-pensioners of Greenwich Hospital; and so admirable and methodical are the arrangements of this department, that not the slightest error could exist without detection, whatever might be the increase of expenditure. The accountant-general assists the secretary of the Admiralty in framing the estimates, and this office requires a very able and intelligent individual to fill it properly. Sir James Graham has been justly complimented upon the discrimination which he exercised in selecting the gentlemen for this and the other offices, and the success of the working must be in a great measure attributed to the care and judgment exercised in that respect. The accountant-general is superintended by the civilian lord, commonly called the lay lord, under which designation there is usually one, and sometimes two commissioners at the Board of Admiralty, in training for higher official appointments.

The fifth and last is the PHYSICIAN-GENERAL, who has the charge of all medicines, the examination of them, and their distribution in ships and hospitals. A great portion of his time is occupied in the examination of persons claiming pensions from old age, hurts, &c.; but he cannot pass any man for a pension except in the presence of the superintending lord, who is the junior sea lord. Much is left to the discretion of this lord, and in intricate cases to the Board of Admiralty, as to the amount of pension; but in general their lordships are considered to act with liberality, and always to incline that way when the case is a good one.

Thus far we have detailed the arrangements under which the old system has been abolished, and what we conceive a much better established. It is but fair to state, however, that it remains to be seen how it will work in time of war, when the business of each division is increased tenfold; and there are not wanting persons to predict, that under such circumstances it will not be found equal. It appears to us, that the machinery being established, the detail can be increased to any extent by the aid of additional clerks. One inconvenience is found to result from the difficulty which the superintending lord finds in attending three times a week, particularly if he is—as he generally is—in parliament; and when such is the case, business must accumulate rapidly, for one of the principles of the measure is, that every document shall bear the signature of the superintending lords. The inconvenience is increased by the distance of Somerset House from the Admiralty at Whitehall, and it is greatly to be desired that all the departments connected with the navy should be under one roof, which might be effected by taking the south side of New-street, Spring-gardens, already partially occupied by government, provided it could be obtained, and consolidating at Whitehall the whole of our metropolitan naval departments, in the neighbourhood of the other government offices and the Houses of Parliament. There appears nothing now wanting to perfect the naval departments but to create another branch, and place the ordnance required for the navy in like manner under an establishment amenable to the authority of the Admiralty, and superintended by one of the lords, for which purpose an additional one should be created.

## WATERTON AND HIS WANDERINGS.

"Dryadum silvas saltusque sequamur."—VING.

"This our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Whither shall I follow, follow, follow,  
Whither shall I follow, follow thee?"

To the green-wood, to the green-wood,  
To the green-wood, green-wood tree!"—OLD SONG.

Has the reader ever met with a book entitled, "Wanderings," written by that most pleasant of all travellers, Charles Waterton, Esq., of Walton-hall, in Yorkshire? If not, you will thank us for making you acquainted with it, and its delightful author; and if you have once read it, you will not quarrel with us for recalling it to your remembrance. You will rejoice once more to visit the wild woods of Guiana in his company, and thread with us the mazes of those trackless forests.

But, says our experienced conductor, "Leave behind you your high-seasoned dishes, your wines, and your delicacies; carry nothing but what is necessary for your own comfort, and the object in view, and depend upon the skill of an Indian, or your own, for fish and game. A sheet about twelve feet long, ten wide, painted, and with loop-holes on each side, will be of great service: in a few minutes you can suspend it between two trees in the shape of a roof. Under this, in your hammock, you may defy the pelting shower, and sleep, heedless of the dews of night. A hat, a shirt, and a light pair of trousers, will be all the raiment you require. Custom will soon teach you to tread lightly and barefoot on the little inequalities of the ground, and show you how to pass on unwounded, amid the mantling briars.

"Snakes, in these wilds, are certainly an annoyance, though, perhaps, more in imagination than in reality; for you must recollect that the serpent is never the first to offend: his poisonous fang was not given him for conquest; he never inflicts a wound with it but to defend existence. Provided you walk cautiously, and do not absolutely touch him, you may pass in safety close by him. As he is often coiled up on the ground, and amongst the branches of the trees above you, a degree of circumspection is necessary, lest you unwarily disturb him.

"Tigers are too few, and too apt to fly before the nobler face of man, to require a moment of your attention. The bite of the most noxious insects, at the very worst, only causes a transient fever, with a degree of pain more or less."

Are you prepared to face all this? Then forward! We are bound to the far country of the Macoushi Indians, there to procure the deadly Wourali, which is found better prepared by them than any of their kindred tribes. We must ascend the river Demerara as far as the house of the Acoway chief, Sinkerman, about two hours below the great fall, and from thence the canoe must be borne over land by the Indians to the Essequibo.

"There is a pretty good path, and meeting a creek about three quarters of the way, it eases the labour; and twelve Indians will arrive with it in the Essequibo in four days. The traveller need not attend his canoe, there is a shorter and a better way. Half an hour below Sinkerman's he finds a little creek on the western bank of the Demerara. After proceeding about a couple of hundred yards up it, he leaves it and pursues a west-north-west direction by land for the Essequibo. The path is good, though somewhat rugged with the roots of trees, and here and there obstructed by fallen ones; it extends more over level ground than otherwise. There are a few steep ascents and descents in it, with a little brook running at the bottom of them; but they are easily passed over, and the fallen trees serve for a bridge.

"You may reach the Essequibo with ease in a day and a half; and so matted and interwoven are the tops of the trees above you that the sun is not felt once all the way, saving where the space which a newly fallen tree occupied lets in his rays upon you. The forest contains an abundance of wild hogs, lobbas, acouries, powisses, maams, maroudis, and waracabas, for your nourishment, and there are plenty of leaves to cover a shed, whenever you are inclined to sleep.

"He whose eye can distinguish the various beauties of uncultivated nature, and whose ear is not shut to the wild sounds in the woods, will be delighted in passing up the river Demerara. Every now and then the maam or tinamou sends forth one long and plaintive whistle from the depth of the forest, and then stops;

whilst the yelping of the toucan, and the shrill voice of the bird called pi-pi-yo, is heard during the interval. The campanero never fails to attract the attention of the passenger; at a distance of nearly three miles, you may hear this snow-white bird, tolling like the distant convent bell. In the midst of these extensive wilds, generally on the dried top of an aged mora, almost out of gun-reach, you will see him. No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest, not even the clearly-pronounced 'Whip-poor-will,' from the goat-sucker, cause such astonishment as the toll of the campanero.

"With many of the feathered race, he pays the common tribute of a morning and an evening song; and even when the meridian sun has shut in silence the mouths of almost the whole of animated nature, the campanero still cheers the forest. You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute, and then another toll, and then a pause again, and then a toll, and again a pause. Then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so on. Actæon would stop in mid-chase, Maria would defer her evening song, and Orpheus himself would drop his lute to listen to him; so sweet, so novel, and romantic is the toll of the pretty snow-white campanero.

"From six to nine in the morning, the forests resound with the mingled cries and strains of the feathered race; after this, they gradually die away. From eleven to three all nature is hushed as in a midnight silence, and scarce a note is heard, saving that of the campanero, and the pi-pi-yo; it is then that, oppressed by the solar heat, the birds retire to the thickest shade, and wait for the refreshing cool of the evening."

At this calm hour, as we lie reclined in our canoe, and sheltered from the fierce rays of the noon-day sun by the broad leaves of the troely,\* listen to the tale our leader tells us of his earlier days. You will hear how the ancient family of the Watertons were in other days among the magnates of the land. Listen!

"In remote times some of my ancestors were sufficiently notorious to have had their names handed down to posterity. They fought at Cressy, and at Agincourt, and at Marston Moor. Sir Robert Waterton was governor of Pontefract-castle, and had charge of King Richard II. Sir Hugh Waterton was executor to his sovereign's will, and guardian to his daughters. Another ancestor was sent into France by the king, with orders to contract a royal marriage. He was allowed thirteen shillings a day for his trouble and travelling expenses. Another was Lord Chancellor of England, and preferred to lose his head rather than sacrifice his conscience. Another was master of the horse, and was deprived both of his commission and his estate on the same account as the former.

"Up to the reign of Henry VIII., things had gone on swimmingly with the Watertons; and it does not appear that any of them had been in disgrace.

— 'Neque in his quisquam damnatus et exsul.'

But, during the sway of that ferocious brute, there was a sad reverse of fortune:—

'Ex illo fluere, ac retro sublapsa referri,  
Spes Danaum.'

"From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,  
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before."

Holding fast by the religion of their forefathers, the Watertons suffered for their constancy. "Times are better for us now," says our pleasant companion; "but I, individually, am not much better for the change; for I will never take Sir Robert Peel's oath. In framing that abominable oath, I don't believe that Sir Robert cared one fig's end whether the soul of a Catholic went up, after death, to the King of Brightness, or descended to the king of brimstone: his only aim seems to have been to secure to the church by law established, the full possession of the loaves and fishes. But as I have a vehement inclination to make a grab at those loaves and fishes, in order to distribute a large proportion of them to the poor of Great-Britain, who have an undoubted claim to it, I do not intend to have my hands tied behind me: hence my positive refusal to swallow Sir Robert Peel's † oath. Still, take or refuse it, the new dynasty may always make sure of my loyalty, even if any of our old line of kings were still in existence; for

\* A plant whose leaf bears some resemblance to that of the Talipot Palm, and, like it, is used as a shelter against the sun and rain.

† "I do hereby disclaim, disavow, and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment within this realm." &c. (See Sir Robert Peel's Oath.)

'The illustrious house of Hanover,  
And Protestant succession,  
To these I have allegiance sworn,  
While they can keep possession."

It is pleasant to listen to thee, Charles Waterton, as thou tellest of thy early days, and thy precocious proficiency in bird's-nesting, and adventurous navigation on the horse-pond, when the fearful apparition of thy school-master upset thy seamanship and dough-tub together. Pleasant also are thy reminiscences of the good fathers at Stonyhurst (their refuge from foreign persecution), where, thy mind was imbued with classic lore, by the exiled Jesuits, that singular body of men, who, whatever demerits may be charged upon them, have ever possessed many members of singular excellence, and whose acknowledged success in the education of youth is altogether unrivalled.

"My master was Father Clifford, a first-cousin of the noble lord of that name. He had left the world, and all its alluring follies, that he might serve Almighty God more perfectly, and work his way with more security up to the regions of eternal bliss. After educating those entrusted to his charge with a care and affection truly paternal, he burst a blood-vessel, and retired to Palermo, for the benefit of a warmer climate. There he died the death of the just, in the habit of St. Ignatius.

"One day, when I was in the class of poetry, and which was about two years before I left the college for good and all, he called me up to his room. 'Charles,' said he to me, in a tone of voice perfectly irresistible, 'I have long been studying your disposition, and I clearly foresee that nothing will keep you at home. You will journey into far distant countries, where you will be exposed to many dangers. There is only one way for you to escape them. Promise me that, from this day forward, you will never put your lips to wine, or to spirituous liquors. The sacrifice is nothing,' added he, 'but, in the end, it will prove of incalculable advantage to you.' I agreed to his enlightened proposal, and from that hour to this, which is now about nine-and-thirty years, I have never swallowed one glass of any kind of wine or of ardent spirits.

"At Stonyhurst there are boundaries marked out to the students, which they are not allowed to pass; and there are prefects always pacing to and fro within the lines, to prevent any unlucky boy from straying on the other side of them. Notwithstanding the vigilance of these lynx-eyed guardians, I would now and then manage to escape, and would bolt into a very extensive labyrinth of yew and holly trees, close at hand. It was the chosen place for animated nature. Birds, in particular, used to frequent the spacious enclosure, both to obtain food and to enjoy security. Many a time have I hunted there the fowls and the squirrel. I once took a cut through it to a neighbouring wood, where I knew of a carrion-crow's nest. The prefect missed me; and, judging that I had gone into the labyrinth, he gave chase without loss of time. After eluding him in cover for nearly half an hour, being hard pressed, I took away down a hedgerow. Here (as I learned afterwards) he got a distant sight of me; but it was not sufficiently distinct for him to know to a certainty that I was the fugitive. I luckily succeeded in reaching the out-buildings which abutted on the college, and lay at a considerable distance from the place where I had first started. I had just time to enter the postern gate of a pigsty, where most opportunely I found old Joe Bowren, the brewer, bringing straw into the sty. He was more attached to me than to any other boy, for I had known him when I was at school in the north, and had made him a present of a very fine terrier. 'I've just saved myself, Joe,' said I; 'cover me up with litter.' He had barely complied with my request, when in bounced the prefect, by the same gate through which I had entered. 'Have you seen Charles Waterton?' said he, quite out of breath. My trusty guardian answered, in a tone of voice which would have deceived anybody, 'Sir, I have not spoken a word to Charles Waterton these three days, to the best of my knowledge.' Upon this, the prefect, having lost all scent of me, gave up the pursuit, and went his way. When he had disappeared, I stole out of cover, as strongly perfumed as was old Falstaff when they had turned him out of the buck-basket.

"Once I had gone into the labyrinth to look into a magpie's nest, which was, in a high holly-tree; and, hearing the sound of voices near, I managed to get a resting-place in the tree just over the nest, and there I squatted, waiting the event. Immediately, the President, two other Jesuits, and the present Mr. Salvin of



Croxdale Hall, passed close under the tree, without perceiving me.

"The good fathers were aware of my predominant propensity. Though it was innocent in itself, nevertheless it was productive of harm in its consequences; by causing me to break the college rules, and thus to give bad example to the community at large. Wherefore, with a magnanimity and excellent exercise of judgment, which are only the province of those who have acquired a consummate knowledge of human nature, and who know how to turn to advantage the extraordinary dispositions of those entrusted to their care, they sagaciously managed matters in such a way as to enable me to ride my hobby to a certain extent, and still, at the same time, to prevent me from giving bad example.

"As the establishment was very large, and as it contained an abundance of prog, the Hanoverian rat, which fattens so well on English food, and which always contrives to thrust its nose into every man's house, where there is anything to be got, swarmed throughout the vast extent of this antiquated mansion. The abilities which I showed in curtailing the career of this voracious intruder did not fail to bring me into considerable notice. The cook, the baker, the gardener, and my friend old Boyren, could all bear testimony to my progress in this line. By a mutual understanding, I was considered rat-catcher to the establishment, and also fox-taker, fourmart-killer, and crossbow-charger, at the time when the young rooks were fledged. Moreover, I fulfilled the duties of organ-blower and foot-ball maker, with entire satisfaction to the public.

"I was now at the height of my ambition

— 'Poteras jam, Cadmo, videri  
... felix.'

I followed up my calling with great success. The vermin disappeared by the dozen; the books were moderately well thumbed; and, according to my notion of things, all went on perfectly right."

We hear, too, of his voyage to Spain, and the horrors of the plague, or black vomit, as it was called; and then how, on returning to England, he wearied even of Lord Darlington's hounds, and sought to change the scene by taking charge of some family estates in Guiana. And when he gave up this trust, he at various intervals wandered through their unrodden wilds, rambled among the Antilles, and visited the north-west of the United States, and cured a sprained ankle by holding it under the Falls of Niagara; returning ever and anon to his old house in Yorkshire, where he horrified his housekeeper, and became the object of detestation to all the squires, gardeners, and gamekeepers in the county, by erecting Walton Park into a sanctuary for all the feathered creation, where hawks, owls, ravens, jays, and magpies found equal protection with the partridge and the pheasant. And there, surrounded by the objects of his care, save when once more called forth to pilot adventurous voyagers like ourselves along the track he once pursued, he still resides, occupied in his favourite pursuit, the observation of nature, and in the mournfully pleasing occupation of cultivating the young mind of the motherless boy, "who looks up to him for light." Alas, that his warm heart should be widowed! When he returns there, he will invite thee to his hospitable hall, and will teach thee many things of the owls that tenant the old tower, the wild fowl that crowd his lake, and feed securely beneath his windows, and all the motley tribe that find a refuge in every tree; and he will teach thee, too, to preserve the spoils of the forest, as such have never been yet preserved, save by himself and those who have learnt from him\*.

But now the sun begins to descend the heavens, and at his setting, "The vampires, bats, and goat-suckers, dart from their lonely retreat, and skim along the trees on the river's bank. The different kinds of frogs almost stun the ear with their hoarse and hollow-sounding croaking, while the owls and goat-suckers lament and mourn all night long. When in thy hammock, should the thought of thy little crosses and disappointments in thy ups and downs through life, break in upon thee, and throw thee into a pensive mood, the owl will bear thee company. She will tell thee that hard has been her fate too; and at intervals, "Whip-poor-will," and "Willy come go," will take up the tale of sorrow. Ovid has told thee how the owl once boasted the human form,

and lost it for a very small offence; and were the poet alive now, he would inform thee that 'Whip-poor-will' and 'Willy come go,' are the shades of those poor African and Indian slaves, who died worn out and broken-hearted. They wail and cry, 'Whip-poor-will,' 'Willy come go,' all night long; and often when the moon shines, you see them sitting on the green turf, near the houses of those whose ancestors tore them from the bosom of their helpless families, which all probably perished through grief and want, after 'their support was gone.'"

But we must hasten on our journey, for if we delay, we shall be overtaken by the wet season, and shall repent in an agony. As long as the dry season lasts there is no danger of sickness. We pass the forest and embark on the Essiquibo, and passing thence into the Apoura-poura, in about a fortnight we shall reach the country of the Macoushi Indians. Here, wandering, from hut to hut, we will collect a store; but we can collect but little at a time, for the Indians are unwilling to part with it, although a good price be offered. Its preparation is very difficult. "A day or two before the Macoushi Indian prepares his poison, he goes into the forest in quest of the ingredients. A vine grows in these wilds, which is called wourali. It is from this that the poison takes its name, and it is the principal ingredient. When he has procured enough of this, he digs up a root of a very bitter taste, ties them together, and then looks about for two kinds of bulbous plants, which contain a green and glutinous juice. He fills a little quack, which he carries on his back, with the stalks of these; and lastly, ranges up and down till he finds two species of ants. One of them is very large and black, and so venomous that its sting produces a fever: it is most commonly to be met with on the ground. The other is a little red ant, which stings like a nettle, and generally has its nest under the leaf of a shrub. After obtaining these, he has no more need to range the forest.

"A quantity of the strongest Indian pepper is used; but this he has already planted round his hut. The pounded fangs of the Labarri snake, and those of the Coumarouchi, are likewise added. These he commonly has in store, for when he kills a snake he generally extracts the fangs and keeps them by him.

"Having thus found the necessary ingredients, he scrapes the wourali vine and bitter root into thin shavings, and puts them into a kind of colander made of leaves: this he holds over an earthen pot, and pours water on the shavings: the liquor which comes through has the appearance of coffee. When a sufficient quantity has been procured, the shavings are thrown aside. He then bruises the bulbous stalks, and squeezes a proportionate quantity of their juice through his hands into the pot. Lastly, the snakes' fangs, ants, and pepper, are bruised, and thrown into it. It is then placed on a slow fire, and as it boils, more of the juice of the wourali is added, according as it may be found necessary, and the scum is taken off with a leaf: it remains on the fire till reduced to a thick syrup of a deep brown colour. As soon as it has arrived at this state, a few arrows are poisoned with it to try its strength. If it answer the expectations, it is poured out into a calabash, or little pot of Indian manufacture, which is carefully covered with a couple of leaves, and over them a piece of deer's skin, tied round with a cord. They keep it in the most dry part of the hut; and from time to time suspend it over the fire to counteract the effects of dampness.

"The act of preparing this poison is not considered as a common one; the savage may shape his bow, fasten the barb on the point of his arrow, and make his other implements of destruction, either lying in his hammock, or in the midst of his family; but if he has to prepare the wourali poison, many precautions are supposed to be necessary.

"The women and young girls are not allowed to be present, lest the Yabahou or evil spirit should do them harm. The shed under which it has been boiled is pronounced polluted, and abandoned ever after. He who makes the poison must eat nothing that morning, and must continue fasting as long as the operation lasts. The pot in which it is boiled must be a new one, and must never have held anything before, otherwise the poison would be deficient in strength: add to this that the operator must take particular care not to expose himself to the vapour which arises from it while on the fire.

"Though this and other precautions are taken, such as frequently washing the face and hands, still the Indians think that it affects the health; and the operator either is, or what is more probable, supposes himself to be sick for some days after.

"When a native of Macoushia goes in quest of feathered game or other birds, he seldom carries his bow and arrows. It is the blowpipe he then uses. This extraordinary tube of death is,

\* All the passages relating to Mr. Waterton's life are drawn from his own Autobiography prefixed to his "Essays on Natural History,"—London: Longman and Co. 1834. His process for preserving objects of natural history is very fully described in that book and in the "Wanderings," to which we must refer our readers for further information.

perhaps, one of the greatest natural curiosities of Guiana. It is not found in the country of the Macoushi. Those Indians tell you that it grows to the south-west of them, in the wilds which extend betwixt them and the Rio Negro. The reed must grow to an amazing length, as the part the Indians use is from ten to eleven feet long, and no tapering can be perceived in it, one end being as thick as the other. It is of a bright yellow colour, perfectly smooth both inside and out. It grows hollow; nor is there the least appearance of a knot or joint throughout the whole extent. The natives call it Ourah. This, of itself, is too slender to answer the end of a blow-pipe; but there is a species of Palma, larger and stronger, and common in Guiana, and this the Indians make use of as a case, in which they put the Ourah. It is brown, susceptible of a fine polish, and appears as if it had joints five or six inches from each other. It is called Samourah, and the pulp inside is easily extracted, by steeping it for a few days in water.

"Thus the Ourah and Samourah, one within the other, form the blow-pipe of Guiana. The end which is applied to the mouth is tied round with a small silk grass cord, to prevent its splitting; and the other end, which is apt to strike against the ground, is secured by the seed of the Acuero fruit, cut horizontally through the middle, with a hole made in the end, through which is put the extremity of the blow-pipe. It is fastened on with string on the outside, and the inside is filled up with wild bees'-wax.

"The arrow is from nine to ten inches long. It is made out of the leaf of a species of palm-tree, called Coucourite, hard and brittle, and pointed as sharp as a needle. About an inch of the pointed end is poisoned. The other end is burnt to make it still harder, and wild cotton is put round it for about an inch and a half. It requires considerable practice to put on this cotton well. It must just be large enough to fit the hollow of the tube, and taper off to nothing downwards. They tie it on with a thread of the silk grass, to prevent its slipping off the arrow.

"The Indians have shown ingenuity in making a quiver to hold the arrows. It will contain from five to six hundred. It is generally from twelve to fourteen inches long, and in shape resembles a dice-box used at backgammon. The inside is prettily done in basket-work, with wood not unlike bamboo, and the outside has a coat of wax. The cover is all of one piece, formed out of the skin of the tapir. Round the centre there is fastened a loop large enough to admit the arm and shoulder, from which it hangs when used. To the rim is tied a little bunch of silk grass, and half of the jaw-bone of the fish called Pirai, with which the Indian scrapes the point of his arrow.

"Before he puts the arrows into the quiver, he links them by two strings of cotton, one string at each end, and then folds them round a stick, which is nearly the length of the quiver. The end of the stick, which is uppermost, is guarded by two little pieces of wood crosswise, with a hoop round their extremities, which appears something like a wheel: and this saves the hand from being wounded when the quiver is reversed, in order to let the bunch of arrows drop out.

"There is also attached to the quiver a little kind of basket, to hold the wild cotton which is put on the blunt end of the arrow. With a quiver of poisoned arrows slung over his shoulder, and with his blow-pipe in his hand, in the same position as a soldier carries his musket, see the Macoushi Indian advancing towards the forest in quest of powises, maroudis, waracabas and other feathered game.

"These generally sit high up in the tall and tufted trees, but still are not out of the Indian's reach; for his blow-pipe, at its greatest elevation, will send an arrow three hundred feet. Silent as midnight he steals under them, and so cautiously does he tread the ground, that the fallen leaves rustle not beneath his feet. His ears are open to the least sound, while his eye, keen as that of the lynx, is employed in finding out the game in the thickest shade. Often he imitates their cry, and decoys them from tree to tree, till they are within range of his tube. Then taking a poisoned arrow from his quiver, he puts it in the blowpipe, and collects his breath for the fatal puff.

"About two feet from the end through which he blows, there are fastened two teeth of the acouri, and these serve him for a sight. Silent and swift the arrow flies, and seldom fails to pierce the object at which it is sent. Sometimes the wounded bird remains in the same tree where it was shot, and in three minutes falls down at the Indian's feet. Should he take wing, his flight is of short duration, and the Indian following the direction he has gone is sure to find him dead."

Such is the effect of the wourali poison. The flesh is uninjured;

the poison does not corrupt the blood; its whole effect appears to expend itself upon the nerves, and their complete paralysis is the sole cause of death.

But we must now hasten our return, and bearing with us a large stock of this wonderful substance, let us hope that in time a mode of its application may be devised by which hydrophobia, that dreadful scourge of the human race, may be effectually cured.\*

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF COAL.

It is now universally allowed that coal is the product of decomposed vegetable matter; and there are two hypotheses as to the mode in which it is brought together in such vast quantities. Deëtic, Brongniart, Dr. Macculloch, and Mr. Hutton of Newcastle, think that the plants generally grew and died on the spot where the coal exists, and that a bed of coal was analogous in its origin to a peat-bog. The other hypothesis (which is perhaps more generally received) assumes that the vegetable matter was swept from the land into estuaries or lakes by inundations and streams, as the trunks and branches of trees, with roots and foliage, are carried down by the Mississippi and St. Lawrence in North America. The difficulty of accounting for the immense accumulations of vegetable matter spread over such extensive areas is great in either way. But without going into the comparative merits of the two hypotheses, the former is assumed as true, for the purpose of illustration, in the following remarks:—

Coal was analogous in its origin to modern peat, and each bed was most probably formed on an extended surface of marshy land, covered with a rank vegetation. The finest caking coal Mr. Hutton considers as a crystalline compound, whose constituents had been in a state of solution; but slate coal and cannel coal often bear distinct impressions of plants. The new method of cutting minerals into slices so thin as to be transparent, of which Mr. Witham has made so happy a use, has been applied to coal; and by examining these with the microscope, the vegetable structure has been detected where no external trace of it was visible. In cannel coal it exists throughout the whole mass, while the fine coal retains it only in small patches, which appear as if it were mechanically entangled. Among other indications of the ligneous origin, tubes have been discovered filled with a yellowish resinous matter, which is the most volatile part of the coal, being what is first driven off by heat. All coal, therefore, had originally existed in the state of plants or trees. About three hundred species have been found in the sand-stone and shale of the coal measures; and the greater part of these probably exist in the coal itself, though the tenderness and opaqueness of the material render it difficult to detect them by examination. The three hundred species are all extinct. About two-thirds of them are ferns; the others consist of large Conifere (allied to the pine), of gigantic Lycopodiaceæ, of species analogous to the Cactæ and Euphorbiaceæ, and of palms. The plants indicate a moist climate, as hot as that of the tropics; and this holds true in the coal plants, not only in England, but at Melville Island within the polar circle. Dr. Hutton thought that the vegetables had been carbonised by heat; but Dr. Macculloch contends, on good grounds, that the change has been effected solely by water and pressure, and that by these agents peat is capable of conversion into coal. In the coal, therefore, familiarly used in our houses, we have the forests of primeval times, deprived of their watery and volatile parts, but preserving all their combustible matter, laid up for our use, as it were, in vast cellars under our feet, closely packed, and protected from air, rain, and floods, by a solid covering of rock and soil.

The other hypothesis is thus explained by Professor Phillips, with reference to the coal formation of Yorkshire. The alternating beds he attributes to alternating currents from different points of the compass, charged with different sediments, and passing into a great estuary or lake. Lime, he thinks, was transported by the marine currents from the south-east, because the limestone beds are thickest in that direction, and thin off towards the opposite point: argillaceous sediment was swept in by a river from the west, the shales being thickest in that direction; while sand and floating wood were drifted from the north, the beds of coal and sandstone being thickest in that direction.

This hypothesis, like the other, involves various difficulties, of which two may be mentioned. Of the four currents bearing wood, sand, clay, and lime, how did it happen that three so generally suspended their action while the fourth was operating? Again, supposing the wood to be floated from the north by a river which

\* The effect of the wourali poison is noticed in Nos. 14 and 23 of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL; articles, "The Ass Wouralia" and "Hydrophobia."

inundated its banks like the Mississippi, it is plain that such a stream could carry off only a small part, probably not one thirtieth, of the spoils of the forest annually deposited in its hydrographical basin. It follows, that to furnish materials for a bed of coal extending over a given space, the river must have drawn its waters from an area thirty times as large as would be required if the wood was carbonised where it grew, or the period must have been thirty times as long. But looking to the extent (one much greater than it now is) of the coal formations in the north of England and Scotland, where is the continent to be found in which such a river could exist? Mr. Phillips, in fact, finds it necessary to admit, that the large tracts of land required to furnish the sediments of sand and clay, and the masses of vegetable matter have disappeared in the northern and western oceans.

The fossils of the coal measures are chiefly plants. They are most abundant in the shale, but are also found in the sandstone. They generally lie on their sides; but various examples have been found of trees standing erect, piercing through several beds, with their roots spread out, and so circumstanced as to lead to the conclusion that they have been converted into stone at the very spot where they grew. Fossil trees seldom exceed a few feet in length, but examples are cited of some twenty feet long, found in what is considered their native locality. Their roots are sometimes in sandstone, but more frequently in a bed of shale, which had originally consisted of fine mud, and formed the soil in which they grew. Trees which have been transported from their native seats are, however, infinitely more common; and these have been found of great length. A magnificent specimen was exposed in Craighleith quarry, in 1833. Its colour approaches to black; it is about three feet in diameter; and there were above twenty feet of its length exposed when I saw it in 1834. It has no branches, but the scars where the branches have been inserted are well marked. It has been ascertained, by slicing, to be a Conifera of the genus Araucaria, of which living species exist in New Holland. Like its modern type, the fossil tree wants those concentric rings which mark the annual additions made to the growth of pines. It penetrates the sandstone obliquely, at an angle perhaps of twenty degrees.—*Maclaren's Sketch of the Geology of Fife and the Lothians.*

#### DEATH OF WATSON, THE CALCULATOR.

WE have to record the death of an individual, a native of Buxted, well known in this and adjoining counties as the "Sussex calculator," George Watson, who died in the union-house at Maresfield, a short time past, at the age of fifty-one years. His death was accelerated by his obstinacy during the late severe winter, in leaving the house, and sleeping in barns, &c.

George, who was an idiot in all things relating to common occurrences, was a self-taught calculator of the first class, and as such was known in many parts of the kingdom, and to none better than the writer of this article, who has often tried his powers to the utmost with the most abstruse questions, in which he was invariably right. By what method he arrived at his conclusions he could never explain, nor could the writer ever discover the system he pursued. The powers of his memory were astonishing: he could state accurately where he had been on any day for the last thirty years, what persons he saw, and what he was about. He lived for many years with an uncle at Buxted, who was a farmer, and he would recount the quantity of live stock bred during the whole time he lived with him, to whom they were sold, and the price they fetched. He has been often asked to state on what day of the year Easter Sunday was for a century past, and has never been wrong in his answers. The birth-days and ages of all the individuals among George's acquaintance were as well known to him as to themselves; and he has often raised a laugh against single ladies of a certain age, by stating the day of their birth in company. But one of his favourite amusements was to recount the number of acres, amount of population, size of the church, and weight of the tenor bell, of every parish in the county; which he would do without making a mistake.

It was the wish of some individuals well known to the poor fellow, and who took an interest in his behalf, to have assisted him; but his wandering habits were such, that to fix him to any place was impossible, and, from his idiotic obstinacy, he had lately contracted such dirty ways, that it was found the only place he could be taken in at was the workhouse, where he has been kindly treated until death put an end to his sufferings. Poor George will be long missed in the neighbourhood.—*Sussex Express*, 1838.

#### RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

RUNNING the gauntlet is a very frequent punishment of soldiers in the Austrian army. It consists in making the offender, who is naked to the waist, walk up and down a street formed of two rows of men, each of whom carries a switch of birch in his hand. The pace is left to the choice of the sufferer, who, however, generally prefers the ordinary marching time. The street of men is about one hundred yards long, and consisting of two rows of one hundred and fifty men in each, facing one another. The offences for which this terrible punishment is inflicted, are chiefly desertion and theft, though it may be ordered by a court-martial for other grave offences. For the first desertion, the offender is generally made to pass four times up and four times down the street; for the second offence ten times—and this is the greatest number ever ordered. One hundred blows with the corporal's stick are considered equal to running the gauntlet ten times. This shows the severity of the ordinary every-day punishment of twenty-five blows, which every captain of a company is authorised at any moment to order without report, or liability to be called to account. The colonel of the regiment (not the lieutenant-colonel) is the only officer who has authority to order the punishment of the gauntlet without a court-martial; and he cannot order the offender to run more than three times down a street formed of one hundred instead of one hundred and fifty men on each side.—*United Service Gaz.*

#### OPIUM-VENDERS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Talking of drinking and dramming, puts me in mind of the opium-eaters, on a number of whom the sultan played a capital trick some time back. He was passing through a quarter of the city where they sold the noxious drug, and the thought struck him that, as the father of his people, he was bound to put a stop to so pernicious a practice; so, without more ado, he pulled down all the shops, over the site of which I have several times had the honour of walking, and sent every single soul he found in them to the mad-house, which happens to be close by; and there they remained, with iron collars round their necks and chained to the walls, for two or three months, at the end of which time his sublime highness let them out, on their solemn promise never to go mad any more.—*Three Months' Leave.*

#### OPIUM THE CAUSE OF CHINESE DISLIKE TO FOREIGNERS.

The emperor and the grand mandarins, in their paternal care, have long seen the moral and physical evils of this habit, when too much indulged in, and are continually doing everything in their power to stop the importation of opium. One of the most reasonable grounds, perhaps, of their dislike of foreigners arises from this cause—the encouragement given by them to this forbidden trade. They consider them allied with the lowest and vilest orders of the people to break through the best institutions of the country, and to deprave the morals, and thus to alienate the affections of those whom they consider their children. Edicts are frequently promulgated from Peking against this practice, and no ship is allowed to enter the Bocca Tigris, unless a distinct asseveration is made that she has no opium on board.—*Downing's "Pan-Quis China."*

#### FOUND OUT.

During the usurpation of Cromwell, Sir —, of Surrey, who was one of Cromwell's knights, and a man zealously attached to his party, was sued by the minister of the parish for his tithes. While the dispute was pending, Sir John fancied that the parson preached at him, as he called it, every Sunday; whereupon he made his complaint to the Protector, who, at his request, summoned the minister to appear before him. The poor man denied the charge, saying he had done nothing but his duty, and had only preached in general terms against vice and immorality, against drunkards, liars, thieves, and robbers; and defied Sir John to instance any particular allusion to himself. After Cromwell had attentively heard both parties, he dismissed the knight with this memorable reprimand—"Sir John, go home, and hereafter live in good friendship with your minister: the word of the Lord is a searching word, and I am afraid it has now found you out."

#### UNSTEADY REASONING.

Late one evening, Drunken Davy, after spending his day's earnings at a grocery, set out for home. "Well," says he, "if I find my wife up, I'll lick her—what business has she to sit up, fire and light, ch? and if I find her in bed, I'll lick her—what business has she to go to bed before I get home?"—*New York Paper.*

#### BEAUTY IN A WIFE.

A young man married a wife, whose only claim upon his regard was her personal beauty. She said to him at the end of one of their quarrels, "You don't love me—you cannot look me in the face, and say that you love me"—"You mistake me, my dear," cried he; "for it is only when I look you in the face that I can say that I love you."—*Old Newspaper.*

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## MUSINGS IN A POULTRY-YARD.

PERSONS living in the country deprive themselves of a great deal of rational pleasure, and of what is at least equally valuable, useful instruction, who, from indolence, apathy, or any other motive, omit to have a poultry-yard. Filled with well-conditioned cocks and hens, turkeys, geese, and ducks, it is a complete little world in itself. Like the human communities, those of the feathered race, when brought together within the precincts of a moderate inclosure, develop characteristics well worthy of observation. Here may be seen the passions of pride, of love, anger, and jealousy, operating frequently with more or less power. Coquetry on the part of the females—rivalry amongst the males—partialities amongst particular cliques—aristocratic feelings and distinctions amongst the higher breeds—strong affections on the part of some mothers, negligence on the part of others, who are more prone to gad about—the filial impulses, and calls for protection, when danger threatens; these, and a variety of other causes of emotion and action, may be as easily discerned in the poultry-yard, by an attentive observer, as in the congregations of mankind.

The doctrine formerly taught by the schools, and sanctioned by the authority of great names, that the inferior classes of animals are actuated, in all their movements, by a mere unreasoning instinct, has long since become obsolete. The supposition that such an operating cause as what was called mechanical instinct could exist in an animated creature, and that this cause could be limited within a boundary that should prevent it from being anything more than a pre-arranged process, is of itself so great an absurdity, that one wonders how it could have ever been entertained by any person who had reflected upon the subject even for a moment.

What is instinct? "Desire or aversion," says Dr. Johnson, "acting in the mind without the intervention of reason or deliberation;" and in a second definition, he adds, "the power of determining the will of brutes." I should be glad to know from what source the Doctor learned that, in point of fact, "desire," or "aversion," ever does govern the mind without the intervention of thought. I wish to enjoy that which I believe capable of administering to my happiness—this is the origin of desire. Reverse the idea, and you have the origin of aversion. The operation of reason in both these cases is not to be doubted; but it is momentary, and its presence not being felt, in consequence of habit, we say that we act on what we are pleased to call instinct. Moreover, assuming the first definition to be correct, yet the Doctor says it "acts in the mind," which assuredly never does or can impel volition, without some exercise, however slight, or, at the time, imperceptible, of that faculty which the soul possesses of comparing instantly one idea with another. It must be from such a comparison, which is reasoning, that one object is desired and another disliked, by animals of every degree.

The second definition, "the power of determining the will of brutes," is to me utterly unintelligible. If brutes enjoy the faculty of volition, as it is here supposed they do, and if there be in their organs some power by which that volition is directed, what can that power be but a faculty which teaches them to prefer one thing to another—that is to say, a faculty which can compare two thoughts together, and decide which of the two is the more likely to produce the well-being of those animals? What, then, can this faculty be—what can we, properly call it, if it be not reason?

The authorities quoted by the Doctor, in explanation of what was manifestly his own view, certainly do not bear him out:—"Thou knowest," says Shakspeare, (Henry IV.,) "I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince: instinct is a great matter." It is, indeed, "a great matter." Milton appears to have considered it ("Samson Agonistes") in a similar light:—

"But providence or instinct of nature seems,

Or reason though disturbed, and scarce consulted,  
To have guided me aright."

Prior asks—

"Instinct and reason how shall we divide?"

The question is one not easy to be solved. To suppose that the lower races of animals are destitute of a reasoning faculty, is to set up an hypothesis directly opposed to the evidence of our own senses. I happened once to have been placed in circumstances of no ordinary difficulty, out of which I was extricated by the assistance—I might almost say by the advice—of my horse. I was journeying through a tract of wild country in the East, where there were no roads except those indistinctly marked by the footsteps of horses and oxen. I was attended by a Tartar courier, from whom I accidentally parted for a while. I had, in fact, very carelessly galloped onward in full speed, and, in his attempt to overtake me, one of the spare horses he had with him fell down. While he was endeavouring to raise the animal—an operation which took some time—I still galloped on, imagining that he was close behind me. At length, having ceased to hear the sound of his horses' steps, I looked about, and could see nothing of him. I had taken no notice of the route by which I came, and apprehending that, if I returned, I might miss him, I felt at a loss what to do—to go on, to stop where I was, or to go back. The evening was fast closing in—the sun had just set—my destination was southward, and having resolved to pursue my course in that direction, I spurred my animal into a path which I imagined to be the right one. He obeyed my will, but with great reluctance; he soon showed such strong signs of impatience, that I threw the bridle on his neck, and permitted him to choose for himself. The natural impulse for him would have been to return homewards, for he was a fresh horse which I had received at the previous stage. Instead of doing this, however, he returned to the path I had left, and proceeded in a course in which the courier overtook me about an hour after. It was the right course for my purpose. This choice upon the part of the animal may be called by others instinct or sagacity—I call it reason; for he must have known that I wished to go to a certain place, and, though he might have gone back to his own stable if he liked, he preferred the performance of his duty.

A thousand instances of the exercise by the lower animals of the faculties of reason and memory, and of the exhibition by them of all the passions which animate mankind, not excepting even pride and ambition, might be adduced to show that the "power which determines the will of brutes" is something much higher than that which is commonly understood by the term "instinct." I have heard military men say that cavalry horses, engaged in the field of battle, displayed unequivocal tokens of sympathy with their riders in all the dangers of attack or defence, and in the exultation of victory. The noble description of the war-horse in Job will here recur at once to the recollection of the reader:—"He breaketh up the earth with his hoof, he pranceth boldly,

he goeth forward to meet armed men. He despiseth fear, he turneth not his back to the sword. Chasing and raging, he swalloweth the ground; neither doth he make account when the noise of the trumpet soundeth—[that is, he doth not calculate the peril he is about to encounter, but rushes onward in all his bravery].—When he heareth the trumpet, he saith, Ha! ha! he smelleth the battle afar off, the encouraging of the captains, and the shouting of the army." [He *smelleth*—that is to say, he feels alive to the coming danger; he is sensible to the calls of the leaders of the combat, and would, if he could, shout with the shouting hosts around him.]

On one of the fine mornings in May, when those balmy delicious breezes which so particularly belong to that month, and which invigorate all nature, were playing through the firmament, I happened to be wandering through a spacious undulating field, in which were two fine foals and four or five milch cows. The foals seemed wild with the spirit of joy; they were running races with each other—now up the rising ground, now curving beautifully round the angles of the field—now flying down the descent, now rolling themselves on the fresh turf, round and round—then up again, and off on another and another race. The cows looked on for awhile with astonishment, and next with alarm—so much so, that one of them, though a large animal, actually jumped over a fence, not a very low one, into the adjoining field. The foals seeing this, held council together, and, as if enjoying the fun, they resumed their races, but directed their steps, with a roguish design, more particularly towards the spot where the other cows had assembled together. The poor animals became more and more terrified; the foals pursued the sport, and ceased not until they made each of them jump the fence in succession. As soon as they had thus cleared the field, they flung themselves on the grass, and rolled about, as it were laughing at the fright into which they had thrown their companions of the pasture.

Here was a scene in which the "power" that "determines the will of brutes" varied every moment on both sides; it was a power that taught the foals to enjoy the breezes of the morning—to emulate each other in rapidity of movement—to persecute, for their own amusement, their less active friends; the same power inspired the horned animals with alarm, and bade them fly from a place where they could no longer ruminate in tranquillity.

Walking, on another occasion, through the principal street of the village in which I reside, I observed a cock and a hen with some young chickens, feasting on such insects as they could find upon a dunghill. The mother was busily employed in scratching up the materials of which the heap was composed, and calling her young to her, whenever she discovered anything they could usefully consume. The cock was looking about him with that sort of pride which a father enjoys when he sees his family busily engaged in making a good dinner.

While they were thus employed, a large hungry dog came straying by, and, looking wistfully towards the dunghill, seemed to think that he also might find there something suitable to his palate. The mother seeing him approach, ran up to the cock instantly, and, directing his attention to the dog, manifestly made him some communication by a mode of speech familiar to themselves; whereupon the cock forthwith flew at the dog, aided by the hen, who also stoutly performed her part in the battle. The dog, thus taken by surprise, made no sort of resistance, but trotted off as fast as he could—his tail pressed close behind him, as if he feared that it might be laid hold of by his assailants. The hen, as soon as she had fairly committed her consort in the combat, and ascertained how it was to terminate, lost not a moment in calling her young to her, and, removing to a distance, nestled them under her wings, until the intruder was entirely out of sight; she then resumed the occupation in which she had been momentarily disturbed.

My hen-house—or rather my wife's hen-house, for it is entirely her affair—is now a very compact one. It was not so when we first came to our present residence, which had been for some time untenanted. The roof had to be re-tiled, the roosts and nests to

be re-constructed, and the whole to be thoroughly cleansed out and whitewashed. These operations took place about the end of May, at a period when a robin, who had taken possession of a snug corner on the top of the board that formed the roof of the poultry-nests, was busily employed in feeding her young brood. She did not appear to be in the least annoyed by our proceedings. We, of course, had given particular instructions that her mansion should not be touched; and appearing clearly to understand that she was under our protection, she pursued her daily and delightful occupation of finding out insects, and carrying them to her little ones, with wonderful activity. The carpenter hammered—the bricklayer knocked about and whitewashed—the mistress and the servants went in and out—the hens cackled, the cock crowed—but the affectionate mother continued to execute her duties with an indefatigable alacrity. There was a small round aperture in the door, near the top. When the door was shut, it was beautiful to see the familiar bird popping constantly in and out, and sometimes resting on her threshold, and looking about with a self-satisfied air.

A neighbour of mine tells me, that while he was lately levelling some newly-turned-up earth in his garden, a robin occupied itself in following the traces of his rake, picking up the worms and snails which his operations uncovered. The moment it found a little victim, off it flew, and again returned for fresh spoils, without the least fear of molestation. The friendly intercourse long since established between man and this species of the feathered tribe, may be looked upon as one of the most agreeable acts of homage which are paid to him by the inferior races of animals. The robin really appears to love him. It usually has its home near his. It often offers itself to his notice; and even when it does not expect or want anything from him, it seeks to cultivate his affection, which it never fails to do with success. It is a common supposition, that the robin is with us only an autumnal and winter bird. I have seen him in my garden, and in the neighbouring fields, all the year round, and have heard his sweet song in October, as well as in July.

We had some time ago a present from a friend, of a cock and two hens of the Spanish breed. They are remarkably fine birds, being nearly twice as large as our ordinary barn-door fowl. The plumage is not a raven black, but very nearly so. The females have crests as well as the male, but that of the latter is larger, and inclines at the top a little towards the left side; which gives him a distinguished and jaunty air, not at all unbecoming his rank in the creation. When these strangers first appeared in our poultry world, they were eyed with universal jealousy, particularly by the English cock, who, without much loss of time, picked a quarrel with the grandee. A battle ensued, which was conducted with great valour on both sides. They separated without any decisive result on the first occasion. The contest was soon after renewed, blood was drawn; at length the English cock gave way, and fairly ran away. The Spaniard followed him to a certain distance, but contented himself with proclaiming a truce, upon condition that, in future, he and his two consorts should have the sunny side of the yard to themselves. The truce has been faithfully kept. If by mistake or forgetfulness the Englishman ever wanders much beyond his limits, he is forthwith reminded of his treaty, and hastes to observe it. His ladies often transgress the bounds: they are seldom molested by his highness, who is rather courteous towards them. Indeed, to one or two he seems partial, and, but for the constant vigilance of his companions, I should sometimes tremble for his conjugal fidelity. The latter are much attached to him, and whenever they see the other hens intruding on his domains, they expel them without ceremony. In doing this, they believe that they are acting in fond conformity with his wishes, and after they have done it they often approach him, and insert the top of the bill in his at the small opening near the fleshy part of the mouth. It is, in fact, a kiss, which he accepts, but would as soon be without. It seems intended to say, "I have sent off that vulgar hussy—I knew it would please you, my dear;" and accordingly takes her reward for the service. I question whether he does always think

it a service, for he has more than once appeared to meditate a liaison with the plebeians, not without being observed by his own dame, whom I have seen, on such occasions, putting their heads together, consulting and apparently asking each other, "What is our gentleman after now?"

Upon the whole, however, as far as my observation goes, I think that, though sometimes a sinner in thought, his conduct is not open to animadversion. He has taken care not to come within the penal jurisdiction of the spiritual court. He keeps pretty regularly within the limits of his own home. His family never associate with the secondary rank; they assume a high tone—an aristocratical air. They never roost in the common hen-house; they from the first chose to fix, during the hours of repose, in one of the stalls of the stable; and always, even in the scramble of feeding times—keep themselves apart from the other inhabitants. They are strict "exclusives" in their way, and strut about with a peculiar dignity. His lordship generally makes it a point to attend each of his ladies whenever she is about to deposit an egg; an operation both the Spanish hens perform, by the bye, without making half the noise about it which the other hens do.\* Their eggs are remarkably large and fine. We have already had some of them hatched, and the young brood promise to afford some delicious accompaniments to slices of Wiltshire bacon during the winter.

This will seem to some "gentle readers" a cruel, cold-hearted remark: and, upon my word, I must admit that it does savour of an Epicurean philosophy to look forward to the massacre of the little innocents now enjoying life with so much gaiety. The order to the cook to immolate one of the tenants of our poultry region is seldom given by somebody whom I could mention, without a slight struggle. In truth, it is not easy to think of terminating a life which appears so happy a one, especially when it is the life of a creature that feeds from your own hand, that has been accustomed to look for your daily visits with pleasing anticipations, and to receive them always with tokens of unbounded joy. I know a little girl, too, who, however much she exults in a good dinner, would rather be without it than hear that a sentence of death has gone forth against a favourite chicken! But what is to be done? It is a duty imposed upon man (and, after all, rather a pleasant one) that he must eat; and if he see before him a plump fowl, nicely browned, smoking from the spit, how can he (Heaven help him!) resist the temptation?

Our turkey-cock is a remarkably fine fellow. When he first joined the throng, he had also to fight for his station; for all the cocks were upon arms against him. He took the matter very quietly, scarcely condescending to notice his antagonists, and forcing them to fly almost without any exertion on his part. Having thus triumphed, he plucked from the breast of one of them a feather, which he held in his bill, and, walking pompously round the yard, displayed the trophy to the hens, as if with a view to allay their fears, and at the same time to assure them that being thus easily victorious, he meditated no further hostilities. He has faithfully kept his promise; indeed, he has never since been molested.

He has also his two consorts, with whom he lives in decent friendship; love, or very great kindness, such as prevails between the Spaniards, I cannot call it, for the female turkeys are extremely apathetic in their demeanour towards him. In vain he puts forth all his plumage, arching the feathers of his wings, erecting those on his back and breast, unfolding those of his magnificent tail—sometimes moving them sideways like a fan, sometimes perpendicularly,—his soul, meanwhile, (a soul he must have, for you see it in his eyes,) being swollen with unbounded admiration of himself, and wondering, with an impatient air, that everybody does not worship him as if he were "the monarch of all he surveyed." He demands especially the homage of his own family, but they do little more than just eye him for a moment, and then resume their usual habit of indifference. This vexes him—the pendant at his nostrils, hitherto red with pride, turns pale with rage, and his feathers successively sinking under the effort to be

grand, he contents himself, as well as he can, with gadding about in his undress, looking for something to eat.

It is very well known that turkey-cocks particularly dislike certain colours. When she, from whose bands the poultry usually receive their meals, appears in the yard in a plaid gowf, the bird above mentioned seldom fails to peck at it, as if he felt the brightness of its varied hues to be an attempt to outline his own. Black, also, he looks upon with anger; it must, for some other reason, operate upon his nerves disagreeably.

There often is to be found in a neighbourhood a woman of peculiarly kind disposition; a widow perhaps, or one who, being the mother of a family already provided for, still is always prepared to give her sympathies, and, if need be, her assistance, to any young thing—an orphan, or a child neglected by its parents. Her admirable goodness does not always make her as popular as ought to do. It is a perpetual reproach to the conduct of some—its, of necessity, excites in others impulses of respect, which they do not wish to yield—it provokes some to envy, not to emulation, and plenty of the old washerwomen may be heard to say that she is nothing more or less than a "busy-body," and that she had much better keep at home, and attend to her own business.

We have amongst our feathered people a hen of matured age, very much of this character. She lays no eggs of her own, but she is always ready to sit, if others be provided for her. She collects, and forthwith arranges them, with particular tact and care; and, when once she has settled herself upon them, and feels that they are all within the influence of the warmth of her body and her not too much extended wings, there she will remain day and night during the necessary period, seldom quitting her position for more than a few moments, and then only to comply with the most pressing exigences. The mistress, of course, always places food within reach of the anxious and faithful matron. She is a comely bird, of the most modest appearance; her plumage of a dark drab colour.

When unoccupied in this way, she looks out constantly for some little chicken, ill attended to by its own parent, and is sometimes suspected of even practising some arts of sorcery, by means of which she attracts to herself the affections of children not her own. A case of this kind lately occurred. Two or three of a brood of ten chickens were observed by the mother to steal away occasionally to the "good woman," as she may be called. The mother was at first very jealous and indignant, and not only scolded but pecked her as violently as she could. The impression, however, in her favour, once made upon the young folk, it rather increased, and extended to one or two more; whereupon the mother, in a rage, resigned them all to her care, and has never since taken the slightest notice of them. Nay, if one comes too near her, she drives it away instantly. Her cause has been taken up by most of her neighbours, who wage constant war against the "good hen." But she is indifferent to their hostility, so long as she has something to love; when she has not, she looks languid, and keeps entirely to herself.

It is very amusing to see the young cocks fight with each other, the moment they are able to put their spurs in order for battle. The Spanish grandee, however, seems to have taken the police of the yard under his particular care. When he sees any disturbance arising among these juvenile hotspurs, he proceeds to the spot, separates them by pushing his breast against them, without resorting to his weapons, and then crows over both, as if commanding them, under penalty of annihilation, to observe strict peace towards each other in future. They obey reluctantly. Now and then they seem disposed to renew the contest; but his worship keeps a sharp eye upon them, and reads his riot-act, when off they scamper in a fright. The elder English cock lately provoked one of these little chaps to fight with him. The Spaniard was very angry at this bad example; he chased the offender round the yard into a corner, where he blockaded him a whole afternoon!

The reader will no doubt smile at these anecdotes—nay, probably he may treat them as incredible. "The writer," he will say, "is a person deluded by fancy, which makes him speak of a set of poultry as if they were so many *Christians*," to use a rustic phrase. I do not, indeed, pretend to say that they are Christians; but I do fearlessly assert, that it is impossible for any person to have observed those creatures as I have done, without arriving at the conclusion that the instinct, if instinct it be, by which they are directed, is truly a "great matter."

## MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

We had often heard of the wonders of Madame Tussaud's exhibition, and had frequently been urged to go and see it; but we happen to have rather a prejudice against that sort of representation, arising partly from the apprehension of the disagreeable smell, which always accompanies a wax doll, and partly from the recollection of the ghastly look of some old wax figures which we remembered to have seen in our childhood. At last some friends from the country returned one evening from viewing this exhibition, in such raptures of admiration—one old lady, in particular, declaring that, though she had spent three hours there, she was only sorry she could not spend three more,—that we determined to overcome our scruples, and fairly to judge for ourselves. For this purpose we sallied forth, and arrived soon after seven o'clock in Baker-street, where we were attracted by the brilliant light in a large hall; and which, from several carriages standing near the door, we at first supposed to proceed from a nobleman's mansion, lighted up for some festive occasion; but a nearer view convinced us that it was the object of our destination, from the numerous statues and busts seen through the windows, and from the parties of two, three, or more pedestrians, who ever and anon made their way through the swing-door, and disappeared across the hall. We followed the multitude, and soon found ourselves in an ante-room at the top of the stairs, where sat the venerable Madame Tussaud herself, at the receipt of custom. Having paid our shilling, she beckoned to a door of looking-glass, and, on opening it, what a sight presented itself! Figures of the size of life, of all ages and of all countries, were grouped about the room—some of them of such intense resemblance to life as to be quite startling. There was Cobbett, for instance, in the homely grey suit of an English farmer, with spectacles on his nose, seated among the spectators, apparently viewing the group of warriors who settled the destinies of Europe; his head turning slowly from side to side, as if deliberately examining one figure after another. It was long before we could convince ourselves that it was not a real person. At the entrance, too, there stands a man with a sinister countenance, first looking suspiciously at you, and then turning away his head, as if afraid of having his thoughts divined. This is *Fieschi*, in the act of adjusting his infernal machine.

The two principal groups in the room represent the coronation of Victoria, in which the Duke of Devonshire, as gold stick, stands conspicuous for his noble and commanding figure; and the others, the actors in the grand drama of 1814. How many of this latter group sleep in dust! only two of the crowned heads, viz. the King of Prussia and Bernadotte, are yet alive to reflect on the various and trying scenes of their lives. The latter, as Charles XIV. of Sweden, may be considered the most fortunate individual of all those who were raised from the ranks by Napoleon. His father was a wood-cutter in the south of France; Bonaparte soon discovered his merits as a soldier, and raised him to the highest honours. He was long known as the Crown-Prince of Sweden, the Swedes having chosen him, during the life-time of their sovereign, as next heir to the crown; to which he succeeded in 1818. He is now one of the oldest sovereigns in Europe, having been born in 1764. We cannot look at Frederic William IV. of Prussia without a certain degree of respect, naturally inspired by the firmness he has displayed on all occasions, and by the vicissitudes he has experienced, in being compelled to submit to French domination, and for the loss of his beautiful but deluded queen, who is said to have died of a broken heart, when she found she had gone too far in encouraging the enemies of her country. How greatly he contributed to the downfall of Napoleon is well known. By his side stands that arch-warrior of the old school, the renowned Blücher, of whom it is characteristically said, that, on being taken to the top of St. Paul's, instead of admiring the extent and magnificence of the view, his only exclamation was, "Mein Gott, what plunder!"—thus betraying more of the rough freebooter than of the modern tactician. The unmistakable figure of Bonaparte (surrounded by his satellites) stands conspicuous on the right of the group; the whole being intended to represent the tender of the Kingdom of France, as it was under Louis XIV., to Napoleon, by the allied sovereigns, in 1814. He is in the act of refusing, and points to his favourite eagle; which, by the bye, is said to be the identical one given to him by his imperial guard, and which was taken by the Prussians on the field of Waterloo.

We have invariably found that the group most attractive to children is that of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, between

whom stands the Dauphin, a lovely little boy, with long curling hair and his mother's delicate complexion. What young person, in viewing this child, but must naturally be anxious to know more of his history, when she hears him named in accents of commiseration! Indeed, one of the great merits of the collection is the eagerness it inspires in young minds for information; while the gratification it affords to the old, in seeing the all but living representation of such persons as "Billy Pitt" and "Charley Fox," whose names were once familiar as household words, must not be overlooked. The costumes, too, of the different characters are well shown. There is Henry IV. in the splendid dress which was the model of that of the *gardes du corps* of Louis XVI.; Voltaire, and a contemporary coquette, tricked out in all the primness of that ceremonious age, before the revolution had thrown down the barriers of society, and substituted the cropped hair, round hat, and *trousers* of the working classes, for the cocked hat, flowing wig, and sword of the nobility.

As for ourselves, we prefer the two models of the sweet little infants, one of which is the son of Madame Tussaud, now a fine young man; and the other that of a boy who was washed away in his cradle when the Seine overflowed its banks in 1796. The child was rescued from a watery grave by some humane persons; and on Bonaparte being made acquainted with the circumstance, he had him taken care of at his own expense, placed him in the Polytechnic School, and afterwards provided for him in the Army. A collection of less pleasing objects is very judiciously placed in a separate room. A model of the guillotine, the shirt in which Henry IV. was stabbed, with the heads of Greenacre and other atrocious murderers, might not be very agreeable objects to many persons, however attractive they might be to the curious in such matters.

Having fully gratified our curiosity, we were about to retire, when we found ourselves ensconced in a recess of looking-glass, where nothing presented itself but a whole-length representation of ourselves. At last, in desperation, we seized an ivory knob, which yielding to our pressure, we once more found ourselves in the presence of the ingenious artist. Having read her memoirs, we were much interested in seeing a person who had been on habits of intimacy with so many celebrated characters of by-gone times; and we could hardly imagine this lady to be the same little girl who was patted on the head by Voltaire, receiving at the same time a commendation of her beautiful black eyes. Though nearly 80 years of age (being born in 1760) she does not look more than 65, and bids fair in this respect to rival her maternal ancestors, who, she tells us, were remarkable for longevity. Her maiden name was Marie Grosholtz, and she is a native of Berne. Her father, Joseph Grosholtz, was aide-de-camp to General Wurmsler during the seven years' war, and was so unutilized with wounds that his forehead was laid bare, and his lower jaw shot away and supplied by a silver plate. He married a widow, daughter of a Swiss clergyman, who had seven sons by her former husband, and the little Marie was the only addition she made, after her second marriage, to this already numerous family, but she was not born, however, till two months after her father's death. This lady's brother was M. Curtius, the celebrated modeller. He was practising as a physician at Berne, when the Prince de Conti, being struck with some portraits and anatomical subjects which he had modelled in wax, induced him to give up his profession for that of an artist, and repair to Paris, where the Prince introduced him to the royal family and many of the nobility, and continued his steady friend and patron. M. Curtius was fully employed in executing the numerous orders that were continually flowing in; and as he found his new profession very lucrative, he paid a visit, in the course of a few years, to his native city, to induce his sister and her family to come and settle in Paris. Marie Grosholtz was then only six years old, but she remembers her arrival in Paris perfectly well. Formerly, in France, (and even now,) children were not kept so much in the nursery as they are in England. It is the custom there for children to dine "at table" with their parents at a very early age; and there a girl of ten is often as womanly in her manners as an English girl of fourteen. Marie being naturally quick and intelligent, soon began to take an interest in the conversation of the remarkable men of the day who frequented her uncle's table. She has a lively recollection of the almost ludicrous squabbles which took place between Voltaire and Rousseau, the latter accusing his rival of having picked his brains of an idea, and bringing it out in his next publication, clothed in his own peculiar language.

Under her uncle's tuition, Mlle. Grosholtz soon became so great a proficient in the art of modelling, that she was entrusted, though

still very young, to take casts of Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, and Mirabeau. Among the visitors who came to see her uncle's collection, was the amiable Princess Elizabeth, sister to Louis XVI., who was so delighted with the young artist that she took lessons of her in the art of modelling, and at last obtained M. Curtius's consent to take his niece to reside entirely with her at Versailles. Here Mlle. Grosholtz had an opportunity of appreciating the saint-like qualities of this unfortunate princess, who perished on the scaffold at the age of 30; and of witnessing that reckless extravagance of the other members of the royal family, which finally exasperated the minds of the people to open rebellion.

M. Curtius, probably foreseeing the breaking out of the revolution, wished to have his niece to reside with him again; accordingly, early in 1789, she took leave of the princess and returned to Paris. It was not long before she became aware of the change that had taken place in the society that met at her uncle's table. Instead of artists and philosophers, she saw a crowd of fanatic politicians and wild theorists, who were often very noisy in their declamations. Her uncle always persisted in saying, however, even after he had fairly joined the revolutionists, that he was a royalist at heart, and that he only favoured these visionaries, and entered into their views, to save his family from ruin.

The first open symptom of rebellion (which had long been threatened) was the mob coming to M. Curtius's museum, and demanding the busts of the Duke of Orleans and Necker (the two popular favourites), which they hoisted on poles, and paraded through the streets, till they were dispersed by the military with loss of life. After this, nothing but confusion reigned in Paris, and the Bastille was shortly after attacked. In company with her uncle, Mlle. Grosholtz went to view it after it was taken by the people, and one shudders with horror at her description of its dungeons and iron cages for prisoners, in one of which the skeleton of a man was found. Sixteen persons were liberated from this scene of atrocities; one of whom, the Count de Lorge, who had been 36 years a prisoner, is represented among the artist's other performances. In the massacre that ensued after the royal family had left the Tuileries on the fatal 10th of August, 1792, Mlle. Grosholtz lost three brothers and two uncles in the Swiss body-guard, who fell bravely defending the palace. Herself, her mother, and her aunt, having been denounced as royalists, were carried off to prison at midnight, while M. Curtius was absent on an official mission on the Rhine, and confined in a room with twenty other females. Among their companions in misfortune were Madame Beauharnois (afterwards the Empress Josephine) and her daughter Fanny, better known as "La Reine Hortense." After some weeks' detention, they were liberated through the intervention of General Kleber. M. Curtius returned from the Rhine soon after in very bad health, and great suspicions were entertained by his family that poison had been administered to him. He never entirely recovered, but lingered on for some time, and at last expired. Of Mlle. Grosholtz's marriage to M. Tussaud we are told nothing in her memoirs; but we presume it took place about this time, if not before. Having escaped all the horrors of the revolution, in some of the scenes of which she bore an unwilling part, Madame Tussaud (as we must now call our artist) took the opportunity of visiting England at the peace of 1802, and she has remained in various parts of the United Kingdom ever since; exhibiting her wax figures at Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, and London and its vicinity, but never before has she had so magnificent a theatre for display as now presented in the rooms of what was formerly the King-street bazaar.

In taking leave of this lady and her performances, we are almost tempted to exclaim, in the words of our country friend, that "of all the sights in London, Madame Tussaud's exhibition is the best."

#### CHANGING ONE'S NOTE.

It is recorded of Curran; that going to his inn early one summer morning, after a long sitting with some friends in Glasgow, he observed a man sound asleep in the kennel, his upturned face gilded with the rays of the newly-risen sun. Mr. Curran awoke the sleeper, who, like himself, had been indulging rather freely the previous night, and had no recollection of taking up the position in which he was found. After the first surprise was over, he thrust his hand into his pocket, where he found a quantity of small change; on discovering which, with a face of the utmost compunction and alarm, he exclaimed, "Gude guide us! hae I been sae far left to mysel' as to change a note!"

#### LORD FERRERS, THE MURDERER.

We extract the following account of this singular criminal from the Memoirs of "the Life and Times" of his relation, the celebrated Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. This work, which appeared first in Numbers, and has recently been published in two octavo volumes, purports to be written by "a Member of the Houses of Shirley and Hastings." It is full of interest, is impartially written, and contains a vast fund of anecdotal information.

