











THE  
HOME FRIEND

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THE

# HOME FRIEND;

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*Vol. 3*

ANCIENT CHURCHES AND RELIGIOUS HOUSES OF DOVER.



THE MONK'S CHAPEL, DOVER PRIORY.

On a very high steep, and surmounting several green slopes, overlooking on one side the town of Dover, all <sup>church built</sup> under its pebbly shores, stand the remains of one of the oldest churches in the kingdom, the church of Dover Castle. The body and tower of the church, are yet left, and the broken and roofless walls, grey with age, are here and there enlivened by some green moss or spreading fern, by chickweed or pellitory, or the clump of yellow wallflower, bringing to us a breath of spring as we wander by the ruin. It is every way an interesting spot: the old Roman lighthouse



standing near it, claiming, undoubtedly, as high antiquity as any structure in our land; and the walls of that old church having echoed, doubtless, to truths uttered long centuries since by earnest lips. The wind seems always to be stirring upon that high hill; and often when in the streets below it sounded as if only whispering gently, we have found it, as we reached the summit, making music so wild among the walls, that it might seem like some loud anthem chaunted from the arches.

The few traditions which tell us anything of the origin of this church are dim and uncertain. We would fain believe some of the most pleasing of them, but reason will not sanction all in which imagination might delight. In the absence alike of authentic records, and of positive indications in the architecture itself, each thoughtful person has a theory of his own on the subject; but in one point all agree, either that the structure was raised by Roman hands, or that it was built of the materials of a Roman building. Roman tiles appear in every part of it: it contains round-headed doorways and windows of Roman bricks, and the same material, mixed with stone, is worked up in the walls apparently without plan, but showing, on careful investigation, manifest proofs of architectural design.

The Romish calendar tells us that Lucius, who was king of Britain towards the close of the second century, on becoming a believer in Christ, reared this edifice; but all the records of this are unsatisfactory. The monks again tell us that when Augustine visited this land in 590, on his errand of light and love, Ethelbert, having been converted to the Christian faith, gave to this missionary the church of Dover Castle, which having, during the late centuries of Saxon darkness, been defiled by Pagan worship, was reconsecrated by Augustine, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

There seems better reason for believing that the present church belongs to a period somewhat later, and was built from old Roman remains, between the time of Augustine and the reign of Alfred. Many good archæologists consider that there are, in the edifice, some marked tokens of Anglo-Saxon architecture: while it is well known that these artificers were accustomed to use the materials of former structures in their work. There are, however, writers of good authority, who consider that the present remains of the church were raised by early Norman architects; and assert that it has nothing to distinguish it from work of the twelfth century.

The various alterations of this old building prevent our arriving at certain conclusions, for few churches have undergone greater changes. The walls once contained apertures intended for windows, which are now filled with masonry. It has had three different roofs, the traces of which are clearly marked, and its windows have been variously altered, and received additions to their original number. The church is in the form of a cross; the quadrangular tower being supported by four lofty arches. On the north and south sides the pilasters are of squared stone, but two older arches, including their pilasters, are formed after the manner of the Romans with tiles. The inhabitants of Dover have now planted a holly, to be called the Wellington tree, in the graveyard of this old church, in memory of their late Constable and Warden.

It would be strange if the Christians of later years could look unmoved on a structure like this. Within its walls, though some superstitious were practised, yet the light of the gospel was sounded amid the darkness of the age. From this spot went forth religious truths, which have since cheered the living and upheld the dying, and have been proclaimed from Britain to the farthest isles of the sea. Much of the poet's description is applicable:

“Since that low window’s arch was reared  
 There have been many a rise and fall;  
 Yet this lone temple of the poor  
 Stands preaching over all.”

The rough rude Saxon reared it up,  
 The temple of his God to be:  
 And here, in simple earnestness,  
 He came and bent the knee.

Then came the Norman in his pride,  
 Attended by his Saxon slaves:  
 And then the priests of later times  
 Sang mass above their graves.”

When Augustine preached Christianity to Kent, Ethelbert, its king, welcomed its truths, and his subjects embraced, with more or less of sincerity and zeal, the Christian faith. Eadwald, his successor, also, in the later years of his life, renounced the errors of Paganism, and is said to have annexed to this church of Dover Castle a college of twenty-four ecclesiastics. Not a vestige of this college now remains, but an institution of the kind was, doubtless, near the church, for the ruins of a gateway still exist under the edge of the cliff, which are probably the remnants of the ancient building called, in early times, Monksgate, which had a tower and draw-bridge. The apartments of some of the monks were, most likely, over the arched passage.

The canons must have had a pleasant home on this lofty eminence, with its pure air and fine prospect, and the distant music of the waves; and they must have looked down on a very different town from that of the modern Dover. Even yet, alternating with its bright and handsome new houses, may be seen, in some of the by-ways of the town, old gables, with their dingy fronts and broken and patched walls and chimneys. These dwellings, and some old irregular narrow streets, with their roads formed of pebbles laid in the soil, tell of later years than those in which the monks looked down on Dover; but some old names, as that of Adrian’s Street, remind us of times even older than they. Still the white cliff towers above the town as it did when the Romans called one of its projections the Tarpeian, because from its summits the guilty were projected into the depths below; and still, when the foundation for the modern house is constructed, the pick-axe falls upon the old wall which Severus built here; while almost every step which we traverse has its reminiscences of long past ages. According to the Doomsday-book, Dover was, as early as the time of Edward the Confessor, of “abilite to arme yeerely twentie vessels of the sea by the space of fifteene days together, eche vessel having therein one-and-twentic able men.” In the time of William the Conqueror, however, a destructive fire left to the town but five-and-twenty dwelling-houses.

Of the history of these canons of the castle church we know nothing; but our attention is again called to them, or at least to their successors, as we come to review the history of a church built in the town in A.D. 696. Ancient chronicles record that Withrid, king of Kent, reared the church of St. Martin’s-le-Grand, and several edifices near it, for the accommodation of twenty-two secular canons, whom he removed from the church on the hill. Three chaplains were, however, appointed to conduct the service in the ancient edifice, and it was continued until the year 1690. In order to reconcile the canons to their change of situation, the king secured to them,

by charter, all the franchise and possessions which they had hitherto enjoyed; and they were, at an early period, farther endowed with large grants of land in the neighbourhood of their church: while Withrid added to them the privilege of exemption from the jurisdiction of any ordinary or judge, save the King and the Pope. The names of several of the canons, who were also chaplains to the king, are recorded in the Doomsday Book, and here, too, is a summary of their lands, made in the reigns of Edward the Confessor and William, detailing clearly the nature of the property, though some difficulty occurs in defining its extent, from an uncertainty as to the meaning of terms employed in measurement. In the time of Edward, the property produced sixty-one pounds; but prior to the Conquest some encroachments were made on it, and when the Norman survey was taken, the produce was stated at 48*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.* Three pounds of this money was devoted to purchasing shoes for the canons.

For four hundred years the canons dwelt on this spot, and during this period they are recorded by Kilburn to have built three churches in the town. These churches were subordinate to their own of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and until its great bell had tolled the signal, none of them presumed to commence the service of the mass. One of them, St. Peter's church, stood on the ground now occupied by the Antwerp Inn; but of its architecture we know nothing. In sinking a cellar in 1810, a head was found here, which is supposed to be that of the unfortunate Duke of Suffolk, who was beheaded in 1450. The skull was nearly perfect, but soon crumbled on exposure to air. The last rector of this church was appointed in 1616, but it is doubtful if the church was then used for Divine service. The parish church of St. Mary the Virgin, still in use, is also supposed to have been built by these secular canons.

We shall not easily forget the impression of dreariness produced on our mind by the first visit to the burial-ground of the old church of St. Martin-le-Grand. It was on a November afternoon, amid gloomy fogs and in a cold wind which swept over the neglected tombs like a wail for those whom men had long forgotten. As we could then trace more clearly the broken remains of the once magnificent church and priory, the words of Robert Nicholl came to the mind:—

“Decaying roofless walls! and is this all  
That desolation's blighting hand hath left  
Of tower, and pinnacle, and gilded hall?  
The everlasting rocks by time are cleft,  
Within each crevice spiders weave their web.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where are the glancing eyes that here have beamed,  
Where are the hearts which whilom here have beat,  
Where are the shaven monks, so grim who seemed,  
Where are the sitters on the abbot's seat?”

The burial-place, though but recently disused, had the most melancholy aspect of desertion. Heaps of broken crockery and other refuse from the adjoining houses lay at one end. Scarcely a daisy would in spring look up to the sky from that mould, and now not a robin was there to chant a requiem for the departed summer. The graves were wet with the late rains, but neither rain nor sunshine brought greenness to the sods, for there was little grass in that dreary churchyard. We wandered on amid the gloom, searching for the spot where the last remains of the poet Charles Churchill found their resting-place in 1764. It was long ere we could

discover the lowly grave; but at length an old headstone, green with slimy moss, was found, bearing the poet's name and time of decease, with the epitaph from his own poem of 'The Candidate,' "Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies." One could have wished, certainly, that that life and its enjoyments had been more in accordance with the dictates of virtue and religion; yet it was impossible to look without sorrow on these last memorials of a man of genius—for a man of genius Churchill certainly was.

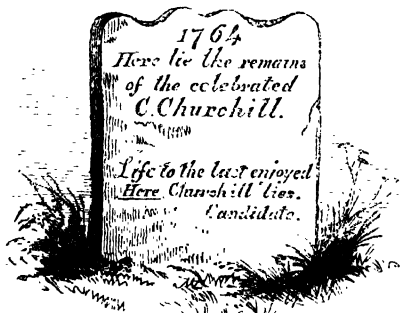
"Churchill," says Cowper, "is a careless writer for the most part; but where shall we find in any of those authors who finish their works with the exactness of a Flemish pencil, those bold and daring strokes of fancy, those numbers so hazardously ventured upon, and happily finished;

the matter so compressed, and yet so clear, and the colouring so sparingly laid on, and yet such a beautiful effect? In short, it is not his least praise that he is never guilty of those faults which he lays to the charge of others; a proof that he did not judge by a borrowed standard, or from rules laid down by critics, but that he was qualified to do it by his native powers and his great superiority of genius."

But neglected as was the poet's grave now, it had not been so always; there had been an interval when the last resting-place of genius had been honoured, and when the poet's own wish had in part been fulfilled:—

"Let one poor sprig of bay around my head  
 Bloom whilst I live, and point me out as dead;  
 Let it—may Heaven indulgent grant my prayer!—  
 Be planted on my grave nor wither there;  
 And when on travel bound, some rhyming guest  
 Roams through the churchyard, while his dinner's drest,  
 Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,  
 Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies!"

Between thirty and forty years since a bay was planted, and for some time carefully tended on the spot. A pilot from the neighbouring town of Deal, named Mowll, planted it there. Few who looked on the weather-beaten exterior of the brave sailor, would have guessed that he should be the only one to fulfil a poet's wish; but the brave are often the gentle too, and he who had many times dared the raging ocean, had a thought of pity for neglected genius. Honoured be his name for this touching expression of sympathy! But the bay-tree did not thrive on the grave; evergreens are said not to flourish well on the soil of Dover; and the sheep browsed on its young leaves, and thoughtless persons broke away its shoots; and all the care of the planter could not save it. Those who looked upon it tell how it always seemed drooping. Long since it disappeared altogether, and when we stooped to the grave to gather a blade of grass to carry off as a remembrance of Churchill, nothing was there but a small nettle; and no raised sod marked a tomb, for the ground was trodden to a perfect level. It must have been in somewhat similar state in 1816, when Lord Byron,



CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.

while his dinner was preparing at a neighbouring inn, literally fulfilled the poet's wish by visiting his grave, and who thus records his impressions:—

“ I stood beside the grave of him who blazed  
 The comet of a season, and I saw  
 The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed,  
 With not the less of sorrow and of awe,  
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone  
 With names no clearer than the names unknown  
 Which lay unread around it ; and I asked  
 The gardener of that ground why it might be  
 That for this plant strangers his memory tasked  
 Through the thick deaths of half a century :  
 And thus he answered : ‘ Well, I do not know  
 Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so.  
 He died before my day of sextonship,  
 And I had not the digging of his grave.’  
 And is this all ? I thought—and do we rip  
 The veil of Immortality, and crave  
 I know not what of honour and of light,  
 Through unborn ages, to endure this blight  
 So soon and so successful ?”

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 LUNDY ISLAND.—No. III.

WHEN our first emotions of admiration at the grander features of the scene were a little exhausted, we had leisure to look at the living occupants of the rocks. The perpendicular cliffs of the naked rock, broken into vast angular masses, square columns, and buttresses, like the walls of some old irregular castle, and cut into shelves and ledges, sometimes only a few inches wide, presented a very different scene from the sloping wilderness of thrift-tussocks interspersed with boulders, which we had seen tenanted by



GUILLEMOT AND GANNET.

the puffins and razor-bills. Both of these species, indeed, were found here also in considerable numbers ; but the species more strictly appropriated to

this locality was the foolish guillemot, or "mer," as it is better known to the fishermen. All along the little ledges around, above and beneath us, we saw the guillemots sitting in rows, row above row, almost as close as they could comfortably place themselves; every one bolt upright, the manner of sitting common to the puffins and razor-bills also, but not to the gulls or gannets, which incline the body when resting, as most birds do. It is the position of the feet, set far behind, in the short-winged plunging birds of the diver and auk families, that makes the upright posture that of rest, this being the only manner in which the centre of gravity can be brought over the feet. The whole sole rests on the ground, and not the toes only as in other birds.

Many of these birds were sitting, and others had a chick. Not the least vestige of a nest was there, not a fragment of seaweed, not a leaf of thrift; the single egg, never more, is dropped on the smooth shelf of stone, perhaps not wider than its own length, where one would suppose the first puff of wind would roll them over the edge, and involve them by scores in the irremediable fate of Umpti-dumpty in the nursery rhyme. Still we did not discern on the groins and points of the rock below any spatterings which would indicate the frequency of such an accident; nor can we suppose, from what we know of the economy of the works of God, and of the almost infallibility of instinct, that it is at all common. Probably the egg is rarely or never left unprotected, except in unwonted circumstances, one parent relieving the other in incubation; and we could see how cleverly the old bird kept its frail charge between its legs, even as it moved to and fro. An intelligent observer of animals, who is very familiar with these birds, told me that he had seen a gull attack a sitting mer with the design of robbing her of her egg. They engaged stoutly, the mer pushing her egg behind her, while she faced her enemy; at length she caught him by the leg, and pinched so hard, and held on so firmly, still all the while covering her egg in the angle of the ledge, that at length she fairly drove the robber off.

The chick does not sit between the feet of the parent, but cowers beneath one of its wings, which is drooped to shelter it; a touching sight, as every manifestation of parental care and affection in the inferior animals is. If the account which the fishermen at Flamborough Head gave Mr. Waterton is correct, and there is every reason to credit it, the young are indebted for their first introduction to the sea, to the parental care displayed in a very interesting manner. They take to the water and fish for themselves long before they are able to fly; and as they would inevitably be killed on the sharp points of rock if they attempted to fall or leap down, the parent invites its offspring to climb on its broad back, and thus carries it down. This we did not see; but we were witnesses, in plenty of instances, of the prompt and ample supply of food brought by the industry of the parent bird, either to its sitting mate or to its unfledged young. The air here, as on the other side, was filled with birds on the wing; and the sea below, not amidst the boiling eddies of the rocks, but outside, was even more densely crowded with swimmers; and ever and anon one would shoot by us with several little bands of silver depending from its beak, the fruit of its successful efforts. These are invariably carried, no matter how many they may be, transversely, held fast by the head, the body hanging down. When we remembered that each fish must be caught separately, we were at a loss to understand how the first captured could be retained in the beak in this orderly manner, or, indeed, how held at all, while another was

seized. Would not the first fall in the act of opening the mandibles a second time? One of the party, with his fowling-piece, brought down a guillemot, returning with prey; and an examination appeared to me to resolve the difficulty. Ten little sandlaunce this ill-fated mother was bringing to her chick, when the leaden shower overtook her. On opening the mouth I perceived the tongue large and muscular, and its edges cut near the base into sharp teeth, pointing backward. I have no doubt that each fish, as taken, is placed between the tongue and the upper mandible, and firmly held by these serratures, while the lower mandible is allowed to open freely for the seizure of another; which in turn is secured in the same manner, until a sufficient booty is collected to fly home with.

The young of the sandlaunce, and a small fish called "brit"—which Mr. Heaven believes to be the fry of some species of the herring family—form the favourite prey of all these birds; and the rough water off this north-west point is the favourite fishing-ground for them. A very strong tide runs round this end of the island—the strongest in the whole channel; hence a "race" is almost always running—that is, a violent agitation of the water, a strong ripple in calm and smooth weather, and what seamen call a "hobbery"—a tossing, breaking sea, when there is anything of a swell on. The fish-fry delight in such a race, and are pretty sure to be found there in shoals.

The egg of the guillemot is large for the size of the bird, and of so unusual a form that when once seen it is never likely to be mistaken for any other. It is a long cone, with both ends rounded; its appearance is striking and *bizarre*, the ordinary ground colour being of a fine green, variously splashed and spotted with green or black. There is, however, much diversity in the colour both of the ground and of the markings, and, indeed, in the shape, though the characteristic form is generally maintained. The eggs are taken in considerable numbers by the youths on the island, as well as by fishermen from the neighbouring coast. The explorer and collector is let down from above by a rope in the hands of his comrades, and as he traverses the ledges he picks up the eggs and places them in a large pocket tied round his waist. In the season we see them offered for sale by the fishermen's children at Ilfracombe, at a penny each, and many are purchased as curiosities by visitors who are struck with their singularity and beauty. If I mistake not I have seen them sold also in the streets of London, by sailors. In Newfoundland I have often eaten them, where they are well known by the name of Baccalao-birds' eggs. Their taste and flavour are by no means unpleasant; but the glacie which remains semi-transparent has a curious appearance. On Lundy they are used in the preparations of cookery, but are eaten alone only by the poor.

That rarest of British birds, the Great Auk, a species as large as a goose, there is some reason to believe, is occasionally seen at Lundy. A specimen was picked up dead in the sea near the island in 1829; and the fishermen have spoken to Mr. Heaven of having seen at the herring-station an Auk of very large size, which that gentleman has conjectured to be the species in question.

Two curiosities were proposed to us to be visited on the third day. The one was called the Devil's Limekiln, the other was the Seal Cavern.

The morning rose in that cool and cloudless brilliancy which so often characterises the opening day at this lovely season. On the preceding evening one of us, looking on the gorgeous western sky, had hopefully said, in the words of Shakspeare,—

“The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And, by the bright track of his glittering car,  
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.”

And now the morrow was come, and the promise was not broken. Hope and hilarity were strong in each of our minds, as we rapidly completed our slight preparations for the morning's jaunt, and awaited the arrival of our kind guide; and I fear none of us were able to sympathize very deeply with the sorrow of the old farmer, who was bemoaning the loss of a thriving young bullock, that had just been found dashed to pieces at the bottom of one of the frightful precipices that form the north-west edge of the island. These casualties, however, are reckoned among things regular and to be expected in Lundy husbandry. Some two or three of the young cattle and horses are lost every year from this cause. They incautiously feed close to the edge, when a puff of wind catches them on the broadside, and over they go; to the no small joy of the carrion-crows, who flock to the funeral feast.

At length, away we sallied through a gate at the rear of the farm, across wide, moory fields, till we struck a broad road, marked off by stone posts at regular intervals, each bearing conspicuously painted the letters T. H. Our curiosity was excited by the boundary-stones; and we were informed that the ground so marked off is the property of the Trinity House, forming a road thirty feet wide, and about a mile in length, leading from the beach where we landed to the lighthouse. This road, and the ground on which the lighthouse stands, form the only exception to the sovereignty of the island.

These boggy, elevated moors presented us with the yellow blossoms of the great spearwort (*Ranunculus lingua*); the rough-water bedstraw (*Galium Witheringii*), with its whorls of curious leaves, beset all round their margins and along the backs of their nervures, as well as the edges of the angular stem, with minute, barbed prickles, that catch the finger as it is passed up the plant, was likewise abundant here. The bog-pimpernel (*Anagallis tenella*), a lowly but lovely little plant, was likewise profusely strewn over the spongy moors, its sweet little pink blossoms occurring at every step.

Close to the south-west corner of the island we came rather suddenly upon the first object of our curiosity. In the midst of the heath-covered slope yawned a terrific chasm, into which it made us shudder to look. Its form is irregularly square at the top, where it is about two hundred and fifty feet wide. The sides in some parts are quite perpendicular, but gradually approach each other, so as to resemble a funnel, to the bottom, which we judged to be about as deep as the mouth is wide, or about two hundred and fifty feet. The edges and sides of this fearful pit are fringed with a scanty but various herbage, among which we noticed many plants in flower. The upper parts were gay with the blue sheepsbit, and the flesh-coloured stoncrop; the thrift, the bladder-campion, and the samphire, were springing out of the crevices, and the yellow blossoms of the long-rooted cat's-ear, closely resembling those of the dandelion, were mingled with them. On some of the ledges far down were growing large tufts of a coarse plant, which, our friend informed us, is occasionally used as a substitute for spinach; we could not get near enough to examine it accurately, but it was probably one of the goosefoots.

The distant bottom of this hole was strewn with large blocks of alabaster, some of them twenty feet high. Among these there is, at one side, a



narrow, door-like opening, which leads, by a natural tunnel, to the beach at the foot of the cliffs. This affords the only means of access into the chasm, and is, from the precipitous character of the coast, available only with a boat, and in calm weather, for when there is any swell the sea dashes furiously into the tunnel.

One part of the margin of the chasm forms a slender ridge like a wall, dividing it from a very steep declivity; along this precarious path one or two of our party scrambled on hands and knees, to gain a better view of the recesses of the abyss. While we were thus engaged a falcon flew out, whose red back and wings, as he emerged into the sunlight, showed him to be the kestrel: he hovered awhile in the air over his den, facing the wind, like a ship at anchor, in that peculiar manner which has obtained for this bird the appellation of windhover.

We turned our gaze seaward. There we beheld a vast cone of granite, almost insulated from the shore. The fishermen and inhabitants believe that this rock, if it could be turned over into the limekiln, would exactly fit and close it. Hence they have named it the Shutter Rock.

The comparison of this deep pit with an orifice at the bottom to a limekiln is striking and felicitous; but why it should bear the Devil's name I cannot understand. The habit which prevails in all parts of the country of associating the great adversary of God and man with those phenomena of nature which are vast, or grand, or terrific, is both preposterous and repulsive. It originated probably in the darkness of the middle ages, when mankind were ready to attribute to Satan operations with which he had nought to do, yet strangely forgot his power as the great tempter to sin, and overlooked the real work in which he is ever engaged, of "blinding the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." (2 Cor. iv. 4.)

We threw ourselves down on the purple heath and the soft beds of wild thyme, that covered the broad slope between the limekiln and the edge of the cliffs. The sun was pouring down his fervid rays upon us as we reclined, and his disk of brightness was reflected in thousands of rippling waves, from the wide expanse of sea that lay stretched between us and the undulating line of blue coast opposite. Just over against us, some five leagues distant, was the promontory of Hartland, with the picturesque little watering-place of Clovelly, from whence headland after headland, on the one hand those of Devonshire, on the other those of Cornwall, receded into a dim and undistinguishable haze.

Insect life was active and busy around us. Little beetles, whose coats sparkled in the sun, were crawling on the herbage; a tiny attelabus, of coppery lustre, seemed rather common; the lovely green cicindela, sometimes popularly called tiger-beetle, from its beauty and voracity, was seen, but was much too agile and wary to be caught; and the rose-chaffer, that peculiar accompaniment of a summer's noon, was buzzing like a bee among the flowers. Butterflies, too, of various species, were flitting to and fro; the large and small garden-whites were perhaps attendants upon man, as the cultivator of pot-herbs, their proper food; but others were indubitably indigenous. The meadow-brown and the little gate-keeper were pursuing that low, dancing, jerking manner of flight, close to the turf that distinguishes the genus to which they belong; the tiny alexis was opening and shutting its azure wings in the sun, as it sat upon the flowers, as if inviting capture, but darted away when approached, with a swift, wheeling flight,

and playfully returned to the same flower again. And we saw a rarer insect than any of these, the painted lady, come fluttering by on vigorous wing, and shoot away like a meteor.

Gulls were screaming in the air around, and circling about the cliffs; troops of guillemots were perched upon the ledges, one and another every instant dropping down, like an arrow, into the sea, and presently returning with the captured prey; and upon the sharp edge of an insular rock outside the Shutter, known as the Black Rock, sat a row of cormorants, preening their glossy plumage after the morning's meal.

We rose and pursued our sinuous way along the turf, by the margin of the precipitous cliffs of granite. A little to the north of the limekiln we came suddenly on the edge of a deep cove, at the mouth of which rose an enormous mass of rock, with walls as steep as those of a church, called Goat Island. It was the scene of a fatal accident not long ago. A party had come over to visit the island as we had done. A young man of their number must needs try, in spite of warning and entreaty, to climb Goat Island, with no other purpose than that of displaying his agility and his hardihood. He had proceeded some distance up the dizzy height, when, his foot slipping, he fell on the stones beneath, and broke his back.

Into this cove we descended by means of the round and soft, yet sufficiently firm, hillocks of thrift, jumping from one to another. When these ceased, we had to scramble down by the fissures of the rock, until we came to a cyclopean wilderness of huge blocks and boulders of granite, strewn over the bottom, and piled one upon another in grand confusion. They were worn smooth by the action of the waves, which had been beating on them perhaps for ages; and the lowest of them were rendered still more slippery by the drapery of green and olive sea-weeds (*Ulvæ* and *Fuci*), with which they were covered. It was, therefore, unpleasant and difficult, not to say hazardous, to make way among them by climbing over the masses, creeping under and between them, and leaping from one to another.

Nor was there much, on such a shore as this, either of zoology or botany to reward the search. Professor Harvey has truly observed, that "on a shore composed of granite rocks, where the masses are rounded and lumpy, with few interstices or cavities, in which water will constantly lie, and presenting to the waves sloping ridges, along which the water freely runs up and down, very few species of seaweeds, and these only of the coarsest kinds, are commonly to be met with."\*

However, we had had the pleasurable excitement of overcoming the difficulties of the descent and the exploration, and we had now to essay those of the ascent. When we arrived at the top, our clothes and hands were perfumed with the strong odour of the millfoil, through whole beds of which we had been penetrating; we found ourselves, moreover, nearly wet through with the moisture which yet loaded the herbage, from the dense fog of the preceding night.

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#### VILLAGE BELLS.

How soft the music of those Village Bells  
 Falling at intervals upon the ear  
 In cadence sweet! now dying all away,  
 Now pealing loud again and louder still,  
 Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on.  
 With easy force it opens all the cells  
 Where Mem'ry slept.—COWPER.

\* 'Sea-side Book.' p. 54.

A VISIT TO A BUSHMAN'S CAVE IN THE WINTERBERG  
MOUNTAINS OF SOUTH AFRICA.



THE melancholy events connected with the late wars in Kafirland have created an interest in the Cape colony, once so little known, which might otherwise have never been called forth. For many years it was the prevalent idea among Europeans that the Kafirs were the original possessors of this beautiful country; and the colonists were much misunderstood when, in self-defence, they resisted the aggressions of this misguided people. This, however, is not the place for political discussions; we must only hope that such measures will be adopted as may lead to a permanent peace. May the fertile plains, so long the scene of strife and bloodshed, become a happy resting-place for the industrious emigrant, and may the scattered tribes within reach of British enterprise and zeal be yet gathered together with the white man, "under one fold and one shepherd!"

It is of the Bushmen, or, as the Dutch settlers first named them, the Bosjemen, I propose to speak in these pages. Barrow traces their origin to Egypt; and their appearance, with the exception of their tufted wool for hair, is in favour of this theory. Contenting myself with a very few words on the subject of these curious beings as a race, for they cannot be called a nation, I shall hope to interest my reader more particularly in my description of a Bushman's haunt, in which I had the gratification of seeing one of those extraordinary relics of art which mark the wanderings of these "little people" from one extremity of the colony to the other.

The "Children of the Mist," as they have been designated by some of the neighbouring and more powerful tribes, originally led an entirely pastoral life, wandering from one pasture to another with their flocks and herds, and so indolent in habits as never to have attempted the erection of any kind of habitation, save a rough screen of skins, when the weather rendered it absolutely necessary, hung on bushes or frames of wood, hewn in the roughest mode from the trees growing in their path. The only thing they cultivate is dagha, a weed for smoking.

Other occupants of the soil, white and coloured, drove these people by degrees towards the north-east, and, deprived by strong aggressors of their cattle, they, not without terrible reprisals, withdrew, step by step, into the interior; made their dwelling-places, like the conies, in the clefts of rocks, and became, instead of herdsmen and shepherds, hunters in the desert. From time to time they issued from their fastnesses among the mountains, to plunder the colonists and such of the native hordes as possessed cattle; and I have read of their fury being such against the white man that, during a farmer's absence they would descend on his homestead, mutilate such sheep and cattle as they could not carry off, and murdering the women and children of the ill-starred Dutch settler, have divided them limb from limb, and hung the mangled remains in front of the abode—a horrible spectacle indeed to a husband and father when returning homeward from his day's toil.

I may here remark that the Bushmen have never met the friendly advances of the white man, either in the way of hospitality or traffic: they are sensible, as far as human knowledge can trace, that they were the first possessors of the soil, and the very Hottentot—a grade higher than the Bushman, but of the same species—believes that everything on the land is his by right; yet, strange to say, when a Bush child has been taken from its mountain-home in babyhood (for they are often rescued from famine and disease by the farmers), the poor little being has been easily trained to perform every kind of household office; and while it has evinced talent and shrewdness, a better nature has been developed in the disinterested affection it has exhibited towards those into whose charge it has fallen. His marvellous keenness of perception, his ludicrous imitative powers (for the Bushman is an incomparable mimic), render him a ready pupil in kind hands: gentle teaching will make him a valuable addition to a domestic establishment; a frown, a harsh word, chills his goodwill at once, and severity drives him to his native haunts or to service where he will be less under control. The life of dread he has of later years been compelled to lead has made him look on all men as foes; but in his earlier condition, I should say, he was of a more kindly and inoffensive disposition than any one of the manifold races peopling Southern Africa.

The Bushmen fix their haunts in the most retired spots; and the localities are not only selected with a view to concealment, but a taste for the beautiful is always manifested in their choice of a home. Various drawings of the nature I describe have found their way into our periodicals; but, singularly enough, I have never yet met with a satisfactory description of the subjects illustrated. Suppositions alone are offered; and these drawings are often laid aside as uninteresting, because incomprehensible.

Sometimes these quaint records of Bushman life are found in the interior of caves, sometimes on a scarp of rock in some lovely nook, where wood and water and the most exquisite flowers give an air of fairy enchantment to the quiet scene. My sketch is from one of these charming haunts. The original

must now be upwards of five-and-thirty years old, since the pretty settlement of Glenthorn, the residence of Mr. Pringle, has been established in the neighbourhood for about that period of years, and but a few stray Bushmen were heard of when the family established themselves in the valley, lying amid the Winterberg Mountains. The rock on which the record is painted, in colours as fresh as though only just executed, was once a solid block, but is the more picturesque from being riven in several places. From the top of it, which is fringed with trees and garlanded with parasitical plants—among which the monkey rope, or Bavian creeper, is the most conspicuous—the light streams down from the luminous sky, and the place is musical with the songs of birds, the music of insects, and the ripple of a little stream, singing on its merry way, over the stones and moss bordering the green retreat.

So refreshing was the aspect of this fair bower, shaded as it was by yellow-wood trees \* more than a hundred feet high, that, leaving our horses to drink at the mouth of the silver rill, we ascended, without thought of heat and fatigue, on that glowing day in December, the steep steps formed in the turf, and soon stood in front of this curious memento of the past.

The Bushman's food in general costs him but little trouble to acquire. It consists of roots, the larvæ of ants, locusts, and wild honey; this last they discover by means of the honey-bird, a little dusky creature that hangs about the traveller's path with a view to coax him to the nest in the hollow of a tree, or nook in a rock—the cunning thing choosing that man should storm the magazine of sweets ere it feasts on the goodly store. †

At certain seasons, however—when, for instance, the game is fat and lazy, and therefore easily surrounded—the Bushmen assemble and hold a festival on the eve of a grand hunt. Then a kind of mead, or honey-beer, ‡ goes round in the calabash; then the leading members of the pigmy hunt excite the enthusiasm of the uninitiated by their recitals of past achievements; and, unlike such descriptions of warfare or of pastime by men of civilized life, these recitals are impartial accounts, and relate truly whether the Bushman was the conqueror or the conquered. Their weapons are arrows, the bows of which are about two feet long; and as these are poisoned, they are sure of their game if blood is drawn from it. The poison is from bees, roots, the Agapanthus lily, and from snakes.

We must now proceed to describe the drawing illustrating the hunting scene.

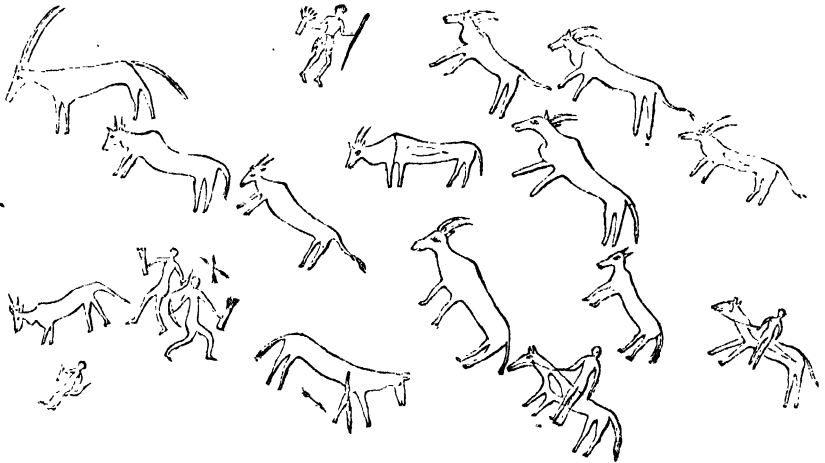
The game has been fairly driven into an area; the Bushman on the piebald horse (No. 1), in the right-hand corner, and another in the foreground, have assisted each other in this undertaking. The two Gemsboks

\* The yellow-wood tree is the deal of the Cape.

† A story is told of a Hottentot, who, in endeavouring to explain to his comrades the vocation of a missionary, likened the "Teacher" to the honey-bird, "which says, 'Come, come,' and conducts us to the sweet treasure." Another illustrated the theory of the immortality of the soul thus: "Don't you know the serpents? they go into the cleft of a tree, and drop their skin, and leave it behind them, which has all the appearance of a real serpent, but the living part has escaped; so will the soul when it leaves the body."

‡ To make this beer, the honey collected in the day is put in vessels with a portion of new milk, and a root, called by them Kurree. In twelve hours this ferments, and in the morning all assemble for a regular carouse. The dregs of this liquor serve to ferment another brew.

above are of a mixed breed, and the unwieldy Eiland looks breathless as he toils after that creature intended to represent the Springbok. The



riderless horse has doubtless been trained to help in the chase. At the top of the picture (the Bushman has about the same ideas of perspective as the Chinese) stands a man in a sheepskin kilt, his knob kicrie (club) in one hand, his quiver of poisoned arrows in the other. He is evidently intent on frightening the animals, who, panic-stricken and exhausted, attempt in vain to rush past him as a Gemsbok has done.\* The horse in the immediate foreground has doubtlessly been wounded by accident, from the attitude of the two figures near it, the one deprecating, the other reproving; and the animal marked as unknown is supposed by one of my South-African sporting acquaintances to be a Hartebeest—excellent game. He is likely, you see, to make his escape, while figure 5 stands uncertain and bewildered.

The colours employed by the Bushmen in these drawings are made of various ochres, clays, and stones, ground in a stone mortar, and blended artistically with the oil found in the legs of deer.

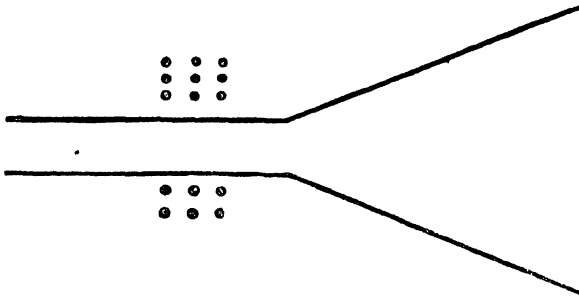
Being anxious to have a perfectly correct specimen of such primitive art, I requested the intelligent and kind daughter of Mr. Pringle, of Glenthorn, to take facsimiles of the figures on tracing paper. She executed her task with as much good will as good taste; and this facsimile is intrusted to the editor of the 'Home Friend,' that my humble sketch may be rendered more accurate and more acceptable to my readers.

While on the subject of hunting in Kafirland, I claim permission to subjoin a very curious account of the mode in which the Bechuanas, a better race of Kafirs than those bordering our own colony, carry on their sport, which is indeed a mere battue.

When it is ascertained that the game has gathered for pasture in a

\* The Gemsbok by some is said to have given the idea of the unicorn, from the way in which it is sometimes drawn. I doubt it, for I have a belief in the unicorn of old.

certain spot, a portion of the land—say two miles—is inclosed in the shape of the letter Y, thus—



The dots represent pitfalls.

The animals crowding into the narrow part of it spring over the fence, and find themselves in pitfalls. “Immense numbers,” says my intelligent correspondent, to whom I am indebted for this description of Bechuana sport, “are sometimes caught in this manner; and, when successful, the hunters sing, the women joining in chorus, apostrophising the dead game. ‘How is it,’ say they, ‘that you are such fools? who told you to come this way,’” &c.

The chief seats himself, when the battue is over, on the largest dead animal, and cutting it open distributes the meat with a solemn air, the vultures hovering above, the women continuing their chant, and the men hastening to enjoy the result of the slaughter.

“The Baharootze people,” says Mr. H—, “have a dangerous method of killing the elephant. When a noble-looking old male \* is seen resting against a camel-thorn tree, the hunter steals to the other side of the tree, and stabs him with an assegai; the infuriated animal then turns round and rushes at his foe, who again stabs him; and so on till the gigantic animal falls; though it not unfrequently happens that the elephant tramples on the man.

“The African buffalo,” repeats Mr. H—, “is the most vindictive of animals when wounded. I saw a man who got between two trees, where the buffalo could not reach him with his horns; but it so happened that the beast could manage to get his tongue in, and with this rough implement of mischief he managed to lick the flesh from the poor wretch’s legs.”

I have sometimes seen Kafirs on their return from hunting, and an exciting sight it is. He who strikes the game first is entitled to the first share in the spoil; he who reaches the kraal first with the news of success is considered one of the victors; and a crowd of youths about sunset may be seen flying along the sides of the hills, or emerging by short cuts from wooded glens, all singing, or rather muttering, a hoarse chant, to which the women in the valley reply with a shrill call of triumph; and the little children, embryo Nimrods, sally forth to meet the wild huntsmen and their spoil. Should any dispute arise the chief decides it; his word is immutable.

\* The advance of a herd of wild elephants, when heard in the silence of the night, is very startling, the leader of it uttering from time to time a note resembling the sound from a powerful trumpet.

## GEORGE HEWSON.

GEORGE HEWSON was the son of a small tradesman in London, of dissolute habits; and, as may be supposed, his education was much neglected. George, whose first contact with the world was of a rough character, imbibed the evil with which he was surrounded, and bade fair to tread in his father's steps, when an unexpected event turned his feet into a totally different path, soon after he had reached the age of fifteen. As he was going one morning on an errand for his father to a neighbouring dram-shop, a horse, which had broken loose from a vehicle, dashed down the street along which he was passing, and came violently against him as he was crossing the carriage-way, hurling him upon the ground with such force that for the time he was quite stunned. One of the curates of the parish, who happened to be near the scene of the accident, hastened to his assistance, and saw him conveyed home and placed under medical care. On learning that he had sustained no serious injury, he left him for the present. Mr. Newton—for that was the clergyman's name—called again in the evening, and found that in a few days George might be expected to recover from the bruises and the shock which he had undergone. "Suppose, George, that this accident had proved a fatal one," said Mr. Newton, after some prefatory conversation, "what would have been the consequence?" "I hardly know, sir," replied George; "but I am afraid something very bad." "Yes, and so am I; but do you know how such bad consequences may be avoided?" "I suppose, sir, the way is to say my prayers, read my Bible, go to church, and so on." "These things are all very good," replied Mr. Newton; "but still this is not exactly the way." "Then I am sure, sir, I don't know what is," was the reply. Mr. Newton now explained to George in plain language the rudiments of Christianity, of which he had thus manifested his ignorance, though there are thousands who would have given a similar answer, and who notwithstanding think themselves quite right in their notion of the religion which they thus make to consist of a routine of outward forms. No wonder it is that they look upon a Christian life as dull and wearisome, which, in truth, it would be were their idea of it a just one. At the same time he pointed out the miserable consequences of sin—its certainty of future punishment—and the wretchedness often occasioned by it in this world, contrasting these things with the present peace of mind, and the future and eternal happiness of the Christian. George listened attentively, and Mr. Newton noticed that tears occasionally glistened in his eyes; and after praying at his bedside he left him, promising to call again on the morrow. Kept awake by pain, George pondered over what he had heard, and prayed earnestly for the teaching of God to guide him aright. He felt eager for the break of day that he might read a little book which Mr. Newton had given him; and after perusing it carefully, he looked forward with earnestness to the time of his pastor's visit. At George's request, Mr. Newton again explained what it is to be a Christian; and George paid earnest heed to every word which fell from the clergyman's lips. In the midst of the conversation a book fell with a loud noise on the floor of the bedroom; but so intent was he upon the subject of their discourse, that his pastor noticed that he never even turned his eye to see what was the cause of this unexpected disturbance. From this time a marked change took place in George: from being a frequenter of places



of dissipation and vice, he became a regular attendant at his parish church, a scholar at an evening school, and in a class which Mr. Newton superintended, consisting of young men desirous of intellectual and spiritual improvement. Though his attendance at these last two places was necessarily somewhat irregular, Mr. Hewson was greatly annoyed at the change which had taken place, and the more so because George now refused to take any part in the little acts of cheating which his father frequently practised upon his customers, nor would he have anything to do with the Sunday trading in which he had hitherto assisted; but after flying into several violent passions and threatening severe thrashings—one of which he inflicted—Mr. Hewson desisted, for he saw that his son was not to be conquered in that way. George's civility and good conduct won him the respect of some of his father's customers and neighbours, so that eventually Mr. Hewson found it to his interest to give way to his son's whims, as he termed them; and as George now had a small sum of pocket money allowed him weekly, he was enabled to dress in neater clothes, and to purchase a book occasionally, without overlooking the calls upon his slender means made by several societies to which he subscribed, and by special cases of distress which came under his notice. His father gradually left the business more and more in his hands, until at length he became the mainstay of the family, which was a rather large one; and ultimately Mr. Hewson became so habitual a frequenter of taverns, that he found it intolerable to be confined to his business on Sundays; and accordingly one Lord's-day, to the surprise and vexation of some of the customers, the shop was found closed. George himself was somewhat doubtful as to the result of this step, for the amount of money taken on a Sunday generally exceeded that received on any other day; but still he was firmly resolved to abide by the consequences, be they what they might. At first it did prove a serious loss to the family; some of the customers took offence at what they termed the "pious doings" of George, and went elsewhere; and Mr. Hewson opened the shop again on Sunday, but the receipts were so small that he declared that he would not be kept in again. In a few months the business more than regained the temporary loss which it had sustained. Observers began to think that one who would submit to lose custom, rather than do what was wrong, would be more likely to deal fairly than those shopkeepers who *openly* disregarded one of God's commandments, and who might, therefore, not unreasonably be expected to break another *secretly* in their dealings with their customers; and this consideration induced some to trade with George. Several families in the neighbourhood, hearing of his doings, came to him for a part, and a few for the whole of what they required of such things as he dealt in; so that in six months he found the receipts of the business greater than they had been before the Sunday trading was discontinued. "Thus," he observed one day, "God did not permit me to lose by obeying Him; and if He had, peace of mind and eternal happiness are worth ten thousand good businesses." George was now upwards of twenty-one, and his father consented to take him as a partner in the business; indeed he had long been its mainspring, and he had acquired a character for fair dealing and punctuality amongst his customers and creditors, which was invaluable to him even when considered merely with regard to the pecuniary benefit which he derived from it. His mother and the family looked up to him as their chief earthly prop, and he in turn viewed them as a trust committed to him; and most earnestly did he strive to promote their temporal, and

above all their spiritual welfare; nor were his efforts unsuccessful, for his mother and two of his sisters became regular communicants at the church, and one of these sisters, under the direction of Mr. Newton, was most usefully employed as a Sunday-school teacher, and in several other works of benevolence. A younger brother, also under the fostering care of the same clergyman, gave tokens of intellectual and moral excellence which cheered the hearts of his pastor and of his family. George had now reached the age of twenty-five, and had for some time been engaged to the daughter of a tradesman in the neighbourhood, whose pious and gentle disposition gave promise that she would make a valuable wife; and being now in a position to marry, they were accordingly united; and as several of Mr. Hewson's family were permanently away from home, arrangements were easily made for George and his wife to live under the same roof with his father. In a few years, Mr. Hewson became prematurely old, and retired from the business altogether, receiving a comfortable income from his son. A painful and incurable disease brought him at length to feel and acknowledge the sin and folly of his past life: he is now bearing with resignation the sufferings which his evil courses have brought upon him. George steadily and energetically extended his business until he became the master of one of the largest and busiest establishments in that part of the metropolis in which he resided. There he still lives, respected and beloved by all who know him; and notwithstanding his numerous engagements, there is not a charitable institution in the neighbourhood to which he is not a generous contributor, both of his time and his money; nor is he lukewarm in his efforts to extend to others at home and abroad the blessings of that Gospel which has proved such *good news* to himself. Reader, do you know a George Hewson in your own neighbourhood? if you do, strive to imitate him; if you do not, aspire to the honour of being one, and you will bless the day when you began to set such an example to those around you.

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 OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.


WHEATEAR.

IF in spring and early summer there is a richness and beauty in our woods and meadows, so too, at these seasons, the wide-spread downs have attrac-

tions of their own. Desolate, indeed, they seem in winter, as the wind sweeps sullenly over their short grassy turf, bowing down the slender green twigs of the broom, or the sturdier branches of the ling, and making a moan through the stiff spiny boughs of the furze. We can then see little there that has a brighter tinge than the grass, save an occasional blossom on the furze, which is of paler yellow and less wide expansion than the bloom of summer; or we may look upon a tuft of emerald moss, or a bright whitish grey lichen hanging around the trunk of a solitary tree, or a gay orange or pale yellow fungus at its base; or perchance we may stoop to gather the little crimson mushroom-like object which glitters among the grass, or the tiny vases of the scarlet cup-moss growing there like masses of coral. The silence that reigns on the common is far more dreary than that of the woods; for when it is interrupted by the winds, these bring not the wild and varied melodies which come winding along the vistas of the woodlands, as through the aisles of a cathedral, nor is the robin so often on the down to chant its winter song. And as the wind murmurs in low tones, or comes in sullen gusts, and as we cast the eye over the wide unsheltered waste, we feel that winter has here done its worst.

Yet how gladsome in spring-time is all that wide common, when a blue sky is hanging over it, and sunshine is gilding its innumerable blades of grass! Now the gorse has its thousands of flowers of brightest gold, and daisies cluster in multitudes, and the little milkwort raises its blossoms of blue or richest pink above the lowly sward; and the bright germander speedwell with its eye of blue, and the celandine with its star of gold, are but the heralds of the purple heaths, and the blue harebells, and the sweet wild-thyme, and the bright golden broom flowers which, in the later summer, shall make it more beautiful still.

He who would hear to perfection the song of the birds, which arises like a psalm of praise from the open down, should wander thither in the early morning. Here he may find the wheatears by hundreds, and as merry and musical as he could desire, though the song is very low and sweet, and must be listened to in silence to be heard at all. These birds are very abundant in some parts of Britain, and pretty generally diffused over our common. They are also spread widely throughout Europe, are very plentiful in Holland, and are especially frequent on the borders of the Mediterranean, while they are found also at the extreme north of Europe. They are very handsome birds, but of a wild and shy character, hastening from the coming footstep by running lightly over the grass, or taking a number of rapid flights from one spot to another, at a little distance from the ground; only flying higher during their migration. The timid birds will, if disturbed, utter a sound which resembles the words "far, far;" and if one should come unexpectedly upon the mother bird, while sitting on her nest, the air resounds with the cry of "titreu, titreu." Often the spots where the wheatears congregate are so barren, that if they needed the shelter of a bush, they could not even find a bramble of any size or a furze shrub to cover them; but they conceal their nest, and that most skilfully too, in fissures in the ground, or among clods or heaps of stones, and if some old wall is near they will hide it at its base, placing it so securely that even those accustomed to the habits of the bird, are often unable to discover it. Sometimes the nest is hidden in a chalk or gravel pit, and on some downs the birds avail themselves of a deserted rabbit-warren, where just at the entrance they build their home. This structure is large and composed of grasses, wool, moss, and of feathers and scraps of rabbit's down

which are spread about the common, and it usually contains six pale-blue eggs. Small pieces of brake generally lie strewn in little heaps around, and thus betray the home to the wanderer. The wheatear is very cunning in luring away any who may approach its young family, and if a passer over the common comes towards the nest, the bird makes a short flight to mislead him, and when she sees him some way off, make a circular turn and regains the nest. These birds are so often to be seen perched on clods of earth, that the French term the wheatear,\* *Motteux*, from *motte*, a clod. Our country people call this bird by a variety of names, as Horsematch, Fallow-finch, Fallow-chat, Fallow-smith, Fallow-smiter, Whitetail, Stone Chucker, Chickell, and Chackbird. It is the *Saxicola œnanthe* of the ornithologist.

As autumn approaches large flocks of wheatears are congregated on the downs of Sussex and Kent, whither they have come, singly, or in pairs, from various inland heaths, to assemble for their departure. And now is their season of especial danger, for valued as they are for the table, and called the English ortolan, they become at this season, in consequence of their numbers, a ready prey to the shepherds who are keeping their flocks on these downs. They are then in good condition for the table, and so suspicious are they, that the smallest alarm, even the shadow of a passing cloud, will induce them to run into the traps which are laid for them. These traps are of the most simple description, yet a shepherd has been known by their means to capture eighty-four dozen in a day, six or seven hundred of the traps being overlooked by one man and his boy. Pennant states, that in his time, about eighteen hundred and forty dozen were annually caught on the Eastbourne downs, where they still form a profitable trade to the shepherds. Immense numbers of birds arrive there, and at Beachy Head, daily; during the months of August and September. Nor can we, though we pity the birds, deprecate the practice of taking them, since the lower orders of creatures were made for the service of man, and the wheatears leave behind them no young ones to perish of cold and hunger for want of the care of the parent. But when, in the earlier months, the sportsman takes his gun to our moorlands, and brings down the bird which has a young brood, the practice is a very cruel one, for the bird is too much injured by the shot to be fit for eating, and the misery of the survivors is very great.