"Lawrence, fourth Earl of Ferrers, eldest son of Lady Huntingdon's uncle, the Hon. Lawrence Shirley, by a daughter of Sir Walter Clarges, of Aston, in Hertfordshire, bart., though he was at times a very intelligent person, and a nobleman conversant in the history of his country, yet, on divers occasions, exhibited symptoms of constitutional insanity. For more than a twelvemonth he had supplied a topic for conversation, by an attempt to murder his wife and everybody that took her part. Having broken the peace, which the House of Lords had bound him to keep, the cause was again brought before them; but instead of attending it, he went to the assizes at Hertford, to appear against a highwayman. The countess was sister to Sir W. Meredith, and had no fortune. The earl always said she had trepanned him into matrimony, having met him at an assembly when he was intoxicated, and having kept him in his state of drunkenness till the ceremony was over. As he was seldom sober before or afterwards, it is hardly fair to impute his excesses to this pretty, and, unless it were a crime to wish to be a countess, very blameless person.

"His misfortunes, as he called them, were dated from this marriage; though he had been guilty of horrid excesses unconnected with matrimony, and is even believed to have killed a groom, who died a year after receiving a cruel beating from him. He had a mistress before his marriage, by whom he had two or three children, and he took her again after the separation from his wife. He was fond of both, and used both ill: Lady Ferrers so ill—always carrying pistols to bed, and threatening to kill her before morning, beating her, and being jealous without provocation—that she obtained a separation from him by act of Parliament, in which were appointed receivers of his estate, to secure her allowance. This he could not bear. However, he named Mr. Johnson, who had been taken into the family of Lord Ferrers in his youth, and was then his lordship's land-steward, as one of these receivers, hoping probably that he should have sufficient influence over him to have procured some deviation from his trust, in his lordship's favour. He soon found out that Mr. Johnson would not oblige him at the expense of his own honesty, and from that time he conceived an implacable resentment against him. Afterwards finding out that Mr. Johnson had paid Lady Ferrers fifty pounds without his knowledge, and suspecting him of being in the confederacy against him, he determined, when he failed of opportunities of murdering his wife, to kill the steward; which he effected.

"Having ordered Mr. Johnson to attend him at Stanton, his lordship contrived to send all the men-servants out of the way, so that there were no persons in the house but himself and three female servants. On Mr. Johnson entering the room, Lord Ferrers locked the door. His lordship then ordered him to settle an account, and after a little time produced a paper, purporting, as he said, to be a confession of his villainy, and required Mr. Johnson to sign it. Johnson refused, and his lordship, drawing a pistol from his pocket, ordered him to kneel down, which the terrified man did upon one knee; but Lord Ferrers cried out so loud as to be heard by one of the women at the kitchen-door, 'Down on your other knee—declare what you have acted against Lord Ferrers—your time is come, and you must die.' He fired, and the ball entered Mr. Johnson's body just below the last rib, yet he did not drop, but he rose up, and expressed the sensations of a dying man, both by his looks and broken sentences. An alarum was soon given, and Dr. Kirkland was sent for.

"From this period till he was arrested, Lord Ferrers continued to drink porter, and in proportion as it took effect, his passions became more tumultuous. Having shot the steward at three o'clock in the afternoon, he persecuted him till one in the morning, threatening again to murder him, and attempting to tear off his bandages. The last time he went to him he pulled him by the wig, calling him villain; and it was with great difficulty that Miss Johnson, and those about her father, could prevent his lordship from striking him. The poor man was so terrified by his outrageous conduct, that Dr. Kirkland at length succeeded in removing



him in the middle of the night to his own house, where he languished till the next morning; and when the earl heard the poor creature was dead, he said he gloried in having killed him.

"At the time of his arrest Lord Ferrers was armed with a blunderbuss, two or three pistols, and a dagger. From Ashby de la Zouch his lordship was sent to Leicester gaol, and from thence, about a fortnight afterwards, was brought to London, in his own landau, and six horses, under a strong guard. He was dressed like a jockey, in a close riding-frock, boots, and cap. Immediately on his arrival, he was carried before the House of Lords. It is impossible to conceive the shock which the evidence contained in the coroner's inquest gave the court: many of the lords were standing to look at him, but they soon turned from him with dejection. He was then committed to the custody of the black rod, and ordered to the Tower.

"After two months' imprisonment in the Tower, on the 16th April, 1759, Lord Ferrers was brought to his trial at Westminster Hall. He would not plead guilty, and yet had nothing to plead; and at last, to humour his family, pleaded madness, against his inclination. It was melancholy to see two of his brothers brought to depose to lunacy as existing in their own blood, in order to save their brother's life. On a former affair in the House of Lords, he is said to have behaved with great shrewdness: no such thing, however, appeared at his trial; and it was afterwards pretended that his being forced by his family, against his inclination, to plead insanity, prevented his exerting his parts; but Lord Ferrers did not act in anything as if his family had influence over him.

"The trial lasted three days. His lordship was sentenced to be hanged, and to have his body dissected and anatomised; the evidence of his insanity not proving satisfactory to their lordships. But the Right Hon. Lord Henley, late Earl of Nottingham, who acted as high steward at this awful solemnity, with consent of the peers, respited his lordship's execution till Monday, May 5th. On receiving sentence, the unfortunate nobleman begged his peers to recommend him to mercy; but all application from himself and friends proved ineffectual, and he was left for execution.

"The conduct of Lord Ferrers after his condemnation was singular and extraordinary. The very night he received sentence, he played at picquet, and would have continued to play every evening, had not permission been refused at the particular request of Lady Huntingdon, and other members of his family. Lord Cornwallis, governor of the Tower, shortened his allowance of wine after his conviction, agreeably to the strict acts concerning the crime of murder which had passed both houses of parliament. This his lordship much disliked, and at last pressed his brother to intercede that at least he might have more porter; 'for,' said he, 'what I have is not a draught.' Mr. Shirley remonstrated, but at last consented. 'Then,' said the earl, 'now is as good a time as any to take leave of you—adieu!'

"Very great exertions were made by Lady Huntingdon, and other branches of the family, to save his life. Two petitions were presented to the king—one by his mother, and the other by all the members of his family: but his majesty said, as the House of Lords had unanimously found him guilty, he would not interfere. Another was presented by my Lord Keeper, but the king refused to hear him.

"Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, offered his services to his lordship. He thanked the bishop, and said, as his own brother was a clergyman, he chose to have him; but Lady Huntingdon was more frequently with him than any other relation. The earl, although by no means disposed to pay attention to the subjects she brought before his mind, allowed her to visit him frequently, and often sent for her, for the sake of company. He often grew tired of her ladyship's unwearied exertions to produce effect upon a conscience so hardened and impenetrable, and complained that she was enough to provoke anybody; yet he permitted her to visit him to the last, even after he had declined seeing his brothers; and had two interviews with Mr. Whitefield, to whom he behaved with great politeness. At Lady Huntingdon's request, Mr. Whitefield repeatedly offered up public prayer for Lord Ferrers; 'and that impertinent fellow,' says Horace Walpole, 'told his enthusiasts, in his sermons, that my lord's heart was stone.' The very hardened conduct of Lord Ferrers, through every intricacy of this horrid affair, even to the last moment of his departure out of life, but too well justified Mr. Whitefield. Witness his fearful insensibility the night before his execution, when he made one of his keepers read 'Hamlet' to him, after he was in bed: he paid all his bills in the morning as coolly as if leaving an inn; and, half an hour before the arrival of the sheriffs to convey him to the place of execution,

corrected some verses he had written in the Tower, in imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's epitaph:

"Dubius sed non improbus vixi."

"In doubt I lived—in doubt I die—  
Yet stand prepared the vast abyss to try,  
And undismay'd expect eternity!"

"The earl wanted much to see his mistress: my Lord Cornwallis consulted Lady Huntingdon whether he should permit it. 'Oh, by no means,' said the countess; 'it would be letting him die in adultery.' He resolved not to take leave of his children—four girls—but on the scaffold, and then to read them a very bitter paper he had drawn up against the Meredith family, and on the House of Lords, for their first interference in separating him from Lady Ferrers. This, Lady Huntingdon, with her usual good sense, persuaded him to drop, and having brought his children to him, he took a cold farewell of them the day before he suffered. He had written two letters during the week to Lord Cornwallis, on some of their requests; they were cool and rational, and concluded with desiring him not to mind the requests of his family on his behalf, which he considered extremely absurd.

"On the morning of the 5th of May, his body was demanded of the keeper at the gate of the Tower, by the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. His lordship being informed of it, sent a message to the sheriffs, requesting that he might go in his own landau, instead of the mourning-coach that had been provided by his family; and his request being granted, he entered his landau, drawn by six horses, with Mr. Humphries, chaplain of the Tower, who had been admitted to his lordship that morning for the first time. The landau was conducted to the outer gate by the officers of the Tower, and was there delivered to the sheriffs. Here the sheriff Vaillant entered the landau of Lord Ferrers, and expressing his concern at having such a melancholy duty to perform, his lordship said, 'he was much obliged to him, and took it kindly that he accompanied him.'

"He was dressed in his wedding-clothes, which were of a light colour and embroidered in silver, and said he thought this at least as good an occasion for putting them on, as that for which they were first made. Soon after Mr. Sheriff Vaillant came into the landau, he said, 'You may, perhaps, sir, think it strange to see me in this dress, but I have my particular reasons for it.'

"Sir William Meredith, and even Lady Huntingdon, were strongly convinced that his courage would fail him at last, but they were deceived. His courage rose where it was most likely to fail. The mixture of pageantry, shame, ignominy, and even of delay, could not shake his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine, amidst crowds of spectators. First went a large body of constables for the county of Middlesex, preceded by one of the high constables; a party of horse grenadiers and a party of foot; then Mr. Sheriff Errington, in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next Lord Ferrers, in his own landau and six, escorted by parties of horse and foot. Mr. Sheriff Vaillant's chariot followed, with the under-sheriff, Mr. Nicols; a mourning-coach and six, with some of his lordship's friends; and a hearse and six, which was provided for the conveyance of the corpse from the place of execution to Surgeons' Hall.

"The procession was two hours and three-quarters on its way; but during the whole time Lord Ferrers appeared perfectly easy and composed, though he often expressed his desire to have it over, saying, 'that the apparatus of death, and the passing through such crowds of people, were ten times worse than death itself.' At first his lordship talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious confluence of people, he said, 'but they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another.' One of the dragoons was thrown, in consequence of his horse's leg becoming entangled in the hind wheel. Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, 'I hope there will be no death to-day but mine;' and was pleased when Mr. Sheriff Vaillant told him that the man was not hurt. He told the sheriff 'that he had written to the king, to beg that he might suffer where his ancestor the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, had suffered, and was in greater hopes of obtaining that favour, as he had the honour of being allied to his majesty, and of quartering part of the royal arms; he thought it hard (he said) that he must die at the place appointed for the execution of common felons.' The sheriff made excuses to him on his office. 'On the contrary,' said the earl, 'I am much obliged to you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your under-sheriff. As you are so good as to execute it yourself, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition.'

"Mr. Humphries, chaplain of the Tower, who sat backwards, then thought it his turn to speak, and began to talk on religious subjects; but Lord Ferrers received the overture with impatience. However, the chaplain persevered, and said he wished to bring his lordship to some confession or acknowledgment of contrition for a crime so repugnant to the laws of God and man, and wished him to endeavour to do whatever could be done in so short a time. The earl replied, 'he had done every thing he had purposed to do with regard to God and man; and as to discourses on religion, you and I, sir,' said he to the clergyman, 'shall probably not agree on that subject. The passage is very short—you will not have time to convince me, nor I to refute you; it cannot be ended before we arrive.' The clergyman still insisted, and urged that, at least, the world would expect some satisfaction, and would naturally be very inquisitive concerning the religion his lordship professed. Lord Ferrers replied with some impatience—'Sir, what have I to do with the world? I am going to pay a forfeit life, which my country has thought proper to take from me.—What do I care now, what the world thinks of me? But, sir, since you do desire some confession, I confess one thing to you: I do believe there is a God, the maker of all things. As to modes of worship, we had better not talk on them: all nations and countries have a form of religion, by which the people are governed; and whoever disturbs it, I look upon as an enemy to society. Whatever my notions may have been, I have never propagated them, or endeavoured to gain persons over to my persuasion. I always thought Lord Bolingbroke in the wrong to publish his notions on religion: I will not fall into the same error. The many sects, and their disputes about religion, have almost turned morality out of doors; and I can never believe what some sectaries teach—that faith alone will save mankind: so that, if a man, just before he dies, should say only—I believe—that *that* alone will save him.' The chaplain represented to him that it would be expected from one of his calling, and that even decency required, that some prayer should be used on the scaffold, and asked his leave at least to use the Lord's Prayer there. Lord Ferrers replied, 'I always thought it a good prayer; you may use it if you please.'

"The landau being now advanced to the place of execution, his lordship alighted from it, and with the same composure and fortitude of mind he had possessed from the time he left the Tower, mounted the scaffold; it was hung with black by the undertaker, at the expense of his family. Under the gallows was a newly-invented stage, to be struck from under him. He showed no kind of fear or discomposure, only just looking at the gallows with a slight motion of dissatisfaction. He said little; knelt for a moment at the Lord's Prayer, and afterwards, with great energy, uttered the following ejaculation:—'Où, God! forgive me all my errors—pardon all my sins.'

"His lordship then, rising quickly, mounted the upper stage. He had come pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. When the rope was put round his neck, he turned pale, but recovered instantly. Within seven minutes after leaving the landau, the signal was given for striking the stage, and in four minutes he was quite dead."

Such was the end of this extraordinary man, who, if he had lived as he died, would have left a name not less illustrious than the stoutest heroes of ancient Rome, instead of a reputation "broken and stained by disgrace."

#### DOGS PHYSIOGNOMISTS.

WHENEVER speaking to a dog, whether encouragingly or reprovingly, the sportsman should endeavour to look what he means, and the dog will understand him. The dog will understand the look, if he does not the words. The sportsman should never, with a smile on his countenance, punish a dog; nor commend him, when he has done well, but with an apparent hearty good will: the dog will then take an interest in obeying him. Game-keepers and dog-breakers are often odd fellows, and seldom natives of the place where they follow their avocation. Many of them are particularly loquacious to the dogs. Should one of these queer specimens jabber in a Cornish or Yorkshire dialect to a dog trained on the Grampians, the dog will understand from his look whether he is pleased or offended, but nothing more. The dog has not the gift of tongues, but he is a Lavater in physiognomy.—*Oakleigh's Shooting Code.*

#### SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

NO. II.—PAPER.

IN the book of Job—probably the most ancient book in the world—there is a beautiful poetic description of the processes of mining, as known in very early times. It is worth quoting, and worth reading:—

"There is a mine for the silver,  
And a bed for the gold which men refine:  
Iron is dug from the earth,  
And the rock poureth forth copper.  
Man delveth into the regions of darkness,  
And examineth to the utmost limit  
The stores of darkness and death-shade:  
He breaketh up the veins from the matrix,  
Which—*though nothing thought of under the foot—*  
Are drawn forth, are brandished among mankind.  
*The earth itself poureth forth bread.*  
But below it windeth a fiery region.  
Sapphires are its stones,  
And gold is its ground;  
The eagle knoweth not its pathway,  
Nor the eye of the vulture descrieth it;  
The whelps of ferocious beasts have not tracked it,  
Nor the ravenous lion sprung upon it.  
Man thrusteth his hand into the sparry ore;  
He upturneth the mountains from the roots;  
He cutteth out channels through the rocks;  
And his eye discerneth every precious gem:  
He restraineth the waters from oozing,  
And maketh the hidden gloom become radiance."

This passage is beautiful in itself, and valuable, as containing a very minute description on a very interesting matter. The hidden, underground darkness of the mine is vividly illustrated, by the allusion to "the eagle knowing not its pathway," nor yet "the whelps of ferocious beasts" being able to "track it:" while the early and eager desire of our race for the possession of the precious metals is pointedly indicated—"Man thrusteth his hand into the sparry ore," and, pursuing his labour by the aid of skill, he "cutteth out channels through the rocks," and "restraineth the waters from oozing." But—which is more to our present purpose—imbedded in this passage is an elementary truth of political economy, which we have marked in *italics*. The ore, "though nothing thought of under the foot," (for while it lies in the ground it is useless,) is "drawn forth and brandished among mankind," and then its value is evolved. "The earth itself," continues the old poet, "poureth forth bread," but below this seat and source of man's sustenance, there "windeth a fiery region," of which "sapphires are its stones," and "gold its ground."

It is curious to see how ancient and how long continued was the belief, that the precious metals were peculiarly the produce of "a fiery region"—that they were "born of flame," or originated by natural or artificial heat. Throughout all ancient times, as we are told by Humboldt, "the idea of remote distance was mixed up with that of tropical heat," in determining the peculiar region of gold, and of all the precious productions of the earth. The alchemists, also, in their vain endeavours to transmute the baser metals into gold, blew up their furnaces, called upon all the elements, "hot and cold, moist and dry," to aid their perspiring efforts, in blessing mankind (as some of them foolishly, and others knavishly, imagined) with the power of procuring a limitless supply of all-conquering gold. A Catalonian lapidary wrote, in 1495, to Christopher Columbus, saying, "So long as your excellency does not find black men, you must not look for great things, real treasures, such as spices, diamonds, and gold." "Yet the gold productiveness of the Ural mountains [which divide Europe and Asia in Russia], which extend northwards to where the snow scarcely thaws during the summer months, and the diamonds which, during Humboldt's Siberian expedition (made at the request of the Emperor Nicholas, in 1829), were discovered by two

of his companions on the European declivity of the Ural, near to the 60th degree of latitude, do not bear out the connexion of gold and diamonds with tropical heat and coloured men. Christopher Columbus," continues Humboldt, "who ascribes a moral and religious value to gold, because, as he says, whoever possesses it obtains what he will in this world—nay, even (by the payment of masses) brings many souls into Paradise—Christopher Columbus was entirely devoted to the system of the Catalonian lapidary. He looked for Zipangu (Japan), which was given out as the gold island, Chrysc; and while sailing (14th of November, 1492) along the coasts of Cuba, which he took for part of the continent of eastern Asia (Cathay), he writes in his log-book, 'from the great heat which I suffer, the country must be rich in gold.'"

Going back again to the book of Job, we find, besides the passage we have quoted, an allusion to the simpler and primitive mode of finding gold, by washing the sands of rivers or streams "Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks." But where was this wonderful country, "Ophir," to which, many centuries after Job's time, Solomon sent a fleet, in conjunction with his Phœnician neighbour, and from whence were brought "gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks?" We are afraid we must leave the settlement of the point to biblical controvertists and geographical antiquaries; though Heeren's idea seems the most reasonable, that Ophir was not a particular name, but a general designation, for "rich southern countries." However, Columbus, who thought that gold was the produce of "a fiery region," thought that he had discovered Solomon's Ophir: for he wrote to Pope Alexander the Sixth, that "the island of Hispaniola (Hayti) is Tarshish, Ophir, and Zipangu."

The increasing commercial energy of Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the scarcity of the precious metals opposing a barrier to commercial intercourse, from the deficiency of the medium of exchange, caused an extraordinary value to be set on gold. It was this that stimulated the exertions of the alchemists, who, during these centuries, became numerous and active; and it was this, according to a high authority, Humboldt, that urged Columbus on his voyages of discovery. "America was discovered, not (as was so long falsely pretended) because Columbus predicted another continent, but because he sought by the west a nearer way to the gold mines of Japan and the spice-countries in the south-east of Asia." Spain, which had been to the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians an "El Dorado" (golden country), now sought for the famous El Dorado which was supposed to exist somewhere in the interior of South America, and in which (so credulous were the greedy and excited discoverers and conquerors) gold and precious stones were as common as rocks and pebbles in other countries, and to be had for merely picking up! It was some time, however, before the gold and silver actually procured in America began to act on the commerce of Europe—but at last, when they began to be regularly imported, their influence became visible. "A more intimate acquaintance with the history of the metallic productiveness, or gradual discovery of rich and considerable beds of ore in the New World, enables us to explain why the depreciation in the value of the precious metals, or (which is the same thing) the increase in the price of grain and other necessaries, first began to be felt towards the middle of the sixteenth century, and more especially between 1570 and 1595. The abundance of silver from the mines of New Spain, and in the Peruvian Andes, then first began to be regularly diffused throughout Europe, and effect a material alteration in the price of wheat, wool, and manufactured wares. The actual opening and working of the mines of Potosi took place in the year 1545; and the famous sermon preached by Latimer before Edward the Sixth, in which he expresses his anger at the increasing price of all the necessaries of life, is of the 17th of January, 1548. The English corn-laws, enacted between 1554 and 1688, indicate the accumulation of the precious metals still better, perhaps, than the prices of grain. It is well known that the importation of wheat is only allowed when the price of a given measure has reached a certain standard prescribed by the law. Now, in the reign of Queen Mary (1554),

this limit was six shillings per quarter; under Elizabeth (1593), about twenty; and in the year 1604, under James the First, more than twenty-six." This action of the precious metals on the prices of necessaries was, however, very unequal, arising from war, troubles, non intercourse, and greater or lesser commercial activity. "Careful inquiries," adds our authority, "have shown that in the north of Italy the advance in the prices of grain, wine, and oil, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, was much less considerable than we might have reasonably concluded, from what is known to us of England, France, and Spain; in which latter countries the prices of grain, since the discovery of America, have advanced four and even six-fold."\*

Meantime, while commerce was struggling for expansion, driving alchemists into laboratories, to stew themselves in vain, and sending ardent discoverers across pathless seas, to seek for new countries, and "more gold," another MONEY POWER arose, almost silently, struck out by the sheer necessity of men, and growing gradually until it has reached a gigantic stature, and more than a giant's strength. PAPER, whose invention increased the number of manuscripts, and without which the art of printing would have been of little avail, was called in to the aid of commerce, and now constitutes an essential part of the monetary system of every commercial country. The exact origin of BILLS OF EXCHANGE has been much disputed: perhaps they were occasionally used from an early period, but they began to be used somewhat extensively during the fourteenth century; and we can easily imagine the following to be as near a guess as to the cause of their origin as any other.

Even amongst the Jews—not a very commercial people in their national capacity—we find people who devoted themselves to the business of money-changing. While the Temple stood, foreign Jews, from various parts of the Roman empire, visited Jerusalem; and these, on going up to the Temple, resorted to the money-brokers, to get their foreign coins exchanged for native Jewish money; more especially as foreign coins, being generally impressed with idolatrous emblems, could not be paid into the Temple treasury. A similar practice prevailed in Europe, in the infancy of European commerce. Jews, and others, assembled in the market-places of large towns in Italy, seated on benches, (the word *banco*, a bench, is said to be the origin of bank,) for the purpose of acting as money-changers, and also to lend money to those whom they thought they could trust, or who offered tangible security. Let us fancy two of these bankers in conversation together, on some day when business was not very brisk.

"Dost thou know David, the goldsmith, of Lombard-street, in the city of London?"

"I know him very well; he is a worthy, honest man."

"When I was in London a year ago, I put into his hands one thousand pounds in gold, charging him to keep it safely for me until I returned again. I know that my money is safe, for I sealed up the bag in his presence, with mine own seal. But I am desirous of having possession of it again, without journeying to London myself, and I do not know any safe and trusty person whom I could request to bring it."

"Ah! how very convenient that is! I have been meditating a journey to London this many a day, to buy, and sell, and get gain: but I am fearful of travelling with much money in my possession, for it is exceedingly dangerous. Now, I will give you, here, one thousand pounds in gold, if you will give me a letter to David the goldsmith, desiring him to pay to me the thousand pounds which he has of thine in his possession."

The bargain is struck; the one money-broker gets his thousand pounds, without the trouble, the risk, the expense, and the delay, of sending to London for the sum; the other travels lightly loaded, and therefore with less risk, with less anxiety, with less trouble, and with less expense, and gets his thousand pounds on presenting his "letter of credit" in Lombard-street.

The example which we here give is, of course, quite a gratuitous

\* Humboldt on the Fluctuations in the Supplies of Gold.

one, especially in the use of the name of London; for bills of exchange were introduced into the commerce of the Continent, before that of England. But in some such way as this, it is very probable, bills of exchange originated; and the convenience of the practice would soon make it general. Then, as the convenience of money-changing caused it to be taken up as a business, or as part of a business, so the buying and selling of bills of exchange would soon become a business; for, in times when commercial intercourse was neither very regular nor very safe, merchants would freely pay a small sum for the use of one. Thus, out of necessity, out of convenience, out of the increasing wants, advancing civilisation, and commercial activity of Europe, arose the now complicated and refined system of bills of exchange.

The business of banking was of slow growth. The Jews in England, until their banishment, were our earliest money-brokers; then the Italian merchants, who, under the name of Lombards, gave name to Lombard-street; then the London goldsmiths, who, from being mere dealers in bullion and foreign coin, became lenders and borrowers of money. The merchants of London occasionally used the Mint in the Tower, as a safe place of deposit, until Charles I. took possession of 200,000*l.* so lodged; that is, he robbed the merchants, who, under the idea of placing perfect confidence in government, put their money into the care of a Government officer. After this, the goldsmiths, by pledging their own personal credit and resources for money deposited with them, fairly originated the banking system in London. Banks existed on the Continent long before they were established in England. The bank of Amsterdam, founded in 1609, was a bank of deposit, receiving foreign, and clipped and worn coin, and giving I O U's for the value; these bits of paper representing certain specified amounts of cash lying in the coffers of the bank, and thus passed from hand to hand, as representatives of real and actual value.

Arrived at this point, we can look back and see the convenience of it, as compared with previous modes of transacting business.

First, then, in order to get out of a state of barter, men seek for something by which they may be enabled easily to exchange with one another. They find this in the precious metals, and these are exchanged by weight, as well as by testing the purity or value of the bars or bullion. But this double work causes great delay and inconvenience, and so the business of making money passes into the hands of rulers and governments, who cut up gold and silver into certain sizes and weights, and by stamping an image or superscription on the coins, enable every one by a glance (that is, if the government is honest, and the coin is genuine) to discern how much weight or value there is in them. But though this is a great advantage, though it saves time and facilitates business, still there are disadvantages. The merchant must keep a large stock of coin; his house is liable to be robbed; every bargain causes buyer and seller to count and carry money, which is a loss of time and labour. How convenient then to have a "House of Refuge" for spare cash—a strong building in which it may lie secure, and where small amounts can be obtained, as they are wanted, from time to time? And how still more convenient is it, instead of carrying five hundred pounds in gold or silver, tied up in a bag, or locked up in a box, to be able to fold up a bit of paper, put it in one's pocket, and to hand it to a neighbour, who takes it in exchange for goods, knowing that it represents the amount of hard cash lying in the coffers of the bank.

But here we come to another stand-still. These bits of paper are very convenient, but they do not add anything to the money circulation. The cash lies idle while the paper is doing its duty. Why should the cash lie idle? If the paper, representing the cash, answers all the wants of the community, then there seems no great necessity for disturbing the cash. But what if the population is increasing? What if trade is increasing? And, consequently, or rather antecedently, what if the produce extracted from the earth is increasing, there being more hands to grow it, and more mouths to eat it? Then there will be more exchanges, and more money wanted to effect those exchanges. Thus gradually do we come to the great contrivance of modern times, the business of

banking, and of making paper-money—a contrivance that has done us enormous good, and, owing to ignorance, mismanagement, and reckless stupidity, enormous evil.

The good consists in saving time and labour, in facilitating bargains, and stimulating production. The spare cash which a merchant, a minor, or a widow may have, is deposited in a bank, and lent out to those who may have land, but no money with which to buy agricultural implements, or to hire labourers; or it is lent to those who have intelligence, activity, and strength, but no money to rent and stock a shop, or to manufacture goods. Besides, bankers, being possessed of lands, houses, ships, &c., which are not cash, though they are *value*, issue their bits of paper, "promises to pay," and thus add to the public convenience. More produce adds to human comfort; an increase of human comfort increases human population: for the greater the number of human beings in "easy circumstances," the greater the number of marriages, and the greater the number of children who escape the perils of poverty, bad food, bad clothing, bad shelter, and scarcely any medical attendance, and who, therefore, rise into maturity, and add to the number of human beings that compose a nation.

But as the alchemists did not dream that the discovery of an easy mode of turning other metals into gold would prove to be a useless discovery, or rather a pernicious one; and as our early voyagers never thought that the discovery of an "El Dorado," where gold could be had in any quantity for the picking up, would be of little value compared with a land "abounding with milk and honey, corn and oil;" so, down to a recent period, it was hardly ever imagined, except by a few thinking folks, that there could be too much paper-money. This error has been the curse—the dark side—of banks and banking, both in England and the United States. With the establishment of the Bank of England began the enormous system of credit, of borrowing, of anticipation, which has quite altered the aspect of the world. With the Bank of England began, literally, the NATIONAL DEBT, that tremendous amount of paper-money now representing *nothing*, but which is transferred from hand to hand as a species of property, is made to represent property, is exchanged for property. The Bank of England began with lending its first subscribed stock to government; it issued no notes lower than 20*l.*, till 1759, during which time the national debt was gradually increasing. It began to issue notes as low as 10*l.*, and the national debt multiplied. From 1793 and 1797 it began to issue 5*l.*, and 2*l.*, and 1*l.* notes; and during the last war it was saved the *trouble* of paying cash for its paper; and now the national debt is the hugest sum that ever stood in figures as a debt. We, in fact, anticipated the produce of Great Britain for years, until we could literally anticipate no longer. Yet the borrowed money (the I O U's of which now constitute our debt), though chiefly wasted in war, stimulated production, and increased our population; it created as well as destroyed; along with our inventions and our manufactures it brought up Britain to its present condition; and those who flippantly talk of "sponging out" the national debt, must also "sponge out" the human beings whom it has helped to call into existence, and who are maintained by the increased productivity of our country—that is, by the sums annually raised to pay the interest of the debt.

We look back with some degree of pity on our ancestors, who had bad roads, and no railroads; our successors will be amazed at our folly in restricting the power of making metal-money to government, and committing the more terrible power of making paper-money to private individuals. The precious metals have a natural limit, and a natural price; they are not superabundant; and with the rapid intercourse now generally enjoyed, we can hardly suppose them to be so suddenly accumulated in any particular country as suddenly to affect the prices of produce. But an amount of paper-money may be poured out in a single day which will suddenly affect all prices and all purses for several years. We transport the poor ignorant coiner, who has tried to pass a bad half-crown; but the knowing banker may roll past in a

earinge, maintained out of the pockets of thousands who fancy that their money is their own.

It is a year of plenty; the harvest has been abundant; prices fall; it is easy to get bills discounted at a low rate of interest; the bankers pour out paper-money; manufacturers purchase cotton, and mills are driving; shopkeepers get large stocks, and employ tradesmen to re-dress and ornament their places of business; the very amnuitant "out of business" feels the stir, borrows money and invests it in some promising speculation; artists get commissions; publishers are in spirits and put out their horns; poor authors get new black coats, an extra change of linen, and look very authoritative and big, for books and "articles" are in demand; nay, the mechanic at 30s. a-week not only finds his money go further than it did, but finds work easier to procure.

Next year the harvest is bad, but nobody thinks much about it. Prices begin to rise, but paper-money can easily be procured at the bank; bills are easily discounted; the game is still going on; if a bank-director has his attention pointed to the rising, or rather the falling thermometer, he says, "Poh! it is only a passing cloud; next harvest will set all right." And so, to a certain extent, it would, provided it were good. But it is bad; prices rise so high as to enable importers to bring in foreign corn, either at a low rate of duty, or no duty at all; persons hurry to the bank with its "promises to pay," and get gold for paper; this gold is sent abroad, because it is profitable to do so; the bank diminishes its paper-money in circulation in order to save itself—raises the rate of interest—refuses to discount so many bills as it did; speculations turn out failures, or not so profitable as they were expected to do; and the very mechanic, who thinks that he has nothing to do with the "derangements of the money-market," finds his 30s. not to go so far, by one-third, as it did two years ago, while work is more difficult to procure.

There are two great countries, all but united into one, which have witnessed, and will witness, again and again, all the disastrous evils arising from these terrible fluctuations, so long as there are prohibitory restrictions on the importation of food, and so long as private individuals, with scarcely a check upon them, have the power of making paper-money, and thus the power to make prices fly up and down, the power to lower the rate of interest, and the power to raise it; the power of making profit, by making money plentiful; the power of making profit, by making money scarce; and thus the power of emptying the pockets of the community into their own. As there is but one manufactory of metal-money in each country, there should be but one manufactory of paper-money, and both should be under effectual control. The government bank of issue should not be allowed to trade with its "promises."

#### WHALE AND SEAL BONES AS MANURE.

THE Emperor Nicholas lately published an Ukase, forbidding the further exportation of bones. The Russians are adopting the new manure, and, having tested its virtues, are commanded to keep, in the words of the proverb, "their own fish-guts to their own sea-maws." But the trade of grinding bones to fatten turnips will go on in spite of them. Russia is not all the world; and every one knows the power of British gold in drawing hidden stores to light, the bare existence of which was not even suspected. In talking over this subject with Mr. Maxwell, of Gribton, he suggested one patent mode of correcting deficiency, should deficiency arise. Our whalers, in visiting the frozen north, leave behind immense magazines of bones, which may yet form a great article of traffic. Not unfrequently the ships return clean, or only half-filled with blubber; then why not complete the stowage with bones, wherever room is left? or deposit them, when the ship is otherwise full, in some place of safety, for future contingencies? The bones of whales and seals may not be quite so good as those of land animals; but the difference is not so great as to mar the traffic, should deficiency of the latter threaten marked enhancement of price. The art of manuring is as yet in its infancy, and practical chemistry has revelations to make in this department, which will supply more and more what the Emperor Nicholas is pleased to withhold.—*Dunfries Courier.*

#### DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES IN THE BACK-WOODS.\*

THE book, whose title is given below, professes to be actual sketches of emigrant life, though the medium through which they are presented is a fictitious one. "I claim," says the reputed fair author, "for these straggling and cloudily crayon-sketches of life and manners in the remoter parts of Michigan, the merit of general truth of outline? Beyond this I venture not to aspire. I felt somewhat tempted to set forth my little book as being entirely, what it is very nearly, a veritable history—an unimpeachable transcript of reality—a rough picture, in detached parts, but photographed from the life—a sort of 'Emigrant's Guide;' considering within myself that these my adventurous journeyings and tarryings beyond the confines of civilisation, might fairly be held to confer the traveller's privilege. But conscience prevailed, and I must honestly confess that there be glosses, and colourings, and lights, if not shadows, for which the author is alone accountable. Journals published entire and unaltered should be Parthian darts, sent abroad only when one's back is turned. To throw them in the teeth of one's every-day associates, might diminish one's popularity rather inconveniently. I would desire the courteous reader to bear in mind, however, that whatever is quite unnatural, or absolutely incredible, in the few incidents which diversify the following pages, is to be received as literally true. It is only in the most common-place parts (if there be comparisons) that I have any leasing-making to answer for."

Mrs. Clavers's husband made a "speculation in wild lands," and intended to found a village. "The madness of the people," in those days of golden dreams, took more commonly the form of city-building; but there were a few who contented themselves with planting villages, on the banks of streams which certainly never could be expected to bear navies, but which might yet be turned to account in the more homely way of grinding or sawing—operations which must necessarily be performed somewhere for the well-being of those very cities. It is of one of these humble attempts that it is my lot to speak, and I make my confession at the outset, warning any fashionable reader who may have taken up my book that I intend to be "decidedly low."

"The western fever was then at its height, and each day brought its thousands to Detroit. Every tavern of every calibre was as well filled as ours, and happy he who could find a bed anywhere. Fifty cent. was the price of six feet by two of the bar-room floor, and these choice lodgings were sometimes disposed of by the first served at 'thirty per cent. advance.' The country inns were thronged in proportion; and your horse's hay cost you nowhere less than a dollar *per diem*; while, throughout the whole territory west of Detroit, the only masticable articles set before the thousands of hungry travellers were salt ham and bread, for which you had the satisfaction of paying like a prince."

A settler, in whose log-hut Mrs. Clavers spent her first night in the "wilds," gave her the benefit of her experience, by telling her what troubles her "good man" and herself came through. "We had most awful hard times at first. Many's the day I've worked from sunrise till dark in the fields, gathering brush heaps and burning stumps. But that's all over now; and we've got four times as much land as we ever should have owned in York-State."

"I have since had occasion to observe that this forms a prominent and frequent theme of self-gratulation among the settlers in Michigan. The possession of a large number of acres is esteemed a great good, though it makes but little difference in the owner's mode of living. Comforts do not seem to abound in proportion to landed increase, but often, on the contrary, are really diminished for the sake of it; and the habit of selling out so frequently makes that *home-feeling*, which is so large an ingredient in happiness elsewhere, almost a nonentity in Michigan. The man who holds himself ready to accept the first advantageous offer, will not be very solicitous to provide those minor accommodations, which, though essential to domestic comfort, will not add to the moneyed value of his farm, which he considers merely an article of trade, and which he knows his successor will look upon in the same light. I have sometimes thought that our neighbours forget that 'the days of man's life are three-score years and ten,' since they spend all their lives in getting ready to begin."

Mrs. Clavers encountered the usual difficulties of corduroy

\* A New Home—Who'll Follow? or, Glimpses of Western Life. By Mrs. Mary Clavers, an actual Settler.—New York, 1839.

roads, no roads, mud holes, and marshes, in her "progress," and was temporarily sheltered in a neighbour's log-house, until one could be thrown up for her family. Becoming impatient of being pinned up with her children in a neighbour's house, she determined, in the absence of her husband, to remove into her own unfinished habitation. "As I was by this time, truth to speak, very nearly starved, I was anxious to go as soon as possible to a place where I could feel a little more at home; and so completely had my nine days at Ketchum's brought down my ideas, that I anticipated real satisfaction in a removal to this hut in the wilderness. I would not wait for Mr. Clavers's return, but insisted on setting up for myself at once.

"But I should in vain attempt to convey to those who know nothing of the woods any idea of the difficulties in my way. If one's courage did not increase and one's invention brighten under the stimulus of such occasions, I should have given up at the outset, as I have often done with far less cause.

"It was no easy matter to get a 'lady' to clean the place, and ne'er had place more need of the tutelary aid of the goddess of scrubbing-bushes. Then this lady must be provided with the necessary utensils, and here arose dilemma upon dilemma. Mrs. Ketchum rendered what aid she could, but there was little superfluous in her house.

"And then such racing and chasing, such messages and requisitions! Mrs. Jennings 'couldn't do nothin' without a mop,' and I had not thought of such a thing, and was obliged to sacrifice on the spot sundry nice towels, a necessity which made all the housekeeping blood in my veins tingle.

"After one day's experience of this sort, I decided to go myself to the scene of action, so as to be at hand for these trying occasions; and I induced Mr. Ketchum to procure a waggon, and carry to our new home the various articles which we had piled in a hovel on his premises.

"Behold me then, seated on a box, in the midst of an anomalous congregation of household goods as ever met under one roof in the back-woods, engaged in the seemingly hopeless task of calling order out of chaos, attempting occasionally to throw out a hint for the instruction of Mrs. Jennings, who uniformly replied by requesting me not to fret, as she knew what she was about.

"Mr. Jennings, with the aid of his sons, undertook the release of the pent-up myriads of articles which crammed the boxes, many of which, though ranked when they were put in as absolutely essential, seemed ridiculously superfluous when they came out. The many observations made by the spectators as each new wonder made its appearance, though at first rather amusing, became, after a while, quite vexatious; for the truth began to dawn upon me that the common sense was all on their side.

"What on airt's them gimcracks for?" said my lady, as a nest of delicate japanned tables were set out upon the uneven floor.

"I tried to explain to her the various convenient uses to which they were applicable; but she looked very scornfully after all, and said, 'I guess they'll do better for kindlin's than anything else, here.' And I began to cast a disrespectful glance upon them myself, and forthwith ordered them up stairs, wondering in my own mind how I could have thought a log house would afford space for such superfluities.

"All this time there was a blazing fire in the chimney, to accommodate Mrs. Jennings in her operations, and while the doors and windows were open we were not sensible of much discomfort from it. Supper was prepared and eaten—beds spread on the floor, and the children stowed away. Mrs. Jennings and our other 'helps' had departed, and I prepared to rest from my unutterable weariness, when I began to be sensible of the suffocating heat of the place. I tried to think it would grow cooler in a little while, but it was absolutely insufferable to the children as well as myself, and I was fain to set both doors open, and in this exposed situation passed the first night in my western home, alone with my children, and far from any neighbour.

"If I could live a century, I think that night will never fade from my memory. Excessive fatigue made it impossible to avoid falling asleep, yet the fear of being devoured by wild beasts, or poisoned by rattlesnakes, caused me to start up after every nap with sensations of horror and alarm, which could hardly have been increased by the actual occurrence of all I dreaded. Many wretched hours passed in this manner. At length sleep fairly overcame fear, and we were awakened only by a wild storm of wind and rain, which drove in upon us, and completely wetted everything within reach.

"A doleful morning was this—no fire on the hearth—streams of water on the floor, and three hungry children to get breakfast for.

I tried to kindle a blaze with matches, but alas! even the straw from the packing-boxes was soaked with the cruel rain; and I was distributing bread to the hungry, hopeless of anything more, when Mr. Jennings made his appearance.

"I was thinking you'd begin to be sick o' your bargain by this time," said the good man, "and so I thought I'd come and help you a spell. I reckon you'd ha' done better to have waited till the old man got back."

"What old man?" asked I, in perfect astonishment.

"Why, your old man, to be sure," said he, laughing. I had yet to learn that in Michigan, as soon as a man marries he becomes 'th' old man,' though he may be yet in his minority. Not long since I gave a young bride the 'how d' ye do?' in passing, and the reply was, 'I'm pretty well, but my old man's sick a-bed.'

"But, to return. Mr. Jennings kindled a fire, which I took care should be a very moderate one; and I managed to make a cup of tea to dip our bread in, and then proceeded to find places for the various articles which strewed the floor. Some auger-holes bored in the logs received large and long pegs, and these served to support boards which were to answer the purpose of shelves. It was soon found that the multiplicity of articles which were to be accommodated on these shelves would fill them a dozen times.

"Now, to my thinkin'," said my good genius, Mr. Jennings, "that 'ere soup-t'reen, as you call it, and them little ones, and these here great glass dishes, and all sich, might just as well go up chamber for all the good they'll ever do you here."

"This could not be gainsaid; and the good man proceeded to exalt them to another set of extempore shelves in the upper story; and so many articles were included in the same category, that I began to congratulate myself on the increase of clear space below, and to fancy we should soon begin to look very comfortable.

"My ideas of comfort were by this time narrowed down to a well-swept room, with a bed in one corner, and cooking-apparatus in another—and this in some fourteen days from the city! I can scarcely, myself, credit the reality of the change.

"It was not till I had occasion to mount the ladder that I realised that all I had gained on the confusion below was most hopelessly added to the confusion above, and I came down with such a sad and thoughtful brow, that my good aide-de-camp perceived my perplexity.

"Hadn't I better go and try to get one of the neighbour's gals to come and help you for a few days?" said he.

"I was delighted with the offer, and gave him carte-blanche as to terms, which I afterwards found was a mistake; for, where sharp bargains are the grand aim of everybody, those who express anything like indifference on the subject are set down at once as having more money than they know what to do with; and as this was far from being my case, I found reason to regret having given room for the conclusion.

"The damsel made her appearance before a great while—a neat-looking girl, with 'scarlet hair and belt to match;' and she immediately set about 'reconciling,' as she called it, with a good degree of energy and ingenuity. I was forced to confess that she knew much better than I how to make a log house comfortable.

"She began by turning out of doors the tall cup-board, which had puzzled me all the morning, observing very justly, 'Where there ain't no room for a thing, why, 'here ain't;' and this decision cut the Gordian knot of all my plans and failures in the disposal of the ungainly convenience. It did yeoman's service long afterwards as a corn-crib.

"When the bedsteads were to be put up, the key was missing; and after we had sent far and wide, and borrowed a key, or the substitute for one, no screws could be found, and we were reduced to the dire necessity of trying to keep the refractory posts in their places by means of ropes. There were were candles, but no candlesticks. This seemed at first rather inconvenient; but when Mr. Jennings had furnished blocks of wood with auger holes bored in them for sockets, we could do nothing but praise the ingenuity of the substitute.

"My rosy-haired Phillida, who rejoiced in the euphonious appellation of Angeline, made herself entirely at home, looking into my trunks, &c., and asking the price of various parts of my dress. She wondered why I had not my hair cut off, and said she reckoned I would before long, as it was all the fashion about here.

"When d' ye expect him?" said the damsel, with an air of sisterly sympathy, and ere I could reply becomingly, a shout of 'tiny joy' told me that papa had come.

"I did not cry for sorrow this time."

"The circumstance of living all summer in the same apartment

with a cooking-fire, I had never happened to see alluded to in any of the elegant sketches of western life which had fallen under my notice. It was not until I actually became the inmate of a log dwelling in the wilds that I realised fully what 'living all in one room' meant. The sleeping apparatus for the children and the sociable Angeline were in the loft; but my own bed, with its cunning fence of curtains; my bureau, with its 'Alps on Alps' of boxes and books; my entire cooking array; my centre-table, which bore, sad change! the remains of to-day's dinner, and the preparations for to-morrow, all covered mysteriously under a large cloth, the only refuge from the mice: these and ten thousand other things, which a summer's day would not suffice me to enumerate, cumbered this one single apartment; and to crown the whole was the inextinguishable fire, which I had entirely forgotten when I magnanimously preferred living in a log-house, to remaining in Detroit till a house could be erected. I had, besides the works to which I have alluded, dwelt with delight on Chateaubriand's 'Atala,' where no such vulgar inconvenience is once hinted at: and my floating visions of a home in the woods were full of important omissions, and always in a Floridian clime, where fruits serve for *vivres*.

"The inexorable dinner hour, which is passed *sub silentio* in imaginary forests, always recurs, in real woods, with distressing iteration, once in twenty-four hours, as I found to my cost. And the provoking people for whom I had undertaken to provide, seemed to me to get hungrier oftener than ever before. There was no end to the bread that the children ate from morning till night—at least it seemed so; while a tin reflector was my only oven, and the fire required for baking drove us all out of doors.

"Washing days, proverbial elsewhere for indescribable horrors, were our times of jubilee. Mrs. Jennings, who long acted as my factotum on these occasions, always performed the entire operation, *al fresco*, by the side of the creek, with

'A kettle slung

Between two poles, upon a stick transverse.'

"I feel much indebted to Cowper for having given a poetical grace to the arrangement. 'The shady shadow of an umbrageous tree' (I quote from an anonymous author) served for a canopy, and there the bony dame generally made a pic-nic meal, which I took care to render as agreeable as possible, by sending as many different articles as the basket could be persuaded to receive, each contained in that characteristic of the country, a pint bowl.

"But, oh! the ironing days! Memory shrinks from the review. Some of the ordinary household affairs could be managed by the aid of a fire made on some large stones at a little distance from the house; and this did very well when the wind sat in the right quarter; which it did not always, as witness the remains of a pretty pink gingham, which fell a sacrifice to my desire for an afternoon's cup of coffee. But the ironing and the baking were imperious; and my forest Hecate, who seemed at times to belong to the salamander tribe, always made as much fire as the stick-chimney, with its crumbling clay-lining, would possibly bear. She often succeeded in bringing to a white heat the immense stone which served as a chimney back, while the deep gaps in the stone hearth, which Alice called the rocky mountains, were filled with burning coals out to the very floor. I have sometimes suspected that the woman loved to torment me, but perhaps I wrong her. She was used to it, I dare say, for she looked like one exsiccated in consequence of ceaseless perspiration.

"When the day declined, and its business was laid aside, it was our practice to walk to and fro before the door, till the house had been thoroughly cooled by the night-air; and these promenades, usually made pleasant by long talks about home, and laughing conjectures as to what ——— and ——— would say if they could see our new way of life, were frequently prolonged to a late hour. And to this most imprudent indulgence we could not but trace the agues which soon prostrated most of us.

"We had, to be sure, been warned by our eastern friends that we should certainly have the ague, do what we might; but we had seen so many persons who had been settled for years in the open country, and who were yet in perfect health, that we had learned to imagine ourselves secure. I am still of the opinion that care and rational diet will enable most persons to avoid this terrible disease; and I record this grave medical view of things for the encouragement and instruction of such of my city friends as may hereafter find themselves borne westward by the irresistible current of affairs; trusting that the sad fate of their predecessors will deter them from walking in the open air till ten o'clock at night without hat or shawl."

We pass over the melancholy time of the "ague seasoning,"

when Mrs. Clavers was ill without attendance (for the neighbours thought them proud, and did not tender it), and poor Mr. Clavers, not very handy in domestic matters, did his best to nurse his wife and attend to the children. "The result was that we were in a sad case enough. Oh! for one of those feminine men who can make good gruel and wash the children's faces! Mr. Clavers certainly did his best, and who can more? But the hot side of the bowl always *would* come to his fingers—and the sauce-pan *would* overset, let him balance it ever so nicely. And then—such hungry children! They wanted to eat all the time. After a day's efforts, he began to complain that stooping over the fire made him very dizzy. I was quite self-absorbed, or I should have noticed such a complaint from one who makes none without cause; but the matter went on, until, when I asked for my gruel, he had very nearly fallen on the coals in the attempt to take it from the fire. He staggered to the bed, and was unable to sit up for many days after.

"When matters reached this pitch—when we had literally no one to prepare food, or look after the children—little Bell added to the sick-list, too—our physician proved our good genius. He procured a nurse from a considerable distance; and it was through his means that good Mrs. Danforth heard of our sad condition, and sent us a maiden of all work, who materially amended the aspect of our domestic affairs.

"Our agues were tremendous. I used to think I should certainly die in my ten or twelve hours' fever—and Mr. Clavers confidently asserted, several times, that the upper half of his head was taking leave of the lower. But the event proved that we were both mistaken; for our physician verified his own assertion, that an ague was as easily managed as a common cold, by curing us both in a short time after our illness had assumed the intermittent form."

A gentleman called on Mrs. Clavers, "who had come to Montacute with the view of settling his son, 'a wild chap,' he said, a lawyer by profession, and not very fond of work of any sort; but as he himself had a good deal of land in the vicinity, he thought his son might find full employment in attending to it, adding such professional business as might occur.

"'But what I wished particularly to say, my dear madam,' said he, 'regards rather my son's wife than himself. She is a charming girl, and accustomed to much indulgence; and I have felt afraid that a removal to a place so new as this might be too trying to her. I knew you must be well able to judge of the difficulties to be encountered here, and took the liberty of calling on that account.'

"I was so much pleased with the idea of having a neighbour, whose habits might in some respect accord with my own, that I fear I was scarcely impartial in the view which I gave Mr. Rivers of the possibilities of Montacute. At least, I communicated only such as rises before my own mind, while watching perhaps a glorious sunset reflected in the glassy pond: my hyacinths in all their glory—the evening breeze beginning to sigh in the tree-tops; the children just coming in after a fine frolic with D'Orsay (a greyhound) on the grass; and papa and Prince returning up the lane. At such times, I always conclude, that Montacute is, after all, a dear little world; and I am probably quite as near the truth, as when,

—' on some cold rainy day,

When the birds cannot show a dry feather;'

when Arthur comes in with a pound of mud on each foot, D'Orsay at his heels, bringing in as much more; little Bell crying to go out to play; Charlie prodigiously fretful with his prospective tooth; and some gaunt marauder from 'up north,' or 'out west,' sits talking on 'bis'ness,' and covering my andirons with tobacco juice—I determine sagely that a life in the woods is worse than no life at all. One view is, I insist, as good as the other; but I told Mr. Rivers he must make due allowance for my desire to have his fair daughter-in-law for a neighbour, with which he departed; and I felt that my gloom had essentially lightened in consequence of his visit.

"It was on one of our superlatively doleful ague days, when a cold drizzling rain had sent mildew into our unfortunate bones, and I lay in bed, burning with fever, while my stronger half sat by the fire, taking his chill with his great-coat, hat, and boots on, that Mr. Rivers came to introduce his young daughter-in-law. I shall never forget the utterly disconsolate air which, in spite of the fair lady's politeness, would make itself visible in the pauses of our conversation. She *did* try not to cast a curious glance round the room. She fixed her eyes on the fire-place—but there were the clay-filled sticks, instead of a chimney-piece—the half-consumed

wooden crane, which had, more than once, let our dinner fall—the rocky-mountain hearth, and the reflector, baking biscuits for tea—so she thought it hardly polite to appear to dwell too long there. She turned towards the window: there were the shelves, with our remaining crockery, a grotesque assortment! and, just beneath, the unnameable iron and tin affairs, that are reckoned among the indispensables even of the half-civilised state. She tried the other side, but there was the ladder, the flour-barrel, and a host of other things—rather odd parlour furniture—and she cast her eyes on the floor, with its gaping cracks wide enough to admit a rattlesnake from below, and its inequalities, which might trip any but a sylph. The poor thing looked absolutely confounded, and I exerted all the energy my fever had left me, to try to say something a little encouraging.

“Come to-morrow morning, Mrs. Rivers,” said I, “and you shall see the aspect of things quite changed, and I shall be able to tell you a great deal in favour of this wild life.”

“She smiled faintly, and tried not to look miserable, but I saw plainly that she was sadly depressed, and I could not feel surprised that she should be so. Mr. Rivers spoke very kindly to her, and filled up all the pauses in our forced talk with such cheering observations as he could muster.”

But Mrs. Clavers began to get over her troubles. “The winter—the much-dreaded winter in the woods, strange to tell, flew away more rapidly than any previous winter of my life. One has so much to do in the country. The division of labour is almost unknown. If in absolutely savage life each man is of necessity ‘his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman,’—so in the state of society which I am attempting to describe, each woman is, at times at least, her own cook, chamber-maid, and waiter; nurse, seamstress, and schoolma’am; not to mention various occasional callings to any one of which she must be able to turn her hand at a moment’s notice. And every man, whatever his circumstances or resources, must be qualified to play groom, teamster, or boot-black, as the case may be; besides ‘tending the baby’ at odd times, and cutting wood to cook his dinner with. If he has good sense, good nature, and a little spice of practical philosophy, all this goes exceedingly well. He will find neither his mind less cheerful, nor his body less vigorous, for these little sacrifices. If he is too proud or too indolent to submit to such infringements upon his dignity and ease, most essential deductions from the daily comfort of his family will be the mortifying and vexatious result of his obstinate adherence to early habits.”

As Mrs. Clavers learned to adapt herself to her situation, and to be “neighbourly,” she soon found out how free and easy her country people are in the “back-woods.” “‘Mother wants your sifter,’ said Miss Ianthe Howard, a young lady of six years’ standing, attired in a tattered calico, thickened with dirt; her unkempt locks straggling from underneath that hideous substitute for a bonnet, so universal in the western country, a dirty cotton handkerchief, which is used, *ad nauseam*, for all sorts of purposes.”

“‘Mother wants your sifter, and she says she guesses you can let her have some sugar and tea, ‘cause you’ve got plenty.’”

“This excellent reason ‘cause you’ve got plenty,’ is conclusive as to sharing with your neighbours. Whoever comes into Michigan with nothing will be sure to better his condition, but woe to him that brings with him any thing like an appearance of abundance, whether of money or mere household conveniences! To have them and not be willing to share them in some sort with the whole community, is an unpardonable crime. You must lend your best horse, *qui que ce soit*, to go ten miles over hill and marsh, in the darkest night, for a doctor; or your team to travel twenty after a ‘gal;’ your wheelbarrows, your shovels, your utensils of all sorts, belong not to yourself, but to the public, who do not think it necessary even to ask a loan, but take it for granted. The two saddles and bridles of Montacute spend most of their time travelling from house to house a-manback; and I have actually known a stray martingale to be traced to four dwellings two miles apart, having been lent from one to another, without a word to the original proprietor, who sat waiting, not very patiently, to commence a journey.

“Then within doors, an inventory of your plenishing of all sorts would scarcely more than include the articles which you are solicited to lend. Not only are all kitchen utensils as much your neighbours as your own, but bedsteads, beds, blankets, sheets, travel from house to house, a pleasant and effectual mode of securing the perpetuity of certain efflorescent peculiarities of the skin, for which Michigan is becoming almost as famous as the land ‘twixt Maiden-

kirk and John o’ Groat’s.’ Sieves, smoothing-irons, and churns, run about as if they had legs; one brass kettle is enough for a whole neighbourhood; and I could point to a cradle which has rocked half the babies in Montacute. For my own part I have lent my broom, my thread, my tape, my spoons, my cat, my thimble, my scissors, my shawl, my shoes; and have been asked for my combs and brushes; and my husband for his shaving apparatus and his pantaloons.

“But the cream of the joke lies in the manner of the thing. It is so straight-forward and honest, none of your hypocritical servility and servile gratitude! Your true republican, when he finds that you possess anything which would contribute to his convenience, walks in with—

“‘Are you going to use your horses to-day?’ if horses happen to be the thing he needs.

“‘Yes, I shall probably want them.’

“‘Oh, well; if you want them—I was thinking to get ‘em to go up north a piece.’

“Or perhaps the desired article comes within the female department.

“‘Mother wants to get some butter: that ‘ere butter you bought of Miss Barton this mornin’.

And away goes your golden store, to be repaid perhaps with some cheery, greasy stuff, brought in a dirty pail, with, ‘Here’s your butter!’

“A girl came in to borrow a ‘wash-dish,’ ‘because we’ve got company.’ Presently she came back: ‘Mother says you’ve forgot to send a towel.’

“‘The pen and ink, and a sheet o’ paper and a wafer,’ is no unusual request; and when the pen is returned, you are generally informed that you sent ‘an awful bad pen.’

“I have been frequently reminded of one of Johnson’s humorous sketches. A man returning a broken wheelbarrow to a Quaker, with, ‘Here, I’ve broke your rotten wheelbarrow usin’ on’t. I wish you’d get it mended right off, ‘cause I want to borrow it again this afternoon.’ The Quaker is made to reply, ‘Friend, it shall be done:’ and I wish I possessed more of his spirit.

Our space precludes us from taking any notice of the amusing “gossip” of Montacute—its scandal, small talk, and rivalries. The settlement, however, is “progressing;” new buildings springing up; loggeries becoming scarce; and ladies beginning to wear silk dresses on Sundays. The Claverses were staggered in the outset of their career by the swindling of a “land-shark,” but they now inhabit a “framed house,” and enjoy the luxuries of a carpet and a piano. “Many English families reside in our vicinity, some of them well calculated to make their way anywhere; close, penurious, grasping, and indefatigable; denying themselves all but the necessaries of life, in order to add to their lands, and make the most of their crops; and somewhat apt in bargaining to overreach even the wary pumpkin-eaters, their neighbours: others to whom all these things seem so foreign and so unsuitable, that one cannot but wonder that the vagaries of fortune should have sent them into so uncongenial an atmosphere. The class last mentioned generally live retired, and show little inclination to mingle with their rustic neighbours; and, of course, they become at once the objects of suspicion and dislike. The principle of ‘let-a-be for let-a-be’ holds not with us. Whoever exhibits any desire for privacy is set down as ‘proud,’ or something worse; no matter how inoffensive, or even how benevolent he may be; and of all places in the world in which to live on the shady side of public opinion, an American back-woods settlement is the very worst, as many of these unfortunately mistaken emigrants have been made to feel.

“The better classes of English settlers seem to have left their own country with high-wrought notions of the unbounded freedom to be enjoyed in this; and it is with feelings of angry surprise that they learn, after a short residence here, that this very universal freedom abridges their own liberty to do just as they please in their individual capacity; that the absolute democracy which prevails in country places, imposes as heavy restraints upon one’s free will in some particulars, as do the overbearing pride and haughty distinctions of the old world in others; and after one has changed one’s whole plan of life, and crossed the wide ocean to find a Utopia, the waking to reality is attended with feelings of no slight bitterness. In some instances, within my knowledge, these feelings of disappointment have been so severe as to neutralise all that was good in American life, and to produce a degree of sour discontent, which increased every real evil, and went far towards alienating the few who were kindly inclined toward the stranger.”



## SPORTING IN TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

MR. EARLE, an artist of very considerable talents, whose enterprising disposition has led him to exercise his profession in all the quarters of the world (the same who accompanied Capt. Fitzroy in the capacity of draughtsman, in his recent circumnavigation of the globe), had once the misfortune to be left by the vessel he had embarked in, upon Tristan d'Acunha, a solitary island in the South Atlantic Ocean, inhabited by a few voluntary settlers. Here he was left in a very desolate condition, for he had nothing on shore with him but the clothes he wore, his dog, his gun, and his sketch-book; but six weary months was he condemned to remain there before any vessel arrived in which he might escape from his ocean-girt prison. The inhabitants, four men, three of them old sailors, and the fourth "a *ci-devant* corporal of the artillery drivers," and the wives and children of two of them, received Mr. Earle and his companion, one of the sailors of the ship that deserted them, with great kindness, and between sketching, which was at last put a stop to for want of paper—killing sea-elephants, hunting goats, and wild boars, shooting sea-fowl and plundering penguin's nests, he contrived to while away his time. The pillaging of the penguins being a novel kind of sport, we have extracted his account of the process.

"This day we visited what they call a 'penguin rookery.' The spot of ground occupied by our settlers is bounded on each end by high *bluffs*, which extend far into the sea, leaving a space in front, where all their logs run nearly wild, as they are prevented going beyond those limits by those natural barriers: and the creatures who, at stated periods, come up from the sea, remain in undisturbed possession of the beaches beyond our immediate vicinity.

"The weather being favourable, we launched our boat early in the morning, for the purpose of procuring a supply of eggs for the consumption of the family. We heard the chattering of the penguins from the rookery long before we landed, which was noisy in the extreme, and groups of them were scattered all over the beach; but the high thick grass on the declivity of the hill seemed their grand establishment, and they were hidden by it from our view. As we could not find any place where we could possibly land our boat in safety, I and two more swam on shore with bags tied round our necks to hold the eggs in, and the boat with one of the men lay off, out of the surf. I should think the ground occupied by these *birds* (if I may be allowed so to call them) was at least a mile in circumference, covered in every part with grasses and reeds, which grew considerably higher than my head; and on every gentle ascent, beginning from the beach, on all the large grey rocks, which occasionally appeared above this grass, sat perched groups of these strange and uncouth-looking creatures; but the noise which rose up from beneath baffles all description! As our business lay with the noisy part of this community, we quickly crept under the grass and commenced our plundering search, though there needed none, so profuse was the quantity. The scene altogether well merits a better description than I can give,—thousands and hundreds of thousands of these little two-legged erect monsters hopping around us, with voices very much resembling in tone that of the human; all opening their throats together; so thickly clustered in groups that it was almost impossible to place the foot without despatching one of them. The shape of the animal, their curious motions, and their most extraordinary voices, made me fancy myself in a kingdom of pigmies. The regularity of their manners, their all sitting in exact rows, resembling more the order of a camp than a rookery of noisy birds, delighted me. These creatures did not move away on our approach, but only increased their noise, so we were obliged to displace them forcibly from their nests; and this object was not produced without a considerable struggle on their parts; and, being armed with a formidable beak, it soon became a scene of desperate warfare. We had to take particular care to protect our hands and legs from their attacks; and for this purpose each one had provided himself with a short stout club. The noise they continued to make during our ramble through their territories the sailors said was, 'Cover 'em up, cover 'em up.' And, however incredible it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I heard those words so distinctly repeated, and by such various tones of voices, that several times I started, and expected to see one of the men at my elbow. Even these little creatures, as well as the monstrous sea-elephant, appear to keep up a continued warfare."

"As the penguins sit in rows, forming regular lanes leading down to the beach, whenever one of them feels an inclination to refresh herself by a plunge into the sea, she has to run the gauntlet

through the whole *street*, every one pecking at her as she passes without mercy, and though all are occupied in the same employment, not the smallest degree of friendship seems to exist; and whenever we turned one off her nest she was sure to be thrown amongst foes; and, besides the loss of her eggs, was invariably doomed to receive a severe beating and pecking from her companions. Each one lays three eggs, and, after a time, when the young are strong enough to undertake the journey, they go to sea, and are not again seen till the ensuing spring. Their city is deserted of its numerous inhabitants, and quietness reigns till nature prompts their return the following year, when the same noisy scene is repeated, as the same flock of birds returns to the spot where they were hatched.

"After raising a tremendous tumult in this numerous colony, and sustaining continued combat, we came off victorious, making capture of about a thousand eggs, resembling in size, colour, and transparency of shell, those of a duck; and the taking possession of this immense quantity did not occupy more than one hour, which may serve to prove the incalculable numbers of birds collected together. We did not allow them sufficient time, after landing, to lay all their eggs; for, had the season been further advanced, and we had found three eggs in each nest, the whole of them might probably have proved addled, the young partly formed, and the eggs of no use to us; but the whole of those we took turned out good, and had a particularly fine and delicate flavour. It was a work of considerable difficulty to get our booty safe into the boat—so frail a cargo—with so tremendous a surf running against us. However, we finally succeeded, though not without smashing a considerable number of the eggs."

## LOMBARD-STREET AND BANKERS IN 1593.

At this period Sir Thomas Gresham resided in Lombard-street, which was then the handsomest street in London; and, like all other bankers and merchants living in that street, he kept a shop. It stood on the site now occupied by the banking-house of Messrs. Stone, Martin, and Co.; and over his door was his crest, a grass-hopper, by way of sign. This was no uncommon practice even at a later period; for we are told that the sign of the house in Bread-street, where Milton's father resided, and where Milton was born, was the spread eagle; an heraldic symbol, which appears in the family arms. The original sign of Gresham's shop was seen by Pennant, and, I am informed, continued in existence as lately as the year 1793; when, on the erection of the present building, it disappeared from the station which it had so long occupied over the door; its metallic value having probably aroused the cupidity of some of the labourers. But the term "banker," when applied to a former age, is so likely to produce misconception, that, before proceeding further, it seems advisable to explain it.