Large numbers of these wheatears are preserved and sent to London, but many are sold to the innkeepers and others, and eaten in the neighbourhood of the downs. They are wrapped in vine-leaves and roasted, and their flavour is very delicious, especially that of young birds.

The food of the wheatears consists of various insects, particularly those of the beetle tribe, and when they are kept in confinement they need a very large supply. Wild and shy as they are in their native haunts, ready to run under the first clod when approached, yet they become tame and very interesting when reared in the house, and keep up a perpetual singing—singing on even during night, if a light is in the room. Mr. Sweet says

\* The Wheatear is six inches and a half in length. The head, shoulders, and back are light grey; wings black; tail-feathers white on their basal parts and black at their extremities; the forehead, a line over the eye, and the rump, white; the cheeks and ear-coverts black; whole under parts buff, very pale on the belly; beak and feet black. In winter the grey of the head and shoulders become rusty brown; the wing-feathers are tipped with rusty; and the buff of the under parts becomes much richer and brighter.

of our bird: "It has a very pleasant, variable, and agreeable song, different from all other birds, which in confinement it continues all the winter. When a pair of them are kept in a large cage or aviary, it is very amusing to see them at play with each other, flying up and down, and spreading their long wings in a curious manner, dancing and singing at the same time. I have very little doubt but a young bird, brought up from the nest, might be taught to talk, as they are very imitative."

The wheatear is general throughout Britain, and is very widely diffused during summer over Europe, being particularly abundant on the northern shores of the Mediterranean. It has been seen very far north, and Sir J. Ross says of it, "One of these little birds was observed flying round the ship in Felix Harbour, 70° N., 91° 30' W., on the second of May, 1830, and was found dead alongside the next morning: having arrived before the ground was sufficiently uncovered to enable it to procure its food, it had perished from want. It is the only instance of this bird having been met with in Arctic America, in the course of our several expeditions to those regions."

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WILD FLOWERS.



GROUND IVY.—*Glechoma hederacea*.

This plant has a strong aromatic odour, especially if the leaves are bruised, and both its flower and foliage are very pretty. Bishop Mant well describes the former:—

“ And there upon the sod below,  
 Ground Ivy's purple blossoms show,  
 Like helmet of Crusader knight  
 It's anther's cross-like form of white.”

These flowers grow in threes, between the stalk and the leaf; they are sometimes of a pale lilac, and, though more rarely, quite white. They appear in April and May; but long before the spring has put forth a single blossom, the leaves may be found clustering on the hedge-bank, though the odour which characterises them at a later season is then scarcely perceptible. Ornamental as this plant is, yet it is very injurious to pasture lands, its long trailing stems occupying much room, and gradually exterminating the sweet grasses and other plants which form the food of cattle. Few animals will touch the ground ivy unless compelled by hunger to do so, and it is even said to be injurious to horses. The leaves are much used in villages to make an infusion for coughs, and the plant was formerly called *Ale-hoof* and *Tun-hoof*, because their bitter properties rendered them of use in the beer made in the old English households, before hops had become the common growth of our country. Even in recent times a quantity of this plant has been thrown into a vat of ale in order to clarify it, and the ale thus prepared has been taken as a remedy for some maladies of the skin.

We may often see, during autumn, a number of small hairy tumours on the leaves of the ground ivy, which are occasioned by the puncture of the insect called *Cynips glechomæ*. These galls are sometimes eaten by the peasantry of France; but Reaumur, who tasted them, remarks that it is doubtful if they will rank with good fruits. They have, as might be expected, a strong flavour of the plant on which they are formed.

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THE DYING GIRL.

A BEAUTY clothes the hectic cheek,  
 A radiance fills the sunken eye,  
 But when her mellow'd accents speak,  
 'They make the sadden'd hearer sigh;  
 For, softer sink they in their cadence far  
 Than Autumn's dying tone, beneath some mournful star.

They bore her to that healthful Isle  
 Whose rocks of terraced verdure rise  
 And catch the Morn's celestial smile,  
 Responsive to the greeting skies;  
 And vainly prophesied, the island-breeze  
 Would freshen her white cheek, and waf' away disease.

But there she sicken'd, day by day,  
 In shrinking paleness, like a flower,  
 Yet from her glance there flash'd a ray  
 Of almost supernatural power—  
 So bright the lustre of her eye-beam fell,  
 It touch'd the tender mind with more than woman's spell.

For mother, too, and far-off home,  
 Her plaintive heart in secret cried,  
 And backward long'd her soul to roam—  
 Since in the churchyard, side by side  
 Under the green turf, where loved sisters lay,  
 She hop'd her dust might wait the awful Judgment Day.

And there behold her once again  
 In her own room, with placid brow ;  
 So pale, you see each azure vein  
 Meander through her beauty now ;  
 Yet, like a pulse of rosy light at even,  
 Oft to her faded cheek a crimson flush is given.

Seldom she sighs, but veils within  
 Much that would grieve fond Love to know ;  
 And when some pensive tears begin,  
 She tries to check their overflow ;  
 Safe in the arms of Jesu rests her soul,  
 Nor does the early grave with gloom the mind control.

Not for herself, but for the heart  
 Of Love maternal she could weep ;  
 And often in young dreams will start,  
 As girlish days through mem'ry sweep,  
 While faintly through her lips there steals a word—  
 And, " Oh ! my mother dear !" is like low music heard.

She dies, as beauty ever dies  
 When sad consumption finds a tomb ;  
 With brilliance in her deep-set eyes,  
 And on her face a healthless bloom ;  
 No harsh transition, but a soft decay,  
 Like dream-born tones of night, that melt by dawn away.

They wheel her round each garden-walk  
 Where oft her lisp'ing childhood play'd,  
 And loved to hear the old nurse talk  
 And soothe her when she seem'd afraid,  
 While danced her ringlets as she prattled on,  
 More playful than the birds she loved to gaze upon.

She looks as they alone who feel  
 The *last* of earth before them lies,  
 While o'er them soften'd mem'ries steal  
 Which melt the heart into the eyes—  
 For tree and turret, woods and uplands, all  
 Back to the dying girl her childish past recal !

Dream-like the hush of twilight floats,  
 Veiling the lilac bowers around ;  
 Whilo in the air melodious notes  
 Of soft dejection sweetly sound :  
 The Landscape, like a conscious mourner, seems  
 To lie in brooding shade, and sadden as it dreams.

Now to her chamber home return'd,  
 Before the casement there reclined,  
 Just as the broad horizon burn'd  
 With the last blush day left behind—  
 Her eye reposed upon the dying sun,  
 Fading like feeble youth, before life's course is run.

Hush'd is the breezeless air, and deep  
 The awe around each mourner stealing ;  
 Bend o'er her form, but do not weep—  
 Death is too grand for outward feeling !  
 As sinks the sun beneath you golden sea,  
 So ebbs her spirit back to God's eternity.

From R. MONTGOMERY'S 'Christian Life.'

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

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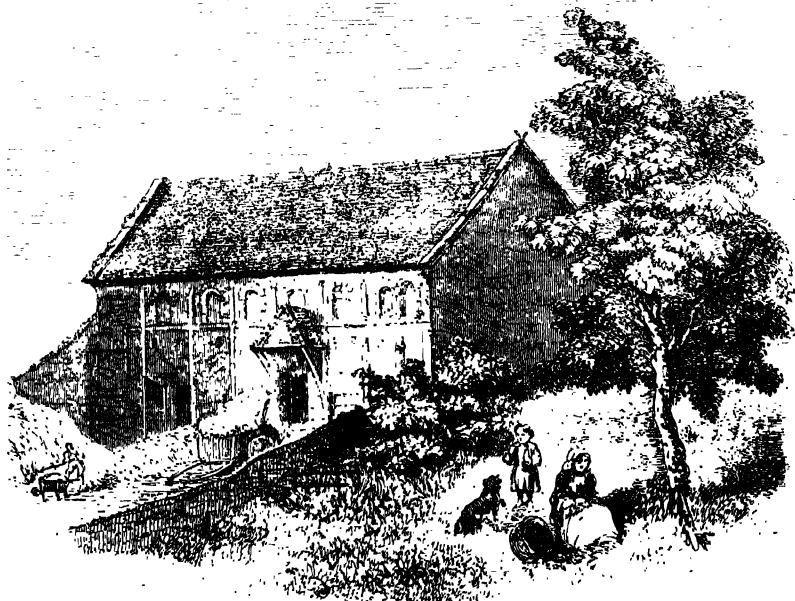
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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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ANCIENT CHURCHES AND RELIGIOUS HOUSES  
OF DOVER.—No. II.



THE REFECTORY.

It was a relief to turn from this old burial-place to the busy stir of life within a few paces of its walls. After its loneliness the streets seemed peopled by a great multitude; yet one could not help remembering that a far greater multitude than the living men of this ancient town were numbered among the dead of those mouldering tombs. But it is, as the Germans say "God's ground," and the harvest is yet to come when all shall be gathered in.



It is not known now by what means the burial-places of these dilapidated churches passed into the hands of private individuals, but this one of St. Martin's Church has long had a lay proprietor. A portion of the ground was parted off from the churchyard, and let for a garden after the Reformation, and this has since been used as a burial-place by the Baptists. Divine service was performed in the church till the year 1546.

This part of Dover is connected with the oldest associations, for just round this spot was the Roman Dubris, and their haven occupied the very site where the church afterwards stood. Before the reign of Arviragus, who was contemporary with the Emperor Claudius, A.D. 46, ships used to ride at anchor here, though now the sea has receded so far that the distant sound of its waves is only heard on this spot when those waves are unusually wild. Traces, however, of the sea are left in the soil, which is formed of sand and beach all the way down to the shore from this spot. Here too, in later periods, where now the red brick houses and the old market-place are standing, rose magnificent spires and towers, and figures in canonical robes moved among the archways, and requiems for the dead were chanted. At this time the ancient wall of the town, now demolished, had its watch-towers, and from one tower to the other the nightly watch was sounded. On this very spot men fled to the religious sanctuary, as did the Jews of old to their place of refuge, from the immediate revenge of their enemies, till the more impartial decision of the magistrate should pronounce them innocent or guilty. The haughty, uncontrolled passions of the nobles in those days rendered such sanctuary necessary; and our Saxon ancestors held religious houses and churches in too much veneration to violate them readily. The common boundaries of this sanctuary differed in various places. Thus thirty paces from the walls of a parish church, and forty from a cathedral, were the ordinary limits; but some religious houses had a space of nearly a mile, which was considered sacred, and high fines were inflicted on any who should violate this place of refuge. There were times, however, when strong revenge induced men even to this. During the absence of Richard I. at the Holy Land, his favourite Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, was made regent. At this time Geoffry, the king's illegitimate brother, was elected Archbishop of York, without consulting the regent, and this omission was not to be forgiven. When the new archbishop landed at Dover, on the way to his see, he found that orders for his arrest awaited him, and he hastened for safety to the church of St. Martin's-le-Grand. His daring enemies violated the sanctuary, the archbishop was torn from the altar and imprisoned in Dover Castle. But the town which witnessed his indignity, beheld, too, its retribution; for the nation, raised to indignation by the tyranny of the regent, imprisoned him. Disguised in female apparel he made his escape to Dover, and while waiting for an opportunity to cross the channel, he sat on a rock looking at the waves. Some sailors on the beach saw and suspected him, and he was soon enclosed in the walls of that very dungeon from which the archbishop was rescued, an angry mob following him on his way thither up the steep hills with insult and imprecations.

The ecclesiastical fair of St. Martin's was also held within the precincts of the church. In days when the Saxon laws required every purchase to be made in the presence of witnesses, fairs seemed necessary. But they soon degenerated into places of revelry. Here the people assembled with lighted candles to what they termed a wake; and singing and dancing, and piping and harping disgraced the spot, till in the reign of Edward I.

churchyard fairs were forbidden. The ecclesiastical fair of St. Martin's was transferred to Dover Priory, and finally given to the town. It is still held in the market-place on the 23rd of November.

But we have wandered long from the canons, whose home was once amid the broken walls, the thick masses of which yet stand up so high, and still show the remains of magnificent arches. Being answerable only to the king and the pope for their conduct, they were more free than the inhabitants of religious houses in general, and they do not appear to have used their freedom with discretion. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who had long been desirous of obtaining control over them, set spies to watch their conduct, and sad accounts of their irregularities and vice were reported to him. They were said to be more addicted to worldly pursuits and pleasures than to the worship of God or the care of the poor, and to waste their revenues in luxury. Though these revenues were ample, yet the canons of the priory of St. Martin's were subject to many great charges; for dwelling in a town on our coast, their house was often occupied by visitors among the nobility and gentry who were passing on their way to and from the Continent, and who claimed their hospitality with as much freedom as they would now enter an inn; fishing in their ponds, and shooting over their lands, with the utmost freedom. The rich abbots and heads of the Cisterciensis, the order of St. Augustine and St. Benedict, and many alien priories, in defiance of law, and unknown to the king, also oppressed them grievously by their demands.

From time to time various reports of the misconduct of the canons reached the ear of Henry I.; and in A.D. 1124, William Corboil, or Corbois, then Archbishop of Canterbury, represented these evils to his sovereign in glowing colours. He complained that his canons at Dover could not be cited to his court for any offences, however great; while he deemed himself answerable to God for the outrages which they committed. For six years these grievances were repeatedly stated, till at the Feast of the Dedication of Christchurch, Canterbury, King Henry visited that city, accompanied by his queen, David King of the Scots, and many of the nobility, when the primate, aided in his plea by the prior of Christchurch, obtained his purpose; the canons were not present to contradict the charges of their accusers, and thus the archbishop attached to his priory all the valuable revenues arising from land or sea to St. Martin's Church and College.

It was at this period that the foundation was laid for a new building, some scattered but noble remains of which still exist, and are called Dover Priory, or St. Martin's the Less. This was built in 1132, and is described as situated in the fields far from the town; but the main street of Dover now nearly reaches it, and new houses are built within two minutes' walk of the spot. Contentions for pre-eminence arose between the Archbishop and Prior of Christ Church, and were so violent that the primate died in consequence of the agitation of mind which he experienced. He had been greatly disappointed in being unable to fill the priory with canons from Merton, the monks of Canterbury succeeding in getting possession; but after various reverses the original canons were restored to their home, and continued to receive their rents till A.D. 1139.

At this period, Theobald succeeded to the see of Canterbury. The priory was then, according to the statement of the old historian of Kent, Lambarde, "stuffed by Theobalde with Benedictine monkes, and called the Pryorie of St. Martine's, though commonly afterwards it obtained the name

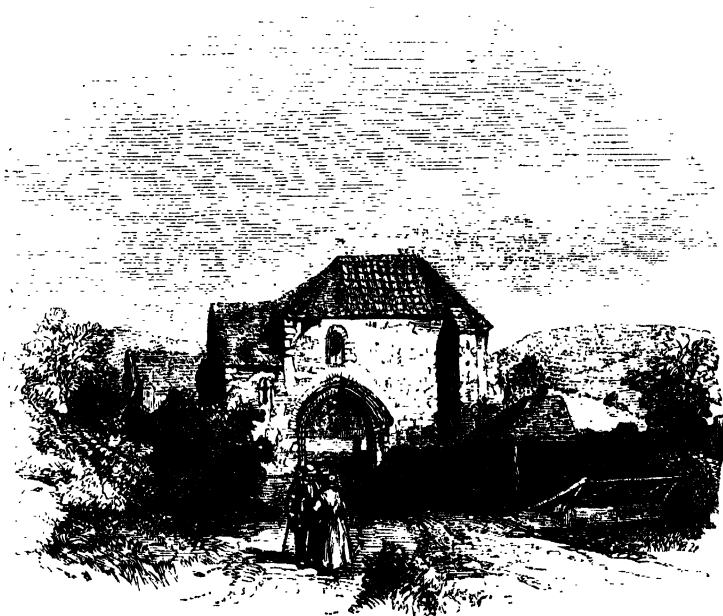
of the New Worke at Dover. Betweene this house and Christes Church (to the which King Henrie the Seconde had given it) there arose (as it chanced usually amongst houses of religion) much contentions of jurisdictions, and for voice and suffrage in the election of the Archbishop of Canterbury. So that they fell to suing, protesting, and brawling (the ordinarie and onely meanes by which monkes used to trie their controversies) and ceased not appealing and pleading at Rome, till they had both wearied themselves and wasted their money. Howbeit as it commonly falleth out, that when respect of money and rewarde guideth the judgement and sentence, there the mightie prevaile, and the poore go to wracke; so the monkes of Canterbury, having to give more, and the Pope and his ministers ready to take all, poore Dover was oppressed, and their pryor in the end constrained to submission."

The future history of this priory consists of contentions and litigations. The monks, who had at first consented to adopt the strict rules of St. Benedict, in order to please Theobald, soon found themselves ruled with iron hand, compelled to poverty, and often even denied by their superiors the necessaries of life; till after various changes in its inhabitants, the priory was suppressed in the twenty-fifth year of Henry VIII., in 1535. From the sale of its effects the debts of the monks were paid; the rich valuables were then sent to the Tower, and the lands, buildings, and tithes given for life to the famous Richard Thornton, the suffragan Bishop of Dover. The premises and estates were afterwards bestowed on the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The later monks, as well as the earlier canons, were charged with many vices; and from what we know of the state of monasteries in general, at this period, there were doubtless many idle and vicious persons among them. We know that a few years afterwards the ignorance of the clergy in general was very great. "Sad the times in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign," says Fuller, "when the clergy were commanded to read the chapters over once or twice by themselves, that so they might be the better enabled to read them distinctly to the congregation." But whatever might have been their state at this time, there had been among the dwellers in that old priory, men of studious and retired lives, and, doubtless, some too of Christian feeling and conduct. The catalogue of their library tells of their diligence. It required no small amount of labour to transcribe, by the slow process of writing the black letter, the many manuscript books existing there; and no small sums of money must have been expended in the purchase of volumes then so rare. In the library were several copies of the Bible and Testament, many volumes of sermons, glossaries, and dictionaries; collections of the works of the fathers and of the classics; besides a considerable number of volumes on natural and moral philosophy, history, grammar, institutes, decrees and councils, medicine and music; and a miscellaneous collection on arts, sciences, and other subjects. Some, at least, must have loved learning; and we can but hope that some among them loved God, and learned lessons of life and duty from the books which they so laboriously copied. Their magnificent churches show that some of the monks had thoughtful minds; some, doubtless, had their hearts softened and purified by spiritual influences.

And what is that priory now? Some old buildings yet attest its ancient magnificence, and twenty years since, as the people of Dover tell us, the ruins were far more picturesque than now. New houses have risen up, where formerly old broken masses of the priory wall stood, half hidden by

bushes and nettles, or overshadowed by the branches of old trees, chiefly of the ash, their trunks encircled by ivy, and stained by the touch of time with variously-tinted lichens and mosses. Those old trees are nearly all gone now; but no one of any thought or feeling would look carelessly on the buildings yet remaining, and showing their antiquity to every passer-by. The portions of wall prove how extensive was the site of the old priory; and the exterior walls of the refectory are still to be seen, more than a hundred feet in length, their windows filled up with masonry, and their roof echoing to the sound of the thresher's instrument—for the building is now a barn. A farm-house is built among the ruins, and adjoins the old chapel, which is used as a granary; the rich ivy clothes a portion of its grey walls with green, and the wild flowers wave from its summit; while the beautiful arches within are still some of them in good preservation. A little farther on are the remains of the ancient gateway, still nearly entire. The nettle



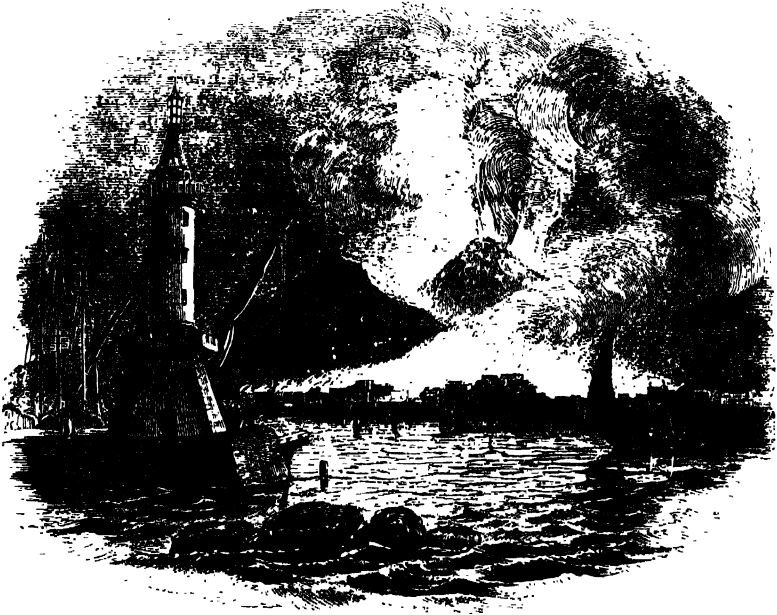
THE GATEWAY.

and the bramble grow where the ground was trodden by the priests and nobles of former years. The spot is greatly changed; but the old rounded hills about it are still green, and the old gray castle crowns the distant height. Man goeth forth to his work as cheerily as ever; the sparrow twitters on the bough, and the lark sings in the sky; and one is reminded of the words of the Scriptures, "One generation passeth away and another cometh, but the earth abideth ever."

A. P



## A VISIT TO MOUNT VESUVIUS AT MIDNIGHT.



VESUVIUS BY NIGHT. (From Sir W. Hamilton's "Two Sicilies.")

VESUVIUS has not perhaps been often ascended by travellers when it was in the active state in which I had the good fortune to see it. Many persons have described their entrance into its crater, and still more have told of the common feat of casting down stones into it. But an approach to the crater, on the night I speak of, would have been certain death.

In order to explain the difference between Mount Vesuvius in a state of eruption, or, as the Italians call it, when not very formidable of activity, and Vesuvius in a state of tranquillity, I will first quote the words of some travellers who have seen it in the latter condition; and then I will describe my own view of it and visit to it:—

"When we reached the summit," says one of these, "we found ourselves on a narrow ledge of burnt earth or cinders, with the crater of the volcano open before us. This orifice (*i. e.* the crater) in its present form, for it varies at almost every eruption, is about a mile and half in circumference. We descended some way, but observing that the slightest movement brought great quantities of stones and ashes rolling down the sides, and being warned by our guides that we could not go lower, nor even remain where we were with safety, we reascended. We were near enough to the bottom, however, to observe that it seemed to be a sort of crust of brown burnt earth; and that a little on one side of it there were three orifices, like funnels, from whence ascended a vapour so thin as to be barely perceptible." Another says, "When you arrive at the top it is an awful

sight; as you approach the great crater, the crust on which you tread, becomes burning hot, so that you cannot stand long on any one spot; if you push your stick an inch below the surface it takes fire; and you may light paper by thrusting it into any of the cracks of the crust. Altogether it is a most sublime and impressive scene: the look down into the great crater is frightfully grand."

With such ideas of Vesuvius in my mind, I came to Naples from Rome: as we came near to the former, we beheld a white column of smoke rising into the pure air. "See," said an artist of our party, "there is Vesuvius." It was much like what I had heard of it; and, to tell the truth, if I had not known that the smoke came from internal fire, I should not have seen anything very remarkable in the view before me.

The day was intensely hot; I panted for the shades of night. They came at last, and I went out on the stone platform on which my room at the top of a large hotel opened. It was almost opposite Vesuvius: as I leaned over the balcony, I saw a small dark-red spot on the side of the mountain near to the summit. It was not a blaze, but a dark burning spot, seen through the mists that had followed the departure of the sun. Wondering, I looked at it; and soon found out that it must be lava issuing from an orifice near to the crater, but not from the crater itself. I flew to call my friends; I was a little time in finding them, and as we ran together out again on the platform, a cry of wonder and delight broke from us all.

The dark-red spot had spread out and on, into a wide long stream—a river of fire, flowing down the length of the great cone, and even to its base. And we watched it still, lengthening and brightening, until its fiery reflection rested moveless on the stilly waters of the bay.

But then there was another sight, more wondrous still,—up rose a pillar of flame, where we had only seen a light column of smoke; the crater itself burst out; the blaze mounted up high in the quiet air, and through it shot innumerable sparkles, exactly like tremendous artificial fireworks, breaking, and scattering as if by the force of an internal explosion, and then falling in a glowing shower on the outer sides of the crater, which soon appeared to be a vast red-hot mass.

We heard not the roar, but we could think we heard it, as, at short intervals, enormous red pumice-stones were flung up from the burning and unquiet centre, fall against the calm, deep-blue sky, and come down again, sometimes into the crater from whence they had issued; sometimes falling inside it, losing their brightness before our eyes, and rolling down to add to the multitude of lava blocks with which the sides of the volcano are strewn. The ashes and cinders, dispersing in beautiful showers, seemed always to scatter themselves outside; while these vast blocks, falling in a more direct course, generally re-entered the orifice that had thrown them up.

And all that night, and the next night too, I lay on my mosquito-guarded couch before the open window, and gazed out on that scene—a picture on the canvas of memory—that burning, blazing mountain ever at work, while all was tranquillity and beauty around: the coppery-red of its fiery pillar seeming to form a bridge of flame over the lovely bay that intervened between me and it.

I resolved to get to that river of fire; and I now thank God who gave me the capacity to achieve and enjoy the expedition.

The heat of the weather, and the superior splendour of the scene by night, made us fix on that time. It is now possible to take a carriage as far as to

what is called the Hermitage, on the mountain, a space that used formerly to be traversed on mules; but, to the great dissatisfaction of the imposing tribe of mule-owners and guides, an observatory is now made on Mount Vesuvius, and a carriage-road up to it. The form of this volcano is remarkable; it rises in a gentle swell from the sea-shore; it has two distinct summits, and its base, or lower region, presents a most striking and charming contrast to the higher, or what I may call lava region.

The lower region, which we traversed in the carriage, is one of the most smiling, fertile, populous, and altogether lovely, that can be seen: the higher is the most awful, stern, and strange, that can be conceived. The whole base of the volcano presents scenery of the most luxuriant nature; productive vines, odorous orange-trees, figs, pomegranates, and more rare and lovely things than I can here enumerate, bordered our road, and gave additional interest to our visit, while every step opened to us a still more charming prospect of the beautiful plain from which we ascended: the fair Bay of Naples, with its islands of historic and classic renown, the busy, noisy city, with its villas and gardens—all bathed in the rich glories of an Italian sunset.

What a contrast was the upper region of Vesuvius! A scene of perfect desolation! There we find an immense cone, flat on the top, formed almost wholly of ashes and cinders, traced on all sides by broad black lines which I had seen with the greatest distinctness from my window in Naples; these are the marks which the burning lava has left, the lava I am on my way to see. There is now no vegetation, no sign of any life; only the ceaseless volcano is at work—is firing.

My anxious desire was to get to the lava-stream—the river of fire; and neither the arguments of guides, nor, I am almost ashamed to say, the entreaties of friends, could deter me from the attempt.

We left our carriage at the Hermitage—strangely so named—the men of the party went on for about three-quarters of a mile on foot; but I had a mule brought up for me to go the same distance on. We were accompanied by four or five guides, something more than was necessary—provided with thick torches of at least eight feet long. When I dismounted these torches were lighted, and the glare they flung around revealed to me what was certainly the strangest scene I had then ever beheld. A field of lava blocks, of the iron colour it assumes when cold, lay around; ashes, cinders, and these sharp iron-hard masses, covered the whole space before and beside us—a bare and savage scene: while, partly hidden from our sight, the vast summit of the flame-pillar shot up in fitful splendour, fiery pumice-stones descended from the night-shaded skies, and glittering ashes, like the sparkles of wood, dispersed a sort of awful brilliancy over the nearly midnight scene.

It was over this lava field I had to walk: my own peculiar guide, not being inclined to do so himself, proposed to remain with me and the mule while the others went to the stream. I settled the matter by giving the lazy Neapolitan leave to remain with it if he liked, and, escorted by the owner of the mule instead, I set out with the rest of the party over the lava blocks. I firmly believed that a path would soon be found through them: if I had known that I must walk for more than a mile on those sharp-pointed, iron-like blocks, slipping and cutting my feet, and in danger momentarily of breaking my legs, I fear I should not have been so rash as to have gone: as it was I went on my block-climbing way, painfully indeed, but hopefully; instead of giving up and turning back, as I might

have done if I had known that no smoother path was to relieve my aching feet. Now, in looking back, I think how like was this to the pathway of life! How would we shrink if we saw all its roughnesses from the beginning! Better is it to be led on in ignorance, believing only that as our day is so our strength shall be.

I am aware that persons in ascending Vesuvius, even to its crater, need not, unless they wish it, make any violent exertion: a little money obviates that on a volcano as well as elsewhere; and one may be carried up in a chair—as a tremendously heavy elderly man was—or pushed up by means of a girdle attached to the poor guide's waist, and so satisfy curiosity at the cost of other men's labour. But I do not believe that either chair or girdle could have helped me. A timely and kindly-extended hand often did.

At last increasing heat told of our approach to the region of fire. The air was sulphureous, loaded with smoke, coming full in our faces and almost stifling us. The ground became even painfully hot. I was going to exclaim,—I can go no further, when one of our party mounted a ridge of cinders after the foremost guide—whose long torch loomed and flared curiously through the misty air—and holding his hand backward called to me to give mine.

I did so, and beheld the lava-stream! I descended the cinder bank and stood beside it. It was indeed a river of fire: they said it was between two and three feet in breadth. Over the top was heard a fizzing sound, such as cinders make upon cooling. It moved slowly now, and a very light smoke rose over it; the smoke was much greater at a distance; the appearance was like that of molten iron.

The ground was so hot and my feet so sore, that it was very distressing to stand there; and while the men were, as usual, burning their sticks, I undesignedly brought away a remembrancer of Vesuvius in a burned dress. I went, however, to look at the motion of the stream: as I did so, the oppressive exhalation overcame me. I had just strength and presence of mind enough to catch the arm of a guide, and hide myself from the river of fire at the other side of the ridge. A fainting fit in such a spot would have been singularly mal-apropos, and have greatly alarmed my friends. So they knew nothing about it.

After an equally toilsome walk back, of more than an hour and a half in duration, the touch of common earth was delicious—delicious I might say to my bare feet, for both shoes and stockings were literally cut in pieces.

My mule was waiting where I left it; I mounted without a word, and rode slowly off, leaving others to do or say what they pleased; for I felt unable to speak or to bear to be spoken to.

It was just two o'clock; the moon was up in her beauty, walking in brightness in a cloudless sky, and more than supplying the place of the uncertain torches which, flaring here and there over the savage scene, added to its wildness and interest, but sorely dazzled my weary eyes.

The youth who conducted the mule, noisy as a Neapolitan can be, found me a dull companion, so he left me to go on alone, and dropped behind with a chance comrade. I left his Macaroni, as he called the animal, to find his own way, which proved to be precisely the wrong one for me. I might have seen rather more of Mount Vesuvius than I wished; but the shouts of my English friends reached me; I turned back and met the Italian running distractedly after me, in much greater concern for Macaroni than I fear he was for me.



Thirsty and weary we entered the Hermitage, thinking it to be, as indeed it is, an inn; but hermit's fare only is supplied, and the appearance of a calm-faced monk in brown frock, cord, rosary and crucifix, agreed ill with the aspect of a place of resort for parties going to and coming from Mount Vesuvius.

We joined a comfortable-looking priest in a supper of some bad cheese, apples, and wine. He told me he said mass in the adjoining chapel.

"Is this really a Hermitage?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, nodding with a conical look; "and there is the hermit."

"A solitary?" I persisted.

"Yes—a solitary who is in society," was his reply.

It is curious, when I recall to mind that frugal supper-table, to think how carelessly we sat there, so near that flaming mountain, talking of the forty eruptions known to have taken place, and the small number of victims usually ascribed to them—not more than twenty thousand, never for an instant thinking whether we might not be added to that number.

Such discourse was broken up by the approach of the hermit, who, with gravity and in silence, removed the fare from before us and replaced it with a fresh supply; a hint to us that we should suffer ourselves to be replaced also.

I went to the carriage and fell asleep; but at half-past three o'clock it was put in motion, and, preceded by a guide on foot, carrying a dreadfully-glaring torch, we went down the mountain with the rising sun beaming also in our eyes. The torch and guide were to be paid for the sufferings they imposed on our dazzled and aching sight.

So began, and so ended, a visit at midnight to Vesuvius and its lava-stream. And in recalling its memory, the words that involuntarily sprang to my lips on that night are again mentally breathed,—“Great and glorious are Thy works!”

S. B.

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#### HOUSEHOLD SERPENTS OF SYRIA.

STARTLING as may appear such a heading, it is nevertheless a well-known fact, that every respectable house in Syria reckons amongst other household stores and requisites its household serpents, two in number, male and female. The want of these domestic snakes would be almost tantamount to a want of respectability; at any rate these particular serpents have very aristocratic ideas, for they are never by any chance to be met with in the hovels and huts of the poorer people, and it is only in houses constructed of stone or brick and mortar that they will condescend to take a lodging. They pay no rent, but a tacit agreement exists between Mr. and Mrs. Snake and the landlord, to the effect that on the one side they shall occupy as much space as the nooks and crannies of the walls may afford, rendering essential service in the extermination of rats, mice, and other vermin; and that on the other hand, not only shall their tenements be a freehold, but further, the snake's family shall be entitled to undisturbed tranquillity, and their rights and privileges be respected by every member of the household. This point settled, mother snake and the young ones move into possession, whilst snake senior is occupied in hunting up rats and other game for their afternoon meal. Such is the tenor of their contract; and if it is not entered into by writing, and signed, sealed, and delivered, the native of Syria under-

stands his part and sticks to it; and if the snake does not comprehend the meaning, natural instinct, and the wants of a wife and family to be provided for, leads him to the execution of his duty, and woe to the rats and mice that come within reach of his venomous fang.

The household snake of Syria is about a yard long, the male of blackish hue, with a fine soft, glossy skin; the female is rather smaller, and more inclined to a greyish tinge. Through many generations they seem to have preferred the abodes of men, to the rocks and deserted ruins which are usually the hiding-places of other species of their detested race. Whether this familiarity between man, and what is generally considered his greatest and most subtle enemy, originated with Pagan rites of former years, and which are still extant over a vast portion of the Indian continent, it is hard to say; but this appears the most feasible motive to assign for a toleration so singular, and so much in contradiction to the innate loathing entertained by man against the whole serpent tribe. It is a well-known fact that in India the deadly cobra, the most fatally venomous of all Indian snakes, is revered by the Hindoos, and even adored in parts of Siam. In the Malabar or Jamul language, the cobra is called the "Mulla Pambo," or the good snake, and the reason assigned for thus designating it is, that its sting, in contradistinction to those of other snakes in India, is productive of little or no pain, that torpor, or coma, instantly ensues, and the victim dies, as it were, asleep. However absurd this notion may be, even in India, the most bigoted of the Hindoos would be loath to have such household companions; and though they do go to the extent of feeding the cobra regularly with milk and eggs, they take good care first to hedge him in securely with prickly pears and brambles, so that there is never any fear of its straying far from its nest. But the fact of the Syrians admitting this peculiar species of black snake to such familiar intercourse with themselves, seems evident proof that it is of a harmless nature, especially as no instance is on record of any of the inhabitants having ever succumbed from the effects of the sting of one of these creatures. Be this as it may, Syrian tradition is not wanting in marvellous tales about the good and the bad qualities of this household snake, and many are the absurd stories handed down from father to son, and which, amongst so superstitious a race as even the most enlightened of the Syrian Christians, are received and revered as incontrovertible facts; and though there are many instances of families who entertain the greatest horror of serpents, and solitary cases of nervous-debility persons to whom the sight of a snake is tantamount to a fit of convulsions, yet so firmly has superstition grasped hold of their imaginations, that they would rather suffer any amount of personal inconvenience and annoyance than be guilty of destroying one of these snakes. They say that if you kill the male, the female will be sure to avenge its death, and if you kill both, the progeny; or if even you are so fortunate as to exterminate the whole family, then the colony of black snakes will be up in arms, and, sooner or later, take signal vengeance. Many are the absurd fables which they recount as facts in support of their superstition: of these we may be permitted to choose one or two for the amusement of the reader.

Once upon a time a couple of these domestic snakes had taken up their abode in the magazine, or store-house, where a wealthy Syrian family kept all their provisions for household consumption. There were baskets of rice, and bushels of wheat, and jars of wine and oil and olive, &c., and amongst other things one delicate, thin, earthen jar, containing the year's supply of delicious honey, gathered from the hives of the proprietor of the

house. This was, of course, a famous tenement for the two snakes; not that they cared a rush for all the good things already enumerated, but that the mice doated on them, and, consequently, were as fat and as plentiful as Christmas turkeys. There is no saying how many the snakes used to have for supper every night. In course of time there was an addition to the snake family, and "Mrs. Snake and the three little snakes were doing very well and hearty, I am obliged to you." This was the daily bulletin; till, in an unpropitious hour, when the parent snakes were out sunning themselves one day, some of the younger members of the wealthy Syrian's family chanced to get admission into this store-room, and whilst hunting about for delicacies, they stumbled across the three little snakes, which were not much bigger than your little finger. Delighted with such a toy, the children eagerly caught them up, and, in their joy, forgetting even their taste for sweetmeats, they ran away to the further end of the house, and there they amused themselves by watching the little snakes wriggle about. Now, mother snake happened to pass by about this time, and recognising her darling children, and witnessing the rather rough treatment they were experiencing, her indignation knew no bounds; she was determined to take signal revenge on the whole of the family, and, the better to accomplish this, wriggled back as fast as she could to the store-house, and the jar containing the honey being left uncovered, she emitted all the poison contained in her venom-bag into it, and then stirred it up with her tail. Shortly after this the mother of the family came home, and, observing what the children were about, her trepidation was very great, and she insisted on the little snakes being instantly replaced. No sooner did mamma snake perceive this than she was smitten with remorse for what she had done, and, as the only atonement in her power, went in search of her husband, and these two, coiling themselves tightly round the jar, succeeded by main force in crushing it to pieces, and so the honey all ran out on the ground, and the family were saved. Such is the absurd fable to which, not only the natives, but even some few of the more ignorant Europeans, who have resided there through nearly half a century, give credence. A Frenchman, who had resided there forty years, told us that he firmly believed this fable; and, moreover, he asserted it to be his belief that the serpents understood the language of the people they resided with; "for," quoth he, "if an Arab says to a snake *Haidey*," (Ar. be off) "it never waits for a second command." He then went on to tell us that one night, starting up in his sleep, he struck a match and lighted the lamp close to his bed-side, when, to his horror, he observed the male household serpent wriggling about under his bed. He was a dreadfully-nervous and superstitious man, and the fright had wellnigh killed him; at length, however, he mustered up courage to speak to the snake, and addressing it in Arabic, told it to be off. The snake, however, would not budge an inch; he then tried Turkish, but with a like result; Greek and Armenian were equally ineffectual. At length he bethought him of his mother tongue, and shouted manfully and authoritatively, "*Allez-vous en!*" immediately the snake wriggled out of the room. "That snake," said he, "knew he was under French protection."

There are many other absurd notions regarding the sagacity of these snakes, which are doubtless of very great use in clearing the houses of vermin, and, but for them, they would be infested with rats and mice; but we shall conclude with one more absurdity. The natives are aware of the great partiality that snakes evince for milk, and they pretend that the

very smell of it attracts them. Young mothers and babies are carefully watched over during the night, and lights kept burning all about the room, for they declare that not only will the serpent resort to the mother's breast, but that, if frustrated in this, it will endeavour to insinuate its tail down the throat of a sleeping infant, so as to cause its stomach to reject the mother's milk.

So much for the household snakes of Syria, than whom nothing could be more disagreeable companions.

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WILD FLOWERS.



BUTTERCUP. (*Ranunculus bulbosus*.)

This gay meadow flower gives to the landscape a bright and cheerful aspect, when May has scattered it by thousands over the grassy meadow, where it contrasts with the multitudes of silver daisies. This flower has an acrid bulbous root, which is emetic in its properties. Rather later in the year, two other species of crowfoot or buttercup glisten in the grass of the meads and by every wayside: these are the Creeping Crowfoot and the Upright Meadow Crowfoot. Both are very similar in their appearance to this flower, but the small leaves forming the flower-cup are, in the

bulbous species, always turned back and drooping. All the Crowfoots contain much acridity, and they are mostly disliked by cattle on this account. The June, or Creeping Buttercup, is a very noxious plant on pasture-land, for it has creeping roots which render it very difficult of extermination, and if the cattle happen to eat it, it will blister their mouths. There is a little yellow Buttercup, growing on tall slender stalks in the corn-field during June, and known as the Corn Crowfoot, which is eaten with avidity by cattle, but which is a highly-dangerous plant for their food. Some sheep which feed upon it, in meadows near Turin, were killed by its poison; and a French chemist ascertained that three ounces of its juice proved fatal to a dog in the course of four minutes after swallowing it. It may be known by the very large and prickly seed vessels which succeed the flower. There is another species, the Celery-leaved Crowfoot, with stout juicy stems, bright glossy leaves, and very small yellow flowers, common at the sides of streams and ditches. If this flower is laid on the skin, it will quickly raise a blister, nor is it even safe to carry a handful of the plant to any distance, as the hand is likely to become much inflamed in consequence. We have fifteen species of wild Crowfoot. The old writers called them King-cups, Gold-cups, Cuckoo-buds, and Mary-buds. The juice of the bulbous crowfoot, if applied to the nostrils, causes sneezing.

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#### LUNDY ISLAND.—No. IV.

A MID-DAY dinner left the afternoon free for a visit to the Seal Cave. A council was called on the practicability of effecting an entrance, and on the best mode of gaining access to it. Old Captain Jack and his son, Captain Tom, agreed in thinking that the low state of the water, for it was now spring-tide, would permit our approach to the cavern on foot, but that the surf would render it difficult for a boat to land, which otherwise would have been the most pleasant mode of reaching the spot. It was, therefore, resolved that we should approach it from the landward side, descending the cliffs at Benjamin's Chair. We wended our way, accordingly, as if we had been going to the Castle, but turning short to the right, we found ourselves at the edge of the precipice, in the middle of the south end of the island above a shallow bay called Rattle's Landing-place. A line, drawn from this spot to the landing-place on the eastern side, divides the island geologically. All to the north of this line, including the greater part of the island, is granite; the little corner to the south-east of it is the gray friable shale, common to North Dévon. The junction of the two structures is well defined down the cliff. At the point of union copper ore has been found, in sufficient quantity to warrant the formation of a shaft, the erections of which were pointed out to us.

A narrow track, easily overlooked by those who are not familiar with it, leads down to a little grassy platform. A huge perpendicular wall of granite forms the back, thirty feet high, profusely clothed with gray and orange-coloured lichens in loose slaggy tufts. A semicircular horizon, dividing the blue expanse of sky from that of the sea more deeply blue, was in front. A magnificent scene it was in its grand simplicity; nor unappreciated, for it was evidently a favourite resort. A long tea-table, rudely made of unpainted boards, which the sun had warped out of all shape, had been set up under the rocks, and a bench on each side afforded accommodation for a rather numerous party. Nature had herself provided a throne

of massive state, suited to the giant, whom imagination might picture as the presiding genius of the place. A square cavity in the granite wall formed a low-seated chair, furnished with projections resembling elbows, and a rest for the feet. This seat, which for some reason or other, unpreserved by tradition, is called Benjamin's Chair, gives name to the place.

While we rested here, Captain Jack appeared, followed by two servants bearing a long ladder, a lantern, and a few tallow candles. We watched the proceedings with interest. The assistants, having fastened a long line to the ladder, go down with their charge; the one letting it gradually down from above, the other guiding it in its descent. Then down goes the Captain with the lantern, and we all follow as best we may; each one concentrating all his thoughts on securing his own footsteps on the giddy height; for we had to make a descent of four hundred feet, down a cliff which, through not actually a precipice, was fearfully steep. But we all contrived to scramble down without injury, except a sting on the finger, inflicted by a bee that considered himself insulted, when one of our party thought to obtain a little assistance by grasping a tuft of thyme which the busy insect had appropriated. "Take your time," said the Captain. "I have not gained much by taking thyme," grumbled E., holding up his smarting finger.

A more efficient help was afforded by the angular projections of the solid rock, which occurred here and there, and, in one portion of the descent, by the sides of a watercourse, which, though the roughness of the way was increased by the rolled masses lying loosely in it, was less perilous than the open declivity.

Sad witnesses to the power of the winds and waves were lying in our way: for we saw, at a considerable height above the bottom, the blocks and ironwork of some ill-fated vessel, so firmly jammed into the crevices of the rock, as to resist all efforts to dislodge them, without more labour than they were worth. These, as the Captain told us, were the relics of a fishing-smack that was driven on the rocks below, of whose hapless crew not one survived to tell the story.

Behold us then collected at the bottom, or as near to it as we were destined to go; for though it was spring-tide, and the hour of low water, no beach appeared, but the clear transparent sea was washing the foot of the cliff. On a narrow slanting ledge, some eight or ten feet above the water-line, we were all perched in a row, like so many guillemots; and there we had quietly to remain, till some needful preliminaries were adjusted. We now perceived the use of the ladder, which was not at all intended, as some of us had naively supposed, to help us down the declivity. The ledge on which we stood was not horizontal, but would have led us into the sea if we had pursued it. At a certain convenient spot, therefore, the ladder was set, and held firmly by the two men, while we, one by one, *shinned* up to a higher ledge. Along this we crept in the same manner, our feet shuffling along the narrow shelf, our fingers hooked into the crevices above; for these ledges were often barely wide enough for the foot to rest on lengthwise. As they all had a similar inclination, the same process had to be repeated several times, the ladder enabling us to mount to another ledge, when the one on which we were walking dipped into the sea.

While holding on to the broad surface of the precipice, and especially in the moments occupied in waiting for the ascent of those who happened to be foremost in the line, it was interesting to look down beneath our feet, into the hollows, between the rocky masses, covered with water of crystal-

line clearness, which rose and fell with every wave, but was prevented from breaking by the barrier of rocks outside, on which the violence of the swell had spent itself. In these hollows the large seaweeds were waving, the wrinkled fronds of the oar-weed, floating like the streamers of a ship, and the massive tangle tossing about its long many-fingered hands, as if in distress, with every undulation. The submerged rocks, too, were densely studded with the olive-coloured cups of the sea-thong; many of which were crowned with the singular appendages which bear the fructification; narrow forked straps or thongs, not more than a quarter of an inch in thickness, but stretching to a length of several yards, and springing from a point in the centre of each cup-like base.

After rounding in this manner the face of the cliff for a considerable distance, we came at length to some rocks which were high and dry above water, where, as we stood, the wide mouth of the dark cavern yawned immediately in front of us. Between us and it, however, lay an ample area, strewn with boulders of various shapes and sizes, but almost all covered with the sea, which was breaking over them with a formidable surge.

Now another council of war. How are we to pass this Scylla and Charybdis in one? The ladder comes again into requisition; when laid down horizontally, its extremities just reach across the space, from our position to a dry rock at the cave's mouth; its middle being supported by the top of a boulder which rose above the surface.

We looked rather blank at this precarious causeway; our only chance of getting over dry lay in the nimbleness of our heels; for every breaking sea washed away the ladder, despite the efforts of the servants to hold it firm at the ends. To him who was not agile enough to skip across in the interval between one sea and another, a ducking was inevitable.

By Captain Jack's advice, all of us took off our stockings and our upper garments, tucking up our trousers, and replacing boots and shoes, for the protection of our feet in crossing. Captain Jack remained on the rock, and became the depository of clothes, watches, note-books, &c. "Here goes!" said one, and, rapidly stepping from rock to rock, adroitly effected the passage between the seas. "Oh, dear!" said another, "I can never do that." "I think I can," said a third; "I'll try at least." He essayed it, but was scarcely half-way across, when "Look out!" was the cry; and a green curling wave at the same moment swept the ladder from the grasp of the assistants, and our luckless adventurer found himself, when the wave had passed over his head, up to the waist in water.

This was poor encouragement for the others, who, despairing of tripping it on such a light fantastic toe as the first had exhibited, determined to creep along on hands and knees, meekly resigning themselves to the brunt of the sea, with the philosophic exclamation, "'Tis only a wetting!"

When the hilarious mirth produced by these scrapes had subsided, we prepared to enter the cave. It was a noble vault, of sixty feet in height and twelve in width. For a little space we stepped over boulders, then a broad pool crossed our way, extending from wall to wall, seven or eight feet deep. Again the ladder was our medium of passage; now without risk, for the clear bluish-green water was unruffled as a mirror, and the narrow segments of the black tangle lay motionless in the depths, clothed with miniature forests of a tiny zoophyte, the delicate zigzagged *Lamedea*.

The damp walls of solid granite were studded with marine animals, but not nearly to the extent that I had anticipated. The low oval cones of the

common limpet were adhering to the rock, with the little shelly tribes of *Serpula*, and small patches of orange and olive-coloured sponges; and some parts of the sides and rocky floor were plastered over with what appeared a coating of brown mortar, but which, when examined, was seen to be an assemblage of tubular cells, composed of grains of sand, agglutinated together by an animal cement, so as to form walls of exquisite mosaic work. Each cell is inhabited by a worm (*Sabella alveolata*) of curious structure, and instincts no less remarkable.

After we had passed the pool, the bottom consisted of fine sand, wet but firm; its level sensibly rising. The cavern grew every moment darker and narrower; and here the candles were lighted and distributed. Each of us carried a piece in his fingers, which soon became streaked with stiffened streams of tallow; and one fragment was committed to the lantern as a reserve in case of accidents. Southey's fine description of such a cavern as this occurred to the mind.

“ The entrance of the cave  
 Darken'd the boat below. ”  
 Around them from their nests  
 The screaming sea-birds fled,  
 Wondering at that strange shape,  
 Yet unalarm'd at sight of living man,  
 Unknowing of his sway and power misused:  
 The clamours of their young  
 Echoed in shriller cries,  
 Which rung in wild discordance round the rock.  
 And farther as they now advanced,  
 The dim reflection of the darken'd day  
 Grew fainter, and the dash  
 Of the out-breakers deaden'd; farther yet,  
 And yet more faint the gleam;  
 And there the waters, at their utmost bound,  
 Silently rippled on the rising rock.”

(‘*Thalaba*,’ xii. 8.)

We proceeded silently and with caution, for we were now approaching the principal chamber, the place where seals would be found, if any happened to be at home. But in order to enter this hall, we must pass through a gallery so narrow that a person could only squeeze himself along it side-wise. It is just as the foremost emerges from this passage that the seals make their rush. Alarmed by the approaching footsteps, they wait with expectant gaze until the intruder appears in their doorway. The sudden flash of light from the candle into their obscurity is the signal for their escape. With one bound the seal dashes at the man, who, if he be not thoroughly prepared for the shock, will inevitably be knocked over; while the seal makes good his exit across the prostrate person of his baffled invader.

All this was described to us, while one of the servants, a cool resolute fellow, used to the warfare, was exploring the passage; peering through the darkness, with his light above his head, and a stout bludgeon grasped in his right hand, ready for a blow. This man told us, as we returned, that he had killed no fewer than five seals on one occasion within the cavern.

We were not, however, favoured with so stirring a termination to our adventure. No sound proceeded from the interior, as our vanguard passed beyond our sphere of vision, and we all in succession followed him in.



We found ourselves in a gloomy chamber of spacious area, and so lofty that the united light of our feeble candles could not struggle to its roof. The walls were formed of the plain smooth rock, not particularly damp, and devoid of any incrustation or deposit of stalactite; the rock being composed entirely of granite, of which lime is no ingredient. There is a low and narrow hole at the farther end of the chamber, into which a man may enter, by creeping on his hands and knees; it is believed to lead to another cavity, but none of us cared to explore it.

Our curiosity being satisfied, we commenced our return, which we effected in the same manner as our entrance, except that in crossing, by means of the ladder, from the cave to the rock where we had left the worthy old Captain, we were more unlucky; for every one was washed off from his hold by the surf. This involuntary bath, however, was no great misfortune; for the beams of the burning sun soon dried our drenched garments: indeed, the contrast which we felt as we emerged from the chilly cavern into the warm sunny air without, was like going into a bakehouse on a day in November.

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HOME TALES.—No. I.\*

GEORGE COLLINGS; OR, THE CORNISH MINER.

“Oh! don’t you wish it was Sunday all the week long?” said little Jane Collings, as she stood by her father’s side, who was eating his supper. “Why, my child, do you wish it?” replied he. “Because,” returned she, “it is so nice to have you all day with us, and go to church, and read the Bible together; isn’t it, Jem?” “That it is,” said her brother; “I should like it to be Sunday always: you love Sunday, don’t you, father?” “I do,” said he. “But what is it that makes Sunday such a nice day?” asked Collings. The children looked at each other. “You don’t exactly know, then I’ll tell you: it is the well-spending of the week before; just as the well-spending of the Sunday makes the days that come after happy and comfortable.” “But you work so hard,” said Jem. “And so I ought; how else do you think I could find food for you all?” “God would send it to us,” said Jane. “No Jane, no; God never helps them who are at no pains to help themselves. All we must look for is a blessing on our labours. He has told us that there is one Sabbath to be kept holy, and that there are six days in the week on which we may work. God made nothing to be idle; and man, who has the greatest number of wants, and who can do most for himself, least of all.” “But if we had two Sabbaths instead of one.” “No, Jane, that would not do: God is wiser and kinder to us than we should be to ourselves if we had it our own way. It is work that makes rest pleasant—that keeps us from evil; that prepares us for keeping holy the Sabbath-day, as the Sabbath makes us holy for the days to come. One day God claims for Himself; not that it is any benefit to Him, but that He may bless us with good gifts both for soul and body; and put us in mind that there is a rest laid up in heaven for them who have spent a life of usefulness and obedience on earth.” “But rich people need not work,” said Jem. “Yes, they must,” said Collings; “every man’s work is not the same, but each has a task cut out for him; and he is

\* This series of tales by the author of “Charlie Burton,” “The Broken Arm,” &c., will be published in a separate form, for distribution among those for whose benefit they were written.

the happiest and the best off in the main who spends his time most profitably, and answers best the end for which he was sent into the world." There was a short pause. "Now I have it," cried Jane, with glee; "one Sunday is best; but you shall work only half as hard as you do now: nobody works as you do." "Indeed! how do you know?" said Collings, smiling. "If Jane don't, I do," said Jem. "Now, father, you are going to bed almost directly that you may get up at twelve o'clock, then you are off to the mine; there you will stay till about six o'clock; then you'll come home, lie down an hour or two, get up, and go to the field, where you will plough, or sow, or reap, as it may be; or you'll mend the gates, or clip the hedge, or help a neighbour." "And so did my father before me," said Collings; "that's nothing wonderful." Jem continued, "Some days you go to the mine at six o'clock, and stay sometimes six, sometimes eight, and sometimes twelve hours; and don't you come home tired then!" "That you do," said Jane, "your poor face looks so pale, and I can see by the streaks on your poor forehead how hot you have been: you are not a bit like the same man then that you are when we are working together in the field." "Pooh," said Jem, "what can girls do in the field?" "A great deal," cried she, warmly; "pick up stones to be sure, help to pull up the weeds, and gather potatoes after father's plough: don't I work hard, father?" "Yes," said he, "you are a very good girl, and of use to me; but by way of ending the matter, I tell you both that you need not fear for me. He who takes God for his Master, and his Word for his guide, will not try to do more than his strength allows; for this would be to tempt God, and to show that he relies upon himself only. Such a man will do his utmost, but no more; and he will not miss his aim nor lose his reward." "Hark! hark! what noise is that?" cried both children: they ran to look out at the door. "Oh! it is Neighbour Batson going home, I suppose," said Jem, "for his wife is with him,—so tipsy! what a shocking sight!" "He works harder than I do," said Collings, "and there will be no satisfying the master he has undertaken to serve. ["Who's that?" said Jane, in a whisper. "The wicked spirit," answered Jem.] No promised rest for his labours. Mind what I say, James, and as you love your father, or value your own soul, never learn to drink: but see, your mother is looking at us." "I know," said Jane, "she wants you to go to bed." "And you too," said her mother, and so saying she handed a small book to her husband; at the same moment the other children assembled around him, when, all kneeling down, he commended himself and family to the protection of God; the Lord's Prayer was then repeated together, after which he gave them his blessing and went to bed.

For some time after the family were at rest, Mrs. Collings continued to read her Bible; then beginning to feel drowsy, she arose, made up the fire, set on the kettle, and prepared the little refreshment that her husband was accustomed to take on these occasions. She then reseatd herself, but could read no longer. She closed the volume, and tried to recall to mind the discourses she had heard at church; then, thoughts of her family occupied her. "What a son, what a father, what a husband is mine!" said she; "how can I ever be grateful enough for such a blessing! Twelve children have I borne him, my eldest not quite fifteen, my youngest still in arms; and yet neither I nor they have known the want of a meal. Truly, 'man does not live by bread alone;' if he did, there have been times when the scanty loaf would not have been sufficient for all: no, it is

the blessing direct of God on his dutiful conduct to his father, that has fed his own children ; in nourishing him, my George has nourished us." The clock at this instant gave warning. She heard the signal with a sigh, lighted her candle (for she had sat in the dark), stirred up the fire to make a cheerful blaze, and then went to the bedside of her husband. He lay fast asleep ; but though buried in profound slumber, his features were as placid as her baby's. She stood for a minute looking at him, and it grieved her to wake him. A tear swam in her eye as she laid her hand on his : " George ! " murmured she. He did not stir : " George ! " repeated she, speaking louder, and touching his shoulder. " Hey, what ! " cried he, starting, " who's there ? " He opened his eyes, " Is it you ? oh, dear ! it is not time to get up, is it ? " " The clock is striking twelve," said she ; and setting the candle down she left him to rise.

In a short time afterwards he was on his way to the mine. The night was dark and cloudy, and a passing chill crept over him. His little girl's words, " how hard he worked," crossed his mind, and he felt their force. He raised his eyes, as wont, to be sure that he was in the right path ; but the heavens were obscure, and he walked forward cautiously. On a sudden, the well-known star, that had been so often his guide, shone forth in all its brightness. He saw at once that he had strayed a little out of his way, and he thankfully retraced his steps. " Ay," thought he, " that star is as God's word shining in a dark place, and leading the unwilful sinner to the way of peace and safety ! Oh, never may its blessed light be withdrawn from us ; but come what will, may that treasure be ever the poor man's wealth ! "

" Hollo ! hollo ! George Collings ! is that you ? " exclaimed a voice which, on its being repeated, he knew to be Batson's. " Lost ! lost ! " " Wait then a minute," said he, " and I'll come to you." He did so, and they walked together to the mine. Batson was still far from being sober. " You had been better in bed than here," said Collings, as they were undressing themselves in the shed. " I dare say," returned he, " and let you and the rest of 'em run away with the prize : we are coming to a good piece of work, I know, and I'm not going to be in the background when anything is to be got." " Then mind how you go down the shaft," said George, " a head like yours is not to be trusted—one false step—" A frightful oath checked his words, and the horrid wish that followed it made him shudder. He said nothing, however, but carefully prepared to descend. Having reached the bottom in safety, he waited for a few minutes expecting Batson ; but finding he did not follow, he concluded that he had altered his mind, and perhaps taken shelter in the shed till daylight : under this idea, he walked on to his work, where he continued till it was time to return. The same fond hand that had locked the door upon him now gladly opened it. His bed had been prepared with care, and he thankfully stretched himself upon it.

After he had lain long enough to refresh himself, he arose, and went to his field. About noon Jane took his dinner. " Oh, father ! " cried she, as soon as she saw him, " I've a shocking thing to tell you : Neighbour Batson is brought home from the mine dead." " Dead ! " repeated her father. " Yes ; the men found him not a great way from the bottom of the shaft ; he could not have been killed on the spot, they say, for he had crawled a few yards into the mine, and he was not quite dead when they found him." " The Lord have mercy on his soul ! " said Collings, fervently : " poor wretch ! he followed me, no doubt, and he must have lain there in

agony these many hours. If he prayed—"the painful thought that such might not have been the case checked his words, and he sat down in silence and in sadness to eat his dinner. Jane did all she could to win him to talk, but in vain, and she left him with a lingering step and a backward look.

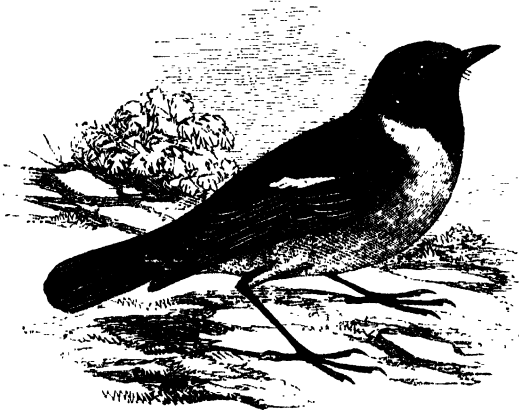
It was earlier than common when he left his field: he had received a great shock, and he longed to feel himself in the bosom of his family. As he was approaching Batson's cottage, he met the wretched mother, who had only just learnt the news of her son's death. She was making a loud cry, which amounted almost to a scream, when she saw Collings, and she began to wring her hands violently. Collings tried to pacify and comfort her. "Oh!" cried she, "his death don't hurt me; if that's what you mean. He never had a threepenny-piece for his poor mother—not he—all went for drink! His father was just such another, and came to just such an end: he taught my poor boy to drink; and if he did wrong, he may thank——" "Hush!" said Collings, "recollect I have known you all ever since I was a boy: your husband was not the only one to blame. Who taught Tom to laugh at his father's drunkenness as a good joke? Who boasted of his dislike of parsons and the church, and encouraged him to make game of both? Oh, Mrs. Batson, it is a true word that has said, 'that which a man sows he shall reap:' it is better to look to ourselves, than to cast hard speeches at others that are dead and gone."

He passed on to his own door, in the entrance of which stood his venerable father—his white locks quivering in the breeze, and his trembling hands upraised to heaven. "God be thanked!" cried he, the tears gliding down his cheeks, "you are safe and we are spared. I could not trust any eyes but my own, and so am here." Collings spoke tenderly to the good old man, and expressed his pleasure at seeing him: he then returned the eager caresses of his wife and children. "Yes," said he, much moved, "God has been very merciful to me: his blessing has never ceased to follow me." "And it never will," said his wife fervently; "and that belief has made many a heavy, many a lonesome hour endurable to me. It was only last evening that I felt more strongly than ever how truly God's promise has been fulfilled to you." As she spoke, her eyes glanced towards her father-in-law: "Right, daughter, right;" said he, "speak it out, for it is good for all. George has honoured his father and his mother from his youth up: when I could no longer earn my own bread, he has supplied me from his own spare board. In sickness, he has comforted me; in my weakness, he has been as a staff to me. When the fear of want in my old age has chilled me, his constant word that I should never know need whilst he had anything to give me, has made my heart warm, my step steady, my sleep sweet. Yes, daughter, yes; heaven and earth may pass away, but no promise of God shall fail one jot or tittle: his day will be long in the land—and in a land, too, far better than this world boasts. Children," added he turning to them as they stood awe-struck around him, and pointing to Collings—"Bless him, as I bless him! If you need an example at any time, think of him; and let the good son be always a happy father."

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JOY and temperance and repose,  
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

## OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.



STONECHAT.

ANOTHER bird, which is often to be heard and seen by those who ramble over the moorlands, is the Stonechat\* (*Saxicola rubicola*); but this prefers the downs well sprinkled with furze and other bushes, to those which are more barren and stony. This bird is well named stone-chatter, or stone-clink, for it keeps up a chattering noise from the stone where it perches itself, or while flitting about from one golden furze-bush to another in short quick flights. Its clicking note is described by Buffon as resembling the word "ouïstrata," and is like the sound of two stones struck together, or rather that of a stone thrown upon ice. Both the bird and its note are, however, well known by those who love to ramble among the broom and furze and heather, for we can hardly fail to see it there during the summer months, and its manners are such as would attract the attention even of those who rarely notice birds. It delights in sloping grounds, where briars and brambles and furze are plentiful, and where the sunshine rests during a great part of the summer day. It seems one of the merriest and most agile of birds, hopping about from one bush to another, as if seeking for something which it cannot find, or flitting off in pursuit of an insect, and the moment after swallowing it, singing a song of pleasure. Now and then it rests from its almost continual movements, and perching on the top of a rock or stone, or on the extremity of some branch, pours forth a melody which, though short, comes to us, as we lie on the greensward, as a chant in praise of summer and sunshine. But even here the song seems hardly finished, away flits the bird, rising in the air by sudden springs, agitating perpetually its tail and its wings, then coming down "in a sort of pirouette," and now appearing and disappearing continually. The movement

\* The Stonechat is five inches and a quarter in length. Upper parts black, except the rump and the tertial-coverts which are white; wing-feathers edged with brown; chin and throat black; sides of the neck white; breast rich chestnut-brown, lightening to buff on the lower parts; beak and feet black. In winter the whole of the dark plumage becomes broadly tipped with rusty-brown; the breast and belly are paler than before. The colours of the female are not very different from this condition.

of the tail has been compared to that of the clapper of a mill, hence one of the rustic names for the stonechat, in France, is *Traquet*.

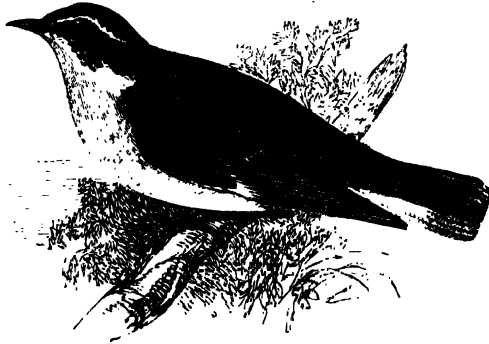
If we observe this bird during May, we are amused by its various windings about the place of its nest. This is built among the furze or briers, or among stone walls, and is made of such materials as the heath land yields, dried grass, a little moss, and hairs for the lining. Over this nest the male stonechat hovers, singing all the while its twittering song, and never entering it directly, but traversing different bushes to reach it; then emerging again so cautiously, and winding so skilfully among the bushes, that when we see it with a worm in its mouth, we may know very well that the bush which the bird enters is not that in which we may find its home, though probably it is not far off. The eggs are five or six in number, of a grey colour, marked at the larger end with small spots of reddish brown. The young ones, when hatched, are covered with down; and so great is the solicitude of the parent birds respecting them, that they make a perpetual clamour by calling to them, nor do they ever quit them till they are capable of providing for themselves.

The stonechat is either a constant resident with us, or partially migratory, some only of the birds, reared in our downs in spring, leaving them in autumn. If the weather be severe it is probable that the parent birds also take refuge in enclosed grounds or shrubberies; or some of them may go further to find a still better spot for warmth and food. Certainly those who are accustomed to watch the stonechats on the moorlands, during summer, miss them much when winter comes; but how far they may travel is not fully ascertained.

Whatever may be the case with the stonechat, however, there is no doubt that its companion, the Whinchat\* (*Saxicola rubetra*), quite forsakes our island during the winter, seeking a warmer clime, before the bleak winds have blown away the furze blossoms, or borne the red leaf from the bramble on the downs. The bilberry and blackberry are ripening before it goes, and it pecks at them in their red state very voraciously, so that one of its common country names is the Blackberry-eater. From its favourite haunts being the furzy commons, it is also called the Furze-chat and Furze-wren, and it is the *Grand Traquet* of the French. The manners and mode of flight of this bird are very similar to those of the stonechat, as it flits about in an equally restless manner, from one bush to another, uttering continually its clicking cry of "u-tick, u-tick." Its song is sweet, though the notes are very rapid, and it is often sung while the bird hovers over the furze-bush, or sits perched on the summit of one of the branches. Bechstein compares it to that of the goldfinch. The song greets us at early morning; and after having poured forth its strains during almost the whole day, the furze-chat still sings it during twilight, and sometimes even at night. Mr. Sweet, whose successful training of many of our wild songsters is well known, was very fond of the whinchat. He had one which he had reared from the nest. It would sing through the livelong day and during the night, and had so good an ear that it would most successfully imitate the notes of several other birds. It sang the songs of the whitethroat, redstart, willow-warbler, missel-thrush and nightingale. So

\* The Whinchat is nearly five inches in length. Whole upper parts mottled with light and dark brown, the feathers having dark centres; a conspicuous streak of white over each eye reaching from the beak to the nape; the tail feathers white at their base; a white spot at the edge of the wing; under parts buff, becoming fawn-colour on the breast, where it is separated from the dark-brown of the cheeks and neck by a margin of white; beak and feet black.

fond was it of the notes of the missel-thrush, and so clearly did it imitate them, from hearing one in a garden near, that the harsh loud sounds



WHINCHAT.

became unbearable in a room. "It was certainly," says Mr. Sweet, "the best bird I ever kept of any kind, singing the whole year through, and varying its song continually. Its only fault was its strong voice. At last our favourite was turned out of its cage by a mischievous servant, on a cold winter day, when we were from home for about an hour. As we could not entice it back, it most probably died of the cold, or took its flight to warmer regions."

This bird is not a hardy one, and cannot well bear the cold, so that it could have no chance if turned adrift during the severe season. Doubtless many of our resident birds must die of cold and hunger, whenever the winters are unusually rigorous: yet it is seldom that we find their dead remains. Now and then the body of a dead bird lies among the leaves of the wood, or we see a few of the whitened bones which were its framework; but even this is not often. Probably when the poor little creatures feel the benumbing influences of winter, they go away, moping and dispirited, to some of the thickest recesses to die; and no sooner has life quitted them, than beetles and other living creatures prey on their body, and rid the earth of the nuisance which would arise from decomposing carcasses.

The whinchat arrives in the south of England by the middle of April, and usually builds her nest about a week or two later than the stonechat. The nest is much like that of this bird, and is formed of dry grass stalks and a little moss; the lining being made of finer grasses. It is usually placed on the ground, and is not easily discovered, for it is often hidden among the lower branches of the furze-bush, or amid the tangling branches of the low hawthorn, or of the bramble which winds its flexible sprays far over the bank. Nor is this concealment deemed enough by the birds, for dry grasses and pieces of the surrounding herbage are placed about the nest so as to effectually cover it, and it can be found only by watching the birds on their way to and fro. The eggs are from five to seven in number, of a bluish green, marked with a few small specks of reddish brown.

The whinchat is a pleasing bird, both from its beautiful colours and its vivacious manners. Its food consists of worms, slugs, and insects, caught in the air; and it also eats several of the wild berries, which hang on the boughs in autumn, as a provision for the feathered race.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

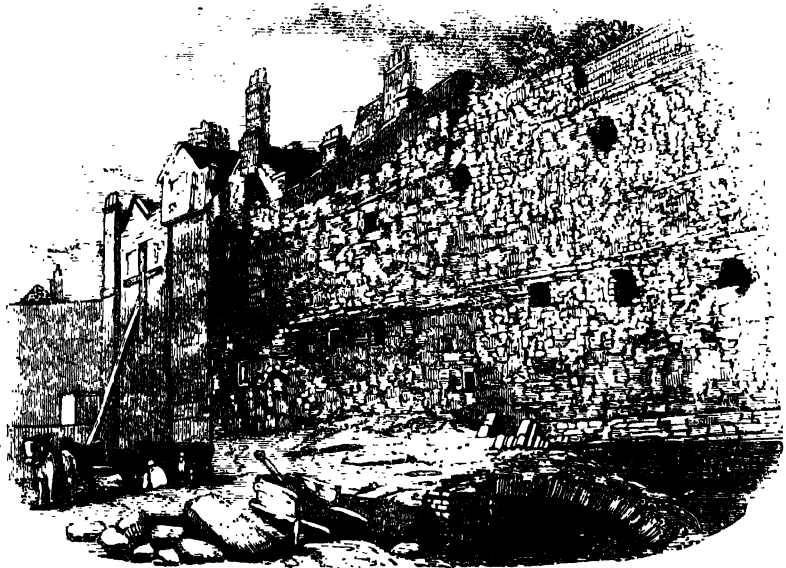
A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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ANCIENT LONDON.—No. IV.



WALL OF LONDON AT THE TOWER POSTERN.

THE stone embellished with roses, and others, among which it was found, were conveyed to the British Museum as objects worthy, on account of their rarity and archæological interest, of a place in that great collection. But a peculiar feature was observed by the writer upon a minute examination of the worn inscription on the stone in question, which gives it the double interest of a thing perfectly unique among the discoveries of ancient London, and that appertaining to a landmark of the British Church in the second century. This feature appears in the only line of the inscription



legible, except that containing the ordinary form of the words "Honorum sacrum est," which succeeds it, and evidently reads as follows:—

P O ANNO IC LXX

Although proof of this nature has not hitherto been discovered, it appears by other evidence that Christianity must have been introduced into Britain at a period contemporary with the Apostles. "If," says Fuller, the Church historian, "it should seem incredible to any, that the island furthest from the sunne should see light with the first, whilst many other countries on the continent interposed (nearer in situation to Judea the fountain of the gospell), sate, as yet, and many years after, in darknesse, and in the shadow of death—let such consider, first, that Britain, being a by-corner, out of the road of the world, seemed the safest sanctuarie from persecution, which might invite preachers to come the sooner into it. Secondly, it facilitated the entrance of the gospell hither, that lately the Roman Conquest had in part civilized the south of the island, by transporting of colonies thither, and erecting of cities there; so that, by the intercourse of traffick and commerce with other countries, Christianity had the more speedy and convenient waftage over." "Lastly and chiefly," continues the author, "God in a more peculiar manner did always favour the islands, as under his immediate protection. For as he daily walls them by his providence against the scaling of the swelling surges and constant battery of the tide, so he made a particular promise of his gospell unto them by the mouth of his prophet, 'I will send those that escape of them to the isles afar off; that have not heard my fame. To show that neither height nor depth (no not of the ocean itself) is able to separate any from the love of God.' And for the same purpose, Christ employed fishermen for the first preachers of the gospel, as who, being acquainted with the waters and the mysteries of sailing, would with the more delight undertake long sea voyages into foreign countries." An ancient authority, Tertullian, in his work against the Jews, affirms that "even those places in Britain hitherto inaccessible to Roman arms, had been subdued by the gospel of Christ." According to



BUST OF CARACTACUS.

of Caractacus, who being led captive with his family to Rome, is reported

St. Jerome, Tertullian flourished in the time of Severus and his son, when the Roman colonies had spread over the whole of the southern parts of the island; and his assertion would appear as applied not peculiarly to the provincial Britons, but to those beyond the Roman limits. But Gildas, writing in the beginning of the sixth century, expressly asserts the establishment of a church in Britain from the first plantation of the gospel, which flourished with increased strength after the Diocletian persecution, and the major part of this assertion is corroborated by many ancient authorities. The conveyance of the gospel hither has, by tradition and otherwise, been ascribed to several eminent persons. Among these is Bran, the father

to have heard there the word, and afterwards taught it in Britain;<sup>1</sup> but concerning Caractacus and his family, after the display of clemency on the part of Claudius, through which they obtained their liberty, we have no authentic account except of the honourable establishment of his daughter at Rome, as the wife of Pudens the senator, if it be true, as supposed, that she is to be identified with Claudia whom St. Paul in the second Epistle to Timothy salutes, and who is understood to be the Claudia Rufina, celebrated by Martial as a British lady eminent for her beauty and merits. Joseph of Arimathea was claimed by the monks of Glastonbury as having carried the gospel into Britain, and to have founded their church, but without any better authority than a monkish legend inscribed on a brass plate in the church, in characters of about the fourteenth century, and other assertions unsupported by proof. The following inscription on a tablet of brass appears in the church of St. Peter, Cornhill:—

“Be it known to all men that the yeerys of our Lord God, an. CLXXIX. Lucius the fyrst Christen king of this land then cally’d Brytayne. fownded the fyrst chyrch in London that is to say the chyrch of Sent Peter upon Cornhyl and he fowndyd ther an archbishop’s see and made that chirch the metropolitant and chief chirch of this kingdom and so endured the space of CCCC. yeerys and more unto the comyng of Sent Austen an apostyl of England the whych was sent into the land by Sent Gregory the doctor of the chirch in the tyme of King Ethelbert and then was the archbishoppys see and pol removed from the aforesaid chirch of St. Peters upon Cornhyl unto Derebernaum that now ys callyd Canterbury and ther it remeyneth to this dey. And Millet Monk whych came into this land wyth Sent Austen was made the fyrst Bishop of London and hys see was made in Pawlys Chirch. And this Lucius kyng was the fyrst foundyr of Peters Chyrch upon Cornhyl and he regnyed king in thys iland after Brut MCCXLV. yeerys. And the yeerys of our Lord God a CXXIV. Lucius was crownyd kyng and the yeers of his regne LXXVII. yeerys and he was beryd aftyr sum cronakil at London and after sum cronakil at Gloweester at that plase where the order of Sent Francys standyth.”

The era of this inscription is supposed to be about the time of Henry V., a time when Geoffrey of Monmouth was an unquestioned authority. The tradition upon which it is founded sets forth that Lucius sent to Pope Eleutherius desiring baptism, and the agent employed by Eleutherius to this end is reported to have been Timothy, a disciple of St. Paul; not that Timothy to whom the Epistles are addressed, but another, the son of the same Pudens who is supposed to have married Claudia Rufina the aforementioned British lady. The date of Lucius’ baptism, as it appears on the brass, will hardly reconcile person and time with regard to the parentage of Timothy; and in the date upon the sepulchral stone to which these observations are appended, we have one of these monuments, the absence whereof Gildas, in his Epistle, deploras, which shows that Christianity existed in London at least nine years before the time referred to on the brass tablet. But the story of Lucius, and likewise the date to which it is referred, are variously stated: the monkish legend makes Lucius supreme king of Britain, and states that through him the lesser kings and their subjects were brought to the Christian faith, but at that time he could at the most have only been allowed to retain his sovereignty by Roman suffrage. By some accounts it is made to appear that Lucius was king of the Iceni, and he is stated to have founded St. Peter’s Church at Westminster, or Thorney as the place was then called, besides, or instead of, the

<sup>1</sup> Owen’s ‘Cambrian Biography,’ Triads.

church at Cornhill, likewise the church within the walls of Dover Castle, that of St. Martin at Canterbury, and so many other churches, that, by overstatement, the credibility of the whole fact is materially damaged.

With respect to the evidence for St. Paul's mission in Britain, Bishop Stillingfleet writes as follows: "I hope to make it appear, from very good and sufficient evidence, that there was a Christian church planted in Britain during the Apostles' times. And such evidence ought to be allowed in this matter, which is built on the testimony of ancient and credible writers, and hath a concurrent probability of circumstances. I shall first produce the testimony of ancient and credible writers. For it is an excellent rule of Baronius in such cases, "That no testimonies of later authors are to be regarded concerning things of remote antiquity, which are not supported by the testimony of ancient writers." And there is a difference in the force of the testimony of ancient writers themselves, according to their abilities and opportunities. For some had far greater judgment than others, some had greater care about these matters, and made it more their business to search and inquire into them; and some had greater advantages by being present in the courts of princes or councils of bishops, whereby they could better understand the beginning and succession of churches. And for all these there was none more remarkable in antiquity than Eusebius, being a learned and inquisitive person, a favourite of Constantine, the first Christian emperor (born and proclaimed emperor in Britain), one present at the council at Nice, whither bishops were summoned from all parts of the empire, and one that had a particular curiosity to examine the history of all churches, designing an ecclesiastical history out of the collections he made. The testimony of a person so qualified, cannot but deserve great consideration, especially when it is not delivered by way of report, but when the force of an argument depends upon it. And Eusebius, in his third book of 'Evangelical Demonstration,' undertakes to prove "That the Apostles who first preached the gospel to the world could be no impostors or deceivers;" and, among other arguments, he makes use of this, "That although it were possible for such men to deceive their neighbours and countrymen with an improbable story, yet what madness were it for such illiterate men, who understood only their mother-tongue, to go about to deceive the world by preaching this doctrine in the remotest cities and countries?" And, having named the Romans, Persians, Armenians, Parthians, Indians, Scythians, he adds particularly that some passed over the ocean to those which are called the British Islands. From whence he concludes, "That some more than human power did accompany the Apostles, and that they were no light or inconsiderable men, much less impostors and deceivers." Now, unless this had been a thing very well known at that time, that Christianity was planted here by the Apostles, why should he so particularly and expressly mention the British Islands? It cannot be said that they are only set down to denote the most remote and obscure places; for long before that time, the British Islands were very well known all over the Roman empire: Britain having been the scene of many warlike actions from Claudius's time; the occasion of emperors' additional titles and triumphs; the residence of Roman lieutenants and legions; the place of many Roman colonies, cities, and ways; but especially about Constantine's time, it was the talk of the world, for the revolt of Carausius and Allectus; the victory and death of Constantius here; the succession of Constantine, and his being declared emperor, by the army in Britain. So that scarce any Roman province was

so much interested in the several revolutions of the empire as Britain; and, therefore, Constantine going from hence, and being so much in the esteem of Eusebius, it is not to be conceived that he should speak these words at random, but that he had made a diligent inquiry, both of Constantine himself, to whom he was well known, and of others of his court, concerning the state of the British churches, of what continuance they were, and by whom planted. After all which, Eusebius affirms it with so much assurance, "That some of the Apostles preached the gospel in the British Islands."

Much to the same purpose Theodoret speaks, another learned and judicious church historian. For among the nations converted by the Apostles, he expressly names the Britons; and elsewhere saith, "That St. Paul brought salvation to the islands that lie in the ocean," after he had mentioned Spain, and therefore, in all probability, the British islands are understood by him. And in another place he saith, "That St. Paul, after his release at Rome, went to Spain, and from thence carried the light of the gospel to other nations. What other nations so likely to be understood as those which lay the nearest, and are elsewhere said to be converted by the Apostles, as the Britons are by him? St. Jerome saith, "That St. Paul, having been in Spain, went from one ocean to another, imitating the motion and course of the Sun of Righteousness, of whom it is said, 'His going forth is from the end of heaven, and his circuit into the ends of it;' and that his diligence in preaching extended as far as the earth itself," which are mere indefinite expressions. But elsewhere he saith, "That St. Paul, after his imprisonment, preached the gospel in the western parts;" by which the British Islands were especially understood, as will appear by the following testimony of Clemens Romanus, who saith, "St. Paul preached righteousness through the whole world, and in so doing went to the utmost bounds of the west:" which passage will necessarily take in Britain, if we consider what was then meant by the bounds of the west. Plutarch, in the life of Cæsar, speaking of his expedition into Britain, saith, "He was the first who brought a fleet into the western ocean;" by which he understands the sea between Gaul and Britain. And Eusebius several times calls the British ocean the western, and elsewhere he mentions Gaul and the western parts beyond it, by which he understands Britain.

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LUNDY ISLAND.—No. V.

I TOOK the opportunity before climbing the cliffs of examining the rock pools that were exposed by the present low condition of the tide. It was evident how much superior, as a field for the zoologist or botanist, the shale is to the granite; for while the latter presented no tide-pools, and comparatively few of the finer or more delicate seaweeds, the former, nearly clear of boulders, exhibited a comparatively level surface, hollowed into numerous pools, varying much in form, size, and depth. Though the aspect was a southerly one, and much exposed to the sun's rays, the seaweeds struck me as unusually fine. Thus the dulse (*Rhodomenia palmata*), a species common on our coasts, and eaten by the poor in Scotland and Ireland, was fringing the sides of the pools, its broad, deeply cleft, dark-red fronds, developed in great luxuriance. There were also large and dense tufts of *Chonarus crispus*, the Irish or Carrigeen moss, as it is called when dried and sold in the shops, to make jellies, for use in cookery, and

for many other purposes. This, too, is a common species, and one that varies much with the locality where it grows. When found in shallow pools, considerably above low-water mark, it degenerates in size, becomes of a pale olive tint, and quite devoid of beauty. But see it at a lower level, growing in some deep shadowy pool, as I saw it here, and you would hardly believe it to be the same. The fronds form large, bushy, and well-grown tufts, with the leaves clean and glossy, and of a dark-purple hue; but what gives it its peculiar beauty is, that every segment of its many-cleft leaves reflects the most refulgent hues of azure and steel-blue. These tints, however, depend entirely on the submersion of the plant; remove it from the water, and every trace of them has vanished—replace it, and they as instantly reappear.

Another curious seaweed was *Codium tomentosum*, it forms thick cylindrical stems, much branched, and of a dark-green colour; its appearance is downy, and when touched it has a soft spongy feel, and is enveloped in a slimy jelly. This curious plant was growing numerously here, imparting a somewhat singular aspect to the shallow pools, from the green velvet patches of its expanded bases, as well as from the stems.

The great tangles and oar-weeds were abundant, as were the sea-thongs already mentioned; and among them grew a much less common species, at least on the English shores, the henware (*Alaria esculenta*), a large plant, much resembling the oar-weed, but of paler colour, and distinguished from it by having a stout midrib running through the whole length of the leaf. This midrib is eaten by the poor of our northern coasts, and of other parts of Europe.

Of marine animals I did not see many. The commonest species of sea-anemone (*Actinia mesembryanthemum*) was speckling the rocks in its many varieties, for it is a very variable species; sometimes chocolate-brown, or of all shades between that and a glowing red; more rarely it is dark olive, merging into grass-green, and not unfrequently specimens are found, especially such as are of very large size, in which both of these hues are combined; the ground colour being dark-red, studded all over with small green spots. This is the best known of all our native species; indeed, it is the only one ever seen by thousands, who fancy themselves familiar with our sea-anemones. The reason is not only the great abundance of this kind, but its habit of living within tide-marks; for such is its patience of exposure to the air, that it may frequently be seen sticking to rocks, particularly if shaded from the sun, not far below high-water mark; where it must be necessarily exposed to the air for many hours out of every tide. Handsome as its appearance is, whether displaying its smooth and glossy coat, or expanding its crown of tentacles like a full-blown crimson flower, it is the least beautiful, perhaps, of all; and is not worthy to be compared for beauty with some other species, which frequently dwell in its immediate neighbourhood, but in so retired a manner that few, except the professed naturalist, ever have the opportunity of admiring their charms—like modest worth, whose excellence is often unknown or unappreciated, because of that retiring humility which is its greatest grace, while inferior pretensions are honoured, because they are flaunted in the face of day.

In one of the crevices within the cavern, I had noticed a specimen of a far nobler species, certainly the most imposing, if not the most beautiful, of all the British sea-anemones, *Actinia crassicornis*. When contracted, its body is usually of a rich crimson or fine scarlet hue, often streaked irregularly with green, like a ripe apple. Instead of being soft and glossy

like *A. mesembryanthemum*, it is hard and firm to the feel, almost like leather; and its whole surface is rough with numerous warts. It does not adhere to the exposed sides of rocks, but hides itself in dark holes and narrow fissures; nor is it satisfied with this protection, but for further concealment it covers its body with a coating of gravel. This it does by means of its warts, which are the terminations of so many tubes, and which act as suckers, each one firmly attaching to itself a small pebble or fragment of gravel. When the animal is dislodged from its fortress, an operation by no means easy, and deposited in a capacious vessel of sea-water, it presently throws off the gravel, bit by bit, and stands revealed in all its beauty; as if it were aware that its usual artifice would avail for its concealment no longer. Soon, however, it assumes a new form and greater magnificence; it expands a disk three inches in diameter, fringed with many rows of thick conical tentacles. These are of different colours in different individuals, sometimes clear pellucid crimson, at others purple, always surrounded with a broad ring of white. Another variety of very charming appearance has the tentacles entirely cream-white. The animal has the habit of imbibing water, until all the tissues of the body, as well as the tentacles, are filled with it, and swollen to a surprising extent; all the rich colours, especially those of the tentacles, are softened, diluted, and rendered translucent by this process; and the gorgeous array exhibited by a finely-coloured individual when in this condition, can hardly be surpassed by anything of the kind.

With much fatigue and difficulty we made our way up the lofty slope, not altogether without danger, from the loose stones which the climbers were perpetually dislodging from the rubble, and rolling down upon the heads of those coming up below. Arrived at Benjamin's Chair, we sat a few moments to recruit ourselves, while our friend entertained us with anecdotes illustrative of the habits of the seal.

"I was one day standing," said he, "here at Benjamin's Chair, when I saw in the water below, which was clear and smooth, a large seal come up to the surface, carrying in his mouth a conger-eel, perhaps some eight or ten feet long, and as thick as my leg. The animal played with his prey, exactly as you have seen a cat play with a mouse; letting it go, then darting after it as it sought to escape, and catching it with perfect ease. All its motions were full of grace. At length the seal bit the fish in sunder with one snap, and, allowing one portion to sink, he ate from the other till he reached the head. This he rejected, throwing it from him; then dived for the tail, which he brought up, and ate that in like manner.

"On another occasion, near the same spot, I observed a seal treating a salmon, which he had caught, after a similar fashion. It was astonishing to see how utterly powerless were all the attempts of the salmon to escape before the rushing pounce of the seal; it was overtaken and seized in an instant. When he was tired of his play, he suddenly tore off a large portion from the fish's side, and I assure you that the severing of the muscles was distinctly audible where I stood. In this instance the creature devoured the back part first, and, like an epicure as he was, reserved the belly for the *bonne bouche*.

"I believe our species is the common spotted seal (*Phoca vitulina*); I do not think we have any other."

As we were returning, we made a slight deviation from our way, to see a hole which had just been discovered, and which was the present wonder of the little island's population. One of the men had noticed, in a particular part of the moor, that the earth returned a hollow sound. On digging,

a block of granite was found a little below the surface. It was about eighteen inches thick, and was estimated to weigh five tons; its ends rested on two upright slabs, between which was a cavity, some six feet deep and as many wide. It was evident that the excavation had been made, and the stones placed, by human labour; and the latter operation must have been one of no small difficulty, from the great weight of the slabs; but for what purpose it could have been made, whether as a place for temporary retirement, for some one who feared an enemy whom he dared not resist, or for the secretion of valuable property in some of the troublous times, of which the island has seen many, there was no clue to inform us. No subterranean passage was observed, though the earth at one side was so loose as to suggest the notion that such a communication might once have existed; a fragment of pottery was the only object found. I was myself struck with a rank odour in the cavity, very different from that of newly-turned soil; the earth, too, at one end, was black, and of an unctuous appearance, somewhat like that of a grave; but no trace of bone or other organized matter could be found.

The appearance of this rude structure somewhat resembled that of the monument known as Wayland Smith's Cave, near Ashdown, in Berkshire. This consists of a broad slab laid horizontally on several upright ones. The earth in the lapse of centuries had accumulated, until it was level with the flat slab; but the lord of the manor, about thirty years ago, cleared away the ground both within and without the edifice. Local tradition assigns it to an invisible blacksmith, who was said to shoe travellers' horses there for a small fee. The money was to be laid on a stone, and the steed tied; in the morning the money was gone, and the horse was found shod. The prescribed fee was sixpence, and neither more nor less would do. Sir Walter Scott, in a note to 'Kenilworth,' suggests that this legend may have alluded to "the northern Duerger, who resided in the rocks, and were cunning workers in steel and iron;" for there is little doubt that the monument is an accessory of the pile raised over the tomb of Baereg, the Danish chieftain, slain here in a great battle with our King Alfred. It is possible that the construction, the opening of which we saw at Lundy, may have an antiquity as great as its counterpart in Berkshire, or perhaps even greater, seeing that the huge upper slab was here quite covered with the common mould; and, in default of any evidence to the contrary, we may conjecturally assign to it a similar commemorative purpose.

The next day was to find us upon the sea. Captain Tom Lee was going out to haul his pots, and we were to avail ourselves of the opportunity of becoming personally familiar with the vagaries of lobster-catching. A worthy fellow is Captain Tom; kind-hearted and obliging, one that has read a good deal, and has seen somewhat of the world, and free in communicating the knowledge he has acquired. We found him to be quite an agreeable companion, when he favoured us with his society. He unfortunately lost his ship on the African coast not long ago, and since that time he has devoted himself to the fisheries of the island, which he prosecutes with energy and success. Captain Tom has been an attentive observer of the habits of animals. One anecdote of his was so good that I think it worth preserving. But the captain shall be his own narrator:—

"A curious animal is a pig, gentlemen! Very cunning too—a great deal more sensible than people give him credit for. I had a pig aboard my ship that was too knowing by half. All hands were fond of him, and there was not one on board that would have seen him injured. There was a dog

on board, too, and the pig and he were capital friends; they ate out of the same plate, walked about the decks together, and would lie down side by side under the bulwarks in the sun. The only thing they ever quarrelled about was lodging.

“The dog, you see, sir, had got a kennel for himself, the pig had nothing of the sort: we did not think he needed one; but he had notions of his own upon that matter. Why should Toby be better housed of a wet night than he? Well, sir, he had somehow got into his head that possession was nine points of the law, and though Toby tried to show him the rights of the question, he was so pig-headed that he either would not or could not understand. So every night it came to be ‘catch as catch can.’ If the dog got in first, he showed his teeth, and the other had to lie under the boat, or to find the softest plank where he could; if the pig was found in possession, the dog could not turn him out, but looked out for his revenge next time.

“One evening, gentlemen, it had been blowing hard all day, and I had just ordered close-reefed topsails, for the gale was increasing, and there was a good deal of sea running, and it was coming on to be wet; in short, I said to myself, as I called down the companion ladder for the boy to bring up my pea-jacket, ‘We are going to have a dirty night.’

“The pig was slipping and tumbling about the decks, for the ship lay over so much with the breeze, being close-hauled, that he could not keep his hoofs. At last he thought he would go and secure his berth for the night, though it wanted a good bit to dusk. But lo, and behold! Toby had been of the same mind, and there he was snugly housed. ‘Umph! umph!’ says Piggy, as he turned and looked up at the black sky to windward; but Toby did not offer to move. At last the pig seemed to give it up, and took a turn or two, as if he was making up his mind which was the warmest corner. Presently he trudges over to the lee scuppers, where the tin plate was lying that they ate their cold ’tatoes off. He takes up the plate in his mouth, and carries it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, but some way from the kennel. Then turning his tail towards the dog, he begins to act as if he was eating out of the plate, making it rattle, and munching with his mouth pretty loud.

“‘What!’ thinks Toby, ‘has Piggy got victuals there?’ And he pricked up his ears, and looked out towards the place, making a little whining. ‘Champ! champ!’ goes the pig, taking not the least notice of the dog; and down goes his mouth again to the plate. Toby couldn’t stand that any longer; victuals, and he not there? Out he runs, and comes up in front of the pig, with his mouth watering, and pushes his cold nose into the empty plate. Like a shot, gentlemen, the pig turned tail, and was snug in the kennel before Toby well knew whether there was any meat or not in the plate.”

“Capital!” we all exclaimed; and so no doubt will my readers exclaim, since the narrative may certainly be relied on as authentic. I give it you as it was told to us; and I am sure Captain Tom is too veracious a man to invent or exaggerate the story.

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No cord can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as Love can do with a single thread.

It is a proof of mediocrity of intellect to be addicted to relating long stories.

VIRTUE itself offends, when coupled with forbidding manners.



## OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.



REDBREAST.

Who that has wandered into the woods when autumn has reddened or gilded the leaves, and left few flowers to brighten the wayside, but has missed the loud chorus of song which greeted him from those boughs in summer? Far away over the fields may be seen the flocks of fieldfares and redwings, and where the rivulet wanders among the grass, the woodcock with its pale-brown plumage has come to seek its retreat. The gulls are screaming loud over the sea; but the swallows have taken their departure, and the linnets and the buntings have come in flocks to be nearer our dwellings. September has brought a richness of tint to the woodlands, to compensate in some measure for the fulness of song which shall no more delight us, till months have passed away, and the little birds of spring shall again be busy and joyous; and those which are now, perchance, singing in warmer climates, shall come back to their old and long-remembered haunts.

And yet the wanderer now may be greeted by an occasional strain of music. Even the notes of the yellowhammer are welcome as the bird flits before us from bush to bush, as if wishing for our companionship; and the goldfinch has begun again to welcome a bright day with a tune; while the thrush or the blackbird now and then accompanies them, or the hedge-sparrow trills a lay from the bough, or the skylark or the woodlark pours its flute-like notes into the air. The songs are all sweet—perhaps the sweeter because we hear them so rarely, but the notes are not so gay as in the brighter days of summer. They have a plaintiveness, which agrees well with the whispers of the autumnal winds among the trees, and with the falling leaves, which those winds scatter before them to die.

But these birds are rather the occasional singers, than the constant minstrels, of the autumnal or winter months. Not so the robin and the wren; for, as the old adage says, "When the robin sings, look out for winter." No weather, save the gloomy rain, will keep it from carolling a

lay, nor cold nor frost give a sadness to the song. The frost-bound earth may be crisp with diamonds, and the leaves all gone from the trees, and not a flower be left save the daisy and the chickweed, yet robin will even then sing to the dreary blast, and might in autumn well suggest such thoughts as the author of the 'Christian Year' has so beautifully expressed:—

“Sweet messenger of calm decay,  
Saluting sorrow as you may,  
As one still bent to find or make the best;  
In thee and in this quiet mead,  
The lesson of sweet peace I read,  
Rather, in all, to be resign'd than blest.  
'Tis a low chant, according well  
With the soft solitary knell,  
As homeward, from some grave beloved, we turn;  
Or by some lowly death-bed dear,  
Most welcome to the chasten'd ear  
Of her whom heaven is teaching how to mourn.”

We all look upon the Redbreast\* (*Erythuca rubecula*) as the bird of the cold season; not, however, because its singing is really peculiar to that period, for it is uttered during nearly the whole of the year. But we hardly hear those notes amid the louder lays of spring, neither is the robin then so immediately distinguished from other birds, as the red colour on the breast is not so bright in summer. Far better do we know the bird when want drives it nearer to our dwellings, and the strain is uttered from the garden tree, or the leafless hedge by our rural walk. No resident in the country during winter can fail to see and recognise the redbreast; and one often wonders where so many can have hidden themselves before. Take a walk into a garden, now, and away flies the robin, going before you all the way, stopping if you stop, or if you stoop to rear some drooping plants, hopping there to, to see if, as you raise the withered foliage, some slug or insect is turned up also which may serve for a meal. Open your window, and place some crumbs on the sill, and though you may not at first espy one single redbreast, yet in a few minutes numbers of these bright-eyed creatures will assemble there, and one will be found bold enough to enter the room, where he,

“Hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks and starts, and wonders where he is.”

Now and then the housewife of the farm-house or cottage is annoyed because the redbreasts will come into the bedrooms every evening for shelter, but generally the “minstrel of the poor” is a favoured bird. If undisturbed it will often keep to its winter quarters till spring comes back again, never showing the slightest inclination to depart, but looking down with a half-timid, half-hopeful inquiry, to see if it is welcome to some elevation in the room, on which it has placed itself. In forests, when woodmen are employed, these birds become their constant companions, sharing their meals, and hopping around their fire for warmth; and the gardener often finds it difficult to avoid injuring them by his spade, which they approach so nearly, when he is digging in the earth. Treat the robin

\* The Redbreast is five inches and three-quarters in length. Whole upper parts olive-brown; the wing-coverts tipped with buff; face, throat, and breast dull orange, margined with grey; lower parts impure white; beak black; feet purplish-brown.

kindly, and you may be sure of a song from the garden hedge; and whistle to it, or sing it a few notes, and it will listen and answer. Not a woodland bird has a sweeter or softer tune, though many sing louder and more varied strains. Its best melody is in spring and summer, when it is far more joyous too, in its expression, than in the more plaintive pipings of autumn, or the more abrupt strains of the inclement season. In summer-time that song is heard at earliest dawn, but it is never sung after evening twilight, although the redbreast may be seen fluttering among those of our birds which are latest in seeking repose. A welcome song it is after some days of summer rain and showers, for if uttered in the evening its sprightly notes give full promise that to-morrow will be finer than to day, as robin with his quick sensibilities knows that the sunshine is coming. From our hearing the robin comparatively little when its song is best, its vocal powers are not often duly estimated. A good observer, writing in the *Magazine of Natural History*, thus remarks:—"I have frequently heard this bird sing in a manner to do honour to its connexion with the nightingale, when it has been disputed whether or not it could be the robin. I would at any time silence the finished song of the chaffinch, in three distinct parts, to listen to the note of my warm-hearted friend, Robin. I doubt even if there be any bird I would prefer but the nightingale itself: I hesitate as to the blackcap." When the bird is suddenly alarmed it utters a kind of chirp, or call-note, and if this be imitated, all the redbreasts in the neighbourhood will quickly be gathered to the spot. The old notion, once generally believed in England, that a chorus of robins preceded the death of some inmate of a dwelling near, is almost forgotten now; but a chorus is rarely heard, for the robin sings and dwells alone.

White, of Selborne, remarked that the songsters of the autumn seem to be the young male redbreasts of that year; and this statement is confirmed by many observers. Our poor little birds are seldom caged in this country, nor is there much inducement to imprison them thus, for though they will now and then utter a merry carol when in confinement, yet they are usually dull and dispirited, and seem anxious to escape. In Germany they are, however, kept in aviaries and large rooms, with better success, and soon become tame. Several of our good singing birds can be taught to imitate the human voice, and Mr. Syme tells us of a redbreast, possessed by a lady of his acquaintance, which very distinctly pronounced the words "How do you do?"