A banker in early times pursued a very different trade from that which occupies the attention of the opulent and influential class so called at the present day. It is well known that the latter derive their profits from the employment of fluctuating sums of money, deposited in their hands for convenience and safety by the public, and for the security of which the respectability of the banker is a sufficient guarantee. But this is a refinement of comparatively recent introduction, with which our forefathers were wholly unacquainted. As late as the time of Swift, bankers gave and took a bond on receiving and lending money; and made their profit by obtaining a higher rate of interest (or usury, as it was called) on the latter operation, than they allowed on the former. Ten or twelve per cent. was the customary rate of interest during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; at which period, we mean no disrespect to the banker, when we say that he united in his person the trades of the usurer, the pawnbroker, the money-scrivener, the goldsmith, and the dealer in bullion. A German traveller, who visited England in 1593, says, that he saw in Lombard-street "all sorts of gold and silver vessels exposed to sale, as well as ancient and modern coins, in such quantities as must surprise a man the first time he sees and considers them." At the period of Gresham's death, a considerable portion of his wealth consisted of gold chains.

It is a curious circumstance that Lombard-street should have retained its character as well as its name for at least five centuries and a half; and it may not, perhaps, be out of place to mention that, within the last thirty years, several gold and silver lacemen lived there—a link between the ancient and modern occupants of the street, which has now almost wholly disappeared.—*Life of Gresham.*

## THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

MR. SKENE, in his able essay on "The Highlands of Scotland," gives a description of the Highland dress.

"The dress," he says, "of the Highlanders is one in many respects peculiar to that nation, and is so singularly well adapted to their mode of life and the nature of their country, that it is difficult to believe that it is not the original dress of its inhabitants. Of late years, however, the antiquity of this dress, and of the use of the tartan, in the Highlands, has been much doubted; and an opinion has very generally prevailed that it is but of modern invention, or, at all events, that the *truis* is the only ancient form of the dress; although what motive or circumstance could have led to the adoption, at a recent period, of so singular a dress, the doubters of its antiquity do not pretend to specify.

"It would be too much, perhaps, to affirm that the dress, as at present worn, in all its minute details, is ancient; but it is very certain that it is compounded of three varieties in the form of the dress, which were separately worn by the Highlanders in the seventeenth century, and that each of these can be traced back to the most remote antiquity."

Having given his authorities for his assertions, Mr. Skene adds.—

"There is thus a complete chain of authorities for the dress of the Highlanders, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, having consisted of the Highland shirt stained with saffron, the Breacan or belted plaid, the short Highland coat, and the Curran or buskins, and that their limbs, from the thigh to the ankle, were certainly uncovered.

"Previous to the fourteenth century, we cannot expect to find descriptions of the dress, but the existence of the same dress among the Highlanders can be established by another mode of proof. On the various tomb-stones of the ancient Highland chiefs, still extant in some of the ruined chapels of the western Highlands, are to be seen effigies of these personages, represented clad in armour, and almost invariably in the Highland dress. The dates of these monuments are various; but the most complete evidence, perhaps, of the existence of this garb in the fourteenth century, is to be found in the sculptures of Macmillan's cross. This ancient structure has been preserved in an uninjured state, and is still standing in the village of Kilmory, in Knapdale: although there does not appear any date upon the stone, yet, from the form of the letters in which there is this inscription, 'Crux Alexandri Macmillan,' there can be no doubt that it is at least as old as that period. On one side is the representation of a Highland chief engaged in hunting the deer, and the dress of the figure appears quite distinctly to be after the Highland fashion. But from the Duplin Cross—the date of which can, from various circumstances, be fixed to have been towards the end of the ninth century, there are a number of figures represented in the Highland garb, armed with the target and long spear. Another very remarkable figure is found on the sculptured stone at Nigg—apparently of a still older date,—in which the resemblance to the Highland dress is very striking; presenting also considerable indication of the *sporran*, or purse. But it would be needless to detail all the sculptured monuments which bear evidence of the existence of the Highland garb: suffice it to say, that they afford complete proof of its having been the ordinary dress of a considerable part of the northern population, from the earliest period of their history."

"The *truis* cannot be traced in the Highlands previous to the sixteenth century; but there is undoubted evidence that it was, from the very earliest period, the dress of the gentry of Ireland. I am inclined, therefore, to think that it was introduced from Ireland, and that the proper and peculiar dress of the Highlanders consisted of the first two varieties above described. The use of tartan in the Highlands at an early period has been denied: but the passages above quoted show clearly, that what is now called tartan was used from an early period in various parts of the

dress. Among the gentry, the plaid was always of tartan, and the coat appears to have been, from 1538, of tartan velvet, and slashed; the short *hoiss* were likewise of tartan; but the Highland shirt was of linen, and dyed with saffron. Among the common people, the plaid was certainly not of tartan, but generally brown in colour, while the shirt worn by them was of tartan. The present dress, with the belted plaid, is exactly the same as the old dress of the gentry, with the exception of the yellow shirt. The dress with the kilt and shoulder-plaid is probably a corruption of the dress of the common people. Among the common people, the shirt was of tartan, and sewed in plaits; and they wore a jacket, and the plaid over the shoulder. This shirt was probably termed *filleadh*, and if divided in the middle would form exactly the present dress with the shoulder-plaid; the lower part of the shirt would be the *filleadh beg*, or kilt, the upper part the waistcoat, and the jacket and shoulder-plaid would remain. It has likewise been doubted whether the distinction of clan-tartans was known at that period; but Martin seems to set that question at rest, for, in his valuable account of the Western Isles, he says, 'Every isle differs from each other in their fancy of making plaids, as to the stripes, or breadth, or colours. This humour is as different through the mainland of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places are able, at the first view of a man's plaid, to guess the place of his residence.' Among the common people, the jacket was of deer-skin."

## PESTH.

PESTH is the modern capital of Hungary, and Buda, which is situated immediately opposite, on the right bank of the Danube, was the ancient one. The famous bridge of boats connects the two cities. All the finest streets in Pesth have been built within the last fifteen years, and many of them still more recently: it is, moreover, daily extending itself, and everything that has been done bears the stamp of great liberality, and the closest attention to all modern improvements. The streets are wide and clean, the houses solid and handsome. The diet hold their sittings here, and many of the Hungarian nobility pass their gay season at Pesth rather than at Vienna. It is evidently the wish of the nation to make a *bona fide* capital city of it, and to support it as such. It holds out allurements to the traveller, more especially to an Englishman, such as, I believe, are to be found in no other city of the same class; and I shall mention what appear to me to be the two principal ones.

In the first place, an Englishman living for a short time in Pesth can at once command, and will even find himself courted by, the very first society, comprising the ancient noblesse of Hungary; this is a desideratum which no foreigner will find so easily attained in any other metropolis, unless he be of very high rank—of course I do not mean to deny that good letters of introduction will be of great service anywhere, or that many persons, by their irresistible fascinations, will at length overcome this freezing reserve of the most haughty aristocrat in Europe; but still this is a great deal of trouble. It is, as I said before, to the English that this favour and cordiality are particularly shown, as belonging to a nation which they love, esteem, and respect above all others. There is a club-house newly built, which, for perfect arrangements in all departments, for comfort, and for magnificence, can scarcely be surpassed. There are ball-rooms, billiard-rooms, libraries, and reading-rooms, where may be found newspapers of all countries, and the best periodical publications in every European language. To this club-house, our *valet de place* told us, they had orders from the committee to bring every English traveller without any introduction whatever, but that all other foreigners were obliged to be regularly introduced by one of the members. I really think this is the most flattering compliment I have ever known paid to our countrymen. Another consideration is, that they are not only inclined to show us all this kindness, but they are enabled to put their wishes in practice, on account of the comparatively small number of English who have hitherto thought it worth their while to pay them a visit. Now, nearer home, even supposing the people to be equally well-disposed towards us, the vast numbers of travellers would render it impossible for them to receive us thus with open arms—unless indeed they built *barracks* for our accommodation.

The other circumstance that I would mention for the benefit of those low and despicable persons who are iniquitous enough not to

be overburdened with money is, that at Pesth, although it is the metropolis, they give themselves no fine metropolitan airs, nor charge for everything in a ratio which bears no proportion to the market-price, or the price of labour, or anything else that exercises an influence in these matters; on the contrary, Pesth, being situated in a country where produce is extremely plentiful, and money extremely scarce, is, as it ought to be, one of the cheapest places in the world. Thus we used to pay three francs for a dinner, which, in a Parisian café would have cost us twenty; we drank Hungarian champagne, which, to my taste, is quite equal to the French, at about half-a-crown a bottle, and an excellent wine of a Burgundy flavour at a shilling. The Yagerhorn is one of the best hotels I have seen anywhere, yet you may have a sitting-room, a bed-room, and a servant's room, for three pounds a month. A box at the opera, holding five, costs ten shillings, and everything else in proportion. —From *Three Months' Leave*. By W. G. Rose.

#### POPULATION AND SUBSISTENCE.

It is obvious that if the present state of the world, compared with its state at our earliest records, be one of relative poverty, the tendency of population to increase more rapidly than subsistence must be admitted. If the means of subsistence continue to bear precisely the same proportion to the number of its inhabitants, it is clear that the increase of subsistence and of numbers has been equal. If its means of subsistence have increased much more than the number of its inhabitants, it is clear not only that the proposition in question is false, but that the contrary proposition is true, and that the means of subsistence have a natural tendency (using these words as expressing what is likely to take place) to increase faster than population. Now, what is the picture presented by the earliest records of those nations which are now civilised, or, which is the same, what is now the state of savage nations? A state of habitual poverty and occasional famine—a scanty population, but still scantier means of subsistence. Admitting, and it must be admitted, that in almost all countries the condition of the great body of the people is poor and miserable, yet as poverty and misery were their original inheritance, what inference can we draw from the continuance of that misery as to the tendency of their numbers to increase more rapidly than their wealth? But if a single country can be found in which there is now less poverty than is universal in a savage state, it must be true that, under the circumstances in which that country has been placed, the means of subsistence have a greater tendency to increase than the population. Now, this is the case in every civilised country. Even Ireland, the country most likely to afford an instance of what has been called the tendency of things, poor and populous as she is, suffers less from want, with her eight millions of people, than when her only inhabitants were a few sept of hunters and fishers. In our own early history, famines, and pestilences, the consequences of famine, constantly recur. At present, though our numbers are trebled or quadrupled, they are unheard of.—*Senior on Political Economy*.

#### "LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING."

If you intend to marry—if you think your happiness will be increased and your interest advanced by matrimony—be sure and "look where you're going." Join yourself in union with no woman who is selfish, for she will sacrifice you; with no one who is fickle, for she will become estranged; have nothing to do with a proud one, for she will despise you; nor with an extravagant one, for she will ruin you. Leave a coquette to the fools that flutter around her, let her own fireside accommodate a scold; and flee from a woman who loves scandal, as you would flee from the evil one. "Look where you're going" will sum it all up. Young ladies, when you are surrounded by dashing men—when the tones of love and the words of compliment float out together—when you are excited by the movement of the whirling waltz, or melted by the tenderness of mellow music, arrest yourself in that rosy atmosphere of delight, and "look where you're going." When a daring hand is pressing yours, or your delicate tresses are lifted by him you fancy loves you; when the moonlight invites to trusting, and the stars seem but to breathe out innocence, listen with caution to the words you hear, gaze into your heart unshrinkingly, and "look where you're going."

#### INDUSTRY WITHOUT REWARD.

The saddest aspect the decay of civic society can exhibit has always appeared to me to be this, when honourable, honour-loving, conscientious diligence cannot, by the utmost efforts of toil, obtain the necessaries of life; or when the working man cannot even find work, but must stand with folded arms, lamenting his forced idleness, through which himself and his family are verging to starvation, or, it may be, actually suffering the pangs of hunger. —*T. Carlyle*.

#### SONGS.

The honest old English song never was at a greater discount than in this most musical age. We do not get a decent one once a year; and when we have that luck, it endures only for a week. Our modern fashionable ballads are the most execrable compounds of mawkish sentimentality that ever melted the soul of nursery maid—full of the pale high brows, and dark flashing eyes, and long flowing tresses of raven blackness—strong spirit-yearnings and heart-tempests of appalling violence. Unhappy music appears doomed henceforth to a perpetual state of ancient maidenhood; for there is no longer any "immortal verse" to marry her to. Even good music, when burthened with the trashy words with which these days are afflicted, is, to my thinking, three parts ruined; but this is a matter about which our modern musicians trouble their heads very little—words are made for tunes, not tunes for words; and one would think they were made by contract into the bargain; sometimes they rhyme, and for the most part scan; but as to anything beyond, why a black swan would be nothing to the rarity. Our list of modern song-writers (I do not mean mere "metre ballad-mongers" and Haynes-Bayleyites, but good honest song-writers) is small indeed; of living ones we have scarcely any. Moore seems to think he has done enough, and so he has for fame—for there is immortality enough, and to spare, in the "Irish Melodies." Allan Cunningham has written stirring strains; why is his pen idle? Poor Captain Morris is dead! Peace to his manes! His songs,—and so were Dibdin's,—were superb in their way; that is, when men were seasonably well advanced in the second. Of Burns I fear I may say, little but the name is known in these parts—save to a few. Walter Scott has written some glorious songs, but who sings them? and last, "not least in our dear love," Felicia Hemans has penned some strains of passing beauty, which one would think the world would not willingly let die: yet are all these passing away silently to their oblivion, to be recalled, now and then, only by such old-fashioned folks as myself and the mayoress.—*Blackwood*.

#### THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND PARLIAMENT.

Every person that has given ten *tanans* of the revenue, in case he should see anything wrong in its expense, has a right to rise up in the House of Commons, and seize the *purse* of the treasury by the collar, saying, "What have you done with my money?" —*Persian Princess' Journal in England*.

#### POPULAR HATRED.

Let no man slight the scorn and hate of the people. When it is unjust, it is a wolf; but when it is just, a dragon. Though the tyrant, seated high, does think he may contemn their malice, yet he ought to remember that they have many hands, while he hath one neck only. If he, being single, be dangerous to many, those many will to him alone be dangerous in their hate. The sands of Africa, though they be but barren dust and lightness, yet, angered by the winds, they bury both the horse and the rider alive. Amidst the hatred of a multitude, there is no fence but what must come by miracle; nor wealth, nor wit, nor bands of armed men, can keep them safe that have made themselves the hate of an enraged multitude. It is a thunder, lightning, and hailstorm together.—*Vetham*.

#### TENDER WISH.

A beggar at Dublin had been a long time besieging an old, gouty, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with much irritability: on which the mendicant said, "Ah, please your honour, I wish your heart was as tender as your toes!"

#### MENTAL FREEDOM AND THE CONDITION OF WOMAN.

But it matters not what it is that holds the mind of man in a state of slavery—whether it be a wooden idol, an aristocracy, an ochlocracy, inordinate desire of gain, religious gloom, the turf, fashion, club-houses, or sybarite indulgences; let him but once forget the god-like ends for which he is created, and be enslaved to something, and forthwith the loveliest and the purest of created beings shall be made to suffer beneath his tyranny. She is then to be made anything that is derogatory to her innate excellency, from the victim of an ancient metaphor to the goddess of a living fribble. Base flatterers and abject slaves may court her for wealth, or her personal attractions; but a profane contempt for her—the result of a rude ignorance of woman's unpurchasable love, of her devoted constancy, and of the high purposes she is credited to fulfil in the glorious work of humanity's advancement—shall be but too evident in all that shall appear, either in the customs of ordinary life, or of courtship, or in the public institutions of education.—*Floreston*.

#### CRIMINALS NOT ACCORDING TO LAW.

All old bachelors, of a reasonable income, above forty. All young men who have married old women. All old men who have got young wives. All those who have helped to make the national debt what it is.—*Leigh Hunt*.

#### LONG LEASE.

We remember seeing a bill in a shop-window at Faversham, which ran precisely thus:—"These premises to let—on a lease, 115 feet in length."—*Maldstone Gazette*.

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## LONDON FEMALE SERVANTS.

"THESE servants," exclaims every housekeeper, "these servants are the plague of one's life." The days have long gone by when a housemaid, or a cook, who gave even tolerable satisfaction to the family by which she was employed, never thought of quitting her situation for years. But now the remaining of a female domestic in her place beyond six, or at most twelve or eighteen months, is a matter of rare occurrence. Indeed, a six months' character is pretty generally considered in a favourable point of view, and may be taken as about the average period of uninterrupted service within the bills of mortality.

The excuses given by females for leaving their "last mistress" are often exceedingly ludicrous. One will unblushingly tell you that she left because the lady was "fidgety." The meaning of this phrase on such occasions is, that the mistress wished her rooms and furniture to be kept decently clean, or her kitchen preserved in proper order, or the family dinner not to be absolutely spoiled every day through mere negligence. Her orders on these subjects she was obliged to repeat perhaps twice or thrice every month, and then comes the usual petulant commentary—"Oh, ma'am, I see I cannot give you satisfaction, and you had better provide yourself with another servant as soon as you can."

It is no uncommon complaint on the part of an *ex-cook* that her late mistress was always in the larder or the kitchen; which means, that the said mistress believed she had a right to enter occasionally every room in her own house, to see that it was kept in a cleanly and healthy condition. Indeed, I have heard that some cooks have gone so far as to tell mistresses that their visits to the latter dominions were equivalent to the expression of a suspicion of dishonesty against servants, and that such things were not to be put up with! There is pride for you! Be assured that there is dishonesty—that there is at least some wrong proceeding always going on, when such flights of passion as these are resorted to. A well-intentioned servant never dreams of being suspected of improper conduct; and whenever I hear charges of particular acts repelled by such persons before they are made, I invariably conclude, and seldom have found myself in error, that this species of anticipated defence is made in order to throw a veil, if possible, over guilt meditated, or already reduced to a system.

Another prompt excuse for a servant's abandonment of her last situation is, that she wished to "better herself." This I have generally found to be the pretext of a person of restless disposition, who conceives that her sole business is to receive her wages, to eat, drink, sleep, go out, or receive followers at home, as often as she can, and to waste, break glass and china, and probably to rob *ad libitum*. To "better herself" means no more nor less than a new experiment, with a view to find out a family in which she could do any or all these things with the least possible degree of danger or interruption. These "self-bettering" damsels are always to be most cautiously avoided.

The presumptuous air which a servant who has been for some time in London thinks herself entitled to assume, whenever, to use the common phrase, she comes after a place, is often very amusing. "I hear, ma'am, that you want a housemaid. Pray, ma'am, what wages do you give?" "Sixteen guineas a year." "Sixteen guineas a-year, ma'am! I never went out under eighteen, and found, too, in tea, sugar, and beer! Of course you keep a footman, ma'am!" "No, we do not keep a footman, and you

would have to look after the furniture both in the parlour and drawing-room." "Never heard of such a thing, ma'am! Never accustomed to any place where a footman was not kept. Good morning, ma'am;" and off she goes with all the gait of a super-fine lady.

In some families it is highly inconvenient to have a man-servant. Their means may not permit of it; or their house may afford no accommodation for such an inmate; or they may not have sufficient employment for him. Of all earthly nuisances there are few more disagreeable than to see a man-servant lolling about in one's house the greater part of the day. The mischief done to the other servants by his example of idleness is incalculable, not to speak of the certainty with which immorality always springs from such a source. Where no man-servant is employed, it becomes necessary that the shoes and knives should be cleaned by the cook. If you wish to have a tolerable cook, it is very difficult to meet with one who, in addition to her ordinary work, will perform these latter duties. "What, ma'am, soil my hands by cleaning boots and shoes! How could you expect me to make pastry, ma'am, or puddings, or jellies, or preserves? in short, how could you think of asking a good cook, such as I profess to be, ma'am, to degrade herself to such drudgery? Your place won't do for me, ma'am!" Another exit in the Lady Teazle style!

In London, at least, it is quite idle for a mistress, on engaging a well-looking young housemaid, to stipulate that she is to have no followers. "Oh! ma'am, I assure you," they generally say, "I know nobody in London. I have no followers. There is, indeed, a brother of mine, just come to town to look after a place, and I would be very thankful, ma'am (a low curtsy) if you could tell me of one that might suit him. You would not object, ma'am, to allow me to see him occasionally, and sometimes to go to church with him on a Sunday evening." "Oh! as to church, I am very glad you mentioned it. I not only allow, but always insist upon my servants going to church in turn on the Sabbath, and I see no objection to your brother coming for you on such occasions: on the contrary, it is a very proper thing to be done, and he can even have his tea with you before you go." "Thank you, ma'am; (another very low curtsy;) I am sure I shall be very comfortable in my place, ma'am, and I shall be sure to come on Tuesday, ma'am."

The damsel is as good as her word. "A new broom always sweeps clean." Everything goes on well for a few weeks. The brother is sure to make his appearance every Sunday evening, and twice or thrice a week; moreover, he may be perceived at the area gate conversing in the dusk of evening with his affectionate "sister." Poor young man! he has yet found no place, but he has a great-coat on, with a large pocket in it, which the good "sister" takes care to line pretty well with leaves of new bread, and half-pounds of butter, and often tea and sugar, abstracted from her mistress's store-room. It need scarcely be added, that the pair, when they are supposed to be attending at church, are very far from it, gadding about town, or the parks, if the weather be favourable, or in the public-house. Sooner or later this "brother" and "sister" are married—or ought to be so—and then the damsel, finding a change of residence necessary, gives her mistress warning, and lucky will it be for the indulgent lady if, after "Mary" has left, she finds all her plate safe. These "brothers" are most commonly practised thieves; they contrive to make acquaintance with the young women who come from the country in search of places in London, and frequently to plunge them into

ruin, either by inducing them to become parties to schemes for purloining plate, or for supplying food for themselves and their associates, when obliged to keep out of the way of the police.

The cook seldom has a "brother," or apparently any follower at all. Her great object is to make money, and she has means of doing so which, even though she reads her large bible every Sunday, she justifies to herself in this way. Let her wages be of what amount they may, she never thinks them equal to her merit, and so she says to herself, "As my mistress does not give me more than eighteen, or, as it may be, twenty, or five-and-twenty guineas a-year, and as I am entitled to, at least, double that amount, I have a right to get it some way or other." The "way" she usually adopts is well known. She is, or is not, allowed "perquisites," the perquisites being the superfluous "dripping" and kitchen offal of various descriptions. It is of very little advantage to the mistress to say that such perquisites are never permitted in her family, because whether permitted or not, taken they most certainly are. If not permitted, a *show* of such remnants is always kept up—a very small show indeed—but if inquiry upon the subject is instituted, the answer, given too in a very surly tone, will be, "Why, what can you expect, ma'am? Surely your roast-joints can't be decently cooked without sufficient dripping! Very well, ma'am, if you like your dinner to be spoilt, ma'am, I can use less in future; but you must provide a new cook, ma'am, for I wouldn't lose my character, ma'am, by sending cinders to your table!"

It would be well if this were the only portion of the family "remnants" pre-empted by the cook. But the tale of depredation is not yet half told. Cooks are fond of drink, and are not often voracious eaters; they consequently contrive to balance the matter. The butcher, somehow or other, always sends in a piece of beef, or loin of mutton, weighing three or four pounds more than the mistress has ordered. When the joint is served to table, it appears, however, not to exceed the quantity ordered, for it has been already reduced to its ordered weight, if not under it, by the skull of the mistress "below stairs," who, before it was cooked, used her own knife freely. The "perquisite" is carefully put by until an opportunity occurs for transferring it to her "customer" out of doors.

When the joint goes down stairs from the dining-room, it is forthwith still further lightened by another slice or two; and if the mistress happen to visit the larder next day, and observe the contemptible figure cut by her twelve or fourteen pound sirloin (scarcely three or four pounds having been consumed in the dining-room), she is assured, with an air not capable of change—a cheek not accustomed to blush, that there it is, just as it was brought from table! The mistress does not understand this—it is quite a mystery to her; the beef looked so much larger when it left the dining-room; but she has no remedy, and the game goes on as usual.

There are very few cooks engaged in the service of families above the mere retail trading ranks in London, who, before going to a new place, have not entered into a regular contract with some convenient shop, where you may see, ill-written in large letters on a paper suspended near the door—"The highest price given here for kitchen stuff." To these receptacles usually go the dripping, the purloined butter and eggs. But the butcher's meat appropriated by the cook is despatched to a different quarter—to a husband, a sister, a daughter, or some other connexion of the ruler of the kitchen. Usually, of a Monday morning, and often on one or two other mornings of the week, between six and seven o'clock, a woman cloaked may be seen loitering about the arca-gate or the hall-door. Under her cloak she carries a capacious bag, which she carefully conceals. The hall-door is speedily unlocked, for every "careful" cook is always up early, to cleanse and whiten the door-steps! The bag is opened, into it rolls a parcel containing the abstracted pieces of beef or mutton, fragments of pies and puddings, stolen biscuits and fruit, and not seldom a bottle of wine, if through any carelessness the key of the cellar be left in the way of any of the servants. The "conveyor" immediately disappears, after being told when she is to come again. Nothing of this is known to the family, for at that early hour they are all fast asleep! It has happened to me, however, to see this sort of work go on at the hall-doors of my opposite neighbours, and if they had been on the look out about the same time, I make no doubt at all that they might have observed a similar proceeding at mine.

No servant will enter a family without stipulating for certain times for going out:—a day or two in every month, or every Sunday evening, or at least every alternate Sunday evening. It may be set down as a certainty that these visits seldom tend to improve

the character and habits of a female domestic. The hours she has thus at her own disposal are not spent, generally speaking, in good company. It is of course required that she must return home at a regular hour,—ten, or at farthest half-past ten, o'clock at night. If it happens that she is much later than this, he assured that she is always prepared with a plausible excuse. She had found her mother, or her sister, or her aunt, or somebody or another, very dangerously ill—indeed at death's door. The ready tear would be in her eye, her language would become more and more pathetic, and then would follow audible sobs, for she has no doubt that the poor dear sufferer is at that moment dead—and away she would fly to the kitchen in an agony of woe! Depend upon it this lady had been drinking something stronger than table beer, and the sooner you get rid of her the better.

The art, the smooth-tongued hypocrisy, by which some female servants contrive to win the entire confidence of their mistresses, are really often very surprising. I had once a nurse in my family who was undoubtedly the most consummate deceiver it has ever been my fortune to encounter. Her autobiography, if she narrated it candidly, would be a "curiosity" in the history of the most accomplished thieves. When she came first to our house to inquire about the "nurse's place," which she understood would soon be vacant, her manner appeared so utterly unsophisticated, so simple, so sincere, so honest, so quiet, and in everything so like to the character required to constitute a good attendant upon very young children, that we were quite certain we had hit upon a "treasure." We were almost disposed to take her without further inquiry. She could not however come for some days, as she was obliged to go into the country to see her mother, who was very poorly. The very mention of her mother's name drew tears into her eyes. Her apparent filial affection tended, of course, to strengthen the impression she had already produced. She referred for her character to a lady residing about twenty miles from town, whose address she gave with the utmost particularity.

By way of precaution, which we thought almost superfluous, we wrote to the lady in question, and in due time received an answer in every way satisfactory. In a few days after, the new nurse came, and entered upon her duties, and really executed them in an irreproachable manner for some time. She appeared much attached to the children, especially to an infant then some seven or eight months old. So implicit was our confidence in her honesty, and in the faithful discharge of all her duties, that having had occasion to go to Paris for a few weeks, we committed to her the entire control of our household during our absence, directing her (for she could write) to make frequent reports to us of the health of our children.

She had not been long in our service before she announced to us that she was a married woman—a fact which she had not mentioned in the first instance. She said she had not been questioned upon this point. Our recollection undoubtedly differed from this statement, but then we thought we must have been mistaken, so plausible was her manner on the occasion. She soon after appeared at church on a Sunday accompanied by the young man whom she represented to be her husband. We saw them come in together, and as he seemed a respectable, sedate, well-dressed person, we made no farther remark on the subject; she having assured us he was about to enter the service of the Earl of —, as his valet. The nobleman whom she mentioned was elderly, and an invalid, who lived almost constantly in the country.

Things went on thus smoothly for upwards of two years—a rare period of service in London. Whenever her mistress was indisposed, she attended to her with the most vigilant care, administered her medicine, took her orders for the other servants; was allowed free access to the store-room, and held, or at least took possession of, all the keys. It never occurred to us even to suspect her of the slightest disposition to abuse the confidence we reposed in her integrity.

Her mistress now and then missed a little silver from her purse—some small sum—half-a-crown, or a shilling, or some odd six-pences; but she concluded that she must have paid them away, though she could not precisely remember to whom, or for what. One, two, three, four rings, and some other little ornaments, had taken their departure from her trinket-box. The nurse bethought her, when the subject was mentioned, that she had seen the children playing one day with these said missing things, and so perhaps they had been lost. However, she would search for them. Her search was seldom unsuccessful. The ring, or whatever it was, she found in a crevice of the nursery floor, or amongst the children's toys, or somewhere or other. She made a character for herself as the best "finder" of lost things we had ever known.

"The reason, ma'am," she would say, when thanked for her trouble, "that I always find, is because I search well. Other servants won't take the same pains, and no wonder they can't find. But whenever anything is lost, tell me, ma'am, and I shall be sure to discover it if it be in the house."

These occurrences being repeated, it tended a little, though it must be confessed but very little, to open our eyes. One day a lady and her children came to visit us. She gave her youngest boy two half-crowns to amuse himself with by rolling them about, in order to keep him quiet while we were at luncheon. Upon her departure the money was nowhere to be discovered. Our nurse had certainly seen the boy rolling something about, but being much employed with her own duties, she did not even know what it was. Search was made, but in vain. Our visiter, a lady of some experience in household management, warned us of our misplaced confidence in our nurse, for she was sure, from her manner, that she was dishonest, and that the missing half-crowns were in her pocket at the very moment when she said she knew nothing about them. The charge was so emphatically made, and was to us so utterly incredible, that for a while it even caused a coolness between the two families.

However, something (I forget what) soon after occurred, which induced us to suspect that all was not right in our house. Our sherry-wine was reduced, we thought, rather lower than our ordinary consumption could justify. Some pretty wreaths of flowers, ribands laid by for awhile, and other such articles, had not been seen in their usual places. The "finder" of the family was put into requisition; the articles were immediately forthcoming; they had been, "no doubt by some accident," thrown into an old bonnet-box, where they were all found together!

At length a sovereign was missing. No doubt could be entertained of the loss: the purse containing it, with four other sovereigns—change which had been an hour before received for a 5*l.* note—had been left for a few moments on the drawing-room table. It being now unquestionable that there was a thief in the house, all the servants were summoned and interrogated on the subject. They all affirmed utter ignorance of the matter, with the greatest composure; our most "admirable" nurse, as we always called her, alone excepted: her face turned pale, her lips were absolutely white and quivering, while her denial was vociferous. She suggested that a rigorous search should be made; that the children, perhaps, had taken it out, and "played" with it, and perhaps had hidden it, in their play, under one of the sofa-cushions. When I heard this, I felt quite assured that the sovereign would be soon forthcoming. I was a true prophet; for, in an hour or two after, the housemaid did actually find it in the place so indicated!

Of course, I ordered our most "excellent," most "honest" nurse, to quit my house forthwith. She soon found another place, and had the courage to refer to us for a character. We stated everything that had occurred; but so plausible was her deportment, that the lady with whom she was in treaty absolutely believed her to have been most unjustly treated. She took her into her service, favoured her with her utmost confidence, and, before three months elapsed, the husband of this very lady wrote to us, to say that all our suspicions were fully borne out; for that they had detected her in the very act of plunder, and had her committed to prison. A foolish and unjustifiable impulse of humanity had, however, induced them not to prosecute her—and so they let her loose again upon society!

Yet this nurse was in her way rich! She had no family; she had a purse full of sovereigns, two or three boxes well stored with linen, the greater part of which, no doubt, she had stolen. She wanted for nothing; she was always well dressed; her wages were handsome, and she would never receive them until they amounted to 20*l.* or more. The fact was, that she had in her an irresistible propensity to filching; a propensity often discoverable in persons of much higher station, as we may observe from the ordinary police reports in the newspapers.

Let me not, however, go too far in running down the character of London servants in general. That there are some amongst them very excellent persons, honest and faithful in every sense of the words, and disposed to be truly religious, I make no doubt at all. Nor ought we to be too rigorous with respect to these "necessary evils," as they are often called. We should not expect too much from classes or the people whose education has been hitherto most deplorably neglected. It has happened to me to have witnessed, both in my own family and in the families of some of my friends, acts of servants, especially female servants, characterised by the greatest disinterestedness, real affection, and inflexible integrity, under circumstances of a very trying nature.

We may set it down as a universal rule, that every person, of every order in society, has his or her drawback. We must not look for the perfection in others which we cannot find in ourselves. If, upon the whole a domestic appears disposed to perform her duty, and sincerely sets about it in the best manner she can, she ought not to be "too closely followed," as they say.

I have not heard many persons approve much of servants whom they have procured from what are called the Registry Offices. Domestic of good character may possibly sometimes be obtained in this way; but, generally speaking, the reverse seems nearer to the rule. There could be hardly any institution more useful than one which should be wholly under the control of a number of the heads of respectable families, associated together for the purpose of supplying servants to such persons as would subscribe a certain sum annually. Females, well recommended, might be afforded refuge and useful instruction in an establishment of this description, when out of place; but care should be taken that, whilst under the protection of the institution, they should not be permitted to live in idleness.

It is a sacred obligation which mistresses owe to society, to give just and candid characters of servants who have lived with them. The period of service, and the cause of its cessation, should always be accurately stated. While the ordinary dictates of charity should be duly considered, no real vice, no strong tendency to bad habits, no propensity to impertinence, should be passed over, without being fully represented to the party applying for the character. If this rule were strictly observed in all cases, we should have infinitely less annoyance than we now are obliged to endure, from the frequency of change in which London female servants are fond of indulging. While they are in want of money, they are ready to accept of any situation—no matter how severe the labour, or scanty the remuneration. But, as soon as they have been enabled to dress themselves well, and to put a few sovereigns together, they become tired of constant employment, and easily abandon a good place, in order that they may enjoy a few weeks of idleness and liberty. In London they have, as they believe, a boundless field for adventure, and they seldom think that the number of their competitors for place is also without limit. It is extremely difficult to lay down any maxim for the guidance of families, as to the period of previous service which they ought to require on the part of any female seeking employment, and for any time accustomed to the duties she is to be called upon to perform. It would, however, be one great step towards the cure of the many evils now connected with this subject, if families in general would resolve, unless good reason were shown to the contrary, never to listen to any application from servants who had not lived in their last place one year, or at the least six months.

Too much caution cannot be observed in taking a written character, especially where the party giving, or supposed to give, such a certificate, is residing some miles out of town. The fabrication of false characters is part of the system of London thievery. There may be no such person as the one referred to, or the letter of the inquirer is answered "most satisfactorily," by somebody perhaps whose testimony is not to be depended upon. Those who accept such "characters" ought not to complain if they eventually find themselves grievously deceived,—if, in short, they discover that they have admitted within their doors, instead of an "honest," "industrious," and "sober" servant, an associate of one of the gangs of house-plunderers by which the metropolis is infested.

[The preceding article is the contribution of a valued correspondent, of whose kind and considerate character some of the preceding sentiments are a rather imperfect reflection. Sufficient allowance has not been made for the grievous deficiency in moral culture, as well as intelligence, with which, both from necessity and neglect, female servants are sent out to earn their bread; and, at the same time, no notice is taken of the share which mistresses have in spoiling servants, and turning them into plagues, instead of benefits. How often do inconsiderate mistresses require services to be done, to which the servants may well answer, in the style of the famous Irish baronet, that they cannot be in two places at once, "barring they were a bird!" How often do mistresses forget that servants have feelings! How often are they scolded for doing, at one time, what they were scolded, at another time, for not doing! Besides, while it is admitted, that almost all London housekeepers have reason to complain of almost all London female servants, much, very much, of the cause is to be traced to the wealthier classes, whose inconsiderate pampering of the many half-idle servants in their houses does much to break down the general standard of morality which might exist, even with the very deficient education which servants receive.—ED. LONDON SAT. JOURNAL.]

## WESTERN AUSTRALIA\*.

WERE we under the conviction that people are as liable to be deceived as ever they were about emigration, we would hesitate to bring under the notice of our readers the volume whose portly and ample title is given below. It relates to a newly-founded colony, which, after the extravagant expectations entertained at the time of its proposed establishment had given way to gloomy realities, has been suffering under somewhat unmerited neglect. That it is a fine country, there can hardly be a doubt; and that the colony might have been much more flourishing than it is, had proper principles and proper management regulated its establishment, there can be as little doubt. Still, we are not quite prepared to believe that it is a country where people may not only live extraordinarily happy, but find it very difficult to die; and as our worthy author seems to have a strong tendency to "gild refined gold" with respect to this his favourite colony, we only ask our readers to allow a little discount for his glowing descriptions, and then we may have some hope that none of them will permit their imaginations to get so heated as to be induced to run away to Australia, without waiting to ask themselves if they belong to the class who are fitted for emigration. There is, indeed, but little chance of its doing mischief to the humbler classes of intending emigrants: for the book, instead of being packed into a convenient "Handbook" size, and sold for two or three shillings, is spread out into a comely octavo, and sold at a goodly price. Indeed, the author distinctly states that his object is to address a class of readers somewhat above the mere emigrant.

"The chief object," he says, "of this volume, is to call the attention of the public to the advantages held out in the neglected colony of Western Australia to emigrants, to capitalists, and also to the younger branches of the higher classes, and to the middle orders, who, under existing circumstances, are unable to find employment adequate to their numbers, education, and habits. Incidentally the subject has called on the writer to show that, up to this time, the colonial department of the English government has had neither system nor principles in the settlement of new colonies; the want of which has retarded, and is retarding, the formation of new communities in different parts of the world, and which, politically considered, have become necessary to the support of the manufacturing and mechanical era into which England has advanced beyond the possibility of return, or even of regulated and systematised progression."

We refer our readers to an early number of the Journal (No. 12) for some general description of the great island of Australia, and at once introduce them to the particular colony of which we are treating. The colony, or rather the province, of Western Australia occupies the western extremity of the island-continent, known down to a recent period by the name of New Holland—a name which is gradually giving way to the more modern and general title of Australia.

"The colony of Western Australia, as defined by her Majesty's commission, includes all that portion of New Holland which is situated to the westward of the 129th degree of longitude: its greatest length is, therefore, 1280 miles from north to south, and 800 miles from east to west."

"The voyage from England in a sailing-ship may be considered to require one hundred days. As soon as the channel is cleared, and the Bay of Biscay crossed,—which, with a favourable breeze, will take one week,—a brighter sky and a more genial climate are entered. If the voyage has been prudently commenced towards the winter, there is a probability of its being continued without even one day of storm; the fresh and grateful breezes carrying the vessel forward, while health and buoyancy of spirits gradually pervade the minds of the emigrants, and prepare them for the new and useful labours they have undertaken. Lieutenant Breton tells us that he has made two voyages, his friend four, without experi-

encing anything approaching to a storm; indeed, the sea was so smooth the whole way, that he had some difficulty to persuade himself that they were not under the lee of the land." Incipient consumption, dyspepsia, glandular and nervous diseases, gradually disappear, and the climate of the colony perfects the cure.

"It must not be supposed that the voyage is one of dull monotony: lands and islands attract attention, ships are met with and hailed; the heaving sea gives the character of rolling liquid silver to the waves; flying-fish glitter in the sunbeams; dolphins follow in the vessel's wake, gambol about her bows, or fly from the pursuing albicore; innumerable star-fish float past, varying in form and motion; birds sport around, or watch their prey, changing in nature as the ship advances on her voyage, until the flocks of wild fowl are no longer seen, being succeeded by the petrel, the frigate-bird, and the mysterious silent albatross soaring like a spirit above the waves. When the sun has sunk into his ocean-bed amid clouds of every hue and form, the sudden night changes the splendour to scenes as wonderful, only more subdued;—the ship, as she divides the reflux waves, seems creating, as if to illuminate her track, new-born phosphoric fire, which springs in showers as the surges are dashed by her bows, and falling, subside into undulating curves of liquid light, which follow until the gleam is lost in distance: the vault of heaven is indeed 'fretted with golden fire;' new constellations rise and set; every star beams with tenfold lustre, while the soul is wrapped in wonder and admiration, and silently worships the great Creator; which must tend to elevate, to purify, and fill it with gratitude and humility."

As those who are bound for Western Australia will, of course, buy Mr. Ogle's book for their own particular use, we pass over all directions to emigrants to take care of themselves, and to make themselves comfortable, and at once suppose our readers to be off the coast.

"This colony of Western Australia is in a position highly advantageous, whether considered in relation to Europe or to Asia. It is nearer by one month's voyage to the former than Sydney, and only twenty-five days' sail from Madras; and when steam communication has been established, less than half that time will be necessary to convey the exhausted European from the enervating climate of Hindostan to the invigorating and healthful air of Western Australia; also those productions of the East which may be in demand."

The public are more generally acquainted with Western Australia by the name of Swan River, than by its more general designation. This, however, the reader is aware, is but the designation of a portion of an extensive province.

"The Western division, usually designated the settlement of Swan River, may be considered the most important colony which has ever been founded by Great Britain. That opinion is given after mature reflection, and a comparison with the colonies and dependencies of this great empire. Swan River bounds the northern limit of the great plain of Quartania, and is in 32 degrees 17 seconds latitude, and 115 degrees 40 seconds longitude. The name Zwaanen Riviere was given to it by Vlaming, a Dutch navigator, in 1697. The sailing distance from the meridian of Greenwich is 13,900 miles; and from Swan River to—

	Distance.	Sailing time.
Cape of Good Hope . . . . .	5,000 miles	31 days.
Madras* . . . . .	3,400	25
Ceylon . . . . .	3,100	21
Van Dieman's Land . . . . .	2,200	12
Sydney . . . . .	2,600	16

We come now to Mr. Ogle's glowing eulogium on the climate of Western Australia; and really, in this dreary, drip, drip, dripping weather, he sets us a-longing to go to Western Australia. We string together two passages, from two different parts of his book, in which he expatiates on this "dry" theme.

"Man," he tells us, quite authoritatively, "to be physically contented, needs only warmth, clothing, and sufficiency of food. The climate is perhaps the healthiest and most genial on the earth: no bitter frosts, chilling winds, perpetual damps, or sudden changes of temperature, subject the human frame to disease. The effect on the mind is equally great: the spirits are cheerful and light, so that mere existence is pleasurable; the perceptions become more acute and active; and it is the opinion of that accurate observer, Sir James Stirling, that the mental powers of future

\* The Colony of Western Australia: a Manual for Emigrants to that Settlement or its Dependencies: comprising its Discovery, Settlement, Aborigines, Land Regulations, Principles of Colonial Emigration; Statistical, Financial, and Agricultural Reports; also Instructions and Hints to Settlers, Directions for the Anchorages, &c.; with the most correct Map extant. By Nathaniel Ogle, F.G.S., &c. &c. With an Appendix, containing the Governor's Commission, Land Regulations, a List of the Names of the Proprietors, their Original Grants and Number of Acres, Tenure, Conditions, Transfers, &c. Taken from Official Documents.—London: James Fraser, 1839.

\* The best season for the voyage to India, is from April to September. A vessel leaving Swan River at that season, soon gets into the south-east trade-wind, which attends her across the line, where the south-west monsoon carries her to Madras.

generations will be materially improved; but that all excitement and stimuli should be avoided, as unnecessary and injurious. The changes of the seasons are gradual; and never is the heat so oppressive as to create languor, or the cold so great as to produce discomfort. The earth is fertile, yielding her increase; the seas teem with fish; and by industry—(labour is, by the Almighty fiat, the lot of man)—every one can provide enough for himself and his family; and the more numerous they are, the better for him. Such being the fact, the great incentives to crime and vice are removed; simplicity of mind and thankfulness of heart must follow, as truly as effects their causes. Therefore, however satisfactory (with one drawback) the present state of society is, the future may anticipate improvement, which should be fostered by religious instruction combined with human information."

"By the unanimous testimony of every writer and every traveller, the climate of Western Australia is equal, if not superior, to any on the habitable globe. The English language has been taxed to the utmost for epithets of admiration to convey the opinions of various writers. The medical reports coincide in stating that the diseases incident to childhood seem for the most part eradicated; and those few which remain are modified so as to give no cause for alarm. Dyspepsia, and other affections of the digestive organs, give way to the genial effects of the climate. Asthma, bronchial affections, tendency to consumption, and all the insidious pulmonary diseases, seem to vanish as by an enchanter's wand, and change the delicate convalescent into the robust and healthful creature. No woman, at the date of Mr. Milligan's valuable report, had died of childbirth in the colony; and the general health of women is improved by the dry and elastic air. All rheumatic affections are mitigated and cured; while the 'cold and melancholy damp,' which weighs the spirit down as age steals on, seems to have attained no footing in that land of warmth and breezy freshness."

Here is a description of the three little "wooden" towns, which, as yet, constitute the chief places of Western Australia.

"The first appearance of the country, near the town of Fremantle, is not inviting, though the approach to it from the sea is imposing. The first object which indicates the site of the town is an octagonal building of white stone, built near the edge of the precipice overhanging the mouth of the river. The town is yet very limited in extent; the streets are wide, laid out at right angles with each other, and some of them macadamised. Limestone of a fine quality is to be procured at Arthur's Head, and in all probability will constitute the chief material in the construction of all future buildings. There are several inns, where accommodation and provisions are to be procured, of such a character as to have received the approbation of luxurious invalids from British India. The shops and stores contain nearly all the commodities and implements which a settler is likely to require. Though the district round is, from the mere want of irrigation, sandy, yet, as Moore in his natural and beautiful letters, which do credit to his head and his heart, says, 'we must not judge of this by similar-looking places at home, for all vegetables flourish on it; and cattle thrive on the herbage, scanty though it be.' The building-conditions relating to this town will be found in the appendix, as well as the conditions appertaining to all the other towns as yet determined on.

"Perth is the next city, and is the seat of government. A winding estuary, from two furlongs to a mile in breadth, runs for several miles through pleasing or romantic scenery, varying the views by the circuitous course round long spits of sand, it being necessary to keep in deep water. Rocks of grotesque shape constitute, in many places, the prominent features of the banks; some decked in the profuse embroidery of nature, others lurking amid shrubs and trees, and many standing out bare and precipitous. This variegated estuary opens into Melville water, a beautiful expanse, six miles long and four wide, which has a fine background, composed of the Darling range. The mouth of the river Canning is seen nearly four miles from the estuary on the right; a narrow strait is then threaded, and at the foot of a hill richly clothed with wood is seen the town of Perth, built on one of its declivities, and stretching along the arms of a curving bay. Passage-boats regularly ply between Fremantle and Perth, performing the distance in about two hours. Should the journey by land be preferred, horses are easily procured: the traveller has to cross a horse-ferry at Preston Point, about a mile and a half higher than Fremantle; and from the opposite side a road runs to Perth, along a loose sandy tract, passing through an open forest.

"In good taste, some fine trees have been left, which partially conceal the town. A ridge runs parallel with the water's edge,

on which the main street is built, extending nearly one mile. If due attention could be paid to architectural elevation, there are few places whose beauty would compete with this esplanade. As stone can be easily transported from Mount Eliza, and bricks made on the spot, the temporary wooden buildings will soon disappear; more particularly as during the summer they are many degrees warmer than a house of stone or brick. The barracks, the commissariat stores, and the first church ever built in the colony, under the directions of that exemplary man, Archdeacon Scott, are the most conspicuous structures.

"The next town is Guildford: the distance to it by land is about seven miles; by the Swan river, on the left bank of which it is situated, it is twelve miles, owing to the windings of the stream. About one mile above Perth, there are shoals nearly a mile in extent, termed 'flats,' which during the summer materially impede the navigation. The government, to remove this impediment, has cut a canal about 450 yards in length, which diminishes the distance three miles between the towns. The river is to be dammed up, in order to turn its waters into the canal, which otherwise would only be partially filled. The road, which is on the right bank of the river, is sandy and heavy; but as bridges have been thrown across the brooks and ravines, carriages can pass from town to town. The time is not far distant when the road will be constructed on the opposite bank, and the dam most probably will be used as a causeway, to facilitate the change. Guildford, being contiguous to the confluence of the Helena and the Swan, promises to become hereafter a favourite spot. The soil on the banks of the Helena, near to its junction with the Swan, is the richest alluvial soil yet known in the district: the village is scattered, and every cottage is ornamented with a garden, and possesses well-fenced fields close at hand. The source of the Helena is in an elevated plain within the Darling range, whence it runs from the east through a valley for fifty or sixty miles, in some parts rocky and romantic, in others rural and picturesque. The superiority of the soil soon attracted settlers, who have, with honourable emulation, vied with each other in exertion, and on every side golden harvests wave to the wind; the vines bend with their luscious load; the fig, the peach, and every fruit and flower that can gratify the taste or smell, or delight the eye, and awake feelings of gratitude, seem eager to arrive at maturity. The pastures are teeming with healthy, lively, and thriving herds, and the hills afford food to flocks of sheep, whose wool is held in the highest estimation in our markets, and whose increase proves the salubrity of the climate, and the fitness of the herbage for them."

The cause of the failure of Western Australia, as a thriving colony, is only hinted at in the following extracts:—

"Western Australia," says Mr. Ogle, "was, like other colonies, founded without principles or system; and the hardships endured, and the losses incurred, were enough to have shaken the stoutest hearts: but the high and undaunted spirit displayed by the greater number, and the conduct of Sir James Stirling, the first governor, met and conquered the difficulties, and prepared a path in the wilderness, which those who now follow will find leading to a promised land,—not to a land of idleness, but of uniform labour; not to a place of varied and continuous bustle and excitement, but where the peaceful occupations of the shepherd, the herdsman, and the tiller of the soil, consume the year;—where the vanities of life have no stage for display, and therefore seem to have been lost on reaching that distant shore. There the anxious father of a family exchanges the corrosion of doubt and anxiety for their future provision for a quiet and secure feeling, that God has placed him in a beautiful region, so vast that thousands of years will elapse before it feels the same pressure of numbers and want of occupation as the old and noble country from which he came. New ties are formed: and time, each succeeding year, draws a fresh veil over all that was left, until only the indistinct impressions are perceived, while new and binding ties spring up, and the new country becomes the father-land of his children, who hear and read of England as of a distant realm where once their parents dwelt.

"Had the principle of keeping capital, land, and labour in due proportions, been adopted in all the Australian colonies lately settled, and the system of local taxation for local purposes been instituted, many of the great desiderata of colonisation would have been attained. It would have been useless for any one to have obtained a great extent of land, as it would have subjected him to local assessments for roads, bridges, and other district improvements, making his land a heavy and unceasing loss unless he cultivated it, so as to render the improvements through and contiguous to the property profitable to himself. This system should be adopted in



any other settlements which may hereafter be made; the good effects would soon be seen and felt, and perhaps gradually lead to similar regulations in Western and Southern Australia. The man who holds an extent of country which he cannot cultivate, and which intervenes between more remote and smaller cultivated estates, is an injurious member of a new colony, and should be dispossessed as soon as possible, on the ground that the general good is to be considered before his useless cupidity.

But the colony is beginning to get over its early difficulties. The number of settlers is still very small, there being, at the last census, only 1,341 males, and 688 females (rather more than one female to two males); the wages of common labour by the day are 5s., and of artificers from 8s. to 10s. The following is a summary of the amount of property.

"The aggregate value of property appertaining to the colonists in land granted at 5s. per acre, and on rural improvements, buildings in towns, implements, clothes, and furniture, value of crop and of live stock, and in boats, vessels, and fishing-gear, may be estimated in the gross at 360,000*l.*, producing, with the labour of the community, after deducting its subsistence, a clear annual accumulation of capital to the extent of 72,000*l.*

"On an inspection of the preceding table (given in the work), it will be seen that each colonist, on an average, possesses a considerable amount of property in land, buildings, and cultivation; that he realises in grain, and the products of live stock, a large return for his labour; that, after providing for his own subsistence, he exports in wool and oil to the amount of 8*l.* 19s. 2*d.*, and contributes to the local revenue the sum of 6*l.* 2s. 3*d.* per annum; that the comparative mortality is very small, while the births and marriages are unusually numerous. In recapitulating these facts, it is not out of place to advert to certain rumours which have been assiduously propagated as to the failure of the attempt at colonisation in this quarter. So far is this from the truth, that it may be fairly asked, with reference to the table above, in what other colony are the colonists, on an average, in a more prosperous condition than in this, or in possession of larger means for future welfare?"

The errors of the first settlement of the Swan River colony may be easily understood, when we are informed that about one hundred and thirty individuals got upwards of a millio*n* and a half of acres amongst them! The colonists must have thought that they were each going to live to the age of Methuselah, and have grossly deceived themselves as to the amount of capital and labour they were able to bring into operation on this great extent of territory. Efforts are now making to cure these primitive evils in colonising Western Australia; and there is some reason to hope that the country will become, ere long, somewhat more populous and profitable both to the mother-country and the settlers, than there were lately any reasonable grounds for believing. Western Australia may not be all that Mr. Ogle represents it to be, but it is doubtless the "ground-plan" of a fine pastoral and agricultural colony.

#### HINDOO AMAZONS.

"THERE exists in Hindoo history—perhaps I should rather say, in Hindoo fable—a very curious account of a race of people, exactly resembling, in all their peculiarities, the Amazons of the Greeks. They are said to have inhabited the district of Marawa, upon the coast immediately opposite to the island of Ceylon, and were named Stri-Raja, or women-princes: they destroyed all their male children directly after birth, and excluded all men from their society and their dominions, beholding only such as were brought to them by accident or adventure, and not permitting even these to dwell more than a few days among them. Not only is this story preserved in several works, both Mahomedan and Hindoo, but sculptures of the Amazons, armed and deprived of the right breast, are found in various parts of India. It is quite evident that the two stories have the same origin; and whether we refer the legend to the Euxine and Caspian seas, upon the relation of Justin and Diodorus, or whether we take it from the adventures of Kama Rupa, we cannot but suppose that it must have arisen from the fact of some class of persons habitually destroying their male children. It may be worthy of remark, that in Marawa, to this day, there is a race of people, called Kalaris, robbers by birth and education, with whom the women are regarded as the heads of families, enjoying an extraordinary authority over the men, and being esteemed the lawful partner of the brother, father, uncles, and other relations of the husband, as much as of the husband himself."—*Oriental Annual*, 1838.

#### A MOUNTAIN PIRATE KING.

THE following very curious account of a "Mountain Pirate King," as he is styled by the author, is extracted from "The Spirit of the East\*," a work published last year, by Mr. Urquhart, in which many new lights are thrown upon the character of the Eastern nations, particularly of the Turks, and much valuable information is given concerning their public institutions and social relations. Mr. Urquhart resided long in the East, and did not make his observations in the course of a summer's tour: nor are they the mere experiences of a sojourning in Pera and Galata, the Frank quarters of Constantinople, three weeks' stay in which is sometimes trumpeted as a residence in Constantinople, but which qualifies a man to judge of the real character of the Turks, about as well as an abode in an *English* hotel at Boulogne enables him to form a just estimate of French society. Mr. Urquhart went to work in a very different manner, and he has produced a book full of curious information, from which he draws inferences well worthy the attention of the politician. But to return to the Mountain King. After describing his ascent to the summit of Mount Olympus, Mr. Urquhart thus proceeds:—

"I now determined on visiting Captain Demo, who has the Larissa district of Mount Olympus. He was residing at a village of the name of Caria, at the distance of ten miles from the monastery†. Judging by the accounts I had heard of Captain Poulto," (the commander of a body of Palicars, or irregular Greek soldiers, under whose escort Mr. Urquhart had intended to ascend the mountain, but whose rapidity of movement made it difficult to find him), "I had little expectation of finding Captain Demo at Caria; and at all events, reckoned on seeing in that village his place of refuge, and also the frontier fortress of his legitimate domain, the *bravida* of a robber's retreat, perched on a precipice, or nestled in a cavern. My surprise was therefore great, on coming suddenly to the edge of a precipice, to be assured that a peaceful and smiling village, which appeared in the angle of an open plain, was Caria; that a more stately mansion than the rest, placed in the middle of it, with a light and airy aspect, white-washed, composed of two stories, surmounted by a kiosk, was the place of abode of the redoubted Captain Demo. As I approached it, however, I saw indications of the manners and the calling of its proprietor, in numerous loop-holes, with which it was pierced in all directions. He appeared a homely and intelligent man, but not much disposed to put himself out of his way for anything, or anybody. He received me, however, cordially enough; told me he had heard of me for some time; that he knew I liked the Klephts; and that, therefore, the visit was not unexpected; and immediately insisted, despite my blistered feet and jaded limbs, on taking me to see an *English* garden, which seemed to occupy all his thoughts. I was exceedingly struck with it; whether as to extent, the nature of the plants and flowers, or the care and neatness of the cultivation, it was what I never should have dreamt of seeing in Olympus, especially at such a time as this." (1830.) "He earnestly begged me to send him from Salonica, seeds and flowers, and, above all, potatoes; and spoke of an *English* plough, as the summit of his ambition, and the accomplishment of his desires. I engaged to satisfy his wish, as far as that should be practicable; he, on the other side, promising to collect for me arrow-heads, which they often dig up in great quantity, and which they sometimes get made into pistol-barrels. These arrow-heads are without a barb, and resemble exactly those used by the Circassians at the present day. Two days before, in digging a cistern for his garden, they had opened a Roman tomb, of mortar and brick, it was full ten feet long. They told me they had found in it the bones of a giant. I was very anxious to see them, but all we could find was a portion of the skull: it seemed indeed a portion of a human skull, but fearfully thick, which Captain Demo averred was a proof that the owner must have been a great man.

"On the rock above Caria, there is a ruin of an ancient fortress, which on examination through the glass, appeared to me Venetian, but I rejected the supposition as improbable. A Venetian fortress in such a position, seemed to surpass what could be expected from the maritime and commercial settlements of Venice in the Levant. But soon afterwards a large silver coin was brought to me, pre-

\* The Spirit of the East, illustrated in a Journal of Travels through Roumelia, during an eventful period. By D. Urquhart, Esq. author of "Turkey and its Resources," "England, France, Russia, and Turkey," &c., 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Colburn.

† The monastery of Shermos, at the foot of the central mountain of Olympus.

senting, in bold relief, the rampant lion of St. Mark. On the reverse was the bust of a warrior, with a helmet and coat of mail; below this was a shield of St. George and the Dragon traced upon it, with the inscription, 'Da pacem Domine, in die nos, 1642.' Two years after which date, Venice protected the piratical seizure, by the Knights of Malta, of a Turkish vessel, having on board a son of Sultan Ibrahim, whom they made a friar (Padre Ottomano); which act gave rise to the war which cost Venice her Eastern empire. Some other coins of the Roman emperors were also brought me; but that which was the most remarkable of all, as found in such a spot, was one of those beautiful silver relics of the earliest coinage of Greece, bearing the grazing horse and the Hercules' head of the Enians.

"At the distance of six miles south-west across the little plain, I was told of an inscription, which next morning I went to visit. The place was evidently the site of a town or city, and there was a large stone erect, bearing an inscription of which some letters were legible. It was Roman of the empire, and the only words I could make out were, 'inventio ipsorum,' which I thought happily calculated to guide geographers in making this out to be the site of some important city; but, after this warning, I leave to the learned to affix a name to it.

"Captain Demo and I soon became great friends, and he declared he would accompany me himself to Rapsana, which overlooks the vale of Tempe. We decided on starting the evening following my arrival, intending to sleep at a village half-way. A milk-white charger, more remarkable for his colour than his points, was brought into the court-yard, and, with the other horses that were to accompany us, allowed to prepare themselves for the journey, by licking and crunching the mass of rock-salt, which, in this country, is the health-stone for all four-footed animals.

"We had already mounted and had reached the skirts of the village, when we were assailed with a hue and cry, and some fifty people made a rush at us, men, women, and children. It appeared that, ten minutes before, the holy career of a young and promising monk had been threatened with a speedy and tragic conclusion, by the vengeance of an injured husband. The neighbours, suddenly assembled, interposed; the women fainted and shrieked, the men swore, the children cried, and the pigs, dogs, and cocks, all displayed their sympathy, in the various tones by which their feelings find expression. At that very moment was described the white charger of the judge of the people, and the collective rush took place, by which our further progress was arrested. The Robber of Olympus reined in, and knitting his brow, scowled around, like Stilicho, when he looked upon the Goths. A disconsolate mother threw herself on her knees before him, and called for justice; a priest for vengeance; a monk with a broken pate for mercy, the hapless female looked a prayer for pity; while the forensic tones of the injured husband rose above the rest—he, of course, sued for damages. Half a dozen children sobbed and cried; a sister shrieked and tore her hair; a brother stood, with a roving eye and a compressed lip, and turned, now on the husband, and now on the monk, glances of hate and of vengeance. Captain Demo listened for awhile in patience; but what patience could resist such discordant appeals and dissonant voices? And what judge could maintain his equanimity when assailed from right and left, from before and behind, from all around, and from under, and where, according to the advantage of position, his feet, legs, and hands were seized as means of reaching his ear? The steed first gave tokens of dissatisfaction, by capering about, and carrying up and down, with gentle undulation, the severe and frowning form of its rider. But, when the Klepht began to storm, all that had gone before was as nothing. The metaphor of his threats was perfectly Homeric, and heightened by a see-saw motion of his hand across his throat, borrowed from the Turks. I thought nothing would have satisfied him but cutting off the heads of the whole party; and if he had been so disposed, there was nobody who could say to him, 'You shall not.'

"The afternoon was wasted away in the investigation that followed the first clamours, and in the summing up of evidence before pronouncing final judgment, in which the priest figured, not only as counsellor, but as executioner; for penance, alms, crossings, and genuflexions, were liberally distributed amongst all the delinquents. The offending monk had 7000 of the latter alone for his share, while half the sum was inflicted on the husband for having broken his head. The frail fair one was to appear before a higher tribunal: her case was to be submitted to the Bishop of Larissa.

"Our journey thus postponed till the morrow, I spent another night at Caria, and scarcely had concluded supper, at which the

lowest menial of the captain-judge sat down at the same table with us, though the next moment they stood before their master with awe in their looks, and reverence in their attitudes,—no sooner, I have said, had supper been concluded, than three travellers abruptly made their entrance. When they had seated themselves, Captain Demo and I inquired after their health; they replied, 'Thank God, we are very well; but,' said one of them, a little hastily, 'we come to inquire after our horses.' The captain's pipe was removed from his mouth, the very scowl I had seen two hours before was called up again, and cast full upon the bold questioner. 'Do you take me for your groom?' he asked. 'If I did not take you for the Captain of Olympus,' retorted the stranger, 'you would not have seen me under your roof. I am come to claim the property, and the horses of which I have been robbed.' Captain Demo's eyes suddenly turned on me, but were as quickly averted. He certainly had exhibited a vivid picture of the happiness and tranquillity the country enjoyed by the protection of his arm, and the impartial severity of his justice. Now blow after blow fell upon the theory he had erected. I expected another explosion, but was disappointed. The new-comers proved to be a wealthy primar of Monastic, known to be in great favour with the Sadrazem. The tranquillity recently established to the south and east of Monastic by the presence of the Turkish troops, induced him, with his two companions, to proceed to Larissa, to make purchases; and they were returning with seven horses, laden with goods, when, that morning, they had been surrounded by a party of Klephts, and their money, baggage, and baggage-horses taken from them, though they had not been otherwise maltreated.

"They had instantly made their way to Caria to seek redress. The circumstances, spot, and time, were minutely inquired into; the numbers and appearance of the robbers; the number of packages, and their contents, the horses, their colours, and marks, were taken down, and then a general divan was held of all Captain Demo's soldiers. They came to an unanimous conclusion as to who the guilty people were, and, within an hour, twenty men were on their way in pursuit. These men divided into three bodies: one made straight for the village to which the robbers were thought to belong. With these was the grammaticos (penman) of the captain. They were to seize and carry off one or two persons, to be kept until the robbers were given up. The two other parties, of seven, were to track the robbers themselves by different paths. Places and houses of rendezvous were given, and the details of the expedition combined, with a sagacity only exceeded by the alacrity shown by those who had to carry it into execution; and next morning the plundered men were to proceed on their journey to a village at the distance of thirty miles, where Captain Demo promised them that everything they possessed should be restored to them on the following evening—that a strap or a buckle should not be wanting; when they might, if they liked, give a backshish to his men, and he only begged them to tell the Sadrazem what strict justice he maintained in Olympus. I subsequently understood that his promise was punctually performed.

"These very men who now started upon the expedition, and not one of whom would have betrayed its object for almost any consideration, might have been Klephts themselves, a week before, or might become so the week after.

"The plain in which Caria is situated, is a portion of the deep ravine which reigns all round the central group of Olympus. After crossing it, we ascended the ridge which forms the outer circle of the ravine, and thence descended again to the vale, the lake, and the village of Nizeros, distant six miles from Caria. At Nizeros, we were to spend the greater part of the day, and start in the evening for Rapsana, ten miles further, overlooking the vale of Tempe. Captain Demo had sent, the day before, to make grand preparations at Nizeros, but the expedition which he had sent after the robbers had disconcerted his plans. As we rode up to the neat little cottage where we were to dine, and where we expected to find dinner ready, we saw a sheep just writhing in the last convulsions of life, which they had hurriedly despatched on seeing us approach. Captain Demo, enraged at their tardiness, made a spring from his horse, pushed the operators aside, drew his knife from his belt, turned the dead animal out of its skin, strung it up by the hind legs to a nail; then, after one dextrous slice, he put the knife between his teeth, bared his arms up to the shoulders, plunged them into the rocking bowels, spitted the animal upon a stake, and had it down before the fire in a few minutes. Scarcely was this task completed, before the inhabitants of the village had assembled round; nor did he deign to answer one of the lowly and multifarious salutations with which he was greeted; but when he saw the sheep perform his first revolution, he turned

round, and wished many years to the township. Some applicants came with long stories to tell, and he seated himself upon a stone, just by the spot where the sheep had been slaughtered. I thought he was going to hold here his 'lit de justice.' I was seated on a bench, at some distance, and seeing him seize a female by the arm, thought he was going to proceed to the infliction of some summary punishment. This time, however, it was a patient he was treating; and presently I saw the blood from her arm, spouting over that of the sheep. I cannot describe how strongly I was struck by seeing this man enact the Galen, examining patient after patient, for the whole village was unwell, and discoursing learnedly on symptoms and on simples, with all the old women of the place. After that we went to walk in the garden, and gather apples; and with the same versatility of his cares, whenever he tasted one well-flavoured, he handed it over to me.