It is, perhaps, as much by its touching song, as by its confidence in man, that the robin is a favourite in most countries. Everywhere some pet name is bestowed on the household bird. Thus our Robin, or Bob, is in some parts of Sweden called Tommy Linden; in Norway, Peter Rousmed; in Germany, Thomas Gierdet. Wordsworth alludes to these familiar names:—

"Art thou the bird whom man loves best  
 The pious bird with the scarlet breast,  
 Our little English Robin;  
 The bird that comes about our doors.  
 When autumn winds are sobbing?  
 Art thou the Peter of Norway boors?  
 Their Thomas in Finland  
 And Russia far inland?  
 The bird that by some name or other  
 All men who know thee call brother."

Most Englishmen have wept, during childhood, over the fiction, which was then taken as a truth, and which told of the redbreast and the babes of the wood. It was but a poet's tale, though related with simple beauty; and while it has helped to keep up the privileged character of the bird, yet doubtless it had its origin in the favour in which Robin had been held from still earlier times:—

“Their pretty lips with blackberries  
Were all besmear'd and dyed;  
And when they saw the darksome night,  
They sate them down and cried.  
No burial this pretty pair  
Of any man receives:  
Till robin redbreast, painfully,  
Did cover them with leaves.”

Nor was the idea of the redbreast's care in this matter peculiar to this poem. We find it alluded to in several old writers. Thus, John Webster, who wrote in 1630-38, says:—

“Call for the robin redbreast, and the wren,  
Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
And with leaves and flowers do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburied men.”

Michael Drayton too alludes to it:—

“Covering with moss the dead's unclod'd eye,  
The little redbreast teacheth charitie.”

Then we have Herrick, in his *Hesperides*, telling how *Amaryllis*, soothed by the low murmurings of a spring, fell asleep:—

“And thus sleeping, thither flew  
A robin redbreast; who, at view,  
Not seeing her at all to stir,  
Brought leaves and moss to cover her.”

Nor has the greatest of all England's poets omitted the allusion to tradition so poetic. In ‘*Cymbeline*,’ we have Shakspeare saying,—

“The ruddock would,  
With charitable bill, (oh, bill, sore shaming  
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument,) bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse.”

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## HOME TALES.—No. II.

### THE GOOD FARMERS; OR, WHO WAS THE HAPPIEST?

In a small parish, situated in one of the eastern counties, dwelt a very respectable person of the name of Grant. The farm on which he lived was his own, and though not a large one, it was excellent land, and in a high state of cultivation. Neither was it in the slightest degree encumbered, for it was his boast, as it had been that of his forefathers for some generations, that he had not an acre of ground on which he had borrowed a shilling. He was a married man, and had a family of children whom he brought up to tread in his steps, as he had done in his father's. In a word, few men in his sphere of life was more generally esteemed, and fewer still,

according to his means, did more good, or was more generally though quietly useful.

Abutting on Mr. Grant's estate lay a very small farm belonging to a man whose name was Knight. Had the whole neighbourhood been picked there would not have been found any one who worked harder, or who bore a better character for honesty and fair dealing. The year — had been a very bad one for the farmer and grazier, and the following spring brought little in prospect to cheer him. Mildew and blight, flood and storm, had destroyed the hopes of numbers, and made many an upright heart to ache for the future. Knight's farm lay lower than Mr. Grant's; in consequence of which it had been completely laid under water by the breach of an inland bank, whilst that of the other had been benefited rather than injured by the event.

It so happened that Mr. Grant was standing on the verge of his estate when Knight walked up to the gate which led into his. "Good day," said Mr. Grant. "The same to you, sir," returned he, touching his hat. The tone of his voice and the sadness of his countenance were too marked to escape notice. "You are not well," said Mr. Grant; "what is the matter?" "Well in health," replied the other, "but sick, sick at heart. I am a ruined man!"—he spoke with bitterness; "ruined past hope." "Never say so," returned Mr. Grant; "let no man despond; he that has not lost his good name can never be said to have lost hope." Knight shook his head. "I can't cling to a shadow," said he, "when what's real weighs me down. Ruin is before me every way; all has gone wrong with me. My crops last year were spoiled by the wet, and I was forced to sell for less than the seed cost me. I had but a light crop of hay, and I got it in badly. The fly took my turnips, and the coleseed failed. Then came the breach of bank, and the whole of my farm was a sheet of water. What to do I know not: to part with the land will be to bring myself to certain beggary, but how to keep it—" "But thanks to our improved drainage," said Mr. Grant, "the water is pretty well cleared off." "Yes, but the earth is still so cold and moist that I could not have got in the seed at the right time, if I had had it to sow. I have neither grain, nor money, nor credit, nor friend." "No friend!" repeated Mr. Grant, "whilst there is a merciful God and Father above!" "There it is!" cried Knight sharply, "that brings the worst feeling of all. God seems to have turned his face from me, and to be displeased without my knowing why. Sometimes I am tempted to think I have tried to do my best for nothing; that, after all, He does not care how to act, nor troubles Himself about our needs." "Never let such thoughts as these find room in your heart," said Mr. Grant earnestly; "they spring only from the evil one, and must not be harboured for a moment. No, let God be true, though all men be found liars. I know the life you have led from your youth."—"Not quite, sir," interrupted he; "I have worked so early and so late that few eyes have been open to notice me. And I have lived as hard as I have worked. My wife has been like myself; we have struggled but for one end,—to bring up our children respectably, and to keep out of debt; and neither she, nor I, nor they, have ever neglected our church on Sunday, or our prayers in the week. I have asked myself again and again what I have done to make God angry with me, for angry He must be, and I cannot find it out. I can't accuse myself of any one bad act that I can remember; it is true, indeed it is." "I believe you," replied Mr. Grant, "report is not always to be trusted, but it may with you; no man bears a better

character than yourself. But let us think a moment. Can man be more just than his Maker? or can he claim that as his right which is granted him only through grace and mercy? Must not the Judge of all the earth judge righteously? Is it no offence to distrust his goodness, or question his justice? Or can we make Him a debtor to us, and force Him to reward us?" "No, no; I don't say so," said Knight, eagerly; "but sir, when I have done my utmost to please and obey Him, why, when others thrive who have scorned Him to his face, why must I lose the fruit of my labours?—why must I, in particular, see my wife, children, brought to want, and all of us forsaken?" The poor man laid his head upon the gate-post by which he was standing, and sobbed aloud. "God forsakes no one who does not forsake Him," said Mr. Grant; "He never can be unmindful of his faithful servants, but as all his dealings with us are full of mercy, may not your present troubles be only sent to prove you, or to work out of your heart some root of bitterness springing up in it unknown to yourself? and may it not be his gracious intent to bring you safe out of the trial, and having corrected what is amiss, to make you more than amends for what you have suffered?" "Oh, that I could think so!" cried Knight, "half my misery would be gone." For a moment a gleam of brightness overspread his features; but it was lost almost directly, and with deeper sadness he said, "But to *fear* the having no friend above, to be *sure* of having none on earth, that tries a man indeed." "How are you sure of that?" asked Mr. Grant. "Because money is the only thing that could set me going again," said he; "and where is the man to be found who will advance another a shilling who has not the shadow of a security to give him?" "He's to be found here," returned Mr. Grant; "I am the man." "You, sir?" cried Knight, springing to his side. "You cannot mean to mock me?" "Heaven forbid," replied he, "that I should sport with any one's troubles! I mean what I say; on your own note I will advance what money you want." "And how am I to repay you?" "By instalments, as you are able." "But, sir, may I ask—don't be offended—what can lead you to such an act of kindness?" "The remembrance of God's goodness to myself," replied he, "and a humble zeal for his honour; the respect which I owe to the command to 'be kindly-affectioned one to another;' and lastly, the pleasure I shall have in holding out a helping hand to one who is worthy of assistance. So, let's to business; we will walk over your land and make the necessary calculation."

It was little more than eleven o'clock when Knight walked up to the house door. "Hark!" said his wife; that's your father's step! What can bring him home at this hour of the day? We look so dismal; the fire is nearly out. Run, Mary, run, get a fagot; a bright blaze, even without warmth, is something." Mary ran directly to the stack, and the loud crackling that soon followed gave proof that her mother had been obeyed. There was a brightness, however, in the husband's face as he entered that at once cheered the lowly dwelling. "You are surprised to see me, aren't you, old girl?" said he, looking kindly at his wife. "To tell the truth, I was forced to come home. You have always been the first to know my troubles; and who has shared them like yourself? It is but fair then that you should be the first to know the good that has befallen me, and to share that too without delay. Sally! what were the last words you said when I went away this morning?" Mrs. Knight bent her head and closed her eye to assist her memory; but her husband's words and manners had scattered her thoughts. "You have forgotten—then I'll tell you. 'Richard!' said

you, 'keep up your spirits; let us lose what we may, let us not lose trust in God's goodness; it has shone through many a dark cloud before now; it may yet shine through this.' I did not feel your words as I ought, for my heart was too full of woe to take in anything of comfort—so much greater the mercy that has broke forth upon us." He then related what had passed between himself and Mr. Grant. "May Simon and Mary know it?" cried she, almost in the very midst of her delight and joy; "they are such good children." "To be sure they may," replied he quickly; "and as many of the others too as can understand what it means. It is a sorry pride that makes a father hide his troubles and his poverty from his children, when they are not his own bringing on; and makes him keep secret the help that has been given him. No: let the young ones learn that none need despair in the worst of times; that while there is a good and merciful God above, there are also kind and generous hearts below. Keep nothing from them; let them love and honour the name of their benefactor and mine, and cherish his memory as an inheritance from ourselves when he and we are gone."

What a change may a few kind words or a friendly deed work in the saddest heart! Knight was at once an altered man: strength, activity, and cheerfulness, came at a bidding. In a short time his few acres were smiling with verdure, and giving every promise of abundance. Again the lowly homestead echoed with the song of his wife and the merry voices of his children, and love to God and gratitude to man made labour light and fatigue holy.

Two years passed. As the summer of the third advanced, a disease, trifling at first, but becoming fatal in the end, attacked the cattle, especially the cows. Great numbers of these died, and those which recovered were left too weak to be of any present service to their owners. For some little time Mr. Grant's cows appeared in excellent health, and he began to hope they would escape; then one was seized and died, then another, and another, till at last not one survived. Happily for Knight, neither of his two cows were attacked, and he was almost the only man in the parish who could say the same. Having some skill in the treatment of these animals, he had been constant in looking after Mr. Grant's; and as the death of one followed hard upon the other, he showed more grief than their owner, much as the latter felt the loss and the inconvenience caused by it. Mr. Grant was ill at the time, as was the youngest child, and the diet of both was restricted to milk. Milk, however, was difficult to be had; for though Knight had supplied it for the few last days, it was unreasonable to expect, with his own family, he could continue to do so.

It was the morning after the last cow had died that Mr. Grant had risen very early with the intention of going to a cattle-market in the neighbourhood, in the hope of repairing his loss. It was not five o'clock when the family were preparing to sit down to breakfast; on a sudden one of the boys, who was standing in the window, cried almost with a shout, "Look, look, father! there's such a beautiful cow in the meadow, and see, Robert is going to milk her. Where did she come from?" Mr. Grant was as much surprised as his son, and he instantly walked out to make inquiries. "Mr. Knight brought her late last night," said the servant to whom he spoke, "and he desired me to milk her as soon as I could this morning. He is not far off, you may see, sir, by the way of the creature. This cow, he says, is as fond of him as a dog, and knows his step as well as any of his own family. She will follow him from one side of the field

to the other, and force him to take notice of her, whether he wishes it or not." The youth was right; Knight was seen coming towards them. Mr. Grant walked to meet him. "You won't take it amiss, sir, I hope," said he, in a tone of doubtful pleasure. "Certainly not," replied the other, "I take it very kindly of you; I hope, however, that we shall not be a tax upon you long, for I am going to — to see if I cannot buy one or two cows at least." "You are not likely to meet with them, sir," replied Knight, "there was not a single cow, good for anything, in P—— market yesterday, though almost any price was offered for one. But you have not taken my meaning. I did not bring Jenny here by way of lending her to you; no, no, she is yours, now and for ever, if you will please to accept her. She is in full profit. She will yield milk enough for all your family and some over into the bargain." "And what is your own family to do?" said Mr. Grant. "We are all strong and healthy," returned he, cheerfully, "we can easily make a shift, and be right glad to do so, as long as you are supplied. We are all agreed about it, and not one more ready than another. We shan't be quite without milk. Bess is not good for much just now, but she'll answer our turn well enough." "But this cow is a favourite, is she not?" said Mr. Grant. "We are all fond of her, every one of us, from biggest to least," replied he, "and so will you be, sir; she is the gentlest, quietest, most loving creature you ever saw. Bess is an untoward beast compared to her, and she is not every man's money." "And do you think I could rob you of such an animal?" said Mr. Grant. "Rob me!" repeated he, colouring. "O sir! if you had ever known what it was to be saved from ruin! What a yearning there is in the heart for some little means, though never so trifling, to show how grateful it is! If you had long looked in vain for such a chance, and felt, when at last it was found, how joyful a thing it was to make sure of it, you would not talk of robbing me; you would rather wish to change places with me and envy me what I felt."

Mr. Grant was about to speak, but the words died away. He coughed, and a red line suddenly marked his eyelids. "It can't be," murmured he. "Not be?" cried Knight, "why not, may I be bold to ask? Oh! surely, he that can show kindness, or bestow a gift, cannot be above receiving some little return, when the great Giver and Lord of all despises no offering, poor as it may be, that is made with an honest heart to Him? Does the earth drink the dew and the rain, and give nothing back for the good she receives? Does the grain lie unfruitful in the ground that opened her breast to shelter it, and show neither blade nor ear to crown its benefactor with beauty, and shield her from the bleak wind and the scorching sun? Who ploughs without hope to reap? Who chides the waving corn because it repays by its growth the showers of spring or the beams of summer? Or who looks coldly on him who has helped him to gather in the full sheaves of harvest into his garner?"

As he uttered the last words, Mr. Grant held out his hand, which Knight grasped respectfully. "Jenny shall be mine," said he, "and it shall be her own fault if she is not as happy with us as she has been with you; and now know," added he, drawing him a little aside, and speaking in a low voice, "the note of hand you gave me was destroyed the day you paid me the first instalment."

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ONE ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.



## SEA-COAST AND SHORES OF CILICIA.—No. X.



JAFFA, THE ANCIENT JOPPA.

As we were standing upon the broken-down ruined, old pier, shortly after our arrival at Jaffa—the ancient Joppa—our attention was attracted by the busy, bustling scene presented to our eyes on board of a couple of small boats, which were lying alongside the pier, with sails all ready hoisted to make a start for Sidon, Beyrout, and Latachia. Numbers of passengers, mostly pilgrims, were already seated in the boats, huddled up amongst huge piles of water-melons, baskets of oranges, and their own travelling luggage, consisting of mattresses, nondescript bundles, water jugs, pipes, and tobacco-pouches. Amongst the passengers were not a few women, and miserably wretched these poor creatures would be during the whole of the voyage; sea-sick, cramped for room, and hardly daring to make their wants known amongst so many male strangers. In the midst of these preparations a middle-aged Jew, rather respectably dressed, came down to the waterside, and commenced bargaining with the Arab captain for a passage to Tersous. Now, though the Reis had previously not entertained the smallest notion of going to Tersous, the new comer held forth such inducements, promising not only to freight the whole vessel in her passage to Tersous, but also to procure her an immediate return freight, that with little or no ceremony the captain bundled out the passengers and their luggage, leaving them to obtain what redress they could; and the Jew, paying down his money beforehand, carried his few effects into the boat. Some dozen miserable, half-starved fowls, cooped up in a basket; a basket full of bread; tin boxes with coffee, sugar, and tobacco, and the Jew's equipment was complete.

The boat was cast off from her mooring, and passing through the narrow channel between the rocks, stood out to sea, and so disappeared in the horizon. This happened in 1850. Two thousand seven hundred and twelve years before this date—or in the year 862 B.C.—“Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa; and he found a ship going to Tarshish: so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it to go with them unto Tarshish,” (Jonah i. 3.) From the construction of the port, no vessel at any period entering into the harbour could have been much larger than the boat we had just witnessed depart for Tarshish. There is an indescribable pleasure to those travelling in the Holy Land who seek for Scripture realities and scenery; for ourselves this pleasure had a charm not to be surpassed. Every pace we took, every man, woman, or child we met; the houses, the gardens, the animals, the boats, birds, and fishes, each had their peculiar links connecting them with suns that set thousands of years gone by. Sauntering up the streets we encountered our own servants and baggage-mules, whom we had preceded by a couple of hours, inquiring earnestly in the bazaars for the house of a wealthy native gentleman, whose guests they knew us to be. Eighteen hundred and nine years before this, doubtless just such another group of natives, servants of Cornelius, the centurion of the band at Cæsarea, came, like these men from that self-same spot, were inquiring for the house of one Simon a tanner, “whose house is by the sea side.” “And when the angel which spake unto Cornelius was departed, he called two of his household servants, and a devout soldier of them that waited on him continually. And when he had declared all these things unto them, he sent them unto Joppa.” (Acts x. 7, 8.) Threading our way through the maze of not over-cleanly streets and bazaars—loaded, however, with rich produce of the soil—we pause for a few minutes to contemplate the scene around in this old town of Joppa. Donkey-loads of oranges and lemons, fragrant and fresh from the gardens in the environs, are momentarily arriving at the market-place. Water-melons, so large that half-a-dozen serve completely to load the animal, are cut open, and their luscious pulp temptingly exposed to view. Pile upon pile of grapes; countless figs and pomegranates; pyramids of walnuts and almonds; mounds of fresh cream cheeses; jars of honey and butter; huge caldrons full of fresh milk; and little gaily-ornamented pewter cups filled with delicious *lebon* and *kaimark*; the latter an incomparable cream from the milk of the buffalo. Who that visits the bazaars in Jaffa could help exclaiming with the men who first spied out the land, that it is indeed a land flowing with milk and honey! As we pause to take a minute survey of the streets, a poor man, stricken with years, poverty, and disease, knocks softly at the doorway of some opulent native; we watch to see whether he will be hustled from the door with abuse, or whether he will be given in charge of the police as one of those unconscionable vagabonds who, though starving, prefers to beg rather than to steal. In London we are pretty sure of what his fate would be if he knocked and begged at a gentleman's house. The door opens, and a pleasant-looking woman, the mistress of the house, beckons to the poor man to enter, a summons which he obeys with alacrity, for he knows the house of old, and has had many a warm strip to keep him warm in winter, and many a hearty meal to comfort him (God help him!) in his sorrows and affliction. Happily for the land there are but few mendicants; happily for the unfortunate there are not wanting *Tabithas* even in the present day; and we found, on making inquiry, that “this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she

did." (Acts ix. 36.) Having passed through the town, we entered upon a pleasant green plot which slopes gradually down to the ditches of the fortress that surrounds the town of Jaffa, and here, seating ourselves so as to command an uninterrupted view of the town, its harbour, and the shipping, we ruminated on what Jaffa was and what Joppa had been. Jaffa is strongly situated on an eminence in a sandy soil; the hill up whose sides the houses are built forming a perfect oval, and surmounted by a diminutive little flagstaff, planted upon the roof of some consular residence which is perched at the very highest part, and overlooks all the rest of the town. The appearance of this mass of white houses, some with gaily-painted green windows, some with flags waving over their tops, some shaded and variegated by the green leaves of a few trees growing in the courtyards of houses, has a gay and lively effect, especially as contrasted with the surrounding country, which is one mass of sand-hills dotted over with prickly pear bushes and palm-trees, verging towards the sea-shore on the left hand into a pleasant beach; on the right and to the southward, an interminable range of harder cliffs and black-looking rocks, over which the sea at all times and seasons breaks with the utmost violence. The roadstead is one of the very worst in all the Mediterranean: of this we have melancholy testimony, from the vast quantity of wrecks which are strewn upon the beach, and amongst these not less than seven or eight fine English vessels, which were lost within a few months of each other. So precarious is the weather, and so sudden and without warning the violent gales that sweep this part of the coast, that ships are nowadays always ready for an emergency, and having a spring upon their cables, slip at a moment's notice and run out to sea, there to buffet the waves as best they can. From where we were seated the view was extremely beautiful: Gothic old structures jumbled up with modern houses, mosques and minarets; the graceful leaves of the palm tree waving a shadow over the lurid glare of the white houses; the sombre-looking port-holes of the solid but time-worn fort, well mounted with brass cannon; the deep trench, thickly set with marsh mallow and other wild herbs, which the wives and children of the poorer classes were busily occupied in collecting and sorting for their mid-day repast; stately ruins of immensely high walls cracked with time and earthquakes, and through whose fissure we got a panoramic view of the bright golden-tinged waves of the sea as it sparkled in the sunshine, or was shadowed into a deeper hue by the passage of some portentous cloud that warned the mariner, and whispered of gales of wind and tempests. The brightness of the morning began rapidly to wear away, a gloom spread over the heavens, and the ocean became crested with countless particles of foam; there was a lull in the atmosphere, the wild pigeon and the dove swept rapidly over-head, anxious to reach their rocky homes before the tempest burst; cocks and hens crept under hedges, and there cuddled together, hoping to resist the fury of the storm; cattle lowed mournfully; swallows flew over the surface of the sea; there was a sudden, bright illumination in the heavens, followed instantly by the dinning crash of thunder and the roar of the mighty wind, as it fought its way, wave by wave, with angry wrath, and blew in all the fury of a hurricane over the place; there was little or no rain, so that we kept our position, determined to watch the grandeur of the scene. Vessels slipped, and bending over under the heavy press of canvas, fled like frightened birds far away from the dangers of land.

The violence of the wind was such, that we were at length constrained to seek for refuge, and re-entering the town just as the hour of mid-day re-

sounded from the minarets, hastened homewards to our hospitable hosts with all speed, as we remembered by our own hunger that this was the hour for the rather substantial mid-day meal in Jaffa, and that our friends were in all probability waiting for us. We found our host and his amiable wife standing on their terrace, to witness with better effect the sublimeness of the gale; the sea was now mountains high, and such was the force with which the waves burst against the rocky walls of the town, that we could distinctly feel the spray, though at a considerable distance from the water-side. The Turks count their hours from sunrise to sunset, a practice prevalent in the times of the Apostles; and it only shows how little customs have changed in the East, when we recollect, that it was close upon midday, or about the sixth hour, that St. Peter went up to the house-top to pray. "And he became very hungry and would have eaten," evidently having, as is the custom now, fasted till the sixth hour; the natives, to this day, strictly confining themselves to a small cup of coffee, which is all they have till the mid-day breakfast. It was on the occasion just alluded to, that St. Peter first became aware of the blessed truth, "That God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." (Acts x. 34, 35.)

Jaffa is now a thriving town, shipping annually large supplies of grain, and receiving much merchandise from London. The population may be reckoned at twenty thousand inhabitants, bearing a pretty fair proportion to each other in creeds. The town is dirty and inconvenient, the harbour unsafe, the climate hot and very unsalubrious; and yet with all these drawbacks, Joppa is yearly rising into greater importance as a commercial town, and as the seaport of the holy city of Jerusalem.

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#### EARLY CHRISTIANS IN CHINA.

Various attempts have been made by missionaries and other learned travellers, to show that the land of *Sinim* of Scripture is identical with China.

"Behold, these shall come from far: and, lo, these from the north and from the west, and these from the land of Sinim."—Isaiah xlix. 12.

If this identity is admitted, it follows that we have a prophecy which contains a distinct prediction of the conversion of the Chinese to the true faith.

There are traditions which would induce the belief that some Jews found their way from Palestine and the Red Sea into China long before the birth of Confucius. Leaving this in doubt, it may confidently be asserted that certain Jews did enter China more than two hundred and fifty years before the birth of our Saviour. Scattered, and scarcely visible to those who take but a cursory view of the country, the descendants of these Jews still remain, a peculiar race in the midst of those around them, distinguished by their physiognomy, rites, manners, and usages. They possess MS. books of great antiquity. Their residence is at Kaifung-Foo, the capital of the great province of Honan. Some of them, in former ages, obtained an honourable rank in literature, and were governors of provinces and ministers of state; but at present they are few in number, degraded in condition, and their wisest men are very ignorant of their own ancient religion. Yet that they have existed as a separate, distinct people, through so long a period, with nothing but their religion to hold them together, is a sufficient

proof that they were at one time thoroughly imbued with its principles. Until the advent of our Lord their religion was the only true one.

It is difficult to fix the date of the first journey or voyage of Christians to China; but there is evidence to prove that professors of our faith penetrated into those immense, extreme regions of the east many centuries ago. Tradition, of course, goes farther back than historical records. It is the constant tradition of the Syrian church, that the Apostle Thomas not only preached the gospel in India, but also carried it to China.

The Christians of the Malabar coast celebrate the fact in their worship; and when the Portuguese first became acquainted with those Christians of the Roman church, their Primate styled himself "Metropolitan of India and China." The learned Mosheim was of opinion that neither St. Thomas nor any other apostle reached China, and we even doubt whether St. Thomas ever reached India. Although no proofs on this point can be adduced, other writers are strongly inclined to think that the gospel was preached in both countries by some of the witnesses of our Lord's resurrection.

The books of the New Testament record the labours of Paul, Peter, James, and John, and they speak of none others as labouring in the same districts. It was the constant effort of Paul to break new ground—to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest he should build upon another man's foundation. (Romans xv. 20.) Where then, it is asked, were Philip and Bartholomew, Thomas and Matthew, James the son of Alphaeus, and Lebbeus, whose surname was Thaddeus, Simon the Canaanite, and Andrew the brother of Peter, and Matthias chosen to fill the vacant seat of Judas Iscariot? All these were apostles. They all were commissioned "to go into all the world;" they all had the inspiration of tongues, in order that they might teach and preach in every part of the world. Is it not fair to conclude that they laboured as diligently as the other apostles, and that, since we hear little of their labours, they went to many remote places from which no account of them has reached us? Mosheim himself says that "we may believe that at an early period the Christian religion extended to the Chinese, Seres, and Tartars. There are various arguments collected from learned men to show that the Christian faith was carried to China, if not by the apostle Thomas, by some of the first teachers of Christianity. Arnobius, writing about A.D. 300, speaks of the Christian deeds done in India, and among the Seres, Persians, and Medes." At this period the Chinese were commonly called Seres without distinction. There is little doubt that the real country of the Seres included the province of Shensi in the south of China, and the mention of them by Arnobius seems to prove that the gospel had been carried among them before his time.

Shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem a strong current of emigration set in from the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf across the Indian Ocean. This continued with more or less activity for ages. It was not confined to the dispersed Jews; it embraced Greeks, Arabs, Armenians, Persians, and other races of men; some, like the Armenians and Nestorians of Kurdistan, and the Nestorians of Persia, being Christians, some being Polytheists, or Heathens, and some (after the middle of the sixth century) being Mahomedans.

Taking the silk-producing country, called Seres, to have been a part of China, it is quite certain that Christian monks were in China in the time of the Emperor Justinian, or during the time when our island was being overrun and conquered by the Anglo-Saxon pagans from the shores of the Baltic. It was to the enterprise of two of these monks, who, on their

return, reached Constantinople in A.D. 552, that the nations of the west were indebted for their knowledge of the cultivation of silk. They brought the eggs of the silkworm in a hollow cane; and from those eggs have sprung all the silkworms that may now exist in Persia, Turkey, Greece, Italy, southern France, &c. These two monks had resided long in the land of silk, and it is natural to suppose that they were neither the first nor the only Christians who dwelt in that country. It is still more certain that their principal object in going thither was to spread the gospel. They were missionaries, not traders; they were heralds of peace, not soldiers and sailors, or warlike adventurers. They were natives of Persia, in which kingdom there were many Nestorian Christians, remnants of which are still found on the Turkish border, and in countries within the limits of the present Ottoman empire, where they have retained their faith in spite of centuries of fierce persecution. In early times these Nestorians had a celebrated theological school at Edessa, whence devoted missionaries were sent into all the East; and when this school was destroyed, A.D. 489, another was erected at Nisibis, farther to the east, and became not less distinguished for activity and zeal. The Nestorian patriarch, as early as the fifth century, added to his titles that of Primate of Sina and Samarkand.

The celebrated monument discovered by Roman missionaries, in the year 1625, at Singan-Foo in the province of Shensi, bears evidence that the Christians in China were numerous, and much respected in the seventh century. The authenticity of this monument was long made a subject of controversy; but it is now universally admitted that the ancient inscription is genuine. As such it has been adopted by Sir John Francis Davis and all our best writers on China. The internal evidence of its authenticity is very strong.

This Singan-Foo monument is a marble tablet ten feet long and six feet broad, having on the upper portion a large cross handsomely engraved, and beneath a long discourse in Chinese, with numerous proper names in Syriac on the side, and a Syriac inscription at the foot. According to these inscriptions, in the year 635, during the reign of Tait Sung, one of the greatest monarchs that ever sat on the throne of the great central kingdom, a learned Christian, named Olopun, repaired to the capital city, and carried with him the true Scriptures. The emperor gave him an honourable reception, examined the Scriptures in the royal library, and sought out the nature of the new religion in the sacred hall. He found that Olopun was thoroughly acquainted with truth, and gave him especial command to make it widely known. Three years after this, the emperor issued a decree for toleration, and for a great deal more. "If," said he, "the intent of the new doctrine be examined, it will be found to be excellent and pure. If its noble origin be considered, it produces that which is perfect, and establishes that which is important. Its phraseology is without superfluous words. It holds the truth, but rejects that which is needless. It is beneficial in all affairs, and profitable to the people, and therefore it should pervade the empire. Let the officers, therefore, erect a temple for this religion, in the street of the capital called Aining, and appoint twenty-one ministers for its superintendence."

We know, from other sources, that many of the Chinese monarchs were very open to religious impressions: the doctrines of Confucius did not form a religion or a creed, being little more than a code of morals, manners, and worldly polity, and the Buddhist idolatry had but little hold on their hearts or imaginations. Under this emperor's successor, Olopun and his fellow-labourers proceeded prosperously in their work. In less than fifty years,

the illustrious religion spread itself in every direction, and temples rose in a hundred cities." The Buddhist priests then commenced a persecution, and in the year 712, the literati and the lower classes combined against the new religion. But far from being destroyed, it rose again and flourished with renewed vigour under succeeding emperors; and the Singan-Foo monument, erected in 781, seems to have been composed and engraved in a time of great outward prosperity. The Syriac names which flank the Chinese inscription, are those of the Christian ministers who lived in the country during the period to which it refers. Cut off from communication with the nations of the west, denounced by the Pope of Rome as heretics, deprived of Christian books, and subjected to revolutions and changes of dynasties, and to the changeful tempers and caprices of a despotic government, it is probable that these early Christians lost much of the original purity of faith and practice, and declined in civilization and influence; but yet they kept some of the ground they had gained, and five hundred years after they had set up the tablet at Singan-Foo, the celebrated Venetian traveller found very many Nestorian Christians in China. If Christianity thus once made its way in that immense and thickly-peopled empire, we may, indeed, hope that, under more favourable auspices, it shall again revive, and be established on a more solid foundation. It is not for short-sighted man to murmur at delay, or fix a date to the realized will of God, but even the present generation may live to see the prophecy of Isaiah begin to receive its fulfilment:—"Behold these from the land of Sinim."

With respect to the name used by the prophet, there is evidence to show that other nations have always called the Chinese *Cin*, *Tsin*, or *Chin*, names closely allied to *Sinim*, and approaching it as nearly as the genius of their respective languages admits. As far back as authentic records extend, we find them thus denominated. They were called *Tsin* by the Japanese in the time of Marco Polo, and are so called by the Siamese and Cochin-Chinese to this day. In Greek, in Latin, and in Armenian, the name has the elements of the same word or sound as *Sinim*. To the Hindus, the Arabians, and the Persians, the Chinese have been known from time immemorial under the names *Jin*, *Chin*, and *Sin*. The probability is that these names were derived from the great family of *Tsin*, which held dominion over a large part of China, B.C. 900, and consequently long before the time of the Hebrew prophet. The princes of this family, who (centuries after) were the first that reigned over the whole of China, and who built the Great Wall, were very powerful and ambitious, and took part in all the wars and great occurrences in the country. Their name was, therefore, the one most likely to be spread abroad, and to be adopted by foreign nations.

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#### STOCKINGS.

SILK stockings were first worn by Henry II., of France, 1547. In 1560, Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black knit silk stockings, by her silk-woman, Mrs Montagu, and she never wore cloth ones any more. Henry VIII. ordinarily wore cloth hose, except there came from Spain by great chance a pair of silk stockings; since Spain early abounded with silk. Edward VI. was presented with a pair of Spanish silk stockings by his merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham, and the present was then much taken notice of.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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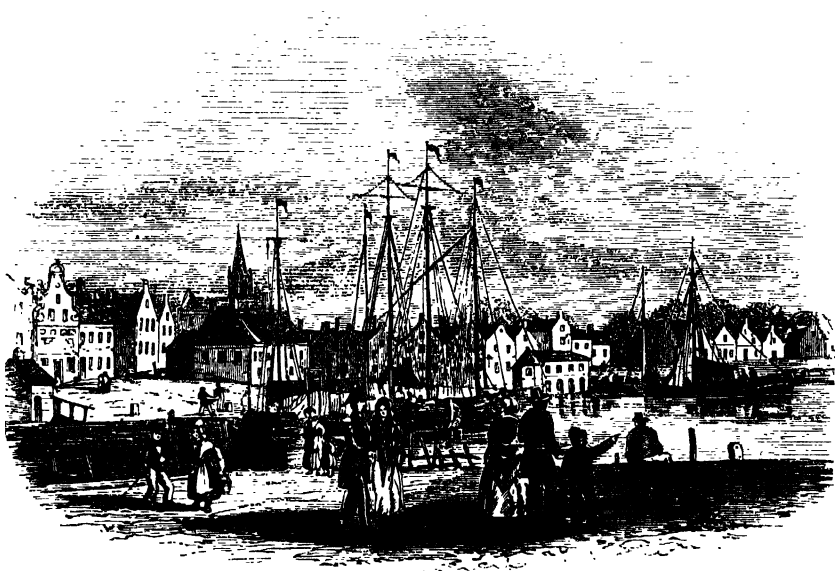
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PETER THE GREAT AT ZAANDAM.



ZAANDAM.

WE learn from authentic records that Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, entered himself in the year 1697 on the list of ship's carpenters at the Admiralty Office of Amsterdam, in Holland. This is true; but before Peter so enrolled himself, he had made an attempt to fix his abode, for the purpose of study, at Saardam, or Zaandam, a little town situated on the river Zaan, about half an hour's voyage, by steam, from the populous and wealthy city of Amsterdam.

A word or two ere we proceed about this studious project of Peter's. All



the world, at least all the educated world, knows that this sovereign of Russia was called Great; that he raised Russia from barbarism to renown; that he made her army efficient, and her navy "terrible among the nations" of his day; that he framed laws and reformed abuses; and that, severe and unpolished as he was, he made a complete revolution in the political and social state of Russia, and gave her that position in the world which she would never have attained had she continued under the government of such men as Peter's elder brother, John, a being given up to selfish luxury and idle amusements.

The fact is, that while Peter was yet in his teens, he had an intuitive perception of the value of education; and his very mode of "going to work," to speak in a homely phrase, to learn the craft of shipbuilding, furnishes a lesson to the poorest artisan, inasmuch as it teaches men that, to become famous in any undertaking of the sort, there is nothing like beginning at the right end,—studying the very first principles of a craft with patience and humility.

Peter's were no visionary schemes. His first idea, on the subject of which he afterwards made himself master, was grand, and worthy of an emperor—he resolved that Russia should have a navy. Rely on it, he had studied her capabilities and resources ere this design entered his head: he was bent on shutting up the river Don, and thus keeping out the Turks. Ah, my friends! Peter little knew that while he was walking about the flax-yard of his country-house at Pereslave, and cogitating on these magnificent designs, he was a mere agent in the hands of the "glorious God who maketh the thunder;" he was about to give the first blow to that Turkish Empire which, we have some reason to believe, Russia will one day possess, at least for a time. But I only touch on this subject for an instant, to remind you of the real value and importance of man's ambition and man's projects; however grand, however sublime they are, the issue is still in God's hands.

Peter, then, having made up his mind to have a navy, began experimentalising in a small way, with a little boat which he found lying neglected and useless in a timber-yard; and being well pleased with its capabilities, and ascertaining that it was a Dutch craft, he sent to Holland for four artificers to build him some small vessels at Moscow. So soon as these were completed, he caused four frigates to be constructed at Pereslave; and with this miniature fleet he began the study of naval tactics, by a series of mock-fights among the English and Dutch traders bound for Archangel: when he had once made himself thoroughly acquainted with these tactics, he resolved on studying ship architecture in its minutest details.

Previous to the demise of his indolent brother John, who died in 1696, Peter had created and fostered a spirit of enterprise and a desire of improvement in the minds of the young Russian nobility; and when he formed his plan of visiting Holland, a little group of practical and enthusiastic companions gathered round him, and resolved to accompany their sovereign in disguise.

Zaandam, though then, as now, one of the most primitive, original little towns in Europe, had for some time held important commercial intercourse with Russia; and Peter had long seen the advantage to be derived from studying at its head-quarters the art which he felt sure would elevate his country in an extraordinary way. He therefore opened a private correspondence with some trusty friends in Holland, and set forth, with his band

of intelligent companions, early in the summer of 1697; in the autumn of the same year he disembarked at Zaandam, and, alone and unattended, sought a humble lodging from a man of the name of Gerrit Kist, who had formerly been a blacksmith in Russia, and who, as may well be imagined, was astonished at the "imperial apparition:" indeed he could not believe that Peter really wished to hire so humble an abode. But the Czar persevered, and obtained permission to occupy the back part of Kist's premises, consisting of a room and a little shed adjoining, Kist being bound to secrecy as to the rank of his lodger: Peter's rent amounted to seven florins (about eleven shillings) a week.

The royal adventurer had preceded his young companions; but, on their arrival in the little town, their brave attire, their delicate hands, and, above all, their "well-garnished purses," attracted the wonder of the simple Zaandamites, which increased when it was ascertained that Kist's homely-dressed lodger was the chief of this smart assemblage of youths, among whom were Prince Menzikoff and Prince Bagration. These last took care to provide themselves with a more commodious dwelling than the Czar had done, and established themselves in a house near the Lutheran church. Of later years this abode was occupied as a girls' school: the contrast between the respective residents of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries affords matter of amusing speculation.

The day after all had domiciled themselves after their own fashion, Peter set to work in good earnest, and began his task by buying the implements of his employment, and carrying them home himself: he also enrolled himself in the town records as "Peter Michaeloff, an artizan," and, axe in hand, commenced his task. Satisfied at the close of the day with his labours, he went forth to visit some of the poorer inhabitants, in whom he had taken an interest when they had been working people in Russia: these humble beings, however, did not recognise the mighty Czar, who gratified his benevolent impulses by making them some pecuniary presents.

Bent on gaining experience, Peter lost no opportunity of studying little things, and whether it was a store, a shop, a garden, or a paper-mill, he would enter it, and thus always learnt something in his leisure hours. One day he bought a boat, and, in order to learn how to manage it, ordered a jug of beer at an alehouse, and drank it in company with the Dutchman who had sold him the vessel, which was of a different build from any Peter had seen before. It was well for the Czar that he thus made the most of his time; for in his passion for yachting he disregarded weather, and but for such teaching might have been lost while cruising during a squall, which came roaring unexpectedly from the Northern Ocean.

The circumstances I have related took place within the short space of six days; for Peter had not been many hours in Zaandam before he became annoyed and harassed with the impertinent curiosity and obtrusiveness of the inhabitants, who followed him and his friends through the streets, and watched their dwellings with such pertinacity, that, in sheer disgust, the Czar packed up his small amount of baggage and his tools, and, hastening to his yacht, set sail for Amsterdam, whither his friends followed him with as little delay as possible. In the vast city of Amsterdam the royal artisan was suffered to pursue the bent of his inclination in peace; and thus the people of Zaandam, by their ill-timed curiosity, injured the prospects of their town for ever.

We have visited this strange town within the last two years, and, as we

sat under the linden trees at the edge of the Zaan, and read the little book from which we have gathered some part of this history, we ascertained the fact that the *Zaandamites* have made no progress in good manners since the year 1697, for a crowd of idlers gathered round us, peering into our faces, and making their remarks aloud on our appearance and costume. Some had clattered after us in their wooden shoes, and some had gone to fetch others, with whom they soon returned: in a word, we were glad to take refuge in the sole inn "The Otter," where, after a homely meal at heavy cost, we sat in peace, watching the gaily-painted boats, and sundry grave old gentlemen, seated in pagoda-like temples, smoking their pipes, while they enjoyed, like ourselves, the busy scene on the river.

The *maisonnette*, or hut, of Peter the Great now stands alone, and has been encased in a strong wooden frame in order to preserve it. It is in much the same state as when occupied by the Czar. The chief apartment is entered by the door you see open; the projecting roof covers the room probably occupied by Peter's servant, and on the left of the larger room is the recess or cupboard in which Peter slept. Formerly the rear of this abode was crowded with inferior buildings; it is now an airy space, with trees waving over the wooden tenement, and a garden full of sweet-scented flowers embalms the atmosphere around it. A civil old Dutch-woman is the guardian of the property, which is kept up with some taste, and exquisite attention to cleanliness.



PETER THE GREAT'S HOUSE.

The *maisonnette* has but one door. In *Zaandam* the old Dutch custom of closing one entrance to the house, except on state occasions, is still kept up; the purpose of the other, the *porte mortuaire*, or *mortuary portal*, is sufficiently explained by its name.

After Peter's departure, his dwelling passed from hand to hand, and would have fallen into oblivion had not Paul the First of Russia accompanied Joseph the Second of Austria and the King of Sweden to *Zaandam*, on purpose to visit the Czar's old abode. After this it became a sort of fashion to make pilgrimages to the once imperial residence; and it acquired a still greater celebrity when the Emperor Alexander visited it in 1814, and made a great stir in the waters of the Zaan with a fleet of three hun-

dred yachts and innumerable barges, gaily decked with flying pennons. In 1818, William the First of Holland purchased the property, and gave it to his daughter-in-law, the Princess of Orange and a royal Russian by birth: it is to her care the building owes its present state of preservation. Her royal highness appointed a Waterloo invalid as first guardian of the place.

Bonaparte brought Josephine here in 1812. Poor Josephine had no idea of old associations; she jumped from the sublime to the ridiculous at once on entering the "mean habitation," and startled the then proprietor by a burst of untimely laughter.

Many royal and illustrious names may be read on the walls of the principal chamber, and in the book in which the traveller is requested to write his name. Verses and pictures challenge somewhat impertinently the attention of the wayfarer; but as we sat down in the triangular arm-chairs, and turned from the dark recess in which Peter slept, to the ingle-nook of the deep chimney, and from the ingle to the dark recess again, we could realize nothing but Peter in his working dress of the labours of the day. There he was in the heat of an autumnal evening still at work, with books and slates, and instruments connected with navigation, before him on the rude deal table, and he plodding on, as diligently as a common mechanic, in pursuit of that knowledge by which nations are made great.

Zaandam is well worthy of a visit from Amsterdam. To us it appeared totally different from any place we had ever seen, though we have had considerable experience in savage and civilized countries. Its motley population gave it, in the first place, a peculiar aspect: fishwomen, with gipsy hats and parti-coloured petticoats, made the usually still thoroughfares ring again with the rattle of their wooden shoes; and here and there was a pretty creature from Friesland, with a jewelled bandeau across her fair brow.\* Not a lady, conventionally speaking, was to be seen; but we are sure there are *ladies*, Nature's gentlewomen, in Zaandam, from the elegant taste displayed in the tiny gardens bordering the canals which intersect each street. Up these canals glide the boats containing all merchandise and provision, and at short intervals are bridges connecting the thoroughfares. A few trucks, and a low cart or two, were to be seen on the wharf, but, save these, there was no sound of hoof or wheel in Zaandam. The clatter of wooden shoes, though, made up for it at times: and when these sounds died off in the distance, and evening fell, and children's voices were hushed in sleep, there was not a whisper, save the sighing of the trees and the ripple of the canal under the prow of some belated bark. And yet it was not dull. How could it be so, with those sweet gardens and garlanded windows, and the buildings, even to that very church, painted after the gayest fashion? Even the pebbled pathways were laid out in wreaths and stars and emblems, a rude mosaic, but combining, with the manifold colouring of art and nature, to make as pretty a show as you shall see on a bright autumn day; for it was in Peter's own month of August that we visited the very original miniature city of Zaandam. H. W.

\* The women of Friesland are remarkably handsome, and always wear a band of gold and precious stones across their brows. This diadem, often set with diamonds, is in curious contrast with their peasant cap of fine lace and their gowns of cotton print. The jewels of the mother descend to the eldest daughter.

## HOME TALES.—No. III.

## ANDREW COX; OR, KEEP YOUR PROMISE.

“WELL, how is the poor boy?” said Andrew Cox to his wife, as he entered his neat little home. “Better,” returned she briskly; “he has been sleeping these two hours; the doctor says he’ll do now.” “Thank God!” cried her husband. “The boy’s not mine, but I could not love him better if he were. A sack of sand could not be heavier than my heart has been all day.” “And who can help loving him?” said she; “he has been the best of children from the hour we took him. But, Andrew, you are right, I’m thinking; we shall hear no more of his mother. It is three years now since we have had a line or a sixpence from her. I wonder how she can behave so; how she could desert her own child, or us who stood her friend when nobody else would.” “There is nothing to wonder at in it,” said he. “One false step begets another. The girl who so far forgets herself as to bring a babe into the world with shame, will not be over-nice, I am afraid, about neglecting it, or deserting it altogether.” “I wish we could make girls think so,” said she. “But no; tell them how closely cruelty treads on the heels of what they call a tender heart, and they would not credit you.” “But it is so,” said Andrew. “A man’s worst passions lead him to sin; a woman’s best qualities it is that too often betray her into guilt.” “But if we should hear no more of her?” said the wife. “No matter,” returned he: “a promise is a promise. I took One to witness mine who will never forget it, nor will I.”

The persons between whom these words passed were a poor but honest couple, living in a small watering-place on the eastern coast. Andrew had formerly been a groom in a gentleman’s family; but, having met with an accident, he was obliged to quit service. For some time he had been employed in a stable-yard; he then bought a couple of donkeys, and finding this answer, he added to the number, hired a chaise till he could buy one, and, when this was done, purchased a mule, and thus by degrees got together a still-increasing business. His wife took in mangling, and was in good repute; so that, by their joint exertions, they had a comfortable living. The boy about whom they had been talking was the child of a servant who had come with a family to reside for a time at S——. She was far from home, among strangers, and was in much distress when she became known to Cox and his wife. They took the child to nurse; and, on her quitting the place, it was agreed that she should leave the babe with them, on payment of a sum which she promised should be sent to them quarterly. She kept her word for some years, but from the day he was six years old they had heard no more from her. Cox wrote several times, but received no answer; and all that he could learn was, that she was married, and had gone to live in another part of the country. This news served to bind them still more to the poor child. Cox put him to school till he was strong enough to go with the donkeys, or to turn the mangle, as he was wanted. He was not suffered to lose what he had learnt; for Andrew taught him in the evening, not only to read, but to write and cipher; nor were any pains he took with him lost. Joseph was soon well known at S——. There was no boy of his age so civil, so well-behaved, or so active as he, nor one who treated his donkeys better. He never beat them, never used cruel means to make them go faster; his word was enough; and when he began to run they were sure to trot or canter. He had to thank

Cox for this good trait in his disposition, as well as many others. "Remember," said that good friend, "that dumb creatures are not given to us by God, but only lent; and that we shall have to give an account to Him at the last day for the way in which we have treated them. They can't speak now, use them as you will; but a tongue will be found for them hereafter, and woe to that man or boy against whom it moves." Sometimes Joseph was allowed to drive the mule: for ladies not only felt no fear to trust themselves to his skill, but were pleased to have him with them. No kindness on their part, however, led him to take a liberty. He was taught to show respect to every one, and to bear in mind that, whilst modesty and civility made friends, conceit or rudeness would turn the best-disposed in his favour from him.

When Joseph was in his twelfth year, Andrew received a letter from his old master, Mr. Brooks, offering him the charge of his lodge, and employment in the stable-yard or garden, on very liberal terms. Having turned it over in their minds, both Cox and his wife agreed that it would be better to accept the situation. It was a certainty, they argued; and though they earned a tolerable living where they were, both were exposed to a good deal of fatigue, and his own health was by no means strong. The matter was settled at once. The donkeys and mule, to the great grief of Joseph, were sold, as were also the mangle and the little furniture they possessed. The day had been fixed for their arrival at Holly Grange, and the little party reached it on a beautiful evening in the height of summer. Andrew knew the place, but his wife had never seen it; and much as she had heard of it, she declared it was far beyond anything she had formed a notion of. Mr. Brooks was from home at the time. He had been taken ill on a visit to his daughter, and did not return till nearly six weeks afterwards. They had time, therefore, to get quite settled in their new abode, and never were people more pleased. Mrs. Cox could find nothing wanting to make it complete; she was only glad she had not lived in such a home at first, for it would have spoilt her for any other; and then her husband was so well, and his work so light and so exactly what he liked, that it amused rather than tired him. As to Joseph, no words could tell how happy he was. Even his favourite donkey, Lily, over whom he had shed tears at parting, was almost forgotten in the pony he was allowed to groom. At length the letter came to fix the day and hour of Mr. Brooks's return. Cox was at his post, and he opened the gate with bounding heart and cheerful eye, while his wife stole a glance at "the Master" from the window, and Joseph from behind a holly-bush which grew near the entrance. Mr. Brooks nodded and smiled at Cox in return for the low bow that he gave him; and the kindness of his looks, the beauty of the horses, and the grandeur of the carriage, were the subject of that evening's talk at the lodge. All went on well for a week. At the end of that time Joseph, happening to catch the sound of wheels, was in an instant at the gate, and, with a bow almost to the ground, he held it open till Mr. Brooks had passed through. He did not see the look that was fixed on him, nor hear the question that was asked of the footman; but, having closed the gate, he ran into the house to tell with glee the honour he had had. The next morning Andrew was ordered to the hall, and was shown into Mr. Brooks's private room. "What boy was that that opened the gate for me yesterday?" said he, the moment the footman had shut the door; "I thought you had no children." "Nor have I, sir," said Cox; "the boy you saw is a poor deserted child, left on my hands by his mother." "I'll have no

boys here ; you must get rid of him." A ball from a musket would hardly have given him a greater shock. "I can't, sir," said he, coming forward ; "I can't, indeed I can't ; it will never do to turn my back upon him now." "When I sent for you," said Mr. Brooks, "it was in the belief that you had no child, no incumbrance, and none will I have. If you stay with me, you part with him." Cox was dismayed ; he attempted to plead the boy's cause. "I will have no words about it," said Mr. Brooks, checking him ; "what I have said I shall abide by : either the boy is gone before this day week, or the key of the lodge is brought to me." So saying, he turned himself to the table and began to write. Cox stood for a moment silent ; then coming in front, he said, "If you have given me these days to think about it, sir—" "For what else should I have given you them?" said Mr. Brooks, sternly. "Then, sir, if you please," continued he, "I have thought enough about it already. I should be proud, yes, happy and grateful, to stay here, and it will be a very severe loss to me every way to leave, but I cannot break the word I pledged to—" "To the mother?" said Mr. Brooks, raising his eyes : "you said she had deserted the boy." "To that God, sir," said Cox, solemnly, "who is a Judge of the poor man's act as well as that of the rich. To Him who hears me now, as then, I gave my word to be a father to the boy, and I must keep it. He is the child of sin, and sin shall not be his foe every way. He has eaten of my bread and drank of my cup, and lain in my wife's bosom as her own ; and if I now deny him food and home, a father and a mother's care, what blessing may I expect for the time to come? No, sir, I dare look difficulties and distress in the face ; I dare offend you, sorry as I am to disoblige you ; but I dare not run the risk of making God angry, nor will I do a deed that my heart condemns, though it were to serve myself to the utmost." He watched the countenance of Mr. Brooks with anxiety. "If you will not alter your mind," said that gentleman, "I shall not alter mine." "Then, sir," said Andrew, "I am ready to go any hour you name." "The day after to-morrow," said Mr. Brooks. As he spoke he again turned his shoulder towards Cox, who, bowing with respect, left the room.

The altered countenance of the poor man at once alarmed his wife. He told her all that had passed, but simply as it had happened. She burst into tears. "You are sure you won't repent of what you have done?" said she. "Quite certain," replied he ; "it is a terrible blow, but I feel I am right. If I keep faith with my God, He will, I know, keep faith with me. What security have I of any man's favour, if I must do wrong to win it? No ; I may sell my conscience to flesh and blood like myself, and find all my hopes of gain nothing but empty wind and vapour ; but who that ever took God for his Master, and served Him faithfully at all costs, found himself disappointed in the end?" Mrs. Cox looked at her husband with tearful approval. Not another word was said, not another drop shed, at least in his presence. They returned to S—, and again pursued their former calling, though under many disadvantages. Patience and industry, however, rarely fail of success, and matters began to look more bright, when a lady of the name of Manvers engaged for a constancy one of the donkey-chaises, with Joseph to drive her. His little history by this means became known to her ; and, having taken a great liking to the youth, she one evening desired him to tell Cox she wished to speak to him the next day. He was punctual to the hour, and that out of a feeling of respect. "I sent for you," said Miss Manvers, "from a wish to know what are your

views as to the disposal of Joseph : is his present employment quite suitable to him ?” Cox at once opened his mind. “ I know not what to do with him,” said he ; “ he now costs me many an anxious thought. He is of great use to me, but what he is doing is of no use to himself ; he is getting too old to lead the life he does, and he deserves a better. If anything was to happen to me, I dread what course, good as he is now, he might take. Horses are his delight, but a stable-yard is a bad place for youths ; and I have been made uneasy by the talk of a young man now visiting his friends, who is conductor to an omnibus at N——. There must be employment for all ; but, without casting a slur upon any one’s business, I should be very unhappy if I thought Joseph would take to anything of that kind.” Miss Manvers soon relieved him by expressing her readiness to give the boy first a year’s schooling, and then to bind him as an apprentice to any tradesman he might choose. Cox was full of gratitude, as might be expected, and Joseph was told the kind offer that was made him. Whatever Andrew’s pleasure might be, it was clear that Joseph shared but little of it. He would rather, he said, be as he was ; he was of use to the only friend he had ever known, and was doing his duty, and that was enough ; he could never leave them who had been as parents to him, nor could he be happy anywhere else. “ Joseph,” said Miss Manvers, “ take care that you are not deceiving yourself ; that you do not fancy you are showing gratitude when in reality you are seeking your own desire. Self-denial is the groundwork of every virtue ; and if at any time you have a doubt as to what is your duty, ask yourself which path will cost you most. That which promises pleasure at first is to be feared, and in most cases to be shunned ; that which looks least agreeable in the beginning is that which commonly brings most peace, ay, and most success, at last. What virtue did your father show when he left Mr. Brooks ?” “ He denied himself,” said Joseph. “ Right,” answered she ; “ and how can you best follow the example he set you—by being grateful in your own way and choice, or by yielding to his ?” Joseph blushed. “ But I should be sorry to sit all day long at any trade,” said he. Miss Manvers smiled. “ Nor does any one wish you. What say you to being a farrier and blacksmith, as you are so fond of horses ?” The youth caught at the idea. “ I will do as you and my father wish,” said he ; “ and if life and strength be spared me, it shall be seen how grateful I can be.” The good providence of the Almighty granted what he desired. He was steady and upright, and became so useful to his master, that he took him almost as soon as he was out of his time into partnership. His first act was to place Cox and his wife, who were now in years, in a comfortable home. “ God be thanked !” said Andrew, as he looked around and saw the care that had forestalled every wish and want. “ God be thanked ! we chose the right Master—the only one on whom any man may rely. God be thanked that I did not mistake my path ! It was His mercy that prompted the wish to do right, and it was His mercy alone that made me fulfil it.”

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#### COURAGE.

THE brave man is not he who feels no fear,  
 For that were stupid and irrational,  
 But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,  
 And bravely dares the danger nature shrank from.

JOANNA BAILLIE.



## LUNDY ISLAND.—No. VI.

THE morning was foggy and unpromising; but the prospect of lobster catching overcame the disheartening effect of the mist, and we were all upon the beach in pretty good time and in pretty good spirits. When we were at the water's edge the fog had lifted, not resting upon the water, but with a thin stratum of clear air between; through which we could discern the surface of the sea to a considerable distance beneath the fog, which still filled all the higher air, and enveloped all the land in a dense cloud. The massive headlands, progressively receding into the distance, loomed through the grey mist with fine effect; their grandeur heightened by the indefiniteness which they derived from their cloudy veil. We thought of some of the effects in Turner's pictures.

The boat was moored some distance off-shore, and we were indebted to the kindness of a brother fisherman, whom our worthy skipper hailed, for putting us on board in his punt. Here then we were embarked—Captain Tom and his man Dick, and we three idlers. Scarcely a breath of wind was stirring, and the misty air fell heavy and cold; but we pulled along inshore with hearty good will. The cormorants and gulls swept by us, wondering at the intrusion: the former, with outstretched neck and flapping wings, flying in straight lines, as if with some definite point in view, just as men of business press along Cheapside or Mincing-lane; the latter on easy graceful wing, sweeping round in circles, as if intent only on amusement, as ladies stroll in the parks. Presently came flying by two oyster-catchers, or, as the men call them, sea-pics, conspicuous in black and white plumage, and with beaks and feet as brilliant as red sealing-wax.

We passed some fine caverns in the cliffs, and on the points of rock far above were seen two or three of the wild goats, of which there is a flock on the island. It was amusing to observe with what fearless ease and precision of footstep they jumped and scampered about the peaks, delighting to come to the very verge of the precipice, and to run along the ledges not more than a few inches wide, or to stand upon the tottering masses, and gaze down upon the sea.

When we came opposite the half-way wall, where the granite takes the form of ancient masonry—so that one can scarcely help imagining that the cliffs are crowned with the remains of walls and towers, built by fabled giants of the olden time—we began to find ourselves once more in the midst of a dense population of birds. There were plenty of guillemots, speckling the grey rock with their dusky forms in rows of black dots. Their numbers appeared to render sitting-space an object worthy of contention; for whenever any of the flying squadron attempted to land, and to intrude himself among his resting fellows, he was invariably met with opened wings and beaks, and the most threatening demonstrations of resistance, like Cæsar when he landed on our shores from Gaul. But the characteristic bird here was the kittywake, or hacklet, a very small species of gull, with the upper plumage of a delicate French-grey hue, and the lower parts white. They also sat in rows on the narrow shelves, each one with a nest of dried grass beneath it, like so many Turks in a mosque, squatting each upon his own bit of carpet. Their size, form, and colour gave them the closest resemblance to doves—a resemblance which was not a little increased by some traits of their manners. Two sitting next each other would occasionally bring their beaks together in that playful toying manner which every one must have seen our common pigeons practise, and which is so much like

kissing that it is hard to imagine it any other than an expression of affection. It was suggested that one was feeding the other, but I am rather disposed to put the former interpretation on the action. The common name of this little bird is derived from its cry "Kittywake, kitty-kittywake;" but the sounds as correctly express the words "Get away, get away," which we took as a polite intimation on the part of the birds that our morning call was an unseasonable intrusion. We clapped our hands smartly, and the air was instantly filled with birds, though many of the sitters held fast to their nests. The guillemots flew out to sea, but the kittywakes, after a turn or two, in which their little black feet contrasted curiously with their snowy plumage, returned to pursue their domestic occupation.

We had lain upon our oars for a few minutes to gaze upon the birds, but time was going, and we had other fish to fry. The men accordingly gave way, and as the boat shot off, the little gulls, as if in joy, could not refrain from hastening our departure with renewed vociferations, rising at the same moment from every ledge, as if by common consent, of "Get away! get away!"

Near this part the cliffs become much lower than usual. Here, in the time of Charles II., a fort was erected, which was furnished with brass cannon. Local tradition commemorates this circumstance in the title of the Brazen Ward, still applied to this point; and the old brass guns themselves are said to be visible in calm weather and clear water, far down in the depths, whither they were thrown overboard by the French when the fort was dismantled. This event took place in the reign of William III. The stratagem by which the unscrupulous Frenchmen got footing on our island, which might well have been deemed impregnable, is curious as illustrating the usages of war.

The island at that time was more extensively cultivated than at present, and supported a population more than twice as numerous. Barley, potatoes, and all kinds of culinary vegetables were raised in great abundance; the fields were well stocked with cattle, sheep, and goats; a brisk trade was carried on in the skins of rabbits, which then, as now, perforated the barren slopes by myriads; and the resources of the inhabitants were increased by the sale of feathers and eggs, the produce of the sea-fowl which every summer tenanted their cliffs.

Confiding in the natural strength of their insular rock, the inhabitants dwelt in unsuspecting security, notwithstanding the war that raged abroad. One day an armed ship was seen to anchor in the roads. She hoisted the national flag of Holland, with which country England was at that time in amity; and presently a boat was seen to leave her side and pull for the landing. The crew, in imperfect English, contrived to make themselves understood. They stated that they had mistaken the proper channel, and had taken shelter in the road; that their captain was lying grievously ill, and that supplies of milk, and other little luxuries of that kind, would be a desirable addition to his comfort, and would be gratefully received. The simple people believed the story, and readily granted such supplies as were desired, which were regularly fetched for several days in succession. At length the crew reported that their captain was dead, and they requested, as the last favour, that if there were any church or consecrated ground on the island, they might be permitted to deposit the corpse in it; and they intimated also that it would be an additional favour if the principal persons of the island would be present at the burial. Everything was promised without suspicion; and the greater part of the inhabitants, arrayed in their

best garments, assembled to render the last honours to the foreigner, by following his body to the grave. They even volunteered their assistance to carry the corpse, as the chapel was more than a mile distant on the other side of the island, and the access to it was not as now by a good broad road, but by steep and difficult paths. The coffin, indeed, seemed more than usually heavy; but they supposed that the deceased captain might have been a very corpulent man, especially as Dutchmen are reputed to manifest a tendency to a somewhat bulky build; and, therefore, this circumstance passed without exciting any particular notice.

The little chapel is at length reached, the corpse deposited on a bier, and the burial service commenced. A little hesitation occurs; one or two of the foreigners whisper among themselves; and then one of them steps up to the islanders, respectfully intimating that the customs of their religion forbid those of a different persuasion to be present at that part of the ceremony which is now about to be performed. It will, however, he assures them, occupy but a few moments, after which they shall be readmitted to see the interment. The inhabitants comply with prompt courtesy, leaving the strangers in undisturbed possession of the chapel.

In a few minutes the door was thrown open, and a band of armed men rushed out, who took their astonished and unresisting hosts prisoners. The whole had been a *ruse de guerre*, a vile and complicated falsehood, with which the inhabitants, by their very kindness and courtesy, had been beguiled to their ruin. Instead of Dutchmen, they found that they had to do with their wily and bitter enemies the French; and learned, with un-availing regret, that they had helped to carry upon their own shoulders in the coffin those arms which were destined to make them captives.

The whole of the island was now ravaged without mercy; and, not content with robbing the poor people of such portions of their property as could be carried away, the invaders wantonly and wickedly destroyed the remainder. The historians of the time state that the island contained at this period fifty horses, nearly the same number of neat cattle, three hundred goats, and five hundred sheep. The greater part of the horses and cattle they hamstrung, so as to disable them for use, and the goats and sheep they threw over the cliffs. They took away even the clothes of the wretched inhabitants; and so bent were they on destruction, that a large quantity of meal happening to be in certain lofts, under which was salt for curing fish, they scuttled the floor, and so, by mixing the meal and salt together, spoiled both. They then went over to the fort on the eastern side, dismantled it, threw the brass guns into the sea, as I have already mentioned, and left the scene of their villainous exploit destitute and disconsolate.

A little way beyond the Brazen Ward, there is on a projecting headland a large square block of granite, with one end resting on a smaller piece, exactly in the same manner as a brick is tilted upon a bit of stick, to form a rude but effective trap for imprudent mice. The block rests on a smooth platform, and stands in dark relief against the sky; while just behind it there is a natural perforation in the rock, through which the light streams brightly. The Mouse-trap and Mouse-hole are the designations applied to these curious objects; and I thought them so interesting that I begged to be put on shore for a few minutes to sketch them. The swell made landing and re-embarking rather a ticklish business; but I managed to effect both the one and the other without a wetting, and found myself on one of the narrow ledges, just above the water-line, where I made the accompanying drawing of the scene:

We now approach Gannet Rock, that church-like mass of granite which I have before mentioned. It stands just in front of a projection of the



THE MOUSETRAP.

coast, forming with one of the points which we have just passed a little bay, somewhat deeper than a semicircle. We understood that the Admiralty had contemplated to select this as the site of the Harbour of Refuge, which has so long been thought desirable on the internal side of the island. It is supposed that a comparatively little outlay would effect the purpose here, as all that is necessary is to fill the interval between Gannet Rock and the Point, and to form a pier or breakwater from the outside of the former, so as to narrow the entrance to the Cove.

But by this time we had commenced the business which had been prescribed as the chief object of the excursion. All along this end of the island is excellent ground for lobsters, and here Captain Tom had sunk some thirty or more of his pots. These were in succession hauled up and examined. They are set at considerable distances apart, and the place of each is indicated by buoys of cork, affixed at certain intervals to the rope. But it was now spring-tide, and the time of high-water was scarcely passed; hence some of the buoys were submerged, their length of rope being insufficient for the depth of water. The position of these, therefore, could not be determined; and though the captain and his man knew by the bearings of the land whereabouts to look out for each, they had to wait for the successive "watching" of each buoy, as its first appearance on the surface is technically termed, before they could haul.

The form of a lobster-pot is generally known, as there are few of our rocky shores where the simple but effective contrivance may not be often

seen lying on the beach. Their principle is that of a wire mouse-trap; they are made of strong osiers, with a rounded top, the points bent inwards at the centre, so as to allow of the entrance, but not of the escape, of the lobster.

Each pot, on being hauled to the surface, was pulled on board; the next thing was to take out the prey, if any were there. These were of four different kinds—the lobster, the most valuable of them all; the sea cray-fish, or thorny lobster, larger, but in less estimation, the flesh being dry and somewhat hard; the common crab, the value of which is generally appreciated; and the spider-crab, or maia, of little value as food, though occasionally eaten.

It was interesting to notice the different habits of these species. The lobster was agile but cool, and thoroughly prepared for war, holding up its large formidable claws, widely gaping, in a reverted position over the back, so that it was rather a dangerous affair to get hold of one. The expertness acquired by practice, however, enabled the fisherman to dash his hand through the entrance of the pot upon the animal's back at the fitting moment, and suddenly to drag him up stern-foremost.

The cray-fish, active, but large and unwieldy, seemed conscious that he had no powers of defence to be compared with those of his cousin. The claws in this species are small and feeble; but, equally unwilling to be made a prisoner, he endeavoured by agility to supply the lack of weapons; flapping round and round the circle of the pot, by means of rapid and forcible blows with his expanded tail. We noticed the singular sound produced by this animal when excited; the bases of the antennæ are studded, as is indeed the whole surface of the animal, with prickles; and these it rubs with force against the sides of the shelly horn that projects from the forehead, by which a singular grating noise is made, accompanied with a very perceptible vibration. Our friend the captain, who has the misfortune to be deaf, protested that he could hear the sound distinctly whenever he touched the animal with his hand; but I am not sure whether this was not a confusion of senses, a mistaking of the vibration of which his nerves of touch were cognizant, for such as would have been appreciable by those of hearing.

The crabs, on the other hand, both the common kind and the spider, were sluggish, inert, and helpless; yet somewhat awkward to take hold of, and to pull out of the entrance, on account of their breadth. The spiders, too, like the cray-fish, are bristled over with stout, sharp-pointed spines. The contrast between the agile power of the lobster and the torpidity of the crab, when taken from their proper element, is very striking. The former, as I have said, presents his threatening claws to his adversary, like a warrior skilled in the use of his weapons and prepared to use them; leaping and springing about, at the same time, with a sort of dashing recklessness, as hoping to find some possibility of escape, even from the worst circumstances. The crab seems paralyzed as soon as he is taken out of the water. Though furnished with claws of a stony hardness, apparently superior in the power of grasping and pinching to those of his nimble cousin, he rarely attempts to use them; but folding them together, and crumpling up his legs stiffly across his breast, he is content to lie passive, and abide his fate. You may take him up in your hand, turn him over, and examine him; not a limb will he move; nay, you may even put him in your coat-pocket, and carry him for a mile, and, on taking him out, find him as patiently resigned as when you put him in.

As soon as the captives were secured, any pieces of old bait that remained were shaken out into the boat, to the no great delectation of our olfactories. This was destined to be thrown overboard, but not *here* upon the lobster-ground, lest it should interfere with the temptation of the traps. Fresh bait was now introduced: the fisherman, taking a piece of skate about as big as his hand, pierced a hole through it with a marlingspike, to receive a wooden skewer, pointed at one end and cut in a peculiar manner, with a sort of shoulder in the middle. The skewer, thus baited, was put through the side of the pot, and the point being inserted between the close-set osiers of the mouth, it was then tightly driven in with a stone. By this contrivance the bait is fixed within the trap at such a height as prevents the captives from getting at it readily, while it cannot be reached from without.

The peculiarly rough surface of the spider-crab renders its shell a suitable *nidus* for the growth of parasitic plants and animals; and I think we did not take an individual that was not studded more or less densely with zoophytes of the genera *Sertularia*, *Plumularia*, &c., sponges, and sea-weeds. Some curious forms inhabiting the deep sea are occasionally in this manner presented to the observant inquirer, which he would otherwise obtain only by means of the dredge.

The course of our examination of the successive lobster-pots had by this time brought us to the north-east point of the island. All the buoys had not yet "watched;" but there was here a tremendous sea running, and the swell kept setting us on the rocks so fast that not only we landmen, but even the fishermen, began to doubt the prudence of remaining in a situation so exposed any longer. Add to this that heavy thunder-showers had already drenched us to the skin; we were thoroughly cold, and our limbs were cramped from sitting for hours in the stern-sheets of the narrow boat. It was, therefore, not without inward satisfaction that we heard our friend Tom decide to give up the remaining pots, and make the best of our way into smoother water.

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#### WILD FLOWERS.

We are accustomed to look upon our common Gorse or Whin as one of the hardiest of plants; and growing upon our bleakest commons, and bearing well the sea-breeze, so unfavourable to plants in general, it might really seem to be so. Yet great heat or cold is alike unfavourable to this plant, and it will not thrive further to the south of Europe than Provence, while in the regions of the north it is unknown as a wild flower. In Russia it is sometimes reared in the greenhouse, and it is also regarded in Sweden as a tender plant. What wonder, then, that when the great Swedish naturalist saw our heaths covered with it, it filled him with joy:

"For Linnaeus  
Knecl before it on the sod,  
For its beauty thanking God."

The common Furze is to be seen on almost every heath, and gladdens many a sunny bank. Goldsmith calls it "the blossomed furze, unprofitably gay;" yet is it useful to birds and bees and butterflies, and many another living creature. But besides this, the young shoots afford a good pasture for cattle; and Knapp observes that on several downs in Wales, Devon, and Cornwall, the Furze-bushes assume commonly the appearance of large green

dense balls; every tender leaf being constantly shorn down by sheep and rabbits. The roots of the Furze are useful, too, in binding loose soil, and the plant is often grown on hill-sides for this purpose.



FURZE. (*Ulex Europæus*.)

Several of our poets refer to the golden blossoms of the Furze, which are to be seen gleaming in beauty, even when cold winds and snow have withered almost all other flowers. These remain,

“A token to the wintry earth that beauty liveth still.”

The common Gorse begins to bloom in May, and is beautiful even late in autumn; while the dwarf species (*Ulex nanus*), which is very like this, but smaller, blossoms in autumn: but the flowers of both species may sometimes be gathered throughout the winter.

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#### OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.

##### THE REDBREAST.—No. II.

THERE was evidently, in the olden time, a pretty generally diffused notion, that the robin strewed the graves of the friendless, who had none to cover

them, or to plant a flower on the tomb. It is not easy in later days to detect the origin of legends; but in this case there is one practice of the bird, which, combined with his love of man, might suggest the notion to some imaginative mind. If the spot on which the robin builds its nest is not well hidden by the surrounding foliage, the birds often cleverly conceal it, by amassing a number of withered leaves around the spot. The mother-bird will also sometimes, when leaving her nest, cover over the eggs in the same way. Shakspeare calls our bird the ruddock; and it is still in some counties called so. It is doubtless a corruption of redcock.

But much as the robin wins our regard by its confiding companionship, yet it must be confessed that it has a trait of character not quite so pleasing. It is well known to be among the most pugnacious of birds, seeming to hail with delight any opportunity of making a quarrel, and driving away, with most determined resistance, any intruder into the domain which it considers its own; so that two nests are rarely found near together, thus confirming the old Latin proverb, "Two robins cannot dwell in one bush." Nor does the redbreast fight only with birds of its own species. The poor house-sparrow, itself rather a quarrelsome bird, if one may judge from its perpetual clamours with its companions, is pecked at when no harm is done by our wilful robin; and even the little merry, gentle, peace-loving hedge-sparrow, or dunnoek, is buffeted with angry blows by this quarrelsome bird. It is just the same when kept in confinement. Either it must have a room all to itself, or it will fight perpetually with another bird, till one of the two is fairly conquered. Bechstein says, that if two redbreasts share a large room, they will divide it; and each taking possession of a half, will remain at peace, unless one should pass its limits, in which case war begins, and is kept up to the last extremity. This, however, is only in cases where the strength is pretty equal; for if one be much weaker than the other, the stronger robin will show its companion no mercy. If a petted redbreast should come to a spot and find another there, the poor bird will have no rest, but will be annoyed by every means which robins's petty rage can devise, even if it escape being killed. Mr. Thompson, in his *Notes of a Naturalist*, records several instances of the redbreast's pugnacity. It will, he says, in some cases completely blind it to its own safety, as he witnessed in a combat between two birds at Margate. This was commenced at the most frequented part of the town, and the redbreasts struggled together at the feet of the passengers, rose in the air while continuing the conflict, and finally fell into the harbour. Here they were picked up, still most pertinaciously clinging to each other. This writer, as well as other observers, has remarked that the tendency to fighting is greater during autumn than at any other season. He narrates a singular instance, which occurred at the close of September, 1835. "I heard," he says, "a robin warbling in a tree, in a small garden adjoining my house, and wishing to excite its attention, I placed in the window-sill a beautifully stuffed specimen of the bird, which was soon perceived. The song became louder and louder, and in longer strains, as if sounding a challenge. Presently he made a flight of inspection as far as the window, which, after an interval, was repeated, but in the shape of an attack. So violent was it, that he threw the stuffed bird to the ground from the height of two stories, pursuing it as it fell, and attacking it violently when down. I then perched it on an empty box standing in the yard, the live bird remaining within a yard of me while I was doing so, and the moment I withdrew a few paces, he renewed the charge with such obstinacy that I could easily have caught him; and on



my recovering the stuffed bird, he resumed his place on the box, strutting about with an expanded tail and an erect attitude, as if claiming and pronouncing a victory. Shortly after, on noticing the bird to be still hovering about the neighbourhood, I replaced my specimen on the window-sill, securing the stand by a brad-awl; and hardly had I done so, before the robin resumed the war by settling on the head of his unconscious foe, digging and pecking at it with the greatest rage and violence. I then interfered, and removed the object of strife, but the robin kept watch in the neighbourhood during the rest of the day, and was singing his triumphs even in the shades of the evening."

Country people say, that if a robin shows particular attachment to any person, it is a forerunner of his decease. A very little acquaintance with these birds will, however, show the fallacy of this opinion, for they are much pleased to be noticed, and quarrelsome as they are with other birds, are easily won into friendship with man. The writer of these pages had a robin which came daily and pecked the crumbs from the table: it would answer by a chirp, if spoken to caressingly, and throughout the winter slept in her bedroom, roosting on a nail in a corner near the ceiling. At night, while the candle was burning, it would sit perfectly still with its bright eyes peering at all that was going forward; and in the morning would hop and chirp about the room, most merrily, coming quite near for its breakfast. After this, it generally flew out at the open window, and at about four o'clock would hop about on the sill waiting for its reopening, when it would dart in and take its accustomed seat, chirping all the while its note of friendly recognition, and looking up as if waiting for a smile or word in return.

Redbreasts are very useful little birds in shrubberies, orchards, and gardens, and in many places are much encouraged by fruit-growers, on account of the number of insects which they devour; they dart down upon these, as they lie among the leaves or herbage, seize them when the plough or the spade turns them up from the earth, and may be seen shaking the earthworm in their bill, and breaking it up into little pieces before eating it. It must be owned that they will, now and then, regale themselves with some ripe currants, or carry some off to their nestlings; and they will bear away, too, the red berries from the daphne in the garden, which are poisonous to all animals save birds; nor are they afraid of the almost equally noxious fruits, which hang, in autumn, from the boughs of the woody nightshade. In winter, they are chiefly dependent on such grains and crumbs as they can find about houses; but who would deny to the little birds which will sing to us so sweetly, and which have during the summer so effectually cleared our gardens of insects, the meal which their small necessities require?

The robin is a very early nest-builder. A perfectly-finished nest has been found as early as January 14th, and may often be seen in February, when as yet the other birds have not thought of preparing a house; and by April the nests of the redbreast are very common. Two or three broods are reared in a season; and the nest is made of dried leaves, moss, and grasses, and lined with hair. The eggs are five in number, and are white, spotted with pale-reddish brown.

Various places are chosen by this bird for its nest, and Bishop Mant well describes such as are commonly selected:—

"Most of all to haunts of men  
Familiar, though to savage glen

And woodland wild he oft may roam  
 Secluded, oft his wintry home ;  
 No less the redbreast makes his bower  
 For nestlings in the vernal hour ;  
 In thatch or root of aged tree,  
 Moss-grown, or arching cavity  
 Of bank or garden's refuse heap ;  
 Or where the broad-leaved tendrils creep  
 Of ivy, and on arbour spread  
 O'er trellised porch or cottage shed."

It is in just such places as these that one would look for a robin's nest ; but our bird by no means confines itself to such, for it sometimes makes a selection of some most strange and out-of-the-way spot. Thus, a pair of robins have been known to rear their young in the festoon of an unused bed ; others, in a hothouse among some strawberry plants, and under the immediate eye of the gardener. Another pair strewed the withered leaves, by way of beginning, on the shelves of a gentleman's library, intending to rear their young ones in a learned neighbourhood. On one occasion, a pair of redbreasts chose for their abode a potato warehouse, close to a blacksmith's shop, which was frequently visited by the owners, besides that it resounded with the perpetual din of forge and anvil from the dwelling near it. Nothing daunted, however, the robins entered through an open window-pane, and built their first nest in a toy-cart, which was hanging over the fireplace. Many of the neighbours, attracted by the singularity of the circumstance, visited the nest ; but the birds reared their first brood in peace and hope. When the younglings flew away, the redbreasts began preparing for another family, and they made their second nest on a shelf opposite the former one, and close by a mouse-trap ; and here the nestlings thrived, till in due time they too went away to wood or garden. Choosing another shelf, in a different corner of the room, the old birds made a third nest ; and there in this moss-covered dwelling, placed on a bundle of papers, the four nestlings might be seen, on Midsummer-day, in their half-fledged state, fed by the mother bird, and watched on the outside by her mate, while several persons were looking on. It was well known that all the nests were built by the same robins, as the hen-bird was rendered very conspicuous by the loss of her tail-feathers.

The Rev. W. T. Bree relates a singular place chosen for nidification. "A few years ago," says this naturalist, "a pair of robins took up their abode in the parish church of Hampton-in-Arden, Warwickshire, and for two years in succession affixed their nest to the church Bible, as it lay on the reading-desk. The worthy vicar would on no account have the birds disturbed ; and accordingly introduced into the church another Bible, from which to read the lessons. A question has been facetiously asked, whether these birds were not guilty of sacrilege ; not so much on account of the daring liberty they had taken with the sacred volume, as for having plundered the rope-ends out of the belfry, wherewith to construct their habitation. Be this as it may, the old women of the village took it into their heads that the circumstance of the robins' building on the Bible was highly ominous, and foreboded no good to the vicar. It so happened that he died in the month of June of the second year of the birds' building in the church ; an event which no doubt confirmed the old women in their superstition—

"Ni frustra augurium vani docuero parentes :"—*Virgil.*

"Unless

My parents taught me augury in vain ;"—*Trapp's Translation.*

and will be remembered and handed down to posterity for the benefit of any future vicar, should the robins again make a similar selection."

The redbreast loses, in summer, nearly all the hue to which it owes its name. The first appearance of the red colour is about the end of August, but the bird is not fully red-breasted till the close of September. Young redbreasts are very different in plumage from the adult birds, as they are marked all over with rust-coloured spots on a light ground. The robin is very generally diffused over England, Ireland, and Wales, and is also an inhabitant of the northern counties of Scotland. Though a resident with us through the year, it is migratory in some of the colder countries of the continent. There are ornithologists, also, who think that the female and young birds leave us in the winter, as none but male robins haunt our houses and gardens at that season.

In some countries, where the legends so favourable to the robin are unknown, these birds are caught by dozens for the table. This is the case in Greece; and Mr. Waterton saw them exposed for sale in the markets of Italy.

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THE FERN TRIBE.—No. V.



TREE FERN.

THE next Fern which is to engage our attention is the beautiful "Male Fern," *Lauræa Filix mas*. This is one of our most magnificent species, the fronds rise in large tufts, and many of them to a height of from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 feet: they are lanceolate and pinnate, the lower pinnæ being shorter

than those of the middle of the frond, though never so very diminutive as the lower ones of *L. oreopteris*. The rachis is bare for about one-third of its length, and very chaffy; the rhizoma is tufted, and in old plants rises considerably above the ground; it lengthens a little every year, and the crown of the rhizoma, from whence the fronds spring, appears as if seated on a stout stem; sometimes this crown assumes a pendant position, curving at the end as in our plate. Newman says, "this characteristic affords us a clue to that erect and elongated part which is called 'the trunk,' in Tree Ferns."

And here, though it may be considered as a little departing from the exact letter of our subject, it may, nevertheless, not be quite out of place to give an extract or two descriptive of the extremely beautiful appearance of these gigantic Ferns, as they are found in tropical climates; we quote from Mrs. Meredith's 'Home in Tasmania:—

"Our cattle track at length brought us into the enchanted valley Mr. Meredith had discovered; and not in my most fantastic imaginings had I ever pictured to myself anything so exquisitely beautiful. We were in a world of Fern trees, some palm-like and of gigantic size, others quite juvenile; some tall and erect as the columns of a temple, others bending into an arch or springing up in diverging groups, leaning in all directions, their wide-spreading feathery crowns forming half-transparent green canopies, that folded and waved together in many places so closely, that only a span of blue sky could peep down between them to glitter on the bright sparkling rivulet that tumbled and foamed along, over mossy rocks and under fantastic natural log bridges, and down into dark mysterious channels that no eye could trace out under those masses of Fern trunks, and broad green feathers over-arching it; and all around, far above the tallest Ferns, huge forest trees soared up aloft, throwing their great arms about in a gale that was blowing up there, whilst scarcely a breath lifted the lightest feather of the Ferns below." . . . "The stems of the Fern trees here varied from six to twenty or thirty feet in height, and from eight inches diameter to two or three feet; their external substance being a dark-coloured, thick, soft, fibrous, mat-like bark, frequently netted over with the most delicate little Ferns growing on it. One species of these creeping Ferns had long-winding stems, so tough and strong that I could rarely break them, and waving polished leaves not unlike Hart's-tongue, but narrower. These wreathed round and round the mossy columns of the Fern trees like living garlands, and the wondrously elegant, stately crown-canopy of feathers (from twelve to eighteen feet long) springing from the summit, bent over it in a graceful curve as even and regularly as the ribs of a parasol. In one we found a perfect living model of an ancient vaulted crypt, such as I have seen in old churches or castles. We stood in a large level space devoid of grass or any kind of undergrowth, but strewn with Fern leaflets, like a thick, soft, even mat. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Fern trees grew here, of nearly uniform size and at equal distances, all straight and erect as chiselled pillars, and, springing from their living capitals, the long, arching, thick-ribbed Fern leaves spread forth and mingled densely overhead, in a groined roof of the most perfect beauty, through which not a ray of light gleamed down, the solemn twilight of the place strangely suiting with its almost sacred character. Openings between the outer columns seemed like arched doors and windows seen through 'the long-drawn aisle,' and stray gleams of sunshine falling across them, were faintly reflected on the matted vault above us." But we must not linger

longer beneath these living temples built by the Divine hand, but return to the study of the *Filix mas*. The fronds of this Fern appear in April or May, at first entirely circinate; they are those to which we have before alluded, as looking like a large, hairy, brown caterpillar, curled upon the hedge. After a few days the apex droops, and the frond assumes the form of a pastoral crook; by degrees the pinnæ unroll, lengthen, and widen, and towards June the beautiful fruit begins to discover itself, rarely, however, appearing except on the upper half of the frond. The lateral veins are forked about half-way between the mid-vein and margin. After this fork, the anterior branch bears a circular mass of theca, which are covered by a smooth lead-coloured indusium, attached to the vein at the point where the thecæ are inserted. This indusium is more obvious and perfect, and lasts longer than that of any other British species; and the effect on the mature (but not decaying) frond is very beautiful, as it is of an almost lilac hue, and very regular in its arrangement, studding each pinna with a double row of smooth bead-like spots. This Fern, Gerard tells us, "joyeth in open and champion places, on mountains and stony grounds;" he adds, Dioscorides sayeth, "The Fern dieth if the reed be planted about it, and contrariwise that the reed dieth if it be compassed with Fern; which is vaine to thinke that it hapneth by any antipathie or naturale hatred, and not by reason this Ferne prospereth not in moist places, nor the reed in dry."

Schkuhr says, "Formerly this Fern and its root were applied to many superstitious uses, since divers vagabonds prepared from the latter, together with its young, incurved, and unexpanded fronds, the so-called 'Lucky-hands,' or 'St. John's hands,' which they sold to ignorant and credulous people, both in town and country, as preservatives against witchcraft and enchantment." He speaks of the same notions prevailing even when he wrote, recording an instance of a lady who had purchased one of these 'St. John's hands' for four shillings; adding, "I have known others buy little bits cut from such a hand, from four to eight groschen, to be given in drink to their cattle, as a means of protecting them against enchantment and witchcraft." The rhizoma of *Filix mas* is supposed to have many medicinal qualities, but has fallen into disuse in England, though still in considerable request in Switzerland.

Our fourth species, *L. rigida*, or the rigid Fern, is a very beautiful and distinct species, apparently confined entirely to limestone rocks in mountainous countries, but exceedingly profuse where it is found. Mr. Simpson says, "I never saw any Fern in such masses, several hundred fronds being together in a compact bundle, so much so, indeed, that when I had pulled about two hundred, no diminution of the number was observable." Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Yorkshire, seem to be its peculiar districts. The roots are long, and the rhizoma large and tufted; the stem is unusually thick at the base, and is very densely clothed with large red scales, which are present, though less abundant, throughout its entire length." The fronds vary a great deal in form; they are erect and pinnate, and in habit a good deal like *Filix mas*. All the pinnæ are pinnate, the pinnules somewhat stalked, and so deeply divided into lobes as to appear almost pinnatifid; the lobes are toothed, the teeth being without spines, a circumstance which distinguishes this species from the crested Ferns, with which it is usually confounded; the mid-vein of the pinnule is waved, the lateral veins alternate, and each forked almost immediately after leaving the mid-vein. The clusters of capsules lie midway between the margin and the mid-vein: there are 10 or 12 of these masses very near together,

on each pinnule, and these finally become confluent: each mass is covered by a kidney-shaped involucre of a fine grey or lead colour, which is attached to the vein by a short stalk, placed in the lateral notch. The involucre is furnished with a fringe of stalked glands. Over the upper surface of the frond are scattered numerous minute, spherical, and nearly sessile glands, from which is probably emitted the scent which has induced many botanists to call this Fern "fragrans." These glands are more conspicuous in the living than in the dried plant, and impart to it a glaucous hue.

The fifth species of *Lastrea* is *L. cristata*, which is one of the most local, and confined to boggy grounds in a very few counties of England. One of the most marked peculiarities of this Fern lies in the rhizoma. This, which rises from numerous dark-brown matted roots, is very stout, and gradually increases in length as the plant increases in age, occasionally throwing off a lateral branch, which in the course of time also branches, until the rhizoma becomes a complicated mass, which throws up fronds from all its extremities. The base of the stem of each frond, instead of perishing with the frond, retains its sap and vigour for many years, and in time assumes so much the appearance of the rhizoma, that it is difficult to distinguish them. The fronds spring from the crown of each growing branch of the rhizoma, a few only in each tuft. The general character of the young frond is circinate, but the pinnæ are perfectly flat, the lower pair lying on the second, the second on the third, and so on. The frond is quite erect, the rachis bare about half its length, and clothed with scattered broad scales, semi-transparent, and of a pale uniform brown. The frond is narrow, linear, and pinnate, the pinnæ rather distant, short, broad at the base, nearly triangular, and attached by a stalk to the rib. The pinnules are very blunt at the apex, and serrated both at the point and along the sides. The capsules are in circular masses covered by a flat reniform involucre, the margins of which are sinuate, but not jagged or torn: these masses, which are much crowded, and finally become confluent, are placed about midway between the margin and the mid-rib, and are always confined to the upper portion of the frond.

The three remaining species of the genus *Lastrea*, *L. spinosa*, *L. multiflora*, and *L. recurva*, have usually been considered but as varieties of the same Fern, and classed together under the name *L. dilatata*, the Broad Fern. Newman himself has so named them in the earliest editions of his work; but on further consideration he has seen fit to rescind his former judgment, and to class them as separate species: we must therefore give to each a brief examination. The first named, *L. spinosa*, is distinguished by several characteristics which mark it as a separate species. The rhizoma is branching, somewhat like that of *cristata*, the roots nearly black, and much matted. Newman says that he has occasionally seen in woods, "patches that occupied many square yards, and on digging among the fronds with a trowel, has found the tufts so connected with each other as to justify the opinion that the whole owed its existence to an original single rhizoma." The stem much resembles that last described, and is clothed with similar scales. The frond is nearly erect, more so when growing in marshes and commons than in woods. The first and second pair of lower pinnules on the lower pinnæ are about of equal size, and are nearly twice as long as the upper ones. The entire frond is characterized by a flat surface, having neither the convexity which marks *L. multiflora*, nor the concavity exhibited in *L. recurva*. The veins in the pinnules are

alternately branched, each set of branches entering a division of the pinnule, and bearing a circular cluster of thecæ on its anterior branch: these clusters are covered by a flat kidney-shaped involucre, the margins of which are sinuate, and *without* stalked glands, a character which distinguishes it from the two following species; the thecæ form a regular double line, the mid-vein of the pinnule passing up the centre. The fruit is rarely found on the lower half of the frond.

*Lastrea multiflora* is universally distributed throughout the British Isles, growing luxuriantly in moist woods, and in warm sheltered places attaining a great size. The crown of the rhizoma in this is densely clothed with brown scales, much longer and narrower than those of *L. spinosa*. The young fronds, which rise early in May, are characterized by a very remarkable peculiarity; the main stem of the frond, instead of being regularly circinate, is doubled near the insertion of the second pair of pinnæ, and turns back, forming a kind of loop. In favourable situations, this noble Fern attains sometimes to the height of five-feet dimensions, unequalled by any British Fern, except the common brake and the *Osmunda*. The fronds are pinnate, the inferior pinnules on the lower pinnæ much longer than the superior; each lateral vein supplies one lobe, or division, of a pinnule; it is always branched, and each branch bears a circular cluster of capsules; and it is consequently much more thickly and irregularly studded with fruit than the preceding species. The thecæ are covered by an irregular and somewhat reniform involucre, whose margins are uneven, and fringed with transparent glandular bodies, either stalked or sessile. The fronds of this Fern are not only much longer than those of *L. spinosa*, but larger and heavier, and also of a deeper green colour; the divisions of the frond are more numerous, and the capsules more abundant; but the large, long, and pointed scales on the stem, with dark middles and pale sides, furnish a mark by which this Fern may be always known.

Our last species, *L. recurva*, grows amidst grass, both in exposed and rocky situations, and also in warm and sheltered woods, especially near water-courses. The frond has a more crisped appearance than either of the preceding; but its strongest characteristic is having its lowest pair of pinnæ much larger than the other, so as to give to the frond a triangular appearance tapering to the apex. The frond at its first appearance is regularly convolute, and at its first unfolding, these larger pinnæ are very conspicuous: it is, when mature, of a very graceful drooping habit. The stem is dark purple in colour, naked about half its length, and clothed with narrow *toothed* scales. The inferior pinnules are generally larger than the superior, and the first of those on the lowest pair of pinnæ much exceed any others in size. The colour is a most lovely green, and its every division is partially concave. The frond is thickly covered with nearly globular whitish bodies of a glandular character. The scent which distinguishes this Fern is probably emitted by these. The circular capsules which are distributed very regularly over the whole frond, are partly covered by a slightly-convex, reniform, and generally lead-coloured involucre, the jagged margins of which are beset with glands of the same kind as those on the frond.

We have now concluded the catalogue of the individual members of this extended and distinguished family, the *Aspidiaceæ*, the name of which is derived from a Greek word signifying "a little buckler."

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

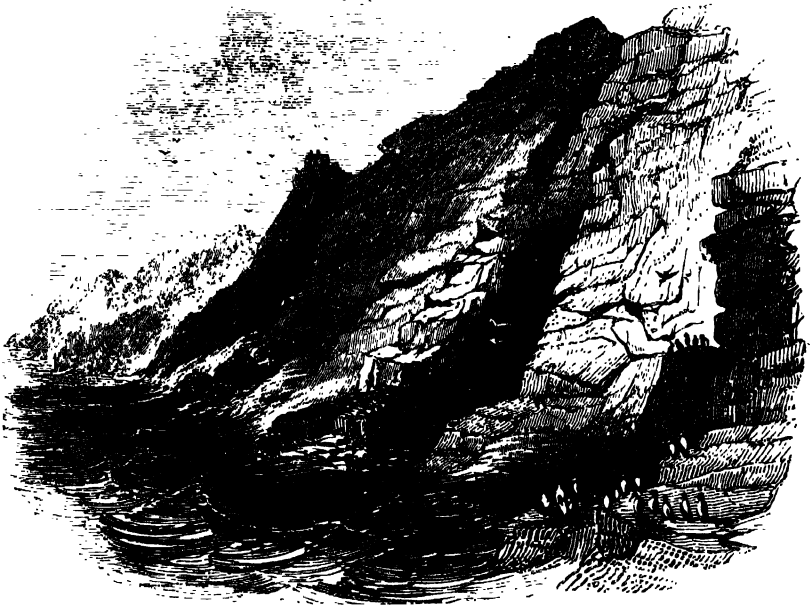
A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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LUNDY ISLAND.—No. VII.



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVERN.

We had contemplated another pleasure to be included in this little trip, which we felt reluctant to relinquish, although the rain by this time had begun to come down in that settled, steady manner, which makes you feel that it intends to do business for many hours to come. The men had put an oyster-dredge into the boat; and I for one looked forward with interest to a first essay in rifling the treasures of the deep sea.

On the eastern side of the island the proprietor, some years since, had endeavoured to form an oyster-bed: the ground was suitable, and he had



stocked it with living oysters. The result of the experiment had not as yet been tested, and it was proposed that we should make the first examination.

The dredge, as most of my readers are probably aware, is a bag attached to an iron frame, one side of which is bent outward, so as to form a sort of lip or edge, for the purpose of scraping the ground. The lower side of the bag, or that which drags over the bottom, is formed, not of any textile materials, but of large iron rings, interlocked so as to make a loose chain-work. To a bridle across the mouth a rope is attached, of sufficient length to allow the dredge to lie on the bottom at a considerable distance astern. In action, the dredge is dropped overboard carefully, so that it shall fall lip downward; the rope is allowed to run out to a sufficient length, and is then passed over the stern, and belayed. The boat is now rowed, or sailed, if the wind be fair, over the ground; and its motion being communicated to the dredge, the iron lip scrapes up and lodges in the bag whatever lies loose upon the bottom. The mud, sand, and shingle, which are scraped up also, and everything, in short, that is much below the size of an oyster, passes through the iron meshes or links of the chain, while everything above their size is retained. After awhile, according to the judgment of the operator, the dredge is hauled up, and the proceeds examined. For this purpose the rope is shifted to the middle of the boat, and the contents of the dredge are emptied out.

Our success was not very encouraging. We made three hauls, and brought up a few oysters, which were tolerably good. Some of them were evidently old fellows, so old that we conjectured that they might possibly have been among the original fathers of the colony. The rough and laminated shells of these were studded with small seaweeds and zoophytes, and several of those agile creatures, the brittlestars, were sprawling their long flexible limbs, like so many snake-tails, over their surfaces. Some of the zoophytes I preserved for microscopical examination, when I should arrive at home; and their elegant forms and curious structure well repaid the observation.

Among them was the beautiful *Plumularia Catharina*. This zoophyte, which may be taken as the representative of an extensive family, grows up like a tiny plant, having a single stem, with many branches, like a miniature tree, or many stems, springing up in a tuft or cluster, like a shrub. Both stems and branches are composed of transparent horny tubes, forming false joints at frequent intervals, and developing at various points little shallow cups. This is the skeleton. Every part of the tubular stem and branches is permeated by a fleshy core or pith, which in every one of the little cups develops itself into a polype, having many highly-sensitive tentacles, which expand like the rays of a star around the mouth. When in health and undisturbed, these exquisite organs are stretched in all directions, resembling so many threads of spun glass; but on the slightest touch, or even on a shock being given to the vessel in which the animal is kept, the tentacles contract into shrivelled and shapeless lumps, and the whole animal shrinks down to the bottom of its cup-like cell.

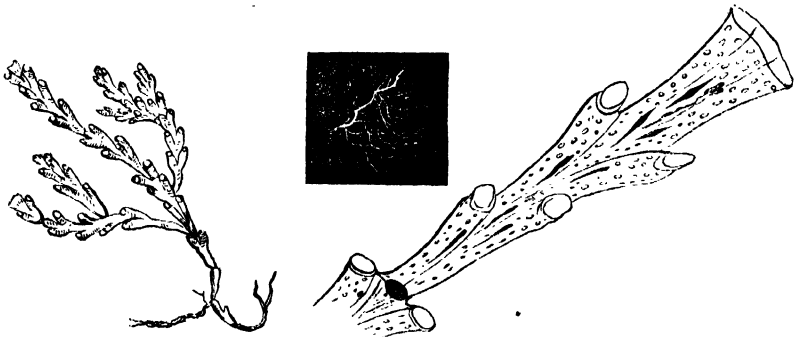
Another of the plant-like polypes was *Crisia eburnea*, called by Ellis the Tufted Ivory Coralline, an appellation which well indicates three of its prominent qualities; its stony coralline texture, its delicate whiteness, and its habit of growth in little bushy tufts, about an inch in height. The cells here are short tubes, and the polypes, which project from them, have a much higher organization, a more complex form, and more precise and

energetic motions, than those of the *Plumularia*. The tentacles in this species are not contractile in their own substance, but are capable of being



PLUMULARIA CATHARINA.

closed together in a parallel bundle, and of being withdrawn into the body, as into a sheath. They are again expanded by the turning inside-out of the integuments which sheath them, just as a stocking or a glove is reversed.



CRISIA (magnified).

The substance of the skeleton in the order of polypes to which the *Crisia* belongs, is composed of lime; hence they are brittle, and of a stony hard-

ness. If a small portion be held to the flame of a candle, there will appear, at the very edge of the flame, a light of most intense brilliancy, which is but another exhibition of the principle on which is produced the celebrated *lime light*, recently brought into notice for its superior power of public illumination. The whole of the substance of the cells, when viewed through a microscope, is seen to contain a number of clear oval grains, very much like the bubbles which we occasionally see in bad glass; they are, however, regular in size and in arrangement, and their appearance is represented in the accompanying engraving (p. 99). Their nature and use are entirely unknown.

Through one of these oysters I made my first acquaintance with another zoophyte of the same order, which has more the appearance of a membranous seaweed than an animal, the Bugle coralline (*Salicornaria farcininoides*). It forms many slender flattened branches, swelling regularly between the joints, and covered all over their surface with ridges or raised lines, set diamond-wise, and enclosing depressed cells of the same form. The polypes which inhabit these cells are probably similar in form to those of the *Crisia*; but I could not detect a single individual on the specimen that I examined, and I know nothing of them.

Upon the whole the excursion of this day, though accompanied with some unpleasant circumstances, from the state of the weather and the sea, was one of much gratification. The disagreeables were nothing, or at least they lost their disagreeable character, as soon as they had actually ceased; while the pleasurable emotions produced upon the mind were repeated as often and as long as memory dwelt upon them. For the memory of pain is not painful, while the memory of pleasure is often little less pleasant than the first enjoyment of it.