"I must now describe our Homeric repast. We were seated on white capotes, under the shade of an apple tree, a boy brought a large brass shining bason, which, kneeling, he presented; over this you held your hands, and a girl poured water over them, from a jar of the same metal, with a long and narrow spout. Another attendant stood ready to flit a napkin, so as to make it fall open upon your hands the moment you had finished washing. After this, a small round wooden table was brought in, and set upon the ground, and the guests hustled round it as close as they could. A palicar then came behind with a long narrow napkin, of three, and sometimes even four yards in length, which, with a dextrous jerk, she threw out above your head, so as to make it fall in a circle exactly on the knees of all the guests. Dishes of apples, pears, olives, and prunes, were placed on the table; and a diminutive tumbler of rakki, the size of a liqueur glass, was carried round to each guest. Presently, a palicar came running with a ramrod, on which had been entwined the choice entrails of the sheep, hot and fizzing from the fire, and, running round the table, discharged about the length of a cartridge of the garnishing of the ramrod, on the bread before each guest. This first whet was scarcely discussed when two other men came running, each with a kidney upon a wooden skewer, the hot morsels of which were again distributed as before. After this was brought the shoulder-blade of the right shoulder, which had been detached from the sheep. It was ceremoniously laid before Captain Demo: every sound was hushed, and every eye turned upon him. He cleaned it carefully, examined it on both sides, held it up to the sun, and then prognosticated all the good things that wishes could give, if they ruled the decrees of fate. The road\* of the Greeks was bright without a tomb; that of the Turks obscured with mist; the fields of the host were to be whitened with flocks, as if they were covered with snow; and the hostess was presently to present to her lord a little blooming image of herself. The assistants cried 'Amen!' The coy dame, not expecting, perhaps, this latter piece of gallantry, came to kiss the captain's hand, and waddled away, flourishing her blade-bone, no doubt with the intention of placing it in the family reliquary. The guests now crossed themselves, and prepared in earnest for the business which had called them together. The sheep, minus the right shoulder, made its appearance on a tray of myrtle twigs. Captain Demo unsheathed his yataghan, unjointed the neck, laid the head upon the body, slit it open with a sharp blow, and, dexterously turning out the tongue, placed it before me. A single blow then severed the spine, and the weapon, passed between the ribs, separated, in an instant, the animal into two parts. Two ribs with the vertebre attached to them, were then separated, and also placed before me. This is the mode by which Iphigeneia is shown to a guest; and no doubt, in the self-same manner did Achilles lay before Ulysses the sacred chine.

"During dinner, Captain Demo expatiated on the amenity, the beauty, the fertility of his *ψωαλ*, or bread, meaning his district; on the affection and regard of the inhabitants; on the devotion and bravery of his soldiers. He entertained me with accounts of his various diplomatic relations with the neighbouring potentates, and the difficulties in which he was involved respecting his northern and western frontiers. Before succeeding to his patrimony, he had, however, he thanked God, acquired some knowledge in the ways of the world, and a reputation which secured respect to himself, and tranquillity to his people. 'For,' said he, 'for thirty years have I been a robber on sea and on land, and the name of Demo of Olympus has been repeated with dry lips on the mountains of Acedonia, and on the shores of Carmania.'"

\* The course of two blood-vessels near the extremity of the blade, and running from either side, represent paths, the one of friends, the other of foes. Spines, on the transparent parts of the bone, denote tombs. The fate and fortunes of the host and hostess are displayed in a part next to the conchyle.

## SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

## NO. III.—PRODUCTION.

MAN is a producing and a commercial animal; and the rule of nature for man's happiness is—Set no limit to the amount of produce, but set a limit to the amount of money.

Great Britain and the United States are the two most actively producing and commercial nations on the face of the earth, and they have hitherto been acting so as almost to reverse this rule: they have set a limit to the amount of produce, and they have set almost no limit to the amount of money.

Nature herself is a kind and provident banker; she has restrained her money issues; she will not give out her gold and silver without something like "value received." Time, labour, and ingenuity have to be expended in procuring the precious metals; time, labour, and ingenuity, in coining them into money. Man, to be sure, in his gew-gaw and gimcrack infancy, has rather thwarted nature: gold and silver, instead of being considered to be of value, simply as affording a medium of exchange to an *exchanging creature*, such as man was made to be, have been considered to have value *in themselves*, independent of circulation; and so they have been made into diadems, and ornaments, and household furniture—things into which they may be very fitly manufactured, whenever we have more gold and silver than we require for the purposes of exchange. But hitherto we have not had enough of the precious metals for the use of exchange; we might have had more, if all had been used for their legitimate purpose: but the supply has hitherto been below the demand. The primary object of this deficiency seems to have been to drive man to exert himself; to rouse him up into communication with his fellow-man, and to make him compel the earth to give out her produce. There can be but little doubt that gold and silver will be produced in greater quantities in future years than in past time; geology will lend her powerful aid to mining; greater intercourse will lead to closer examination of spots now suspected to contain the precious metals; mechanical contrivances will stimulate production; and greater commercial activity will diffuse what is obtained. But then the population of the earth is increasing faster than ever it did before, within a given time; population will keep ahead, for a long time at least, of the supply of the precious metals; along with a faster increasing population, the *wants* of man are relatively increasing; each individual of the human species is beginning to require far more for his individual comfort and convenience than the individuals of former times; and this will go on, till man is brought up to his standard as a producing and commercial animal—as an intelligent, cultivated, and communicating creature—until he has fulfilled one of the intentions of his existence, of occupying the *whole* earth.

But we had scarcely found out that paper might be used as a temporary or local substitute for the precious metals, than we began to use it with scarcely a check as to its amount. We were, indeed, somewhat slow in becoming convinced of the exchangeable use of paper, but as soon as we were, it was poured out. The deficiency in the quantity of gold and silver, as a medium of exchange, caused the introduction of paper-money; and its utility will retain it in use, in spite of all the mischief which its abuse has brought down upon us. But Nature herself seems to point to the fact, that the representatives of small values should be composed of the precious metals, and that paper should represent nothing but large values. All the time, labour, and expense bestowed upon procuring gold and silver, and coining them, would be all thrown away—utterly thrown away—if we could entirely substitute paper for the precious metals. But we cannot do that; we cannot make a Bank-of-England note as current in Paris and Washington as in London. The *soul* of a sovereign may be made, by a touch of fire,

to transmigrate into the body of a louis-d'or, or an American gold eagle; but a bank-note is not an exportable article, and its circulating value lies in its retaining its perishable shape. We *must* have gold and silver, to enable us to carry on our foreign commerce; for though the legislature, with the consent of the people, might substitute paper-money, down even to a paper penny, for a metallic currency, still, as we cannot compel people of other nations to accept our paper-money, our foreign intercourse would be reduced to a state of barter, unless we had gold and silver to give in payment for the balances, or the differences between our buying and selling.

Gold and silver forming a universal medium of exchange, and paper being either only national or local, we may easily see the short-sighted folly of permitting small values to be represented by "rags." There is a constant and strong temptation to pour out too much paper-money: whenever there is too much of it, prices are more or less affected, and whatever precious metals there are within the district find their way "over the border." How? Why, if I am a merchant, and can find a bank to lend me plenty of bank-notes, and can easily circulate these notes in my own district, I will naturally, whenever I want it, gather gold and silver, in whatever quantity I may require, and send them abroad, in order to pay the differences in my transactions. If there arose, within that "bank-note" district, a great demand for an article, which could only be procured abroad, and if the foreigners who possess this article will only take gold and silver in exchange for it, then the merchants will gather up all the gold and silver they can lay their hands on, until they drain the district. What then? Have not the people got their bank-notes to deal with amongst themselves, and may they not snap their fingers at foreigners, and whistle till the gold and silver come back again? So they may, if they want *no further dealings with foreigners*. But if the foreign article happen to be a prime necessity of life, and more of it is urgently wanted, the people, with their pockets full of bank-notes, must come to a state of barter, when they will exchange their goods at a great disadvantage, and for a time ruin and disaster will overspread the community.

Ay, says somebody; all very fine: but the time of our greatest prosperity was the time when we had scarcely anything but a paper currency! In 1797, an act was passed, called the Bank Restriction Act, by which the Bank of England was saved the *trouble* of making payments in gold. Our currency became then, for all practical purposes, a paper currency; for *twenty-one* years—from 1795 to 1816, the Mint only coined the sum of 11,017,283*l.* in gold, (no silver was coined at all, till 1816, except a few hundred pounds of what is termed Maundy-money, a species of royal alms,) while in *ten* years—from 1817 to 1826—the sum of 38,270,551*l.* was coined; being more than three times the quantity than in the twenty-one years preceding—not mentioning the amount of silver-money, which in these ten years was 7,186,166*l.*, or, taking in 1816, was 9,192,179*l.* How comes it, then, that in these twenty-one years, when the Mint slumbered in comparative repose—when we were raising and spending enormous sums for the support of the war—when in Britain *l.* notes freely circulated, and were not redeemable in gold—and when in Ireland, during a portion of the time, there were individuals who issued bits of paper for sums as low as *sixpence* and *threepence* each;—how comes it, that, instead of a paper currency causing our ruin, it raised the price of agricultural produce, augmented vastly the value of farms, and enabled us to maintain a war expenditure unequalled by any nation which history records?

Just before that war commenced, the inventions of Watt, Arkwright, &c. had given us mechanical powers and appliances unknown in the previous history of the world; we had begun to be

(and remained so, until lately) the only manufacturing nation on the earth, and though the war drove us, in a great measure, into a corner, and shut us up, still we had colonies which exchanged produce for manufactures, and much of that colonial produce found its way to the Continent, in spite of Napoleon's interdicts; and driven, also, upon our own resources—compelled to supply large armies with much food and clothing, a stimulating power was applied to the *land* of Britain, by which it was compelled to yield an amount of produce at which the good old farmers of a previous century would have stared. But even during that time of joyous prosperity, when prices rose and rents rose, and money was freely squandered, extraordinary fluctuations occurred; far more paper-money was at times poured out than was required, even for our extravagant habits; and people, at different periods of the twenty-one years, stared each other in the face, and asked why a good, genuine *l.* note and a shilling were inferior in value to a guinea? It was then found that gold could be made dearer than paper; the paper having nearly driven all the gold out of the country, caused that which remained to rise in value: for though bank-notes could revolve in a circle amongst ourselves, merchants were compelled to procure gold for some of their transactions, and its scarcity induced them to give a higher price for it. Cash-payments were absolutely necessary, when peace came, if we wished to retain our position with other nations, as a great commercial country; and to cash-payments we arrived, through an alternate series of struggles and blunders, until we reached that half-way house on the road to safety, the abolition of all paper-money in England, under the representative value of *5l.* It would have been well for Great Britain had this been made a law for the United Kingdom: but the Scotch bankers held up their character for prudence, made a prodigious outcry, engaged Sir Walter Scott, under the character of Malachi Malagrowther, to plead their cause; and thus there is the gross absurdity of paper-money being permitted to circulate in Scotland and Ireland for so low a sum as *l.*, while in England none can be circulated under *5l.*

Now, it is not too much to say, that this restriction of bank-notes under *5l.* has been a principal means of saving the Bank of England from coming, at the same time with the American banks, to a suspension of cash-payments. For the inability to issue notes of a lower value than *5l.* is as serious a restriction on the *quantity* of paper issued, as is the obligation, on the part of a trading establishment, to redeem its paper with gold. Every *l.* note in circulation drives a sovereign out of circulation; and there being no paper-money under *5l.*, the wants of an active commercial people, like the people of England, compel the retaining use of a quantity of gold. Hitherto the United States has been, with respect to banking, in a similar state to what Ireland was when it had "295 issuers of paper-money," and private individuals put out threepenny and sixpenny notes. The banking business has been carried on, in the United States, in a spirit of wild speculation; not only have banks sprung up out of all proportion to the wants of the people, and paper-money poured out for sums as low as a dollar, but gangs of swindlers have associated together, *borrowed* the amount of specie required by law to be in the coffers of a bank before it can commence business—triumphantly exhibited this borrowed money to the inspection of commissioners, as if it had all been paid in by the stockholders—and then, returning the borrowed money to its owners, commenced business by issuing their rascally rags! Yet, in spite of the alternation and disaster suffered in successive years—in spite of the example of Britain before their eyes, paying a heavy annual penalty for having gone too far "ahead" in borrowing—no sooner had a little surplus revenue accumulated in the hands of the United States' government, and been distributed in shares to the different states, than immediately

they set to work with magnificent schemes, and, finding money easily borrowed in England, they borrowed away with right good will. Had our bankers been permitted to issue notes for lower sums than 5*l.*, and were they relieved from the necessity of cash-payments, the Americans would have been able to borrow money, till they stopped themselves, out of sheer shame; and then, with our deficient harvests, and a demand for gold to go to the Continent for corn, the world would have seen the monstrous, the ludicrous spectacle, of the two most active, most commercial, and greatest nations on the earth brought to a state not far removed from a state of barter!

In England—or rather in Great Britain—we have brought the land to yield as much as we possibly can make it, taking the average of a given number of years; the population has not only come up to, but gone beyond, this supply: yet we have a restriction, amounting to two-thirds, on the importation of food, and, in the same proportion, we have not more than the check of a third on the making of money. We have, therefore, the easy command of far more paper-money than we want, and access to far less food than we want. In the United States, instead of looking chiefly to their wide-extended territory as the basis of their prosperity, far more than enough of the population have devoted their energies to the business of exchange, instead of to the business of production. In accomplishing this purpose, they have manufactured too much money, and grown too little produce; thus, these two “great” nations who are destined to act a chief part in the civilisation of the earth, are suffering, and will continue to suffer, from a violation of the law of nature, that no limit, beyond that of Nature herself, should be set to the amount of produce, but that a limit should be carefully set to the making of money.

We are told by political economists that the constant tendency of civilisation is to reduce the rate of interest for money. The reason assigned is, that *civilisation* and *capital* accumulate together; men cannot advance in all the arts and all the conveniences of life—which constitute chiefly what we at present understand by civilisation—without also advancing in the amount of improved and cultivated estates, in the number of houses and ships, in the improved style of furniture, clothing, quantity of carriages and horses, cattle, sheep, grain in granaries, wool, cotton, artificial products, &c., in stores, and in the number of cities, towns, villages, roads, canals, railroads, &c. These things all represent *capital*; their increase or accumulation goes hand in hand with civilisation; more trade and commerce bring in more of another form of capital, that is *money*, in order to enable trade and commerce to be carried on; men learn to *trust* each other, and the very exercise of this *trusting* disposition humanises them still more; he whose capital consists in money, trusts this capital, for a consideration to his fellow-men, who have either capital in some other form, or the ability to produce capital out of the money lent to them. Along with advancing civilisation, or rather *out* of it, spring laws for the protection of industry and capital; and out of the simple principle that “honesty is the best policy,” and far more productive than the temporary possession of the produce of cheating, there springs up a strong public opinion, which, in itself, is a protection to capital, and tends to bring still more of it into use. Capital and civilisation, therefore, accumulate together. The more easily capital in the form of money can be procured, and the greater the confidence men repose in each other, the lower will the consideration fall which is demanded for the use of money, until it falls as low as to render it worth anybody’s while to retain their capital in the shape of money. “Understandest thou this?” If so, thou wilt freely admit that the “constant tendency of civilisation is to the reduction of the rate of interest.”

How, then, comes it, that in this great city of London, which, according to our limited view of the meaning of civilisation, is not only the largest, but the most civilised city on the globe—how comes it that, in this great city, we have recently seen capital in the form of money become so apparently scarce, and the interest or consideration demanded for its use rise so high as to stagger all trade and commerce, and cripple the efforts of every man engaged in business? And how comes it that, in the United States, with its vast and productive territory, the energy of its inhabitants, their great commercial habits, and the urgent necessity that they have for a large amount of the precious metals, in order to preserve their foreign commerce from “dancing a hornpipe in fetters,” their banks should have repeatedly suspended specie payments, and dismay and alarm pervade the whole country? We come back to what we set out with—*too much money, too little produce.*

This superabundance of money, as compared with produce, is mistaken for prosperity; but the moment that our produce begins to fail us, when we are sending away the gold to buy corn, leaving only the paper-money in our hands, then the cry gets up—Have a care! The draining of gold from the country is a sign that our foreign commerce is approaching a state of barter; the bankers diminish their circulation, that is, they *extinguish* a large portion of the superfluous money; this operation, being done suddenly, takes people at unawares; a keen competition arises for the use of the remaining money; the rate of interest rises, and those who happen to have money to lend, will only lend it cautiously, and require large profit for their risk; and thus, in this highly civilised community, where confidence should be great and the rate of interest low, confidence is small, and interest high; and this state of things, which brings us back, for a time, to a state of commercial semi-barbarism, is owing to the sudden and desperate efforts made to square money and produce. Every body runs risks in this game of over issue and under issue; the very bankers, who originally produce the evil by putting out too much paper money, run risks; but, as it is a *game*, somebody *wins*; and those who have the power of making money alternately plentiful and scarce, and those who limit the amount of produce, have a thousand chances to one as against the community.

When will these “great” nations learn, that, in relative order, produce is one, exchange two, and money three? Without produce there would be no need of exchange; without exchange, no need of money.

If Great Britain and the United States had each but one bank of issue, and the two banks, being under the control of their governments, had no more interest in issuing paper-money, than the mint has in issuing metal-money; and if each would agree on a certain uniform standard, below which they would not permit paper-money to be issued, there would be some chance of their mutual commerce being rescued from a condition similar to that of a gambling-table, where the odds are fearfully in favour of the *bank*, and much against the players. But, if this is chimerical, Britain ought certainly to take care of herself. It would be much better to withdraw the power of issuing paper-money from every bank in the kingdom, and put it into the hands of the bank of England even as it now stands, than to remain as we are. If a uniform standard were taken, and the bank of England required to give a *weekly* account of its circulation and its bullion, the public would have a far better security. But a government bank of issue, which would have no temptations to send out a single note which did not represent something, would be a far better security still: and if all our lower money circulation were metallic, and our higher of paper, we might, even without removing altogether the restrictions on the importation of food, attain to a state far to be preferred to that alternate *swagger* and *stagger* which marks our commercial career.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

## MARGARET BEAUFORT.\*

THE name of Margaret Beaufort is held by all who owe their education to either of our universities, in grateful remembrance; and whilst the Oxford-man speaks with reverence of "the Lady Margaret," the scholars of Christ Church and St. John's are proud of the fame of "the Venerable Margaret;" for by these several titles is she known at the two seats of learning, both of which experienced her bounty, and are yet in possession of the benefactions she bestowed upon them.

Margaret Beaufort was one of the most extraordinary women of her time; her attachment to learning and acquirements in literature were very remarkable in a period little distinguished for either; when men's minds were more occupied by the distresses of their country, and distracted by the fierce contests between the two rival houses, in which brother fought against brother, and the father against the son, than in the cultivation of either art or science. Nor was she more distinguished for piety and learning, than for sound judgment and discretion in her worldly career, and the assiduity with which she watched over the education of her son, the future monarch of England. Her life was long, a troubled one, and she was indebted to her early care in these latter particulars for its peaceful close. Such confidence was reposed in her talents and judgment, that she was twice nominated executrix of her husbands' last wills; † she was the constant counsellor of her illustrious son, even after he had ascended the throne, and when, in her old age, he was taken from her, she found herself chosen by him as executrix of his will also. These facts are strong testimonies of her extraordinary powers.

The records of her time afford but few and scanty materials for a history of her life, but all that remain have recently been gathered together in a memoir, written by Miss Caroline A. Halsted, which obtained the honorary premium awarded by the directors of the Gresham Commemoration in the present year, and it is well worthy of the distinction. Founding our notice chiefly on the information drawn from this source, it is our purpose to give our readers a brief sketch of the life of Margaret Beaufort.

John of Gaunt, during the lifetime of his second wife, Constance of Castile, had several illegitimate children, ‡ by Katherine Swynford, whom he afterwards married. These children being all born in the castle of Beaufort, in Anjou, took their names from thence; and from the eldest of this family, John, created earl of Somerset in the lifetime of his father, Margaret Beaufort was descended, and legitimated by patent from the king, confirmed by parliament.

John de Beaufort, earl of Somerset, died in 1410, leaving four sons and two daughters. His first son died young. His second, John, was a gallant warrior, and fought valiantly in the French wars under Henry V., who created him duke of Somerset and earl of Kendal; but becoming dissatisfied at the duke of York being preferred to himself as regent of that kingdom, in 1436, he returned to England, where he married Margaret, widow of Sir Oliver St. John, only daughter and heiress of John lord Beauchamp, of Powyke, whose wealth and high estate were declared in the almost regal splendour she maintained at her manor of Bletshoe, near Higham Ferrers, in Bedfordshire. Here, in the year 1441, his only child, the illustrious MARGARET BEAUFORT, was born.

Her misfortunes began early; for on 27th May, 1444, her father died, there is too much reason to fear by his own hand. It appears that, for some cause not explained, the duke of Somerset had incurred the displeasure of the king and was forbidden the royal presence. "The noble heart of so illustrious a man," says the Monk of Croyland, "took the message of this unfortunate rumour most indignantly; and not able to bear so foul a disgrace,

by his own procuring he hastened his own death; choosing rather to end compendiously his present sorrow, than to pass an unhappy life in opprobrium."

Her mother's anxious care did all that was possible to lessen this great loss, and Margaret received an education, quite uncommon in that age. The duchess had two sons by her first husband, who were educated in her house, and it is supposed that she shared with them the instructions they received. It is certain, that besides obtaining an accurate knowledge of French, she made no mean proficiency in Latin; her medical skill was considerable; and that she did not neglect feminine accomplishments is evident, "for it is related," says Miss Halsted, "that King James the First, whenever he passed into that neighbourhood, asked to see some admirable specimens of embroidery, carefully preserved in the fine old mansion of Bletshoe; and there remains to this day, in the possession of her descendants, a carpet, with the arms and alliances of the family, worked by the hands of their illustrious ancestress."

Her early character is thus excellently portrayed:—

"The annals of her time and the testimony of contemporaries assure us, that in manners she was right noble, as in blood; and that her personal endowments were fully equal to her illustrious descent: that she was dignified in demeanour, courteous in speech, gentle in disposition, patient, generous, obedient, and humble; neither revengeful nor cruel, but ready to bury in forgetfulness the greatest injuries; charitable to the poor, and pitiful to their sufferings; mindful of the slightest kindness, easy of access, and full of tenderness to all who were allied to her. Above all things, she was devoted to her God, beseeching his mercy with an innate fervour of piety far above her tender age, and very uncommon at a period when outward form and display was mistaken for inward piety. Distrusting herself, and with the fear of his judgments ever before her, she would daily, with an intensity of devotion that proved her safeguard through life, prostrate herself before the throne of grace, early in the morning and at mid-day seeking with prayer and supplication, humbly but fervently, from the Omnipotent Creator and Disposer of human events, guidance for the young and inexperienced creature who wept and knelt before him."

On the death of her father, his title passed to his brother Edmund, but his large estates descended to his daughter. This induced the well-known William de la Pole, duke of Suffolk, to obtain the grant of the wardship of the young heiress—an office always eagerly desired in those days, and too frequently made the instrument of oppression. He appears to have taken her into his own care at an early age, probably when her mother entered into a third marriage, with Leo lord Welles; Margaret being then about seven years old.

Before she reached her ninth year, Margaret became the object of contesting suitors. Her guardian pressed her to declare for his son and heir, John de la Pole; whilst the king (Henry VI.) sought her hand for Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, his half-brother. "The tender age of the little heiress," says Miss Halsted, "might seem to disprove such an occurrence, were it not attested by authority beyond dispute—that of Lord Bacon, and her confessor, the bishop of Rochester; the latter of whom, in his funeral sermon preached at her decease, (which curious document is still extant,) relates the circumstance, accompanied by the remark, that she was by nature so acute, and her understanding so precocious, that there was not anything which was too difficult for her comprehension. Her decision was at last made in a singular manner: being advised to recommend herself to St. Nicholas, she followed the advice, and the saint complied in a very gallant manner, and appearing to her in a dream, under the figure of a bishop, named unto her Edmund, and bade her take him unto her husband."

This advice was probably consonant to her own desires, for she followed it, and at nine years old she was solemnly betrothed to Richmond. It is not improbable that she disdained the alliance of the De la Poles, who, as late as the reign of Edward III., had been merchants at Kingston-upon-Hull, and owed their elevation to their riches.

It is probable that Suffolk meditated, even after her betrothal to Richmond, to force his ward to a marriage with his son; as one of the charges against him, on his impeachment in 1449, was that he had actually effected a union between them; but there is no ground for believing that such had been the case. His tragical end, in 1450, relieved her from all further persecution, and in 1455 she was, at the age of fifteen years, married to the earl of Richmond; and by this means "became allied, by birth or marriage,

\* Life of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of King Henry the Seventh. By Caroline A. Halsted. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1839.

† She was three times married, and survived all her husbands.

‡ John, created earl of Somerset; Henry† Letter known as Cardinal Beaufort; Thomas, duke of Exeter; and Joan, who married Sir Ralph Neville, earl of Westmoreland, and was the grandmother of Edward IV., Richard III., and the great Earl of Warwick.

to no less than thirty kings and queens, within the fourth degree of blood or affinity."

After a short visit to France, the newly-married pair retired to Pembroke Castle, the seat of Jasper Tudor, brother to the earl; and there, on the 26th of July, the young countess gave birth to that son who was destined to restore the line of Arthur to the British throne. But misfortune (which for so many years clouded his fortunes) seemed to mark his very birth; for, on the 1st of the succeeding November, the earl of Richmond, whose health had long been declining, died, leaving his young widow and infant heir unprotected, at the very moment when a safeguard was most needed; for the dreadful storm of war had already burst forth.

The countess of Richmond pursued the most prudent course in this trying situation, and continuing at Pembroke, far from the scenes of strife, she devoted herself to maternal cares. In his early years her little son was sickly and delicate, but the tender assiduities of a watchful mother were repaid by the invigorated health which gradually succeeded the ailments of infancy. In 1459 she married Sir Humphrey Stafford, son of the duke of Buckingham; but this marriage caused no change of residence. She still continued at Pembroke.

When the Lancastrian party was completely broken after the fatal battle of Mortimer's Cross and Towton, Owen Tudor, who had taken an active part in the contest, was seized and beheaded at Hereford, and his son Jasper, earl of Pembroke, was obliged to take refuge abroad, where he continued in exile many years. Edward, who was crowned at London in 1461, early in his reign attainted the young earl of Richmond, and deprived him of his possessions, which he gave to George duke of Clarence; but he left the Lady Margaret in possession of her title, dower, and patrimonial lands, which were continued to her and her husband by acts of parliament passed for the purpose of securing them.

Pembroke Castle, with the town and lordship, were granted to Sir William Herbert, of Ragland, in Monmouthshire, who was ordered to move with his family to his new possession, in consequence of the noble relatives of the attainted Jasper Tudor having been committed to his custody; so that from this time the sojourn of the Lady Margaret and her son in Wales was not by choice as a voluntary home, but by sufferance, and in what might be viewed (especially as regards the latter) in the light of state prisoners.

"In this retirement, the Lady Margaret occupied herself in the education of her young son; and the ardour with which she devoted herself to his interests, to guarding his childish days from evil, and striving to invigorate his dawning intellect against sudden reverses or unlooked-for dangers, was never obliterated from his mind. Its remembrance, indeed, was cherished to his latest years, with a warmth of feeling, a respectful deference, well merited from the anxiety and forethought exercised by the young countess of Richmond, the admired heiress of Somerset, in the prime of her youth and beauty, from a tender desire to guard and protect the offspring of her early love."

Thus held, as it were, as a hostage for the peaceable behaviour of the other members of his family, young Richmond continued under the care of Sir William Herbert, until delivered from thralldom by the death of his keeper, who was taken prisoner after the expulsion of Edward by Warwick, in 1470, and beheaded. Jasper Tudor now returned from exile, and visiting Pembroke, carried his nephew with him to London, and placed him at Eton College. It was during his residence there that he had that interview with Henry which has been commemorated by Shakspeare, who, however, transferred the scene from Eton to the Tower.

*K. Henry.* My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that  
Of whom you seem to have such tender care?

*Son.* My hege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

*K. Henry.* Come hither, England's hope. If secret power  
Suggest but truth to my defining thoughts,  
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;  
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,  
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself  
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.  
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he  
Must help you more than you are hurt by me."

HENRY VI. Part III. Act 1. sc. 6.

The king's words, according to Bacon, were—"This is the lad who shall possess that for which we now strive;" and as many of Henry's speeches were regarded as prophetic, and himself held up as a saint, it is not unlikely that this occurrence had an influence on Richmond's future fortunes.

But the tide soon turned again, and, on the approach of Ed-

ward's forces, Jasper Tudor sent back his nephew to his mother, who still continued at Pembroke Castle; and after the fatal battle of Tewkesbury, retired thither himself: but being quickly besieged there by Morgan ap Thomas, he retreated with Richmond to Brittany, hoping to receive hospitality from duke Francis; but this wily chief perceiving the advantage which the possession of young Richmond would give him over the kings of France and England, who both desired to get the young earl (who was now, by the deaths of King Henry and his son, regarded as the head of the house of Lancaster,) into their own power, basely made his unfortunate guest a strict prisoner, and continued him under restraint for many years. But, as we are writing the life of Margaret Beaufort, and not that of her son, we must pass over the history of his imprisonment and subsequent career, except so far as it is intimately connected with the main object of this paper.

It is uncertain whether the countess accompanied her son and his uncle in their flight; but if she did so, she did not long continue in France. She retired to the country, occasionally visiting Torrington, in Devonshire, where she had an estate, Wimborne, Hatfield, and Fordham; but fixing her chief residence at Colyweston, in Northamptonshire, where she erected a stately mansion on the site of one commenced by Lord Cromwell, lord treasurer to Henry VI.

Withdrawing from all public notice, she occupied herself in the care of the estates which yet remained to her, which were of considerable value; in her studies; in the performance of religious duties, which, in her practice, extended to rigid mortification and self-discipline, and in the exercise of unbounded charity.

"In the performance of her conjugal and maternal duties," says her biographer, "she has been justly held up as a bright example to her sex. Nevertheless, every earthly feeling was chastened by the higher claims due to her Maker. It was her habit to rise at five, and she invariably passed the time till ten—the dinner-time of that period—in deep meditation and prayer. The remainder of the day was given to the exercise of every virtue that could adorn with Christian grace her exalted rank. Wherever was her abiding place, blessings followed the steps of the illustrious Margaret." Happily, her studious habits rendered her retirement anything but irksome, while it induced the cultivation of talents, the result of which has added to her fame by ranking her amongst the earliest of England's authors. "At what precise period the Lady Margaret commenced the works that have been handed down to posterity is uncertain, but probably the task that devolved on her of superintending the education of her son, the young Henry of Richmond, during their lengthened sojourn in Wales, first led her to devote a portion of each day to translating from French into English, books of scholastic divinity. That these extremely rare and curious works were the produce of the prime and vigour of her days, seems probable from their being amongst the earliest and most valuable specimens extant of English typography.

"Among the works which were the result of the Lady Margaret's studious hours (or rather such as have been preserved to the present day,) stands conspicuous 'The Mirroure of Golde for the Sinfull Soule,' previously translated at Paris from a Latin work, entitled 'Speculum Aureum Peccatorum,' and subsequently rendered by her from the French into English. The other chief production of the Lady Margaret's pen which has escaped the ravages of time is 'The Imitation and following of the blessed Life of our most merciful Saviour Christ;' being a translation from French into English of the fourth book of Dr. John Gersen's (or Kempis's) treatise, 'De Imitatione Christi.' In Dr. Fuller's Church History, there is also a notice relative to some prayers, published some years after by her command; and the nature of her devout occupations and literary habits would warrant the inference that these, too, were her own composition."

Lord Stafford, who appears to have withdrawn himself as much as possible from all party-broils, and to have so conducted himself as to escape the suspicion of either side, died in 1481; and in the succeeding year his widow allied herself to the celebrated Lord Stanley, who afterwards took such a distinguished share in placing her son upon the throne. This powerful nobleman was a staunch adherent to the house of York, and was highly trusted both by Edward and Richard. His occupations rendered a residence in the metropolis necessary, and in consequence the Lady Margaret once more found herself the inmate of a court. Here her husband's reputation and her own prudence caused her to be unsuspected, and she even enjoyed such credit as to embolden her to intercede with Richard for the delivery of her son, and his restoration to his fortune and honours; but, as might be supposed, her efforts were unavailing. At length, when the excesses of the

usurper began to disgust his own adherents, and Buckingham and Ely began to plot against him, she eagerly listened to their designs. But Richard had early intelligence of their proceedings; Richmond, Ely, and most of their adherents, were attainted, and "the Lady Margaret was declared to have merited a sentence equally severe, for 'sending writings, tokens, money, and messages to the earl, her son, stirring him up to invade the realm;' but in consideration of the services which the Lord Stanley had rendered to the house of York, the king forbore to attain the countess; but she was banished the court, and ordered to be closely confined to her husband's residence in the country; and an act of parliament declared her lands to be forfeited, degraded her from all titles of dignity, and settled her property on her consort for his life, with remainder to the crown at his decease."

Meantime intrigues, in which the countess bore her part, were actively carried on; nor could the failure and death of Buckingham, or the ill success of Richmond's first attempt, damp the zeal of his adherents. Considerable sums of money were remitted to Henry by his mother, and, by means of her emissaries, she kept up his interests at home. His solemn engagement to marry Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward the Fourth, drew to his side many of the Yorkists, whose zeal had been effectually extinguished by the murder of the young princes; a crime now universally believed to have been perpetrated. Stanley, who had been one of the first to hazard dark surmises on this subject, began to be suspected, not without cause, and Richard at length thought it necessary to secure his fidelity by detaining his son, Lord Strange, as a hostage. We need not repeat the well-known tale. The battle of Bosworth Field, fought on the 22d of August, 1485, decided the fate of Richard; and the Lady Margaret had the gratification of seeing her son ascend the throne of England, and soon after, by his union with the heiress of the house of York, put an end for ever to the bloody contest between the two Roses.

After the accession of Henry, the Lady Margaret found all her earthly desires fulfilled. The affectionate respect and reverential deference with which he always treated her must have been dear to the mother's heart: in the young queen she found a loving daughter, and her grandchildren, several of whom she held at the font, were a source of great delight to her. Her noble husband, who had been elevated to the rank of earl of Derby, appears to have been much attached to her; and in the patronage she afforded to Caxton and Wycliffe de Worde, the latter of whom she appointed to the office of her painter, she gratified her favourite tastes. But "the countess of Richmond had long been preparing herself for seclusion from the pleasures and fascinations of the court, by increased severity in personal mortifications and a more rigid exercise of austere penance. She had engaged as her confessor a divine of eminent piety. The ascetic severities, the fervent devotion, and unbounded charity of John Fisher, the friend and companion of Erasmus, having come to the knowledge of the Lady Margaret, she solicited him to quit his studies at Cambridge, and to become her spiritual guide, and the almoner and distributor of her charities. It does not appear that she ever formally embraced a conventual life, or became an inmate of any monastic establishment; but she was admitted a member of the fraternity of five religious houses—Westminster, Crowland, Durham, Wymbourne, and the Charter-house, London;" she also "obtained licence in her husband's days, long time before he died," for a formal separation, and solemnly vowed the rest of her life to prayer and penance, and resigned henceforth all worldly interests and earthly considerations.

"Retiring to her patrimony at Woking in Surrey," continues her biographer, "the manor-house appertaining to which had been recently enlarged and repaired by King Henry the Seventh, she there fixed her abode, and with the exceptions of occasional sojourns at Coly-Weston, Hatfield, and Westminster, and the brief visits connected with her charitable endowments, she there continued to dwell, with little intermission, for the remainder of her life. Her royal son, however, had provided for her a city residence suitable to her high station, in the event of matters of import requiring her presence in London. By a grant from him yet extant, the ancient mansion of the duke of Exeter, called Cold or Coln Harbour, was assigned to the Lady Margaret as her temporary abode, when necessity obliged her to quit the life of retirement which she had voluntarily chosen at this period. The religious zeal which induced seclusion from a court, where her dignified conduct had at once elevated her own character and that of her sex, was marked by an increase of benevolence and charitable actions. She supported under her roof twelve poor or afflicted persons, whose wounds she would dress with her own hands, and

supply their wants with the most gentle and tender piety. It was her custom to be present at their decease, and she generally attended their obsequies, observing, that such scenes taught her how to die.

"Dr. Fisher became a member of her household, and, in conjunction with Dr. Hornby, who was chancellor of her court or family, directed all things therein, with the austere ceremonial, and almost rigid sanctity, belonging to the monastic orders."

Her exertions in the cause of piety and learning, during these latter days of life, were unceasing, and the endowments and benefactions which she gave for these purposes were too numerous to be all recounted here; we can only detail a few. At Wimbourne Minster, where she erected a magnificent altar-tomb to the memory of her parents, she augmented a chantry founded by one of our early monarchs, and ordained mass to be there daily celebrated for the souls of herself, her son, her parents, and her ancestors; and she founded a free-school at Wimbourne, which was afterwards extended by Queen Elizabeth, and the title altered from "the Lady Margaret's" to "Queen Elizabeth's Free-school." She liberally provided for the instruction of young men of promising talents, though limited means, in her own house, and many eminent scholars received their education there. In the eighteenth year of her son's reign, she instituted two perpetual public lectures in divinity—one at Cambridge and the other at Oxford, endowing each with twenty marks a-year, now equivalent to 1000*l.* In 1497, she founded a chantry in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and, in 1503, instituted a perpetual public preaching at Cambridge with a salary of 10*l.* per annum; but her chief works, and those in connexion with which her name is now most generally remembered, were the establishment of the colleges of Christ Church and St. John's at Cambridge.

Dr. Fisher having been elevated to the see of Rochester, was soon after elected, in compliment to his benefactress, perpetual chancellor of the university of Cambridge; and it was at his suggestion that she undertook to complete a hostel, called God's House, begun by her kinsman Henry the Sixth, but left incomplete, owing to the troubles of his turbulent reign. "Its recommencement," says Miss Halsted, "was graced by the presence of Henry VII., who visited Cambridge for that purpose in the year 1505, and from whom the countess of Richmond obtained a licence to change its name to Christ College. \* \* \* The building was completed in 1506, and the bishop of Rochester appointed visitor for life by the statutes, in case of the demise of the foundress. She lived, however, to witness the completion of her noble design, and was enabled personally to superintend its progress, as appears from a little incident which has been recorded, showing the kindness of her disposition. Being engaged one day in giving directions relative to the college, a student, who had fallen into disgrace, was forcibly taken by the superior authorities and passed her window, to receive correction. \* "Lente, lente!" she exclaimed; an expostulation more suited to academic ears than an intercession in English, and which there is little doubt secured a pardon to the young scholar. Her likeness has been preserved in the chapel of this college, by an ancient painting on wood; as have also the portraits of her son and other of her kindred, on glass, in the east window of the same building.

St. John's College was begun in 1508, but the countess did not live to complete it; and although her dying request to her nephew was, that he would forward and perfect the work she had begun, yet it was necessary to apply to Rome before he would lend the necessary aid, and it was not completed until 1516.

Age and infirmity were now rapidly increasing upon the "venerable Margaret." She had outlived her husband and the greater part of those old and faithful friends who had held fast to her in former days, and the death of her son, in April 1508, gave the finishing stroke. She survived him only three months. "Full of faith in her Redeemer, and trust in her God—bemoaning the infirmity of her own nature, but dispensing charity to others, even in her dying hour—the countess of Richmond expired at Westminster, on the 29th of June, 1509, in the sixty-ninth year of her age; retaining to the last moment of her existence those high resources and vigorous powers, that calm resignation and unsubdued fortitude, which can only result from a religious and well-disciplined mind—from a conscience devoid of reproach, arising from a well-spent and devotional life." She was interred in King Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where a superb altar-tomb of black marble, inclosed by a grate, and surmounted by her statue, is erected to her memory.

\* Corporal punishment was then, and for a long period subsequent, usual in our universities.



## THE SISTER THERESE.\*

BY H. F. GOULD.

THE following little story is drawn, as a fine silver thread, from among the many of a sadder and more fearful hue, that make up the crimson cord of the history of that bloody period, the reign of terror in France. It is given in the writings of a French author of veracity, concerning the events of that day, from whom it is here rather recounted than translated.

Among the unfortunate persons who were cast into the prisons of Bordeaux, to await their turns at the guillotine, should it please those inhuman monsters in the human form, Robespierre, and his associates in cruelty, to find them guilty of opposing their designs, by standing in their way to rule, was Henri Delorbe, an inhabitant of the city, and a young man of birth and fortune.

In the person of Delorbe, a striking beauty of face and form, and a noble bearing and winning grace of deportment, were united with a richly-endowed mind, and high-toned virtuous principles. The horrors of his situation and impending fate preying on his spirits, and the miasma of the prison infusing poison into his frame with every breath, proved too much for his physical energies to resist. "The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmities, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" Nature's forces in the constitution of Delorbe, sapped by his accumulated ills, were made for a while to succumb. He was brought low in sickness, and thought near to death. In this state of prostration and languishment, it was permitted him to be removed from his prison cell to the hospital, where the devout Sisters of Charity lent their truly benevolent and christian services, attending on the sick, relieving their wants, and closing the eyes of the dying.

It fell to the lot of Delorbe to have his ministering angel appointed in the form of the young sister Therese; a fair, compassionate, self-sacrificing girl, who, having renounced "the world," and the two other persons of that federal head of wickedness, which, occupying the human heart, is the nucleus of so much evil, felt only a single desire to carry out the principles of her profession into action, while she watched over the suffering, endeavouring to soften their pains, and to keep up the faint and flickering flame of life,—or, when it must be so, smoothed the pillow of the dying.

The gentle nun had never heard of the history of Cupid and Psyche, and their near alliance; nor, though she owned that she had a heart "desperately wicked," had she suspected it of having a vulnerable spot, where a random arrow from the little, busy archer, reaching her unawares, might strike and enter, and bury itself beyond the power of extraction.

The pleasing external of the young stranger had at first won her notice and drawn out her sympathy towards him in his suffering state. But, as his character disclosed itself, and he recounted to her his misfortunes and his fears, compassion completed what a tender interest had begun in the bosom that had never suspected itself of being susceptible to any but a heavenly love; while Therese resolved to do all within her power to restore him to life and health, and then to effect his escape from confinement and peril, if the wits of a nun could devise the means. And she had not only "charity, which hopeth all things," but also ingenuity to "seek out many inventions."

Her faith and works were at length blessed in manifest signs that the disease had run to its limits, and was giving way, subdued by the superior powers in the constitution of her patient. But her own heart had become agitated by a strange uneasiness,—the seat of a new malady, which the physicians do not reckon with the self-limited diseases, or number among those within the sphere of their medical practice; and about which the metaphysical talk very clearly and wisely, while they can neither solve its nature, calculate its duration, prescribe an antidote, nor resist its attacks. Yet, among her most earthly thoughts, Therese admitted not the

possibility of her ever seeing Delorbe beyond the walls which then enclosed them, should he recover, and regain his liberty. She only wished that he might go forth to life and liberty, while she remained behind, dead to the world, but alive to memory and self-denying beneficence,—to think of him; and, if this were sinful, to repent, get absolved, and then go on and sin again. Yet, at the same time, like a good little nun, she shuddered at the thought of letting her consecrated heart run so far astray, as to fasten its heaven-devoted strings on any earthly object. Nor did she let the secret of her bosom escape in word, or deed, or look. She kept her sentiments to herself, and gave her attentions and her services to her duties and her charge.

Meantime the soft sensibilities of the *malade* had not been deadened or idle under the care of his gentle nurse. "Patience," says one student of the human affections, "is the art of hoping." This was confirmed in the diligent endeavours of Therese to revive the object of her kindness, and to set him free. "Hope," says another, "is the dream of a waking man." This also might have been pronounced true concerning the invalid, could his thoughts have been read as they passed unuttered through his mind. Strange as it may seem to those who do not understand how wildly and perversely the wayward heart will sometimes take it upon itself to act independently of the reasoning head, while Delorbe was yet uncertain whether he was virtually a beheaded man or not, but certain that his benefactress had renounced the world and professed herself dead to earthly attachment, his heart had warmed as with new vitality beneath her care; and was shooting out its young affections after her, like the roots of an air-plant, that grow without ground, and live upon the wind that shakes them. But he, too, had learned that "a wise man spareth his tongue," especially in a case like his (if indeed he ever had a predecessor); and he kept silence, not allowing an intimation of the truth to escape concerning his *penchant* for the fair recluse.

Therese had now fixed on a time and a way to bring about his liberation. He was "sick and in prison, and she had ministered unto him," and now would she "throw open the prison-doors to him that was bound," not forgetting, that while it was enjoined on her to do the one thing, it was also her instruction "not to leave the other undone." But, to do this latter good, it became necessary for her to confide her plan to a third person, and to enlist his assistance in carrying it out to success. This person, as will shortly appear, was the surgeon of the hospital.

In the trying day, she instructed Delorbe to feign fatal symptoms, and then a dying struggle; after which he must sink away as if life had departed, a little while before the usual hour for the attending physician to make his rounds among the patients. Delorbe obeyed; for he saw that she well knew how to combine the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, while he became her docile pupil. He affected a strong prooxysm, succeeding languor, and, at last, the sleep that has no dream. As was the custom when one had expired, Therese spread the sheet up over his face, to signify that he had ceased to breathe; and there he lay like a form of spiritless clay, when the physician entered. Supposing that his patient was beyond the need and the reach of his skill, he made no further investigation than to ask when he died; and, being told by the nurse how recently his last struggle was over, and how he had sunk away, he then passed on to feel the pulses of others, that beat, no doubt, more feebly than that of the supposed corpse.

In the evening, Therese pretended that the body of the prisoner was demanded for the instruction of the pupils, and had him removed into the dissecting-hall. Here the kind surgeon, seeing that the subject was under the influence of a more tender and skilful operator than his own hand and blade, and that the body needed to be clothed rather than dismembered, had made provision against exposure, and furnished a suit of his own garments, in which the pretended dead was hastily habited, and in the disguise passed out unsuspected to a place of refuge.

The next day, Therese, being questioned, threw herself upon the mercy of her superiors, and confessed the whole truth as to her stratagem, with so much candour and apparent contrition for the offence, and such protestations of the pity that had led her to take such a course, that she was forgiven, without penalty.

Delorbe had engaged her to meet him once more in his asylum, that he might thank her again for the life she had, in a twofold

\* From "The Token" for 1840, edited by S. Goodrich, author of "Peter Parley's Tales," "Essex Education," &c.

sense, restored, or saved; and the gentle nun found means and inclination to fulfil her promise. Here Delorbe made a full disclosure of his sentiments, and entreated his benefactress to consent that she would bless the life he owed her, by accepting his hand and fortune, and rendering her destiny henceforth inseparable from his; and proposed that she should fly with him beyond pursuit, where their union might be speedily consummated.

The pious sister was at first startled, shocked,—and she shuddered at the thought of breaking her religious vows, and returning into the ways of temptation and folly, and the delusions of a wide and wicked world. “For the pearl,” thought she, “is pure and safe from bluish, while locked in its shell, though among the monsters of the deep, and the sands, and sea-weeds. But, when thrown out among them, how soon must it be ruined by the elements, or lost irrecoverably!” Still there was another idea, that rose in opposition to this, about the pearl,—a thought that it might be brought up to light, and set in gold, and shine in the crown of a monarch, whether that monarch were the earthly lord of her happiness, or of a wider sphere of dominion—if indeed one’s own concerns and sphere do not comprise more, and assume a wider influence and higher importance, than all the world beside. But still she paused,—while her heart, proved a traitor to her in the very moment of necessity; and she could not, for her life, rally the arguments of objection, which she thought it was perhaps her duty to raise against her lover’s proposal, and a voice within was pleading strongly in its favour. A subtle casuist was operating on her wavering soul; and she reasoned, that if it were sinful to break her covenant vows and go back to the paths of the worldling, she was already guilty, since the transgression of the heart was the very soul of actual transgression; she should never cease to regret that she had bound herself to the letter of her vow, when in spirit she had broken it, should she let her lover depart without her; and, since her heart had gone out into the ways of the wanderer, hand, foot, and all, might as well go with it.

Thus the prudent nun deliberated, balanced, and reasoned; and finally, like the young bird, that, having once found the use of its wings, returns to the nest no more, she resolved to keep clear of the monastic restraints of the sisterhood, and to intrust her fate for the better, for worse, with him who had rendered a life of seclusion irksome.

They made haste to depart, and passed over into Spain, where the narrator, whose purpose was not to make out a long romantic story about a pair of lovers, but rather to record the facts of Delorbe’s imprisonment and liberation, and the noble traits of female character by which the latter was brought about, simply says—*they were married*. Thus, by legerdemain, he wafts them, as on wings, over all the perils, the escapes, the rocks, hills, ravines, roses, thorns, hedges, and ditches, that we may suppose upon the way, by an airy and short course, straight to the hymeneal altar. There he discreetly takes leave of them, wisely forbearing to follow them beyond it, to see if the discloistered nun proved any more faithful to her latter than her former covenant; or, carrying out her theory touching *the sins of heart and life* into practice, maintained, that, since she was out in a wicked world, she might “follow the multitude to do evil.” Yet, from the moral elements whose strong mutual attraction had drawn them into this sacred union, we judge that neither Therese nor Delorbe ever had cause to wish that her first vow had been kept inviolate, or that his death in the hospital had been a reality instead of a feint.

#### PAINTING A SKY.

[THE following amusing sketch is taken from the November Number of one of our contemporaries, the *Polytechnic Journal*, a recently-started “Magazine of Science and Art.”]

It is well known that Raffaele was no Drawcansir at landscape-painting; a circumstance most probably arising from the entire concentration of his mighty powers upon what auctioneers, and people who prattle about paint and painters, are pleased to call “another style;” that other “style” by which he became immortalised. *S’entr’aider* (to help one another), in the time of Raffaele was not much the fashion in finishing; if it had been so, he perhaps would not have availed himself of it to any great extent; but we cannot help wishing that he had employed some acknowledged worthy of his time to put in his glimpses of landscape, as he employed Julio Romano and Giovanni d’Udino to work out his ornaments and arabesques in portraits after he had finished the heads. Paul Brill painted landscapes in a few pictures of Annibal Carracci, who, in return, painted for him; and sometimes in the works of Domenichino, we may find flowers put in by Mario de

Fiore, or Daniel Seghers, the Jesuit of Antwerp; but the practice is not found to be so general as among the Dutch artists, those hob-a-nob fire-side gossips, whose works, even to this day, are redolent of dock tobacco and Danzig black beer. In the pictures of Van der Meulen sometimes Hynsmaus painted the landscape; and in those of Moucheron we find the work of Adrian Van der Velde; and there are pictures of Poelenburg upon which Broomburg has painted: and Tempeste has done the like in works of Rosa di Tivoli. In the landscapes of the amiable Ruysdael, Philip Wouwermans frequently put figures, and Berghem animals; and in those of Wynants, Adrian Van der Velde put figures and animals; as also were the works of Van der Heyden often peopled by him. Even Rubens has added the charm of his pencil to the works of others; as, in the Louvre, if we remember aright, may be seen a picture by Velvet Breughel, the figures of which are by him. Many more instances of this kind might be cited, but these will suffice for the present purpose.

*S’entr’aider* is not uncommon in the English school, where points of departure from an artist’s ordinary habits of work create a feeling of diffidence, but it rarely occurs that the two names attach to the work. Sometimes the commonest objects create intense difficulty when an artist is fastidious and jealous of all foreign assistance; for instance, to PAINT A SKY is the halting-point of one of our artists, who is in the enjoyment of a certain degree of celebrity. This, his foible, became known to us through a mutual acquaintance, who, calling one day at his house, had the door opened to him by a female domestic, whose eyes were red with weeping:—

“Is Mr. ——— at home?”

“Yes, sir; but—but—he’s painting a sky, sir;” and up went the apron to her eyes as she began to whine anew.

It struck the visitor that something must be “out of joint.” As he was hurrying to the well-known studio, the girl hastily exclaimed—

“Oh pray—please sir, don’t go up, it’s not safe—he’s painting a sky, and he doesn’t see nobody on sky-days.”

This expostulation had its effect. “Well, well,” said the other, “if Mr. ——— has given orders not to be interrupted, make my compliments, and say I will call in the evening.”

The evening came, and the daylight went, and the would-be visitor addressed himself again to the painter’s knocker, under the impression that there was then certainly not light enough for “painting a sky.”

The door was opened as before, and the applicant was about, unhesitatingly, to proceed to his friend’s studio, when he was again encountered by the servant’s deprecating accents.

“What! not to be seen yet?”

“Oh no, sir; master’s skying away like a madman; he’ll be the death of us all.”

It was ultimately agreed that the visitor should wait a little in a lower room, as the artist’s usual hour of relaxation from professional employment was already passed. The room into which he was shown was immediately below the studio, and he took up a book; but, from the noise overhead, he found it impossible to read. The painter was pacing up and down in precipitate and violent action, and from the noise and sound of splinters, heavy objects of furniture were undoubtedly smashed; lighter ones seemed to be kicked about with the fury and increased power of a maniac; the door, too, was slammed with fearful violence, and from time to time the shivered glass of the windows fell upon the pavement.

The visitor became alarmed; he was rushing up stairs, when he was met by a young child who was wailing and lamenting aloud as if he had been severely beaten.

“What can be the reason of all this?” demanded our friend.

“Oh! Pa’s painting a sky—Pa’s painting a sky,” was all, in his excessive grief, the boy could utter. While yet condoling with the child, another, younger, rushed down stairs with a rapidity to endanger its neck; the cry, as before, “Pa’s painting a sky.”

The second child, was followed by Mrs. ———, who apologised for the prevailing confusion. “But,” added she, “this is so often the case, when Mr. ——— has to paint a sky, that it is my most fervent prayer he may never paint another.”

The tears stood in the good lady’s eyes; and scarcely had she finished speaking when an unlucky dog was hurled from above, filling the house with his shrill and piteous howlings; and, lastly, the cat descended with a like precipitation. Our friend, despairing of meeting the artist in a rational state, now took his hat, his departure, and a resolution to visit him some other day, when his employment was not “painting a sky.”

## A MOTHER'S LESSONS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

DEAR mother, when I was a child,—  
 Alas! how many years ago!—  
 When I was sportive, gay, and wild,  
 And all the world around me smiled,  
 And I had never dream'd of woe;  
 The fountain sparkled in the light,  
 The moon was beautiful at night,  
 As if no heat could parch the one,  
 Nor vapour hide the other:  
 I was thy darling little son,  
 And thou my darling mother!  
 It seem'd to me, that all the love  
 The earth could hold was less than mine;  
 Fair as an angel from above  
 My mother seem'd, and more divine.  
 The fountain now gleams not so bright,  
 The moon is oftener veil'd from sight;  
 For I have learn'd the sad truth,  
 That nothing in the earth or sky  
 Can wear, to manhood's clouded eye,  
 The hues it wore in youth!

And art thou, too, less dear to me?—  
 Have years consumed my love for thee?  
 Ah, no! the flame is burning still!  
 Though from thy side I'm far away,  
 Within my heart the fervent ray  
 Has never known a chill.  
 How I remember well the time—  
 It seems but yesterday!—when thou  
 Wouldest, with a mild, unruffled brow,  
 Bid me put by my childish rhyme,  
 And listen to the word of God!  
 'Twas solemn, and yet sweet, to hear  
 Thy voice, impressive, calm, and clear,  
 Read of the land our parents trod.  
 My Eden was, with mother, there!  
 But still I long'd the place to view,  
 Where, in the midst, surpassing fair,  
 The fatal tree of knowledge grew.  
 I've tasted of the fruit since then,  
 And heard the glittering serpent hiss:  
 O! more than all I've dream'd of bliss  
 I'd give to be a boy again!  
 A simple child—like one of those  
 Of whom my mother said to me,  
 The Saviour took them on his knee,  
 And bade them in his arms repose.  
 Alas! I'd yield the greenest crown  
 That ever deck'd a poet's brow,  
 And dash the loftiest laurels down,  
 To have the same sweet feelings now!

Dear mother! I may not restore  
 My guilelessness and goodness more;  
 But I can read the sacred page  
 With reverence in my ripen'd age;  
 And, calling all thy words to mind,  
 This truth about my memory bind,  
 Let good or ill betide,  
 The light a mother's soul imparts  
 Will radiate in her children's hearts,  
 Till all is dark beside!

*Religious Souvenir for 1840.*

## WIT AND RICHES.

A wealthy person asked the philosopher Sadi, in derision, how it happened that men of wit were so frequently seen at the doors of the rich, and that the rich were never seen at the doors of men of wit? "It is," replied Sadi, "because men of wit know the value of riches; but rich men do not know the value of wit."

## A GOOD MEMORY.

Mr. Thomas Fuller, B.D., was said to have a great memory, inasmuch that he could name in order all the signs on both sides of the way, from the beginning of Paternoster-row, at Ave Maria-lane, to the bottom of Cheapside, to Stocks Market: (this was when every shop was distinguished by a sign;) and he could dictate to five several writers at the same time, on as many different subjects. This gentleman making a visit to a committee of sequestrators, sitting at Waltham in Essex, they soon fell into a discourse and commendation of his great memory; to which Mr. Fuller replied, "Tis true, gentlemen, that fate has given me the report of a memorist, and, if you please, I will give you an experiment of it." They all accepted the motion, told him they should look upon it as an obligation, laid aside the business before them, and prayed him to begin. "Gentlemen," says he, "I will give you an instance of my good memory in this particular. Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest but poor cavalier parson, my neighbour, from his living, and committed him to prison; he has a great charge of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent: if you will please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, I will never forget the kindness while I live." It is said the jest had such an influence upon the committee, that they immediately released and restored the poor clergyman.—*Wanley's Wonders of the Little World.*

## HUMAN PURSUITS.

Every one would pursue his own interest, if he knew what it was; and, in fact, every one does pursue it, but the generality totally mistake it. No man would pursue riches before happiness, power before quiet, or fame before safety, if he knew the true value of each; no man would prefer the transitory and worthless enjoyment in this world, to the permanent and sublime felicity of a better, if he had a clear prospect of them both; but we see the former through a mist, which always magnifies, and the latter appears to be at so great a distance, that we scarce see it at all, and therefore it makes little impression upon our senses, and has little influence upon our conduct.—*Jenyns.*

## AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

Shortly after the return of the Queen Charlotte to Portsmouth, Lord Howe sent for his first lieutenant, Larcom, whom he thus addressed:—"Mr. Larcom, your conduct in the action has been such, that it is necessary that you should leave this ship." Larcom, who was as brave as his admiral, a good officer and seaman, was thunderstruck, and with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "Good God, my lord! what have I done? Why am I to leave the ship? I have done my duty to the utmost of my power." "Very true, sir," said Lord Howe, "but leave this ship you must; and I have great pleasure in presenting you with this commission as commander, for your conduct on the late occasion!"—*Memoirs of Lord Howe.*

## BURNING AN IDOL.

Daniel Isaac, the celebrated Wesleyan preacher, was fond of smoking; and on one occasion an elderly lady entered the room, and seeing him engaged with the pipe, lifted up her hands, and exclaimed, as if particularly shocked at the sight of so much self-indulgence—"Ay, Mr. Isaac, you are at your idol again!" Looking up at her with one of his quiet yet pleasantly demure expressions of feature, he returned, puffing out a cloud of smoke, "Yes, I am burning it!"

## USEFULNESS.

"How barren a tree is he that lives, and cumbereth the ground, yet leaves no seed nor one good work to generate after him! I know all cannot leave alike, yet all may leave something answering their proportion, their kinds."—*Queen Feltham.*

Some men are like musical glasses; to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet.—*Coleridge.*

## MERCY.

Mercy is an attribute  
 As high as justice: an essential part  
 Of His unbounded goodness, whose divine  
 Impression, form, and image, man should bear:  
 And (methinks) man should love to imitate  
 His mercy; since the only countenance  
 Of justice were destruction, if the sweet  
 And loving favour of his mercy did  
 Not mediate between it and our weakness.

*Cyril Tourneur.*

## A CURE FOR THE GOUT.

Count Piper (we are assured), like myself, was once a martyr to the gout. He said he cured his by taking, in bed, every morning, a very strong extract of coffee, with an equal quantity of rum—about a quarter of a pint of each—for thirty successive days. The first week it produced violent headache and fever, which terminated after that period in most excessive perspiration. This remedy left him weak, but cured him. He has had no return of the disorder for nine years, and now trusts to exercise and diet for good health and freedom from the distressing malady, which, like the toothache, excruciating as it is, nobody pities.—*Standish's Notices of the Northern Capitals.*

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## OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

SOME of our readers may remember, that in the 6th Number of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, a brief sketch was given of "Dunton the Bookseller," the projector of "The Athenian Mercury, resolving weekly all the most nice and curious Questions proposed by the Ingenious." The "Athenian Mercury" was a very popular periodical, and was favoured with "nice and curious questions" from several of the most "ingenious" characters of the time—such as De Foe, Richardson, Sir William Temple, and Swift. The practice has been tried in various periodicals, with greater or less success; and at the present moment there are several newspapers, of extensive circulation, a large portion of whose popularity arises from that department of their respective Miscellanies, wherein "they resolve" all the "nice and curious questions" proposed by the most "ingenious" of their correspondents.

It appears to us, that we might take advantage of the facilities which are and will be afforded by CHEAP POSTAGE, and attempt to open a LITERARY LETTER-BOX in the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, and thus endeavour to enter into a weekly correspondence with a large number of intelligent individuals. Not being "learned in the law," we will not venture on legal opinions; and not being profound in the London Pharmacopœia, we will not undertake to prescribe for invisible patients. Little versed, also, in the mysteries of the turf, nor yet acquainted with horse or hound points, or the technicalities of the chess-board or the billiard-table, we will abstain from deciding bets, and will be found sadly deficient in that anecdotal information, which, when well told, is sometimes as gratifying to the lookers-on as to the players themselves. Our LETTER-BOX we wish to make, as much as possible, a *Literary Repository*: a collection of facts, hints, advice, and information; and we fancy that there are enough of intelligent and speculative individuals, even amongst our own readers, in whose minds "nice and curious questions," on literary matters, are continually starting up, and who, not having the time for research or inquiry, would gladly look for information from a periodical. Intelligent persons, engaged in the daily avocations by which subsistence and comfort are obtained, cannot be expected "in one small head" to carry all they wish to know; and it is but a trite observation, that knowledge is far more firmly impressed on the memory, when it is obtained by exertion, prompted by curiosity or anxiety, than when it meets the eye in a casual or unexpected manner. There is an ample field for the most "ingenious" of correspondents, in questions relating to science and art; in inquiries respecting points of constitutional history, and facts or opinions connected with commerce, trade, colonies, emigration, illustrious individuals, books, authors, &c. &c.; while many matters which, strictly speaking, are individually personal, might be so answered as to come home to the "businesses and bosoms" of many more readers than the individual querists.

The "LETTER-BOX" is quite an experiment. It is an attempt to assist in diffusing the benefits of CHEAP POSTAGE, by inducing readers to set down their "roving thoughts" in writing, and thus to fix what might otherwise pass away; and it is an attempt to open, what might be made a very agreeable channel of intercourse with a numerous class. Should the attempt be met in the spirit in which it is made, we will bestow time, inquiry, attention, and patience on our correspondents: we are not *walking encyclopædists*, but time, inquiry, attention, and patience, are not fruitless, when well bestowed. Letters on mean or very trivial subjects will be put aside: but no letter, however humble in style and appearance, will be neglected, which seems to bear on its face an honest and a rational object. We invite our friends, therefore, to enter into communication with us; as far as we can, we will try to act the part of a friendly adviser, guide, and informant; and however numerous may be the letters which may be poured in upon us, if the majority of them are of the kind we wish, the answering of them will be "no trouble at all, but rather a pleasure."

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If, however, after trying the experiment for a reasonable period, the letters sent in should be feeble in object or few in number, we will conclude that we have failed, either in "drawing out" our friends, or in gratifying their taste in this particular: and if such should be the case—the LETTER-BOX will be shut.

It is proposed to "open" the LETTER-BOX in the 53d Number of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL—that is, the First Number of the THIRD VOLUME, to be dated the 4th of January, 1840. But as our Journal is sent to press two weeks before it is published, it will be necessary for our Correspondents to be somewhat early with their communications. And we hope that some of our friends, on reading this intimation, will go to work, and furnish us with matter for our first "delivery;" and thus set an example to others, who, however willing enough to write to us, may feel inclined to hold back, until they see what character the "Letter-box" will assume.

All letters intended to be answered in the "LITERARY LETTER BOX" must be delivered FREE, and addressed to "The Editor of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," 113, Fleet-street.

## THE DESERTER.

How well I remember my first trip to sea! I was scarcely twelve years of age, and what my shipmates called a puny land lubber; at that time they were right; and I endured a good deal before I was as fully entitled to designate those who followed me by the same disdainful title. I had not been ten days in His Majesty's service when I found myself, one fine summer's morning, within sight of the French fleet, and almost encircled by the shores of France; and there they lay, to my bewildered astonishment, in their own harbour, sleeping on the water like ourselves; and the tri-coloured flag waved, as I thought, sulkily in the breeze; and their boats passed to and fro, and we could almost imagine, to-night did they appear, that we heard the hum of many voices borne along the smooth surface of the water; and all this appeared very strange to me, and I said to our marine officer, who took me from the middy's berth beneath the water to show me the sight, "What a coward our admiral is, not to go in and bring them out!"—And the marine officer frowned, and laughed, and looked big, and told me in a subdued voice, that I had spoken treason; and I inquired the meaning of the word, and he laughed again, and told the first lieutenant; and the first lieutenant told the captain; and the captain invited me to dinner; and I soon discovered that I had said a good thing; and my father, when I told him of it, prophesied I should be a future Nelson. But a prophet has no honour in his own country,—and my father was deceived.

The roadstead in which we lay was large enough to hold the navy of England; and, except the spot where the French fleet were moored, under the shelter of their batteries, there was no object along the low range of coast, on either side, sufficiently striking to catch the eye, or upon which the mind could dwell beyond the relief of a moment. It was one continuous line of sand, with here and there a solitary-looking windmill, to denote, by its ever-turning sails, that life was not wholly extinct.

I have, however, omitted one feature in this dreary landscape, which, however much to the unpractised eye it may have been but a tall unmeaning pole, rising out of the sand, was to our signal-officer an object of sufficient interest to demand his constant and vigilant attention. I am now speaking of the French sema-

phore, to which we had the key, and by which we could often discover the movements of the enemy, and first became acquainted with one of Wellington's victories.

The good admiral under whose auspices I was sent into the navy, transferred me from his leviathan to a dashing frigate, which had the in-shore station off Rochelle. She always lay with a spring on her cable, so as to bring her broadside to bear upon any of the enemy's gun-boats, if they ventured to attack her during a calm. She was also prepared to slip her cable at a moment's warning. The neatly-folded topsails, instead of being secured in the usual manner by rope-bands, were simply confined by a single yafn; and, to guard against being taken by surprise in the night, every preparation was made at sunset for the reception of the enemy. A small chasse-marée, fitted up as a fishing-boat, supplied her crew with an occasional fresh meal, and her boats had a skirmish now and then when a stray sheep had the misfortune to get becalmed at a distance from her comrades. She had a smart first lieutenant, who piqued himself on keeping the devil out of the men's minds; and, to do him justice, he was eminently successful; so that the nine weeks' blockade passed away in comparative quickness. The enemy's squadron usually weighed anchor once a week, and manœuvred in the inner harbour. Sometimes the sea-breeze would induce one to pass the barrier, but collectively they never ventured beyond the range of the batteries. On such occasions, the bare idea that a frigate might, perchance, get becalmed in a tide-way, or be carried by baffling winds beyond the prescribed limits, was enough, however feeble the chance, to enliven both officers and men with hope; and the prospect of such an event was thought of with as much anxiety, as the bewildered mariner watches in a storm the smallest opening in the murky clouds, to catch a transient glimpse of the sun towards the meridian.

I recollect, upon one occasion,—and I shall never forget the soul-stirring enthusiasm it inspired,—that instead of the usual pipe of "Grog a-loy," the drum suddenly beat to quarters!—Away went the salt junk and biscuit! Some of the mids, in their ecstasy, made a clean breach through the venetian blinds of the berth, and all darted to their respective stations with the speed of lightning. The seamen ran up the rigging with the celerity of monkeys,—the folds of the canvas fell from the yards like magic,—the topsails were run up to the mast-head, and crowned by sails of lighter magnitude; and the joy which illumined our features at that exciting moment was worth hours of restless inactivity before or after.

In less than five minutes we were under full sail, in chase of one of the enemy's frigates. She was not more than three gun-shots from us, and about two from the batteries. There was not a ripple on the water; the air was so light, that it barely lulled our lofty sails to sleep, while the courses flapped against the masts in lazy indolence. It was one of those beautiful bright days in spring, when every object, emancipated from the gloom of winter, appeared decked in smiling cheerfulness. The sea was studded with innumerable chasse-marées, and their small white sails, gleaming in the sun, gave the surrounding scene that animating character so essential to the beauty of a marine landscape.

Our foe was perfectly becalmed, and her crew were watering her sails, to catch the lightest breath of air that might come from heaven. Our own squadron were getting under weigh, and the French ships of the line had their boats prepared to tow them into action, if necessary. In speaking of this well-remembered event, I cannot help thinking of the excitement into which it threw us. I did not then know that the bravest men were those most

esteemed for their coolness and precision, and at that moment I should have spurned such systematic apathy. What could it have been, compared to my own feelings, when I went up to the captain, and asked him under what colours he would fight? And shall I ever forget the throbbing delight I that day felt, as the blood tingled through every vein in my body, when the captain replied, "St. George's Ensign." The signal-man, who was almost dead with joy, sprang forward with the elasticity of an antelope; and, whilst I was bending on that beautiful flag of England, with the red cross upon a white field, he reappeared with a hammer and some nails, to be in readiness, as he told me, to nail the ensign to the mast.

We saw the sea breeze, as it curled on the wave, slowly approaching our stern, and we marked its progress in painful suspense. At one time, it appeared but a light cat's paw, partial, and not to be depended on; then, again, it spread over the surface of the water, and became united. Our sails flapped against the shrouds, impatient of its tardy approach. At length it reached us. The broad expansive canvas swelled to the gentle gale, and propelled our noble vessel proudly onward, until we were within a gun-shot and a half of the enemy. In ten minutes, if the breeze stood, we calculated on being within musket range, and could we but succeed in bringing her to action before she got within reach of the batteries, all would be right.

The order was given to prepare the starboard broadside,—the guns were double-shotted,—and, I think, it was the captain's intention to board after the first round! but, by this time, the breeze, which had brought us up hand-over-hand with the enemy, caught her sails also, and for ten minutes we did not gain an inch on her. A shot from the batteries, to try the distance, fell about three cables' length ahead of us. The unwelcome sound of another and more distant gun arrested our attention; and when we saw the large recal flag waving over the smoke of the cannon, at the mast-head of our admiral, we felt that all hope was annihilated. "Look," said the captain to me, "look again, younker; it cannot be the recal." I took the hint, and was doubtful. Another, and a third, gun followed. It was no longer safe to doubt. A shot from the fort whizzed between our main and mizzen masts. "Brail up the spanker!" exclaimed the captain. "Shiver the after sails, and bear away six points. Stand to your guns: watch the motion of the ship:—Fire!" Our vessel careered to the concussion, and a loud cheer from our seamen announced the loss of our adversary's main topmast. The batteries now opened on us. We wore round, and gave the enemy our starboard broadside. Her main-yard was shot away in the slings, and her fore-topmast studding-sail boom was out in two. The French admiral made sail to her relief. Bang—bang—bang—went the signal-guns from our own admiral. "Brace sharp up," said the captain. "Main-deck there; Mr. Elwin, another broadside, if you can get the guns to bear on her." "Ay, ay, sir," said Elwin, and another well-directed fire, three points abaft the beam, crippled the enemy most successfully. At that moment a two-and-forty pound shot struck our fore-mast about six feet from the deck, passing within an inch of the captain of the fore-castle, and buried itself in its centre.

The freshening breeze obliged us to double reef the fore-topsail, but with one mast already crippled, it would have been madness to have approached nearer the batteries; we therefore answered the recal, rejoined our squadron, and that evening the usual signal of "An opportunity for letters," was the first announcement we had of our being ordered to England. Little did we that morning imagine, that the accidental lodgment of a two-and-forty pound

shot in our fore-mast would have so materially changed our destiny, or the destiny of a man whose conduct, up to that period, had been blameless!

Peter Simple, in his Narrative, has given a very lively sketch of the difficulties he had to contend with, when sent on shore for the ward-room stock at Plymouth. On the occasion of which I am about to speak, the same perplexing duty fell to my lot. My orders were precisely similar, and a corresponding transgression on the part of the boat's crew involved me in the same embarrassment. Owing, perhaps, to the indecision of the caterer, or, it might have been, to the difficulty we had in collecting the mess subscriptions, we were unmoored and hove short; the women were leaving the ship amidst the uproar of Jews and Gentiles, and the blue-peter was actually at the mast-head, when I was sent to Nutton-cove on this precious errand. The gun-room steward, to whose immediate directions I might be almost said to have been in some degree subordinate, promised, when he landed, to send the stock down with all possible despatch; nevertheless, it was twilight before the last hamper arrived, and then the porter delivered into my hand a small brown paper parcel, carefully sealed, and as carefully tied round with pack-thread, directed to the caterer of the ward-room mess, with the word "care" in legible characters on the corner. On inquiring from whom the parcel came, the carrier said, "From the gentleman who ordered the provisions, your honour;" but, recollecting himself, he added, "I have got a bit of a note for your honour, which he bid me put into your honour's own hand." The man was an Irishman. I opened the note, and read as follows:—

Sir,—Please deliver the parcel to Mr. G—. Wishing you health, happiness, and promotion, I am, your wellwisher,

HENRY B—.

N.B.—I shall follow you in a shore boat.

Young as I was, the concluding benediction struck me as being somewhat singular. Why, said I to myself, that's no more than my Irish friends said to me when I left the Emerald Isle—and why should the gunroom steward, who was a Scotchman to boot, send me his blessing, when I shall see him so soon again? "He's off," I exclaimed, and thankful that his delinquency did not fall within my jurisdiction. I sprang into the boat, shouted with my little squeaking lungs, "Shove off," and in five minutes we were swept by the ebb-tide past that well-remembered middy's retreat, Cremill Passage.

It was a damp, cold, foggy evening. The beautiful park of Mount Edgecombe was almost obscured by the vapoury clouds which hung over it, and the small drizzling rain which fed the hollow blasts of the south-west wind, threw a dismal gloom over the surrounding objects. It was, to me, a material point, to have all my boat's crew safe, although the senseless bodies of three of them lay under the thwarts amongst pigs, sheep, and poultry. I deemed myself, however, secure from my customary elevated position at the main-topmast cross-trees; but when the first lieutenant saw the drunken part of my crew hauled up the side of the ship, in common with the pigs—their clothes saturated with the mire in which they had been wallowing—he pointed, with his usual significance, to the mast-head, and I had a cooling for the pains I took to keep my men sober. As soon as I thought myself forgotten, I sneaked down the mainstay, and crept into my hammock cold, hungry, and almost disgusted with my profession.

The packet, of which I was the bearer, contained vouchers for every article the steward had purchased, and the balance of one hundred and forty-five pounds, which had been entrusted to him for the payment of the bills. A few lines were respectfully addressed to the caterer, signifying that the writer would not return to the ship.

At the period of which I am writing, the Breakwater was not in existence; the first stone might have been laid, but that was all; we were, therefore, obliged to moor the ship again for the night, as the gloomy aspect of the weather denoted an approaching gale. The sheet-cable was bent, top-gallant masts hoisted, and the yards were pointed to the wind. Towards midnight, it came on to blow with tremendous violence. The thin fleecy clouds swept past the moon in rapid succession, leaving at intervals gleams of light, which rendered the succeeding gloom still more dark and impenetrable. The foaming waves rolled in from the broad bosom of the Atlantic, and dashed against the rocks astern of us, in wild disorder. We struck our lower yards and topmasts, dropped the sheet-anchor under foot; and, as our vessel laboured to resist the fury

of the elements, we felt that our safety depended on the strength and elasticity of our cables. As the gale continued for three days, the Deserter had time to abscond to a distant part of the country before any steps could be taken for his apprehension.

When the weather moderated we sailed for Newfoundland, with a troop-ship under our protection. She was conveying five hundred seamen, then known by the familiar title of "Death and Glory Boys," to reinforce Sir James Yeo's flotilla on the lakes of Canada. Poor fellows! they had hard knocks for it when they got there. Our orders were to convoy her as far as the Banks, and when we reached that foggy latitude, her commander came on board to take leave of our captain. The middies on that forlorn-hope expedition availed themselves of the opportunity to send our caterer a letter, briefly relating the miseries they were suffering for want of food, and inclosing five pounds to pay for whatever relief we, in our wisdom, might be disposed to afford them. The letter was signed in the form of a round-robin, and particularly specified a sack or two of potatoes. It was more than the caterer's commission was worth, to take from our limited stock without the sanction of the elder middies; a council was hastily summoned, and, with a liberality which did them credit, they agreed to divide what we had left, and to return the money. A firkin of butter, two firkins of pickled tripe, some salt-fish, and the potatoes, were all we could spare; but at the moment we were getting them up the hatchway, their boat left the ship; the main-topsail was tilled, and we parted company. She went to Quebec, we made sail for St. John's, and the poor death-and-glory boys, minus their five-pound note, as well as the expected relief—cursed us all for a pack of swindlers.

Months, I might almost say years, elapsed without our hearing anything of B—; in fact, we had almost ceased to think of the affair, when the unfortunate culprit was brought on board at Halifax, pinioned as a Deserter. He had always been esteemed the most respectable-looking man on board the ship; his fine form was strikingly upright; his features were dark, and his general expression corresponded with the moral integrity of his previous conduct. His manner, although much above the station of a ward-room steward, was nevertheless always respectful, and he had the advantage of a mild disposition, with a good deal of taste, and an intuitive desire to please. He was now a poor, feeble, half-famished picture of misery, retaining scarcely a vestige of his former manly appearance. I shall never forget the powerful effect which his sudden and unexpected presence had on every one on board. Pity and compassion was strongly depicted in the weather-beaten features of those who sympathised with his misery; but there stood one person present, who looked on the equalled form of the poor emaciated delinquent with feelings less creditable to human nature.

Sailors are not hypocrites, they cannot dissemble; they know they dare not speak, but they can look and mutter; thus it was with our crew; B— had been their favourite, and although a Deserter, they considered him a martyr to that liberty which many themselves had been suddenly deprived of by the press-gang. Much was naturally said on the occasion, and more than, even at the distance of twenty years, I am disposed to narrate. Owing to the pernicious custom of keeping the midshipmen's chests in the men's berths, an arrangement which I hope is now abolished in the service, it was impossible for the former to avoid hearing language uttered, under the smarting influence of momentary anger, often bordering on mutiny. Under these circumstances, it is almost needless to observe, that there was a constant jealousy on the part of the crew towards the unoffending midshipmen, which evinced itself, perhaps at a critical moment, when the absence of such a feeling might have been more conducive to the interest of the service, and the happiness of the crew. Another curious custom existed at that time in the navy, which I trust the enlightened wisdom of our commanders has also annulled. I allude to the time selected for the infliction of the lash, which, by way of giving the men a relish for their salt junk, was generally the last half-hour in the forenoon watch, or the moment preceding their dinner. The men had thus so favourable an opportunity afforded them to animadvert on the punishment inflicted on their comrade, that one would almost suppose that period of the day had been selected for the purpose. The question, as to the policy of corporal punishment, has been discussed at much length of late, but I fear the energies of the angry controvertists have been influenced more by party feelings, than the warm impulse of humanity. Be this as it may, there is one material evil in the existing order of things, which I think might be remedied. In the military service, an offending culprit

cannot be punished except by sentence of a court-martial; whereas, in our naval jurisprudence, the power vested in the captain is absolute, or nearly so; and instances must have often occurred wherein the commander would have preferred the sanction of a Court of Inquiry, to the painful alternative of being himself obliged to bring, perhaps a brave man, to the gangway, upon the responsibility of his own judgment. It may be said, that a council of officers cannot be so easily convened at sea; but in reply to such an observation, I am satisfied to confine my views on the subject to the smallest class of our men-of-war—the ten-gun brigs, for instance. In them we have a captain, two lieutenants, a master, and, with very few exceptions, if any, one midshipman at least, eligible to discharge the duties of a commissioned officer. Now, admitting one of the number to be the prosecutor, there would be sufficient to form a court, and the salutary principle of impartial inquiry would be thus encouraged.

When the last glimpse of the Halifax coast had become so faint as to be scarcely distinguishable from the hazy fog-bank, so peculiar to that part of America, the usual gloomy preparations were made for punishment. The officers, in their cocked hats and side-arms, were ranged on the quarter-deck, between the ship's company and the marines. The surgeon, with his assistant, took his usual station upon the right of the captain, and the first lieutenant stood on his left. The prisoner was placed opposite the gratings, guarded by a sentinel. The few days he had been on board had not improved his appearance. His features wore an expression of sadness and despondency, and the keenest observer could not detect the slightest symptom of anger or resentment. It was the calm resignation of a man blighted in hope, and disappointed in his most cherished affections. And yet, with all his meekness, he did not seem to shrink from his impending fate; he evinced no sign of fear, but supported his sickly worn-out frame with firmness and singular placidity. On the order to strip, he steadily advanced two paces towards the temporary platform, and began to undress himself. The death-like silence that prevailed formed a striking contrast to the inward feeling which too plainly betrayed itself in the tell-tale features of many of the crew; their honest sympathies were powerfully awakened in behalf of their old companion, for they felt the degradation he was about to suffer. I did expect that the integrity which had marked the conduct of the Deserter, when he left the ship, would have elicited from the master, whom he had served with fidelity, an observation to mitigate his punishment. I saw the eye of the prisoner once, and only once, directed to that quarter, but it was quickly withdrawn, as if pride had lent a momentary impulse to the bitterness of his shattered feelings.

The article of war was read, and the prisoner was told that his punishment should have been death. Three dozen lashes were then inflicted with mechanical deliberation, on the back of the agonised delinquent. His frame did not even tremble, but I could distinctly see the flesh creep as the torturing weight of the lash fell upon his shoulders. The blood trickled down his back on the handkerchief he had bound round his loins, and after the first twelve lashes, his head reclined on his left shoulder, an attitude it preserved to the end of his punishment.

His career, after he deserted from the ship, was remarkable. Being a native of Scotland, he hastened to that country with his family, and having, by his prudence, amassed a small capital, he established himself as a druggist at Leith. In his younger days, he had served a kind of an apprenticeship to a village practitioner, and the facility of improving the slight knowledge of medicine he had then acquired, enabled him to dispense amongst the poorer classes some acceptable relief, at a small premium. In this pursuit he prospered, and might have continued to do so, but for the following event:—A small vessel put into Leith, and it soon became known that several of her crew were suffering under the debilitating influence of typhus fever. Having left her medical officer at the last port she sailed from, he was induced to offer his services, and unfortunately for him they were too successful. The commander, finding his crew restored to health, without the loss of a single man, offered him the situation of assistant surgeon—an appointment more easily obtained twenty years ago, than at the present day. The vessel was shortly after ordered to Halifax, and B—, under an assumed name, hoped to escape detection, but he was recognised a week after her arrival, and arrested.

The Deserter never again saw his family. He survived his punishment but a few months. He died on our passage to England of a broken heart, and his body was interred in the deep waters of the Atlantic.

### MUSCULAR EXERCISE.

THE whole structure of the human body is manifestly designed for action. Even those parts which do not themselves contribute to the production of motion are so constructed as neither to interfere with, nor to be impeded in, their own functions by the most varied movements of the organs of locomotion. On comparing the mechanism of vegetables with that of animals, moreover, we find in the latter not only provision for many functions entirely wanting in the other, but additional or widely different organs to perform functions common to both classes of beings, but incapable of accomplishment by the same means in both; and we find that adaptation to a state of motion invariably characterises these organs.

Such is the admirable relation of function to structure, that the due performance of the former is the chief means of preserving the latter in health and vigour. Within certain limits, the exertion of an organ renders it more and more fit to carry on its appropriate functions, the supply of strength being proportionate to the demands made upon it. Nor is this all. With that wonderful economy of means observable in every department of nature, the action of one organ is made subservient to the performance of the functions of other organs, each rendering assistance to the rest, and in its turn deriving aid from them. Hence, the habitual inactivity of an organ is injurious not only to itself, but ultimately to the whole body.

But while inaction weakens, by suffering the organic powers to remain dormant, excess of action brings on the same result more rapidly by exhausting those powers. The force possessed by every organ is limited, and derived from extraneous sources. It is the final object of the vital processes to produce and distribute to all parts of the living machine the forces which enable them to perform their functions, and which, constantly expending, are as constantly renewed; but it is possible to expend them faster than they are renewed, and if this habitually takes place, the whole body, including the sources of animal power, is weakened, and radically injured.

But how, it may be asked, is the due medium between inactivity and exertion to be ascertained? Are there any fixed rules universally applicable which dictate the amount of exertion, less or more than which will be detrimental to well-being? No: such rules neither exist nor can be constructed. Amid the infinite diversities of human constitutions, where can we find a standard to which all must conform? Yet, there is a rule, instinctive and infallible, which we may obey with perfect safety, and which is liable to no exceptions. It is *sensation*.

Muscles constitute a large proportion of the body, and are the principal instruments of voluntary motion. It is, therefore, highly desirable to maintain them in vigour and soundness; for which purpose it is not enough that they are nourished by blood, formed from abundant and wholesome food, and protected from external injury: it is needful, also, that they should perform their functions in a manner, and to an extent, conformable to their structure and strength. Wanting this, their size diminishes, they become feeble, less capable of carrying into execution the dictates of the will, and of communicating pleasure and enjoyment to the mind. At the same time all the rest of the body suffers, and many most important processes are performed with less vigour and regularity.

The distribution of the blood is liable to great variations. The vital fluid is not diffused equally in every part of the system, nor is the same quantity sent to the same organ under all circumstances. The wisdom of this arrangement is obvious. Blood is essential to the performance of function, and in proportion to the exertion of any organ is the supply of blood which it requires and receives. Accordingly the circulation is, to a considerable extent, regulated by the condition of the various organs, always tending to those which are in a state of action, and from those which remain in comparative inactivity.

From this it follows that the exertion of an organ must excite and stimulate all its parts. The blood-vessels especially perform their functions with a higher degree of vigour than before: the absorbents and capillary arteries proceed more rapidly with their work of renovation; effete particles are removed and fresh ones abstracted from the vital current to supply their place. Thus the process of nutrition goes on; the organ receives an accession to its size and strength, and becomes more capable of executing its functions.

Of this effect of exercise upon the muscles we have many familiar proofs. That, as a general rule, the limbs of those who are engaged in laborious occupations greatly exceed in power those of persons whose employments are sedentary, and require little muscular exertion, is a fact universally known, and for which the foregoing statements satisfactorily account.

Exercise is beneficial to the bones, which perform so essential a part in voluntary motion, in the same manner and to the same extent as to the muscles.

The organs of vegetative life are in close proximity to the centre of the circulation, and never cease to carry on their functions. If, then, the muscles are suffered to remain inactive, the blood is directed chiefly towards them, or, if the mind is much employed, towards the brain. Now blood is the specific stimulus to many of the internal organs, and consequently, if they receive too abundant a supply, they are either oppressed or stimulated to violent and destructive action. Should the brain be thus situated, the nervous system is unduly excited, and obtains a vicious predominance; morbid sensibility comes on, and hypochondriasis, hysteria, or mania even, may be the fearful result. Health and life, indeed, depend on the proper and equal distribution of the blood, and whatever tends to disturb it should be carefully avoided as of most injurious tendency.

The influence of exercise upon the circulation explains, also, why men incessantly engaged in severe manual labour become less sensitive and less capable of mental exertion. This is the effect of excessive muscular action, which determines the blood principally to the limbs, and leaves the nervous system without an adequate supply of stimulus.

The celerity of the circulation is, in a great measure, regulated by the degree of muscular exertion. "Whenever a muscle contracts so as to have its ends brought nearer to each other, its belly is proportionately increased in thickness, and it is evident, that in this change of form all the tubes that pass through the muscles, or are in contact with them, will be compressed, and the motion of their contents accelerated." In this case, the blood is oftener exposed to the action of the various depurating organs, and thus becomes better able to carry on the vital processes, while, being distributed more abundantly, the vigour of the whole frame is increased. The effect of exercise on respiration may be cited as an illustration of those remarks. Every one must have observed that when walking briskly the inspirations are far fuller; in other words, that the lungs are more completely filled with air, than when the limbs are in a state of rest, and that, at the same time, respiration is quickened. By reference to the account given, in a previous paper, of the production of animal heat, it will be seen that the foregoing statement explains why exercise increases the heat of the body, excites perspiration, and thus calls into beneficial action the skin and other secreting organs.

The later stages of digestion are greatly facilitated by moderate exercise. The movements of the abdominal muscles occasioned by respiration, by pressing upon the intestines, assist the action of their muscular coats in propelling their contents; and these movements become more frequent and vigorous during exertion.

This brief exposition of the uses of exercise is sufficient to show its importance as a means of preserving health. That, however, it is seldom employed amongst us so as to render it subservient to this end, there can be little doubt. On one side we see millions worn out with excessive toil, every bone and muscle being exerted to the utmost; on the other, thousands whose occupations are of a

sedentary kind, and whose limbs never know fatigue. The former class is beyond our reach. It would little avail to tell the exhausted labourer that the amount of daily toil which he performs is detrimental to his health: for him there is no alternative. But, generally speaking, the other class has some portion of time which might be devoted to invigorating exercise. For them, and the young of all ranks and classes, the following practical observations are, therefore, more especially intended.

The instinct of children excites them to incessant motion of some kind or other, and to its guidance their exercise may safely be committed. Pain is the invariable concomitant of long-continued muscular contraction, and is the monitor designed by nature to warn us, in a manner seldom disregarded, when to desist from exertion:—it is the infallible rule furnished by sensation. Let, then, the child gambol in its cheerfulness without needless restraint, nor endeavour to confine its limbs, restless and buoyant with new-felt existence, within any prescribed limits. The mode of action, also, as well as its degree, should be left to the instinct of children. Crawling is the first mode of progression, and the only one adapted to the condition of the organs of locomotion in infants. Their bones have not yet acquired the degree of hardness sufficient to enable them to support the weight of the body, and if they are compelled by such devices as go-carts and leading-strings to stand or walk upright, the consequence is, that their limbs become crooked and permanently deformed, involving a great loss of power and facility of motion.

During childhood and youth, there is in healthy persons a strong tendency to rapid and energetic movements, indulgence in which is indispensable for the full development of the body. The various games in which the young love to engage are highly conducive, in the main, to this desirable object; but it often happens that the spirit of rivalry, or the excitement to which such amusements give rise, impels to greater exertions than are proper, and causes the feeling of fatigue, which should be the signal for instant cessation, to be disregarded.

The exercises of girls, indeed, are seldom liable to this objection. Whatever may be the case with the children of the labouring classes, girls in the middle and higher ranks of society scarcely ever undergo greater fatigue than that occasioned by a slow walk of a few hundred yards in length, which produces hardly one of the beneficial effects of duly regulated exercise. Conventional notions of propriety and gentility are suffered to interfere to a lamentable extent with comfort and happiness, the end being wholly overlooked in anxiety about some of the means. These remarks apply more especially to girls at school, whose education, as it is called, is too often carried on in utter disregard of its effects upon the health and constitution, their time being exclusively occupied in the acquisition of accomplishments which, however valuable in themselves, are assuredly not worth the sacrifice of health, too often, however, made.

It is to be earnestly hoped, that ere long the necessity of comprising physical training, as well as mental cultivation, in every science of education, will be distinctly recognised and acted upon. Gymnastics have at various times of late attracted considerable attention in this country; but the subject is far from being sufficiently understood or appreciated. If we regard gymnastics as a science which teaches the best means of developing and strengthening the body in all the circumstances of age and sex, its great importance will readily be acknowledged. And viewing education to be such a training of the whole human being as will enable it to secure the greatest sum of individual happiness, it must be apparent that gymnastics ought to form a prominent part of education. Were this actually the case, and were the young duly instructed in its principles as well as practice, many of the evils which now result from their ignorance of the laws of the animal economy would be prevented. Youthful games might then be so regulated, as to prevent the excessive exertion which they too often involve, and each would be taught to choose for himself such exercises as were best adapted to be beneficial to him. The weak would not enter into competition with the strong, nor would the strong endeavour to accomplish feats beyond their powers.

When man attains to maturity, much of the restlessness which



had previously characterised him disappears. Absorbed in the cares and anxieties of the world, he is apt to forget present convenience and comfort, and seldom pays much attention to anything that is not more or less directly connected with his occupation. Hence, should that occupation not necessitate a sufficient degree of exercise, he will probably suffer for want of it. At all events, exercise is no longer attended to for its own sake, and is practised neither regularly nor methodically, so as to derive from it the greatest possible advantage. A short daily walk to and from the place of business may, indeed, be taken, and that, perhaps, since time is valuable, with laudable rapidity; but only a portion of the muscles is called into great activity by this means. There are many, however, who do not even so far exert themselves, but out of tenderness to their limbs, or of an acute sense of the worth of every moment, throw away almost the only opportunity they may enjoy of taking exercise, and employ other means of locomotion than those with which nature has furnished them. Or, it not unfrequently happens, that the man or woman who scarcely stirs beyond the threshold of the house throughout the rest of the week, wears every limb by unvaried exertion on what should be the day of rest—a plan the reverse of beneficial. Exercise, to yield its full and most valuable fruits, must give play to the whole muscular system, and be habitual and moderate. We cannot make up for a long season of inactivity by short periods of excessive exertion: on the contrary, the evils induced by the former will only be aggravated by so foolish a proceeding.

No stronger motive than this can be presented to such persons to induce them to follow a plan more conducive to health, viz., that the moments they may appropriate to the preservation of health by means of exercise will be far more than repaid by enabling them to make better use of the time spent in business or study. As already pointed out, want of exercise not only diminishes the energy of the muscular system, but acts in a similar manner upon the brain also, which thus becomes less capable of performing the immense labours imposed upon it with facility and precision. He, therefore, who thinks to gain, by devoting every moment to his occupation, will assuredly find himself mistaken.

Exercise is needful for those, above all, whose occupations, in addition to being sedentary, consist in mental toil. In this case the blood is distributed chiefly to the nervous system, and unless the equilibrium of the circulation be regularly restored by sufficient muscular exertion, the mind can hardly escape injury any more than the body. The dyspepsia, so common among students and literary men, is the result of the two-fold operation of mental excitement and muscular inactivity, the former of which is much increased by the latter. It is a short-sighted economy of time which saves hours, and thereby occasions the loss of weeks and months.

There are many absurd conventionalisms in this country which limit the opportunities of females for taking exercise. In some ranks of society, for instance, it is regarded as highly indecorous for women to go into public places alone; a notion which doubtless confines many at home at times when they would gladly be more healthfully engaged abroad in the open air. There are, again, certain prescribed modes of motion, to depart from which would be pronounced *unladylike*—a fearful epithet, capable of restraining all but the most free and careless.

Our current notions respecting set muscular exercises are somewhat analogous to those respecting education. The latter is considered completely finished when the period of tasks and birchings is over; all that remains to be done being to forget, as speedily as may be, most of the acquirements which had been so laboriously and unavailingly made. In like manner, gymnastics are regarded as belonging exclusively to the period of youth, and utterly beneath the dignity of maturer years. The man who should be discovered jumping or leaping for the mere sake of exercise, would be set down as eccentric at the least, and hardly fit to be trusted with the management of grave affairs; while a lady detected in a similar situation would run some risk of being excluded from *genteel society*.

The absurdity of all this is too transparent to need exposure; to introduce a more rational state of things would be rather more difficult than to show the necessity for a change. All we can do is to exhort our readers, old as well as young, female as well as male, to disregard such prejudices, and consult their own welfare by taking such exercise as will bring into regular and moderate play the whole muscular system: it would be strange if the improvement in their health and appearance did not induce all who observed it to follow their example.

Exercise is most beneficial when taken in the open air, but where this is not attainable, there is no necessity for foregoing exercise altogether. Numerous modes of combining healthful exertion with amusement, suitable for being practised within-doors, may easily be devised, and should be resorted to whenever the state of the weather or other circumstances may render it unadvisable to go out.

In using exercise, as in using every other means of good, some restrictions and cautions are needful, to the chief of which it will be useful to direct our readers' attention.

The first and most general of these has been already stated. As soon as muscular exertion gives rise to a painful feeling of fatigue, discontinue it: the feeling is expressly designed as a warning that the bounds of moderation have been exceeded, and to persist in going on under such circumstances will exhaust and weaken the frame far more than the previous exercise could invigorate it. A single day of unusual exertion, continued in spite of this natural monition, has been known to bring on almost immediate death, or so to exhaust the vital powers as to undermine the constitution, and lead in a few months' time to the same catastrophe. It cannot be too often repeated that exercise is beneficial only when in proportion to the muscular strength.

In warm weather, exercise should be gentle, and not long continued; the best time for it being early in the morning or after sunset. Heat attracts the blood to the surface of the body, and thus accomplishes one of the principal uses of exercise, which in such cases often causes profuse and debilitating perspiration.

Persons of relaxed fibre and corpulent habit should not engage in any violent exercises. Their muscles possess little energy, and may easily be radically weakened. Great exertion sometimes brings upon such persons dangerous inflammations.

Since exercise acts so powerfully upon the animal economy, it will readily be conceived that in many states of disease it may be highly injurious, and such is indeed the fact. The directions of the physician on this point ought, therefore, to be scrupulously adhered to.

After a long period of repose, exercise should at first be gentle, and gradually increased in energy as the necessary change in the circulation takes place. If, for example, on leaving home shortly after rising from bed, we begin at once to walk briskly, a very sharp pain is often experienced in the legs, owing to there not yet being a sufficient volume of blood in them to keep up such rapid muscular contractions.

Profound thought cannot be carried on simultaneously with exercise, especially in the open air. The statements contained in this article render the reason sufficiently manifest. The attempt, therefore, ought not to be made. "Nothing," says Cabanis, "diminishes the vital powers more directly and radically than simultaneous and strenuous efforts in contrary directions: for these unnatural struggles consume a much greater quantity of strength than the several actions performed separately would require; and, besides, every inefficacious endeavour, even though it employ but little strength, exhausts the natural powers more than very great efforts when they are completely successful."<sup>\*</sup>

Few of the beneficial results of well-regulated gymnastic exercises can be derived from those of an athletic kind, which consist in a system of training for qualifying men to combat in various ways with one another, and which does certainly succeed, by the excessive application of stimuli, in bringing rapidly to the highest degree of force the whole muscular system; a state of things, however, which the means employed to bring it about effectually prevent being of long duration. Athletic regimen augments only the grosser powers of the body, and diminishes the probabilities of a long life, either by determining towards the muscles a considerable part of the power of action destined for the nervous system, or by exposing the body to new causes of destruction. The ancient philosophers and physicians strongly condemned the art of training as practised among the athletes, who are described by Plato as dull, listless, and stupid, subject to numerous diseases, the result of cultivating nothing but a robust body, and leaving the mind completely neglected: and of whom Galen asserts, that they seldom remained in good condition for more than five years. In fact, it is impossible to maintain the animal economy in full vigour without the due exercise of *all* its parts, and to neglect the cultivation of the mind is to leave in comparative inactivity the centre of the nervous system, on the condition of which, as we have elsewhere shown, every function of the vegetative, as well as of the animal life, is more or less dependent.

\* "Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme," vol. II. p. 99.

## ACCOUNT OF A TORNADO.

THE following very interesting account of a remarkable storm which occurred in the county of Alleghany, in the state of New York, is copied from the number for July last of Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts. The recent investigations of Col. Reid as to the law of storms, has given a double interest to phenomena at all times impressing the human mind with a visible and awful evidence of the Divine power that "rides upon the wings of the wind:" now that scientific inquiry has been directed to the subject, it becomes important that every fact tending to illustrate it should be noted and recorded, as by such means alone can we arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.

Having visited and examined the scene of the tornado, so well described by Mr. Willis Gaylord, of Otisco, Onondaga Co., N.Y., in the *Genesee Farmer*, Nov. 10, 1838, we also can bear witness to the tremendous devastation which that whirlwind produced.

We were on the ground in September, about two months after the event. Before the tornado, a region of four or five hundred acres had been covered by a dense forest of pine-trees, many of them very tall and large; roads had been cut through this forest, and a few solitary houses had been planted in it here and there. Now we looked in vain, over the whole tract, for a single perfect tree. Those which had not been uprooted, or broken in two near the ground, were shivered and twisted off at different elevations, leaving only a portion of a shattered trunk, so that not a single tree-top, and hardly a single branch, were found standing in the air; there were, instead, only mutilated stems, presenting a striking scene of desolation, whereon our eyes ranged over the now almost empty aerial space. On the ground, the appearances were still more remarkable. The trees were interwoven in every possible way, so as to form a truly military abatis of the most impassable kind; nor immediately after the gale could any progress be in fact made through the gigantic thickets of entangled trunks and branches, without the labour of bands of pioneers, who cut off the innumerable logs that choked every avenue. We had before seen many avenues made through forests by winds, prostrating the trees, and laying them down in the direction of its course; but never had we seen such a perfect desolation by a gyratory movement, before which the thick and lofty forest, and the strongest-framed buildings, vanished in an instant, and their ruins were whirled irresistibly around like flying leaves or gossamer.

Still, it was truly wonderful that people were buried in the ruins of their houses, and travellers, with their horses and cattle, were exposed to this driving storm of trees which literally filled the air, and still not a single life was lost, although some persons were wounded.

We were assured that this wind had marked a track of devastation for twenty miles or more; but this was the scene of its greatest ravages. Two or three miles from this place we saw the wing of a house which had been moved quite around, so as to form a right angle with its former position, and still the building was not broken. — *Eds. Silliman's Journ.*

"On the afternoon of the 25th July, 1838," says Mr. Gaylord, "a violent tornado passed over part of the county of Alleghany, N.Y., rarely equalled in its destructive effects, and giving a most striking illustration of the peculiar movements of the wind in their aerial currents. It was noticed in some of the journals of the time, but happening to cross its route in passing up the Genesee valley in the succeeding month, we were so much interested with the appearance as to be induced to prepare the following sketch for the readers of the *Farmer*.

"The first appearance of severe wind was, as we learned, in the town of Rushford, some fifteen miles from the place where we observed its effects. The day was hot and sultry, and the course of the gale was from the N. of W. to S. of East. At its commencement in Rushford, it was only a violent thundergust, such as is frequently experienced; but it soon acquired such force as to sweep, in places, everything before it. In its passage the same violence was not at all times exerted; some places seemed wholly passed over, while in the same direction, and at only a small distance, whole forests were crushed. In the language of one who had suffered much from the gale, 'it seemed to move by bounds, sometimes striking, and sometimes receding from the earth,' which indeed was most likely the case.

"It passed the Genesee river in the town of Belfast, a few miles below Angelica, and its fury was here exerted on a space of country perhaps a mile, or a mile and a half in width. The

country here is settled and cleared along the river, but the road passes at a little distance from the river, and at this point would through one of the finest pine-woods to be found in the stream. Of course, when it came over the higher lands from the N.W., the tornado crossed the river and the plain, before encountering the groves of pine. In the space occupied by the central part of the tornado, say three-fourths of a mile in width, nothing was able to resist its fury. Strong-framed houses and barns were crushed in an instant, and their fragments and contents as quickly scattered to every point of the compass; while those out of the direct line were only unroofed, or more or less damaged. Large oaks and elms were literally twisted off, or crushed like reeds.

"The road from the north approached the pine-woods on what was the northern verge of the tornado, and the first appearance of the country in front was that of woodlands, in which all the trees had been broken off at the height of twenty or thirty feet, leaving nothing but countless mutilated trunks. On entering the narrow passway, however, which with immense labour had been opened through the fallen trunks, it was perceived that much the largest part of the trees had been torn up by the roots, and lay piled across each other in the greatest apparent confusion imaginable. Fortunately for our view of the whole ground, a few days before our arrival, fire had been put in the 'windfall,' and, aided by the extreme dry weather, the whole was burned over so clean, that nothing but the blackened trunks of the trees were remaining, thus disclosing their condition and position most perfectly. This position was such as to demonstrate, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the fact that the tornado had a rotary motion against the sun, and in perfect accordance with the course which we, in a former volume of the *Farmer*, have ascribed to such electric aerial currents; a theory first developed by Mr. Redfield of New York.

"The first tree we met with prostrated by the tornado, was a large pine, which lay with its top exactly to the N. of W., or precisely against the general course of the storm. Hundreds of others lay nearly in the same direction on the outer part of the whirl, but immediately after entering, the fallen timber, the heads of the trees, began to incline to the centre of the space torn down, and south of this the inclination was directly the reverse until the outside of the whirl was reached, when they all lay with their tops to the east. This almost regular position of the fallen timber was most distinct in the bottom courses, or that which was first blown down, those that resisted the longest being, as was to be expected, pitched in the most diverse directions. That there was also an upward spiral motion, causing a determination of the rushing air to the centre of the whirl, would appear probable from the fact that articles from the buildings destroyed were carried high in the air, and then apparently thrown out of the whirl into the common current; and also from the fact that a large majority of the trees both to the south and the north of the centre of the gale lay with their heads inclined to that point, while the centre was marked by the greatest confusion imaginable. A diagram, formed of a continued succession of circles moving from the right to the left, would illustrate the position of the trees first uprooted, as they lay as when first crushed by the approach of the whirlwind.

"Many curious facts illustrative of the force of the wind were related by the inhabitants in and near the place. A farmer attempted to drive his team of horses to the barn, but the tempest was too soon upon him. When the rush was over, and it was but seemingly a moment, he found the barn torn to pieces, himself about thirty rods in one direction from it, and his horses as many rods the other, and, what was most remarkable, with scarcely a fragment of harness upon them. A waggon was blown away, and a month afterwards one of its wheels was not found. A house standing near the Genesee river, and a little out of the line of the gale, was completely covered with mud that must have been taken from the bed of the river; and appearances render it very evident that, near the centre of the whirl, the water was entirely taken from the channel."

Many circumstances attendant upon this tornado were remarkably similar to the phenomena observed in a storm which took place in the neighbourhood of Stanmore, in the county of Middlesex, on the 20th April, 1818, an account of which was published by Col. Beaufoy, who witnessed it. The rotary motion of the blast was very apparent, and its progress was, like that above described, not uniform, but, to use Col. Beaufoy's words, "as it were by jumps, leaving intervals between the various points of contact of sometimes a hundred yards and upwards." Such coincidences are worthy of notice, each additional fact serving to strengthen the conclusions already drawn from other observations.

## BIGOTRY.

Dr. JOHNSON, in casual conversation, one day, on the subject of Toleration, said, "I have got no farther than this: every man has a right to utter what he thinks Truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it. *Martyrdom is the test.*"

Alas for the world, if it could not get any farther than Dr. Johnson! The world of England, however, *has* advanced a little farther, though only of recent years, and long after the Doctor died. We, who, some thirty or forty years ago, were considerably behind the people of the United States, in this respect, are now considerably in advance of them. A man might, indeed, point to one or two of our leading newspapers, and ask if *they* give any indication of our being one inch farther advanced than Dr. Johnson was himself? And yet, notwithstanding the daily thunders which we hear, sounding like the growlings of caged wild beasts, who would bite if they could—notwithstanding the appeals to old prejudices, and slumbering feelings, perpetually made by those who *know* better to those who know less—we are quite satisfied that England has made a great advance, and that in no other country are the true principles of religious freedom beginning to be better understood, or more freely to be acted upon.

Bigotry is of no particular creed, sect, party, faith, or belief. It is produced by the combination of self-will and self-conceit acting on ignorance; and no matter what a man's *principles* may be, if he be an ignorant, self-willed, self-conceited man, he *will* be a bigot; and if he should possess power, he will probably become a persecutor. It is only as a man begins to know himself, that he begins truly to know other people; and it is only as men mingle with each other, that they learn to weigh their own prejudices by the prejudices of others, and to strike a balance between them. Now, this process is going on every day, in spite even of ourselves. Our facilities of intercourse, mere mechanical contrivances, so to speak, and ministers but to the outward sense and observation, are yet silently breaking down all those odious prejudices and passions which formerly distorted men's vision. There is enough of pride, enough of prejudice, and enough of ignorance amongst us, to induce us to go to war with France; and probably in France there are the same evils in stronger force, which would induce them to go to war with us. But we can hardly doubt that it must be a real cause—a potent cause—which would induce the two countries to enter the lists with each other. Our sailors, to be sure, still "hate the French" with something of the old British spirit; the influence of "brass money and wooden shoes" is not altogether dead with them. But our sailors, also, maintain their relative position *behind* the other classes (except the agricultural) of British society; however often, like Anson, they may have gone round the world, the greater portion can still say they have never been *in* it. So of the people of the United States. But a very few years ago, our most popular and leading periodicals were in the habit of depreciating their character and institutions; and amongst the people of the United States themselves, there existed a morbid, a rabid feeling of aversion towards this country. See what two or three years have done! See what steam has done, and is doing!

But we said that we were behind the people of the United States some thirty or forty years ago, in the matter of bigotry, and that we are in advance of them now. It is true. When the United States' government was formed and founded, and for years afterwards, the tone of public opinion was taken from the men who established the republic—the people were proud of being *free*. But as the population rapidly increased, the emigrants from the old world, who brought with them aversions, prejudices, and ignorance and the children of the "men of the revolution," who

grew up faster than education overtook them, found themselves in possession of power, while deficient in that knowledge and reflection by which power can be justly used. Proud of their power, self-willed in its exercise, and but half-enlightened as to its proper use, this combination of self-conceit and self-will, acting upon a half-ignorant population, has made the people of the United States a *bigoted* people, even while possessing in government and law as perfect forms of toleration as the world has yet seen. Though, some years ago, a man might lose his standing in society, or even his means of living, in this country, by the utterance of certain opinions, differing from the public around him, yet now opinions can be far more freely breathed in Great Britain than they can in the United States. The people of the United States carefully practise the maxim, and carry it to an injurious extreme, that it is safer to think what you say, than to say what you think; unless when opposing parties abuse each other, and then they say more than they think, and think less than they say. Time will cure this evil, by enabling education to overtake the people: but meantime conditions are reversed—we, who in Great Britain have, in many respects, much that is intolerant in the framework of government and society, practically enjoy a more complete toleration than do the people of the United States, with their almost perfect framework of universal freedom—excepting slavery.

And what is bigotry? Simply an unreasoning attachment to any party or opinion in religion, politics, or literature, coupled with the *disposition* to put down any opposing opinion. Bigotry belongs to uninstructed human nature; and uninstructed human nature is always disposed to overvalue itself, and undervalue its neighbours. But mere ignorance does not make good bigotry. It is the half-enlightened man who presents the best materials for the formation of a bigot. Take a man whose natural temperament tends towards an over-weening estimation of his own importance; let him be a half-instructed person, so that he sees men but as "trees walking;" inspire him with a deep-rooted impression of the great value of certain opinions, and add to this a strong infusion of self-will; and you will turn out as nice a bigot as you could wish. Put power into that man's hands, and then you will see how he will use anybody who wags a tongue against him! Or, if you want bigots of another class, take individuals of similar temperament, but instead of being self-willed, let them be timid and fearful; pluck out whatever hearts they have, by constant appeals to their timidity and their fears; magnify names into gigantic shadows, and get them to start at ideas, as cowards do, in the dark, at the waving of a bush—then you have persons who will consent to the passing of penal laws, and the practice of any species of injustice against that internal liberty with which God has made all men free. We speak not now of those who have an *interest* in the perpetration or the perpetuation of such injustice. Selfishness is the root of all monopolies, and sooner or later a selfish monopoly commits suicide, or is put to death, if it does not expire naturally, before violent hands are laid upon it.

All men should, in a certain sense, be *missionaries*: that is, they should be, within their respective circles, the propagators of what they consider to be truth. A man should give up the name of man, who has no opinions fixed enough to enable him to listen to that may be urged against them, and to which he is sufficiently attached to enable him to defend them calmly and rationally, when assailed. But that man, also, should give up the name of man, who is so intemperately attached to his opinions, that he cannot rest without throwing dirt in the face of his neighbour who chooses to differ from him. And yet how much of this is still practised! Men, bearing not merely the honoured name of Christians, but of ministers of Christ, stand up, and heap the most revolting accusa-

tions on the heads of their neighbours, and then back their accusations by ludicrous perversions of Scripture; and crowded assemblies are sometimes found to applaud the unmanly, the un-Christian conduct. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind;" bigotry suffereth little, and is cruel. Brave men seldom bluster, but blusterers are generally cowards. These roaring bigots, who clamour in the hour of peace, would probably be dumb in the hour of trial; and if Truth really were in danger, her bravest champions would not be found amongst the trembling creatures, who are alarmed lest some particular party should arise, which, like Aaron's serpentine rod, is destined to swallow up all the rest.

We are not free from the danger of power passing into the hands of bigotry, and we are therefore not altogether free from the danger of *persecution*. But though persecution is possible, it is not very probable. Taking religious parties, there are now a greater number of enlightened individuals in *all* of them than ever there were, and these will constitute a balancing public opinion which will check the tendencies of the unreasoning portion. The party which has the greatest number of adherents is most likely to have the greatest number of bigots, because it will have a large number of partisans who take their opinions on trust, and who, ignorant of their own nature, and of the feelings and prejudices of their fellows, are most liable to the temptation of propagating their opinions by objectionable means. But amongst *all* parties, there are enough of enlightened and truly good men, sufficient to render quite improbable any approach to anything like persecution; and we may therefore sleep in peace, without dreading that the time is at hand when it will be said to us—

"As you declare you won't believe, tis fit that you should burn;  
And as your fellows have been burnt, that you should blaze in turn.  
And as you've disobeyed the will of God and of St. Paul,  
Which ne'er was found within your heart, nor passed your teeth at all,  
The fire is lit, the pitch is hot, and ready is the stake,  
That through these tortures, for your sins, your passage you may take."

Reverting to Dr. Johnson's "half" opinion, or rather his combination of a truth and a fallacy, we may observe, first, that the perfection of toleration consists in men being allowed to utter what they think truth, and the bigots being prevented from knocking them down for it; and, second, that martyrdom is *no* test of truth. Martyrdom may prove a man to be sincere; but though sincerity is necessary to a believer and a propagator of truth, it can no more prove anything to be true, than insincerity proves truth to be false. "What a paradox," exclaims Mr. Bucke, "I am about to assert! *Many atrocious actions have been honestly committed!* Yet on this ground, and this only, can the entire history of religious persecution be, in the slightest degree, justified. Fanaticism is more cruel than ignorance; and more lofty in moral pretence, but more detestable in practice, than even military tyranny itself, since it renders the human mind capable of anything. *It is not confined to one religion.*"\*

Men, in society, were intended to resemble the solar system; each individual is a little world, revolving on its own axis, and moving in its own orbit, yet all revolving round a common centre of law, order, and association. But bigots interfere with this harmony, by crossing the orbits of their fellow men; they would monopolise thought and opinion, and would endeavour to shape the human mind into a uniformity, while the human countenance and the human stature are proclaiming, from day to day, that the attempt is vain. But we must not confine our censures to religious bigots; the bigots of socialism have taken up the ball where the bigots of religion have been leaving it, and they, too, are trying the hopeless experiment of shaping the human mind to a certain standard!

The prompting cause of these observations being thrown together was this. Turning over a collection of old tracts the other day, we paused to read, "A Journal of Travels from New Hamp-

shire to Caratuck, on the continent of North America, by George Keith, A. M., late Missionary from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, and now Rector of Edburton, in Sussex: 1706." Mr. Keith had been a Quaker, and had been one of Penn's leading men in the settlement of Pennsylvania; he wrote and spoke in favour of the Quakers; but his self-importance having received some wound, he abandoned their cause, joined the Church of England, and was sent back to America as a Missionary. He had scarcely landed in Boston, before he preached and printed a sermon which involved him in controversy with the famous Dr. Increase Mather, father of the no less famous Cotton Mather: he appears to have been one of those earnest *roaring* men to whose souls controversy is quite a balm. But nothing delighted him better than to rouse, and if possible, to rout, a Quaker's meeting. He would not have omitted attending one of their meetings for any consideration; it was a special portion of his self-imposed duties, he considered himself destined to open the mouths of the "silent ones," and compel them to speak. At times, they tried the "silent system," and "answered him never a word," which used to provoke their assailant, though he would go off exclaiming, that he was unanswered because he was unanswerable. At other times, they would tell him he had no business to disturb them—but in doing so, they only gave him occasion to hold forth for a longer period, now wondering at their audacity, and now deploring their obstinacy.

His assaults on the Quakers form the chief portion of his journal, though, when, by chance, he lit upon an "Anabaptist," he would endeavour to extinguish him—one he overthrew in argument, and he records the matter with as much chuckling satisfaction, as if he had drowned the poor "Dipper" in a water-butt. On one occasion, the Quakers plainly told him that he was guilty of "a breach of the act of toleration by which their meetings were held." Mr. Keith had a companion with him, who acted as his squire. Thus does the ardent controversialist tell his story:—"Mr. Myles said I ought to be heard, I being a missionary into these American parts, by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, sent on purpose to reduce the Quakers from their errors, the which society hath a patent from the crown of England; and not to hear me, nor suffer me to speak, was a contempt of supreme authority! Some of the Quakers having said, that Mr. Myles affirmed, I was sent by the queen [Queen Anne], I told them I had no immediate mission from the queen, and I knew not that ever the queen had heard of me. But remotely and mediately, my mission was from the queen, it being from the honourable society who had a patent from the crown."

This rich specimen of impudence—of "pride which apes humility," and logic that might baffle a Jesuit—may amuse the reader. Yet Mr. Keith seems to have been an earnest and an active man, on perfectly good terms with himself, and thoroughly persuaded that he was in the path of duty. The heat of his busy self-importance was continually evaporating his judgment; and though clever, he was too volatile and versatile to make a sound thinker. He presents a specimen of the essential difference between the genuine missionary and the factitious one. Both may be equally earnest—but the earnestness of the one is tempered by a fine spirit of humanity, while the earnestness of the other is a mere knock-down and trample-down enthusiasm, which, having very little feeling of its own, cares very little for the feeling of others. The genuine missionary studies the prejudices of men, not to *insult* them, but to humour them, with the view, if possible, to soften or remove them. Like his great Exemplar, nothing rouses his indignation, but hypocrisy and vice—he bears with mental weaknesses, he mourns over ignorance and folly. "But the factitious missionary is a mere "roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour." His own self-importance is the grand stimulator of his labours—were his own glory not the centre round which all his exertions revolve, the world would hear very little of his trials, and his sacrifices, and his prodigious toils, and his wonderful speeches, and his all-conquering debates.

\* Bucke's Book of Human Character.

## THE NEW CONCERN.

THE New Concern is always opened in one of the newest and most elegant streets in the City, and the particular building in which it is situated is generally the most elegant in it—the flower of the flock.

The outer door, which is a folding one, is a splendid affair. It is covered with crimson cloth, and studded round with clustering, glittering brass nails. It has a couple of massive brass handles, of the newest and most elegant pattern; and in the centre two large oval panes of thick plate glass, set in frames of brass-work. That door alone cost thirty guineas. Projecting over the doorway is a gorgeous lamp, about the size of a porter hogshead, magnificently dim with coloured glass, and surmounted by a Chinese pagoda, some eight or ten feet high, shining with burnished gold. Set down that lamp, if you please, at fifty guineas—it can't have cost a sixpence less.

Pretty well for the *outside* of the New Concern; now for the *in*. No falling-off here—everything in keeping. Shining mahogany desks, and polished brass rails, in all directions; splendid writing tables, chairs and carpets conforming; handsome new ledgers, cash-books, and journals, all still rejoicing in virgin purity, scattered up and down the desks. *Why, this is a place to do business in, to be sure; mints of money here, no doubt—flourishing concern!—capital business!*

At the shining, brass-railed desks are seated three or four clerks, all smart fellows; dandies, in their own way, of the first water. Shirt-collars up to the cheek-bone, and stiff as deal-boards; blue silk cravats, secured in front by splendid gold brooches; massive silver guard-chains; clusters of gold seals at their watches, like so many bunches of grapes; rings on fingers; hands white and delicate. Dashing fellows these! lads who know a trifle or two!—capital hands at doing over a purchaser, and, if he is anything soft, at legerdemaining him in the figuring way.

No wonder they should be sharp; they are in an excellent school; they have first-rate teachers. Here comes one of them—Mr. Diamond, of the firm of Diamond, Khut, Diamond, and Co., the firm whose premises we have been describing. Hear how his boots creak as he crosses the floor! See with what a lordly air he treads the counting-house boards! How he bawls out to his clerks! Why, he must be a great man this! worth a plum at least; for see how large he looks, and how splendidly he is attired!

At first glance, he certainly looks like a gentleman; and so do his clerks: but a little closer observation detects a certain sharper-like expression in the countenances of both the former and the latter, that at once dispels the illusion. They have, both masters and men, a sort of “up-to-trap,” a “do-him-over” kind of look, that cannot be contemplated without alarm.

Notwithstanding the splendours of various kinds that everywhere meet the eye in and about the New Concern, there yet prevails over all a certain hardness and coldness, that impresses you unpleasantly; giving rise, somehow or other, to an idea that all is not right—that, in short, the whole is a bit of splendid quackery. And, in truth, you are not far wrong; for there are some queer stories abroad about the New Concern, relating to certain transactions of a very equivocal nature.

The New Concern, in fact, notwithstanding all its flash, its red folding doors, its Chinese lamp, its mahogany desks, and brass railings—notwithstanding the bold bearing and magnificent style of living of the partners, and the superlative dandyism of its clerks—is looked upon with a suspicious eye. Nobody, indeed, ventures to say much about it, but everybody seems to dread having anything to do with it. There is, in short, a pretty general notion abroad, that “there's something rotten in the state of Denmark;” that the concern is all bubble and squeak—all top, and no bottom. It is a marvel to every one how the New Concern was got up; still greater is the marvel how it contrives to get on; for the first partner was a bankrupt but a year before, the second had nothing, and the third a trifle less.

Yet here they are all, living like princes. The partners have, each of them, splendid domestic establishments; they keep carriages, and give elegant entertainments. The clerks, again, go it in a similar way, although on a reduced scale. They hire gigs and saddle-horses on Sundays, give saug feeds at their lodgings, frequent the theatres, drink brandy-and-water, and play billiards. In short, the whole concern, from top to bottom, have a glorious life of it, if it would only last.

The New Concern pays nobody. There's no such a thing as getting sixpence out of its hands; yet it has such a way of putting off claimants—it does it with such a lordly air, that it manages to

get borne with for an amazing length of time—much longer than an honest firm in difficulties would be endured.

If ever, good reader, you should have the misfortune—which your better stars avert!—to have a claim upon the New Concern, you will find yourself regularly *trotted* through the following process, and end, after all, in being paid with the figure of 9 with the tail rubbed off.

You call, present your account, and demand payment. One of the clerks, after looking at the document (which he does with as serious an air as if it was really intended to be paid), informs you that he will give notice of the demand to Mr. Diamond, and requests you will call in eight days.

In eight days you call accordingly, and are told by the same clerk that he quite forgot to mention the thing to Mr. Diamond, but will do so without fail to-day, and you may look in in the beginning of the week. You do so; but find the clerk you spoke with on the two former occasions has “just gone out,” and the other clerks know nothing at all about the matter. One of them, however, assures you that he will mention the matter to his brother clerk when he returns.

Here then—that is, at this stage of the business, you have not only made no advance towards your object, but are, in reality, farther from it than ever. You are decidedly retrograding; for you have now only the promise of one clerk that he will mention the thing to another clerk—whereas, at first, you had an assurance that your claim would be carried to head-quarters at once.

Well, in a few days more you call again, when you find *both* of the clerks whom you spoke with before are absent, and those present know nothing, of course, about either you or your claim. They, however, promise to refresh the memories of their brethren on the subject.

You are thus, you see, still gradually receding from your object, and that, too, with every fresh effort to advance. You are, in being shuffled from hand to hand, somewhat like the celebrated juvenile game of “hunt the slipper.” You are ingeniously carried backward by a process that promises at last to land you with the porter instead of a partner.

During all this time you have repeatedly asked, whether you could not see one of the *gentlemen*, and have been as repeatedly told that you could not—that none of them are in the way. In fact, by an odd sort of chance, none of them ever *are* in the way when anything is wanted of them, and never out of it when anything is to be given them.

At length, however, by one of those lucky chances that will sometimes happen, you one day catch Mr. Diamond in the counting-house.

“Ah! yes—hem—small account, I see, sir,” says Mr. Diamond, holding the document at arm's-length, as if too paltry an affair to deserve closer consideration. “Why wasn't this presented before, sir?”

“It has been presented at least twenty times, sir.”

“Ah! I never saw it before.”

“Perhaps not; but your clerks have, often enough.”

Mr. Diamond turns indignantly to his clerks, and asks “*What is this?*”

His clerks don't put their fingers to their noses, but they might—the case would warrant it; but they don't, however—they say they quite overlooked the thing. Mr. Diamond looks very angry, and says it is most unbusiness-like, and begs he may never hear of such negligence again.

Having thus expressed his strong disapprobation of the conduct of his clerks, and warned them to be more attentive in future, he turns to you, and after some hemming and hawing, and cursory glancing at the account, says, “Well, now, about this little affair. Be so good as leave it with me, and I shall look into it. Call again this day week.”

Done over by Mr. Diamond's bold off-hand manner, and especially by his castigation of his clerks—which is particularly gratifying to you, for the rascals have led you a pretty dance,—you bow and simper, promise to call at the appointed time, and vanish from the premises.

At the appointed time you do call, and are informed that Mr. Diamond has gone to the country, and will not be home for a fortnight, and has left no word about your account. He must have forgot it; so the thing must stand over till he returns. Ay, friend! and, as we suspect, a pretty considerable while longer.

Need we go farther with the case of the hapless creditor of the New Concern? We need not—it would be merely a repetition of what has been already set forth, until the grand smash takes place, which lays the New Concern prostrate in the dust.

All the people about the New Concern—partners, porters, and clerks—possess a certain singular gift: this is, an intuitive or instinctive knowledge of duns. They can tell a dun in a moment, even without any previous knowledge of his person; they know him by head-mark; they know him by the cut of his jib; they know him by his footstep before he enters; they know him by the way in which he turns the handle of the door; they know him by the way he opens it, by the way he shuts it, by the very cock of his hat. They, in short, recognise him under circumstances and by means which would afford no other set of men the smallest light on the subject. Their faculty in this way, in truth, is every bit as remarkable, and indeed is very like that which the Indian exhibits in following out a trail; it is marked by the same acuteness, and by the same rapidity and accuracy of combination.

The New Concern—Heaven knows how!—gets on swimmingly for a time; but, alas, it is only for a time! A day of count and reckoning comes at last; and when it does, it is a finisher. The New Concern, however, does not die out, or off, gradually, like other concerns. It goes off smack at once, like a brass field-piece, and leaves no trace behind—not a vestige. Its career is brilliant, but short. Yesterday the New Concern was going on, full tilt; to-day it is all up—doors locked, and birds flown.

For a day or two after the grand finale, several long-faced, melancholy-looking creditors may be seen, like unquiet spirits, gazing about the premises, unable to comprehend exactly what has happened, but evidently under a strong impression that there's something going or gone wrong. The suddenness of the catastrophe, however, puzzles them not a little. Yesterday they saw the New Concern in the full vigour of health and life; to-day they find it, to all appearance, defunct—gone. They cannot understand it.

But, and, by the creditors, armed with the authority of the law, burst into the deserted premises of the New Concern, to see if they could find anything to be had. Fierce of aspect, they rush in, like angry tigers, and glare on the emptiness within. There is nothing left for them but the brass rails and the pagoda lamp.

And where, pray, are the gentlemen themselves—Messrs. Brown, Khut, Diamond, and Co.? where these clerks? where the live part of the concern—those who lived so splendidly on it as it lasted? Who can tell? Nobody; they have vanished, and no man can say whither they have gone, or where they may be found, unless they happen to turn up in the Court of Bankruptcy.

#### MUSICAL MICE.

"On a rainy evening in 1817," says Dr. Archer, of Norfolk, in the United States, "as I was alone in my chamber, I took up my violin and commenced playing. In a few minutes my attention was attracted to a mouse that I saw creeping from a hole, and advancing to the chair in which I was sitting. I ceased playing, and the mouse precipitately back to its hole. I began again shortly afterwards, and was much surprised to see it reappear, and take its old position. The appearance of the little animal was truly delightful. It couched itself on the floor, shut its eyes, and appeared in ecstacy. I ceased playing, and it instantly disappeared again. In a moment I repeated frequently with the same success, and I perceived that it was always differently affected, as the music varied. It now and plaintively to the brisk and lively. It finally went off, and my art could not entice it to return."

A still more remarkable occurrence of the same kind took place, and was communicated to the "Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal," by Dr. Cramer, of Jefferson's county, on the authority of a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who states, that "one evening in the month of December, 1817, as a few officers on board a British man-of-war, in the harbour of Portsmouth, were seated round the fire, one of them began to play a plaintive air on the violin. He had scarcely performed ten minutes, when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the centre of the floor. The strange gestures of the little animal strongly excited the attention of the officers, who, with one consent, resolved to suffer it to continue its singular actions unmolested. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment: it shook its head, leaped about the table, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight. It was observed, that, in proportion to the gradation of the tones to the soft point, the feelings of the animal appeared to be increased, and vice versa. After performing actions which an animal so diminutive would, at first sight, seem incapable of, the little creature, to the astonishment of the delighted spectators, suddenly ceased to move, fell down, and expired, without evincing any symptoms of pain."—*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds.*

#### VAN DIEMEN'S LAND AND THE PROVINCE OF PORT PHILIP.\*

THE Province of Port Philip occupies the south-east corner of the great island of Australia, and includes within it the fine district, Australia Felix. Opposite the coast of Port Philip, and separated from it by a channel about 120 miles wide, is Van Diemen's Land, which, though an island of respectable size, appears a mere speck when compared with its great neighbour. Port Philip was first settled by emigrants from Van Diemen's Land, and they have therefore a kind of natural connexion, both by relationship and contiguity. We have classed them together in the present article.