Dining with the hospitable proprietor, we gleaned some fragments of information on the natural history of this little isle, that we should have had no opportunity of learning by actual observation. The boggy moors in the elevated centre of the island afford a suitable rendezvous to the woodcock and the snipe; and sporting gentlemen occasionally come over, expressly to take the former on their first arrival, which usually precedes their appearance on the mainland by several days. Swallows and swifts we should expect to find here; but I was somewhat surprised to learn that the goatsucker is a regular summer visitor, as we commonly associate this bird with groves and woods, of which the isle is absolutely deprived. Among the occasional visitants were mentioned the rose pastor and the hoopoe, both birds of considerable size and of great beauty. The wild duck, the widgeon, and the teal, are sufficiently numerous to afford first-rate sport. The peregrine falcon breeds in the lofty cliffs, especially in those of the exterior side. One of the farm labourers showed me a pair of well-grown birds which he had reared from the nest; they were in excellent health and condition, and in full plumage. The nest had been rifled by a boy let down from above for the purpose, at that part of the perpendicular cliffs which is immediately over the Seal Cavern. The fellow was in the habit of feeding his pets with the flesh of the puffins and guillemots, which his dog would catch for him in any desired quantity. The osprey, though less common than the peregrine, is not unfrequently seen fishing around the rocks.

Of small birds, the chaffinch and the linnæus are common; but, what is strange, the sparrow is not found. The song-thrush is a constant resident, which finds its favourite food in the pretty-banded garden snail (*Helic*

*hortensis*) that is also common. The song of the skylark we had heard saluting the sun on each of the brilliant mornings that we had spent on the island; and the pipit was hopping and flitting about the rocks all round the coast.

We had already noticed many *insects*, but were hardly prepared to hear that an entomological gentleman, well known to us by reputation, had recently obtained, during a visit of only a few days to the island, more than three hundred species, the great majority of which were beetles.

The scenery of the western side is more magnificent than that of the eastern. The precipices generally attain a more stupendous height, and the prospect seaward is an entire semicircle of unbounded water, expanding to an immense width. Alternate indentations and projections in the line of coast, shallow coves and lofty promontories, occur all along; and as the visitor wanders by the margin of the cliff, he is continually charmed by newly-opening and ever-changing views of the shore, ever-fresh combinations of the massive granite rock, and resemblances the most close to vast works of human art.

One of these promontories appeared to me peculiarly grand, and tempted me to spend an hour in endeavouring to convey with the pencil somewhat of its character, though with only partial success. There was a cavern cut, as it were, in the nearly perpendicular stone, of great height, but comparatively narrow, and with the sides so nearly parallel and straight, that it looked like a gallery or passage built with Cyclopean masonry; while the massy abutments on each side were so symmetrical, sloping upward from broad pedestals, that I could almost have fancied them the enormous *propylea* of some old Egyptian temple, the stones of which were partially disjointed and disintegrated by the wear of four thousand years. The surf was boiling and beating without, rearing itself in futile rage against the foot of the promontory, only to be ever driven back upon itself, like brave warriors vainly assaulting the impregnable walls of some mighty fortress; or, as the poet has expressed it—

“Wrestling with rocky giants o’er the main,  
Which spurned in columns back the baffled spray.”

Within the cavernous gallery the water was smooth and glassy, rising and sinking indeed, with ceaseless undulation as the wave rose and fell, but reflecting as from a surface of polished steel the blackness of the obscure interior. The utter solitude of the scene increased its grandeur; no trace of man or his works, no hut, no fisherman’s net, no boat, not even a distant ship, broke in upon the majesty of nature; and though the thousands of sea-fowl were playing about the point, or sitting in crowded rows upon the steps and pedestals, their distance reduced them to mere specks, so minute as scarcely to be obvious to sense, and did not affect the general impression of loneliness.

Oh! it was beautiful to sit in the bright morning, in the deep quietude of these heath-covered heights, and gaze down upon the glorious sea! To get under the shadow of one of the mighty blocks, squared almost as if with the stone-hewer’s chisel, that crown, as if with ancient ruined fanes, almost every projecting headland, and there enjoy the beauty and the exhilaration of the sunlight, without feeling its oppression! And how rich and glorious is the flood of light that bathes every object in the unclouded sun of summer! How full and deep the shadows, how broad the lights on such a broken coast as this! How rich and lovely the colouring of blossom-

sheeted heath, expanded sea, and vaulted sky! "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun." What heart cannot respond to the exquisite stanzas of one who drew her inspiration from the grandest and most majestic scenes in nature? Who cannot sing her passionate lay 'To the Sunbeam?'

"Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,  
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all;  
A bearer of hope unto land and sea,  
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

Thou art walking the billows, and Ocean smiles;  
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles;  
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,  
And gladdened the sailor, like words from home.

From the inmost depths of the forest shades,  
Thou art walking on through their green arcades;  
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow  
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains,—a vapour lay  
Folding their heights in its dark array;  
Thou brakest forth, and the mist became  
A crown, and a mantle, of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot,  
And a something of gloom enveloped the spot;  
But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell,  
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,  
Flushing its waste like the rose's heart;  
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed  
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st thro' the dim church-aisle thy way,  
And its pillars from darkness flash forth to day;  
And its high pale tombs, and its trophies old,  
Seem bathed in a flood, as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,  
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;  
Thou scatterest its gloom, like the dreams of rest,  
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer. O what is like thee?  
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!  
One thing is like thee, to mortals given,  
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven!"

HEMANS.

The chief curiosity of this side of the island is what is familiarly known to the inhabitants as the Earthquake. It is a chasm, evidently the result of a great convulsion of nature; and local tradition confidently assigns it to that tremendous shock in 1755, in which Lisbon was overwhelmed, and which was felt over nearly the whole of Europe. The ascription to it of such an origin has been ridiculed, but on very insufficient grounds: no one, I think, can look upon it without feeling the conviction that it has been produced by an earthquake; and the one to which it is currently assigned is to the full as likely to be the true one as any other.

We were directed to pursue the coast-line, along the edge of the cliffs,

until we should reach the middle of the island, nor was there any difficulty in finding it, or in recognising it when found. It is a yawning chasm, or cleft, in the granite, running along in a line irregularly parallel to that of the precipice, for about five hundred feet. The width varies in different parts, but may be taken at fifteen feet upon the average. The sides of the cleft are quite perpendicular, to a depth of fifty feet. They are fringed with luxuriant ferns, and the common flowering plants that grow upon the sea-cliffs. The whole ground and rock round about, for some distance, is much shaken and broken into chasms and fissures.

There is a second smaller cleft, which I had wellnigh overlooked; though it is, in fact, the more interesting of the two. It is situated much nearer to the edge of the cliff, and goes down to a depth nearly double that of the former. The rocky sides, which are from three to six feet apart, are very plane and parallel, yet slightly approaching as they descend. We were able to scramble down to some depth in the narrow fissure, and to obtain a glimpse, through slender cracks and crevices, into cavities apparently large, but unconnected with the air, and utterly dark. They gave forcible intimations, however, that the tearing of the solid granite rock had been much more extensive than one would suppose from merely viewing the superficial chasms.

A short time ago a large and beautiful amethyst was discovered imbedded in the rock some distance down, partially exposed by the cleft, in the line of which it happened to lie. The proprietor, who had made the discovery, and who thus possessed a double claim to it, wished to obtain the aid of a professed lapidary in extracting it; but, meanwhile, some greedy and dishonest person, who had got wind of the discovery, endeavoured to secure possession of the prize. The unskilful hands and clumsy tools employed managed, indeed, to deprive the right owner of the gem, but with no advantage to the covetous plunderer. In the rude efforts to extract it, the beautiful crystal became split and crushed to worthless fragments. We saw the hole which the rough chisel had produced, and the remains of the lovely gem still partly embedded in the stone, but beaten and pounded to a purple dust. A much smaller specimen was subsequently discovered near the former; and this was extracted without injury. Its value, however, was far inferior to that which the former would have possessed.

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#### ANCIENT LONDON.—No. V.

It is certain that St. Paul did make considerable converts at his coming to Rome, which is the reason of his mentioning the saints in Cæsar's household. And it is not improbable that some of the British captives carried over with Caractacus and his family, might be some of them who would certainly promote the conversion of their country by St. Paul.

In association with the fact, which it appears fair to assume, of St. Paul's apostleship of Britain, the tutelary connection of his name with the city and cathedral of London may be remarked as worthy of consideration. The metropolitan church of London of Ethelbert's time was dedicated to St. Paul, "the apostle and doctor of the Gentiles;" but it is not known if the edifice was then first erected, or whether of older date, re-dedicated when the British church was reclaimed by Augustine, after its desecration by the Pagan Saxons and Angles, as recorded by the monk of Westminster, Flete: then "was restored the old abomination, wherever the Britons were expelled

their place; London worships Diana, and the suburbs of Thorney offer incense to Apollo." Wren, in preparing the foundations of the present edifice, found old foundations, consisting of Kentish rubble-stone, artfully worked and consolidated with exceeding hard mortar in the Roman manner, much excelling the superstructure, being the presbyterium or semicircular end of the ancient church, which he concluded to have been a Christian church at the time of the Romans, the superstructure of which had been destroyed in the Diocletian persecution.

This masonry is asserted by Wren to have been earlier than the time of Constantine, and he presumes it to have been built upon in the same form after the destruction of the first superstructure; and there is reason for the belief that here was planted the first edifice of the Christian church in Britain—perhaps on the very ground—the elevated site of the old Prætorian camp, where Paul may have first communicated the glad tidings of the gospel to the inhabitants of ancient Londinium. If it be objected to this hypothesis, that at that time the profession even of the Christian faith was discountenanced at Rome, and only manifested by the Christians secretly among themselves, it may be assumed that here among the mixed population of London, and at such a distance from the fountain-head of the Roman Government, indifference or toleration may have extended a degree of immunity not to be enjoyed in the imperial city itself, and hence a suitable asylum or place of refuge; and there appears some token of such immunity in the understanding that the Christians of Britain are not known to have undergone any persecution, at least not to the death, until the Diocletian persecution, when Alban is pointedly represented as having become the protomartyr of Britain. And it is worthy of remembrance how boldly and openly in many instances St. Paul maintained his high mission, and likewise that he carried with him peculiar privileges as a citizen of Rome; whence it may fairly be presumed that he found in Britain a field especially open to his ministry, and in himself great authority for the prosecution thereof.

The period recorded upon the stone found near Tower Hill, is the time of the excellent Marcus Aurelius. A letter, attributed to him, is said to have been written upon the occasion of his army having been relieved by a refreshing shower after enduring great privation from thirst, while a furious storm burst over the enemy with whom they were about to engage, and who were consequently thrown into confusion.\* This intervention was asserted to have occurred in answer to the prayers of the Christian soldiers in the Roman army, and the letter, addressed to the senate, declares that the Christians are not for the future to be molested in their religious opinions; but the authenticity of this document is not undisputed. Another letter, addressed to the council of Asia assembled at Ephesus, attributed to Aurelius, Eusebius states, forbids persecution, and confines punishment to civil crimes and not to opinions. Some toleration was exhibited by Trajan, who, although he did not remit the law against the Christians, opposed the fury of persecution. In like manner did Hadrian and Antoninus Pius, and the latter even threatened severe punishment to all informers. "In the reign of Commodus, the Christian churches," says Eusebius, "flourished very much in all parts." Indeed it would appear that the persecution of the Christians mostly proceeded rather from the tyranny of governors, and the outburst of popular enmity, than from systematic op-

\* This incident is represented in the sculpture on the Antonine column at Rome.

position on the part of the emperors. This is corroborated by the statement of Henry Dodwell, author of a treatise entitled, 'On the Paucity of Martyrs.' He argues that Origen acknowledged very few martyrs before his own time, that is, the middle of the third century, and long before the Diocletian persecution; that few of the emperors persecuted the church; that their rescripts prevented, as much as possible, both the popular tumults and the injustice of the provincial governors; that some emperors were friends and protectors of the Christians, and that others, though not friendly, were far from being violently opposed to them.

But to come to the evidence upon the stone itself, it may be a question whether the date, one hundred and seventy, is to be taken in the same sense as that of Anno Domini, reckoning from the birth, or, rather, to be read Anno Crucis, from the death of our Lord, which would bring down the date thirty-three years later, making the period of the inscription in the year two hundred and three, answering to the reign of Severus. The use of the cross decussata, or, as it is commonly understood, St. Andrew's cross, in Christian inscriptions, originated in the application of the Greek ch. (X) as a monogram of the word Christ; with this, in many examples in the Vatican, from the catacombs, the Greek R (P) is combined to carry the monogram a step further. In this form it appears on the Labarum of the Emperor Constantine, as represented on a medal of his time. It is alluded to by the early Christian poet, Prudentius, as a monogram:—

"A Christ was on the Imperial standard borne,  
That gold embroiders, and that gems adorn;"

and in another poem, he distinguishes the cross upon Constantine's standard as a type:—

"My Ensign let the Queen of nations praise,  
That rich in gems the Christian Cross displays;  
There rich in gems; but on my quiv'ring spears  
In solid gold the sacred mark appears."

The use of the Greek X is still preserved as an abbreviation in writing the words X-mas and X-tian. The cross of our Lord was not, probably, intended to be typified in the original use of this figure, which appears merely to have been adopted as a means of contraction; but in inscriptions of somewhat later date, the figure of the rectangular Greek cross takes its place, and supplies the type, while in some cases the Greek P being added as in the other form, suffices to indicate its use as a monogram as well as a type; and in some inscriptions, the rectangular cross is placed over, and the monogram current with, the inscription, as in Christ, &c. In the present instance the figure is in its simplest form, and with the accompanying part of the inscription reads, "year of the cross."

This remarkable vestige, with the associations suggested by it, are here dwelt upon, on account of its singular interest as the only existing monument of Roman London bearing a Christian character; and as the Christians did not allow their remains to be mingled with those of the heathen, it is to be believed that the spot where it was discovered had been the Christian cemetery of Roman London. It may be remarked that in the other inscribed stone shown in the accompanying woodcut, the name





Balpini, or Balbini, corresponds with that of an early Christian family, whose funeral inscriptions were in the catacombs at Rome.\* Some tokens of sepulture have likewise been discovered beside the road which entered London, at the north-east angle of St. Paul's churchyard by way of Holborn, supposed to have been the Prætorian way called Watling, or Gathelin Street by the Saxons. They are named in a letter of Mr. W. R. Smith in the 'Archæologia,' vol. 27. "Mr. Kelsey, of the Sewers-office, Holborn, informs me," says the writer, "that a few years since some Roman remains were met with at Holborn Hill, at a depth of eighteen feet. They consisted of an earthen urn filled with burnt bones, a large quantity of broken pottery of a pale-red kind, enclosed in an oaken case two feet nine inches square". By this it may be conceived that an avenue of tombs extended from the cemetery in St. Paul's churchyard alongside the road to the point indicated by the sepulchral deposit, in like manner with that at the opposite extremity of the City. Near St. Paul's churchyard a monument was dug up, supposed by Wren, who found it, to have appertained to a burial-place of the soldiers of the Prætorian guard, it being customary with the Romans to bury the military in the vallum of their camp. The monument in question was found on the spot subsequently occupied by St. Martin's church, Ludgate, and is now in the Arundelian collection at Oxford.



It consists of a slab seven feet in height by two feet and three quarters in breadth, bearing within a shallow niche the figure of a man in low relief, attired in a short tunic girdled round the waist, over which is a long mantle clasped at the throat by a fibula, the right hand upon a long sword, and the left holding what appears to be a scroll; but the sculpture is so much defaced that in this part it cannot be definitely made out. Over the niche is an inscription dedicated to Vivius Marcianus, a soldier of the second legion, styled Augusta, by his wife Januaria Matrina. The annexed copy is after a drawing carefully measured from the original at Oxford. Several erroneous representations of it have been engraved, chiefly copied from the plate in Selden's 'Marmora Oxoniensis,' which, among other additions, for which the

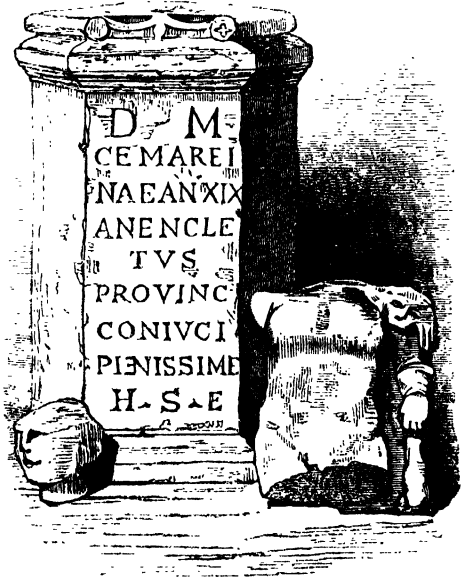
original does not offer any authority, gives the figure a flowing peruke. Upon this, Pennant grounds his statement that the figure represents a British soldier, "probably," he says, "of the Cohors Britonum, dressed and armed after the manner of the country, with long hair, a short lower garment fastened round the waist by a girdle and fibula; a long

\* Now in the Vatican.

sagum or plaid flung over his breast, and one arm ready to be cast off in time of action, naked legs, and in his right hand a sword of vast length, like the claymore of the later Highlanders. The point is represented resting on the ground; in his left hand is a short instrument, with the end seemingly broken off." "It is," he continues, "very differently represented by Mr. Gale. The hair in his figure is short, the sword also short, and held with the left hand across his body; the instrument is placed in the left hand, and resembles an exact baton; the dress also differs."\* I give the preference to the figure given by Mr. Horsley, which he corrected after that by Dr. Prideaux, from the Arundelian marbles. But Mr. Horsley fairly confesses that the representation is far more elegant than in the mutilated original. It would certainly appear with regard to those copies that, in the one instance, the draughtsman must have given an imaginary figure, and, in the other, the practice of rendering mutilated originals elegant, as suggested by the admission of Mr. Horsley, is sufficient to account for the most fantastic metamorphosis.

If Wren's assertion be correct, that the Prætorian camp occupied a near site of Ludgate, this piece of sculpture has the interest of belonging to the earliest of the Roman monuments discovered in London; for we are not to consider the Prætorian camp a permanent feature in Roman London, but only as incidental to the period when London was a military station. That the ground at the top of Ludgate Hill had been so occupied, or by some other fortified place, appears more than probable, by the evidence of a vallum which is clearly understood to have contributed to its defence, and which is corroborated by the locality, when discovered, of the monument above described, and likewise by the same token as regards some other

remains, supposed also to be of military character, which were found near the former built into a bastion of the City wall, west of Ludgate, and are now placed in a yard at the back of the London Coffeehouse, in the extension of the premises whereof they were brought to light. These remains consist of the torso of a Hercules, one foot and a half in height, the left arm resting on a club, having over the shoulder the skin of the Nemean lion, the mutilated head of a woman, in stone, and a hexagonal pedestal, in height three feet eleven inches, inscribed to Claudina Martina, or Matrina, by her



\* This latter is copied in Maitland, 1756; but not having been reversed on the copperplate, the print gives the sword in the right hand, but reverses the position of the mantle, which here appears disposed over the right arm instead of the left as in the original.

husband, Anenetus Provincialis. This epithet is conceived by Gough to signify a soldier belonging to a troop raised in the provinces. The age of the wife at her death, as stated on this monument, is nineteen years; but by the omission of the final numeral in the first engraving of it, by Basire, it is made to appear only eleven, an error which has been repeated and commented upon by others who have neglected to refer to the monument itself.

ASSYRIA—COSTUME.—No. IV.

THE hair, both of the head and beard, was remarkably copious, and was evidently tended and cherished with the same elaborate care as that with which it is regarded in the East to this day, or even more. The former descended, in a large mass, carefully curled at the tip into four or five rows of small close-set ringlets, upon the shoulders, where it was supported on each side by a loop formed of the descending mitre-ribbon. The hair was waved, but this effect, if not merely a conventionalism of the artist, was doubtless produced by the hair-dresser. The beard was disposed in small curls all over the face and chin, but, below it, was arranged into a long square form, reaching to the breast, composed of spiral rouleaus, with series of small curls occurring at regular intervals. The king and the vizier, in early times, had two or three series, each consisting of three or four rows of curls. The fashion in Shalmaneser's time was slightly different; four series of curls interrupted the rouleaus, each composed of but a single row, except the last, which had three rows. Inferior officers, such as the royal grooms, cultivated the same style, but with only one or two rows of curls. The moustache, trimmed and curled, was worn on the upper lip.



COIFFURE OF STATUE.

The "dyed attire upon their heads" which the prophet Ezekiel describes the Chaldean princes as wearing, probably alluded to their copious and elaborately-trimmed hair and beards, which seem to have been dyed black like those of the modern Persians. Xenophon describes the Medes of his day as habitually wearing false hair; and some have supposed the ample coiffures of the Assyrians seen in the sculptures to have been artificial. Their amplitude alone is no sufficient reason for such a conclusion; since hair and beards equally voluminous are quite common in the East at this day, especially among the Persians. It is not improbable, however, that false hair was worn, since another fashion mentioned in the same passage as common

to the Medes was certainly practised by the Assyrians. We allude to the staining of the eye-lids, eye-lashes, and eye-brows with a black pigment, to

heighten the brilliancy of the eyes by the contrast of colour, and to impart a peculiar softness and beauty of expression to those organs. This custom appears to have prevailed among many of the ancient nations; besides those already mentioned, the Egyptians, Hindoos, Babylonians, Jews, and Romans practised it, as do all the modern Mohammedan nations. The powder of lead ore, called kohl, is mostly used for this purpose, but sometimes the soot of burnt almonds, or fragrant resins, is substituted for it. The tip of a kind of bodkin, being moistened, and dipped into the powder, is inserted between the eyelids, when the motion of the eye instantly diffuses the stain all around the edge. The effect is fine, even to European taste. At present the practice is confined to women, but among the ancient Assyrians, as among the Medes and Romans, it was observed even by men. They used paints and cosmetics, also, to increase the delicacy of their complexion; and Mr. Layard informs us that traces of thick black and white pigments remained on the sculptures, particularly on the eyes, eyebrows, and hair, when they were discovered.\*

In the shoes or sandals worn, the protection of the heel was the object desired, and not that of the toes. An idea of the form, at least in the latter era, may be obtained by supposing one of our high-heeled slippers to be cut down in a diagonal line to the middle of the foot on each side, the whole front being rejected. It was retained on the heel, by a lacing which passed over the instep, and through three lace-holes on the outer, and two in the inner edge. Affixed to the sole was a stout ring, through which the great toe was passed, while from the ring, or from the sole between the first two toes, a strap, going to the instep-lace, maintained the whole firmly on the foot.

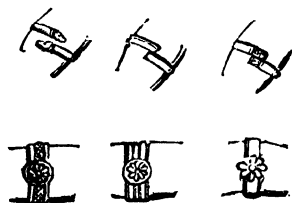
In the Nimroud era, the sandal, though of the same general form, was longer, the quarters reaching nearly to the base of the toes. The sole was much stouter and stiffer. The toe-ring is seen as in the later time, but the arrangement of the thongs was as follows: one proceeded from the toe



SANDALS.

to the binding of the sandal on each side, where there were two small loops or eyes, whence two straps passed across the instep. The toe-ring was sometimes ornamented, and was perhaps formed of precious metal. We perceive that the sandal was not prohibited as now, by etiquette in courtly scenes, nor by religion as of old among the Hebrews, in those devoted to worship.

From the point where the short sleeves of the robe terminated,—which was never so low as the elbows,—the arms were invariably bare of clothing, though commonly encircled with armlets and bracelets. The former were more frequently lacking than the latter; they were situated on the upper arm just above the bend of the elbow. In the Nimroud era each armlet sometimes consisted of a plain ring, doubtless of precious metal, the ends overlapping, so as to allow of their



ARMLETS AND BRACELETS (*Nimroud*).

\* 'Nineveh and its Remains,' ii. 328.

being opened to admit the hand and arm, and closing by their own elasticity when relaxed. Those of the king, and other high personages, occasionally had the two ends made four-sided, and ornamented with an embossed pattern, or fashioned into rams' heads.

At Khorsabad the plain ring was sometimes worn, occasionally with lions' faces for the two ends; but the common form was that of a rope or *fascia* composed of many parallel wires or strands, bound round at regular intervals by bands of the same. In every case, however, the armlet took two entire turns round the arm (instead of one as at the early period) before the ends overlapped.

These ornaments were in all probability made of gold or silver; and as they were very thick, their weight must have been great. They were, however, we may suppose, not solid, but hollow, like those ancient ones of gold, found by Col. Rose in a sarcophagus on Mount Lebanon; and indeed as they are worn at the present day. The weight, however, of those presented to Rebekah by Abraham's servant was ten shekels (Gen. xxiv. 22), or nearly five ounces, which we should find exceedingly fatiguing: custom, however, and vanity, counterbalance inconvenience. In other countries they were worn of much greater weight. William of Malmesbury (ii. 77) states that in the gorgeous ship which our own Earl Godwin sent to Hardicanute, there were eighty soldiers with bracelets of pure gold on both arms, each weighing sixteen ounces. But even these are nothing compared with those worn by the early Romans, which, according to Petronius Arbiter, were of the incredible weight of six and even ten pounds.

The bracelets worn by the Assyrians on the wrists at first exhibited little variety. The earliest form is that of a plain overlapping ring, exactly like the armlets, with the ends sometimes fashioned into rams' heads. The only variation appears to have been the addition of a large rosette on the outside, probably composed of jewels.

The passion for bracelets and armlets has increased rather than diminished in the East, with the lapse of time. The Assyrians never wore more than a single pair of each; but at present, it is not uncommon to see many crowded on each arm, so as to cover the greater part of the space from the wrist to the elbow. A single pair is frequently heavier than those given to Rebekah, being, as Chardin has observed, more like manacles than



BRACELETS (*Khorsabad*).

ornaments. The common construction, as of old, is a ring open at one part: the ends are frequently four-sided, and rope-like forms are not un-

usual. The precious metals are of course preferred by those who can afford them; but steel, copper, pewter, and even horn bracelets are worn by those who can procure no better.

Bracelets (probably including both kinds) were worn by men as well as women among the Hebrews. Judah wore them (Gen. xxxviii. 18), while yet resident in Canaan; and so did King Saul, for "the bracelet that was on his arm" was a part of the spoil of which the Amalekite stripped the body of the fallen monarch in Gilboa (2 Sam. i. 10). It is commonly thought that the bracelet was peculiar to royalty; but it certainly was not so among the Assyrians.

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HOME TALES.—No. IV.

JAMES BENSON; OR, NO MAN'S FOE BUT HIS OWN.

"JAMES and I are come to wish you joy on your birthday, grandfather," said a young man to an aged cottager, as he sat in the porch of his door, his head inclined over the stick on which his hands were resting. Mason looked up. "That is spoken well," said he, "life is a blessing, let us view it which way we will; whether for the comforts we enjoy, or for the means that lengthened days give us of making our end more peaceable and fuller of hope." "But that was not what I was going to say," said James, seating himself by his grandfather's side; "I wish you may live to see many more birthdays, and merry and happy ones too." "Thank you," said Mason; "but I am not sure that I could join you in that wish. My time is in the hand of Him who knows best what is good for me, and who can shorten or lengthen my days as He sees fit. All, then, that I can say for myself is, God's will be done, and may I be found ready to go whenever He thinks well to call me hence." "Well now, if I was you," said James, "I should like to live as long as I could, hale and hearty as you are; I know I do." "And who would dispute it?" returned Mason. "One would be sorry to see the sun go down before the dew-drop is dried, or noontide reached; and the love of life, as it springs from Him who gave it, cannot in itself be evil. The great thought, however, is to spend our time well, let it be long or short; he may have lived a longer, because a better life, whose raven locks are laid in the grave, than he who has tottered into it with bending knees and hoary hair." "And this is spending your life well, is it not," said James, gaily, "to be as happy as you can, to enjoy yourself, to laugh at your own troubles and help a neighbour through his, cast care behind your back till you are married, and have more children than seats to set them upon, or slices of bread to give them?" "Grandfather won't agree to that," said John; "he'll not advise you to be the rattling fellow you are, nor to go quite so often to the Grayhound." "Pshaw!" said James. "What, now, do I go there for? not to drink,—I hate it,—but for the sake of the company and the good music we get there." "Dangerous things always," said Mason, shaking his head, "and very bad ones, if indulged too far. Music is very pleasant, and is a sweet gift from God to man to cheer and soothe him; but it has its perils. Few men, I believe, in most ranks of life, and in ours especially, can say that a good voice, and the power to play on an instrument, have not proved a snare to them." "Ay!" said James, "that is, if a man is inclined to go wrong. The fault lies in himself, not in the music. He, for instance, that drinks too much in a public-house, would do just the same in his own home, if he could get at liquor as

easily. My maxim is, live while you may, enjoy yourself while you can, get in the best company you are able, be a friend to all, and a foe to none." "And no foe to yourself, above all," said his grandfather. "I should think not," said he, "who would be a fool then?" "But 'no man's foe but his own' is a very common saying," said John. "It is," said Mason; "but it is not the less foolish and false for that." "And what's more," said John, "I have heard you, James, declare often enough that you should like to have it said of you." "Hush!" whispered James, winking at his brother; "it won't do now; he's not in the right key for anything of the kind." "Said of you," repeated Mason, catching the words; "I hope not; at all events, I hope it never will be said of you. Boys! I once knew a man to whom that character was constantly given, of whom I believe that was said every day, and many times in the day." "I wish I had known him, too," said James. "What has become of him?" "His body has long since crumbled to dust," answered Mason, gravely; "his spirit is gone to Him that gave it; I can answer that awful question in no other way. I loved him, everybody loved him; he was the best-tempered, the kindest-hearted fellow, the pleasantest companion that ever lived; if he could do a service to man, woman, or child, your namesake, James, was happy. Old and young, grave or gay, all took to him; and he could be agreeable to all, useful to all." "Now that's what I call being just as a man ought to be," cried James. "There are other qualities necessary to make him really what he ought to be," said Mason. "It is not every bright beam that sheds warmth or wakens life in the sœd, be it never so cheerful. It was no good thing for poor James that he was so pleasant, or that every one was so fond of him. It led him into every one's house, into every alehouse-kitchen, ay, and into the parlour too; for he sung well, and was always merry; and there were many of his betters, and one especially, who always asked him in if he knew he was in the house." "Then to come to the pith of the tale," said James, "he loved a drop too much." "He did, he did," sighed the old man, "and more the pity. He had a sort of fancy business, and might have done very well if he had properly attended to it. As it was, it was not amiss; for though, perhaps, there were not many days that he was quite sober, he was very seldom seen drunk. It would, no doubt, have come to that in the end; for vice, be it what it may, never gets any sort of hold on a man without making itself master of him at last. I sometimes think that God, having foreseen this, in very pity to him took him away as He did." "What, did he die early, or leave the place?" asked James. "You shall hear," said Mason. "He married a nice young woman, by whom he had two children. She was a good wife to him, and he was to her, as he was to every one else, kind and pleasant as any female could wish; and as for his little ones, they doted on him. There was living in the parish at that time a landholder of much wealth, whose delight it was to make others tipsy. Drink had little effect upon him, though the glass was seldom out of his hand; and thus, while he himself was seldom or never seen disguised in liquor, nothing pleased him better than to see another in that horrid state." "What a fancy!" cried John; "I can't understand it." "Nor I either," said James. "For my part, I don't think there is a more shocking, a more disgusting sight than a drunken man. He makes a fool and a beast of himself, and—" "Not a beast," said Mason, quickly; "no creature of God's, except man, thus disgraces itself. Such a vice in man sinks him below the brute, which is to-day what his Maker made him at first, and which, like all his other works, is still worthy to be called 'good.' Be

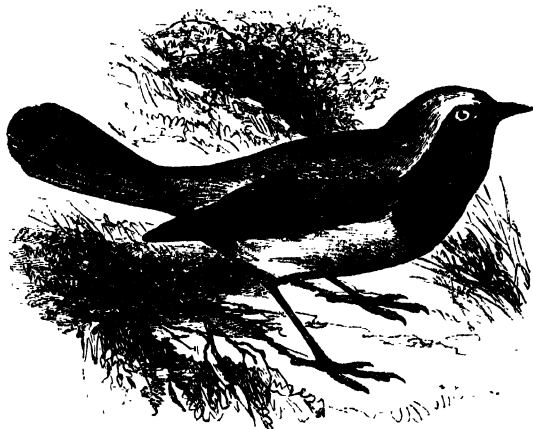
that as it may, this man, Lawson, was a pest in the parish; and, sad to say, the money he spent in making the husband and father a drunkard would have kept many a family from ruin, and fed many a mouth that knew the want of a bit of bread. Well! it was Christmas-time, and the weather was very severe; a sharp frost had set in, and the river was frozen. I have shown you where I used to live in former days; it was at some little distance from the bridge, at the foot of which stands the White Hart. I had been seized by the cold I expect, for I was taken all on a sudden so ill that I was forced to go home early in the afternoon. There was no one within but your grandmother; for all, boys and girls, were gone holiday-making to their uncle's. I was in great pain, and I suppose I groaned so loud that the sound caught the ear of poor James Benson, as he was passing that way. He was in the house in an instant; and no sooner did he hear what was the matter, and how we were fixed, than he offered to go for the doctor. Off he set, and was back in a few minutes. 'Here,' said he, holding out a bottle to me, 'you are to take this directly; Mr. Philips is engaged now, but he will see you presently. I'll pour it out;' and as he spoke he reached a cup from the shelf, desiring my wife to sit still while he waited on me. As I put the cup back into his hand, I lifted up my eyes to thank him. I saw at once how it was with him—a little more, and he would have been—" "Not half-seas over," said James, laughing, "but mid-seas, crossed a long way." "Just so," said Mason; "I was hurt to see it." 'James,' said I, 'where are you going? home, I hope.' 'Not yet,' said he, 'I have one or two places to call at.' 'No public-house, surely,' said I. James was no story-teller; he shifted his answer. 'Mr. Lawson,' said he, 'wants to speak to me.' 'Then don't go to him,' said I, earnestly; 'wait till to-morrow.' 'But to-morrow mayn't come,' said he; 'we are sure of nothing in this world, you know.' I looked at him. 'That's a truth,' said I, 'that will bear no jesting upon. Now, go home; go to your wife.' 'It's of no use,' said he; 'she's gone to supper with her father; he has got a strong party with him this evening.' 'Then go to her there,' said I, 'and don't spoil her pleasure in looking for you.' He made me no answer; he was eager to get away, but I was not willing to let him. 'Promise me,' said I, 'that you won't go to Mr. Lawson to-night.' 'I can promise nothing,' cried he, working himself out of my grasp, for I had taken hold of his coat; 'good night to you both, and make yourselves quite easy about me.' He closed the door hastily after him, and I listened to his steps on the hard ground till I could hear them no longer.

Easy I could not be. I was not worse in body than in mind. I was unhappy and restless every way. My wife could not persuade me to go to bed. I told her I would sit up till the young ones came home; so finding she could not get her way, she mended up the fire to keep me warm, and sitting down beside me, she sometimes took her knitting, and sometimes read to me. The clock struck eleven. I was just going to say, "I hope they won't be long now before they are at home," when hurried steps round the corner of the cottage startled us. The next moment the door was hastily opened, and your father came in. I saw directly something was amiss. 'Get me my old coat, mother,' said he, 'while I fetch the boat-hook. Oh! father, a dreadful accident has happened!' 'What, what!' cried we both in a breath. 'Poor James Benson has fallen over the bridge with such force that he has gone through the ice. Hark! they are at work already to find him.' By this time he had



changed his coat, and seizing the boat-hook, ran out of the house. I could not follow him. Oh, what a time of agony I may say was that! We could hear the heavy strokes upon the ice, telling us too plainly that the poor fellow was not found, and making us feel every minute's delay to be more fatal. We could hear voices, though of course the words could not reach us. All at once stroke followed stroke, violent and quick; crash, crash went the ice. I caught hold of my wife's hand. 'They think,' cried I, 'they are near him; God grant them success.' The next instant there was a stillness like death, and then such a shriek. 'Tis his wife! 'tis his wife!' sobbed your grandmother; 'they've found him, and he's dead.' We wept together." The old man paused, and shading his eyes with his hands, the tears were seen trickling through his fingers; nor were the young men unmoved. "Poor fellow!" said Mason, recovering himself, "he had gone to Mr. Lawson, who with some of his friends was at the Swan. Here he sung two or three songs, and was treated with as many glasses, Mr. Lawson, they say, mixing the liquor, and winking at the rest as he did so. He was quite fresh by this time. From the Swan he went to the White Hart, where was a party of his own friends. Again he sung some of his favourite songs, and then two or three joined in a glee or a catch, something about 'I've heard his knell.'" "I know it," said James; "'Poor Tom is dead, I've heard his knell, ding, ding, ding, dong, dong, bell.'" "That was it," said Mason. "When they had finished, some of them proposed running a race; so out they went, for the night was not dark. They started as well as they could. Benson made a dash forward with all his force, and how it was no one knows, he was over the side of the bridge in an instant, and out of sight at once." "And drowned?" said John. "No, his skull was found fractured; he might have been dead even before he was under the ice," replied Mason. "A subscription was set on foot directly for his widow and orphans, and a great funeral was made for him (at least for a man like him), the whole town taking a part in it; and the saying passed from one lip to another, 'Poor fellow, poor fellow! it is a sad thing; he was no man's foe but his own.' I felt those words then, as I feel them now, to be full of all that's false and wrong. No man lives to himself or for himself; he must have others depending upon him in some way or other; and thus, the moment he becomes a foe to himself, he must be a foe to them, and a foe too to many through his example. Such a one may wake and must wake our pity; but we must condemn him at the same time, or, what's more to the purpose, take warning from him. God is merciful; and to his own Master let every one stand or fall. But mark me, boys, and you especially, James, the Christian allows no such saying as that any vice can begin and end in him who commits it, and he tells you, that if such a thing was possible, that a man could be his own foe only, he yet stands guilty before God of a great offence. Life is a sacred trust, and like every other, to be accounted for; and it is given us to prepare us for a state far happier than we have now any notion of; it is therefore a proof of our Maker's love to us. He that injures himself, then, so far injures God as to defeat his mercy, and insults Him by showing how light he sets the gift he has received. Love yourselves, then, with such love as your conscience and reason approve, and take it for a truth, strange as it may seem, that he who loves himself too little, as well as he that loves himself too much, is a selfish man at bottom."

## OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.



THE REDSTART.

THE pretty, merry Redstart\* (*Phanicura ruticilla*), though by no means so common a bird as the redbreast, yet also haunts the dwellings of man, and comes to our orchards and gardens, or frequents the copses or borders of the larger wood. This brisk little bird flits along with great quickness, snapping, on its way through the air, at the insect hovering there, and seldom failing in securing its victim. Then, too, the elegant and bright creature hops along the ground with the greatest gaiety, vibrating its reddish tail continually; or sometimes it sits aloft on some tree, singing its soft sweet song, ever accompanying it with this vibratory movement, whether it utters it from the bough, or in its flittings through the air from one low tree to another. It seems very fond of ivied ruins, and as its song sounds in these romantic places, it reminds us of Wilson's words:—

“I could na' see the bonnie bird,  
She cower'd sae close upon her nest;  
But that saft ither sang I heard,  
That lull'd her and her brood to rest.

“Sweet through the silent dawning rung  
The pleasure of that lovely sang;  
And the auld tower again look'd young,  
That psalm sae sweetly stole along.”

This song, which is sung from morning till night, has been heard as early as three o'clock in the morning, when it had not ceased on the preceding evening before ten. Like most sweet singers, the bird has a delicate ear, and imitates, even in a wild state, the notes of other birds,

\* The redstart is five inches and a quarter in length. Upper parts lead-colour; wing-quills brown with pale edges; tail-feathers with their coverts rust-brown: forehead white; face, sides of the neck, and throat black; under parts pale chestnut. The female has the colours less decided; and wants the white on the forehead, and the black of the face and throat. Beak black; feet brown.

“embellishing,” as Bechstein says, “its natural song (composed of several rather pretty strophes) by adding the notes of other birds with which it associates.” One which had built beneath the eaves of this writer’s house, imitated pretty closely the song of a chaffinch which was hung in a cage beneath; while a neighbour of his had a redstart in his garden, which repeated the notes of a blackcap that had a nest near it. In confinement it is said by Sweet to be able to learn to sing any tune that is whistled or sung to it. One which he possessed, learned the “Copenhagen Waltz,” that it had frequently heard sung, only it would sometimes stop in the middle, and say “chippit,” a name by which it was generally called, and which it would repeat whenever its master entered the room, either by day or night. Other birds of this species have been known to imitate very closely the notes of the sparrow, and the songs of the garden warbler and the lesser whitethroat, the robin and the blackcap. Its own song, though soft and sweet, has little variation and no great force.

The name, from the Saxon, *steort*, a tail, is significant of the peculiar horizontal motion of this part of the bird, which motion does not resemble that of the wagtail, but, as a naturalist has observed, is more like that of a dog. The young redstart is so like a newly-fledged redbreast, that it would often be mistaken for it, were not this vibration of the tail so marked as at once to distinguish it. The bird is in many country-places called Fire-tail, from the bright red-colour of its tail feathers, and in some districts it is termed Bran-tail. The redstart builds its nest very loosely: it is made chiefly of moss and stalks of grasses, well lined with feathers, intermixed sometimes with a little down, or hair. The eggs are five or six in number, and of a fine greenish blue. The places usually chosen for the nest are holes in garden walls, ledges in outhouses, and retreats among the dark-green ivy. But the redstart is one of those birds which occasionally builds in some unusual spot. Thus, the Rev. W. T. Bree mentions a pair which once built under an inverted flower-pot, which had been accidentally left on a gravel path. The birds, of course, entered by the small drain-hole at the top, and much wonder was excited as to how the young birds were to emerge from this dark dwelling-place. But they were, as the narrator remarks, “eventually indebted to female curiosity for their emancipation. A lady lifted up the pot to see whether the birds were there; when the whole brood, taking advantage of so favourable an opportunity, made their escape, darting forth in all directions, like rays from a centre.” A redstart has been known to return regularly, for sixteen summers, to the garden where it first built.

The redstart is much attached to its young. If any harm seems likely to befall them, both the parent birds evince the greatest distress, and perching on some near spot keep up an unceasing clamour till the danger is over. While the hen-bird is hatching, her companion watches over her most carefully, and at the slightest alarm keeps up a repetition of some low, plaintive, garrulous notes of warning. The helplessness of the young birds seems an object of constant solicitude, nor is it alone the wants of their own young which can thus call forth their love and care. An instance is recorded in which a similar feeling was evinced for the young brood of other birds. A pair of redstarts built in the garden of the gentleman who relates the fact, and became very interesting to him by the affection which the male bird showed to his mate while sitting. This bird would sit on a tree near the nest, watching it with the greatest anxiety. Some days after it had been thus observed, the narrator, to his grief, saw

a boy throw a stone at the bird, and kill it. "On my going to the place the next day," he says, "I was excessively surprised to see a male redstart sitting on the very same tree from which, the day before, the other had been knocked down. On my going near the nest, it flew away, with evident tokens of alarm; and on my putting my hand to the nest, the hen bird flew off. All I need say in addition is, that the eggs were hatched; and the foster-father, for such he certainly was, assisted, as the cock-birds usually do, the hen in bringing up the young brood.

The food of the redstart consists of slugs, worms, various insects and their larvæ, and of several kinds of berries. It has been accused of watching the beehives, and seizing on the industrious little creatures when they emerged to roam the garden, but this charge seems to be quite without foundation.

The redstart is a summer resident with us from the south. It is in no part of Britain very abundant, and in some districts is a rare bird. In Holland, France, Spain and Italy, it is very plentiful: it also visits Germany, and migrates to Russia, Norway, and Sweden. It arrives in our island in April, and departs by the end of September. The French call this bird *Rossignol de mur*, though, as Belon says, in his *Portraits d'Oyseaux*, "In comparison of the nightingale it sings nothing of any worth."

The Black Redstart (*Phenicura tithys*) claims but a slight notice, since it is but an occasional visitor to our island. Its breast, instead of being red, like that of its allied species, is black as ebony. It delights in rocky, stony places, and makes its nests in clefts of rocks, in the wild, or builds near houses, in holes of walls, its little dwelling of grass, lined with hair. Bechstein says, that its voice contains a few high, clear notes, which may be heard from an early hour in the morning till night. It is common in most of the temperate countries of Europe and Asia.

The Blue-throated Warbler, or Blue-throated Robin (*Phenicura Suecica*), is another species, of which an occasional straggler reaches our island. Few instances only are recorded of its visits here; though during summer it is diffused over a great part of the continent. Its song is described as very pleasing, commencing with the dawn of day, and continued at evening, long after most singing birds have gone to rest. It is abundant in the South of France, especially in Alsace and Lorraine. In the latter country it is esteemed a great delicacy; and large numbers of these sweet little songsters are taken for the table.

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#### PETER THE GREAT.—No. II.

OUR readers may like to learn something of Peter's career after leaving Zaandam. In order to fix the date of that career on their minds, it may be well to mention that this extraordinary man was born in the year 1672, during the reign of Charles II. in England, and commenced his government conjointly with his brother John in 1682; he was therefore only ten years of age when placed by Fortune in his high position.

All the world has heard of Peter as the founder of the Russian navy; but little has been said of the mode in which he studied the organization of that military force with which he finally established the power of Russia, after conquering the Swedes under the renowned Charles XII.

When quite a boy he began by raising a little regiment of fifty youths;

and having clothed and drilled them after the German mode, he took the lowest post himself, did his duty scrupulously, told his young soldiers to forget he was a Czar, and enjoined them to pay deference, as he did, to the superior officers.

The Strelitzes—the established guards of royalty—looked upon all this at first as only playing at soldiers, especially as Peter, after the fashion of a boy with a new toy, lived on his pay, slept in a tent, and only attained the rank of sergeant when he had become entitled to it from his merits. In a word, though so young, he had learned the grand secret of commanding others—namely, by schooling himself into habits of obedience to lawful authority, and setting an example of adherence to the established rules of the community to which he belonged.

It was indeed well that God had seen fit to remove the elder brother John from the scene, for doubtless, in the course of a few years, sad strife would have taken place between the two. Their sister Sophia was at the bottom of much of the mischief; had she had her wish she would have enslaved both her brothers by inculcating a taste for luxury and indolence; but Peter's good sense, and stronger mind, kept him out of her temptations; and when he made his preparations for leaving his kingdom to go to Holland, he thought it best to shut up this plotting woman, lest she should tamper with his troops and ministers. With this part of Peter's policy we have nothing to do; Sophia deserved punishment for all the evil she had done; and as history does not record that her imprisonment was rigorous, we must hope that Peter's mode of securing her was merciful.

In the reign of King William and Queen Mary of England, Peter came over here, and worked in Woolwich dockyard. William, whom Peter had known as Prince of Orange in Holland, was very courteous to the Czar, and made him a present of a beautiful yacht. Peter took up his abode at Sayes Court—a house let to him by good John Evelyn. "He, Peter, did not little mischief in the house," says an old writer. Indeed, Peter was not quite so refined as might be desired by a landlord like "good John Evelyn," who had taken the utmost pains with his garden at Sayes Court, and could little understand the rough character of his tenant, who "used to drive his wheelbarrow," says the record, "through the fine clipt holly hedges." The "wheelbarrow," by the way, was probably a sledge.

Here, at Sayes Court, Cowley wrote sonnets; here Evelyn mused beside his glass beehives, and watched the growth of the mulberry-tree he had planted; here old Pepy's chattered; and here Peter studied anatomy as well as navigation, while "for pastime King William used to pay him a visit. For," says an old servant of Evelyn, writing to his master, "there is a house full of people, and right nasty: the Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. The king is expected to-day; the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in!"

This place of Evelyn's, in its present state, is well worth a morning's visit from London.

Sayes Court was at one time let to the famous Admiral Benbow. It was a public-house some years ago; and, in memory of its former tenant, was called the "Admiral Benbow;" but happily "the place is changed," and is now a grand emigration depôt. Through the exceeding courtesy of the matron of the establishment, we had an opportunity of walking

through it lately, while some three hundred emigrants were seated at dinner; and while the yard, in which we may fancy Peter the Great receiving King William, was crowded with men, women, and children, with all their poor property gathered round them, waiting for the hour of embarkation.

We were ushered into the house, and fancied we recognised Evelyn's "study," in the room with the window opening into the garden; and next this was, as we liked to believe, "the parlour," in which the king was "entertained."

The long room, in which the emigrants dined, was at one time, we think, two apartments. Oh, if "good John Evelyn" could have looked in and seen those three hundred Englishmen and women and little children standing up at the homely but neat and plentiful board, while one clear voice asked a blessing on the meal, how joyously would he have contrasted the scene with the days in which he occupied the dwelling in the time of Charles II.! How different, too, to the period of that "jolly sign," the "Admiral Benbow!"

After earning a reputation as a first-rate workman in England, Peter returned to Moscow in 1699, and continued his projects for the improvement of his people. He insisted on the nobility educating their children, and invited the cleverest men of the age to his palace. Of his wars we need not speak; but we may observe, that by dint of resisting other powers he strengthened his own. He built St. Petersburg, and made it the capital of Russia, and the residence of the Emperor, as the Czars are now entitled.

St. Petersburg owes its existence entirely to Peter's perseverance and energy; for, when the workmen began to build, the exhalations from stagnant waters on the spot were so offensive that they would not have continued their labours had not their practical Czar, with those everlasting tools of his, stepped in among them, and used pickaxe and shovel in helping to drain the swamps with his own hands!

Having established peace for a time, and still keeping Sophia a prisoner, Peter again set forth on his travels, accompanied by his wife Catherine, who, from being the servant of a general officer, and the affianced wife of a Swedish sergeant, had the good fortune to be educated by the good Lutheran minister of a parish. Education and intelligence had more charms for Peter than noble birth and worldly accomplishments; and Catherine and he suited each other admirably.

Peter made a great reform, as he considered it, in religious matters; but one of the most important acts of his life makes us wish that he could have stepped, with authority, into our weary Court of Chancery. This act was almost the last of Peter the Great; it was dictated from his death-bed; and by its provisions the determination of all lawsuits was limited to eleven days.

We have a few last words to say about the little boat to which Peter had been indebted for his first notions of shipbuilding. After all his success by sea and land, and when he had made friends with England, France, and Holland, he determined to have a festival in honour of the tiny vessel which had been the source of so much grandeur and prosperity. He had had it carefully preserved; and in 1723 he caused it to be brought from Moscow to Cronstadt, when he ordered it to be repaired and beautified. When this was done, the boat, "the small parent of so large a progeny"—as quaint Thomas Consett hath it—was

placed in the centre of the fleet, and the ceremony began by the homage of several pinnaces, which passed her by in succession, lowering their flags as they did so. At the return of the pinnaces, the rest of the fleet weighed anchor, and went into harbour, whither the little boat was also towed by a galliot.

She was then newly decorated; the imperial standard floated from her peak, and Peter steered her himself, while the admirals rowed her again through the crowd of vessels in the haven. At a signal from the admiral-general, the whole fleet fired a salute of seven guns; and then followed the thunder from twenty-two men of war, all blazing away at once.