We shall begin with Van Diemen's Land; and shall draw chiefly from Mr. Dixon, who has had the good sense to put his "practical experience of nearly ten years' residence in the colony" into the form of a pamphlet of about ninety pages, cheap, and therefore easily accessible. He tells us, that during his residence he was not "a careless desultory observer," and that consequently he is not without claims on public attention. We shall preface our extracts from Mr. Dixon's work by a short introductory passage from the larger work of Mr. Mann:—

"Van Diemen's Land was discovered in the year 1613 by the Dutch navigator, Abel Jansen Tasman, who gave its present name thereto in honour of Anthony Van Diemen, governor of Java and the possessions of that nation in the East Indies, to whose daughter it appears he was betrothed. It was visited by Capt. Furneaux, in the Adventure, in 1773, who accompanied Captain Cook in his second voyage round the world; and ultimately by that celebrated circumnavigator in 1777, during his third voyage, who took in wood and water there: but not having discovered Bass's Straits, supposed it to be the most southern part of New Holland, and expressed himself respecting it in the following terms:—'I hardly need say that it is the southern point of New Holland, which, if it doth not deserve the name of a continent, is by far the largest island in the world.' The island of Van Diemen's Land lies between the parallel of 40° 20' and 43° 40' south latitude, and between the meridian of 144° 30' and 118° 30' east longitude; containing an area, according to Mr. Bischoff, equal to the size of Ireland."

"On account," says Mr. Dixon, "of the common mistake which is made of confounding 'Van Diemen's Land' with 'New South Wales,' and thinking Hobart Town and Sydney to be two towns within one colony, I shall, before entering on my discourse upon the former country, endeavour to show the distinction between it and the latter, by defining, as well as I can, the situation of each.

"New Holland is a great island, or, more properly, a small continent, lying upon the south-eastern corner of the globe. Round about upon this continent are seated the several settlements, or colonies, of 'New South Wales,' 'Port Philip,' 'Swan River,' 'King George's Sound,' and the recently established colony of 'South Australia.'

"Van Diemen's Land is an 'island,' lying to the southward of this small continent of New Holland, about 160 miles long, and 80 miles broad. It is separated from New Holland by Bass's Straits; a channel measuring 120 miles across at its widest part. Sydney is the capital of New South Wales, and Hobart Town that of Van Diemen's Land; and the relation between these two towns is no more than that between London and Dublin. But the distance between Hobart Town and Sydney is a deal greater than that between the English and Irish capitals. The distance between the two former is about 800 miles; and the average passage is reckoned to take, with a fair wind, from five to seven days, though in foul weather it takes much longer. I myself have been three weeks on the passage." [Mr. Dixon might have recollected that the sea distance between London and Dublin is nearly as much as that between Hobart Town and Sydney, and that the London and

\* Six Years' Residence in the Australian Provinces, ending in 1839; exhibiting their Capabilities of Colonisation, and containing the History, Trade, Population, Extent, Resources, &c. &c. of New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, South Australia, and Port Philip; with an Account of New Zealand. By W. Mann, Esq.—London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1839.

† The Condition and Capabilities of Van Diemen's Land, as a Place of Emigration. Being the Practical Experience of nearly Ten Years' Residence in the Colony. By John Dixon.—London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1839.

Dublin steamers average between three and four days in making the passage.]

"In Van Diemen's Land there have arisen several towns, but Hobart Town and Launceston are the chief. As the former is the seat of the local government, it is denominated the capital. Launceston lies on the northern extremity, looking towards Bass's Straits; Hobart Town on the southern, facing the Southern Ocean. These two towns are situated on the only two navigable rivers, the Tamar and the Derwent."

"Van Diemen's Land is about sixteen thousand miles remote from England; and as steam navigation has not yet been established to this extent, the average voyage thither is not made in less than from four to five months. The western side of the island, which presents itself to us as we approach from England, is wild, barren, and appalling; so that all the unfavourable ideas which the uncouth name of the island may have raised in the mind are confirmed by the dreary and broken prospect stretching before us. The eastern aspect, however, is of an opposite character, stretching along in romantic and diversified loveliness.

"The known ports or harbours in and about the coast are few; but as a correct marine survey of the island has not yet been performed, the unknown may be many.

"The interior is characterised by its uncommon features, being, in many respects, unlike any other part of the world. The surface heaves up into irregular ranges of mountain scenery, crowded over and intersected in all fashions and directions. We never see one mountain alone, but where one is there are chains of others, running up, round, and about, in open wildness and disorder—towering here and sinking there, in bewildering yet striking confusion. From April to October, the highest are capped with snow. The whole face of the country is covered thickly with trees of immense height and circumference, growing close together, and reaching to a great loftiness before they shoot out their branches. Their leaves are unfading, but dusky and mournful, and seem, in the distance, nearly black, throwing an air of heavy gloom over the face of nature. The valleys are circumscribed within narrow limits, and, like the mountains, spread over with high sturdy forests."

"As England is on an opposite point of the globe, the days, the nights, and the seasons take place in each at contrary periods. Thus, while in England we shut our windows and doors on the frost, and sit down to our joyous Christmas dinner, they in Van Diemen's Land have to throw all open, and, in compliment to an ancient custom, endeavour to partake of the unseasonable fare of roast beef and plum-pudding.

"Although the seasons perform the same revolutions as in England, yet their effect upon ourselves is quite different; for, instead of that quiet, undeviating return of weather which we experience at home, in Van Diemen's Land there is nothing but capricious variability. The seasons, with respect to their temperature, seem to be confounded; and the cold in summer is sometimes as keen as it is in winter. But the most fickle months are those of summer. Then the weather changes day after day, and often hour after hour—not only by slight degrees, but frequently to great extremes. Those changes are at times so sudden in Hobart Town, as that, in going up one street, you could throw off your coat, and in coming down the next you might put on an additional one. The mornings and evenings are always chilly; and it is not unusual, even after a hot day, to require a fire before night. The winds blow in gusts, and sometimes violently. Hot winds are felt in the summer of an oppressive nature, seeming as if they were issuing from an oven. Their duration, however, is short; they last but for two or three days in the hottest months, and continue each day but for a few hours. In this respect Van Diemen's Land has a great advantage over New South Wales, as these hot winds last longer there, and take place oftener.

"The winter in Van Diemen's Land is cold and biting, but never frosty. Snow falls heavy, but ice is never seen. Rain is commonly accompanied with an open rawness in the air, and continues pouring for days together; often overflowing the rivulets, and doing great mischief. The thermometer ranges in winter, in the sun, as low as forty degrees; and in summer, as high as 130 degrees. The atmosphere is always pure, and in summer clear and delightful."

"Van Diemen's Land was colonised in the year 1803; it was then a wilderness. Within so short a time as thirty-six years, little, it might be supposed, could be achieved towards reclaiming its wildness, and making it a fit residence, not only for a civilised, but a polished European society. Such an achievement, however, has been completed. Few men will repose in idleness while they see a prospect of becoming wealthy by exercising their industry;

and all emigrants desire to be wealthy. Big with expectation, they quit their country, and, as soon as possible after their arrival, put their several schemes in operation. A project that at home would be derided, is in a new colony applauded. What in the one place would be viewed as impracticable, is in the other admired as both practicable and laudable. The emigrant, in quitting his country, often quits its prejudices; but well would it be, if at the same time he never quitted its prudence. His fancy too frequently takes the place of his judgment, and betrays him into acts of foolishness and presumption. As he thinks he is rapidly to accumulate wealth, every speculation seems reasonable to him; and hence the hasty and dazzling rise of infant colonies. Houses are built before they are wanted, and luxuries bought before they can be paid for. It is not then surprising, that what was once a forest should soon come to be a city, and that within so short a time as thirty-six years a wilderness has been reclaimed, and made such as I have already in part described Van Diemen's Land to be.

"Nothing astonishes one more upon his arrival in Van Diemen's Land, than the aspect of its beautiful little capital of Hobart Town. He views with wonder and admiration its commodious harbour; its extensive, well-constructed wharf, where vessels of all tonnage can lie close to, and discharge or take in their cargoes with ease and convenience; together with the range of large and heavy buildings encircling it.

"The town is built upon an undulating surface, receding from a cove on the left of the Derwent. Seen from the water, it seems to run up before you on a variety of ascents, and to spread itself abroad upon the hills in the distance. Mount Wellington, a great mountain, which during nine months in the year is capped with snow, and which rises four thousand feet above the level of the sea, stands at the back, in darkness and sublimity, and overlooks the surrounding scenery."

"Shops are scattered all over Hobart Town, but the business thoroughfare is confined to two streets. Retail spirit-stores are numerous, and are seen in every direction: stand at the corner of any street, and from fifteen to twenty are in sight. It is not because the selling of spirits is so profitable, but because few channels are open for the investment of little capitals. One or two tanneries, a few breweries and candle manufactories, are all the manufacturing establishments in the colony.

"Some of the shops are showy and respectable—even tasteful and elegant, displaying an appearance equal to that of many in London. Owing to the competition which has taken place during the last few years among them, the same sort of efforts are now made to catch the eye and entice customers that are made in the cities of Europe. The householder is as particular in the decorating of the interior of his house as he would were he in England: and hence his furniture is not inferior to that of those of his own rank in the mother-country."

"Mr. Mann enlarges on the conduct of Colonel Arthur, while governor of Van Diemen's Land; but Mr. Dixon says very little on the subject. It is clear, however, that misgovernment, convict society, and a very bad system of land-distribution, have done much to mar the progress of the colony. It only contains about 15,000 inhabitants, of whom about 24,000 are free settlers; and not above one fourth of the island is said to be even explored. But other evils, arising out of the settlers themselves, have tended to injure the colony; and as the same causes will ruin any colony, we recommend Mr. Dixon's description of them to the attention of our readers:—

"The greater portion of the free population emigrated under the idea of becoming in time wealthy colonists; and this idea still possesses them, proving a lasting torment to their minds. Money is the grand topic of conversation, and to appear wealthy is their greatest ambition. In no part of the world are riches more honoured than in Van Diemen's Land. It is no matter how you became possessed of them, what is your history, or what your propensities: if you can make it appear that you are a man of property, you are everything—your company is courted, your name blazoned abroad, and your consequence acknowledged and bowed to. But, alas! be without money, and lo! you are trampled upon. Demeanour, probity, or talents, may procure you friends among your countrymen at home; but not one of these can, if you be indigent, gain you a friend among your countrymen in Van Diemen's Land."

"In England, the eye of commerce is never closed. Seeing such multitudes of poor people crowding to the colony, and hearing so much of its extraordinary prosperity, merchants turned their

attention thither, and forthwith opened accounts with it; branch houses were sent out, and warehouse after warehouse was erected there. As shipments soon accumulated on the hands of the consignees, encouragement had to be extended, so as to get rid of their surplus merchandise; and a hateful system of credit was therefore put into operation. Those who had had to abandon tillage, now took to shopkeeping as their next calling; and the buying in bulk, and selling by retail, became the business of every small capitalist. Goods still poured into the market; and as no one, as yet, foresaw loss in the importing of them, but apparently immense gain, rivalry diffused itself, and all were anxious to become importers of merchandise from England: he that could raise fifty pounds, sent it to London, and received in exchange its value in commodities. As importations thus multiplied and competition increased, customers were received with open arms and liberal accommodations.

"The system of granting unlimited credit descended from the merchant to the shopkeeper; for, as the latter purchased upon easy terms, he sold upon terms as easy, and an unguarded habit of expense thus became a characteristic of most of the colonists: even the boy in office, with a salary perhaps not exceeding 70*l.* per annum, lived at the rate of 200*l.*

"As every man got a great profit on what he sold (for prices were seldom higgled over), these, as great profits always do, produced a love for pomp and magnificence. Houses came to be decorated, street-equipage displayed, and affluence seemed staring every man in the face. Trade appearing so prosperous, those who came to better their condition, (and who had not done so?) now thought that they had mistaken the means, deserted their callings, and became dabbling traffickers. All spurned their former judicious avocations; and they who could not open shops took packs under their arms, and travelled as pedlars through the country.

"Hobart Town was shortly over-populated, and as house-rent rose considerably, a new channel opened for speculation; and capital was divided between the depasturing of sheep, the importing of goods, and the building of houses in town. Allotments for building upon were therefore bought up with avidity, and ground in a short time sold, in Hobart Town, for as much the foot as it could have brought had it been in the heart of London. Spurious capitals were now put into circulation, and every one, as he thought, saw wealth within his reach; houses were erected upon paper currency, and accommodation bills flew abroad incautiously and unlimitedly. Fresh banks of issue arose; and any bill of exchange, with two names upon it, was discounted with promptitude and alacrity. Business could not be transacted fast enough; usurers sprang up in great abundance, speculations were flaring in all corners, and every wild and foolish adventure was commended and admired.

"Gold and silver alone were taken in payment for crown-land; and the local government,\* anxious to make known to its masters the prosperity of the settlement, locked its coffers upon all money that it received; and thereby made a show of a great balance in favour of the colony. Large importations of cattle, and other produce, being constantly made from the sister colony, drew immense sums away from Van Diemen's Land; and these, together with the above policy, caused a great diminution in the circulating medium. The bankers at last became alarmed, and stopped their discounts; the contagion spread, and consternation and dismay were seen in every man's countenance. The times have grown worse, and the crisis has arrived! The endeavour is no more to make money, but only to save that which has been made. Every man that can is quitting the colony; and the fine little island of Van Diemen's Land seems doomed to neglect, to poverty, and to desolation!"

We are not inclined to agree with Mr. Dixon, in his gloomy view of the prospects of Van Diemen's Land. But we may leave it for the present, and crossing Bass's Straits, land at Port Philip.

"That part," says Mr. Mann, "which extends from Twofold Bay on the east coast to the 141st degree of east longitude, bordering on the new province of South Australia on the west, being a distance of 500 miles; and from Bass's Straits on the south coast to the River Murray on the north, and part of the province of New South Wales on the north-east coast—being an average of 250 miles in breadth from north to south, comprising within these limits an area of eighty millions of acres—is termed at present the district, or province, of Port Philip. From the richness of the

soil and the salubrity of the climate, between the degrees of 35 and 39 south latitude, it is one of the finest portions of that extensive country hitherto explored. Within this boundary is included that part of Australia lately surveyed by Sir Thomas Mitchell, surveyor-general, and denominated by him Australia Felix. I had the pleasure of presenting letters of introduction to Sir Thomas, with whom I had an interview immediately after his return from that country; and he assured me it was much the best part of Australia he had ever seen, and that it was well calculated for either pasture or tillage.

"Port Philip is an immense basin, 35 miles either way, with a narrow entrance, about a mile and a half wide, safe and deep enough to admit vessels of any size. They must enter at low water or flood of tide, which rises here about six feet. It is situated in 38° 18' south latitude, and 141° 38' east longitude. The harbour is secure, and large enough to contain all the navies in the world. There are numerous sandbanks about the middle of the harbour, which break the reach of the waves when the wind is southerly, so that vessels ride easier at anchor near Melbourne. The eastern passage is the deepest, and consequently most secure. The charts of the accurate and indefatigable Flinders are found to be correct, not only here, but in every place on the Australian coast that he has laid down, with the exception of some places where there might be shifting banks of sand. Melbourne is situated at the head of the bay, on the north side, about nine miles up a river, which admits vessels of sixty tons burden. The town is building where the water is fresh, at the head of the navigable part of the stream. This colony is calculated to contain about five thousand inhabitants, of whom about fifteen hundred reside in Melbourne. There are four hundred stock-stations, which pay 10*l.* per annum each, as a licence to graze their flocks and herds, for the purpose of raising a revenue to support the police, and to exclude improper characters from obtaining such indulgence. It is computed that on an average there are two thousand sheep at each station, with a proportionate number of horses and cattle: this was the calculation at the beginning of this year, 1839. The land-sales very improperly take place at Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, which is six hundred miles from Melbourne; so that a settler, or intending purchaser, must travel twelve hundred miles backward and forward, and perhaps be outbid by some company,\* or land-jobbers, who reside in Sydney, and intend speculating in land, under the impression that, as improvement takes place around their allotments, it must rise in value without their incurring any expense. Will the government sit quietly by, and see such monopoly of land take place, to the exclusion of the industrious and enterprising colonist? Such monopolists (if the present impolitic sales of land are to be continued) should be compelled to lay out a certain sum annually, equal to one-fourth of the amount of the purchase-money, on the improvement of the land so purchased, which would prevent such jobbing speculations."

"Perceiving that this part of the country was totally neglected by the government, a few enterprising individuals crossed the straits from Van Diemen's Land, in the year 1835, and took possession of the land surrounding Port Philip. They entered into a treaty with the aborigines for the sale of the land, which the government would not allow, claiming for the crown the right of pre-emption."

"Shortly after the arrival at Port Philip of the first adventurers, a white man of Herculean form and appearance joined the party: he was clothed in the skins of the kangaroo and opossum. He was a perfect fac-simile of Alexander Selkirk, the Robinson Crusoe of De Foe. He could speak a few words of English; but in the first instance was scarcely understood in this his native language, not having seen one of his countrymen for thirty-three years, during which time he had lived with the natives of the country. I had his history from his own lips soon after, when he became perfect master of his mother-tongue, which after so long a lapse of time he had forgotten. He told me his name was William Buckley; that he was born in the parish of Martin, near Macclesfield, in Cheshire, and was by trade a bricklayer; that he enlisted in the 4th regiment of foot, and served under the Duke of York in Flanders. He stood about six feet four inches high, was the tallest man in the regiment but one, who took the right, whilst he stood on the left of the grenadier company. He accompanied Colonel Collins with the expedition intended to colonise the southern coast of New Holland, and was left behind by some chance or accident when the fleet sailed, to form a settlement at Hobart Town in Van Diemen's Land. He associated with the aborigines, who treated him with great reverence, awe, and re-

\* "Under Colonel Arthur's administration."



spect. The place where he spent most of his time is still called Buckley's Drops, near a cascade by a river-side, where he could at all times procure abundance of fish, upon which, with the flesh of the kangaroo, he lived plentifully, if not happily. During all this time he lived without either salt, spirits, or tobacco, which to an Englishman must at first be a great punishment: however, he became fat and robust, weighing, when his countrymen landed, upwards of eighteen stone. Much of the success which attended the early settlers, and the friendly footing on which they were received by the natives, is to be attributed to their countryman Buckley; in which there would appear to be something providential, as it is to be hoped that the civilisation of the aborigines will be attended to, and their instruction in religious truth not neglected, which, after all, is the only legitimate right we have to lay claim to, in taking possession of their country."

#### NICHOLAS FLAMEL, THE HERMETIC PHILOSOPHER.

When you see the effects of the Great Medicine,  
Of which one part projected on a hundred  
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon,  
Shall turn it to as many of the sun;  
Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum.  
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,  
He that has once the flower of the sun,  
The perfect ruby, which we call Elixir,  
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,  
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;  
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,  
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days  
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child;  
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,  
To the fifth age. *Alchemist, Act II., Sc. 1.*

SUCH were the dreams that in former—ay, and even in very recent days bewildered the imaginations of the vain seekers after endless wealth, and an imperishable youth. The natural taste for the marvellous, which is inherent in the human mind, exercised a powerful influence in creating and sustaining a belief in alchemy; in the possibility of obtaining that wondrous talisman, concerning which that man of much faith, the honest but credulous Elias Ashmole, tells us he knew enough to hold his tongue, but not enough to speak. According to his account this stone has not only the power of transmuting any imperfect earthy matter into its utmost degree of perfection, and can convert the basest metals into gold, flints into stone, &c.; but it has still more occult virtues, when the arcana have been entered into by the choice fathers of hermetic mysteries. The *vegetable* stone has power over the natures of man, beast, fowls, fishes, and all kinds of trees and plants, to make them flourish and bear fruit at any time. The *magical* stone discovers any person wherever he is concealed; while the *angelical* stone gives the apparitions of angels, and a power of conversing with them. This latter power was commonly pretended to by every sage astrologer, who, like Sidrophel,

"When brass and pewter happened to stray,  
And linen slunk out of the way;  
When geese and pullets were seduced,  
And sows of sucking pigs were choused,  
When murrain reigned in hogs or sheep,  
And chickens languished of the pyp;  
When yeast and outward means did fail,  
And had not power to work on ale;  
When butter did refuse to come,  
And love proved cross and humourous;—"

resolved the queries of their anxious clients as frequently by summoning an angel, or rather an elemental spirit, a fairy, gnome, nymph, or dryad, (in all of whom the Rosicrucian philosophers devoutly believed,) to appear in the magic crystal, and give a reply to the matter in hand, as by conclusions drawn from a horoscope. Lilly, the arch-conjurer of his times, the prototype of Sidrophel, gives in his curious Memoirs many stories of such invocations, and particularly insists on the necessity of a pure life in those who hope to be favoured with such "beatific visions;" and as purity was not a general characteristic of these gentlemen, they most frequently made use of a girl or a young boy as their *speculator*. Thus he tells us that he "was very familiar with one Sarah Skelton, who had been speculatrix unto one Arthur Gaunt-

lett, about Gray's-inn-lane, a very lewd fellow professing physic. This Sarah," he says, "had a perfect sight, and indeed the best eyes for that purpose I ever yet did see."

Lilly is also pleased to inform us that "it was very rare, yea, even in his days, for any operator or master to have the angels speak articulately. When they do speak, it is *like the Irish—much in the throat.*" Dr. Dee's magical crystal now reposes undisturbed in a glass case in the British Museum. We wonder some adventurous son of Erin has not tested its efficacy; for, per-adventure, these "angelical creatures" would understand the pure Milesian, and might resolve many of those questions concerning the green isle, which now puzzle the heads of a whole legislature.

But this is a digression. Let us return to our friends the hermetic philosophers, who, although in a general way they may be considered as a sad set of bunglers, and particularly given to blowing up their furnaces in the very moment of "projection," were not, if we may believe the learned Dr. John Henry Cohausen, the author of "*Hermippus Redivivus*;" or, the Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave," always so unfortunate. He tells us that "Amongst the hermetic philosophers, who are allowed to have attained the highest secrets of science, Nicholas Flamel, of Paris, has been always reckoned one of the most considerable, and his right to this reputation, the least to be contested. The history of this Flamel, who flourished in the fourteenth century, is very curious: he was a person of a good family, though much reduced in point of fortune, had quick parts; a lively wit; and, with the advantage of no more than an ordinary education, was sent to Paris to get a living as he could. Flamel wrote an extraordinary good hand, had some notion of poetry, and painted very prettily; yet all these accomplishments raised him no higher than a hackney clerk, in which condition he worked very hard, and had much ado to pick up a subsistence. In 1337, chance threw in his way a book of hermetic philosophy, written by one Abraham, a Jew, or rather engraven on leaves made of the bark of trees, and illustrated with very curious pictures, in which the whole secret was laid down in the clearest manner possible, to such as were acquainted with hermetic philosophy. This treasure cost Flamel no more than two florins, for the person who sold him the book knew nothing of what it contained, and Flamel himself, though he made it his whole study for twenty years, and though he took the precaution of copying the pictures, and hanging them up in his house, and asking the learned their opinion about them, was able to make very little of them.

"Tired at length with so vain and so laborious a study, he, in 1378, took a resolution to travel into Spain, in hopes of meeting there some learned Jew, who might give him the key to the grand secret. That this journey might not appear to be undertaken on quite so chimerical a motive, he made a vow, to go in pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, a practice frequent in those times. After much search to little purpose, he met at last with a Jew physician at Leon, who had been lately converted to the Christian religion, and who was well versed in this kind of science. This man, at the persuasion of Flamel, consented to go with him to Paris; but when they were got as far as Orleans, the physician, who was far gone in years, and little accustomed to the fatigue of travel, fell sick of a fever, which carried him off in a few days. Flamel having rendered the last kind offices to his dying friend, returned very disconsolate to Paris, where he studied three years more, according to the instructions he had received from the physician, with such success, that on the 17th of January, 1382, he made projection on a large quantity of mercury, which he changed into fine silver, and on the 25th of April following, he transmuted a vast quantity of mercury into gold. He afterwards repeated frequently the experiment, and acquired thereby immense wealth. He and his wife Pernelle, in the midst of all these riches, lived still in their old sober way, and ate and drank as usual out of earthen vessels. They maintained, however, a vast number of poor, founded fourteen hospitals, built three chapels, and repaired and endowed seven churches. In short, the acts of charity they did were so astonishing, that Charles the Sixth, who was then upon the throne, resolved to inquire how they came by their wealth, and sent for that purpose M. de Cramoisi, Master of Requests, and a magistrate of the highest reputation for probity and honour, to examine into their circumstances; to whom Flamel gave so satisfactory an answer, that no further inquiry was made about them; but the honest old people were left in possession of the only privilege they desired,

which was no greater than that of doing all the good that lay in their power.

"The circumstances of this story, the immense wealth of Flamel and his wife, their many foundations, their vast endowments, and the prodigious estate they left behind them, are all facts so well attested, that no dispute can be raised about them; or, if there were, the last will of Nicholas Flamel, which, with forty authentic acts, of as many charitable foundations, long deposited in the archives of the parish church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie at Paris, are proofs capable of convincing the greatest infidel. This Flamel wrote several treatises on the art of chemistry; but they are extremely obscure, because they are all delivered in an allegorical way, and consequently one may hit upon various interpretations, without coming at the true one; which, it is said, he gave to a nephew of his, and that the secret remained long in the family; nay, it is owing to indiscretion, if it does not so still. I must not, however, conceal an attempt that has been made to overturn the whole of this history, not by denying the facts, for that would have been ridiculous, since there are hundreds of poor that yet subsist on Flamel's and his wife's foundations, and are consequently so many living witnesses of the veracity of that part of the relation.

"But the thing attempted is, to give another account of Flamel's acquiring his wealth, and in order to this they tell you, that he was a notary public at the time that the Jews were expelled France, that they deposited with him, in trust, a great part of their wealth, and that he kept it for his own use."

The sequel of this strange history is given in a quotation from the travels of a certain Sieur Paul Lucas, who, being at Broussa, in Natolia, met a person dressed like one of the Tartarian dervises, with whom he contracted an intimacy. He says—

"On the 10th, the dervise, whom I took for an Usbec, came to pay me a visit. I received him in the best manner possible, and as he appeared to me a very learned, as well as curious man, I showed him all the manuscripts I had bought, and he assured me they were very valuable, and written by great authors: I must say in favour of this dervise that he was a person every way extraordinary, even to his outward appearance. He showed me abundance of curious things in physic, and promised me more; but at the same time he could not help saying, that it was necessary that I should make some extraordinary preparations on my side, in order to put myself into a condition of profiting by the lights he was able to give me. To judge according to his appearance, he should have been a man about thirty, but by his discourse he seemed to have lived at least a century, and of this I was the more persuaded from the accounts he gave me of some long voyages he made.

"He told me that he was one of seven friends, who all wandered up and down the world, with the same view of perfecting themselves in their studies, and that at parting they always appointed another meeting at the end of twenty years, in a certain city which was mentioned, and that the first who came waited for the rest. I perceived, without his telling me, that Broussa was the city appointed for their present meeting. There were four of them there already, and appeared to converse with each other, with a freedom that spoke rather an old acquaintance than an accidental meeting."

Being introduced to these mysterious wanderers, the Sieur Lucas held a long conversation with them upon religion, natural philosophy, chemistry, alchemy, and the cabala.

"At last, I took the liberty to mention the illustrious Flamel, who, I said, had possessed the philosopher's stone, but was dead to all intents and purposes for all that. At the mention of his name he smiled at my simplicity. As I had by this time begun to yield some degree of credit to his discourse, I was surprised he should make a doubt of what I advanced upon this head. The dervise observed this, and could not help saying, with an air of mirth, 'And do you really think the thing so? do you actually believe Flamel is dead? no, no, my friend,' continued he, 'don't deceive yourself, Flamel is living still—neither he nor his wife is yet at all acquainted with the dead. It is not above three years ago since I left both the one and the other in the Indies, and he is,' said he 'one of my best friends;' upon which, he was going to tell me how their acquaintance grew, but stopping himself short of a sudden—'That,' said he, 'is little to the purpose: I will rather give you his true history, with respect to which, in your country, I dare say, you are not very well acquainted.

"'We sages,' continued he, 'though rare in the world, yet are of all sects and professions, neither is there any great inequality

amongst us on that account. A little before the time of Flamel, there was a Jew of our fraternity; but as through his whole life he had a most ardent affection for his family, he could not help desiring to see them after he once came to the knowledge of their being settled in France. We foresaw the danger of the thing, and did all that in us lay to divert him from this journey, in which we often succeeded. At last, however, the passion of seeing his family grew so strong upon him, that he would: but at the time of his departure, he made us a solemn promise to return to us as soon as it was possible. In a word, he arrived at Paris, which was, as it is now, the capital of the kingdom, and found there his father's descendants, in the highest esteem among the Jews. Amongst others there was a rabbi, who had a genius for the true philosophy, and who had been long in search of the great secret. Our friend did not hesitate at making himself known to his relation; on the contrary, he entered into a strict friendship with him, and gave him abundance of lights. But as the first matter is a long time preparing, he contented himself with putting into writing the whole series of the process, and to convince his nephew that he had not amused him with falsehoods, he made projection in his presence on thirty ounces (an ounce is three pounds) of base metal, and turned it into pure gold. The rabbi, full of admiration, did all he could to persuade our brother to remain with him, but in vain; because he, on the other hand, was resolved not to break his word with us. The Jew, when he found this, changed his affection into mortal hatred, and his avarice stifling all principles of nature and religion, he resolved to extinguish one of the lights of the universe. Dissembling, however, his black design, he besought the sage, in the tenderest manner, to remain with him only for a few days. During this space, he plotted and executed his execrable purpose of murdering our brother, and made himself master of his medicine. Such horrible actions never remain long unpunished. Some other black things he had done came to light, for which the Jew was thrown into prison, convicted, and burned alive.

"The Jews fell soon after under a persecution at Paris, as without doubt you have heard. Flamel, more reasonable than the rest of his countrymen, entered into a strict friendship with some of them; and as his great honesty and unblemished probity were well known, a Jew merchant intrusted him with all his books and papers, among which were those of the Jew which had been burned, and the book that our brother had left with him. The merchant, taken up no doubt with his own affairs, and with the care of his trade, had never considered this valuable piece with any attention; but Flamel, whose curiosity led him to examine it more closely, perceiving several pictures of furnaces and alembics, and other vessels, he began immediately to apprehend that in this book was contained the grand secret. He got the first leaf of the book, which was in Hebrew, translated, and with the little he met with therein, was confirmed in his opinion; but knowing that the affair required prudence and circumspection, he took, in order to avoid all discovery, the following steps. He went into Spain, and as Jews were everywhere settled throughout that country, in every place that he came to he applied himself to the most learned, engaging each of them to translate a page of his book; having thus obtained an entire version, he set out again for Paris. He brought back with him a faithful friend of his, to labour with him in the work, and with whom he intended to share the secret; but a raging fever carried him off and deprived Flamel of his associate. When therefore he came home, he and his wife entered together upon the work, and arriving in process of time at the secret, acquired immense riches, which they employed in building public edifices, and doing good to a multitude of people."

This tale brings to our mind the legend of Signor Gualdi, on which Mr. Godwin founded his singular romance of St. Leon. Gualdi, it is said, appeared at Venice in 1687, where he lived in very good style, and was admitted into the best company, though nobody knew who or what he was. This gentleman possessed a small but very choice collection of paintings, which he was always ready to exhibit to connoisseurs. On one occasion a very good judge of painting recognised the hand of Titian, who died 130 years before, in the portrait of the proprietor, and could not avoid expressing his surprise. Gualdi answered evasively that it was no great crime that he should resemble a portrait of Titian's; but he seemed to resent this accidental prying into his secret history, being far less complaisant than the Sieur Lucas's communicative Usbec, for the next day he and his pictures had disappeared, leaving all Venice in astonishment at this visit of the "wandering Jew," for such it was determined he was, *nemine contradicente*.

## ENGLISH AND GERMAN SERVANTS.

Our servants are quite right to receive high wages—wear veils, kid gloves, and superfine cloth—give themselves airs—mock the manners of their lords and ladies, and to farcify below stairs the comedy of errors which they catch an occasional glimpse of above; in short, to do as little, consume as much, and be as expensive and troublesome as possible. No liberal person can blame them: it is, I fear, upon our heads that all their follies must rest; we have no one but ourselves to blame; and until a few of the principal families in England, for the character and welfare of the country, agree to lower the style and habits of their servants, and by “a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together,” to break the horrid system which at present prevails, the distinction between the honest ploughman who whistles along the fallow, and his white-faced, powder-headed, silver-laced, scarlet-breeched, golden-gartered brother in London, must be as strikingly ridiculous as ever. If once the system were to be blown up, thousands of honest, well-meaning servants would rejoice; and while the wealthiest classes would in fact be served at least as well as ever, the middle ranks—especially all people of small incomes—would be relieved, beyond description, by the removal of an unnatural and unnecessary burden, which but too often embitters all their little domestic arrangements. There are no points of contrast between Germany and England more remarkable, than that in the one country people of all incomes are supported and relieved in proportion to the number of their servants, while in the other they are tormented and oppressed; again, that in the one country servants humbly dressed, and humbly fed, live in a sort of exalted and honourable intercourse with their masters; while, in the other, servants highly powdered and grossly fed are treated, *de haut en bas*, in a manner which is not to be seen on the continent.—*Quarterly Review*.

## THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

BY MRS. E. C. STEEDMAN.

Oh nor in the halls of the noble and proud,  
Where fashion assembles her glittering crowd;  
Where all is in beauty and splendour array'd,  
Were the nuptials perform'd of the meek Quaker maid,

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she took,  
By the altar the mitre-crown'd bishop and book;  
Where oft in her jewels doth stand the fair bride,  
To whisper those vows which through life shall abide.

The building was humble, yet sacred to Him  
Before whom the pomp of religion is dim,  
Whose presence is not to the temple confined,  
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

'Twas there, all unveil'd, save by modesty, stood  
The Quakeress bride, in her pure satin hood;  
Her charms unadorn'd by the garland or gem,  
Yet fair as the lily just pluck'd from its stem,

A tear glisten'd bright in her dark shaded eye,  
And her bosom half utter'd a tremulous sigh,  
As the hand she had pledged was confidently given,  
And the low-murmur'd accents recorded in heaven,

I've been at the bridal where wealth spread the board,  
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was pour'd;  
Where the priest in his surplice from ritual read,  
And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond sire, in his thin locks gray,  
Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away;  
While he brush'd the big tear from his deep-furrow'd cheek,  
And bow'd the assent which his lips might not speak.

But in all the array of the costlier scene,  
Nought seem'd to my eye so sincere in its mien  
No language so fully the heart to resign,  
As the Quakeress bride's—“*Until death I am thine.*”

*Religious Souvenir, for 1840.*

## THE STARS.

Hail on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime;  
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time!  
Near, and more near, your beamy cars approach,  
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.  
Flowers of the sky! ye too must yield,  
Frail as your silken sisters of the field:  
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,  
Sun sink on sun, and systems systems crush;  
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,  
And Death, and Night, and Chaos, mingle all:  
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,  
Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form,  
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,  
And soars and shines, another, yet the same.

*Darwin's Botanic Garden.*

## HAZLITT ON WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth, in his poetry, has given us the essence of poetry, without the machinery, the apparatus of poetical diction, the theatrical pomp, the conventional ornaments.—*Hazlitt*.

## BYRON ON SCOTT.

I asked Byron what he thought of Scott's “*Field of Waterloo*,” just published—if it was fair to ask one poet his opinion of a living contemporary. “*Oh*,” said he, “quite fair; besides, there is not much subject for criticism in this hasty sketch. The reviewers call it a *Jubling off*: but I am sure there is no living poet who could have written so many good lines on so meagre a subject, in so short a time. Scott is a fine poet and a most amiable man. We are great friends. As a prose writer he has no rival, and has not been approached, since Cervantes, in depicting manners. His tales are my constant companion.”—*Gordon's Personal Memoirs*.

## A RUINED CHURCH.

—I do love these ancient ruins:  
We never tread upon them, but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend history;  
And, questionless, here in this open court,  
(Which now lies naked to the injuries  
Of stormy weather,) some lie inter'd,  
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,  
They thought it should have canopied their bones  
Till doomsday: but all things have their end;  
Churches and cities (which have diseases like to men)  
Must have like death that we have.—*Duchess of Malby*.

## THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

Truth and reason never cause revolutions on the earth; they are the fruit of experience, which can only be exercised when the passions are at rest; they excite not in the heart those furious emotions which shake empires to their base. Truth can only be discovered by peaceful minds: it is only adopted by kindred spirits. If it change the opinions of men, it is only by insensible gradations—a gentle and easy descent conducting them to reason. The revolutions caused by the progress of truth are always beneficial to society, and are only burthensome to those who deceive and oppress it.—*De Marais on Prejudice*.

## BOOKS.

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was, whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the parent efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up, on purpose, to a life beyond life.—*Milton*.

## LACONICS.

Indecisiveness of character, though the effect of timidity, is almost always associated with benevolence.—*Coleridge*.

Study is the bane of boyhood, the ailment of youth, the indulgence of manhood, and the restorative of old age.—*Landor*.

I have known a word last all the way home, and a look make a dream of it.—*L. Hunt*.

She was but common clay, ta'en from the common earth, moulded by God, and tempered by the tears of angels to the perfect form of Woman.—*Tennyson*.

Ever note, Lucillus,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony:  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

*Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.*

He who hath not meditated much upon God and the human mind, may make a thriving earth-worm, but will infallibly make a blundering patriot and a sorry statesman.—*Coleridge*.

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## THE TURKISH SABBATH AND THE LATE SULTAN.

JUMAH, or the Turkish Sabbath, answers to our Friday, or rather to part of both our Thursday and Friday, as, like every other day in the East, it dates its commencement *from sunset*, which is always considered the end of the day; and, consequently, one hour after sunset is one o'clock of the new day.

On Jumah there is little or no business done at the public offices in Constantinople, the pashas and other great men repairing to the palace to accompany the sultan to mosque; but in the arsenal and other government workshops, business is carried on as usual; nay, with the exception of a few closed shop-fronts in Stamboul, a stranger will find, even in the capital, no difference in appearance from another day, until about one hour after noon, when the streets become more crowded than usual, on account of the middle and lower classes of soldiers, sailors, and other officials, having a holiday.

On Jumah the sultan proceeds publicly to mosque, unless compelled by indisposition to remain at home; but he must be very ill before he would omit the weekly exhibition of himself, as the populace look upon his non-appearance on that day as a proof of his non-existence, and frequently have, in such cases, become tumultuous and seditious. During the last year of Sultan Mahmoud's life, he never once omitted appearing on this day to his people, although during the latter months of it he was sometimes so much exhausted and enfeebled that he could not sit upon his horse without support, nor even walk the few paces to his caique unless assisted. The last day that he publicly appeared was on Friday the 21st of June, 1839. He is known to have been in existence on Thursday, the 27th, but it is supposed he died on Friday morning, the 28th; his death was not, however, known until the Monday after; and it is questionable if it would have been possible to have concealed it till the following Saturday without causing an insurrection, as the people began, even as soon as the first Saturday, to indulge in all sorts of surmises regarding him.

Owing to this custom, strangers in visiting Constantinople have many opportunities of seeing the sultan, and the people have a weekly privilege of laying their complaints, by petition, before him personally, and these petitions Sultan Mahmoud made a point of personally inquiring into, and affording such redress as he deemed fit.

The sultan has on Jumah four different methods of proceeding to mosque, any one of which he may take, according to whim or circumstances. One of these is the state caiques; another the private caique; a third on horseback, or in a carriage; and a fourth partly by land and partly by water. If there is any great occasion for ceremony and style, the sultan takes the state caiques, which are in number about five or six. They are nearly as long as the city of London state barges, but not nearly so broad, and entirely uncovered, except towards the stern, where there is a sort of frame-work, and curtains, like a small four-posted bed, under the roof of which, and seated cross-legged upon a scarlet cushion embroidered with gold, his Sublime Highness sits, while before him are two

attendant officers on their knees, outside of the screen of the canopy; behind stands the steersman, dressed in the naval uniform; while, in front are two rows of oarsmen, each man pulling but one oar. The largest state caique pulls thirty-two oars, and can advance against an ordinary current in the Bosphorus, at the rate of nine miles an hour, or in still water, twelve. The state caiques of his sublime highness the sultan, if not so gaudy as the state-barge of the right hon. the lord mayor of London, are at least more tasteful and handsome, being profusely decorated with gold leaf and gold lace, after the most approved oriental fashion. The caique in which the sultan sits is the largest and grandest, but not always the first in procession, as sometimes there are one or two before, and the remainder behind; at other times his caique leads the way. On arrival at the nearest imperial landing-place (for the sultan never lands or embarks at the quays used by his subjects) to the mosque selected for prayers, the sultan walks if it is not too far distant; but more generally mounts upon horseback, six or seven of his stud being always waiting for him at the expected landing-place, as well as a large cortège of pashas, boys, effendis, &c., to escort him.

If no great state or ceremony is required, the sultan contents himself with his ordinary caique, which is much smaller, and has no covering. It is painted white, is slightly gilded, and pulls eighteen oars. In this case none of the pashas accompany him on the water, but all wait at the landing-place to receive him. If the sultan, however, intends to visit any of the mosques so situated as to be easier of access by land, he proceeds on horseback either the whole or great part of the way, and returns in a carriage, which he generally drives himself. The mosque which the sultan intends to visit is always announced at Tophana on Friday morning to the *caiquejis*, or boatmen, in order that those of the different pashas may know where to pull their masters, and from Tophana the different *dragomans* who intend to be present with strangers also obtain their information.

I was not long in Constantinople before I saw the sultan in his private caique; it was a hot day in the beginning of August, when chancing to be crossing the Golden Horn one afternoon, along with a Greek, he directed my attention to a small white caique, sweeping along at great speed, and informed me that it contained the grand signor. It was pulling down the Golden Horn, and our boatmen, as well as all the other boatmen who were near it, paused until it had passed. The sultan was sitting in the bottom, and protected from the sun by a pink umbrella, while before him were two guards on their knees, and behind him another steering; these, with the exception of the oarsmen, were all that the boat contained. The current was favourable, and the speed at which the *caique* swept along was certainly the swiftest with which I ever saw any vessel move through the water. After this view of his highness, I saw him almost every Friday, during the fall of the year, either going to or returning from prayers, and knew the important fact of his entering the mosque by a discharge of cannon that takes place at that precise instant; but I had not an opportunity of closely observing him until one clear frosty Friday,

about the middle of November, having nothing particular to do, I repaired to Topkapa, to ascertain the order of the day, but from the conflicting statements of the boatmen and hack-horsemen, I could get no satisfactory information; so I directed my steps towards the palace of Besicktis, which the sultan at that time occupied. On arriving at the palace I found between two and three thousand soldiers forming in double line along its avenues. There were also intermixed several large bands of military musicians playing French and Italian airs. Round the several gates leading into the palace court, were groups of horses superbly caparisoned, and attended by *surrejhees* (grooms). These were the horses of the different great men who had come to accompany the sultan to mosque, and consequently there were several groups of pipe-bearers, tobacco-carriers, umbrella-bearers, sword-carriers, and runners. I however pushed my way past them with the air of a man who was entitled to do so, and, as usual, was not challenged by the Turkish sentinels, who generally take it for granted, if they see a Frank enter any place with a steady business-like step, that he has a right to do so, and suffer him to pass unmolested; whereas if he shows any hesitation, he is instantly turned back. In fact, there is nothing of so much use in Constantinople as a little assurance, for the Frank who possesses it may go anywhere he pleases, and do almost anything he pleases, if he chooses to behave himself.

On entering the palace court, I found it crowded with Turkish great men, and a few Franks in the Frank dress, but there were no Greeks nor Armenians in the crowd. After walking about for a little in order to note the preparations for the procession, I observed the troops forming an extended line to the north, leaving a passage between the two files, wide enough for an ordinary carriage, in the centre of which, and extending from the palace-door, was a newly laid down path of clean sand. I knew this must be the way the Sultan intended to proceed, and directed my steps through between the two files. As I emerged from the precincts of the palace, I observed that the soldiers who, near the imperial door, had been standing as close to one another as shoulder to shoulder, were now occupying more ground, and the farther I walked I found the distance between the men every few hundred yards become greater and greater, until on arrival at the mosque which the sultan intended to visit, they were at the distance of at east thirty feet apart from one another.

In front of the gate of the mosque stood many richly caparisoned horses belonging to pashas and other officers who were waiting inside to receive the sultan, as also a large military band of music, and a party of about seventy or eighty of the imperial guard. On arrival at the mosque, there were no signs of the sultan's immediate appearance; I therefore began to retrace my steps, which I was the more inclined to do, as I knew I had a long view before me from any part of the road. About thirty yards below the mosque, was a road that crossed the one leading directly to its gate, and at the corner of which stood a burial ground, the part commanding a view of the road being occupied with Turkish women sitting on the ground. In front of the burial ground stood a confused mass of Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Jews, and Franks, in all the varied dresses of their respective nations, amongst which not a few English and French might be seen. There were also crowds of *pineerghes*, *etmekghes*, *sooghees*, and all sorts of *ghees*, crying their cheese, bread, water, &c. On descending between the double rows of sentinels, I observed that many of them had laid aside their muskets, and had sat down to enjoy a pipe. A little way from the mosque a string of camels, bearing very tall burdens of charcoal, were stopped and turned into a field until the sultan had passed. The camels, camel-drivers, and sentinels, all seemed of one accord, for they all sat down together, and it was difficult to say whether the man or the beast had the most intelligent look, as we stood for a few minutes to admire the Asiatic group. After descending some hundred yards more, I arrived at an eminence commanding a long view of the road, and saw riding up between the two rows of red caps, at full gallop, a mounted cavalier. As he drew near, I

noticed the sentinels throw down their pipes, and betake themselves to their muskets. Every one was now on the *qui vive*; while the crowd before-mentioned, and which now amounted to several hundreds, was pushed back towards the banks of the road, in order to leave a passage in the centre, along which any one was allowed to walk, but no one permitted to stand upon it. Among the Turkish women there was an unusual bustle, and it now became evident that some of them had petitions to present. On one of the sides of the road, and a few paces from the crowd, was stationed a Frenchman, with an enormous large and long musket, fixed on a swivel and stand, like a telescope, with the barrel pointed across the road. This was some newly invented instrument for the more speedy and certain destruction of human life; which this "child of liberty" had brought to exhibit to the grand Turk, in hopes of getting an order to make a quantity, or at least a gratuity for the one exhibited.

Shortly after the cavalier had passed, I saw in the far distance what appeared to be a moving mass, of a deep red colour, while behind it was a forest of bayonets glittering in the sun. As this approached, I saw it was preceded by a figure on horseback advancing with a slow and measured pace, without any music or other noise; and knowing that this was the sultan, I left the road, and took my station on a bank commanding a view of the official and non-official crowd. As the procession approached, I could recognise the sultan's face from the many rude paintings I had seen of him. He was dressed in a red cap, with a large blue silk tassel sprout over it, a double-breasted blue surtout, buttoning over the chest with two rows of yellow buttons, blue trousers, black shoes, and light-coloured stockings; but his figure was in a great measure hid by a brown cloth cloak fastened round his neck with a yellow metal clasp. His charger was a chestnut-coloured Arabian, of the purest breed; the saddle and horse-cloth were of oriental manufacture, and superbly embroidered with gold lace, but the bridle, bit, and stirrups were European. He looked like a broken-down and wasted intelligent man; his features had not the slightest tinge of Mongolian blood, but as perfect Caucasian as those of any old gentleman of London or Paris. The eye wanted not expression, but its fire was more like that caused by the bottle than by genius. The brow could not be seen on account of the "fez" which the muslimans wear as far down as the eyebrows. The cheeks were of a spotted white and red colour, such as is most usually met with in men fond of indulging in wine or spirits. The entire impression of the face was that of a fine man broken down by dissipation. The sultan wore also a very fine pair of black moustaches, and one of the most beautiful black beards ever seen, even in a country where fine beards are common enough. As his horse moved along the road, the sultan looked straight forward, never casting his eyes to the right nor to the left, until he approached the place where the large musket was planted. As his eye caught it, he looked steadfastly at it and a paper held open in the hand of the man exhibiting, and on approaching bowed his head slightly to one of his attendants, who left the procession and received the paper.

At each stirrup walked a pasha, and behind these others, according to rank, to the number of more than two hundred. These were all dressed in the red cap, double-breasted surtout, trousers, and shoes, and had no ornament or sign of rank, save a diamonded decoration on the left breast. The decorations of the first dozen or so were of the *nissam* or highest rank, and were worn by the vizier, the president of the council, the minister of war, the lord high admiral, &c. &c., while behind them came the other pashas of the second and third classes, followed by beys and effendis, but all clothed alike; while the rear was brought up by a dense mass of soldiers, covering the whole breadth of the road, and increasing as they came along with the different sentinels, who fell into the ranks after the procession passed their posts.

On the sultan's arrival at the crowd at least twenty hands with open papers were held up. The sultan slightly bowed approbation to his attendants, when five or six of them made their way to the places where the papers were held up, and having secured them fell back into their places in the train, which continued its slow pace in perfect silence, until it arrived within twenty yards of the mosque, when the pasha in charge of it approached and saluted

the sultan by touching his breast with his hand, then putting it towards the ground raised it to his head, and advancing laid hold of the tail of the sultan's cloak, kissed it, and touched his forehead with it. The sultan returned the salute by lifting his hand half towards his head, and the cortège having now reached the door of the outer porch, the other pashas in the mosque came forward, and, making their salaams, assisted him to dismount, several of them continuing in a stooping position, holding the hem of his garment, and walking alongside of him, until I lost sight of them at the porch of the mosque.

After the sultan's entering the mosque, I had time to look at the grouping of the scene. It was varied, elegant, and fantastic. Horses in magnificent trappings, Asiatic and European costumes, soldiers and civilians, black, swarthy, and white, from the ebony-faced negro to the clear-featured Circassian. There was also a very brilliant assembly of travellers: at least fifty English, and no fewer than eleven of them ladies, about half a dozen officers from the frigate in the Bosphorus, and four others from the British fleet in the Mediterranean, dressed in cocked hats and full uniform; a plentiful supply of French and German officers, some of them in the uniform of their own country, and others in that of the sultan.

In about an hour after the sultan entered the mosque, his carriage drove up, the horses were taken out, and four fresh ones put in. During the operation of changing horses, I observed many of the attendants crowding around the carriage door, and on approaching found they were fulfilling one part of the old saying, "love me, love my dog," for they were all most earnestly embracing a little French poodle, who seemed to be regarded with as much reverence as if it were a god, for pasha, bey, and effendi, down to the lowest pipe-bearer that could get near enough, all paid their obeisance to the little infidel, who happened for the moment to be the sultan's favourite. At length the sultan appeared with the pashas following and supporting him, kissing the hem of his surtout (for he had now no cloak) until he arrived at the carriage, into which he got, took the reins in his hand, and looking round amongst the Franks, with whom he was completely surrounded, motioned a dragoman to approach him, of whom he asked regarding some of the strangers, and being told, pulled the reins, and at once dashed off at full speed, with the skill and confidence of an experienced whip. Except the little dog, there was no one in or on the carriage but the sultan, and the moment he started, there was mounting in haste of pasha, bey, and effendi; bin-bashi, yoos-bashi, and cavia-bashi; surreghi, caveghi, and chiboukghi; the whole scampering after him as fast as they could get upon horseback, somewhat in the style of hunters in a steeple-chase. The sun, the brother of the moon, had departed, so the crowd betook themselves to some other amusement, and I sat down upon a gravestone commanding a view of the greater part of the Bosphorus, to enjoy the rays of the beautiful sun above, which neither sultan nor king can rival in splendour, and which extends its kindness to the poorest as well as the richest of its subjects, without favouritism or the reverse.

Many Turkish sabbaths after this date I saw his Sublime Highness, but there was nothing peculiarly different in the cortège. If he went to mosque by water, the guards were extended from the palace-gate to the caïque; and if he went by land, there was always a path of new sand laid down for his horse, and a guard forming an extended line, which closed in the rear as he passed, waiting at the mosque door until he came out, but rarely accompanying him home. When the sultan came out of the palace-gate, there was always a great noise of drums, trumpets, and cymbals, while two heralds proclaimed aloud his arrogant and stupid assumed titles—lord of lords, king of kings, emperor of the whole earth, &c. &c.; but excepting at the moment of leaving the palace, there was no music or noise of any kind.

After the sultan leaves the mosque on Friday, he sometimes visits one of the public institutions in order to see if things are conducted as he has ordered. In these institutions, as well as in the mosques, there is always a room kept for his smoking a pipe, and his pipe-bearer usually disposes of the ashes to some pious mussulman in the crowd for a few small pieces of coin; but he will not sell such a precious morsel to a Christian, except at an exorbitant rate.

After the sultan returns to his palace, the great men return also to their palaces, and enjoy themselves for the remainder of the day; and the inferior grades pass the time until sunset in their favourite café, when they wash themselves, say their prayers, eat their evening repast, regale themselves with a glass of raukee, a final pipe, and lie down to rest until the following sun-rising warns them it is time for prayers and another pipe of tobacco.

#### THE BURIAL PLACES OF DAMASCUS.

As a sort of pendant to the preceding article, we extract the following account of the scene exhibited on the Turkish sabbath in the burial places at Damascus, and the succeeding very judicious remarks on the gross misapprehensions commonly entertained regarding the condition of Turkish ladies, from Mr. Addison's lively work entitled "Damascus and Palmyra," published in 1838, in two volumes octavo. His estimate of the Turkish character is entirely borne out by those best acquainted with it, and exactly coincides with the opinions expressed by a Turkish lady, with whom Mr. Uquhart (whose work on "The Spirit of the East," we had lately occasion to notice,) had a long conversation on the subject. The Turk is essentially domestic; he finds his chief joy in the society of his family; the father never neglects, or is indifferent to his child; and the wife, always treated with respect, derives additional importance as soon as she becomes a mother. Polygamy, to be sure, is a great drawback; but even this is by no means so common as is generally supposed.

"One Friday," says Mr. Addison, "being the Sunday of the Turks, I strolled through the large cemetery, which presented one of the most extraordinary and interesting sights imaginable. I should think about seven or eight hundred women were collected round the tombs, some bearing sprigs of myrtle or young green plants, to place on them; some watering a few drooping flowers, some saying their prayers, some smoking and chatting, and here and there a solitary woman crying as if her heart would break over the tomb of a deceased relative. In some parts of the cemetery, the demonstrations of grief from the women on every side, hanging over the little marble urns, were most afflicting and heart-rending. Nothing was to be seen but sobbing and crying. Many of them were sitting with their veils thrown aside, and their eyes filled with tears. I remarked a very young woman—quite a girl—sitting on a carpet by the side of a tomb, with her hands crossed over her knees, and her long hair trailing on the ground behind. Some fresh flowers and young plants, that she had brought to place on the tomb, were lying by her side. A little further on sat two women, one of whom was leaning against a marble turban, under which, in gold characters, was written the name of the deceased to whose memory it was erected; she was crying, and recklessly plucking up the weeds and bits of grass that grew round the simple monument. Can all this be a mockery of woe? Impossible. The number of disconsolate wretches, at first sight, induces one to think so—and with many such may be the case; but the greater part are influenced by deep and genuine emotion, and certainly those must be who steal here day after day, in solitude and silence, to give vent to their sorrows over the tombs of those they have fondly loved—fancying, as they do, (and is not the idea beautiful, though erroneous?) that the spirits of the departed hover round the hallowed spot, and regard with fond satisfaction these melancholy tokens of attachment.

"The road was thronged with women, many of them having their veils hanging loosely down; and the number of pretty faces and beautiful eyes that I saw inclines me to think that the beauty of the Damascene women has not been exaggerated. They had mostly fair complexions, with dark eyes and hair. We wandered about unmolested, taking care not to appear too narrowly scrutinising what was going on.

"I have heard many instances of the strong affection of women in this part of the world for their husbands. The most erroneous notions are prevalent among us as to the grievous bondage in which, as it is called, they are held, and as to the way in which they pass their lives. From inquiries I have made of different Levantine and Frank ladies, in the habit of visiting the harems of the East, I understand that the fair occupants of them by no means covet the degree of liberty claimed and enjoyed by our European ladies, and think that a married woman should enjoy no other male society but that of her husband—that her whole time should be given up in studying to amuse him, and in the nursing and education of his children; which pleasing task they never delegate to another. They seem, it is said, to look upon the very restraint in which they are kept, and the watchfulness with which they are guarded with a feeling of pride and satisfaction, thinking it a proof of the estimation in which they are held, and the value attached to them by their husbands. Thus, the most flattering epithet that can be applied to an Eastern lady is said to be that of the 'consealed treasure,' 'the guarded jewel,' 'the well-watched angel.'

"The degree of restraint imposed upon them, however, is much less than is generally imagined. Wrapped up in their loose walking cloaks, and shrouded in their veils, they are to be met with in all public places, shopping at the bazaars, or paying visits to their friends, undistinguishable even by their own husbands. They congregate together, and pass their afternoons in the baths, and, unrestrained by the presence of the men, enjoy dancing and music. If a husband possessing only one wife (which is often the case) be kind and attentive to her, the strength of affection centred in him is naturally very great. The retirement and solitude of the harem afford little of change, and few worldly amusements, to divert the mind from the one absorbing passion; and when death has separated them from those in whom they found the greatest enjoyment of existence, the anguish of the mind must be indeed acute, and the sorrowing mourner attempts to solace her wounded spirit by those touching attentions to the memory of the dead so universal in the solemn solitary burying-grounds of the East. Of these marks of affection, how pleasing is the fond occupation of watering each day a few flowers planted over the grave of a husband or child! or replacing every evening, with fresh blooming blossoms, the withered plants of the preceding day—fit emblems of mortal man, 'who cometh up and is cut down like a flower!' But the most beautiful and touching of all these tokens of affection is the one of hanging over the tomb a cage with a few singing-birds, who are fed with religious care morning and evening, and are supposed to cheer the spirit of the departed by their sweet songs."

#### WHITEFRIARS.

[Our country readers, unacquainted with London, may be informed that Whitefriars is the name of a district, occupied by sundry narrow lanes, which slope from Fleet-street to the Thames. With the exception of Bouverie-street (formerly called Whitefriars), which may be considered as the main street or lane of the district, the external aspect of the place is not the most inviting; but the following "Reminiscences of an Alsatian," the contribution of a resident, will instruct some, perhaps, even of our London readers, that Whitefriars is not without interesting associations, both of the past and the present.]

If our readers have seen one of the earlier maps of London in the olden time, they would no doubt perceive that its south-western boundary was the precinct of Whitefriars—so called from a convent of the brothers of Mount Carmel there located. The edifices of the Carmelites were spacious, and their garden extensive; anciently reaching downward to the river Thames, just as that of the Temple does now. In the "Fortunes of Nigel," Sir Walter Scott has given a graphic description of the quarter, under its nickname of "Alsatia." We need not transfer to our columns the lively description he there gives; it has been, or will be, read by most of those who peruse this article. What other author has been able, like the Wizard of the North, to breathe the breath of his genius into the dead nostrils of so many past existences, reproducing them before us, again to live and move, and have a second and more enduring being in his immortal pages?

We may inform those of our readers who do not know how the *sobriquet* of "Alsatia" came to be applied to our precinct, that the real Alsatia was a border territory of disputed jurisdiction, which in the Elizabethan times was situated between France and Germany Proper, and then served, like the Noman's Land on the Scottish and English marches, as a convenient asylum for refugees from both countries. It now forms the two departments of the Haut and Bas Rhin, in the actual kingdom of France, having, for its *chefs-lieux*, Strasburg and Colmar.\* Hence the sportive application of the term "Alsatian" to those who took refuge in ancient Whitefriars. An authorised sanctuary in the reign of James I. it could not well be; but probably had continued to be so, by prescription merely, after the abolition of monastic privileges at the Reformation. If Sir Walter's description be made with a true pen, it must have been more like the *Tynderie*, or *Cour des Miracles*, of the French capital—a repair for sturdy beggars and desperadoes, rather than a sanctuary—dangerous to

enter, and impossible to execute a writ in. During Cromwell's usurpation, its *sanctity* must have been often invaded; the Great Fire, of course, abolished it altogether. No reader of English history need be reminded of the sanctuary of Beaulieu in Hampshire, resorted to in extremity by the heroic Margaret of Anjou and her son; or\* that of Westminster, in which Queen Elizabeth Woodvil placed the children of Edward IV., and who were soon after murdered by their unnatural uncle, Richard III., as soon as their mother was weak enough to withdraw them from their asylum. Holyrood Palace, and adjuncts, at Edinburgh, also, by the double right of regality and its abbey, was a sanctuary; as a refuge for debtors, it so continues to this hour. Hence the threat in the old Scotch ballad of "the Cock Laird," or petty country gentleman, who is tauntingly told by his extravagant young wife, that she will

"Give him a lairdship in the auld Abbaye: "

that is, make him a *dyvor*, or bankrupt!\*

Our precinct immediately adjoins the Temple, itself once the greatest religious establishment in our country. What with the hallowed precinct of Bridewell † (so called from the spring of St. Bridget, or Bride, much resorted to by pilgrims,) and containing also several religious foundations, with that of the Blackfriars close by, the quarter was more *sanctus* than the spiritual wants of any supposable amount of population could require. In our times it is different—Whitefriars having neither church nor chapel within its bounds. Blackfriars was more extensive than our precinct: the present Bridge-street divides it into two unequal parts; it is built on ground cleared of its houses to form the present handsome approach to Blackfriars' Bridge, finished by Mylne in 1760.

By referring to an old map, the reader will see that the ecclesiastical character of the quarter continues further eastward, with no interruption, to the old cathedral of St. Paul's and environage; many of whose existing streets still show, in their names, their obligations to the Breviary for godfathership. Such are Paternoster-row, Ave-Maria-lane, Amen-corner, Creed-lane, &c.; also Paul's Chain—so named from a chapel dedicated to the memory of that apostle's bonds—Sancti Pauli ad Vincula. In looking at such a map as that alluded to of London in those days, or at one of Paris down to the eve of the French Revolution, one is struck with the monstrous amount of their most central ground taken up with religious houses, male and female. In the French capital, in particular, at the later date, it was even worse than with us, as the abuse with them was of so much longer standing; for property once bequeathed to the church was ever after inalienable. There they all were, these *droneries*, stuck like so many slaty stones in the heart of a dull fire, neither burning themselves, nor allowing the fuel to burn. A pretty dead-lock the unlimited increase of such houses must have brought a country to at last! Of a truth, if the Reformation was useful to us, a Revolution was indispensable to the French, for this cause alone.

The force of circumstances (all men's master) has twice made us denizens of Whitefriars. Ten years were we absent from it and Britain; yet did we return, and find it, despite so many metropo-

\* Sanctuaries were originally imitated from the "cities of refuge" of the Jewish dispensation, for perpetrators of sudden homicidal acts, and to soften the too harsh operation of the *lex talionis* in early times. In our time, a claim has been set up for exemption from serving on juries by residents in Whitefriars. Some eighteen years ago, this was argued before Lord Stowell, in the Admiralty Court, at the instance of a friend of our own; on which occasion, that learned judge, finding himself rather posed by the evidence brought forward by Baron (then Mr.) Boddam, evaded the question by granting a special release in the individual case, carefully stating that "it was not to be drawn into a precedent."

† Bridewell prison stands on the site of a royal palace, once inhabited by King John, and, in 1522, by the regal cardinal Wolsey. In the same reign it was fitted up for the Emperor Charles V., when in London, but who preferred staying in the adjoining monastery of the Dominicans, or Black Friars.

litan changes, almost intact. We happened to re-enter London, three years ago, by Westminster Bridge. We looked in upon St. James's Park—what a surprising change there!—the saint himself would hardly have known it.

Trafalgar-square, too, a new creation altogether, which, though no square, is still a remarkable place, in the convenient French sense of that word. Charles the First's statue—the once (literally) "buried majesty" of England—was still to the good; the tail of the lion on Northumberland House seemed as ready to wag as ever; but the Strand, although an "old friend," had got at least one new cheek (and a handsome one too) to its "new face." Exeter Change, also, with all its roaring lions, its place was no more—or, rather, its place was all that was to be found.

Old Fleet-market, we plainly saw, had been swept off by the besom of destruction. We felt inclined, like Dominic Sampson, to cry out "Prodigious!" but that exclamation of our wonder we were glad we received till we saw the magical doings at New London Bridge. We were sadly puzzled to know what to make of that. There stood, indeed, that tall bully the Monument, looking quietly on, (but apparently cowered out of its place,) like myself a stupefied spectator of the altered state of things in its neighbourhood.

It is related of a returning emigrant French nobleman, on his at last re-entering the adored capital of his beloved country, and remarking the many changes operated there in his absence, that he piteously exclaimed, "On a gate mon beau Paris!" Even so were we almost tempted to exclaim, "They have spoiled the dear familiar ugly face of our old London!"

In returning by St. Paul's Churchyard, we found small cause for self-gratulation; there we found an awful hiatus! Bowles and Carver's unchanging shop, with its eternal prints, (so at least we thought them,) so charmingly described by Charles Lamb—these were all gone, after a century's holding, and a ticketing haberdasher's "stuck up" at the corner of Paul's-alley. Ten times, and more, had this our planet gone on bowling its annual round since we saw Bowles's shop. "Surely," thought we often, during that absence, "these good old prints must be changed by this time—we will go thither the first thing we do:"—and then to have such a disappointment, when we thought to have so gladdened our eyes! We looked round involuntarily to St. Paul's, to see if that were not gone too—it might as well! we thought.

But we beg pardon for digressing so long from our immediate subject: and as it is always best to begin with the beginning, (though some may think we have now omitted to do so,) we will stand in front of the house where this article will be printed, our gentle reader by our side, and stick the leg of the compass we are about to fetch at its door. The viculus in which it stands is called Lombard-street.\* The other strada of the name in the city, all the world knows by sight or hearsay, and took its name (like its relative, the Rue des Lombards of Paris,) from being the favourite repair of the goldsmiths and money-changers of Lombardy, the bankers of the two capitals during the middle ages.

The establishment in front of which we now stand is that of our printers. From this house, in their predecessor Davison's time, (called the Didot of England,) issued all the earlier editions of Byron and many other crack works—the two-guinea quartos and one-guinea octavos, now obsolete or obsolescent. What a change

\* If we have any tricky reader who wishes to lay a trap-wagon, let him set it thus:—"Two to one that I walk to Lombard-street, from Temple-bar and back again, in one minute." Not one in twenty will find out the equivoque. We once staked half-a-sovereign on the supposed impossibility of producing a cherry coloured cat within half an hour. We lost, of course, by the unwelcome apparition of a sable grimalkin, led in triumphantly by our grinning adversary. Cherries, he too truly said, might be either red or black!

has come over the world of literature since Davison's time! Lombard-street is as narrow and as dirty as ever; but hot-pressed quartos have been lost in "the flood!"

Over the door is an inscription, to exercise the wits of the curious; for their house, like Jemmy Thomson's ox, is "of honest front," and disguiseth not its age. [1669, B C.] "Burnt to a cinder" these interesting initials can hardly mean, seeing that the great fire of London, wherein its predecessors were consumed, took place full three years before. This long delay in rebuilding was, no doubt, caused by the scarcity of labourers, and their high wages: these, in that season of "public calamity,"—for Providence is kind to some—demanded double, and even treble, ~~may~~: so did the owners of timber and bricks. When in America, in 1835, we saw manifestations of the same benign spirit of man towards his fellows in distress, after the fire of that winter in New York, the greatest since the conflagration of Moscow. But this by the way. only we have to observe, that the house in question, whether from a spirit of confidence of its rebuilders in old foundations, or from pure economy, is actually built on old subterranean walls, conventual or other.

Behind this building is a garden, that the little world of Whitefriars wotteth not of. Its dimensions are about twenty-five yards square, and it belongs to her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests. Who would dream of a royal chase so near Fleet-street? It was once attached to the Alienation Office, now located elsewhere. In this little oasis amidst the wilderness of London bricks grow some mulberry-trees, and a variety of scampish, outcast-looking shrubs and bushes. This apparently-forgotten nook has much the air of the inner court of some deserted chateau or monastery.

The Great Fire of London appears to have consumed nearly the whole precinct of Whitefriars; and very recently our venerable printing office ran great risk, and received actual damage, from a fire which destroyed some property on the opposite side of our narrow lane. But to return to the "Great Fire." There is one house extant in a narrow passage, not far from the Temple-gate, which, we are pretty positive, must have escaped destruction; we have visited it more than once—it is easy of access, being occupied as a petty coffee-house. Over its parlour mantel-piece there is yet to be seen a niche for a *Mater Dei* and holy infant. In an upper room lived an old lady forty years, during twenty of which she never once crossed its threshold. Five times she was turned over, a kind of living fixture, to as many successive tenants. Her room, being peculiarly but conveniently shaped, she made literally to serve her, as the cobbler did his stall, "for parlour, and kitchen, and hall;" being closeted and cupboarded from floor to ceiling. She was a respectable good soul, but had a touch of the monomaniac. One of her fancies was, that if she lived away from that particular room, she should soon die. This was the force centripetal, that tied her to it. But then she had a countervailing nervous fear of fire. This was the power centrifugal, that ultimately drove her away; an event which happened a very few months ago; and thus it was:—Last Christmas, the new city-police regulations came into tardy operation in the precinct, and the "sweet voices" of the culling Charlies (those ancient chronicles, or chronic ill, of the night) were hushed at once and for ever. Now, part of the duty of the old watchmen, from time immemorial, was duly, night by night, sure as eleven o'clock came, to sing out, at every part of their beat, "Put out your lights above and below—past eleven o'clock." All this suddenly ceasing, our old lady's spirit became troubled. Incontinent she peaked and pined by day, and was sorely vexed with fiery dreams at night. Certes, her two-pair lodging was



none of the least inflammable, the house being partitioned and staircased with carved and panelled wood from beginning to end; not to mention its quaint cornices, equipped with tenter-hooks for hanging tapestry on, in the timber-loving olden time. She bore with "the silent system" till human flesh could stand it no longer—she fled for her life.

In the chronicles of the reign of Edward II., anno 1325, we find an incident recorded by Pakington, not at all foreign to our subject, and which shows the reverence of the Londoners for the mendicant orders. In that year, Stapleton, bishop of Exeter, minister and favourite of the imbecile king, was building for himself, "a faire towre" in the Strand; and being in want of additional materials, he thought fit to make free with some stone and lime belonging to the White Friars: whereupon the citizens rose in indignation upon him and two of his squires, slew them incontinent, and buried their bodies under the rubbish of the said tower, "as they had been dogges." An awful warning this to all purloiners of stray materials from our sacred precinct!

Proceeding eastward, we arrive at Bouveic-street—a genteel-sounding name enough—yea *noble*, for it bears the family-name of the Earl of Radnor, who has property there. That family-name is French, but would not sound quite so well in ears of France as in ours. *Bauf*, a bullock; *bovier*, a cow or neat herd; *bouvierie*, a place where bullocks and cows are kept. Rhodes's at Islington, for instance, is a *bouvierie*, and one of the greatest in the world: not so great, indeed, as he earnestly but vainly desired it to be, for it is known to all men that he often wished (though bootlessly) to turn his complement of 999 cows into the round thousand. It was satisfactorily ascertained, in my time, that all his efforts were sure to be baffled, by one or more immediately taking ill and dying. But he must have given up struggling with destiny in this point long before this. Experience teaches even fools.

We have now arrived, then, at the bottom of Water-lane, and respect for the curiosity of our readers obliges us to ascend it. Whitefriars and Blackfriars divide its honours, and its mud, between them. This crooked alley, or *Bow*, as the Scotch would rightfully call it, beareth a flattering misnomer. *Water* is a good thing, by itself, and earth is not bad, but they make a sorry mixture; and there is no lack of that compound, either *greasy* or *maigre*, in Water-lane. Howbeit, supposing any one of our peaceable readers to be over-driven along Fleet-street by a mad bull, suddenly broke loose, we should decidedly hold him excusable, were he to run into Water-lane—for life is sweet, if the lane is not. When the too-famous American Colonel Burr, that unlucky compound of great talents and evil passions, was in London, he fell into deep pecuniary distress. He, too, like Scott's Lord Glenvarloch, took refuge in our Alsatia. We need scarcely inform our readers, that Burr was the man who shot the great Federalist, Hamilton, (one of the best and greatest of American politicians,) in a murderous duel. Here follows an entry of the diary of his stay in London:—

"Dec. 21, 1808. In a garret at the Black Lion, Water-lane. . . . 22. Returned to the nearest inn, being the same Black Lion, where I am the occupant of a garret room, up four flights of stairs, and a very dirty bed." \*

#### MOURNFUL THOUGHTS FRIENDLY TO VIRTUE.

If ere a wantonness, and would demand  
Severe reproof, if we were men whose hearts  
Could hold vain dalliance with the misery  
Even of the dead; contented thence to draw  
A momentary pleasure, never marked  
By reason, barrier of all future good.  
But we have known that there is often found  
In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,  
A power to virtue friendly.—*Wordsworth.*

\* "Life and Correspondence of Aaron Burr." Boston, 4-39.

#### TONGUE WATCHING.

To him that well considers it, idle speaking is precisely the beginning of all hollowness, halfness, *infidelity* (want of faithfulness); the genial atmosphere in which rank weeds of every kind attain the mastery over noble fruit in man's life, and utterly choke them out; one of the most crying maladies of these days, and to be testified against, and in all ways to the uttermost withstood. Wise, of a wisdom far beyond our shallow depth, was that old precept, WATCH THY TONGUE; out of it are the issues of life! 'Man is properly an *incarnated word*—the word he speaks is the man himself. Were eyes put into our head that we might see; or only that we might fancy, and plausibly pretend that we had seen? Was the tongue suspended there, that it might tell truly what we had seen, and make man the soul's brother of man; or only that it might utter vain sounds, jargon, soul-confusing, and so *divide* man, as by enchanted walls of darkness, from union with man? Thou who wearest that cunning, heaven-made organ, a tongue, think well of this. Speak not, I passionately entreat thee, till thy thought have silently matured itself, till thou have other than mad and mad-making noises to emit: *hold thy tongue* (thou hast it a-holding) till *some* meaning lie behind to set it wagging. Consider the significance of SILENCE: it is boundless, never by meditating to be exhausted; unspeakably profitable to thee! Cease that chaotic hubbub, wherein thy own soul runs to waste, to confused suicidal dislocation and stupor; out of silence comes thy strength. "Speech is silvery, silence is golden; speech is human, silence is divine." Fool! thinkest thou that because no Boswell is there with ass-skin and blacklead to write thy jargon, it therefore dies and is harmless? Nothing dies, nothing can die. No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into Time, and grows through all eternity! The Recording Angel, consider it well, is no fable, but the truest of truths; the paper tablets thou canst burn; of the "Iron leaf" there is no burning. Truly if we can permit God Almighty to note down our conversation, thinking it good enough for Him—any poor Boswell need not scruple to work his will of it. T. CARLYLE.

#### FRAGMENT OF A CONVERSATION BETWEEN LADY JANE GREY AND R. ASCHAM.

*Jane.* WOULDST thou command me never more to read Cicero, and Epictetus, and Polybius? The others I do resign unto thee; they are good for the arbour and for the gravel-walk: but leave unto me, I beseech thee, my friend and father—leave unto me, for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

*Ascham.* Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed! thou spotless, undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well! These are the men for men! these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures, O Jane, whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband!

*Jane.* I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me. I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection! O, never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher, by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

*Ascham.* Gentle is he, and virtuous; but time will harden him—it will harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

*Jane.* He is contented with me and with home.

*Ascham.* Ah! Jane, Jane—men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

*Jane.* He told me he never liked books, unless I read them to him. I will read them to him every evening, I will open new worlds to him, richer than those discovered by the Spaniard; I will conduct him to treasures—oh, what treasures!—on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

*Ascham.* Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him—be his faery, his page, his everything that poetry and love have invented; but watch him well, sport with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets about his cheeks; and if ever he meditate on power, go, toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse.—*W. S. Landor.*

A SCOTCHMAN'S DEBUT IN LONDON—SIXTY YEARS SINCE.\*

P. L. GORDON, Esq., whose grandfather and father were both worthy ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, gives, in his "Personal Memoirs,"\* the following amusing and characteristic description of his first appearance in London, upwards of half a century ago. He quitted the paternal roof in 1778, and touched at Aberdeen, on his way to London, to join his regiment.

"I had the pleasure," he says "of passing a few days at Aberdeen with my two brothers, one of whom was studying law, and the other divinity. I embarked in a smack, *supercargo* to a kit of salmon, for my uncle, who kept an academy at Enfield, as I have already mentioned.

"The crowded population of the environs of London, and the approach to it by Westminster, struck me with astonishment; though fifty years ago, there were but few houses in St. George's Fields, and the number of stage-coaches and private carriages was not one tenth of what it is now. I had a letter to a Scotch grocer in Piccadilly from a relation in Aberdeen, and I thought it would be a prudent measure to deliver my credentials to the vender of figs. On my presenting my letter, he gave me a great many bows, and when he had perused it, he begged me to walk into a small dark room behind his shop, which stunk of bacon, Hamburgh sausages, and rotten cheese, uniting an effluvia as insufferable as the bilge-water of the smack. 'Weel,' said my new friend in a most perfect Buchan accent, 'what can I do for ye, *Captain?*' (this was speedy promotion.) My cousin tells me he kens your family—I have several of your name my customers.—'I want,' I replied, 'a lodging for a day or two, before I go to visit a relation at Enfield.'—'And what may his name be, if you please?—I serve twa families there.' When I satisfied him, and added that he was master of an academy, and had three-score of boarders, his eye glistened, and he rejoined, 'I ha' a relation by the mither's side o' the name of Morison, may be ye are of the same kin: at any rate, I would be greatly obliged if you wud mention to your uncle that I sell tea and sugar and a kind o' groceries as cheap as any man man within the city of London or Westminster, and wud be obliged to you to tak a *caird* o' my shop—he'll find it to his advantage to deal wi' me. I'm sorry I canna gie ye a bed myself, for I ha' unluckily let my first stage, and am rather hampered for room, for I ha' a sick mither; but I will introduce you to an honest man, and a countryman, and vary *ceev'd*; he lives in Suffolk-street, near Charing-cross—but as ye donna ken Lunger, I'll send my shop-boy to show you the road: it's No. 6. The man's name is Mitchel, and he keeps a tailor's shop—you'll be wanting new claiths, and you canna do better than get them frae him—he's an honest man.'\* I had *tact* enough to perceive that Mr. Mackey, from his discourse, seemed to have his own and his friend's interest at heart more than mine: nevertheless, I thanked him for his kindness, and would accept of his offer by giving me a few lines to the tailor, and would get into a hackney-coach, and save him the trouble of sending his lad with me. 'Na, na,' replied he, 'that will cost ye a shilling—keep your siller in your pouch—ye'll ha' occasion for it, I've warrant.—Suffolk-street is na a quarter of a mile off.' I told him that I had left my baggage in the smack, and that I had nothing to carry but what was on my back. Mr. Ogilvie, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had formed on the passage, and had brought me to town, at this moment passed in his carriage and spoke to me. 'He seems a *ceevil*-like gentleman,' rejoined the grocer; 'fat's his trade?'—'I believe,' said I, 'he is a West India merchant.' 'In ye had ony interest with him,' continued Mr. Mackey, 'I wish ye would speak a good word for me. I wu'd serve him wi his ain commodities, and may be buy from him.' But on my saying that I had never seen or heard of him till yesterday, he gave up the case as hopeless.

"The introductory note being written, my worthy friend pre-

\* "Personal Memoirs; or Reminiscences of Men and Manners at Home and Abroad, during the last Half Century, with occasional Sketches of the Author's Life; being fragments from the portfolio of Ppysie Lockhart Gordon, Esq.; in 2 vols. London: Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street. 1830."

sented me with a dozen of figs in a paper, saying, 'I dare say ye have a sweet tooth in your head—prize thae figs, they are vary frash, and lat your uncle taste ane or twa o' them—they are particularly gud for the bairns, and when you come back frae Enfield, call in and tak' your breakfast—I ha' gud honey, and noo and then a yellow haddock that the skippers wha deal wi' me bring up.' On promising that I would see him again, we shook hands and parted, his last words being, 'See fat you can do wi' your uncle for me.' I have since thought this grocer an admirable specimen of a Scotch tradesman; his selfishness and attention to his own interest all his cunning, could not conceal, and it so disgusted me, that I never repeated my visit. I know not if he was any relation to the celebrated oilman of the same name in Piccadilly. How has 'the March of Intellect' changed in half a century! The modern Mackey of Piccadilly is a man of genius, and invents new sauces, for which he gets royal patents, and imports wild-boar's heads from the Continent, price five guineas! yet he still condescends to deal in split peas and Scotch barley.

"I found my countryman, the tailor, a very *ceev'd* sort of person, as he had been represented; and on bargaining for a room on the second floor and my breakfast, I was encouraged by the moderate price to employ him to rig me out with a new wardrobe, of which I stood very much in want; for my mother had wisely advised that this should be done in London, that I might be in the fashion. I ordered a new suit complete, with a morning-dress, &c., which I found would greatly reduce my finances, which only amounted to sixty pounds, out of which I would require a suit of regimentals. In four-and-twenty hours I put on my new costume, and a fellow with a long beard happening to pass under the window when the tailor was trying on my garments, he advised me to dispose of my old clothes to this Jew; he was called up, and after a minute inspection, he swore in his Hebrew lingo, 'that the goods wash very bad, full of de little holes, which *de mosh* did eat.' With the assistance of my host, and a great deal of bargaining, I squeezed up Moses to thirty-five shillings for my whole kit, including a hat, a pair of boots, and divers pair of clumsy shoes; this was my first mercantile transaction. Thus equipped I got into a stage coach from High Holborn, and was transported to Forty (four tree) Hill, near Enfield, the abode of my relation, who received me with open arms. I expected to have met a wag, like uncle Watty, but found a quiet, *dominie*-looking, tall and thin man, 'full of wise saws and modern instances,' but extremely good-natured in appearance. He had been married a few years, and had a family. I told him that in the coach I had met an old gentleman who was well acquainted with him, an inhabitant of the village. I added that I did not know his name, but I thought I could sketch him—a pencil was procured, and I drew a head, which on being shown, my uncle and his wife exclaimed—'Old Dickens!' It was afterwards shown to the old gentleman, and much praised.

"I remained with this kind relative a week; it was holiday time. I assisted him to feed the pigs, in which pursuit he was quite a Parson Trulliber. My grandfather had taught me to play at backgammon, and though I was but a novice, I beat the pedagogue, which annoyed him not a little, though the best-temper'd man I ever met—so easily are we disturbed by trifles.

"On my return to town I delivered a letter which had been sent to me by Colonel Browne, to a brother officer recruiting in London; he kindly showed me the *luns* of the day. I went with him to the play, and accompanied him to a cheap eating-house, the Bedford Head, in Maiden-lane, where we had an excellent dinner and a pint of wine for three shillings. As I had been so many months without doing any duty, since the date of my commission, he recommended me to set out forthwith to Cork. I found I had a balance left of fifteen pounds after paying for my outfit. I took coach to Bristol, from whence I was to proceed to my destination by the packet. I procured from Captain Campbell a letter to another brother officer, Captain Rockford, at this port, a wild Irishman, but very good-natured. The wind was foul, and I was detained a fortnight, during which time I lived in a recruiting mess, and my finances had dwindled into a few pounds. At length the packet sailed, which was driven into Minehead by a gale of wind, which continued four days: the passengers were, as is usual, sent on shore, and the expenses of the inn reduced my pounds into shillings. The skipper, however, undertook to supply me with money for my expenses from the Cove to Cork. We arrived in safety, and considering my youth and inexperience, I had reason to congratulate myself on accomplishing my voyages without 'gaith or scorn.'"

## READING AND WRITING.

SOME of our readers may have remarked a paragraph in some of the newspapers, which stated, that in a recent advertisement for an under bailiff, or something of that sort, in one of our English agricultural counties, it was mentioned that it would be an additional recommendation to the successful applicant, *if he could neither read nor write*. Not having seen the advertisement, we can neither "vouch for the fact," nor give several conjectural reasons as to the probable motive of the advertiser. But assuming that it was the good old hearty aversion to that education, which, in the eyes of the people of the old school, is a generic term for ambition, restlessness, discontent, insubordination, &c., may we not place it on a par with the triumphant ejaculation of the honest carman, as recorded in some modern "Joe Miller?" He, honest fellow, had been sadly annoyed by the progress of "education," as it made its way even to the juniors of his own profession. He could not understand what connexion reading and writing had with cracking a whip or driving a team, until he passed from the country to the town one day, when an unfortunate criminal was about to suffer "the last penalty of the law" for forgery. The carman received, as a definition of forgery, that it was "writing another man's name;" and thereupon glancing alternately at the gibbet and his informant, he exclaimed, "And this is your education!"

It is beginning, however, to be somewhat generally understood, that the mere power of reading and writing no more constitutes education, than a spade constitutes a day's work. The mere power of reading to one who can read, but seldom does, or the mere power of being able to scrawl one's name to one who seldom has occasion to do so, is just of as little use as is the spade of the labourer when laid up in the pawnbroker's shop. Reading and writing (as has been remarked again and again) are but the tools of education—the A B C of THOUGHT; and he who has got no farther than the ability to read a page with some difficulty, or the power of awkwardly handling a pen without the ability of *marking down* his ideas, can no more be said to be educated, than the man who is standing outside the door can be said to be within the house. For this reason, statistical returns, informing us how many criminals can read, and how many cannot, are of little use, without additional data, in enabling us to understand what amount of education has been expended on the entire body. What would we think of the answer to the query—What is the probable amount of muscular strength possessed by a given body of men, if the reply was that so many had spades, so many had pick-axes and spades, and so many had neither?

The reader is doubtless well aware that the regard in which reading and writing were held led to a gross abuse in our criminal jurisprudence. The privilege claimed by the clergy of being exempt from secular jurisdiction, was stoutly resisted in England; the clergy only got the length of having religious places made sanctuaries, wherein criminals could be protected from arrest; and of enabling members of their body, when accused of *minor* crimes not involving the penalty of life or limb, to claim the privilege of being tried and punished by an ecclesiastical tribunal. This latter privilege was called "benefit of clergy;" and when a man put on his trial, claimed, as a person in holy orders, the privilege of being handed over from temporal to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, it was necessary for him, as a proof that he was a "clerk," to appear in his clerical habit and tonsure. Gradually, however, official costume was dispensed with, and a simpler proof of "clergy" sufficed. For in the rude chivalrous ages, reading and writing were considered as much the peculiar tools of priests, as the sword and lance were of the knight; hence,

Sir Walter Scott, in "Marmion," makes Archibald Bell-the-cat exclaim—

"Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,  
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line;"

Gawain Douglas being Bishop of Dunkeld.

When a man then, accused of crime before the regular tribunals, claimed the "benefit of clergy," it was held proof enough that he was a priest if he were able to read; and this test continued to be used long after the ability to read ceased to be a peculiarity of the priesthood. "The clergy, however," says Mr. Jardine, "do not appear to have universally admitted that the mere fact of a prisoner's ability to read was to be taken as a conclusive proof of his clerical character. A curious case is recorded which greatly puzzled the judges. A man indicted of felony claimed the benefit of clergy; upon which the archdeacon of Westminster Abbey was sent for, who showed him a book, in which the felon read well and fluently. Upon hearing this, the court ordered him to be delivered to the archdeacon on behalf of the ordinary; but the archdeacon refused to take him, alleging that he was not a clerk. This raised a serious difficulty; and the question was one of serious importance to the prisoner, as the judges deliberated whether he must not of necessity be hanged. He was, however, remanded to prison, and the subject was much discussed by the judges for several terms: but, luckily for the culprit, the conscientious archdeacon being removed, his successor heard the prisoner read, and consented to receive him; whereupon he was delivered to the ordinary, the judges saying that *in favorem vitæ et libertatis ecclesie*, even where a man had once failed to read, and had received sentence of death, they would allow him his benefit of clergy under the gallows if he could then read, and was received by the ordinary." In another case, where the felon read well and audibly in the presence of the whole court, the ordinary refused to receive him, and he was hanged "without benefit of clergy." The distinctions arising out of this privilege continued to hamper our criminal law, until it was finally swept away a few years ago.

It is just as absurd, now-a-days, to reckon it a proof of education because a person can read and write, as it was in former times for the law to hold a man to be a priest because he could read. There have been not a few extraordinary, able, and energetic individuals who could neither read nor write; and there have been, and there are, not a few fools who could, and who can, do both very fluently. Reading and writing are of but little value, as means of education, unless they have not only in some part of our lives enabled us to acquire ideas, and to express them, but unless they are perpetually enabling us to do so. And yet there are still a considerable number of individuals who, after having laboriously and painfully acquired the "art" in their mouth, put it to no other use except as an adjunct to the means of earning their bread.

It is because reading and writing are simply "tools," of but little value to the owners unless used, that we look upon CHEAP POSTAGE as a sort of indirect means of aiding NATIONAL EDUCATION. The whole commercial community may rejoice, because its benefits will be instantly and directly felt; and this in itself is a great good. But ere long the benefits and the blessings of cheap postage will be felt—gradually at first, but at last extensively and permanently—by that great body, who, though able to write, practise the art but seldom. The older portion of this important part of the nation may not become "great writers," even with a penny general postage, because their habits are formed, their hands are stiff, and their hearts do not beat as in youth. But the younger portion will assuredly be tempted to "try their hands." Let them recollect, that of two individuals of about equal intellectual power,

one will acquire a great advantage over the other, simply by the habit of committing thoughts to paper. Writing is an "art," and in all arts "practice makes perfection."

Some individuals, to be sure, have a native power of expression, which others, their intellectual equals, cannot attain; just as of two cabinet-makers, one may be found to handle his tools better than the other; or of two compositors, one will be found to put types together quicker than the other. No amount of dishing will make a Raphael, and no amount of writing will make a Shakspeare or a Scott;—we are not supposing genius can be manufactured. But for all extensive *common-place* purposes; for much of that practical education which tends to elevate the great body of the people; the *habit of writing*, or, in other words, of putting thoughts on paper, will be found to be very useful. We have the authority of Lord Brougham for the affirmation that the best oratory of the best orators was generally preceded by much writing; we have the authority of Cobbett for believing that in learning a language or in learning anything, the *hand* is an admirable aid to the memory; and we have the practical experience of most men who have instructed or entertained the public, that the habit of writing gradually gave them a power, of which they had previously not been conscious.

Many plain people, of small pretensions, but great good sense, are oftentimes deterred from setting down their thoughts on paper—even from writing a letter to a valued absent friend—because they have not the "knack of writing;" that is, have never learned composition as an art. But there is much less difficulty in this "art" than is generally supposed. If we have learned to *think*, an orderly mind will soon form an orderly style. But one great stumbling block is the "art of pointing," which is really no art at all. "I cannot place my stops!" Yet you *do* place your stops, without thinking of the matter, in speaking; you have therefore only to write as you would speak, read it aloud, and you will see at once where to place them. Monsieur Jourdain, in Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," is astonished when he is told that he has been *speaking prose* all his life, and he to be quite unconscious of it! We have all been *pointers*, ever since we began to speak.

Not but that we have, besides the formal rules in grammars, elaborate treatises on punctuation, which might have been altogether spared, had their writers well-pondered the judicious observations of the erudite and sensible Bishop Lowth, who says:—"Few precise rules can be given for punctuation, which will hold in all cases, and much must be left to the judgment and taste of the writer."

All points, for all practical purposes, may be reduced to two, the *comma* and the *semicolon*; the one for short pauses in a sentence, the other to make a division in it when it contains more clauses than one. As for the *colon*, it is almost super-necessary, for there is scarcely a use it serves which the semicolon cannot supply, and its introduction has been a great cause of perplexing a very plain subject; so we should not be sorry to see it abolished altogether. There is an anomalous pause called a *dash*, which Cobbett detested, and with reason. In a loose incoherent style it serves the same turn which a lump of alum (called by roguish bakers *the doctor*) does in binding together the loose materials of bad bread. To those whose ideas are too sublime for plain language to express, the dash is very useful, and to such it had better be left. We must not, however, quite condemn either colon (:) or dash (—). The one is occasionally useful in indicating the converse of a proposition, the other in marking *distinctly* a parenthetical or abrupt sentence.

The points are then, strictly speaking, reducible to two, for the period is merely put as a matter of course to close the sentence.

"The little crooked thing which asks questions" is seldom used, and might be omitted altogether, the arrangement of the words sufficiently indicating that a question is asked. The Spanish fashion of making the note of interrogation precede the sentence, might perhaps be adopted with advantage.

That no rule can be given for the use of the comma will be evident, if any one were to write out a passage and give it to two different grammarians or printers to *point*; for the odds are that one will use twice as many commas (that is, make double the number of pauses) as the other. One thing is certain, nothing weakens the style of a discourse so much as an over-profusion of commas. Lord Jeffrey, the great Edinburgh *ex-reviewer*, used to implore his printer Willison, not to "sprinkle his pepperbox full of commas" too plentifully over his proofs. The fact was, Mr. Willison being a short-winded puffy man, *pointed* according to his own bodily temperament.

The comma being the mark of a needful pause in the sentence, a sort of stepping-stone in the current of words, the use of the semicolon is to show the separation of the parts of a sentence which we do not wish to bring to a period just yet; it will usually be wanted after exceptive words, such as *yet*, *whereas*, *although*, *notwithstanding*, and the like. And this is nearly all the mystery of the affair.

It is related by Dr. Johnson, in the "Life of Lord Lyttleton," that his "History of Henry the Second" cost him some hundred pounds to punctuate, for he would not trust his printer with this affair; and he employed a person of the name of Reid to do the duty with extra skill, the latter having persuaded his employer that he was "master of the secret" of exact punctuation. Yet the work was not one farthing the better for all this man's pains; had it been left to the printer's journeymen, they would have done the business as well, or better, for nothing.

Sometimes, however, careful punctuation is important. For instance, how much is dependent on the placing of a comma in Luke xviii. 43, "Verily I say unto thee this day thou shalt be with me in paradise." The reader, according as he is a catholic or a protestant, will place the rest after the fifth or the seventh word of the verse. Another example we have in the ambiguous words of the ancient oracle, *His redibis nunquam per bella peribis*; "Thou shalt go thou shalt return never by war shalt thou perish." By one way of pointing, the consulting warrior was advised, by another forbidden, to venture on the expedition proposed. He read it his own way, and lost his life. But modern *pointers* are not very oracular.

Then there was the unlucky bishop of Ascello, who lost his bishopric through the mistake of an mispunctuating painter employed to trace an inscription over the palace-gate. It ran thus,  
*Porta patens esto nulli, claudaris honesto.*

"Gate, be thou open to nobody, be shut to an honest man." The placing the comma after *esto* would have set it all right; as, "Gate be thou open, not shut to an honest man."

In our own times and country we have the famous blunder in the contract for lighting the town of Liverpool in the year 1819, the words of which were—"The lamps to be in number 4,050, of two spouts each, composed of twenty threads of cotton." The contractor would have proceeded to furnish each lamp with the said twenty threads, but this being but half the usual quantity, the commissioner discovered that the difference arose from the comma following, instead of preceding, the word *each*. The parties had to annul the contract to prevent a law-suit.

But such examples cannot often occur, and may always be avoided with a little care. There are sometimes words faintly put together, when the meaning is *purposely* concealed by forced pointing, as in the child's rhyme,

"Every lady in the land  
Has twenty nails on each hand,  
Five and twenty on hands and feet;  
This is true without deceit."

Which is rather puzzling, till a rest is made after the words *nails*, *five*, and *feet*, omitting the comma after *hand*.

## BOMBAY AND WESTERN INDIA.\*

LOOKING at the map of the triangular-shaped peninsula of India, we perceive, that of the seats of the three presidencies into which our Indian empire is divided, Calcutta and Madras are on the eastern, and Bombay on the western side. Bombay itself is an island off the coast, about eight miles long, and not more than three miles broad. It is the oldest of the East India Company's possessions in Hindustan, and from this island may be said to have sprung that vast political power which Britain now maintains in the East.

"Unquestionably," says Mrs. Postans, "the present is the most interesting era in the history of our British possessions in India. The day of affected ignorance of their importance is past, and our political and commercial connexion with the destinies of this great nation commands the careful attention, not only of every philanthropist, but of every patriot who desires the continued superiority of his country's power. Rapid intercourse, the result of improved science and political arrangement, has now drawn India (as it were) nearer to the shores of Europe; and, instead of months—long tedious months, passed like a blank in life's short course,—a brief excursion through pleasant France, on the sunny waters of the Mediterranean, and among the ancient relics of gorgeous Egypt, carries the traveller at once to the palm-tasselled strands of glowing Ind." Day by day, therefore, does this intimate connexion between the countries make it more important that the British public should learn to estimate the full value of this our richest colony; and, by means of intellectual and moral improvement, render the resources of India more available, by increasing the allegiance of its soldiery, and the attachment of the native people.

"The capacity for agricultural production in India cannot, I think, be doubted; but the development of that capacity must depend upon the intelligence of the community, and upon the industry which would be excited by a liberal encouragement of its labouring peasants.

"Notwithstanding all disadvantageous circumstances, India has now arrived at a point of civilisation and improvement which must produce high advantages indeed to India, combined with valuable safety to ourselves; but if our policy be to withhold this aid, her enlightenment may tend but to render her rebellious and independent; a result eminently dissatisfactory, after the free expenditure of Britain's life and treasure in her appropriation of the Eastern empire.

"Yet it is certain—and to those who think upon the matter at all, evident—that the increased information of the native gentry of the presidency, the enterprise of the Parsee merchants, and the education of the youthful branches of native families of rank, will force, ere long, (if not freely yielded) that consideration, to which, as an important portion of the great human family, the injured natives of India have so undeniable a right.

"Many of our advantages have been hitherto derived from the ignorance of the people of India; these advantages can only be continued by our application of their intelligence. It will, therefore, be our best interest to direct that improvement which has now commenced, to render it available to our commercial objects, and to secure the alliance of an enlightened and grateful people, whom we shall have taught to recognise and to enjoy the blessings of civilisation.

"Our present position in India, as considered with reference to the general history of conquering nations, is a very peculiar one. The death of the great ruler of the Punjab, our military occupation of Sindh, together with the reduction of Kaubul and its neighbouring dependencies, have given us the prospect of extensive and important territorial acquisitions, in the richest portions of Upper Asia. Political affairs in the East have, in fact, very lately undergone remarkable, and unlooked-for variations. 'Wars, and rumours of wars; marching, and counter-marchings; local treachery, and threats of distant invasion, have succeeded to long and 'piping times of peace.' The river Indus, hitherto considered the great natural boundary of our Eastern possessions, has been now passed; our cantonments will soon, like the altars of Alexander, mark the scene of our triumphant advance; and the noble river, celebrated by the historians of a classic age, may, ere long,

when the clash of arms has ceased, become the great channel of wealth and civilisation, not only to the barren lands which skirt its shores, but also between the interior of Asia and the peninsula of India; while British influence may arouse, guide, and cherish agricultural and commercial industry, under the auspices of a peaceful, wise, and liberal form of government.

"The 'glory' of subduing thousands is light in the scale of utility, when compared with the glory of rendering the conquered of our colonies a free and happy people—of giving them influence and knowledge, of securing to them the means of improvement in their condition, and of grafting on ancient prejudices, with a view to their ultimate removal, an acquaintance with useful arts, in connexion with the moral principles and national creed of those by whose force of arms India has not only been subdued, but rifled of her gold, her liberty, and her dearest hopes.

"Never, perhaps, was there a trust involving so great and so heavy a responsibility upon any nation, as that which attaches to the British dominion in India; and daily is this country becoming more responsible, as our territorial conquest increases, and the happiness, politically and morally, of increasing thousands, is placed within our power. Apathy, to an incomprehensible degree, yet exists in England on this momentous subject; although some few—and those foremost in the ranks of pure philanthropy—exert their voices to advocate the cause of degraded India. The power of opinion once preponderating in support of the improved condition of our fellow-subjects in the East, the result is certain; this power alone has emancipated the negroes, and it will also achieve the emancipation of the Hindoos. The one has been an exemption from the lash and from the taskmaster—the other must be a deliverance from oppression, from tyranny, from ignorance, and from idolatry. England boasts now her 'British Indian Society,' her 'Aborigines Protection Society,' and other associations, advocating the extended scheme of universal benevolence; the heart of every wise politician, and of every right-minded individual in the world, must respond to the sentiments which form their basis; but, unfortunately, the condition of India, the character of her people, the capacity of her soil, the fertilising power of her noble rivers, are not yet fully appreciated, nor in general understood. She is spoken of, indeed, as 'the brightest jewel in the British crown;' but the incrustation on the jewel is not noted. The time is at hand, however, when our own safety will demand that this jewel should be polished; and were this not the fact, the spirit of conquest alone, we would hope, could not, in a Christian country, so far absorb all human sympathies as to render us indifferent to the fate of those we conquer. British troops will ere long be subsidised in Sindh; and that in the midst of a starving population, on the banks of a noble river, flowing through a tract of more than 1700 miles in extent, and through a soil which, with the least exertion, would produce abundantly, both for the support of its inhabitants and for foreign export; and yet at present there is no agriculture, no knowledge of the arts of peace, and no stimulus of interest among the people. Can we permit the continuance of such a state of things as this?"

From these general observations on India, which are highly creditable to the writer, we now accompany her to Bombay.

"Few places," she says, "have undergone greater change and improvement than the presidency of Western India, during the last six years; and if we venture to become prophetic on the present appearance of political affairs connected with the East, its career of progress promises to be even yet more singularly rapid."

"The harbour scenery of Bombay is justly considered the most lovely in the world, the fairest of all

"the isles that gem  
Old Ocean's purple diadem."

To detail the particular features which compose its beauty were impossible. The deep smooth waters, the bright blue cloudless sky, the clustering islands, gleaming in still dreamy indistinctness, fringed with the dark feathers of the palm-trees, which seem so jealously to conceal the line where the fair elements unite; the pale purple Ghauts, towering, higher and higher, in piles of varied form, their lofty summits dim in the misty distance, blending with the soft haze of a tropic sky, form a picture which fascinates the eye, and spell-binds the imagination, as completely as it baffles the power of language to portray.

"The modern town of Bombay, however, (for to such a distinction the march of progress entitles it,) deserves description; and however charming may be the bright and sparkling bay, the palm-tasselled islets, the varied craft, and the pretty luteen sail's

\* Western India in 1838. By Mrs. Postans, author of "Cutch." In two Volumes.—London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

which swell in the fresh breeze, a stranger yet desires to step firmly upon land, and mix in the bustling interests of his fellow men.

"The general appearance of Bombay from the harbour is certainly not attractive. Little can be seen of it but the walls of the fort, flanking the water's edge, the tents of the esplanade rising in white and gleaming clusters, and the island of Colabah, stretching out towards the west, covered with palm-trees, and crowned at its extreme end by the Bombay lighthouse.

"The *bundahs*, or landing-places, are commonly surrounded by singular-looking boats, whose crews ply among the shipping with passengers or cargo. Moored in a busy knot, may be observed the crazy little canoe, laden with cocoa-nuts and plantains; the miniature barge, covered with the gay *pardah* (awning), to screen the fat Parsee, who sits cross-legged in her stern; and the more important *bundah* boat, with its comfortable cabin lined with soft cushions, and surrounded with smart green venetians, awaiting an engagement to convey a party to the spot selected for a pic-nic, or to stretch down the coast to the various beautiful and sea-girt stations of the southern Concan.

"On landing at either the new Apollo or the custom-house *bundahs*, *hummalls* bearing palankeens, rich in green paint and silken curtains, entreat the custom of the new arrival; and half-dressed *coolies* press forward in dozens, to seize upon and convey all such articles of the stranger's worldly goods as are not fanned to subside conveniently on the shelf of the selected *palki*. If the object of these attentions is a cadet—an individual readily to be distinguished by an experienced eye,—some half-dozen dirty-looking Mus-sulmen run along by the open door of the palankeen, crying out, as they vehemently jostle each other, 'I master's servant—I get master everything!' This, if allowed, the selected villain readily does, charging most impudently for the same, robbing his employer by means of accomplices, and leaving him at the particular juncture at which his services are most required.

"The first objects which attract attention are the innumerable piles of tightly screwed cotton bales, which flank the *bundah*, awaiting exportation, and the ponderous cranes and screws used in their compression. This dusty, noisy, mercantile scene is soon, however, exchanged for an attractive view, including a fresh peep of the beautiful bay, with the snowy tents and pretty bungalows which adorn the cheerful esplanade.

"This fine road, situated parallel to the sea, and receiving its freshest breezes, forms the fashionable Bombay drive, and is thronged every evening by all the pretty women and gay gallants of the island; some displaying their equestrian talents, and the most luxurious reclining in elegant and various equipages, of the best London make. The small Arab steeds which draw these vehicles appear, to an eye accustomed to our splendid English carriage horses, deficient in size, rugged, thin, and altogether ill-proportioned; neither is the general effect improved by the singular attire of the coloured menials. The coachmen and grooms wear a coarse cloth dress, of whatever colour may have been selected for the family livery, with a *cummerbund* and flat turban, of the form of a plate, consisting of entwined folds of orange, blue, or crimson broad cloth, adorned with crossed bands of gold or silver lace. This costume, combined with bare legs and native slippers, appears as incongruous a melange of personal decoration as can well be imagined. Separated from the road by a slight wooden railing, is an extensive space covered with short grass. This spot is a favourite lounge for the respectable classes of Jews, Persians, and other graceful-looking Asiatics; who, in full and sweeping robes, converse in the language most familiar to them, and criticise the fashionable crowds who recreate on the more dusty road, or occasionally draw off and chat at a military band, which twice during the week forms an additional attraction to the evening exercise.

"The roads are so excellent, and the scenery of the island so very beautiful, that it seems matter of surprise that the esplanade should be so constantly favoured; but unfortunately the more rural drives, which lie at the back of the island, can be gained only by the way of crowded, long, and dirty bazaars, seldom passed except on Sundays, when a charming sea-side drive, called the 'Breach Candy,' is preferred, for the occasion, to the deserted esplanade. In the centre of a crossway, leading from this great Prado to the fort, is a fine statue of the Marquis Wellesley, executed by Chantrey: his lordship is placed in the noisiest and busiest spot, and seems to look down with placid dignity on the hundreds of miserable buggies standing here for hire, or the curious little two-wheeled Dirzi carts, which their owners leave in this

convenient spot, until the conclusion of the day's work affords the opportunity to reclaim them.

"Cruikshank would produce an amusing enough volume, illustrative of the varied equipages of Bombay; from the sumptuous barouche of the rich Parsee, to the green and battered buggy, which the English tar, in his best attire, hires to rattle through the native town, and introduce him to all the toddy stores of the great bazaar. An hour's drive from the port to the suburbs will exhibit a curious variety of taste, and entertaining specimens of how readily a worn-out appendage to some great man's state may be revived and rendered available to far different uses to those which marked its prime. Then may be seen the English landau fresh from Long Acre; the smart dunnet of the military aspirant, marked by its high cushions and dashing Arab; the roomy buggy of the mercantile Parsee, adorned with green and gold, rattling by with a fast-trotting Persian horse, valued according to his speed; the small, unassuming, double-bodied phaeton, drawn by a handsomely-mottled Pegue pony; the native shigram, or palkee carriage; the richly-gilt chariot of a high-caste Hindoo, with its silken reins and emblazoned panels; and last, the humble bullock hackerie, either laden with goods, or curtained to screen a smiling group of native children."

Passing over Mrs. Postans' lively description of the itinerant merchants, wandering on the esplanade, offering their varied stocks of goods for sale,—the Parsee shops, stored with jewellery, cheeses, hams, bird-cages, beer, and brandy,—and other matters relating to manners and customs, we select her description of "the Bazaar Bazaars:"—

"The word Bazaar conveys a widely different idea to the inhabitants of the East and West. To a European it expresses an emporium of varied articles of elegance and taste—the resort of the idle, the beautiful, the gay. The Asiatic understands by it a heated dusty road, lined with open shops devoted to traffic, and crowded by the dense population of a native city, together with the strangers that are within its gates.

"The town of Bombay contains three principal bazaars, from which branch uncountable cross-roads, each swarming with its busy crowds. The population of the presidency is estimated at about four hundred thousand, which census includes, perhaps, a more varied community than is to be found elsewhere, in a space of similar extent.

"The bazaars are lined with open shops, in which all descriptions of workmen are to be seen, occupied in their various callings. In one, a party of lean and slippered Dirzis, some—Master Peebles in their way—with spectacles on nose, and shears in hand, cut, and stitch together in form, the ankrikahs and cholahs submitted to their art. From the door of another float steamers of gaily-coloured turban cloths, dripping with the most brilliant of the native dyes; in a third, glistening bangles and ornamental hookah snakes serve equally to attract the labouring slave girl and the haughty Moslem.

"The water-vessels of the brass founder and the potter rise in pyramids in a neighbouring store; while in many more the grain-merchant vends his Badjiree and Dâl; and for the more luxurious passenger, heaps of rich dates, and saucers filled with the finest Hulwah\* from Bushire, display their tempting sweetness.

"The Jains, who form a very important clique in the native community of Bombay, possess numerous temples in the principal bazaars. Resembling dwelling-houses in form, they would probably remain unnoticed by the stranger, were it not for the rich carvings of their balustrades and verandahs, and the grotesquely painted figures of men and animals, traced on the finely ornamented fronts.

"During the last few years, the leading roads of the native town have been watered, and even tolerably lighted. This has proved very advantageous, after all the inconveniences which attended the olden system of dust and darkness; it is still, however, only for an hour or two after sunrise that horsemen or carriages can pass unimpeded by stoppages of varied character; the busy evil being increased as the night approaches, by the processions of native marriages. Animated with the sonorous beats of the tom-tom, and the full clamour of sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, these festive groups parade the highways of the town, attended by 'troops of friends,' mounted upon unbroken and restive steeds;

\* "A glutinous and very delicious sweetmeat, prepared in Persia, from sugar, almonds, rosewater, butter, and other delicate confections, and sent to Bombay in earthen saucers."

whilst brilliant Chinese lamps, suspended from the doors of those concerned, and crackers bursting beneath the horses' feet, combine to place in very imminent peril all who encounter a hymeneal party in their mid career.

"The early riser, desiring to pursue his *Ade* into the lovely scenes which skirt the town, will find these roads clear, clean, and void of all offence. The porters and artisans then lie shrouded in their cumbles; the market people have a wide path, as they bring in the fresh fruits of the neighbouring country; the toddy drawer appears, crowned with an earthen vessel, overflowing with the delicious juice of the graceful palm-tree; and Hindoo girls, seated behind baskets of bright blossoms, string fragrant wreaths, to adorn the altars of their gods. Thus fresh and tranquil remain the elements of the scene, until the hurry and the toil of life fill it with that suffocating heat and deafening clamour attendant upon the interests of eager traffic.

"Offensive to every sense as the dust and noise of these crowded ways must be, steaming under the noontide influence of a tropic sun, it is worth the cost to stop a moment at the entrance of a great bazaar, and looking along the wide and busy way, watch the full tide of human beings, jostling and vociferating against each other, as the throng presses onwards, each individual animated with the objects of labour or of profit. More strange and interesting is it still to move among the groups, and passing, mark the varied characters which form the living mass.

"To a stranger's eye, the chintz bazaar will afford the most curious scene: the road skirts that particular portion of the bay occupied by native shipping, and is wholly devoted to the purposes of commerce. Here, indeed, is a 'mart of nations,' where the genius of traffic reigns triumphant, and the merchandise and produce of all the nations of the East seem garnered in one common store, awaiting an escort to the lands where the arts and manufactures of civilised life will increase the value of nature's gifts. Piles of rich gums and aromatic spices, carboys of oil and rose-water, pure ivory from the forests of Ceylon, rhinoceros hides from the burning coast of Zanzibar, the richest produce of Africa, India, Persia, and Arabia, is here cast in large heaps, mingling with Coir cables, huge blocks, and ponderous anchors, the requisite materiel of island exportation.

"On the highways, porters bending beneath square bales of tightly-compressed cotton, stagger to and fro, as if overpowered with their loads; Arabs with ponderous turbans of finely checked cloth, and Aabas loosely flowing, lounge lazily along; Persians in silken vests, with black lamb-skin caps, the softest produce of Bokhara, tower above the crowd; Banians, dirty and bustling, wearing red turbans bristling with pens and memoranda, jostle roughly to the right and left; Bangies with suspended bales, or well-filled water-vessels; Fakirs from every part of India; Jains, in their snowy vests, with staff and brush, like palmers of the olden time; Padres with round black hats and sable cloaks; Jews of the tribe of Beni Israel, all mingle in the throng; while ever and again a bullock hackerie struggles against the mass, or a Parsee, dashing onwards in his gaily painted buggy, forces an avenue for an instant, when the eager crowd, rapidly closing in its rear, sweeps on a resistless torrent as before."

It seems that "Bombay is not a favourite military station: young men grumble wofully at their heavy duty, and the lack of independence and freedom experienced after the easy routine of an out-station. Hunting and shooting, picnics, and out-of-door deshabille, must be necessarily abandoned at the presidency, and replaced by full dress, fort-guards, parades, reviews, and 'all the pomp and circumstance' of service, together with morning-calls upon the ladies, the *ultima Thule* of misery to every subaltern accustomed to take his ease in the Mofussil."

Mrs. Postans, however, is of a different opinion. "Bombay," she says, "is, all in all, a cheerful, agreeable, and lovely spot—not possessing the luxuries of Calcutta, its climate fortunately renders the inhabitants far more independent of them. As European shopkeepers are induced to speculate, in rivalry of the Parsee traders, the presidency will lose even the few inconveniences which now attach to it as a residence; and, as I before observed, even within six years, material alterations have occurred to un-Indianise (if I may be allowed the term) the social condition of Bombay. The present rapid communication with Europe has introduced a very superior class of ideas and interests; and among other advantages are many of a literary kind—reviews, papers, periodicals, and books, arrive before their novelty is dimmed in Europe: thus, all intelligence of interest is discussed, and every means of gaining information easily acquired."

Among the institutions of Bombay, the "Native Society Schools" appear highly interesting.

"In accepting," says Mrs. Postans, "an invitation to attend a private examination of the scholars, I expected the display of some tolerable acquaintance with the English language, and the simple rudiments of education; I was wholly unprepared, therefore, for the scene which awaited me. The ancient learning for which India was once so celebrated, seemed about to be renewed; and the graceful and intelligent youths around us, destined to prove the restorers of arts and wisdom, such as in ancient days illumined the archives of this long-neglected land, which once

'Shone amongst the nations of the world,  
— and will again.'

"India," she adds, "stands in a similar position to Britain now, which Britain once did to the powers of Rome. To Agricola we are indebted for wise regulations, and for the establishment of an efficient plan of general education. He gave to the sons of the leading chiefs a 'tincture of letters;' he encouraged the natives by assistance and exhortation, and introduced manners which served to sweeten slavery. We, the descendants of this once-savage tribe of painted islanders, have now a name hallowed and glorious throughout all lands; benefitting, as we have done, by the introduction of enlightenment, how sacred is the obligation to do as we have been done by! The lesson left us by Agricola is rife with instruction. Our military rule in India cannot retain its strength—the very basis totters at the approach of civilisation; but we have the materials around us wherewith to erect a monument of fame, which shall reach unto the heavens and endure for ages.

"The wealthy and influential natives of the presidency are doing much to accelerate improvement; yet little that is really valuable can result from their endeavours, without the aid and guidance of superior intelligence. The native youth also require some anticipated distinction in their future career, which shall be sufficient to stimulate and encourage their pursuit of knowledge: this boon is in the power of the British government to grant, and great is the anxiety lest it be withheld.

"Among other local advantages, the natives of Bombay support several newspapers, published in the vernacular languages. The best of these, and probably that most circulated, is the 'Durpun,' or Mirror, edited by Bal-Shastree, and printed in the Mahratta character. The 'Chabouk,' or Lash, and the 'Samarehar,' or News, are both Guzeratee papers; while a Parsee publishes the 'Jani i-Jamshid,' or Cup of Life. The editors of these papers are little acquainted with the state of British, continental, or colonial politics; the Parsee journal treats principally of commerce; the news of the Chabouk and the Durpun is local and domestic, and the editors often indulge in severe strictures on the manners of the times, and never fail to unveil for public observation any social errors among their own community, or any flagrant absurdities which may attract their attention in the conduct of Europeans. The English papers published in Bombay are now perused by the native community; and an intention exists of bringing out a periodical, to be edited, as it is said, by Bal-Shastree, and to contain essays and remarks on scientific subjects, with notices on European literature. A magazine of this description would doubtless meet encouragement and support from the native gentry of the presidency; but, until the establishment of provincial schools and lecture-rooms, its circulation must be limited, and the good effected consequently trifling."

After such encouraging views, it is painful to turn to the picture presented by Mrs. Postans, of the state and character of our troops in India.

"It is impossible," she remarks, "to observe native and European troops stationed together in India, without remarking on the superior adaptation of the sepoy to the position he occupies. Contented with his daily fare of grain, pulse, and water—quiet in his lines, submissive and respectful to his superiors,—he forms strong contrast to the European soldier, who, unhappily, indulges in every dissipation calculated to enervate and undermine his constitution, and utterly deprave his moral character. Drunkenness, discontent, and insubordination, are common among them; the women are immoral and quarrelsome, while the men act with a reckless daring of evil consequences, and a besotted indifference to life, which, without reference to the circumstances inducing it, would appear almost incredible.

"Although plentifully supplied with the best food, allowed liquor

of excellent quality from the regimental canteen, and aware, from the example of many victims, of the evils attending excess in a climate such as India, influence and authority prove equally inefficient to check in its career the dangerous dissipation of our European troops. During seasons most unhealthy—when the pestilence, which walketh at noonday, has been around their steps—bazaar coolies have been seized, carrying vessels filled with native spirits to the barracks, bribed to the illicit duty by these unfortunate self-destroyers. The soldiers' wives, not content with frequent libations of raw arrack, boil in it spices and green chilis, to increase its potency, giving smaller potions of the deleterious compound to their children, who are seen rolling in dirt and squalor about the lines, exposed to the deadly influences of a tropic sun."

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

##### SIR HUGH MYDDELTON.

VERY little is known respecting the personal history of Sir Hugh Myddelton, one of the men who rank amongst the chief benefactors of London. According to Lodge, he was of a respectable and ancient family in Wales, but having been sent to London, for the purpose of following a commercial vocation, he became a member of the Goldsmiths' Company, and exercised that trade. Having acquired considerable wealth, his enterprising character led him to procure "from the company of the mines royal the lease of a copper mine, for such only had it been esteemed, in the county of Cardigan, at an annual rent of four hundred pounds. With a natural inclination for such pursuits, and the aid of some experience, for he had busied himself much in the earlier part of his life in searching for coal near his native place, he applied himself so successfully to this new work as to discover a vein of silver, which is said to have yielded, we are not told for how many years, a produce from which he gained the enormous sum of two thousand pounds monthly.

"Thus suddenly and greatly enriched, he determined to adopt the celebrated scheme for the better supply of water to London, through the means of that artificial stream so well known by the name of the New River. The whole of London had till now derived its supply of water from sixteen public conduits, together with partial aids from the Thames, raised by imperfect and awkward machinery: custom, however, seems to have reconciled the sluggish citizens to the inconvenience, and strenuous endeavours, the motives to which it is not easy to guess, are said to have been made to depreciate, as well by ridicule as argument, the advantages promised by the accomplishment of this grand design. It was not till 1619 that the parties chiefly interested in it obtained sufficient encouragement to induce them to apply for a charter of incorporation."

The corporation of London had obtained an act of Parliament so early as the tenth year of Elizabeth, and two others, in the third and fourth of James, authorising them to form an aqueduct from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire to that city; but no man, or body of men, had hitherto been found hardy enough to undertake a work the difficulty and hazard of which were little less formidable than the expense. Myddelton at length stood forward alone, and on the first of April, 1606, the city assigned to him and his heirs all the powers and privileges conferred by those statutes. Nearly two years were passed in surveying the various waters of the two counties, and in necessary experiments and deliberations, when two springs, the one in the parish of Anwell, in Herts: the other, called Chadwell, near the town of Ware, were chosen; and on the first of February, 1608, the great operation was actually commenced.

The New River is so well known that it would be superfluous to give here any detailed account of it. Suffice it to say that, having united the two streams as near to their respective sources as the nature of the ground would permit, he led it on its winding course, sometimes in deep channels, cut often with enormous labour through stubborn soils; sometimes raised aloft on arches: building over it (a number since considerably diminished) eight

hundred bridges of various dimensions; and seldom employing fewer than six hundred workmen. When it had reached Enfield, his wealth was nearly exhausted. He requested aid from the lord mayor and commonalty of the city, and, on being basely refused, besought it of the crown. James, with more caution however than liberality, assented, and agreed, by an indenture under the great seal, dated the second of May, 1612, to pay half the expence of the whole, in consideration of an assignment of a moiety of the profits, which Myddelton readily executed. He delivered accordingly into the treasury an account of his disbursements, and received from the king, between the years 1612 and 1615, six thousand three hundred and forty-seven pounds, which seems to have been all that was at any time paid under that agreement; though a pamphlet of the day makes the sum nearly eight thousand.

The work then went on with vigour, and was finished according to Mr. Myddelton's agreement with the city; and on Michaelmas-day, 1613, the water was brought into the basin called the New-River Head, at Islington, in presence of his brother, Sir Thomas Myddelton, lord-mayor elect, and Sir John Swinerton, lord-mayor, attended by many of the aldermen, recorder, &c.; when about sixty labourers, with green caps, carrying spades, &c., preceded by drums and trumpets, marched thrice round the basin, and stopping before the lord-mayor, &c., seated upon an eminence, one of them spoke some verses in praise of this great undertaking; and then the sluices being opened, the stream rushed into the basin, under the sound of drums and trumpets, the discharge of cannon, and the acclamations of the people.

The property of this New-River water was divided into twenty-nine shares, which were incorporated by the name of "The New-River Company," by letters patent, in 1619; and though King James was a proprietor of one-half of the whole work, Mr. Myddelton, to prevent the direction of the company's affairs from falling into the hands of courtiers, precluded him from having any share in the management, and only allowed him a person to be present at the several meetings of the company, to prevent any injustice to his royal principal.

King James, in approbation of the work, made Myddelton a baronet in 1622; but honour was all he derived from the undertaking. He died in 1631; and no dividend was made till the year 1633, when 11*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.* was divided upon each share. But the second dividend amounting only to 3*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.*, and, instead of a third dividend, a call being expected, King Charles resolved to disengage himself from such a hazardous affair, and therefore proposed to Sir Hugh Myddelton's heir or heirs, that if he would procure to him and his successors a clear fee-farm rent of 500*l.* per annum, out of the profits of the company, he would reconvey to him all his right in the said New River; which proposal being accepted, the royal moiety was reconveyed. From this time there were seventy-two shares—one half of which were called the Adventurer's, the other the King's. The proprietors of the Adventurer's shares, as above mentioned, being originally twenty-nine in number, the government of the company's affairs was lodged in their hands; and by this preclusion of the holders of the King's shares from the government of the company, their shares, exclusive of their being subject to the aforesaid annuity, are not quite so valuable as those of the Adventurer's. But many of the Adventurer's being, by alienation, divided into fractional parts, Lord Chancellor Cowper, in 1711, decreed that the possessors of two or more fractional parts of a share may jointly depute a person to represent them in the government of the company; whereupon, every person deputed becomes capable of being elected one of the twenty-nine representatives of the whole, who are intrusted with the direction of the company's affairs.

#### A COMMENT ON THE COMMENTATORS.

SOCRATES and his disciples run about the streets, pick up every young person they meet with, carry him away with them, and prove to him that everything he ever heard is false, and everything he ever said, is foolish. He must love his father and mother in their way, or not at all. The only questions they ask him are those which they know he cannot answer; and the only doctrines they inculcate are those which it is impossible he can understand. He has now fairly reached sublimity, and looks of wonder are interchanged at his progress. Is it sublime to strain our vision into a fog? and must we fancy we see far because we are looking where nobody can see further?—*Pericles and Aspasia.*



## THE FIRE BY NIGHT.\*

"My own sweet baby, my darling boy!" said Elizabeth Conway, to the infant that was sporting in her arms, "where is thy father now?" And, as if the question had called up a train of melancholy thoughts, she continued in a low murmur to herself:—

"Oh! why did he choose such a perilous profession? or, why did this foolish, loving heart so easily yield to the persuasions of one whose calling would keep it continually anxious, lest he should find his grave in the deep ocean?"

But the carolling of her babe, which, to the mother's ear, is sweeter than the note of the nightingale, beguiled her from her musing; and she returned to that mysterious communion, which nature has established between the young infant and its tender nurse. She speaks to him, she smiles upon him, she kisses him. It is enough. "He feels that he is beloved, and he loves." It seems as if the new soul recognised another, and said to it, "I know thee."

"Thy father was a sly one, boy," continued Elizabeth, waving her head with slow and graceful movement, and talking to her child in the peculiar and endearing manner which none but mothers know, and none but babies comprehend. "He wooed and won me ere I was aware of his intention. And here I am alone, with none but thee, my blessed one, my little sailor-boy! Wilt thou be a sailor, too, my child?"

And the child replied, with that warbling expression of satisfaction and delight, and the little joyous cry—the only language of the infant—as if he understood the question.

Elizabeth folded him in her arms. Thoughts of the innocent past, of her early childhood, of her affectionate and pious parents, of the simple pleasures of their unadorned, but happy home,—like flowers faded, but still fragrant,—were brought by memory, and laid upon the altar of her heart. And she then tortured her imagination to picture the present with her husband.

"Perhaps—perhaps"—whispered fear, "the waves may at this very moment be closing over him, while the spirits of the deep sing his requiem, and prepare his bed among their pearly chambers. Perhaps he is even now sending a last thought towards his wife and darling son." And the remembrance of his tenderness caused hers to overflow through its natural channels.

"But I do wrong to feed such fancies!" murmured she; though her voice fell unheeded on the ear of the now sleeping infant. "The same merciful Providence that watches over me is alike careful for my husband. Blessed be the religion which brings such comfort and healing in its influences! Blessed be the Lord, who has early taught me to place all my dependence upon Him!"

Thus saying, she deposited her little charge upon its bed, and then offered her nightly orisons to God; commending it and herself to His protection, and asking Him to give His angels watch over her husband. This done, she looked out upon the frosty atmosphere, and upon the stars which seemed crowding the pearly depths, in their mystery and silence, with augmented splendour; gave one sigh to the thought of her far-off sailor; and laid herself beside her boy, with a sweet consciousness that "the Lord was her shepherd, therefore could she lack nothing."

Elizabeth Conway was in humble life, but her mind was superior to her station. Born and educated in the country, where the artificial distinctions of the fashionable world are chiefly merged in the laws of kindness and social feeling, the inelegancies of the rustic had been smoothed and polished by intercourse with the more refined; and having an aptitude for the pleasures of sentiment, she had loved solitude more than society, and books more than conversation. Her parents, though they could teach her little else, had instructed her in the most important of all knowledge, the knowledge of God; and she had grown up with the Bible for her companion; that best of all books for the intellect as well as the heart; and in the belief that God was about her bed, and about her path.

Such a nature was easily disposed to love. She was wooed and won by the frank, generous, affectionate, and manly bearing of a young sailor, who transplanted her from the free air, green earth, and shady groves of the country, to one of the densest and noisiest parts of the city of New York.

But the guileless conscience and confiding spirit may sleep anywhere; and the slumbers of the youthful mother were as soft and peaceful as those of the young infant who was pillow'd upon her bosom. Happier, and far more honoured than the hosts of profli-

gate splendour, and princely wickedness, angels inhabited her humble dwelling, and now watched over her defenceless hours; while fancy, touched by the magic wand of rest and slumber, brought before her the husband of her waking thoughts. She saw his look of happiness; she listened to his language of affection; and felt the pressure of his warm embrace, as it encircled her and her little one. Happy dreamer! the joys of the first paradise are around thee! But an earthly lot is thine, and thou must waken to the anxieties and sorrows of our fallen nature.

Hark! to that fearful cry! It comes borne upon the wings of night, with a thrilling and portentous sound. A single voice, as if it issued from the caverns of the earth, sends forth a deep and startling note, that rises to the heavens with its appalling import. Again—and again. It is echoed and re-echoed. Another has caught it—and another—and it courses through the streets of the slumbering city with its ill-omened tidings. "Fire! fire!" the cry which has beggared thousands.

Elizabeth pressed her baby closer to her bosom, and listened intently, till the sounds should pass by her. But they thickened, and came nearer. And now they were increased by the rattling of the engines, the clamour of the bells, and the tumultuous and horrid din of the reckless and profane.

She endeavoured to still her beating heart, and sleep; but an agony of apprehension had seized upon her: wherefore she knew not; for since she had left her peaceful home in the country, for the confusion of a city, such fearful wakings were not uncommon. But she was now alone with her helpless charge; the wind whistled mournfully about the casement; her husband was afar off upon the treacherous ocean; and it was the witching hour when darkness and superstition combine to torture and oppress the timid fanciful.

The clock struck one. Will the morning never come? Her spirits sunk. Her pulses almost ceased to beat, as she listened to the multifarious cries without, and the thunder of the falling ruins. Her sense of hearing had become painfully acute. Every nerve in her system seemed to have acquired a double sensitiveness. She could endure it no longer. She rose, hurried on her garments, and threw open the shutters. The whole city was illuminated by the tremendous conflagration. The air was filled with burning fragments, which fell in showers even before her own dwelling.

Elizabeth felt the helplessness of her situation. Her friends were far off. Her husband—where was he? She stood and looked out upon the terrific and appalling night. The stars, one by one, faded away before the unnatural and lurid glare. Volumens of smoke, rolling up into the heavens, concealed their pure glory behind an impervious curtain; and universal nature seemed to be covered by the pall of desolation. Upon the ear came the sounds of lamentation, and mourning, and woe, mingled with oaths and imprecations; and crash after crash, telling with fearful certainty the victory of the tremendous and destructive element.

With a perturbed and agitated spirit did the lonely one watch these midnight horrors. An occasional ejaculation trembled upon her lips to Almighty God, for endurance and protection; while the mother's heart still turned with anxious solicitude towards her helpless babe, the object of her deepest and fondest care, who slumbered on, in unconscious security and ignorance.

The din increased—the tumult thickened—the portentous sounds came nearer—the light grew more vivid—the roar of the raging element became distinctly audible. Nature was wound up to a pitch of unendurable intensity, and Elizabeth descended from her chamber, and rushed forth into the street.

The night was piercing cold; but she felt it not. She pressed forward, not knowing with what intent. The angel of destruction was abroad. Vast masses of building were as stubble, to feed the flame; and gigantic structures vanished with as much ease as the child's house built of cards. Streets were desolated—noble edifices destroyed—the mercantile city was in ruins. The imagination of the wanderer was disordered, and she fancied that the day of the Lord had come, "as a thief in the night, when the elements should be dissolved with fervent heat; and the earth, with the works that are therein, should be burned up."