After she had passed through the fleet, and again been rowed into the haven, "the dutiful children," says Consett, "paid their last compliment to their mother with one general roar of cannon; and this over, there was a grand banquet in the evening; the Court and flag officers assembling on the shore of the haven, and closing the scene with unanimity." A few days afterwards the boat was brought from Cronstadt and laid up at St. Petersburg, "to be taken care of."

Now, when we think of Peter's homage to this little boat, we are inclined to believe that whenever opportunities were offered him of serving those who had served him, he did it graciously and generously; indeed we have seen something illustrative of this in his acts towards his old acquaintances in humble life at Zaandam. Rude were the times in which Peter lived; but "trifles," they say, mark the character of man; and the Czar's conduct in regard to the "mother of his fleet," goes far to prove that he was not wanting in gratitude; a qualification on which men may not care to pride themselves, but which none are willing to admit they are without.

At the moment that we write, France and England, to say nothing of Turkey, are watching with intense interest the proceedings of Russia; and we may naturally speculate on what position the mighty empire would have held in the scale of nations, had it not been for Peter's foresight and energy in planning a navy, organizing a military force, and identifying himself with the practical details of the one, and the discipline of the other, until both worked together for the benefit of his country and his people. Thus it will be seen, the defence of his empire was his first thought: this arranged, he looked to its laws and social position; and, according to the talents given him, worked till death to make his kingdom great. Still we must never forget that, as the old French proverb tells us, "Man proposes and-God disposes;" and that Peter, like Napoleon, and all the mighty upon earth, have been but instruments—little tools in fact—in the hands of Providence, working out the will of the Lord to those grand purposes, which God pleases to keep at present "in the hollow of His hand."

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#### EDUCATION.

THIELWALL thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he; "it is covered with weeds." "Oh!" I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil in favour of roses and straw berries."—COLERIDGE.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION**

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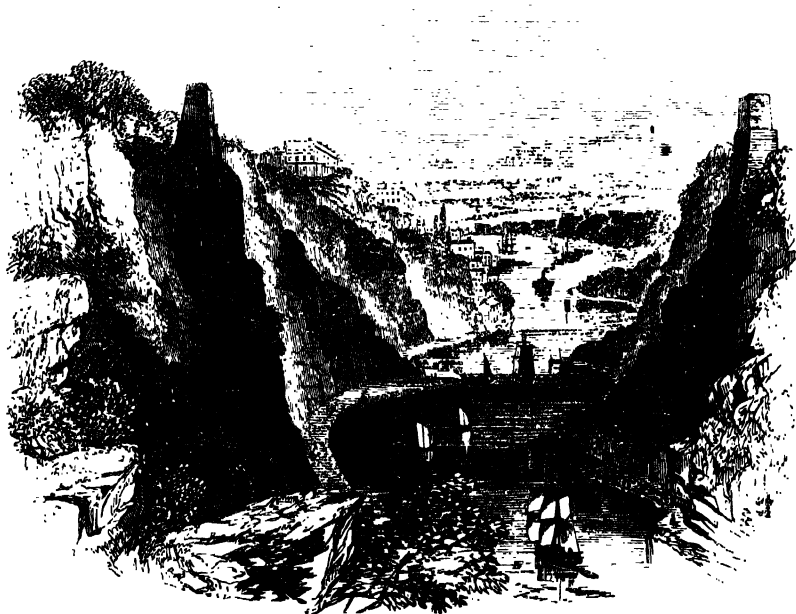
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CLIFTON.



“Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled  
High o'er the glimmering dale,  
Ye woods, along whose windings wild  
Murmurs the solemn gale.”

BEATTIE.

ON the Gloucestershire side of the Avon, and crowning the northern summits of its rocky cliffs, is situated the parish of Clifton, once a beautiful and romantic assemblage of woods, rocks, pasture, and down, but



which is now gradually succumbing to bricks and mortar. Crescents, squares, terraces, and villas with their gardens, have so extended of late years that the visitor of twenty years back, but for the surpassingly beautiful prospect it commands, would scarcely recognise the spot. As a town, built with every attention to luxury and adornment, Clifton differs but little from any other of our popular watering-places; and to be fully aware of its peculiar attractions, we must find our way to the highest point of St. Vincent's Rocks, a summit three hundred feet above the carriage-road which winds along the base. Here we find ourselves overlooking a ravine through which flows the river Avon; the richly-tinted rocks on either side shooting up precipitately to a vast height, so nearly equal, and the strata so nearly corresponding, that hardly a doubt can be entertained of the chasm having been formed by some violent natural convulsion. Between these ranges of cliffs, in a space nowhere exceeding one hundred and fifty yards in breadth, the Avon pursues a serpentine course for about a mile and a half. On the Gloucestershire side, for a long way, the cliffs are void of trees and verdure; but on the opposite banks of the river, spread the lovely woods of Leigh, which clothe the precipitous rocks with thick verdure, stretch for more than a mile in true forest character, and then melt away into a green mantle of young plantations.

These woods, the popular resort of the artist, the valetudinarian, and the pleasure-seeker, would now, we think, rather surprise Mr. Fosbrooke, who, writing some fifty years since, thus speaks of the view from St. Vincent's Rocks:—

“Were it not for the formalities which the hand of man has introduced, Clifton would be unrivalled. Saint Vincent's Rocks, once the appropriate residence of a hermit, still retain sublimity, in despite of the encroachments of art, and the paltry-lopped pollards as regular as an orchard, which ruin the beauty of the opposite side. Would it were clothed with oaks, contemporary with the Druids; for if it now be impossible to traverse the banks of the Avon without being attracted to the spot, what would it be if time, nature's workman, had been uninterrupted in his task?”

Nature's workman has, however, not been remiss in training up the pollards (which so disgusted the learned antiquary) to form a wood, boasting of almost every tree indigenous to this country, and which presents a scene of foliage as exuberant as it is varied.

The high point from which so magnificent a view is obtained, also commands a rocky pier, from which the new suspension bridge was intended to hang its slender threads, about nine hundred feet across, to a similar pier, on the summit of the opposite woodland. The abutments for this stupendous undertaking have long been finished, as well as the towers to support the roadway, but the chains are not suspended; for upwards of forty thousand pounds having been expended, no more money is forthcoming, and the undertaking has been abandoned. A bar of iron still stretches across, on which visitors were permitted to travel from side to side, in a wicker basket; but this fragile conveyance has been for some time removed.

Mr. West's observatory—which every one who goes to Clifton fails not to visit—stands in the centre of the well-known Roman encampment, the line of fortification of which is still easily traced, in the shape of nearly half a circle, having the steepest part of the cliff for its base, and forming one of the vast chain of encampments of which Bristol seemed to have once formed the centre. About ninety feet below the observatory, a cave called

the Giant's Hole opens out into the face of the rock. It is spacious, commanding a splendid view, and was formerly a hermitage. William of Wyreestre, who visited it in 1480, speaks of it, "as the hermitage with an oratory, or chapel, in the most dangerous part of the rock, called Ghyston Cliffe, situated in a cave of the rock, twenty yards in depth, in the same rock above the river Avon, in honour of St. Vincent, who suffered martyrdom at Valencia, in Spain A.D. 305." This statement of its having been a chapel was confirmed by Mr. West, who in making his inclined gallery and circular flight of steps as a mode of ascent from the Giant's Hole to his observatory, discovered the mullion of a Gothic window, or more probably of some shrine.

Clifton down is but of small extent, and St. Vincent's Rocks do not continue along its river front to any great length; but in the distance we may still see the Avon, skirted on its north shore by steep cliffs, known by the name of Black Rock, from the beautiful dark marble which its quarries yield, and which supply, from an inexhaustible fund, materials for repairing the roads in Bristol and its neighbourhood. The stone is sometimes polished for chimney-pieces, &c., but it is chiefly burnt for lime, for which purpose vast quantities are exploded with gunpowder, the sounds reverberating from cliff to cliff, with a singularly-startling effect. Close to the turnpike which divides Durdham and Clifton downs were formed, in 1836, the Zoological Gardens, now flourishing in full vigour, and offering other attractions, in the form of galas, athletic games, &c.

At the base of St. Vincent's Wells, and near to the river, stands the Hotwell House, a small structure of the Tuscan order, covering the celebrated spring which, for so many centuries, has attracted invalids. Its efficacy appears to have been first discovered by sailors, who used to resort to it for the cure of scorbutic complaints. According to the analysis of Mr. Herapath, chemist of Bristol, the principal contents of the waters are carbonate of magnesia, sulphate of lime, and chloride of sodium, in conjunction with carbonic acid gas and nitrogen gas; and being the nearest to common water, it is the safest mineral spring in England. It may be imbibed as a pure, slightly-acidulated fluid, to allay febrile thirst, and is also useful in dyspepsia. Chemically considered, it is said not to have sufficient properties to produce any sensible effects on the constitution, unless drank largely and for some length of time, though it once had a celebrity which led to its being securely bottled and sent to all parts of the kingdom. In fact, the salubrious air of Clifton has now almost superseded the fame of the tepid springs, an appellation much more appropriate than the term "hot" wells; for water, reaching at the utmost but  $76^{\circ}$  of heat, can scarcely be termed more than warm. Its real temperature is seldom found to exceed  $73^{\circ}$ , and indeed the water requires to be pumped for some time before it can be obtained at this degree of heat.

In 1755, a singular phenomenon is recorded as having occurred to the springs; the water suddenly became quite red, and so very turbid that it was unfit for use. The water, also, of a common well at Kingswood at once turned as black as ink, and so continued for upwards of a fortnight. The tide, also, of the river Avon flowed back, contrary to its natural course, and various other effects of some unknown convulsion of the earth were perceived in various places, and which were shortly after accounted for, by the fact of the great earthquake of Lisbon having

happened on the same day that the several phenomena were first perceived.

The climate of Clifton is peculiarly genial: it rains perhaps more than in most parts of western England, but the limestone rock quickly absorbs the wet through its strata, and the surface, therefore, in a few hours after the rain has ceased, becomes perfectly dry; and from this reason, too, scarcely any humidity exists in the air. The locality has consequently become a most desirable one for consumptive patients, who here find an alleviation of their distressing malady; the pure, mild, genial air and crystalline waters, mitigating for a short time the woes they cannot heal; for, that cures are too often sought in vain, the churchyards of Clifton and its neighbourhood bear most melancholy testimony. In alluding to this malady, which is justly called the "scourge of Britain," we cannot refrain from introducing the following statement given by Mr. Farr, who collated and commented upon the official report of the Registrar-General. It may perhaps draw attention to a subject of vital importance to the young. "This most fatal disease," remarks Mr. Farr, "attacks with most destructive partiality the female sex. Thirty-one thousand and ninety English women died in one year (1838) of the incurable malady. Will not this impressive fact" he continues, "induce persons of rank and influence to set their countrywomen right in one particular article of their dress, and lead them to abandon a practice which disfigures the body, strangles the chest, produces nervous or other disorders, and has an unquestionable tendency to implant an incurable hectic malady in the frame? Girls have no more need of artificial bones and bandages than the young of the opposite sex!" To this remark, Dr. Granville adds, "It is very justly stated that compression by costume prevents the expansion of the chest, and, with the indoor life which Englishwomen lead, deprives them of free draughts of vital air, whereby the altered blood deposits tuberculous matter with a fatally-unnatural facility."

The botanical features of the country round Bristol, and especially near Clifton Springs, are highly interesting. In a catalogue, recently compiled by Mr. G. H. Stevens (a resident), and published in the 'West of England Journal,' three hundred and seventy-five specimens are enumerated as part of those found in the immediate neighbourhood. Many of them are of extreme rarity, and of some, the habitats described are the only ones known in England. The richest fields are the downs, the rocks, and the woods of Leigh. The geology is equally interesting. The rocks, composed of carboniferous limestone, varying in colour from light red to brown, dark grey, and blue. In the fissures, numerous quartz crystals, rhomboidal stalactites, and dog's-tooth spars are found. The rock crystals are the hardest and brightest that this country produces, and for that reason are called Bristol diamonds; some in their colour resemble amethysts from the manganese which enters into their crystallization: where the bed is particularly ferruginous, they approach in colour towards the topaz; and in some specimens the crystals, owing to a basis of iron, are of a ruby colour. In the newer red sandstone formation, with the dolomitic conglomerate, saurian remains of great interest, as forming three new genera, have been recently discovered.

M. J.

## LUNDY ISLAND.—No. VIII.

In the angles and crevices that occurred in the obscure walls of the chasm, I found several colonies of that curious insect the seaside Bristletail (*Machilis maritima*). It is interesting to observe the brilliant refulgence of metallic colour bestowed on a creature nocturnal in its season of general activity, and haunting obscure recesses during the day. The insects of this genus are clothed with minute scales, whose edges lap over each other. In full-grown specimens of this species the scales reflect prismatic colours, undistinguishable, indeed, into individual rays, yet producing a combined effect of varied hues, very rich and lustrous. In many specimens, especially those of younger age, this colouring is much less conspicuous, or altogether lacking, being replaced by a dark iron-grey tint. The scales, taken singly, form beautiful microscopic objects; they bear the closest resemblance in form, structure, and markings, to those which cover the wings of butterflies, and to which all the varied hues and patterns of those lovely insects are owing.

We returned from the Earthquake through the Valley of the Punchbowl, the course of a little brook, which originates near the middle of the island, and forms there a pond of considerable expanse, and then winds, half-concealed, through a spongy bog to the edge of the cliffs. The smaller Duckweed (*Lemma minor*) was found partially covering the surface of the pool with a mantle of deceitful verdure; and one of the numerous kinds of pond weed (*Potamogeton*) was floating in the brook, together with the Water-crowfoot (*Ranunculus aquatilis*), a plant remarkable for the very diverse appearance assumed by its leaves under different circumstances. It commonly grows in the midst of water; such of its leaves as reach to the surface, and are exposed to the air, are three-lobed and very slightly notched; while such as grow immersed in the water are cut into narrow threads, almost as fine as hair.

The mossy bog, which felt to the foot as if we were treading on a saturated sponge, yielded us two interesting plants. The one was the Asphodel (*Nartheccium ossifragum*), a spike of small lily-like yellow flowers springing from a creeping root. The other was the Sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*), one of the few plants that form natural insect-traps. It was the first time that I had ever seen it in a living state, and I looked with much interest on its radiating crown of rounded leaves, each set at the end of a flattened footstalk, and covered with red hairs or bristles. On plucking a leaf to examine it more closely, we perceive that every one of these minute hairs is tipped with a globule of fluid, as clear as a dew-drop, but as clammy and adhesive as glue; capable of retaining small flies and other insects, which incautiously alight upon the leaves. This viscous fluid is exhaled by glands at the extremities of the bristles, under the influence of the sun's rays; whence the common English appellation, as well as the scientific one; the word *Drosera* being derived from the Greek *δρόσος*, dew. That the object of the secretion is the capture of insects is highly probable, from what we learn by comparison of these with other plants, where a similar end is obtained by different means; but of what benefit to the plant the prey can be, when captured and detained by so ingenious a device, botanists have not as yet been able to decide. It is conjectured that some element may be given out, during the decomposition of the animal substance, which

may be requisite for the sustenance, or at least the health, of these strange plants. Both the asphodel and the sundew were growing in considerable abundance in this particular locality.

We came now to the curious object which gives name to the little valley, the Punchbowl. It is a basin of the common granite, four feet in diameter, and one in depth, with an uniform thickness of six inches. Both the concave and the convex surfaces are segments of very perfect spheres; and the whole conformation is so regular as scarcely to permit a doubt that it is the work of art. And yet, when we inquire what could be the purpose of such a piece of sculpture, and how it could have got to a situation so wild, so remote from any trace of man, and altogether so unlikely as the side of this boggy valley—especially considering that its weight must have presented no small obstacle to its removal from any other locality—we know not what answer can be returned. The only suggestion that appears at all probable to my own mind, is that it may have been the baptismal font of some very ancient chapel, of which no other vestige now remains. Even its hard and solid substance has begun to yield to the gnawing tooth of time,—“*tempus edax rerum* ;” for the vicissitudes of the seasons are already dissolving the bond which united the heterogenous materials of feldspar, mica, and quartz, in one mass; and disintegrated nodules of the last-named substance are lying loosely in the concavity, as if a smart hailstorm had just expended itself.

We could not leave the island without paying a visit to the lighthouse. We had watched, evening after evening, from the thronged promenade of Capstone Hill, its brilliant torch-like flame, as it appeared, first a tiny spark, gradually increasing to a ruddy glare, then waning to a spark again, and, after a few seconds of total darkness, reappearing, to go through a similar evolution. Night after night, on those warm dewy summer evenings, had we lingered on the rocks, with scores of other idlers as interested as ourselves, to mark the first appearance of the light on distant Lundy, and, watch in hand, to count the moments, which, with unvarying regularity, elapsed between the successive revolutions.

The lighthouse, which has been built rather more than thirty years, is placed on the highest summit of the island; a point not quite five hundred feet above the level of the sea; but its own height elevates the lantern eighty feet above this. The white pillar-like structure is conspicuously visible from almost all parts of the island; and it often seems nearer than it really is. It looked but a very little way behind the Farm, but we found it the walk of a mile. Lapwings were wheeling round us with their well-known rapid circling flight, as we walked across the moor; uttering, sometimes close to our heads, and the next moment at a distance, their plaintive cries of “Peewit! peewit!”

The lighthouse appears a structure of great strength, built of massive hewn stones of granite, as well as the accessory buildings appropriated to the use of the lightkeepers. From the purity of the atmosphere on this lone rock, the whiteness of the stone is still unsullied by speck or stain; and the period of its duration is as yet too brief for the action of the weather to have had any perceptible influence in wearing down the angles of the stone, or even in defacing the lines of the quarryman’s chisel.

A staircase of stone steps leads up to the lantern, which is a room fifteen feet in diameter, surrounded by panes of thick plate-glass about two and a half feet square. The light is placed in the centre, within a cage, having an octagonal revolving frame: each of the eight squares, of which it is

composed, consists of many large lenses of varying powers, so arranged that the light shall be in the focus of all. In order to accomplish this, the central part of every lens, except the middle one, is cut away; and thus we behold a perfect lens in the centre, surrounded by successively-diminishing segments of larger lenses. Square mirrors are placed both above and below, in many rows, at such angles as shall reflect the light upon the surface of the sea.

The whole combination of refraction and reflection has the effect of producing a most intense glare, when the eye of the beholder is immediately opposite the centre of any one of the lenses. The power of the light, indeed, may be imagined, from the fact that it shines with a strong and vivid glare at Ilfracombe, which is twenty-two miles distant. But this intensity of light is only momentary: by means of wheel-work, the motive power of which is a weight-and-chain pulley, like that of a clock, the eight-sided frame revolves around the light, with a uniform motion, performing the complete circle in sixteen minutes. Thus a period of two minutes elapses from one moment of greatest intensity to the next; the interval being occupied by a gradual diminution of the apparent light, till the dimmest point is attained; and then a gradual increase to the brightest. At a great distance there occurs an interval of total obscurity; but this is only because the rays are too feeble to be appreciable so far. Within a circle of a few miles the light never quite disappears.

The fatality which the lanterns of lighthouses occasion to birds has been often mentioned; it is, however, a curious circumstance. Lundy Light, it appears, is responsible for its full share of these casualties. The keepers informed us that sometimes four dozen birds are found in a single morning, either killed or helpless, outside the lantern. They mentioned blackbirds as habitually flying against the panes, and fluttering down until they are caught in the gallery. Snipes dash against the glass with such force as to cut open their breasts; a result, no doubt, promoted by the sharp and knife-like ridge of the breast-bone. Probably many of these accidents are attributable to the early habits of birds, wakeful and active before the glare of the artificial light has been dimmed by the advancing day; but, doubtless, many occur to migratory birds, performing their long aerial voyage; as birds of passage are generally believed to perform their journey under cover of night.

I did not hear that these involuntary attacks had ever the effect of injuring the plate-glass against which they are directed; but at the Eddy-stone Lighthouse it is recorded, that one of the panes was shattered to pieces by the forcible flight of a gull, to which it was no less fatal. The bird was found dead in the gallery, a pointed fragment of the glass, two inches in length, having penetrated its throat. The force of the shock was less a matter of surprise, when it was discovered to be that large and powerful species, the herring-gull.

So great is the power of the lenses, that when the sun is shining, the keepers are compelled to exercise caution in entering the lantern for the purpose of cleaning the lamps. The concentrated rays would quickly set their clothes on fire, if brought into the focus; blinds are therefore necessary, which are always kept down during sunshine.

The lamp is a large Argand burner, of four circular wicks, placed concentrically, or surrounding each other, with intervals between. In descending, we were shown into a chamber filled with the large cylindrical glass chimneys to be used for the lamp: here they are kept in store, arranged on

shelves round the room. Eighteen dozen, as we were told, was the number that we saw. The stores are replenished at certain intervals from a vessel loaded and sent round by the Trinity House, to visit in succession all the lighthouses on the coast.

At the bottom of the edifice there is a second light-chamber facing the sea. Here are placed nine hemispherical reflectors, made of copper, polished and silvered within their concavity. They are set in two rows, four above five, arranged in the arc of a large circle. A lamp is placed in the focal centre of each, the smoke from which is led off by a tube, passing through each reflector to a common chimney behind.

This lower light is chiefly of use to ships when near the island. As long as it continues in sight, when approaching the shore, they are safe; but the moment it is shut in by the intermediate summit of the precipice, they are in dangerous proximity to the rocks, and must haul off till they see it again.

The fogs, which are so prevalent on this coast in winter, are the most fatal occasions of shipwreck. It is then in vain that the watchful keeper trims the lamp, and in vain the inventions of optical science are employed to magnify the light. The dense and blinding mist absorbs the rays, and intercepts the friendly warning. About three years ago, the keeper informed us, a vessel came ashore in a dense fog on the rocks just below the lighthouse. All the crew took to their boat, but were never afterwards heard of, being doubtless swallowed up in the tremendous surf that dashes in during heavy weather among those rugged rocks. One person alone was saved, a sailor-boy, but a passenger on board this craft. The boat had put off without him; but the crew, on discovering that he was left behind, told him to jump overboard, and they would pick him up. He, however, was afraid to do this, as he could not swim; preferring to take his chance where he was.

The poor lad remained on the wreck till morning dawned; meanwhile, the tide had receded, and had left the vessel high and dry upon the shore. He found he could with ease jump down from the bows upon the rocks below; whence, with no great difficulty, he clambered up the precipice, told his sad tale, and met with hospitality and sympathy.

After drinking in the wide-spread prospect lying in a vast circle around, looking by turns upon the long range of English and Welsh coast, upon the sea, sleeping and sparkling in the sun's bright rays, and upon the island beneath, whose whole outline the eye could here take in, almost as if it had been laid down in a map, we cast "one lounging lingering look behind," with a moral certainty that we should see that sight no more, and bade farewell to the lighthouse.

It proved indeed a farewell to the little isle itself; for, as we descended, we saw a skiff even now approaching the shore, sent expressly from Ilfracombe to fetch one of our party to a near relative in urgent sickness. There were several points of interest which we had only imperfectly, or not at all, examined; and we would willingly have spent another day on the pleasant little spot. But this was now out of the question; the case was pressing, the wind was fair, the boat was waiting at the beach; we took a hasty leave of our kind and courteous friend, and were in a few minutes skimming the waves, and looking back to the fast-receding rock, where we had spent a few days of almost unmingled gratification.

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## HOMER TALES.—No. V.

## ROSE MILLER; OR, THE SNOW-STORM.

It was a fine day in August when a middle-aged female tapped at the casement of a cottage. "May I come in?" cried she; "why is your door locked?" "I have been in the garden," answered Mrs. Harker, as she let in her neighbour, Mrs. Clark. "I thought it safer to make sure the door, for there are a great many strangers about now, you know." "Are you busy?" "Not very. I have this shirt to mend, that's all." "Then with your leave I will take out my knitting," said Mrs. Clark; "I am so tired of being alone that I should be glad of a little company." Mrs. Harker smiled. "You see what a thing use is," said she; "when your young men and women are all out, you think yourself quite lonesome; while I, who have no one here but myself all day long, have no such feeling." "Haven't you, indeed?" returned she. "I often tell my young folks they make so much noise I should like to run right away from them; but I fancy I should be readier to come back than ever I was to go." "I'd warrant you would," said the other; "no burden fits the back so well as its own; and well for us it is so, if we could but think it." By this time Mrs. Clark had seated herself on the threshold, and Mrs. Harker had drawn her chair to the entrance. As the last words were spoken a young woman walked by. For the moment Mrs. Clark bent her eyes on her knitting; but no sooner had she passed the door than she leaned backwards, and, laying her hand on the pavement, she continued to gaze after her. "Poor thing!" sighed Mrs. Harker. "She's out of sight now," said Mrs. Clark, settling herself as before, and knitting with double earnestness to make up for the time she had lost; "she wouldn't give us a single look." "She never does," said the other; "her eyes are always on the ground, and if you don't speak to her, she never does to you." "Have you seen the baby?" asked Mrs. Clark. "No; she never carries it into the street," said Mrs. Harker. "I don't believe she would show herself there, if she could help it." "Well, I think she makes too much of it," said Mrs. Clark; "she's not the only one by dozens that has done as she has, or will do again." "The offence is common enough, indeed," returned Mrs. Harker; "but that does not make it less. So much the worse that girls have not more grace than to act in such a way. So much the worse that, like Rose, they don't feel, as they ought, that they have lost their place in society, and, with their innocence, forfeited their right to the respect that is due to innocence only." "Pooh, neighbour!" said Mrs. Clark, "you are too nice. It's wrong, I don't deny, but she mayn't make the worse woman for it; after all, I shouldn't wonder if she and Willy came together at last." "Never, never!" cried Mrs. Harker. "I know Willy too well for that; and as to poor Rose, how can she, or any other female, win back that she has parted with—the name, the feeling of a virtuous woman? No; a girl may blazon out her shame, and others may look on it as we do, as a sin of no deep dye; but her own heart will tell her a truth she can never deny, and she will be forced to own, to herself at least, that penitence, even in God's sight, cannot bring back the purity she has lost, and that she can never again be in any man's eyes that which she was before she went astray." "Ay! well," said Mrs. Clark, "much as they say Rose feels it, I grieve more for poor Willy than I do for her, he is such a nice young man." "I grieve for them both," said the other.



"Oh! it is a sad thing when vice steps in between the young and good, and crushes the flowers that were blowing in their path. Shame on the heartless wretch, I say, whether he be poor or rich, who betrays her whom it is his duty to protect."

The parties of whom these women were speaking were neighbours' children. Their parents lived close to each other, and almost from infancy Willy King and Rose Miller were playmates and friends. They went to school together, returned together, and might always be seen going hand-in-hand to church together. If the weeds in King's garden were to be pulled up, Rose helped Willy; if the grass grew in Miller's little court, Willy, of course, helped Rose to get rid of it. Both were apt children at school; Willy, in particular, won the praises of his master and of the good minister, who watched over his young flock with a parent's care. Years made no difference in their feelings towards each other, unless it was that Willy's love for Rose was more marked than hers for him. At an early age he had been employed to tend the sheep on Mr. Robins's farm, and was soon, as the shepherd said, worth his weight in gold, so trusty and careful was he. Rose went to service in the parish, but after a time returned home, and supported herself by her needle. When Willy (for he was never known by any other name) was about twenty-one, the owner of the greater part of the parish became of age, on which occasion he paid a visit to the Hall. He brought with him a great number of servants: among these his own man, Newton, was at once the admiration of all the girls in the village. Sir Richard himself, they all maintained, was not to be named in the same day with him, either in dress or looks.

Mr. Robins's farm lay close to the plantation that skirted the boundary of the park. It was a lovely evening in the summer when Willy and Rose were seen walking together on the road which ran along both. They were in earnest discourse, and Willy at times spoke loud, and his cheek was flushed. Then both were silent. Suddenly Willy stopped short, and, facing Rose, said, "We must know each other's mind once and for all. I have loved you before I knew what the word meant; I shall love you as long as I have breath. My master has this day made me his shepherd, and given me the cottage to live in. My mother, you know, is to share my home with me, as I promised her when my father died; but you can raise no objection to this, for she has always been as fond of you as of myself. I can support you, and support you well—say, then, say at a word, will you be my wife?" "We are too young," said Rose coolly, "to think of such a thing." "We were younger when you gave me your word to marry me as soon as I could maintain you," cried he. "Have I done anything to offend you?" "Nothing," said she; "you have always been kind to me." "Kind to you!" repeated he, in a voice that trembled; "who with the heart of a man could be otherwise than kind to you? but that's not to the purpose. I am not to be deceived, nor are you deceiving yourself. I am not what I was to you, though you are more than ever to me." "What do you mean?" said she, colouring. "That there is one there," answered he, pointing to the Hall, "who, coming between us like a thunder-cloud, has changed your feeling towards me." "Jealous?" said she. "If you like to call it so," replied he. "And have I not cause? Rose, you did not come here to meet me. I saw you from the hill-side, and jumped over the hedge to you. I know who is not far off. What makes him more worthy of you than I am, or a better man? Is he younger? are his limbs less straight than mine? is his strength greater, and would he face more dangers,

brave sterner hardships, than I? Look at me, Rose. Can he boast anything over me but the fine clothes he wears, and can you judge of the heart by them? But he is more genteel in his way than I. Will the manners he apes feed you, soothe you, comfort you under all trials more surely than the gentleness, the kindness, the truthfulness, that is born from nature and from early affection? Can he offer you a home, safer, quieter, more virtuous than I, though I have nothing grand to ask you to accept? Can his mother, if he has one, look upon you with more love than mine has long done, and yearned to call you her daughter?" He stood silent, glowing in all the bloom and beauty of manhood and truth. "You go a great way," said Rose at last. "Mr. Newton has never spoken to me in this way." "Has he spoken what the world may hear, and his own heart approve? Are his promises worth listening to, Rose?" and he fixed his eyes on her. "That silver tongue of his has poison under it, and his whispers are whis-pers of woe to you. Judge between us. You have known me from a child. Was there ever a moment in which you feared to trust yourself with me, in which I forgot myself, and uttered a word, or gave you a look, you would wish to forget? Will you say the same of him? No; and for what reason? Because real love, the love which God approves and blesses, the love that is born, best nourished, between equals, is as modest as the light, is as pure as the snow. Rose, you are on the very brink of danger." "I have no fear for myself," said she. "Why should you fear for me?" "Not because I think there is anything wrong in your heart," said he quickly, "but because you are too pure and good to think evil of others; too lamb-like to guard yourself against the wolf that seeks to make you his prey" (he changed his voice as he looked at her tenderly); "and you are so pretty, so gentle and loving—at least you used to be. Trust me, trust me, Rose; once and for all, will you or will you not marry me?" Her hand was clasped in his, her colour came and went, and her lip quivered. At that moment a whistle was heard. She disengaged herself, but, before a word could be spoken, Newton was seen close at hand. "Go, go!" cried Rose to Willy. He paused an instant, threw a glance at each which could never again be forgotten, sprang over the hedge, and stood alone in his misery.

The shooting season was over, and as there was no hunting in the neighbourhood, the family left the Hall. There were strange and disgraceful reports spread abroad, and the tongue of scandal was busy with the name of Rose. Willy heard all, and was wretched; he could not disbelieve, but to credit those reports was agony. A few weeks, however, put all doubts at an end; suspicion became fact. Mr. Hooper, the good minister before named, who had lost none of his interest in Willy, now felt very uneasy about him. He grieved for his disappointment, and he dreaded still more its effect upon him. He was in the habit of visiting his mother, who was in ill health, and to her he mentioned the sad affair that had occurred, and asked her how her son bore it. "As a man, sir," said she; "and I may add, as a Christian. He is cut to the quick, and his happiness is ruined; but he never says a word against Rose; indeed he never mentions her, by name at least; and if there is any difference in him, he is more gentle, more kind and thoughtful of me than ever. I was afraid it might unsettle him." "And I too," said Mr. Hooper. "But it has not; he is as temperate now as he always was. It is only by his pale cheek, his looks, his sighs, that I can see how much he suffers; if a word is on my lip against her, his silence checks it." "It is not for us, sinners as we are in one way or other, to rail against any fellow-being," said Mr. Hooper; "it is quite enough that the

offender fall into the hands of the living God, without creatures like himself adding to his woe. It is more fitting to pray for the guilty than to tax our minds for harsh words; and to say, God be merciful to an erring sister, than to talk of her error."

A few days after this Mr. Hooper had an opportunity of speaking to Willy himself. "I was afraid," said the good man, "that you might have been tempted to take some rash step." "Enlist, I suppose?" said he. "No, sir, whilst my mother lives I will never leave her. She looks to me for everything, and shall I fail in my promise to her because another has failed in hers to me? My mother claims my first duty, and it is all my comfort to pay it her. When she dies, I, I—" "Will go for a soldier," said Mr. Hooper. "I can't stay here," said he bitterly; "I feel the shame of another too much to witness it, or to hear of it. Oh! if a woman knew the pain she could give an honest heart, she would be careful how she wounded it." "If she would reflect," said Mr. Hooper, "how hateful her offence is in the eyes of God, surely she would be careful to guard her innocence." "Hush, sir!" said Willy, "the thought that God is displeased with her kills me. Pray for her; pray, as I do, that he may forgive her. And why should I be unsteady? Can drink really drown sorrow, and heal an aching heart? Why should I add my sin to her account who has so heavy a one of her own, and show myself wicked as well as weak? No, no, perhaps I deserved the blow; at least I will bow to it, because I feel that if her hand dealt it, a mightier One than hers permitted it to fall, for some good purpose, no doubt."

At Christmas his mother died. His cottage was now very lonely, and he resolved on enlisting as soon as he could leave his master properly. The winter was very severe, and February set in with heavy falls of snow. The poor sheep required constant watching, and Willy was never from his post. A relation was now living with him. The day had been cold and stormy, and towards evening the weather had become fearful; the snow fell so fast and thick that road and track were no longer visible. Alarmed for his flock, he had gone to see that they were safe before the storm began. The poor widow, his housekeeper, now grew very anxious for his return; she opened the door, and tried to reach the gate, but in vain; she looked, but her eye could discern nothing; she listened for a voice, but no sound reached her ear, and the night was passed in the utmost dread. Early in the morning Mr. Robins came to the cottage, and hearing that Willy was still absent, he caused every search to be made for him. But he was not to be found. The men counted the sheep—one only was missing. Again they tried to track every path. At length one of them with a pike struck against some substance. Under a drift of snow lay Willy, the sheep in his arms. They raised him up and bore him to his home, where they tried every means to recover him. The news had spread quickly, and Mr. Hooper was soon at his bedside. Willy was exhausted, but sensible; he looked at him. "I could not let the straggler perish for Rose's sake," said he; "save her for mine!" These were his last words; he neither spoke nor turned afterwards.

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THE friendships of the world are oft  
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.

## OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.



TITMICE.

THERE are several of our birds which, without being good singers, add some share to the melody, and much to the life, which in spring-time is so characteristic of the woods of our island. Such are the cuckoo and the dove, whose monotonous tones are pleasing from their association with nature and with spring. Such is the loud note of the nuthatch, which utters its cry of "Guiree! guiree! guiree!" as it runs along the boughs of the trees, or rejoices in the kernel which its strong bill has just enabled it to extract from the shell. Such, too, is the cry of the fly-catcher, which, though the bird is no singer, has a chirp of joy and triumph, as it darts from its post to capture the passing insect, and bring it down for its meal. These are among the notes of the woodland, which, though not in themselves strictly musical, almost seem so to the lover of nature, and if they can boast of little harmony, at least are not discordant.

Something superior to the notes of these birds are those of some of our native species of titmouse; and though we cannot agree with that old lover of birds, Belon, who says, in his 'Portraits d'Oyseaux' (Portraits of Birds), of the largest species, that they are "little birds which sing like angels," yet, we must confess to liking well the song of the great titmouse; while all will admit, that to the active, restless family of tits, we owe somewhat of the cheerfulness of the woods in spring. Most merry, busy, courageous little birds are these; and the song of the Greater Titmouse,\* or Ox-eye (*Parus major*), is assuredly not without some music in it, though little varied; and it has a cry composed of notes so harsh and

\* The Great Tit is nearly six inches in length. The head black; the back and shoulders greenish-ash; the rump and small wing-coverts bluish-grey; the rest of the wing dark-bluish grey, edged with white; tail bluish-black; a spot on the nape, and a large one on each side of the neck white; under parts dull yellow, with a stripe of black along the middle of the belly, which widens on the throat, and joins the back of the head; beak black; feet grey.

grating, that they have been compared to the sharpening of a saw, and obtained for it in France the name of *Le Serrurier* (the Sawyer). It is one of our earliest builders in spring, placing its nest in some hole where wind and rain cannot reach it, yet making it nicely of moss, and lining it with hair and feathers. The nest contains from six to nine eggs, with a white ground, speckled and spotted with red. The usual food of the bird consists of insects, and one may be amused by watching the address with which the titmice generally will clear the trees of this tribe. They may be seen peering into the crevices of the boughs, going on from one to another, and suspending themselves in all manner of attitudes, till suddenly they espy some traces of insects. They will then seize with the greatest vigour the buds where these lie concealed, and tear them quickly to pieces. Yet let not the owner of the tree blame the birds. Those buds would never have come forth into healthy shoots, for a worm lying at the core had destroyed their vitality, and was still there, ready for further mischief. The titmice, it is true, will eat the ripe pear, and make a meal of the ruddy apple, which so few small birds relish; but the immense number of caterpillars, small worms, and eggs of insects which they consume, place them rather on the list of benefactors to the garden, than on that of depredators. One charge against the greater titmouse appears to be correct, which is, that it destroys bees; on which account it is called *Croque abeille* in some country places in France. It is said to watch the bees, and consume large numbers. It eats also grain and berries, and some oleaginous seeds, which it will hold down with its feet upon the branch, and by striking with the hard bill, will pierce the shell, and extract the kernel. The greater titmouse is the largest European species, and is courageous and even ferocious in its habits. None of our small birds will attack the owl with so much spirit as this tit, which will dart at him with the greatest rage, with ruffled plumes, and noisy shrieks, the cries resounding through the air, and calling many other birds of its own species to its assistance.

It shares, too, with the shrikes and crows, the appetite for flesh, and will eat dead birds, and, when in confinement, kill living ones.

This active, restless bird is very common in thick woods in the neighbourhood of gardens. In winter it approaches our dwellings, to look for the few flies or other insects yet to be found, or to gather the grain scattered among the refuse of the farmyard.

The titmice are much to be admired for the rich tints of their plumage. The greater tit has the most beautiful black feathers on the head and throat, which are brilliantly radiated with blue; and the no-less common Blue Tit \* (*Parus cæruleus*), has the crown of the head of the most vivid blue, bounded on each side by a band of white. This is the blue titmouse, and the Billy Biter of the schoolboy, who, on his bird-nesting expeditions, has perchance known what it was to be pecked at and hissed at by this courageous little bird. But the monotonous tones of the blue tit, heard

\* The Blue Tit is four inches and a half in length. Crown of the head light blue; back and rump green; wings and tail light blue; the greater wing-coverts and tertials tipped with white; face and sides of the neck white, divided by a stripe of rich deep blue, passing from the beak through each eye to the nape; another band of deep blue bounds the white below, coming round like a collar to the throat, and thence extending upwards to the chin, and downwards over the breast; under parts pale yellow; beak and feet nearly black.

often as early as February, do not entitle it to a place among our singing birds, nor will the rapidly-uttered notes of the Marsh Tit (*Parus palustris*), heard among the bushes and ozers which fringe the waters, merry as they may be, arrest our footsteps by their music. The blue tit is useful in ridding us of insects in spring and summer, and is still more so in clearing them when they lie hidden in the buds of winter or early spring. So cleverly does it pick the bones of small birds, on which it feeds, that Klein proposes to employ it in the preparation of skeletons.

Then, too, we have that busy little bird, the Coletit, or Colemouse (*Parus ater*), which everybody who has lived in the country knows as a great frequenter of our gardens and shrubberies, coming there to seize the insects, or to gather the seeds of the pines and larches, which it stores away in some hole for its future necessities. But its song, if song it may be called, is little more than a chirp, and cannot rival at all the soft, clear, ringing notes which may be heard among the reeds of the marshes, where the rare Bearded Titmouse (*Calamophilus biarmicus*) sings them out in soft and silver tones. But the song of the Long-tailed Tit \* (*Parus caudatus*) is not so sweet, but certainly more often heard, than that of the bearded species, though the bird remains all the year in thick woods, and has little familiarity with man, and those only who are in the habit of penetrating among green boughs can hear its song or find its nest. This is a most beautiful structure, and differs from that of any other British bird. It is an oval or bottle-shaped dome, firmly made of moss and wool, prettily sprinkled over with lichens, and being so abundantly lined with feathers that the young longtails repose on a downy bed. It is usually placed in a bush, and here twelve or fourteen nestlings are hatched and fed, and in this little home learn to love each other so well, that notwithstanding a few squabbles in their early days, the whole family whisk about the woods together all the rest of the year. When night comes, they roost all together on the bough of some thick evergreen, and after having disputed awhile for the warmer places, suddenly cease their clamour, and sleep in peace till the dawn of morning. The young birds look almost like little lumps of down, as they wind their way among the boughs in pursuit of insects. They have several call-notes, and though one of these is very soft and low, it hardly deserves to be called a song.

The nest is usually placed so firmly in a bush, in the very centre of the boughs, that these must be cut away by any one who would preserve its beauty. The eggs are ten or twelve in number, small and white, sometimes speckled with a few red dots. The longtailed tit is common in almost all our woods and shrubberies, and its food consists almost entirely of insects.

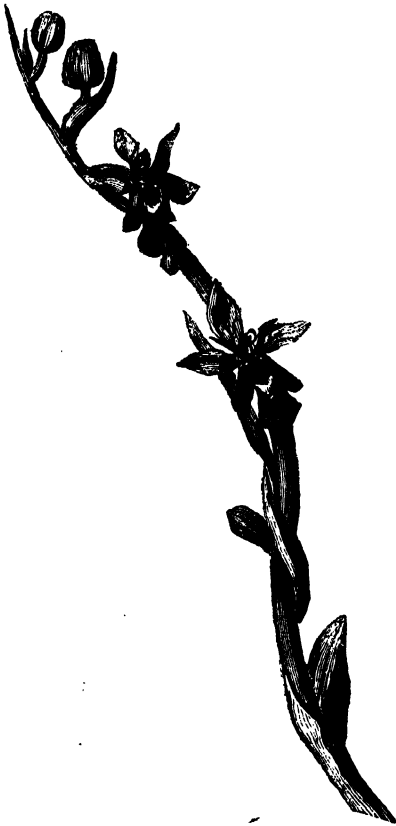
\* The Longtailed Tit is five inches and a half in length. Head and face greyish-white; a patch of black passes over each eye; back and rump greyish-red, with a broad, triangular patch of black between the shoulders; wings and tail black, edged with white; under parts greyish-white, tinged on the sides with pink; beak and feet black.

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'TIS the mind that makes the body rich:  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habits.

SHAKSPEARE.

## WILD FLOWERS.



FLY ORCHIS. (*Ophrys muscifera*.)

WE have five British species of the genus *Ophrys*. The petals of the Fly orchis are very narrow, and of a purplish-brown hue, having a spot in the centre, of a bluish tinge. It is a slender plant, usually about a foot high, and it flowers rather earlier in the season than the Bee orchis. It is not, however, like that plant, most frequent on hilly places and chalky downs, for though sometimes found on the pasture of chalk or clay soil, yet it seems more luxuriant in our moist calcareous thickets, than elsewhere. In many parts of Kent, Surrey, Suffolk and Hampshire, it is very frequent, and no one who looked on it would fail to identify the species with its familiar name.

The Bee orchis has been already named. Then we have a Spider orchis (*Ophrys aranifera*), and a late Spider orchis (*Ophrys arachnites*), the former flowering on pasture lands of chalky or clayey soil, and in pits, during April and May. The shape of its lip is much like the body of a spider, and it has pale lines marked on it, which would remind one of a Greek character. The later Spider orchis flowers about May or June, and is a rare plant; while

still more rare is the Drone orchis (*Ophrys fucifera*), which has been found near Folkestone in Kent.

The genus *Ophrys* received its name from the Greek word for an eyebrow, which Pliny says these plants were used to blacken. Like most of the *Orchis* tribe, the roots contain a wholesome farinaceous substance, of which is made the Salep of commerce. The warm basin of salep is not now as it was some years since, a favourite article of diet, and is taken by few save invalids. It was chiefly imported from Southern Europe, but may be made equally well from our native orchises. Salep, prepared from different species of orchis, is much used in Eastern countries, and in Turkey not a meal is taken without it.

## SEPOLCHRES OF ANCIENT ETRURIA.—No. I.

AMONG the various interesting discoveries which have resulted from that spirit of enterprising research which marks these later days of the world's existence, few can be found which more completely entrance the mind, and carry it away from self, and the time and things which seem more immediately connected with self, and make it drink into the spirit of bygone days, than those startling revelations which have been made to us from out the dark chambers of the earth, concerning the lives, history, possessions, arts, and habits of men who walked this earth thousands of years ago; men who, although every trace of their names and histories has vanished, and the relics which we find of them in their tombs, or other places where they have lain concealed for ages, cannot be identified with any individual whose name has been handed down to us on the records of history, were yet probably in their day men of note as rulers or warriors, as kings or priests, or possibly as distinguished by illustrious talents or shining virtues.

How much more of the wonderful these dark places may yet retain, what future disclosures may await future research, we know not; but surely there will be little which can exceed in interest the discoveries which have already been made in Pompeii and Herculaneum, on the site of ancient Nineveh, and, though less recently than the last-named stupendous disclosure, those touching relics which have been disinterred from the cavern tombs of ancient Etruria. It is with these latter that we now have to do, taking for our handbook and guide a charming little volume published by Mrs. Hamilton Gray.

First, then, we will remind our readers that Etruria was a mighty kingdom, situated on the west of the Tiber: it was composed of twelve nations, each governed by its own king, and was in the height of its glory and magnificence at the time of the foundation of Rome. Veii, which was one of its most powerful cities, was taken by Camillus, B.C. 450, and then far exceeded Rome in size and grandeur. The Etrurians appear to have had much connection with Egypt, and also with Greece, many of their vases, &c., being adorned with subjects from each of these countries. The Egyptian scarabeus seems to have been universal among them; and at a period long before the Trojan war the art of making the beautiful vases, which are found in the tombs, seems to have been introduced from Egypt.

Mrs. Gray speaks of four differences of style appearing in the vases. 1st. The Egyptian, with its harpies and sphynxes, in total defiance of nature, and in disregard of Greek mythology and heroic traditions. 2nd. The black figures, quaint, stiff, and peculiar, of the most beautiful workmanship, but without ease or grace in the human outline. 3rd. The red figures, with the most spirited and elegant forms of men and women, true to nature, and sometimes absolutely lovely; and 4th, The decadence style, not native, but imitative. "These are the usual heads under which the guides class them as a mass, and will give us the Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, and what we may, perhaps, call the Roman, as the progressive dates of style upon the vases." She tells us the Etruscan mode of representing characters: "A genius is winged; a satyr has asses' ears and a tail, either long or short; a faun has hoofs, and probably goats' feet," and so on.

We have named the scarabeus, and as we may often again have occasion to do so, it may be as well to explain the term for the benefit of those who are not versed in antiquarian lore. "The scarabeus," says Mrs. Gray, "is



a stone, cut in the shape of a certain beetle, which was worn by the ancient Etruscans, the Egyptians, and by several other ancient nations, as a charm. They saw in it an image of the Creator, because it forms a ball of earth with its hind legs, in which it deposits its eggs; an emblem of the world, instinct with Divine influence, and wearing it was tantamount to placing themselves under Almighty protection." She adds, "Almost all the Etruscan scarabei are engraved, either with the Lar or patron saint, or with the image of the thing for or against which protection was especially desired." Some of the most curious were engraved with words, possibly the various names: one was found with a Moorish lady's head engraven on it, proving that the Etruscans had commerce with lands south of Egypt, where the features were Circassian; and some were altogether without engraving. These scarabei differ both in form and material from the Egyptian, but were like them worn on the neck or finger. The ancient Egyptian were usually of small basalt, or porphyry; the more modern, of amethyst, garnet, lapis-lazuli, or some other opaque and semi-precious stone. The Etruscan are always of cornelian, onyx, sardonyx, agate, or jasper, or occasionally of plasma, jacinth, or a coarse sort of semi-transparent amethyst. Some scarabei exist of a period coeval with Abraham, and they seem to have been connected with the earliest development of idolatry. They were not only buried, but occasionally burnt with the bodies, very many of them having been found in the tombs and some of them *burnt*.

Our author's attention seems to have been first awakened to the subject, which evidently afterwards became one of intense enthusiasm with her, by an accidental conversation, which led her to visit the Exhibition of Etruscan Relics, at that time open in Pall Mall, then belonging to Campanari, and since purchased by the British Museum, parts of her description of which it will be well to transcribe verbatim. "In one room were the vases for sale, of various sizes, from very large to very small, of beautiful forms, made of red clay with black figures, or drawings upon them; generally highly polished, light of weight, and exhibiting either grotesque satyrs

Fig. 1.



and fauns, or mythological and heroic subjects." (Fig. 1.) Such as these we shall find to have been discovered by dozens in most of the tombs which have been opened. She continues: "After wondering sufficiently at this, we were shown into sundry small chambers lighted by torches. There were two of these united in one place, and four in another, with immense stone coffins ranged along the sides, which bore upon their lids the figures in alto relievo of men and women; all being, as appeared to me, of colossal size and great beauty. They were in a half-sitting posture, as if reclining upon a sofa and supported by cushions; the elbow resting upon the sofa, or bed, whilst the hand supported the head of the figure. These figures were sometimes leaning upon their right sides, and sometimes upon their left, according to the side of the grave on which the sarcophagus had been placed, the back of the head being always towards the wall. Upon moving the lid downwards, we saw in one of these coffins a wreath of ivy, and in another a wreath of bay, both of pure gold. In another lay a helmet and spear, in another a lance; and in each something either of gold or of

bronze, the genuineness of which it was so difficult to believe, or disbelieve, that we were quite bewildered. Where had these things lain undisturbed through so many ages? and how was it possible that objects of such size and grandeur could have been concealed so long? how came they never to have been discovered before? and what gave rise to their discovery now? I must say that I was almost terrified at the figures when I first saw them, for by the dim firelight there appeared so much dignity in their attitudes, and severe majesty in their countenances, that I fancied they seemed to reprove our intrusion upon their solemn and sacred rest. There they lay, not with a look of death, but as if they had a tale to tell if there were any one present willing to listen, and worthy to understand. The countenances were all different, bearing the impress of portraits, and there was one, a young priestess, over whom I could have wept, she looked so young, so innocent, and so mournful. She was supposed to be a priestess from her ivy crown, which still remained, and her rich ornaments and apparel, which I believe had been sold.