Almost maddened by the scene, she ran to and fro, not knowing whither. But Providence had not deserted her. A female, clasping a wailing infant, brushed closely by. Reason resumed its empire in a moment. The responsive chord was touched. The maternal heart, true to the voice of nature, obeyed its sacred impulse. Her baby! where was her baby? With the speed of the affrighted fawn she fled to her dwelling. It was in flames. She shrieked—she cried for mercy.

"O, save my child! O! God of heaven, save, save my child!" A stranger heard the cry:—he rushed to her—

\* From the Religious Souvenir for 1840, edited by Mrs. Sigourney.

"Where? where?"

She pointed to the chamber—he staid not a moment.

"Back! back!" vociferated the multitude. "Are you mad? Come back! come back!"

"It is too late. Your life will pay the forfeit!" exclaimed even the bold and adventurous firemen.

But the prayers of the mother were ringing in his ears; the burning child was before his eyes; the thought of his God was in his heart; and he passed onward, and disappeared amid the devouring element.

A burst of admiration rose from the crowd. Every thought and sensation in the mother's heart was swallowed up in that moment of intense anxiety and doubt. A solemn pause—the hush of deep solitude and breathless expectation—pervaded the throng of witnesses.

The flames raged on. Could life be within their encircling and destructive grasp! The eyes of all were strained through the burning mass, to catch but the faintest outline of a human form. But, no! Expectation sickens—hope grows faint. Hark! to that crash! the roof falls in. O! for one moment more!

'Tis he! 'tis he! the stranger!

He had passed unscathed among the burning ruins, directed by Him who gave his life for us, saying, "As I have loved you, do ye also love one another." He heard the blithe note of the little one, who was lying on its bed, animated and delighted by the brightness of the element, which was working its destruction. He seized it—he rushed through the blackened crumbling walls. Forcing his way to the agonised mother, he threw wide his mantle.

There lay the babe, encircled by his arm.

Her soul is in her eyes as she gazes on it, and on its deliverer.

"My God! my God! thou hast not forsaken me!"

She seizes her child—she covers it with kisses—the fountain of her tears is broken up,—her heart melts in gratitude and joy.

Deep emotion restrained the plaudits of the multitude. Onward they pressed, to look at the man who had performed this act of noble daring. But he had silently disappeared, to banquet on that sweet charity which is "twice blessed," which "seeketh not her own," and desireth only the reward which cometh from God.

### OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.

I remember, I remember,  
How my child and I used to be;  
The month of each December,  
And the warmth of each July."

In my school-days,—how many years chequered with joy and gladness have since flown by!—I resided in what was then a village, situated in the West of England. It has grown with the times, and is now become a town—boasts broad pavements and glares with gas. Its ancient shop-windows, casements blushing at their unwonted attractions, like a country girl with a new shawl, are now transformed, and flaunt in all the splendour of plate-glass and brass,—like the same damsel when she has made a conquest of the squire, and is transplanted from the cottage to the hall. There are still some traces in the lady of the man which recal the "pride of the village," when she roused us on the Christmas morning with the church-singers, breaking the stillness of night with the glad tidings of "Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled;" and still some relics of ancient days hang about the aspiring village—some rude inconvenient paths calling loudly for the intervention of the "Commissioners of Pavements," but dear to me from old associations. Have I not in my boyhood, like a "pretty-behaved child," lanthorn in hand, beamed old ladies along those self-same paths, exclaiming dutifully at each ill-omened pool, "Puddle, ma'am, puddle"? And when boyhood was waning, have I not traversed them on soft dewy eyes, when "Cynthia showered her mild mellifluous rays," (I rhymed in those days) whispering words soft as the zephyr, not to *old*,—excuse me, the recollection, is painful;—I am cross, old, and an old bachelor, and I have the gout, so a twinge must be forgiven me.

The churchyard is still the same, but fuller. One corner was in my time held to be haunted, and there was a superstitious dread of being buried there. Not a mound or a tomb-stone interfered with the greensward in that quarter; but now many monuments there rear their melancholy heads, and many whom I knew and loved, repose beneath the shade of the lime-trees that overshadow it. The road to the cricket-field lay through the churchyard, and the same path led to the river, where, a troop of merry youngsters, we became amphibious in the summer months, splashing,

dashing, and swimming, like so many "young geese at play." The last time I was there, I stood on the old stump from which we used to dive for polished penny-pieces, and my thoughts went back to my old playmates, some lying quiet in the churchyard, some scattered over the face of the globe, others high in honours, and others forgotten by all but one solitary old man, who stood on the river's bank, and thought of the happy hours they had spent there. I know not why it is that we so insensibly recur in old age—aye, and often before the head is grey—to our school-days, and feel such pleasure in returning to old-remembered haunts. With me, at least, those days were far from the happiest of my life; nor would I exchange one hour of the bliss that I *have* known, for the whole sum of happiness to which I now recur so fondly. And yet this pleasingly mournful remembrance is almost universal. The chain of care galls our worn spirits in age, and the restlessness of humanity persuades us that the days when we knew no care were the most happy. It is but a fallacy. The beautiful Undine, the lovely water-spirit, felt no sorrows while yet she possessed no soul, and passed her days in joyous birthfulness; but when, by the mystic influence of love, a soul was infused into the mere mortal, she sought not to exchange the mingled cup of happiness and care for the unthoughtful gaiety of her former being.

But a truce to melancholy thoughts. I took not up my pen to sadden, but enliven; and since I have, without intention, begun to talk of my school days, I will at least recur to the bright side of the picture and recount our Christmas gambols in my time. The customs I would relate have probably now become obsolete in the old place; and though they yet may find a refuge in obscure corners, yet I fear their days are numbered. I regret it, but it is the necessary consequence of an altered state of society and a denser population. The same customs and habits, which are graceful and beneficial among a strictly rural population, are absurd and injurious in towns and cities.

When the holidays, those golden days, arrived, the first inquiry, after due kisses and congratulations had been reciprocated, was concerning the "Christmas Boys." Perhaps some of our readers may connect the idea of these heroes with the figure of those unhappy shivering urchins who in most large towns and cities perambulate each parish with certain mysterious rolls of paper yecept "Christmas Copies," seeking to move the tender-hearted to contribute wherewithal to celebrate the season. But our "Christmas Boys" had souls above "Copies," though they had an eye to our copy-books. They were young Rosciuses every man of them, and the very least would out-herod Herod in the most turbulent and magniloquent manner. These boys were accustomed to go round to the different houses in the parish for two or three nights before Christmas, acting a sort of masque or mummery, which is probably as old as the Crusades, and has been used in that part of the country, time out of mind. Our copy and cyphering books were put in requisition to furnish forth the properties of these motley itinerants; and as we were acquainted with half the boys in the place, our first inquiry was as to who were going out, that our favourites might get the best share. It was magnificent to see St. George, fully equipped in a suit of paper panoply; how gracefully would a well-ruled long-division sum, flaunt from his towering crest as a bloody feather! Nor were ribbons and Dutch gold wanting to complete the state; and when all was finished, their appearance would have made the gaudiest chimney-sweeper that ever capered on May-day, blush for very shame.

When the expected night arrived, how anxiously did we youngsters listen for the important rap of venerable Christmas! Behold him enter, his broad shoulders stooping over his ragged staff; his ample beard flowing with stately dignity adown his ample chest. Lowly he louts to the assembled fair, and thus proclaims his errand:

"In comes I, old Father Christmas!  
Christmas, or Christmas not,  
I hope old Father Christmas will never be forgot.  
A mug of your string beer, to make us all dance and sing,  
And the money in our pockets is a very fine thing.  
Christmas comes but once a year,  
And when he comes brings very good cheer;  
Roast-beef, mince-ple,  
Who do love it better than I?  
Room, rodm, room, I say,  
For I'm the man as lets St. George this way."

In rushes the valiant Knight, with flowing scarf and plume; and, his good sword, a stout and trusty broomstick, in his hand, thus

modestly announces his pretensions: observe the rolling Alexandrine, befitting the mouth of a hero.

"In comes I, St. George, St. George, the man of valour bold;  
With my spear and sword all by my side, I won three crowns of gold;  
I fought the fiery dragon, and brought him to the slaughter;  
And by that means, I won the King of Egypt's daughter."

But here his tale is cut short by a raging Turk, to whom the Saracen on Snow-hill is a jest. He braves the champion to the fight.

"In comes I the Turkish Knight,  
Come from the Turkish land to fight:  
I'll fight St. George, St. George, that man of valour bold;  
And if his blood is hot, I'll quickly make it cold."

St. George, unmoved by this blood-thirsty denunciation, calmly replies, with somewhat of a scornful sneer,

"Oh thou Turkish Knight,  
Draw forth thy sword and fight;  
My sword is sharp with picked point,—  
I'll quickly stick it in."

Turkish Knight—"Draw forth thy sword, St. George, and let's begin."

And now the war resounds—dire are the blows and dreadful is the strife—but victory declares for the Christian Knight, and the Paynim falls dead at his feet. But now soft pity invades the heart of the brave warrior; he looks upon his prostrate foe with an eye of mercy, and loudly calls,

"Is there no doctor to be found,  
To cure a deep and deadly wound?"

Forth at the summons starts the learned leech, announcing himself as

—"the learned Doctor, come from France, and Rome, and Spain,  
I cure the sick, and raise the dead to life again"

And he keeps his word: for by means of a wonder-working ointment, and "the little bottle by his side," wherewith he touches "his neck, and the temple by his ear," he resuscitates the fallen champion, who, quite dumbfounded, mutely supplicates the mercy of the conqueror. St. George addresses him in this dignified strain:

"Oh thou Turkish Knight,  
Go to thy land to fight  
Send here thy father and thy brethren three,  
And I'll serve them just as I have served thee."

The humbled Saracen, glad to escape so easily, makes the best of his way off, and is succeeded by "the Valiant Soldier," a sort of backer of St. George, a huffing hectoring fellow,—a kind of ancient Pistol, who eats all that he kills. He comes in with a bluster:

"In comes I the Valiant Soldier;  
Swish 'em Swash 'em is my name;  
With my spear and sword all by my side,  
I hope to win the game.  
I'll fight the heathen Turks, those men of valour bold;  
And if their blood is hot, I'll quickly make it cold.\*  
I'll cut 'em, slash 'em, hack 'em small as flies,  
And send 'em to the cook's shop, to make mince pies."

With this valorous declaration he makes his bow, and leaves the stage clear to "little man John," who, all rags and tatters, with a wallet slung under his arm, appears the representative of an impoverished yeomanry, ruined by domestic disorders, while the rulers of the land were absent from their homes and their duties.

"In comes I, little man Jack,  
With my wife and family at my back—  
Some at parish, some at home;  
When I do go, the rest may come.  
My name is Little John;  
If anybody want me, let him come on;  
Let him be black, or let him be white,  
I'll show him I'm the right cove to fight.  
See, here is my pouch—drop something in here,  
And I'll wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

Such is the grotesque mumming over whose representation I have often laughed as heartily as ever I have since done at farce or comedy. It is certainly a curious relic; and as the memory of such customary amusements is fast dying away, I have thought it worth recording. Something similar has been in use in some parts of the "North Countree" and of Scotland; but there they substitute Alexander the Great for St. George; the nationality

\* This repetition of a favourite phrase is common in old ballads.  
† Evidently a modern interpolation.

of the whole affair is destroyed; it is comparatively a cold conceit, and smacks too much of a base travesty of the fantastic masque, which was only redeemed from mawkish absurdity by the classic genius of a Ben Jonson.

And then we had our Christmas carols, "The nine good joys of Mary," and many another one; and here the girls came in for their share,—for, gentle reader, I pray thee to believe that none of us were deficient in all fitting gallantry. No band of carollers found favour in our eyes where a Cecilia was absent. Instrumental music was not wanting as an accompaniment. Reader, didst thou ever hear of a "hoopum-poopum?" I warrant thou didst not. There is a print in Hone's Every-day Book, in which it is represented in the hands of a laughing boy, but he does not appear to have been aware that it was a musical instrument (musical by courtesy). It consists simply of a small earthen pot, generally a dilapidated pipkin, over the mouth of which a bladder is strained, in whose centre a hollow reed is fixed, which being rubbed up and down with the moistened hand, gives forth a sort of dull note, not inaptly represented by the name given to the instrument. One merry Christmas Eve, when all was joy and hilarity, the hoopum-poopum and the carol were heard at the door, and forth we went, a merry band, to meet them. One of our party, a young lady, was so especially diverted by the sight of the hoopum-poopum, that, being of an inquiring disposition, she must needs make trial of it herself. The performer, first carefully wiping the reed with the skirt of his frock, handed it over; but in vain she pumped and pumped—it was in her hands absolutely dumb. She could not divine the reason; again and again she tried, and at last referred to the bashful youth from whose hand she had received it. He, blushing to the tips of his ears, bent down his head, and softly approaching her, stammered out, "Spit in your hand, miss." Down went the hoopum-poopum, and away flew the frightened damsel, while our laughter made the welkin ring again.

Then there was the wassailing-bowl, with its bows of ribbons, and the "fine young men," who bore it from door to door. Who could refuse to crown it with nappy ale? And on the Christmas morning, just as the grey light appeared, the voices of the singers roused us from our beds: the notes were rude, perhaps; but to our ears they were wondrous sweet, "charming the dull ear of Night," and telling us it was a season of rejoicing.

There is festivity in cities; but save the orthodox plum-pudding, which must duly grace the board, there is little to characterise the feast. The homely joys of the old country-house are still dear to my memory; but although they be past, I still welcome the season of rejoicing, and it is with a warm heart that I wish all who are my readers—ay, and all who are not—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

#### NATURE.

Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us—so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.—Wordsworth.

#### LACONICS.

An excess of modesty is, in fact, an excess of pride, and more hurtful to the individual, and less advantageous to society, than the grossest and most unblushing vanity.—Hazlitt.

Justice is often pale and melancholy; but Gratitude, her daughter, is constantly in the flow of spirits and the bloom of loveliness. The simplest breast often holds more reason in it than it knows of, and more than Philosophy looks for or expects. If men would permit their minds, like their children, to associate freely together—if they could agree to meet one another with smiles and frankness, instead of suspicion and defiance—the common stock of wisdom and happiness would be centupled.—Landon.

She was a daughter of calamity, one of those for whom this world provides no other comfort but the sleep which enables them to forget it; and whose physician but death, which takes them out of it.—Chatteridge.

Imagination is the anticipation of unknown good.—Hazlitt.

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## CIVIC RULERS.

It may be observed of every civic body, that their members generally each take to, and keep by, one particular path, as regards the discharge of their public duties. That is, each discovers a different sort of genius, by which he in time comes to be distinguished. Some discover a genius for proposing, some for opposing, and some for making long-winded speeches. Some exhibit a genius for doing nothing, some a genius for nuisances—that is, for ferreting out public annoyances. Others display a genius for improvements—for knocking down and building up,—for slicing off, and cutting through.

The gentleman with the genius for proposing, and he with the at least equally useful talent of opposing, may at once be discovered at the meetings of the body to which they belong by the deadly scowl with which they regard each other, even when not in actual contact. They glare on each other like a pair of wild cats; and, impelled by that undefinable feeling which urges us still to look on what we loathe, their eyes are constantly upon each other. They can't help it. In the look of the proposer—the great tabler of motions—there may, however, be detected a lurking expression of dread of his formidable antagonist, on whose face, again, sits a sardonic grin, indicating anything but good-will to the former. It being the business of the one to get up motions, and of the other to knock them down as fast as they are got up, it is curious to mark the proceedings of the pair when in discharge of their respective functions. Before tabling a motion, the proposer eyes his ancient and well-known enemy with a look of mingled suspicion and defiance. He seems to calculate on instant and fierce opposition to everything he is about to advance,—and he is not mistaken. There, ready to pounce on him, on the slightest opportunity presenting itself, sits the dreaded opposer, leaning his head upon his hand, and eyeing the motion-maker with a malicious smile, or grinning with delight at the real or supposed weak points in his reasoning.

The gentleman with the genius for making long-winded speeches is a respectable-looking, but somewhat over-dressed elderly man, slow and pompous in manner, and of a grave countenance. This gravity is meant to express wisdom, but, not being exactly of the right kind, it doesn't altogether answer the purpose intended. It rather, with reverence be it spoken, gives a sort of goose look to the gentleman who has unadvisedly adopted it; and is, therefore, one which, as any physiognomist could tell him, he would be much better without.

This gentleman, who is the dread and terror of his colleagues, owing to his tremendous powers of annoyance, rises on all occasions, and, if permitted, would probably never sit down again. But he is not permitted. His colleagues, who had long borne with him with the fortitude of martyrs, have now got into the way of nipping him in the bud. They now seldom allow him to get beyond three or four sentences. One would think that this cavalier treatment would cure the speech-maker of his prosing

propensities. No such thing. If he be of the right breed, nothing will cure him. He sets it all down to the folly, obstinacy, and stupidity of those who refuse to listen to him, and, in this comfortable opinion, retires within himself, to gather fresh vigour for the next opportunity of spinning an oration.

Many a warm, comfortable dinner has this gentleman spoiled for his colleagues with his long-winded speeches; but that was before they had plucked up courage to resist his tyrannous inflictions—to shake themselves free of the thralldom of his soporific spells. They know better now, and if the dinner-hour be approaching, slip their hats quietly on their heads, and, sneaking out of the apartment one after another, leave, with very little ceremony, the speaker on his legs. Nothing daunted, the latter holds on his monotonous way until he has speechified the last man out of the apartment, when, finding nobody left to listen to him, he coolly takes up his hat and walks after them.

The gentleman whose genius lies in the way of doing nothing, may be observed to have, generally, rather a perplexed sort of manner. He always looks as if he would fain do or say something if he could, but doesn't know exactly where or how to begin. In default of this, he puts on a grave face, and tries to look as intelligent, and as full of the matter in hand, as he can. It's all he can do.

Of all the various geniuses, however, of which civic bodies are usually composed, the genius for nuisances—elsewhere more fully defined—and the genius for improvement, present the most edifying characteristics. The gentleman who is distinguished for the first has several special and interesting peculiarities. He is an exceedingly active and useful member of his body; for, resting his fame on this single ground of ferreting out and running down public nuisances, he is constantly on the alert to discover them, and in this is so expert that one would think nature had specially adapted him for such pursuits, by gifting him with some extraordinary powers of nose. It would, moreover, seem as if he held that organ constantly aloft, and kept snuffing the air as he went along; for he will detect offensive things where your more obtuse olfactories can perceive nothing in the least disagreeable. Some peculiar faculty of nose, therefore, he certainly has. It is rather unlucky for this gentleman, inasmuch as it is very apt to deprive him unjustly of a large portion of his glory, that running down nuisances is rather a popular recreation. The consequence is, that no sooner does our friend notify his detection of a nuisance, than half a dozen members of the body to which he belongs link themselves to him, and insist on hunting down the nuisance along with him. This they do on pretence of aiding him, and serving the public at the same time, but, in reality, to appropriate a share of his glory, which they further seek to diminish, by becoming more clamorous about, and more abusive of, the newly discovered nuisance than the discoverer himself. By-and-by these officious half-dozen members are joined by others; for the spirit of hunting down public nuisances is remarkably infectious—when, the original discoverer having given, as it were, the view halloo, the whole pack start in full

cry after the unfortunate annoyance. The first discoverer, unwilling to submit to be robbed of every particle of reputation, endeavours to keep the lead in the pursuit, and to be, if he can, the first in at the death; but it very often happens that he is outstripped by his officious concurrents, and his eager shouting drowned in their more obstreperous clamour, until the whole chase becomes so confused and involved, that nobody can tell who first scented the game, which has just been so triumphantly put down. This is a hard case, as regards the original discoverer, inasmuch as it deprives him of the merit to which he was so justly entitled. He sometimes, indeed, makes some attempts subsequently to claim this merit, but nobody listens to him; for, the nuisance once removed, no one will further concern themselves about either him or it.

The gentleman with the genius for improvement falls next under our notice. This is a person of a restless and most formidable activity; for, having an instinctive abhorrence of allowing anything to remain as it is, you have no safety with him. You cannot calculate, if he happen to be a person of any influence, on keeping your house and garden together and entire for a month; for he may in an instant propose knocking down the one, and carrying a road through the other.

The gentleman with the genius for improvement does not contemplate objects with the eye of an ordinary person. If he looks at a building, it is to see where a corner or a projection could be sliced off, or an addition stuck on. If a street, it is to mark where exuberance might be curtailed, or deficiencies filled up. Even natural objects he views in the same spirit. If it be a tree, it is to consider whether it would not be an improvement to lop off all its branches on one side. If a hill, how it could be shaved down or cut through. There is no denying, however, that if this person does a great deal of mischief sometimes, and at all times gives a vast deal of at least temporary annoyance, by keeping your immediate atmosphere filled with brick and lime dust, and your roads strewed with stones and rubbish, he yet frequently does a great deal of good by knocking off ugly, awkward corners of streets, by straightening crooked ones, by lowering those that are too high, and elevating those that are too low. He, indeed, sometimes creates a terrible stir, and commits fearful havoc, to accomplish these objects; frequently knocking down whole acres of old houses, and giving to the city the appearance for a time of having been battered by a park of artillery; but on the storm subsiding—on things being restored to order again—you cannot deny but a very great improvement has, on the whole, been effected. This person, however, must be carefully watched, and kept within due bounds, otherwise, in his mania for improving, he would not leave one stone of the city on another. The best way is to keep him smashing away about the outskirts of the town, or to let him loose amongst a parcel of old ruinous houses that, of little value themselves, occupy much valuable ground, and disfigure the city.—Just let him in amongst these, and you will see what a havoc he will make. In a week there will not be a stone standing. Keeping him thus employed prevents him entertaining designs on other quarters, where his interference is anything but desirable. On no account must the improver be permitted to get to work in the heart of a city. If he is, he will keep the streets impassable for months; choke you with all sorts of dust; compel you to wade knee-deep in mud; break your legs with his stones and barrows; create the most dreadful confusion in your most frequented thoroughfares; and leave you scarce the breadth of a sheep-track to walk on, in your broadest streets. Let him, in fact, once in, and you will never get him out.

#### VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

In a paper entitled "Black and White," in No. 42 of the *London Saturday Journal*, we offered some observations on the unity of species among all the countless varieties of the human race, and touched upon the various points which, in the discussion of that proposition, have been mainly relied on by the opposers and defenders of the theory, which, in accordance with the common acceptance of Scripture, attributes all the nations which people the earth to one common stock, to the single pair who had their first abode in Eden.

It is difficult at once to give assent to this proposition; we are inclined strongly to take part with the young debater, who maintained that there must have been four pair, at least, of Adams and Eves. It is certainly a trial of faith to believe that the ancestors of the sparkling beauties of fair England were also the progenitors of the Hottentot Venus, because St. Paul has declared that all mankind were of one blood; and we may, perhaps, seek to find out some interpretation which may square scripture to our own views. This vicious method of investigation, the poring over words, instead of examining into facts which lie open before us in the book of nature, has too frequently confirmed unreasonable prejudices, given authority to error, and led the way to the black labyrinth of angry controversy, instead of to the pure light of truth.

If we are not expressly commanded, we are at least invited to investigate scripture, by the study of nature. It has been well remarked by an excellent writer\* on the very subject we are now treating of, that—

"In those inquiries in which the ordinary lights of reason and philosophy are capable of guiding us to the truth, I apprehend that we may safely venture to seek it under their direction. An appeal to the scriptures on such subjects is rather prejudicial than otherwise to the interests of religion as well as of science. It evinces indeed an apprehension lest something should be discovered that may prove the scriptures to be in error, and implies a secret doubt of their entire truth." The result of such inquiries into the physical history of man gradually clears the mist from our eyes, until at last the truth appears so plain that we wonder why we ever doubted. When this is effected without relying upon the scriptural history for one step of the proof, we are armed with one more argument, if any were necessary, for the support of the great rule of our faith.

The main objections to the proposition, that all the human inhabitants of the earth are descended from one common stock are, First, the existence of islands, whose inhabitants are without traditions of their origin, and are not acquainted with even the rudest form of navigation. Second, the infinite variety of languages, most of which appear to have had no common origin. Third, the striking varieties in form and colour.

The appearance of inhabitants on islands which appear inaccessible even by nations possessed of canoes, has been satisfactorily accounted for by navigators who have paid particular attention to the subject; and their opinion has been supported by well authenticated accounts of very small vessels being drifted by the force of currents to a distance that appears almost incredible. Chinese fishing-junks, of very slight construction, have been driven from the coast of Japan to the western shores of America; and we could easily, did our limits permit, multiply instances which sufficiently prove the possibility of every island we are acquainted with being peopled from the mainland. Of the possibility of the peopling of America from Asia we have already given an instance. We therefore assume the first objection overcome; but if our readers desire fuller information on that point, we would refer them to the professional observations upon it appended to Captain Fitzroy's account of the second voyage of the *Beagle*, in which the subject is handled very satisfactorily.

The diversity of languages can scarcely be deemed a serious objection. Our knowledge respecting the formation of the various languages which there is confessedly reason to believe sprung from one original, is too slight to found any argument upon the total, or presumed total difference between them and those of the other nations of the earth. The scriptural account of the confusion of tongues at Babel may perhaps be understood as effected merely by the scattering abroad of the people, and not by an immediate interposition of Providence; and this dispersion was probably necessary to procure the provision required by rapidly increasing men and cattle. It is remarkable that the greatest affinity

\* Dr. J. C. Prichard, in his "Physical History of Man."

in both language and traditions has been traced between the inhabitants of Asia, Egypt, and Europe, those who more immediately surround the presumed centre of dispersion, whilst among those more remote the resemblance is fainter, or has not been traced at all. But as this objection cannot be effectually maintained or answered, from the deficiency of our information, we must proceed to consider the physical varieties of the human race, and thence determine, by analogy with the laws of other organised beings, whether they are all variations from one primitive type, or are permanent characters, and, therefore, distinct species.

The term species is applied to collections of individuals which so resemble each other, that by referring merely to the known and well-ascertained operation of physical causes, all the differences between them may be accounted for, so as to present no obstacle to our regarding them as the offspring of one stock.

Applying this to man, we inquire what are the physical distinctions between the varieties which exist. We find they agree in duration of life—this is an important fact. Observation and inquiry prove, beyond a doubt, that there is no distinction in this point. We find all subject to the same diseases, possessing the same faculties, and presenting a similar internal anatomy. There is on all these points, then, no ascertainable difference beyond particular predispositions, such as are known among Europeans as the different temperaments which are frequently hereditary in families.

Some naturalists have regarded the fact of the production of prolific offspring as a criterion of identity of species, but this cannot be supported, as instances have occurred to disprove it. But no two animals of distinct species have ever been known to produce hybrids in a state of nature. The dog and the wolf are so closely allied as to have been considered by some as identical, but they never intermix. But whites and blacks unite freely, and it has been said that the Negroes, especially, prefer to intermarry with the whites. The Otahaitian women are also said to entertain this predilection, of which a remarkable instance occurred at Pitcairn's Island where the women killed their black husbands, to prevent them from murdering the whites. The Turks also are said to prefer black women for their seraglios.

We find then, that the only distinctions which can be accounted for are the form of the head, and the colour of the skin. In the former we shall answer by a quotation from Professor Blumenbach, who has devoted much time to the investigation of this point.

"The naturalist," says he, "has carried his scepticism so far, as to deny the descent of the domestic swine from the wild boar. It is certain that before the discovery of America by the Spaniards, swine were unknown in that quarter of the world, and that they were first carried thither from Europe. Yet, notwithstanding the shortness of the interval, they have in that country generated into breeds, wonderfully different from each other, and from the original stock. These instances of diversity, and those of the hog kind in general, may therefore be taken as clear and safe examples of the variations which may be expected to arise in the descendants of one stock."

"The whole difference," continues Blumenbach, "between the cranium of a Negro and that of a European, is by no means greater than that equally striking difference which exists between the cranium of the wild boar and that of the domestic swine."

The professor's parallel is certainly not one of the most savoury, but it compresses into a small compass the matter of a long discourse. We can only judge of the physical attributes of man by comparison with those of brutes, and the most homely is the most convincing.

We now come to the remarkable distinction of colour, which is by far the strongest point that can be urged in favour of separate creations.

"The colour of the skin depends upon a substance interposed between the cutis, or corium, and the cuticle (outward skin). It is a black layer, about as thick as the cuticle itself, or even thicker, in the negro; and darker coloured on its dermoid than on its cuticular surface. Putrefaction detaches it with the cuticle from the subjacent cutis; its further progress resolves the soft tissue into a kind of unctuous, slimy matter, readily washed away from the cuticle and skin. It is not easily separated by other means from the former; indeed, it is, under all circumstances, very difficult, and, where the skin is delicate, quite impossible, to exhibit it detached in any considerable portion as a distinct membrane. It agrees with the cuticle in showing nothing like fibrous texture, in being inorganic and extra-vascular. It diffuses itself in water, and communicates a turbid cloud to the fluid, like that

produced by the pigmentum nigrum of the eye; then subsides as an impalpable powder to the bottom\*."

"This substance," says Dr. Prichard, whom we have before quoted, "may probably be regarded as a peculiar secretion from the surface of the cutis. It is only in the Negro that this mucous web, or rete mucosum, has been demonstrated; but it can scarcely be doubted that the dark colour of other swarthy or black races depends on a similar cause. The Cingalese and Malabars are often as black as the generality of Negroes; the hue of their complexion must arise from the intermediate layer, since the cutis is nearly destitute of colour, and the epidermis is transparent. The complexion fades by insensible degrees from the jet black of the Malabar to the olive colour of the northern Hindoo, and without any strongly marked alteration of bodily structure, that might be thought to point out a diversity of race. Again, swarthy people of a similar description are spread through Persia and Western Asia, to the south of Europe; among these we find no very remarkable or sudden change, either of colour or structure; and the same adust hue, varying in degree, is seen in the tanned or embrowned Spaniard or Portuguese, and among the Arabs and Persians, gradually changing into the olive complexion of Hindoostan. In all these people a black substance seems to be spread, though in more sparing and various degrees, over the white cutis, obscuring it, and rendering it more or less dusky. This is increased, like some other secretions, on exposure to light and heat, against the action of which it appears to defend the cutis. For," and this circumstance deserves particular notice, "the skin, even of the European brunettes, whose hair is black, is much less injured by exposure to the sun, than that of the flax-haired or sanguine. It becomes brown or ash-coloured, while the former inflames or blisters."

"In Europeans, however, even of dark complexions, it is only a matter of inference that there exists anything analogous to the rete mucosum in the Negro. Soemmerring, however, remarks that he once found, in a European female, the outer covering of the skin distinctly divisible into two lamellæ; and that he preserves a specimen of it in his collection: and Mr. Lawrence informs us that 'there is in the Hunterian collection a portion of white skin with the cuticle turned down.' A small portion of a thin, transparent pellicle has been subsequently separated from the cutis."

Thus, although at first sight it may be imagined that the rete mucosum observable in the Negro is an organic peculiarity sufficient to mark him as a distinct species, a further examination leads us to the conclusion that this substance exists in men of all colours, and is only so conspicuous in the Negro, from an extraordinary development, which we cannot, it is true, clearly account for; but which we cannot on the other hand regard as a specific distinction.

We cannot assign any cause for colour. That it is not solely occasioned by climate is certain; but that climate has an influence (of undefined extent) appears no less certain. No perfectly black tribes are found beyond the limits of the tropics. It is true that the inhabitants of Australia have frequently been described as black, and to a casual observer most of them appear so. But when they are disburdened of the coat of dirt which it is their pleasure to carry about with them, they appear tinged with a shade of red. There is reason also to believe, that they are partly of African descent. In like manner the Fuegians, who are of a deep copper colour when clean, have, in theoretical charts of the supposed limits of various coloured tribes, been described incorrectly as black. Light and heat have an undoubted influence on the colour of the skin, but with the European, whose rete mucosum is undeveloped, the effect produced is not permanent; an individual may be tanned to blackness, but a fever or a blister will restore his pristine hue, and he does not communicate his acquired swarthy-ness to his children. But a co-natal hue is communicated, and it is an established fact that the hue is more dependent upon the father than the mother. But if the rete mucosum be co-natally developed, there is little doubt that the influence of light and continued heat will tend to increase the secretion, and, by continued action, extend it to the uttermost. There is no part of the globe so subject to continued heat as the wide expanse of the tropical regions of the continent of Africa, which may, without any stretch of probability, be considered as the original habitat of purely black tribes. Hence it follows that a family or tribe whose rete muco-

\* Lawrence's Lectures on Physiology and the Natural History of Man.

† Stature and form are more dependent upon the mother, a circumstance which may be accounted for by anatomical reasons.

sum was already developed or coloured would, under certain circumstances of exposure, become more deeply tinged with a permanent, not a fleeting hue; for the secretion is constitutional, and constitutional peculiarities, even of disease, such as the gout and scrofula, are hereditary.

We may therefore conclude, that a race of red men may by natural causes be converted into blacks. That red men have been produced not only from whites, but from black parents, there is ample evidence. The red, hairy Esau, the twin-brother of the smooth Jacob, is a remarkable instance of the one; and there are many well-authenticated instances of the other: red hair is not uncommon among the Negroes.

No cause for such apparent phenomena can be assigned; but that such occur is indisputable; and that even more strange variations are permanent cannot be doubted. In the year 1731, a boy of the age of fourteen was publicly exhibited (under the title of the Porcupine Man), whose body was covered with a thick corrugated skin, covered with large bristly warts, which rose to such a height as even to render clothing unpleasant. This skin was shed every year during the autumn months, and again renewed. He was examined by the members of the Royal Society, and an account was published in their "Philosophical Transactions." Twenty-six years after, the following additional particulars were communicated by Mr. H. Baker.

"The most extraordinary circumstance of this man's story, and indeed the only reason for my giving you this trouble, is, that he has had six children, all with the same rugged covering as himself; the first appearance whereof in them, as well as in him, came on in about nine weeks after the birth. Only one of them is living, a very pretty boy, eight years of age, whom I saw and examined with his father, and who is exactly in the same condition. It appears, therefore, past all doubt, that a race of people may be propagated by this man, having such rugged coats or coverings as himself; and if this should ever happen, and the accidental original be forgotten, it is not improbable they might be deemed a different species of mankind."

That the race of this man is not yet extinct, but has proceeded to at least one generation more, appears from a description of two individuals, published by Dr. W. G. Tilesius and by Blumenbach, and thus abstracted by Mr. Lawrence: "Two brothers, John Lambert, aged twenty-two, and Richard, aged fourteen, who must have been grandsons of the original Porcupine Man, Edward Lambert, were shown in Germany, and had the cutaneous incrustation already described. Tilesius mentions, that the wife of the elder, at the time he saw him, was in England, pregnant. It is to be hoped that this new progeny will not remain in obscurity, for want of a naturalist to celebrate its fame."

The peculiar nature of the skin of the Negro is considered to be the cause of his easy endurance of heat, but does not account for his correspondent inability to endure cold. The child of European parents born in Jamaica is found to be more patient of the scorching solar beams, and to possess a cooler skin when exposed to their influence, than natives of more temperate climes; his eye is more overshadowed by the brow than in his progenitors, and is remarkable for its keen sight. This seems to be occasioned solely by the influence of climate. But this question is foreign to the subject we have been discussing, and although we would willingly enlarge upon it, and touch upon another point intimately connected with the physical history of man, we mean his civilization, and the apparent anomaly of some nations, such as the Hindoos and Chinese, attaining to a certain point, and there halting, we must forbear, for our limits warn us to a close.

We have penned these remarks as merely supplementary to our former paper on the same subject, desiring to set down in rather a more detailed form the strong proof which bears out to its full extent the apostle's declaration, that "God made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell upon the face of the earth." They are of one blood, they are all our brethren, and let us not forget the injunction of the "beloved disciple," "TO LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

#### SERMONS IN STONES, &c.

THE clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth.

#### AMERICAN MESS-TABLE CHAT.

THERE is an amusing article in the "Gift" for 1840, written by Lieutenant Harwood, of the United States' navy, which bears the title of "Mess-Table Chat." The whole article is too long for our columns; but in order to enable the reader to understand the connexion between what we omit and what we extract, we must inform him that on board an American frigate a hot dispute had arisen on the following point:—

"The third lieutenant, Mr. Wagmazard, who had cruised in the South seas, and exhibited a cocoa-nut tree tattooed upon his arm as a sort of patent of nobility, as well as an evidence of his having been adopted by an insular chief, out of gratitude no doubt for these enviable distinctions, insisted upon having a dish of *baked 'ig* served up in the Sandwich Island style, in the shell of a mammoth pumpkin, which the steward had purchased at the instance of a New Englander, to make a thanksgiving pudding. Mr. Peleg Wetherall resisted this misapplication of his favourite esculent with the energy of a descendant of the pilgrim fathers, urging the right of property and the priority of intention; while Wagmazard, on the other hand, argued ingeniously upon the utility of experiment and the diffusion of useful knowledge; and artfully addressed himself to the deep-rooted love of variety and gastronomic lore which prevailed in the mess. The dispute waxed warm on both sides, and a spirit of faction invaded the general repose."

The factions arising out of this dispute distinguished themselves into the "whole dog party," the "no dog party," and the "national thanksgiving pudding party." Order was at last restored, and "the day after the restoration of tranquillity and harmony, the mess-table was arranged with unusual ceremony in honour of the occasion. A clean *shore-washed* table-cloth was spread, and the ill-assorted sea set of crockery, made up of the odds and ends which had survived the wreck of sundry memorable gales, gave place to an unsullied service of white porcelain from 'sunny France,' which the prudent Progwel usually reserved for state occasions. Holiday decanters of cut glass, filled with the generous vintage of Madeira, graced the corners of the table, in addition to the every-day supply of red astringencies from Spain and the Balearic Islands. There was, moreover, a display of 'provent,' which, though it might be said rather to embrace the substantial of sea fare than the delicacies of the season, was nevertheless well calculated to find favour in the eyes of guests whose 'good digestion' pretty generally 'waited upon appetite.' There was, in the first place, a roast pig in the attitude of scampering off with a potato in his mouth; then, a dish of dumb-fish, facetiously called Cape Cod turkey; another, containing a dry mahogany-looking lump of salt beef—*aquaticè* 'junk,' *gallicè* 'résistance'; a long-treasured Virginia ham, pegged over with cloves, 'spotted like the pard' with numerous dashes of black pepper, and garnished round the hock with a ruffle of white paper. Last, not least in the dear love of the reconciled parties, the thanksgiving pudding, and the substitute for the canine delicacy of Hawaii. Much judgment was evinced by the steward in supplying a satisfactory ingredient; and it was whispered that he did not venture to act in so delicate an affair without first obtaining the advice of the ingenious commissary.

"However that may be, his choice fell upon a veteran rooster who had been spared from the merciless knife of the cook, while scores of younger cacklers had been served up in fricasees and other devices too numerous to mention, even to their combs and gills, which regularly made their appearance as a sort of *Gallic-entremets*, to the undisguised horror of the master and chaplain, whose primitive palates held all such *coscombical* tricks of the cook, as they jocosely called them, in utter abomination. As to chanticleer, the keeper of the live stock, 'Jemmy Ducks,' had long ceased to regard him as worthy of his solicitude, and he was suffered to lead a kind of vagabond life about the 'Noah's Ark' amidsthips, picking up here and there a precarious grain that was flirited out from the troughs of his compatriots in the coop; or might be seen, whole days together, perched upon a projecting spade or broom-handle, exhibiting that crest-fallen air of *abandon* peculiar to all bipeds, feathered or not, who have imbibed a thorough disgust for the sea. The gallant ruff of plumage which graced his neck, in his palmy days upon his native dunghill, and was wont to expand with high-pressure valour at the approach of an enemy or a rival, now, alas! would not have afforded a single hackle wherewith the most ingenious angler could fabricate a fly. That clear, heroic crow, by which he once proclaimed the dawn or heralded a victory, had now dwindled to a poor cackle of discon-

tent. He had not even spirit enough left to resent the insolence of a blear-eyed, intemperate-looking Muscovy duck, which used to jostle him, eyeing him askance as he paddled by, with the air of contempt that I have seen an old bow-legged sailor regard an unhappy landsman of broken fortunes, who, having taken to salt water late in life, sat brooding in gloomy abstraction over an accumulation of sea miseries. At last the woe-begone knight of the roost was missed from his accustomed perch, on the morning of the festive occasion which has been the subject of our long digression. Conjecture was busy as to his probable fate; for it should be remarked that the manner of his demise was a state secret, imparted only to a select few. He had perhaps mustered strength enough to fly to the bridle port and commit a *'felo de se,'* or he had been poached by the captain of the waist, who had a liquorish tooth, and had been heard to wonder how the old rooster would go in a *lob-scouse*. Few, and those only the initiated, recognised him as he was placed on the table in his pumpkin sarcophagus; and the rest, whose 'ignorance was bliss,' discussed him with appetites which proved they little knew how important a problem in the art of cookery had been solved in relaxing his tendons and mollifying his integuments. So effectually had these desirable ends been obtained by the Sandwich Island process, that even Dabchick, the master, though by no means an advocate of innovation of any kind, was one of the first to propose that the thanks of the mess be awarded to Wagmazard for the introduction of an agreeable and substantial dish. Having carried his motion *nem. con.*, as motions are apt to be carried after dinner, he proceeded, as soon as the cloth was removed, to emphasize his approbation by asking the Polynesian traveller to take wine.

"The master had a peculiar way of performing that ceremony: watching a *smooth*, as he technically expressed it, he would arrest the decanter in one of its revolutions round the table, and grasping it firmly by the neck, as if he feared some defeat of his intention, he kept a steady aim, over the top of the bottle, at the person he designed to compliment, without saying a word until he perceived his purpose was recognised.

"Dabchick will drink your health, Wagmazard," said Progwell, "he has had you at pointblank, with his tompion out, this half hour. Allow me to make a third."

"With all my heart," replied Wagmazard—"beg pardon, master; here's promotion and prize-money."

"To this sentiment, which had long since ceased to produce any responsive feeling in the master's heart, deadened as it was by 'hope deferred,' he simply nodded, tossing off mechanically the contents of his wine-glass. 'I was thinking, Wagmazard,' said he, 'that you must have sailed some time or other with Mangem, who was a messmate of mine during the war, when he was a lieutenant, and I was what I am still, a log-line measurer and a log-book historian. He was a capital officer, and as good a seaman as ever squinted to windward in a squall: but he had one failing—he was omnivorous. Whatever could be caught at sea or on shore, whether fish, flesh, fowl, or reptile, he was sure to smuggle into the next day's dinner; and he managed to disguise it so, if it happened to be out of the common way, that there was no telling a rat from a young rabbit, or an eel from a serpent. His theory was, that everything living was eatable but a turkey-buzzard; and he was only prevailed upon to admit this single exception after a long series of experiments. He tried hard the whole cruise to convert me to his way of thinking; but I never touched any *made dishes* until we parted company at his promotion. He was a rum caterer, that Mangem."

"I did sail with Mangem," replied Wagmazard, "and I never expect to sail with a better commander; and although, as you have observed, he was somewhat omnivorous, he knew how to handle his ship, and fight his guns, and whenever duty did not prevent, was always exploring out-of-the-way places, so that we had lots of fun, hunting and fishing, and all that sort of thing. Nothing tickled the captain's fancy so much as the acquisition of some strange animal, especially if it was of the monkey-tribe; for he always persisted, notwithstanding the protestations of the doctor to the contrary, that Jocko belonged to the genus *homo*, being somewhat inclined to Lord Momboddo's way of thinking, that originally both species had tails, but that in man that appendage had been worn off by a long perseverance in sedentary habits. This opinion was very near being confirmed by a report of the quarter-master of the watch, who declared that he saw a large baboon with a basket under his arm, fishing for crabs with a crooked stick; it turned out, however, to be an old sun-dried negro, who only wanted a tail to pass for a monkey upon closer inspection."

"Mayweed and I, on account of our rambling propensities,

became prime favourites with Mangem, who used frequently to be of our party. Many a good tramp have we had together—the skipper and I equipped with our shooting and fishing tackle, and the doctor rigged out in his quaker-cut coat, with ample pockets crammed with minerals and shells, and his broad-brimmed Guayaquil sombrero studded with impaled bugs and butterflies. I could tell you of a striking adventure we had in South America; but this unbelieving master of ours would set it down, like enough, as *fish story*."

"Never mind the old infidel," said Progwell, "we'll fine him the I.C. if he opens his lips."

"Go ahead with the yarn, Waggy," said Dabchick, "I'll promise not to gainsay a word of it; as to the matter of belief, you know, in the free country we came from, every liberty is allowed in that particular, provided we don't doubt aloud when we differ from our neighbours; the thing is as well understood as the privilege of going barefoot when a man has no shoes."

"You'll promise to keep within constitutional bounds then," said the traveller.

"I'll not think louder than the sigh of your sweetheart, as sure as my first son shall be called Wagmazard Dabchick," replied the master.

"The adventure happened, then, as I said before, at one of the unfrequented harbours on the coast of South America, with a long Indian name which I can't call to mind just now; no matter, it was a beautiful place. The port, though not large, was snug, with good anchorage behind a couple of small islands, which broke off the sea, and afforded fine shelter in the hurricane season. A freshwater river emptied itself at the head of the bay, and there was wood in abundance in every direction. As soon, therefore, as we moored ship, the boats were hoisted out, the wood and watering gangs were sent on shore, and the gunner's and carpenter's crew were landed with such articles of their several departments as wanted repair. The usual exploring party, reinforced by a half-dozen of the midshipmen, resumed their amusement of beating the bush. We found the game so abundant that we got almost tired of popping it over; and as to all sorts of tropical fruits, we had only to turn to and pelt the monkeys on the trees, to get a shower in return, of such variety and flavour—but I won't make your mouths water by enumerating them particularly."

"I must tell you, however, that we were not without some fear in traversing the woods; the natives having told us, among other wonders of the place, of a snake some fifty feet long, that had a way of making himself up into a Flemish coil upon the branches of a tree, where he waited an opportunity of dropping down upon any contemplative gentleman, who might chance to select the vicinity of his roost as the scene of his pastoral meditation, embracing him with a cordiality altogether more fervid than agreeable. The captain had no sooner heard of this monster than he determined, if possible, to make a prize of him. A trap was at once contrived for him, such as is used to catch racoons with in Virginia, by bending down a stout sapling, and rigging it with a running bowline, and the sort of apparatus the boys call a figure four; this was well baited for several days in succession: but it was soon evident that *snaky* was not to be had in that way; in fact, we noosed nothing but one of the skirts of Mayweed's broad-tailed coat, which was whipped off as he accidentally sprung the trap, in stooping to gather a rare specimen of botany for his herbarium. After the accident we abandoned our device in despair, leaving the rapt portion of the doctor's favourite garment fluttering in the breeze, a trophy of our discomfiture. We began to suspect that the people had been humming us, when, the day before we were to sail, I left the captain and Mayweed fishing from the banks of a small lagoon situated near the head of the harbour, and straggled for the woods, with Billy Rivers, one of the midshipmen of my watch. The youngster and I had just cleared a patch of cultivated ground, when we were startled by a hissing noise, like the blowing off of steam, and saw within a few yards of us a boa between twenty and thirty feet long, which might have well been taken for twice that length by any one who had merely measured him with the eye. His forked tongue vibrated with the rapidity of chain lightning, and his eyes shone as fiery as a bit of charcoal under the operation of a blow-pipe. There was no time to reflect, no chance to retreat, and the reptile decidedly meant to give fight. We had but one fowling-piece between us, which Billy Rivers carried, and that was charged only with small shot. Telling him not to fire until I got ready, I jerked a long pole of India-rubber wood from the fence close at hand; the youngster blazed away right in the face and eyes of the serpent; we both boarded in the smoke with all the rancour of Mother Eve; and before the enemy had time to re-



cover from his astonishment, a lucky blow on the spine so disabled him that we despatched him at our leisure.

"You're sure it was an India-rubber pole that you gave the fatal blow with?" said the purser, looking out of his room again.

"Coutchouc, so called, in those parts," replied Wagmazard; "you know it grows there as thick as pine trees in New Jersey. I should guess there might have been a mile square enclosed by a Virginia fence made of it."

"Circumstantial and minute again," exclaimed Progwell; "gentlemen, interruptions are positively *tabooed*."

"Go on, Wagmazard," said the commissary; "I only asked for information."

"Rivers and I," continued the narrator, "were of course proud of having slain the redoubtable serpent, and returned to the lagoon immediately to announce our victory. There we found Mangem and the doctor laying their heads together to entrap an enormous alligator which had just shown his head above water at the barking of a spaniel they had with them. The captain was highly delighted with our exploit, and ordered some of the watering party to bring down the prize, while the youngster and I, elated by our recent conquest, made bold to proffer our assistance and advice as to the best mode of capturing the alligator. Mayweed reminded us that he was the leviathan of the book of Job, and that we could not put "a hook in his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn;" but we decided that by good seamanship we might rouse him ashore and bring him to close quarters, if we could only find means to get a purchase upon him. Several schemes were proposed and rejected; at last I hit upon a contrivance, which the master may clap down among his *nems*, under the head of "How to catch a crocodile."

"Dabchick only noticed this remark by a contortion of countenance, such as a schoolboy makes who has bitten an unripe persimmon; he was evidently suppressing an inclination to think aloud.

"The device was as follows," continued Wagmazard. "We first rigged a line with a coil of two-and-a-half-inch rope, with a few feet of chain at the end of it; the chain was made fast to the middle of a short iron crow, and stopped out to the end of it by a *lizard* of spun yarn, just strong enough to keep the bar perpendicular until the alligator should gorge it, when a smart jerk would bring it athwart-ships in his maw by parting the stop, and there we should have him toggled so that we could haul him ashore. The bar was then baited with three or four solid pieces of pork, and the line thrown into the lagoon with a billet of wood about two fathoms from the bait, for a buoy. This done, we stepped back some distance from the bank, to watch the float, and kept the launch's crew at hand to extract our amphibious friend from one of his elements, in order to attack him with advantage on that which was common to both parties. We had hardly waited a quarter of an hour, when the water began to mantle,—then the buoy trembled slightly, and at last a broad dimple on the surface of the lagoon announced "a glorious nibble;" another more decided bob made the doctor exclaim "How very exciting!" and the men were for running away with the line before the time, but the captain restrained them by an order to wait for the word. An instant afterwards the float disappeared slowly, marking its course under water by a wake on the surface, which, with the tautening of the line, showed that the monster had gorged the bait, and was making for the opposite shore. "Now's your chance, my lads!" shouted Mangem, "walk away together!" And away went the men with a cheer that made everything ring again. The lagoon boiled like a pot for a moment; then out came the alligator high and dry upon the bank, waving long swarths of cane and shrubbery with his tail, right and left, on his way up. A few good turns with the end of the line were caught over the stump of a tree, and the action began in earnest. The monster, as soon as he found there was no backing out, defended himself like a hero, keeping up a brisk fire of language composed of pebbles and dirt, and levelling everything that came within the sweep of his nether extremity; while he was assailed by our party from every quarter with clubs, stones, and boat-hooks, and, in short, anything we could lay our hands upon. The fight raged furiously for about twenty minutes, till at length stratagem and superior force prevailed, and our enemy died "game to the last," leaving his assailants, especially Billy Rivers and myself, covered with mud and glory.

"Nothing now remained to be done but to strip the boa and the alligator of their skins, which it was at once resolved should be preserved as trophies of the day's success. The doctor was a skilful taxidermist, and the boat's crew undertook the operation

under his direction. The coxswain started off to get a quantity of corrosive sublimate from the apothecary of a village close by; and Rivers went to the ship, and soon returned with a bankrupt glass-blower, who belonged to the after-guard, and was skilled in the manufacture of artificial eyes. An hour before sunset the flesh of the vanquished was cut into strips, as Mangem had requested, to be cured in the way the South Americans prepare their jerked beef; and the skins were stuffed and put into attitudes as fit, and natural as life, and deposited on the rafters of a deserted wam at the watering-place.

"And I suppose," said Dabchick, breaking silence at last, "they were presented with all due ceremony to the Museum at Philadelphia, or the Academy of Natural Sciences?"

"There you're out of your reckoning, master; they were eaten up that very night."

"Eaten up! By what?"

"Yes; every scale of them: by the *white ants*."

"What crowbar and all?"

"No, they did leave the crowbar, and a link or two of the chain; but not a rope-yarn of the two-and-a-half-inch."

### THE CUTTER.

[The following little article is contributed by one of our friends in Scotland, who informs us that the "Cutter" is but too well known in his own locality. We are sorry to learn such a fact; but though the *scenery* of this little sketch is Scotch in character, our English readers may find it not difficult to adapt the description to some habits which fall under their own observation.]

GENTLE reader, are you aware that there are other objects or things in the world called cutters besides six or eight-oared barges, pleasure-yachts, cruisers, &c.? Are you aware that this name is bestowed upon a certain kind of little black glass bottle employed in carrying clandestine cargoes of ardent spirits to clandestine drinkers? It is; and unless the subject has come under your observation, and you have given it some attention, you can have no idea of the extent to which the system of cutter-trading is practised; nor, perhaps, of the misery and wretchedness which it carries into the bosoms of those families where it has become a habit.

Neither can you have any idea of the shifts and expedients fallen upon to cloak and conceal the movements of the little cutter; its frequent out-goings and in-comings.

The reader may possibly imagine that such practices as are here alluded to must be confined to people in the lower ranks of life. It is by no means so. We cannot tell exactly where they stop—at what point in the social scale the cutter ceases to be employed; but this we do know, that it is an inmate of houses where you would little dream of finding it—where the externals of respectability would forbid your imagining for a moment that any one within it was in the habit of indulging in the low and disgraceful practices which its presence implies.

The cutter, we are sorry to say it, is peculiarly a female instrument of dissipation. It is by the female members of families, almost exclusively, that these little craft are put and kept in commission, being well adapted for secrecy and concealment.

The cutter itself, gentle reader, is a little dumpy black bottle, of various shapes, sometimes square, sometimes round, sometimes octagonal, &c., &c.: burden somewhere about half-a-pint, frequently less; but when this is the case, the deficiency of capacity is compensated by the frequency of its trips. It is then kept constantly at sea, scudding about from morning to night; its destinations being various, perhaps, but always returning to the same port.

By one who knows how and where to look for these mischievous little craft fraught with ruin, they may be seen cruising about the streets in all directions; some in the act of going for cargoes, others returning with them.

We would take a considerable bet that in half an hour's ramble through the streets, leaving us our choice of district, we will point out half a dozen cutters in full and active employment. Yet, observe, the little arguay doesn't sail openly; it is rarely exposed to public gaze in tell-tale nakedness, but is concealed by various ingenious devices and expedients. It may be said, in short,

to sail always under false colours; but the experienced observer can detect its presence notwithstanding.

He sees an untidy servant-girl scudding along with *something*—a scarcely perceptible *something*—under her apron. No ordinary observer pays any attention to the circumstance—he doesn't notice it; but the shrewd marker of curious things knows that this *something* is a cutter: he could swear to it, and would be perfectly safe in doing so.

Or the same vigilant noter of suspicious circumstances sees a little girl tripping onwards with something wrapped in a towel, the thing covered being a small object, and bearing no proportion to its covering, which hangs about it in superfluous folds. Here, too, he at once detects the cutter; it has been out on a trip, and is now returning, charged to the cork.

Again; mark that hand-basket which yonder respectable-looking woman is carrying along with such a demure countenance. How very innocent both the one and the other look!—both the lady and the basket. Let us have a peep into this basket, however; it is rather impertinent, to be sure, but we mustn't stick at trifles. There, up with the lid! Well; I see nothing in it but some parcels of groceries. Ay, but be so good as remove, one or two of these parcels. Aha, here it is! What? Why, the cutter! snugly nestled between a pound of sugar and half a pound of tea, and covered over with half a wedge of soap.

Ah! these baskets, these baskets! what a deal of sly dissipation they are privy to! what a deal of irregular traffic they conceal!

A pretty good way of cloaking the cutter, and one much practised by ingenious contrabandists, is to despatch him in a *very large* basket, the purpose here being to deceive by the disproportion between the container and the thing contained. Nobody suspects that a basket of such ample dimensions should be sent out with so small a thing as a cutter. It passes, and is intended to pass, for a despatch for bulky family necessaries.

There are other circumstances under which the little cutter is seen at work in a rather curious point of view.

A respectably-dressed elderly lady enters a grocer's shop, carrying one of these cunning baskets; she takes her place at the counter, and in a confident tone desires to be served with various articles, such as tea, coffee, sugar, soap, &c.; all this is done openly and audibly, and you perceive nothing wrong, no symptoms of secret dealing. Patience a little, however; see, the lady has obtained all the articles she named. Well, then, she has nothing to do but pay and walk off. You mistake; she has a little private business still to transact with the shopman, as you may perceive by her lingering at the counter, and anon casting inquisitive glances around her, as if to see that no one is marking her movements. Now she stretches over the counter, and whispers a word or two to the attentive grocer, smuggling something into his hand at the same time. He is up in an instant; he understands the thing perfectly; says something in reply, in a low tone, inclining towards his customer, or probably gives intimation of comprehension merely by a nod; wheels adroitly round; a slight quiet splash or gurgle is heard, and in a twinkling a little cutter, filled to the cork, is slyly handed over to the lady. She pops it into her basket, pays her score, and walks off. The whole, it may be observed, of this part of the business between the lady and the shopman is done with a silence and celerity that marks no other incident in their transactions. All the rest is conducted by open speech, this almost entirely by signs. There is a sort of free-masonry in the thing that renders language unnecessary.

Need we take a view of the condition of the house, and of the family, where a cutter is in commission? Need we describe the disorder and discomfort that prevail in that unhappy house? Need we describe the neglected state of the children, the cheerless fireside, the hurried, sly, and long-delayed meal—the quarrelling, the unhappinesses, the miserable sights and sounds of all descriptions that meet the eye in the house of dissipation? We need not. They may readily be conceived, and nothing that can be conceived regarding them can possibly exceed the dismal truth.

Husbands, look sharply around you, and see that there are no cutters lurking about the house. Wives—of course meaning those only to whom our paper has reference—as you value all that is or ought to be dear to you, the comfort, happiness, and prosperity of your family, your own good name, your own health and peace of mind, take the fatal cutter in your hand, smash it into a thousand atoms, and pray to God to give you strength to withstand the tempter in time to come.

#### THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER IN PARIS.

TREK was something calm and melancholy in Alexander. He used to go about Paris on horseback or on foot, without attendants and without ostentation. He appeared to be astonished at his own triumph; he gazed almost with an air of compassion on a population which he seemed to regard as superior to himself. He seemed to feel that he was a barbarian in the midst of us, just as a Roman might be supposed to have felt ashamed in Athens. Perhaps, too, he thought that these same French soldiers had been in his ill-fated capital—that his troops, in their turn, had become masters of Paris, where he might find some of the torches extinguished by those who had at once delivered and destroyed Moscow. This destiny—this changing fortune—this misery, alike common to subjects and kings, could not fail to make a profound impression on a mind so religiously disposed as that of Alexander. Thczar considered himself merely as an instrument in the hands of Providence, and he arrogated no merit to himself. Madame de Staël complimented him on the happiness which his subjects enjoyed in being governed by him, though deprived of a constitution. Alexander replied, "I am merely a fortunate accident." A young man in the streets of Paris expressed his admiration of the emperor's demeanour even to the humblest persons. "Is it not the duty of sovereigns to behave so?" was Alexander's answer. He declined residing in the Tuileries, recollecting that Bonaparte had been pleased to fix his quarters in the palaces of Vienna, Berlin, and Moscow. Looking up to the statue of Bonaparte on the column of the Place Vendôme, he said, "If I were elevated so high, I fear my head would be turned." When he visited the Tuileries, he was shown the "Salon de la Paix." "What use," said he, smiling, "had Bonaparte for such an apartment?"—*Chateaubriand's Memoirs of his own Times.*

#### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my brave cronies;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women!  
Closed are her doors on me—I must not see her;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend—a kinder friend has no man;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly—  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood;  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom! thou more than a brother!  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me; all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

C. LAMB.

#### A PERILOUS ESCAPE.

CHOLERA is a very important station, on account of being a base for horses; and it was, in consequence, for some time the head-quarters of a division of the army. When the troops first arrived there, they found a tribe of Indians, of whom they killed twenty of thirty. The cacique escaped in a manner which astonished every one. The chief Indians have always, one or two picked horses, which they keep ready for any urgent occasion. On one of these, his old white horse, the cacique sprang, taking with him his little son. The horse had neither saddle nor bridle. To avoid the shots, the Indian rode in the peculiar method of his nation—namely, with an arm round the horse's neck, and one leg only on its back. Thus hanging on one side, he was seen patting the horse's head, and talking to him. The pursuers urged every effort in the chase; and the commandant three-times changed his horse, but all in vain. The old Indian father and his son escaped, and were free. What a fine picture can one form in one's mind—the naked bronze-like figure of the old man, with his little boy, riding, like a Masappa on the white horse, thus leaving far behind him the whole host of his pursuers.—*Darwin's Journal during the Voyages of the Beagle.*

## "A CARD."

This being "the season" (to borrow the phraseology of the "bottling" department) when thanks are bestowed for past favours, assurances given about the future, books made up, accounts rendered, and cash expected, we think we cannot do better than follow the way of the world and give our readers a glimpse of "the shop." THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL is turning its back, not on itself, but on 1839; and before it crosses the threshold of 1840, we feel great pleasure in saying, that it is now a stout, healthy bantling of a year old; that it has fairly "cut its teeth," and got over the perils of infancy; and that, looking forward to permanent existence and extended usefulness, we do most cordially thank the friends of its childhood, and hope that many of them will be long spared to patronise it in its riper years.

When we started, a year ago, whatever our wishes might have been, our expectations were moderate and subdued. We were perfectly well aware, that we would have to row our boat against the tide; and that, taking rank amongst the CHEAP publications, we had no chance whatever of sharing in that excited patronage which, three or four years ago, enabled almost any combination of paper and print to float with easy certainty on the stream of public favour. Under these impressions, we rather attempted to succeed in gaining a limited number of friends, than to run the risk of failure in aiming at a widely-extended circulation; and our present size and price were adopted with an express view to the former of these objects. Nor were we altogether unprepared for defeat: for, having to pass through our probationary state during an unfavourable publishing period, it might have been matter of regret to us, but certainly not altogether of disappointment, had our birth, life, and death been comprised within the first year of our existence.

It is, therefore, no little gratification to be able to state, that not only have we succeeded in our more limited object of gaining a steady and attached constituency, but that the indications of our being about to obtain a much larger audience have been latterly as decided as they have been pleasing. We begin now to feel, in many ways, that our periodical has been gradually obtaining that sort of estimation which is technically termed "making character;" and, therefore, having now got over a period during which inexperience causes indecision, frequently overmatching the enthusiasm of a "first start," and having brighter prospects and more varied resources, we look forward to 1840 with a confidence which we would not have objected to have possessed at the commencement of 1839.

Though looking forward to only a limited circulation, we resolved, notwithstanding, "to aim high" in the tone and character of the Journal. The failure here, we knew, would arise from within as much as from without: that is, there was as much danger from deficiency in power or capacity in carrying out the intention, as in want of appreciation on the part of the public. Still, failure on our side would have been more a pity than a disgrace; and partial success would deserve credit. That we have partially succeeded, we infer from the fact of our having obtained credit: though desirous to please, to amuse, and to sell, we were honestly unwilling to make the Journal a mere medium of ex-

changing pence; and it is one of our gratifications to find that our motives have been understood.

This is very egotistical talk: but this species of egotism, when dealing with cheerful topics, is easily pardoned by the readers of a periodical. We will, therefore, venture a little farther, and expound to some of our new friends our reasons for endeavouring to give the Journal a character somewhat peculiar.

First, then, we have sprinkled THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL with essays of a religious character, and yet we have endeavoured to avoid making it what is termed a "religious" periodical. We have thus treated on religious subjects more sparingly than the mere religionist wishes, and more frequently than the mere general reader desires. But we have had an object in this. We trust that the "cant of religion" is a vice which we sufficiently abhor; and we do think that there is as much honesty in our composition, as to deter us from making a traffic of what is connected with the highest and the holiest interests of men. But we wished, and we still wish, to familiarise general readers with the fact, that there is a diviner and a loftier wisdom to be extracted from the Bible, than even the mere religionist dreams of; and that the whole of these ancient records, from Genesis to Revelations, preach to us the sublime truth, that MAN is essentially a progressive creature, growing from youth to age in the present world, and destined to run a similar but a higher course in another state of existence.

This belief in the doctrine of man's moral and mental progress is one of our "cardinal points;" and being convinced that it is of primary importance to indoctrinate the mind with this "leading idea," we have "preached," and will occasionally continue to "preach," upon it. We have tried—feebly, indeed, but earnestly—to hold it up to our readers in connexion with science, history, and philosophy; and we propose to continue to do so, in as varied and as extensive a manner as we can, during the ensuing year.

But though thus disposed to "prate" about religion and philosophy—though sufficiently inclined to mount at once the rostrum and our spectacles,—we have not been indifferent to matters either of general interest or passing amusement. We may instance the articles on Animal Magnetism, in our first half-yearly volume; or the completed series of articles on the British Navy, written, as internal evidence shows, by no "land-lubber," and of which it is no breach of editorial propriety to say, that they contain a mass of information relative to our "Wooden Walls" not previously or elsewhere to be found in print. In our first Number, we intimated our intention of devoting a portion of the Journal to reprints of selections from American literature, with the view of making our readers better acquainted with "our friends over the water;" and to this purpose we have steadily adhered, carefully giving, in all instances, our authorities. The Journal, also, being a "London" periodical, we have thought it not unsuitable to take walks in and about our metropolis, and to report and describe what we noted worthy of observation. To this, add the usual variety which is understood to constitute the material of a cheap periodical,—Essays, Sketches of Life and Character, Biographical Sketches, Poetry, Translations, Extracts, New Books, &c.,—and we believe we have pointed out the "noticeable features" of THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.