She had bracelets of a serpent shape sculptured on her arms, and rings upon her fingers, and, like all the other statues, she bore in her hand a small patera, either to receive an offering, or to intimate that the funeral feast was already commenced." Mrs. Gray then describes a succession of small chambers without sarcophagi or ornaments, but which were decorated with a series of spirited and lively paintings, copies from those which were on the walls of the tombs when first opened. "In one was a Triclinium; a man and woman richly dressed being seated together, as if presiding over some grand entertainment, with piles of vases and tazze (cups) near them, dancers, and players upon instruments on each side, and servants waiting to carry round viands and wine. In another chamber was a chariot race; in another horses caparisoned, and dancers; in another a fight; all expressed with a grouping and a spirit which was Greek, and a mannerism which was Egyptian." They were told that the site of these cities was not more than a day's journey from Rome, in the neighbourhood of Civita Vecchia, and being going to Italy, forthwith decided on making a visit to Vulci, Tuscania, Tarquinia, &c., a primary object, and of seeing for themselves the real state of the locality, and what as yet remained in its original position of the wonderful things which had been there discovered.

We must now follow our author to Rome, where we find her engaged in studying her subject, namely, that of Etruria, its history and relics, before she proceeds to the site of the discoveries. Here in Rome they visited shops, collections, and museums, and, associating with antiquarians and spirited excavators, soon obtained sufficient acquaintance with the details which they required. Every one was enthusiastic about Etruria, and vases, tazze, scarabei, specchii, were the common topics of the day. In the Kercherian Museum was shown them a specimen of Etruscan jewellery, surpassing anything of the sort to be seen elsewhere; a fragment of a necklace, which for elegance of form and minute beauty of design could not be exceeded in Paris or London.

In the Gregorian Museum in the Vatican they saw a chain of eight or ten scarabei, richly set in gold, and which had been worn from shoulder to shoulder; many scarabei rings, with gold circlets to them; a chain which, she says, she would, under other circumstances, have called Trichinopoly, with a richly-worked gold ornament at the end. A branch of gold filigree, as delicately wrought as an ornament from China, and many other wonderful exhibitions of the artistic knowledge of three thousand years ago. In

General Galassi's collection they saw an immense breastplate of gold, which had been fastened on each shoulder by a most delicately-wrought gold fibula, with chains like those now made at Trichinopoly. The breastplate was stamped with a variety of arabesque and small patterns; the head of him who had worn it had been crowned with fillets and circular ornaments of pure gold; and a rich mantle had covered the body, flowered with the same material. In the same grave had been found a quantity of arms, bronze shields, with a stamped cross in the centre; spears, lances, and arrows, a bier of bronze (Fig. 2), as perfect as if made a year ago; and a tripod, with

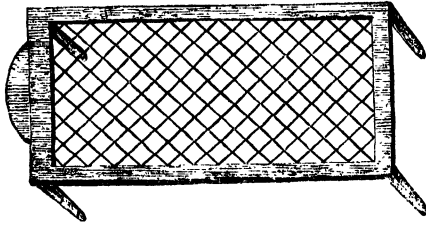


Fig. 2.

a vessel containing some strange-looking lumps of a resinous substance, and which, on being burnt, proved to be perfumes, so intensely strong that those who tried them were obliged to leave the room. There were many more curious objects; among others an inkstand of terra-cotta, with Etruscan letters on it, first in alphabet and then in syllables, as if it had been used for tuition. They saw also a gold necklace of round beads, with perfumes attached to it like lozenges, and also broad bracelets worked in figures; and in the centre of each a relievo figure of a woman standing between a good and evil genii, as if to take her choice; and here, although a little forestalling the order of the book, I may as well give the account of this tomb and its most interesting discovery, by the Arch-Prete Regulini at Agylla, in conjunction with General Galassi.

Having found a sepulchral mound, and suspecting that a person of some consequence was entombed in the central chamber, they excavated from the top till they came to a slope which, by steps, had led down to a massive stone door in the centre of the hillock, and on breaking this, discovered that which they had hoped for. This opening led into a vaulted portico of a few feet long, communicating with a chamber of, perhaps, ten feet square. Along the sides, and on a sort of shelf or ledge, were found ornamented shields of bronze, evidently, by the thinness of the metal, made only for ornament; and also arrows, and a bier with four short feet, and formed of cross-barred bronze, which stood close to a walled-up door, the top of which was open, and on this were placed two vases of silver and two for libations. At the head and foot of the bier were small altars for sacrifice, and near it a number of terra-cotta images, probably representing Lares.

"Some bones of the corpse lay on the bier, probably more than three thousand years old: here were also several of the things spoken of above as in General Galassi's collection. After this grave had been despoiled, the door leading into the other behind it was broken down, and here was found a sight, if possible, still more wonderful, and yet I am led to believe by no means new to the people of Cervetri, though hitherto unrecorded.

Here were bronze vases, still hanging on the wall by nails; a tripod containing a vase for perfumes; a large vase ornamented with massive heads; some bronze vases of different forms hanging from the roof, and in a sort of recess at the end were two large stones, about five feet from each other, on which had been placed the head and feet of the body buried here. No mortal form remained, yet so distinctly apparent was the purpose of the stones, that I could almost fancy I had seen one. Upon the stone next the end wall lay the extraordinary gold ornament I have described, as shown at General Galassi's, consisting of two disks, with animals carved upon them, and two gold fillets; and sunk down below the stone, or half leaning on it, was the superb golden breastplate which I have also already mentioned. On each side where the wrists had once depended, lay broad golden bracelets, richly worked in relief; close to the breastplate lay a clasp, composed of three spheres of gold, and at various distances between the stones were the little lumps of the same precious metal which had been woven into the grand ceremonial dress of departed royalty. Now comes the wonder—this had been a woman! whether a warrior queen, or a priestess, none can tell." The name "Larthia," which was engraved on some vases, and "Mi Larthia" on others, seems to indicate this as Lars, meaning "sovereign," or "greatly-exalted man;" the feminine appellation, Larthia, would probably mean "greatly-exalted woman."

"It is the opinion of the learned architect, Canina," says Mrs. Gray, "that this tomb was constructed many years previous to the Trojan war, and Troy fell 1187 B.C.; we, therefore, read the language, and scanned the dress and furniture, and saw the very dust of men who were contemporary with Jephthah and the older judges of Israel, long before the times of Saul and David!" In the collection of the Cavalière Campana in Rome, Mrs. Gray and her party found great quantities of coins, both in bronze and in gold and silver, many of them being Etruscan. The gems of this collection seemed, however, to be three small and elegantly-formed beakers of smalto, or semi-transparent glass, the colours of which were blue, white, and yellow, in vandykes, each on a small and graceful stand of filigree gold, fixed to which they were found in the tomb. But we must not thus linger on our way; in our next we will follow our author to the real scene of action, which commenced at Veii, the chief city of Etruria.

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### CURIOSITIES OF THE MICROSCOPE.

If the Author of Nature is great in great things, he is exceeding great in small ones. Such is the apparently-paradoxical remark of a French writer; and yet the following results of microscopic investigation render it far less strange than it may at first appear.

In 1839 Ehrenberg communicated to the Natural History Society of Berlin his discovery of a remarkable bed of earth, situated beneath that city at a depth of about fifteen feet. A great portion of this formation consists of living and breeding animalcules, many billions of which are contained in the space of a few cubic feet. Here then we have a city under a city! a crowd of human beings above, and an indefinitely-greater crowd of infusoria below. The fossil remains of these minute creatures form large beds in other places. The polishing stone of Bilin, in Bohemia, extensively used in the arts, is composed of the shells of infusoria. A cubic inch of

this slate contains more than forty thousand millions of separate remains of animalcules.

These tiny creatures possess several mouths and a number of movable fibres—cilia—millions of times finer than human hair. Some have beautifully-sculptured shields of flint.\*

The muddy deposit of rivers has been found to contain infusoria. In the harbour of Wismar, in the Baltic, two hundred thousand pounds of mud are deposited every week. From one-fourth to one twentieth part of this mass consists of living infusoria and of the remains of dead ones. Similar results have been obtained in other places.

Microscopic vegetation, in shape resembling mathematical figures rather than vegetable organisms, exists in amazing quantities. Great tracts of country are actually constructed of the skeletons of these plants. They swarm in the waters and even in the ice of the Antarctic Ocean, where their remains are forming a vast submarine bank four hundred miles long and one hundred and twenty broad. But this is not all. Daouin collected an impalpable dust which fell on shipboard to the west of the Cape de Verd Islands, which was found to consist of the skeletons of minute vegetables. These must have been ejected from a volcano, whose fires their siliceous framework had resisted.

• Again, chalk is a compound of shells and corals. What! are the white walls of England shells and corals? The Needles, the Downs, the Wolds of Lincolnshire, the cliffs of Yorkshire—are all these shells and corals? Yes, all; and not only so, but your ceilings are whitewashed, your cards glazed, your milk and confectionary adulterated, and your physic compounded with shells and corals. A million of them lie in a cubic inch of chalk.

It is well known that the practice of eating earth is common throughout the torrid zone, and a similar custom exists in other parts of the globe. Where this mineral food has been examined, it has been found to consist of microscopic substances—minute organized forms or remains—whose organic matter is considered to constitute the principal value of this curious alimentary substance. In the West Indies and in China it has been observed to produce injurious effects upon those who employ it. Paper-like substances, resolved by the microscope into minute matted organisms, have been found occasionally.

Amongst the microscopic tenants of the water, we have the monad, a little point now darting along rapidly, and now sailing slowly in the mimic sea which contains it—a drop of water—which is sufficiently large for as many of these tiny creatures as there are inhabitants of our globe. Some are green, others pink, others yellow, and one animalcule included in this group, the volvox, is found to consist of a number of individuals enclosed in a globular case, and mysteriously connected with one another. This curious colony rolls round in a peculiar manner, as it passes from place to place. Within the outer case six or eight small ones may often be seen: these are young volvoes preparing to quit their home; the wheel animalcule, which has two circular rows of cilia at the anterior part of its body, whose movements cause them to resemble two wheels moving on their axes. This motion produces a miniature whirlpool, fatal to hundreds of animalcules sucked in by it into the formidable jaws of this microscopic devourer. Some of these creatures have a strong pair of nippers, with

\* Ten millions of millions of the most minute of these animalcules might be packed in a box one cubic inch in size.

which they seize and tear their prey in pieces ; and others have a crushing machine, which reduces the tiny bodies of their victims to a pulp. Wheel animalcules are born, grow, and become parents in twenty four hours. A careful observer states, that the dry and motionless forms of these creatures may be exposed in tubes exhausted of air for three or four weeks and then revived. Another writer tells us that two hours' immersion in water restored a wheel animalcule to animation, which had apparently lain dead for two years and a half.

Parts of the Arctic Ocean, of twenty or thirty square miles in extent, are rendered green and even turbid by animalcules. Scoresby estimates that eighty thousand persons would have to work unceasingly, from the creation of man to the present day, to count the number of these creatures contained in two miles of that turbid water. Now a vast amount of such water is found in the Greenland Sea—what then must be the sum of these animalcules altogether ! Minute creatures are found to exist at the vast depth and under the enormous pressure of six thousand feet of water. The phosphorence of the ocean, so peculiarly beautiful in tropical seas, is due in great part to minute animals—torchbearers of the deep. Indelible, says Humboldt, is the impression left on my mind, by those calm tropical nights of the Pacific, where the constellation of Argo in its zenith, and the setting southern cross, pour their mild planetary light through the ethereal azure of the sky, while dolphins mark the foaming waves with their luminous furrows ! That the waters of the Red Sea are sometimes coloured with a red scum is now certain ; and it is found that this coating is made up of minute plants. Danoin, during the voyage of the *Beagle*, passed through several bands of "sea sawdust," as it is called, which proved to be minute algæ. The surface of the water seemed to be covered with bits of chopped hay, jagged at the ends, when examined by the microscope.

The air, too, abounds with microscopic organisms, floating, perhaps, for years in some instances. Infusoria, eggs of insects, seeds of plants, and pollen, are thus carried about by the winds. Fungus germs appear to exist everywhere in our atmosphere ; a drop of ink soon gives us token of their activity. A forest of delicate forms soon springs up on the decomposing mass. They burst and sprinkle their microscopic dust into the air. Germs of minute fungi have been found alive in the lungs of a living man, and they penetrate into the bowels of the earth : aluminous fungus illuminates the dark mine and turns it into a begemmed cave. Organic dust has fallen on ships more than a thousand miles distant from Africa ; whence it is supposed to have come. In 1846 dust fell after a storm at Genoa, in which Ehrenberg detected above forty species of infusoria.

Coloured snow—red and green—is another curious subject of microscopic investigation. Some have attributed the colour to a minute vegetable, but in some red snow vast numbers of animals of surprising agility were detected by the microscope. Possibly this phenomenon is due both to vegetable and animal causes.

Blood-spots have occasionally appeared, which are now attributed to the peculiarly abundant production of a little monad.

Owen has applied the microscope in a remarkable manner. By the examination of the fragment of a tooth, he has been enabled to supply most curious details as to the habits of the leaf-eating giants of past geological eras. He found that the tooth belonged to an animal that must have lived upon leaves and sappy shoots. But how could so immense a creature be borne by any tree ? By its huge digging fore-feet it excavated beneath

roots, and then rearing upon its hind legs and tail, pushed against the trees springing from them until they came down, and enabled it to browse upon their prostrate foliage. Buckland, who advocated the theory that the megatherium fed upon roots, remarked that if the new opinion was correct, then the animals would probably be killed by the fall of the trees. Strange to say, the very next specimen brought from South America showed a very large fracture in the skull, which had evidently taken place in the lifetime of the animal, as the parts severed had united again. This accident had probably arisen from the cause alluded to by Buckland. Other remarkable geological discoveries have been made by the microscope—animals have had their proper class assigned to them, and vegetable remains have been more fully deciphered.

Anciently it was a custom to flay those guilty of sacrilege and to nail their skins to a door: a piece found under the iron hinges and clamps of a door of Worcester Cathedral was submitted to microscopic investigation, when the tradition that assigned it to a human being was proved to be correct, and it was ascertained that the wretch from whom it was taken had, very probably, light hair. Another piece, traditionally given to a Danish pirate, stayed for nine hundred years on a church-door in Essex, and in 1848 was proved to be in all probability assigned to its true owner.

The use of the microscope in detecting poison is very important. Arsenious acid forms beautiful crystals of an octohedral figure, and the application of this instrument to crystalline matter, procured by a certain chemical treatment of poisoned food—eaten or not—renders the evidence complete as to the presence of arsenic.

Again, it is a disputed point whether humming-birds feed on insects or on the juice of flowers; microscopic and chemical examination has decided that insects are the food and flower-juice the drink of these brilliant creatures.

Again, blood or hair on a knife or dagger could be assigned by the microscope to a human being or to an animal, a most important decision in cases of suspected murder.

Milk, adulterated with the brain of calf or sheep to restore its richness after the cream had been removed, is at once exposed by the microscope. Nor is this all, for by the aid of this instrument the most nutritious milk can be selected from that of different nurses, and thus an infant may be placed in the best hands.

Adulterations of other substances may be similarly detected. Tea, sugar, drugs, are all tampered with. The microscope will acquaint the purchaser whether what he buys for linen cloth is or is not really made of flax. In short, the uses to which this instrument may be applied are numberless, and many of them as yet, in all probability, undreamed of.

And now we ask the reader if the observation with which we commenced this article appears as paradoxical as it perhaps did at first sight. The telescope has thrown open the portals of a temple, immense, glorious, and overwhelming: the microscope tells us of the exquisite finish of this majestic structure, and reveals ten thousand beauties which are invisible save to its discerning eye. And when we view this marvellous edifice, let us not forget the omnipotent arm and the omniscient mind that constructed it, but breathe in lowly adoration the sacred words—“O Lord! how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.”

J. E. J.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION**

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ANDREA DORIA, THE BRAVE OLD ADMIRAL OF GENOA.



ONE of the finest cities in the world is Genoa the Superb. Built in the form of a crescent, overlooking the beautiful bay, with sumptuous marble palaces, churches, and convents rising one above another on the steep hill-side, the whole crowned with formidable ramparts, and the bold range of the Apennines in the background, its appearance from the sea is truly magnificent. The splendid edifices, the terraces, the balconies of white marble, planted with orange and lemon trees—a



realization of hanging gardens—which adorn this far famed city, render it well worthy of admiration; and when we think of its former power—of its numerous and wealthy possessions, of its celebrated naval force, and of its having been the birthplace of Christopher Columbus—we cannot survey it without feelings of the deepest interest.

Amongst the many marble palaces which add beauty to this beautiful city, is one—for grandeur and extent—the most magnificent edifice on the Bay of Genoa.

“O'er the sea  
Delicious gardens hung; green galleries,  
And marble terraces in many a flight,  
And fairy arches flung from cliff to cliff,  
'Wildering, enchanting; and above them all  
A palace;”

a fit residence for the first sovereign in Europe.

Its marble staircases, splendid saloons, and spacious galleries, all adorned with the richest tapestries, beautiful statuary, and valuable paintings—its balconies, opening on to the terraced gardens, where bloom in rich luxuriance the orange, the myrtle, and the gleander—its sparkling fountains and shady grottoes, washed by the deep-blue sea, and canopied by the deep-blue sky—all denote it to have been in former times the abode of one raised above his fellow-men. It was so. A single line under the windows of the palace states that its illustrious founder had been Admiral of Pope Clement VII., of the Emperor Charles V., of King Francis I., and of his own country—an extraordinary and justly-celebrated man, whose alliance was sought by the greatest princes of the age, and who was in himself almost a power. It was the residence of the true and brave Andrea Doria, one of the greatest characters that Italy produced during the middle ages, and one whom it is the boast of Genoa to have justly appreciated.

Noble, patriotic Andrea Doria! well may Genoa be proud of thee and love thy name!

“Thine was a glorious course!”

One summer's evening in the year 1528, the inhabitants of Genoa were seen hurrying down to the port, with countenances expressive of mingled joy, fear, and curiosity. Some galleys were entering the bay in the distance, and on them every eye was fixed in suspense. To know under whose flag they sailed, and for what purpose they were approaching Genoa, was the anxious desire of each one present; for this was a time of war, and none knew how soon their fair city might be involved in its horrors, and become the prey of the conqueror. The suspense, however, did not continue long; an old weather-beaten sailor, who, shading his eyes with his hand, had regarded the vessels attentively for a few minutes, at length exclaimed with a satisfied air, “They are the Admiral's galleys returning from Naples!”

“Are you sure of it, Mattea?” anxiously inquired the bystanders.

“Am I sure of it?” replied the old sailor, “who knows them better than I do? Methinks I have served too many years under our brave old admiral to be mistaken in his galleys; and see! there is the flag of victory! another conquest, brothers! fresh glory to Andrea Doria and to the Republic of Genoa!”

“It is so indeed!” exclaimed the delighted people, as the vessels

rapidly approached; "they come from Naples, and come triumphant! All honour to the Admiral and to his gallant nephew!"

"What is it, papa? why do the people shout so?" asked a little boy, who, holding his father's hand, looked on in childish wonder.

"These are some of the galleys the admiral sent out under the command of his nephew, Filippino, to assist King Francis against Charles V. The French are besieging Naples, and it appears that we have gained a victory for them."

"Then I must shout too!" exclaimed the boy, waving his little cap in the air, and adding his voice to the general acclamations of "Long life to the Admiral! health to the King of France, and prosperity to the Republic of Genoa!"

"Papa," said the little Genoese, when he was tired of shouting, "the King of France must feel very grateful to our good admiral for fighting his battles for him; does he not?"

"He does. It is not every monarch who can command the services of one brave, wise, and skilful as Andrea Doria. King Francis courteously and earnestly entreated the admiral's valuable assistance, and for many years he has now been a conqueror in the service of France, covered with glory, and enriched by the sovereign. He is a great man, Alberto, and a true patriot. Much service has he rendered us by ridding the seas of those pirates which caused so great alarm. The sea-robbers tremble at the name of Andrea Doria."

"I hope so! I hope so!" exclaimed a voice behind them, and looking round, Alberto and his father perceived the admiral himself. He was a fine-looking man, about fifty years of age: weather-beaten, for from early life the sea had been his home, but with a frank, good-humoured, and intelligent expression of countenance that bespoke at once the true sailor and the brave and skilful commander.

"Yon galleys bring us good tidings, Maratti," he said, as he laid his hand on Alberto's curly head; "my brave Filippino has again humbled the proud Spaniard. Bless the lad! he has a fine spirit, and a noble heart."

Before Maratti could reply, there was a renewed shout of "Long life to the Admiral!" for the people, catching sight of the brave officer, whom all loved, showed by their hearty acclamations how truly they rejoiced in his success.

And louder still became the "*Vivas*," and brighter yet the joyful faces of the animated group, as the galleys approached nearer; and when from the lips of the sailors was heard the announcement "Victory! Great victory over the Spaniards!" one long loud burst of gratulation welcomed them home.

In a very few minutes a young officer had sprung on shore, and approached Doria with respectful deference.

"I bear you greetings from the lieutenant, noble Signor," he said, saluting the admiral; "he desires me to acquaint you that he has been fortunate enough to gain an important victory over the Spaniards off Naples. The Spanish viceroy has been killed, most of his fleet destroyed, and many officers of distinction, amongst whom is the Marquis del Guasto, taken prisoners. They are now on board these galleys, sent to you by our brave commander as trophies of his victory and testimonies of his respect."

"My gallant boy!" exclaimed the admiral, while something like a

tear glittered in his eye, "he has done well indeed! This is a blow from which the Emperor will not soon recover. Thanks for your tidings, brave Veletti; you have earned promotion, I see, or my nephew would not have entrusted one so young with so important a charge. Come to my house, and inform me of particulars. Come, Maratti, let us hear how bravely our men bore them in the fight."

That evening Andrea Doria and his friend Maratti, who had served under him for many years, were seated in one of the shady grottoes which commanded a view of the beautiful Bay of Genoa. Little Alberto was playing near them; he was a great favourite with the kind-hearted admiral, who had many a stirring tale to tell of bold sea-fights and perilous adventure. The air was fragrant with the perfume of the orange and lemon trees, the flowers bloomed in rich profusion around, and the clear bright moon was shedding her light on the deep-blue waters of the bay. Doria's eyes rested on the galleys anchored near the shore.

"Yes; it is an important victory for King Francis," he observed; "I trust he will now have the grace to attend to my remonstrances. He has too long been regardless of them."

"Has he then given you no reply to your last appeal?" asked Maratti in surprise.

"He has not. I have served King Francis, Maratti, to the utmost of my power, and would gladly serve him still, but I must have justice. He placed a garrison in this city on condition of respecting the liberties of the inhabitants, and how has he kept his promise? In various ways our people have been oppressed and tyrannized over, and I have remonstrated and complained in vain. My appointments are not paid, and my advice, even in naval affairs, often slighted. But what touches me most, for it concerns the honour and interest of my country, is this fortification of Savona by the French. They have already removed thither some branches of the trade carried on in Genoa, and plainly show that it is their intention to render that town our rival in wealth and commerce. This is not to be borne. I am a plain sailor, unused to flattery, and unaccustomed to courts; but at the same time I am a free and independent citizen of the republic of Genoa, and while I live Genoa shall have justice."

"King Francis surely cannot be aware of the conduct of his agents," replied Maratti: "he is a generous and noble prince, and not only entertains a just sense of your valuable services, but has also a high esteem for your character."

"That is more than I shall have for his if he act thus towards us," observed Andrea Doria; "but it may be as you say, that he is unacquainted with all our grievances. He is so surrounded with courtiers, who think nothing of telling falsehoods to gain their own ends, that the real truth may not have reached him. Could I but get speech of the royal Francis for one half-hour, he should soon hear it from me."

"I do not doubt it, admiral. Meantime, whatever the courtiers may say, the king must ever gratefully acknowledge the valuable assistance you have rendered to him and his cause."

"He must acknowledge that from the time I entered his service, at his own earnest entreaty, I have been true and faithful to him. All I ask is that he should be the same to me and my country. Fair promises are not enough, Maratti. So long as King Francis acts honourably,

my services are at his command; but I will never sit tamely by and see an insult offered to Genoa."

There was a look of stern displeasure on the admiral's brow as he spoke. It soon passed away, however, when little Alberto, running with childish eagerness towards him, joyfully placed a tiny boat in his hands.

"There," he said, with beaming eyes, "it is finished at last! I hope you will like it; I made it for you, because I love you so much."

"Bless you, my darling!" said the brave old officer, evidently touched by this proof of the child's affection for him, "it is very pretty. And so you made it all yourself, Alberto?"

"Yes, all myself, only papa taught me how to rig the sails. Do you like it?"

"I like it very much, my boy, but I like your truth and honesty better. Always speak the truth, Alberto, and you will do well. Why, if you can build such a gallant little vessel as this, you will soon be ready to go to sea with me, and fight for King Francis."

To that gentleness and kindness of heart which made even little children love him, Andrea Doria joined a high and determined spirit. The citizen of a republic, and trained up from his infancy in the sea-service, he retained the independence natural to the former, with the plain liberal manners peculiar to the latter. A stranger to the arts of submission or flattery necessary in courts, but conscious at the same time of his own importance, he always offered his advice to King Francis with freedom, and often remonstrated with some boldness. The French ministers, disliking a man who treated them so unceremoniously, determined to deprive him of their master's favour; and though Francis himself both esteemed Doria's character, and highly valued his services, yet by hearing him continually represented as a proud and self-willed man, more eager to enrich himself than to promote the interests of France, the monarch's mind became gradually filled with suspicion and distrust. From that time the brave admiral was subjected to many affronts and indignities. He bore them as well as he could; but an injury offered to his country transported him beyond the bounds of patience. Finding that no attention was paid to his remonstrances concerning Savona, and animated by a patriotic zeal for the honour and welfare of Genoa, Doria complained in the highest tone, and even threatened, if the measure were not instantly abandoned. This bold action, by the malice of the courtiers placed in the worst light before King Francis, irritated him to such a degree, than in an evil hour he commanded one of his admirals to sail directly to Genoa, arrest Doria, and seize his galleys. It was conduct unworthy the royal Francis; but the rash order was given in a moment of petulance, and bitterly did he afterwards repent it.

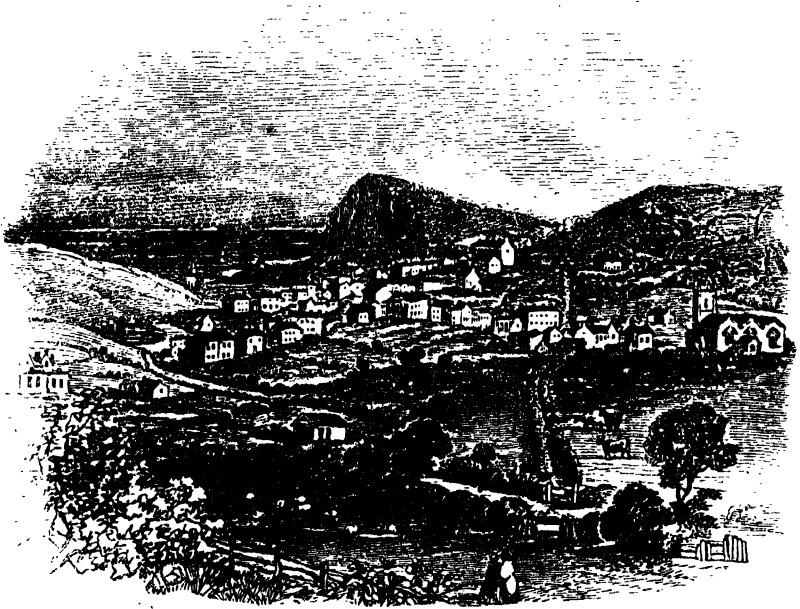
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#### GREAT MEN.

**MOUNTAINS** never shake hands. Their roots may touch; they may keep together some way up: but at length they part company, and rise into individual insulated peaks. So is it with great men.

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## A RAMBLE TO BRANDY COVE.



ILFRACOMBE.

ILFRACOMBE is not a woody place, certainly; trees are the only element lacking to make its scenery perfect: yes, a little fresh water, perhaps, a calm shaded river or a lake, in the parts where the downs shut out the sea, might be also wished for; this, with a little more timber to take off the nakedness of the aforesaid downs, would be perfection. And yet, at the end of May, one can scarcely admit, when one looks abroad, that it does lack anything. These rounded hills, covered as they are with turf, so smooth, and of such a tender green, are beautiful in their broad slopes and convexities; and the differences of light and shadow, and of atmospheric tint, as the sun's rays fall varyingly upon them, and as they are now relieved against the cloud-mottled azure of the sky, now recede behind a prominent mass, with a curving valley between, effectually preclude anything like a wearisome uniformity. Then there are the thickets of furze, sitting like dark crowns upon their summits, and groves of young oak and ash here and there in the bottoms, now arrayed in the freshness of new clothes—a livery of a richer and deeper hue than that of the grass, though yet of a tint which has a lively brightness peculiar to a week or two at this season; and the fruit-trees of the orchards, whose blossoming glories have just yielded to full foliage; and the luxuriant vegetation of the gardens; the young peas and beans and potatoes; and above all, the hedgerows: all this gives such a variety

of tint, that one forgets in the fulness of admiration that there is but one colour displaying many shades. Surely there is no other colour that could so charm the eye as *green*; none that could bear to be spread over almost all nature; none that we could look upon so continually, in all sorts of shades, not only without weariness, but with ever-new delight and refreshment. The conventionalism of art puts a sort of *taboo* on the tint in painting; but in real nature the eye never grudges the lavish profusion with which it covers the landscape.

The scarcity of wood here makes doubly valuable whatever approaches to grove or coppice we find, especially in our searches for wild flowers. There is a nice little coppice about a quarter of a mile behind the church, on the road to Lee. You enter through a gate, and the wood is over your head; for it covers the steep side of a sharp ridge, that runs upward, till its extremity becomes one of those lofty peaks called torrs, that overlook the sea, down perpendicular precipices of rugged rock. The coppice is very little, but it is a pleasant retreat to pass into its shadow out of the dusty road; for as the slope faces the north, no sun falls on it, at least during walking hours. All through May the lower parts have been covered with primroses and hyacinths and dog-violets, which are now yielding to other candidates for our admiration: the red campion and the herb Robert and the dog's mercury are still abundant there. The mossy banks produce two kinds of orchis, the early purple and the spotted palmate, the latter the less common. The sweet and modest flower of the wood-sorrel peeps from under the shadow of the shrubs, and mingles with the beautiful little yellow pimpernel, or loose-strife—a pretty name for a flower. Higher up among the bushes, all tangled with formidable brambles, grows the bilberry, with its delicate, rosy, urn-shaped flowers, and that curious plant the woodrush; and we have found one single specimen in blossom of a rather uncommon and fine flower, the bastard balm.

How much it adds to the pleasure of a walk to have something to search for, no matter whether it be insects or flowers, beetles or bee-orchises!—the having an object of desire, the constant hope of finding a prize, you know not what—and now and then the delight at finding some unexpected, unthought of, but not unwished for treasure—greatly enhance the gratification, and associate indelibly agreeable places with agreeable emotions. Forgive me if I am tediously garrulous, but I have always loved to cherish such associations. I can look back for years, and say with complacent memory, “It was in such a lane, on such a day, in company with such and such beloved companions, that I first found this or that rare insect; it was under such and such circumstances, impressed upon my recollection with a vividness that can never be effaced, that I heard for the first time the voice of a particular bird.”

By the way, about that woodrush, a reminiscence comes over me, when I see it, more amusing than flattering. The fine, rather imposing appearance of its broad leaves, as they come up in hollow tufts, enables “cute fellows,” in the guise of rustics (more ‘cute than conscientious), to palm off roots to gardening Londoners, as those of fine bulbous flowers. I have seen the plant so often in suburban gardens and areas, cherished up from month to month, and even from year to year, until patience becomes exhausted, and we see the collection some fine morning lying in the horse-road, that I am persuaded it is a common trick, and that many a dishonest sixpence is turned in this way. A good many years ago, a fellow in a

smockfrock came to my garden-gate in May, when I was tidying up the beds, and offered me a couple of roots of something of which he said he did not know the name, "but it bore a beautiful pink flower at Christmas." I did not know the plant; I was young in gardening (it was a good many years ago), and rather admired the look of the leaf-tufts. I strongly doubted his story all the time, but he was profuse in his praises of the flower, and told me I should have them for sixpence; and so I invested that amount of capital in the enterprise. The fellow looked about, and said, "He could see that master was a good gardener." My old mother, who thought no great things of my talent in that line, averred that the man's flattery had something to do with the purchase; but I declare to you that it had not. However, I watched the plants till Christmas had passed; but no sign of shoot or flower-stalk was sent up; and one morning they disappeared, not to lie in the horseroad, but quietly put away, decently buried beneath the ash-heap, without any dirge.

How you would admire the little pictures that present themselves at every turn! Here is a scene, as I sit on this mossy bank, and look over the hedge before me. This nearest field, with the wheat in blade, and that next to it, in grass, and almost ready for the mower; the wind sweeps over both, and we trace its course by the eye; but the effect on one is very different from that on the other. On the young corn the waves give a bluish green, a sort of hoary glaucous tint as they pass, and have not the fairy lightness of the waving grass in flower, over whose grey and russet surface silvery flittings sweep so lightly that you might imagine Queen Mab and her airy troop were speeding over it. The fields are sloping away in all sorts of ways. I am sure there is a brook down there in that dark corner between the wheat and the grass; I cannot see any sparkling of water, but I know it by the look of the trees; they are so dense, and there is such an obscurity, a blackness, in and under their screening foliage, as only the vicinity of water gives; it is just such a little patch of deepest shadow in the sunny scene as an artistic eye would delight in. There is the dusty, drab-hued road, winding up between those hedges, half-hidden as it winds; the farm-buildings yonder in the bottom; the old church peeping over the hill, the ridges of its triple roof just in sight, and its square grey tower, with a vane at each of its four corners, all pointing the same way; an emblem of what the church ought to be, rather than what she is, with all her ministries directing the soul to Him who is the living way, the only way, to God. The summits of those broken hills close the view as with a wall; but between them there is just a peep of the ever-lovely sea; and a minute vessel far off, making her way up the channel, reminds our human sympathies that our fellow-man, with all his hopes, and fears, and cares, and toils, is there. The winds are sighing round us, and whispering in these quivering hazel-leaves; and many voices are behind us in the copse—sweet voices of sweet birds! How richly mellow the low notes of that blackbird, who has been pouring forth a broken melody for the last ten minutes, as if unconscious that any ear heard and admired! and here, close at my elbow, a tiny rogue of a wren perches himself on a twig, and with tail more than erect delivers himself of such a rapid effusion that one can scarcely help laughing. There is the sweet call of the cuckoo again—cuckoo! cuckoo! How I love to hear that voice; I stand still to listen, and drink in the notes, as if they were the very quintessence of summer.

That principle of curiosity that prompts one always to penetrate as far as possible, and to see all that may be seen, won't let me sit here enjoying this quiet scene, lovely as it is; I must needs climb those heights, and see what that elevation reveals. The little lane (I ought to have said that a bank and hedge bounding the foot of the shrubby hill-side makes its bottom a lane) presently opens into a pasture-field, steep enough for a pugilist's fasting walk. The edge of the copse that bounds it is blue with the thick spikes of bugle; and here at the lower parts whole patches are radiant with the pimpernel. Except the corn poppy, this is said to be the only scarlet flower we have; and in truth it is a little gem, with its dark-purple centre and bright-yellow pip in the eye. Three most sweet little flowers—sweet, I mean, to the eye; for alas! neither of them is endowed with fragrance—the pimpernel, the loosestrife, and the germander-speedwell—scarlet, yellow, and blue—grow in profusion within a few yards of each other here. I was tempted to try how a bouquet would look composed exclusively of these three; the effect was most charming, the loosestrife supplying the foliage, of which the others were lacking. What a pity that such a garland should be scentless!

As the ground rises, a commanding view of the town is opened, which to be sure offers nothing either attractive or imposing. What the stranger is most struck with, is the grey hue of all the houses; they look exactly like the dwellings in the New England States and the British Colonies: the peculiarity is, that the walls are faced with slates of a silvery-grey appearance, which bears the closest resemblance to the clap-boarding with which it is customary to cover houses in those timber countries.

Higher still, through another field where the tiny, yellow heads of the medic are abundant, and that curious species of potentilla, well called silver-weed, that looks as if children had been snipping fancy leaves with scissors out of a piece of French-grey satin. Before we leave this field, however, let us turn and look. Is it not a glorious prospect? Where but in England could we see such scenery?

What a sweet calm reigns over all! it looks like a land that had never seen strife; indeed I think that the peculiar, indescribable air of security that belongs to an English landscape may be in part owing to the happy circumstance, that for centuries her soil has not known the horrid devastations of war. She may be described in the graphic terms which the prophet uses to express the peaceful fearlessness of the land of Israel in the day when the haughty Gog shall come up against it; a "land of unwall'd villages;" "them that are at rest, that dwell confidently [*marg.*], all of them dwelling without walls, and having neither bars nor gates." (Ezek. xxxviii. 11.)

The sight of yonder homestead, peeping from among its surrounding trees of deepest, massiest foliage, put this into my mind. The white buildings just indicated, rather than shown, nestling in their bower of verdure, have such an air of peacefulness! Well, that fills the bottom of the valley: then before us and around is a wide amphitheatre of country, chequered with fields of all shapes, of all shades of green, from the dark corn just up, to the emerald hue of the young grass, or the yellow flush of thousands of newly-opened buttercups; and of all shades of brown, some rich and red, where just ploughed, others greyish, with the sprinkling of lime that has been cast over them. The column of white smoke that curls upward from the corner of yonder ploughed field, and falls



obliquely away in transparent haze, where the peasant is burning the noxious couch-grass, adds to the quiet dreaminess of the scene. The projecting torrs on the left hide the town and the sea; but the summit of Hillsborough's great mass is visible, a noble object; and in the hollow and on the slopes are many pretty white villas with their gardens and pleasure-grounds.

Another push upward, and all this is shut out; and here we are on the top of the naked, rounded down, with the expanse of the Bristol Channel before us, and the sound of its waves surging among the rugged rocks far beneath our feet. Here is the short, close turf, and the pretty scarlet-tipped bird's-foot trefoil, and the rosy, dwarf red-rattle, and the delicately-formed milkwort, all tiny plants that hardly overtop the turf, close as it is. The milkwort is of the blue variety, the deepest, richest ultramarine—surely by far the most beautiful phase of this varying little flower.

When I got up as high as this, two or three little things of interest occurred to me. One was, the finding of a thrush's chopping-block. You are perhaps aware that the birds of this family feed largely on snails, and that they are said to carry their prey to some selected stone, against which they hammer and bang it, till the fracture of the shell enables them to pick out the morsel. I never before had personal testimony of the habit, but here was evidence indubitable. Around a stone about as big as my head, and partially imbedded in the earth, were scattered the fragments of perhaps ten or a dozen snail-shells, all of the same species—the prettily banded wood-snail (*Helix nemoralis*); and the smeared stone made it clear enough how they had been broken. Two or three of the shells were unbroken; they had evidently resisted all the batterings of the bird, and as a last resource he had endeavoured to get as much as he could from the natural aperture; for the poor snail, in each case, was cut and nibbled as far as a bird's beak could reach it.

But these were not the only shells that I found here. Scattered about on the downs, three or four hundred feet above the sea, I found several shells of the common limpet, that congregate in thousands on the rock below. Who could have brought these hither? I should incline to reply, the jackdaws that I see perching on the ledges of the precipice yonder. If human hands had brought them hither, the mollusk would have been detached quite clean; and that whether it were done for the sake of the shell—as by children to play with (a most unlikely supposition, however), or for the sake of eating the animal; in the former case the human fingers remove the flesh clean out, and in the latter case—i.e. it being cooked—it drops spontaneously; but in each of these shells the fragments of flesh remained adhering all round the concavity, having evidently been picked out piecemeal by an industrious bird.

What those birds were there is little room left for doubt, when one remembers the appetite of the *Corvidæ* for mollusks, and observes how numerous the jackdaws are hereabouts. Indeed it is by far the commonest bird of the crow kind in the neighbourhood. How they manage to get the fast-sticking limpet from his rocky base, however, I am at a loss to imagine. It requires considerable adroitness in a human practitioner to effect the removal with the aid of the point of a pocket-knife thrust under the margin of the shell; and it must be done in a moment, too; for if you give the shell-fish the least warning, he screws down his shell so tight, and brings the force of his adhering muscles to bear so power-

fully, that he defies your operations. But the instinct and cunning of all the crows are very great, especially when whetted by hunger.

Portions of the land are enclosed and cultivated at the top of these downs, and a man was ploughing here as I passed. The walls which bound the field, running along to the edge of the cliff, are built of loose, dry stones, in the country manner, affording in the crevices roof-space for many wall-loving plants. The pretty pale yellow heads of the clover-like flower, called lady's fingers, was growing on them in profusion, as it does in the clefts of the rocks all about these precipitous shores, embellishing their ruggedness with its delicate blossoms. Out of the side of the stone-wall also grew numbers of tall and noble foxgloves—that most magnificent of British flowers: several of them were already in blossom, though it was yet May; and indeed that reminds me that most of the flowers here appear earlier than the earliest period assigned to them in Hooker's 'British Flora.' Surely a finer spectacle than a group of foxgloves, growing robust and in full bloom, with the rich purple of their deep cups—the fingers of the folks' (or fairies') gloves—deepened by full exposure to the sun's light, one can scarcely wish to see in the way of flowers. A dozen or so of spikes, all straight and well grown, and tied together in one or two places, and set in a deep vase, make a noble bouquet for the drawing-room. The buds progressively unfold; and as they enlarge they push against one another, and fit themselves into the intermediate spaces, so as soon to make a compact mass, as if all were growing from one stalk; and a truly grand affair it is.

Have you ever seen the *Machilis maritima*? Perhaps you have not, for it is not at all a common insect, and is found only in certain localities, as upon rocks and stones by the sea. It is rather a curious creature, and worth a moment's examination, if you ever fall in with it. I found it the other day near Watermouth, when ascending the face of the cliff, by means of holes, which I had to cut in the soft slate with my knife as I went up; but my situation then prevented me from attending to it. Here on the stones of this wall, I observed several more leaping nimbly about, and one of these I caught, despite his agility. From their shape, and especially from their being clothed with shining, silvery scales, the insects of this family have been called fish-insects; and we may name this, the Many-footed Fish. It is not particularly small, being nearly two inches in full length, from the tip of its antennæ to the extremity of its long bristles behind. The way in which it performs its vigorous leaps does not at first appear; but if you look carefully you will find all along each edge of the belly a row of short, stiff points, directed forwards, which move on a joint, and ordinarily lie close to the body. When, however, the insect wishes to leap, all these little bristling points are forcibly thrown out at right angles, as if with a spring-movement, and by the impulse the insect is projected forward through the air to the distance of a foot or more. The tail is furnished with several long bristles, which have been supposed to be the organs employed in propulsion; but I think this is quite a mistake. It is rather a pretty creature, marked in chequers of light and dark grey, and often reflecting prismatic tints.

From the highest part of the downs a broad slope of turf, dangerously steep, descends to an abrupt edge, whence the rock is absolutely perpendicular for three hundred feet or so, down to a little cove, fringed with many a pinnacle and projecting ledge, washed by the sea at high water.

Just as I appeared over the summit of the down, a sharp, querulous cry was uttered, and presently repeated by a number of similar voices, and up sprang into the air above the cove about a hundred and fifty gulls. They had evidently been disturbed from their resting-places—probably their breeding-places—in the precipice; for on the shelves and projecting points many more were still sitting, which, as I approached nearer and nearer the edge of the cliff, spread one after another their long pinions and leaped up on the wing, to add their cries to those of their fellows above. From their size and colours I suspect them to have been of the species known as the kittiwake, mostly in adult plumage, though with not a few yearling birds in the company. They soared round and round, and in and out amongst each other, calling pertinaciously their three or four sharp notes, which resembled the cries of young puppies; and now and then a low, quiet ha! ha! ha! startled the ear, like the hollow laugh of a person in an under tone, but close to you. The flight, though flagging, was powerful; sometimes one would swoop down-upon another, when the assaulted one would shoot away from the attack with redoubled speed. One in particular manifested much inclination to strike me, if he had dared; he made many feints of attack, and evidently wished to intimate that matters should become serious if I did not desist from peeping over the cliff. I was quite sure it was one and the same bird each time, for I followed him with my eye, through all his tortuous course as he sailed away among his fellows and returned to the assault. He would descend to my level while yet at some distance, and then would come speeding on in a straight line for my face, rising just in time to go over my head. Of course I knew he would not actually strike me, and therefore did not flinch, though the impetus with which he came would doubtless have made a blow from his sharp strong beak fatal. In all probability his domestic economy, his mate on her weedy nest of three eggs, was placed on a ledge not far from the spot where I was standing. After a while the birds began to disappear, some behind the promontories that bounded the view, some on the sides of the more distant headlands, and some about the cliffy walls of the cove itself, yet ready to take to the air again on the least alarm.

I wanted much to get down to the beach, but searched in vain for any accessible mode. The only means that seemed possible was a fissure, down which a little stream dribbled. It was in many places only just wide enough to allow me to squeeze through, was very rough and full of slaty *débris*, treacherously slippery to the feet. There was, however, a good deal of long grass, and I thought I could not fall far at a time if I missed my footing, and so attempted it. It was laborious enough, but by sliding in some parts, working with knees and elbows, chimney-sweep fashion, in others, cutting away the soft slate with my clasp-knife, and similar manœuvres, I managed to reach within eight or ten feet of the bottom. There it got quite perpendicular; I could easily slip down, but how get up again? there was no other way out of the cove, and the tide was coming in. I was reluctant to lose my labour, and besides wished to see if the exposed rocks would afford me any new zoophytes. It is true they did not differ in appearance from the rocks of other parts more accessible, but the mind is often apt to conclude that what is difficult to reach must be better than what is obtained with facility. However, it was too hazardous. I waited long before I began to retrace my steps; but at length had to make my way up again through my wet and narrow chimney, dirty enough, and scratched too, when I reached the top.

The man that was ploughing at some distance told me that there was a narrow winding path down the face of the cliff, on the outside of a promontory that he pointed out, and accordingly I went to seek it. I found it a great mass of land, like the main, but almost isolated, being connected only by a narrow pathway, where the cliff on each side comes up to a razor-like edge, about a foot wide. Of course it was grand to look down on both sides at once, from such a giddy height; but indeed, to tell the truth, I tried to think of that as little as possible, and looked uncommonly close to my footsteps till I was fairly landed on the grassy peninsula, where, however, I vainly searched for any trace of a path down to the shore on either side; and therefore had to give it up, *volens volens*.

And now I dare say, dear reader, you are disappointed that this long ramble of mine led to nothing; and so am I, too: but you see plainly it was not my fault. I strove hard to get down to the tidepools on those rocks that I saw so tantalizingly far below; whence, if I could have got down, I dare say I should have brought up some animals, with whose curious organization or interesting habits I might have amused you. But let us hope that since Brandy Cove is so very hard to get at, it does not contain anything particularly worth seeing. P. H. G.

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 OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.


THE SHRIKES.

RESEMBLING the titmice in their carnivorous propensities, the Shrikes have a far higher reputation as singing birds. The Great Grey Shrike\* (*Lanius excubitor*), the cruel butcher-bird, has a sweet warbling song, though its rich melody is sometimes lessened by the intermingling of some harsh tones. It is said to have a power of imitating the notes of other birds; and though this is denied by some ornithologists, yet there seems good authority for believing that it exists. Bechstein says of our shrike that it

\* The Grey Shrike is ten inches in length. Whole upper parts pearl grey; wings and tail black, tipped with white; a patch of white at the base of the primaries; a band of black passes from the beak to the ear-coverts, enclosing the eye; under parts pure white; beak and feet black.

imitates the notes, though not the songs, of other birds; and the statement of a writer in the 'Naturalist' tends to confirm this opinion. This writer tells us that he was first led to discover this shrike, by hearing notes very similar to those of a stonechat, yet not quite familiar to his ear. These he ascertained were uttered by the butcher-bird; and as he listened he found them soon exchanged for softer and more melodious tones; not, however, prolonged into a continuous song or strain. Whether the opinion, held from earliest times, be true or false, that the shrike lures the singing-bird into its clutches by imitating its tune, we well know that the small birds, as well as various animals, have good reason to dread it, both for its power and skill in making them its prey; and they seem terrified by its presence near their nests. It feeds on mice, shrews, frogs, lizards, and small birds; adding to its meal some of our larger insects, as grasshoppers and beetles. Nor will a small amount of food suffice to satisfy its appetite. Its own voracity, and that of its hungry little ones, make great demands on the helpless creatures which are its victims. The shrike has a singular habit of fixing its slaughtered animals on a thorn, or on the forked branch of a tree, and so hanging them up, as a butcher might do the animals destined for sale; hence its familiar name of butcher-bird. A naturalist who kept this species in confinement, observed that when a bird was given to it, it always broke the skull, and usually ate the head first. Sometimes it held the bird in its claws, and pulled it to pieces as a hawk would do; though it seemed to prefer forcing a portion of it through the wires, and then pulling at it, always hanging up on the sides of its cage any part which remained after its meal. It would often eat three small birds in a day.

Our shrike has a number of familiar names, and many of those, both of our own and other lands, refer to its habits. Thus it is called the Mountain Magpie, the Murdering Pie, and the Shreek, in various parts of this island. Willoughby says, that in the north of England it is termed Weirangle; and the Germans also call it *Werhangel*, or *Wurkangel*. This was thought by Gesner to be the corruption of the word *Wurchangel*, which, rendered literally, signifies a suffocating angel. The Germans also call it by a word which we may render Ninekiller, because, say they, it kills nine birds every day. Another old English name is *Mattagesse*; and an old French writer calls it *Falconello*. From an old quatrain in 'Portraits d'Oyseaux,' it seems to have been considered a useful bird in France, on account of its destructive warfare against mice, rats, and other animals. The name of the genus *Lanius* was given by Gesner, from *lanio*, to cut or tear in pieces.

The shrike was formerly much used by falconers; and an extract from the 'Book of Falconrie, or Hawkinge,' published in 1611, and also from Sir John Sebright, will show why it received the specific name of *excubitor*, or sentinel, which Linnæus applied to it—the warder butcher-bird. as another writer on hawking calls it. "Her feeding," says Turberville of this shrike, "is upon rattes, squirrells, and lisards; and sometime upon certaine birds, she doth use to prey, whom she doth entrappe and deceive by flight, for this is her devise. She will stand at perch upon some tree or poste, and there make an exceeding lamentable cry and exclamation, such as birdes are wonte to doe being wronged, or in hazarde of mischief, and all to make other fowles believe and thinke she is very much distressed, and stands needfull of ayde; whereupon, the credulous sellie birds do flock together presently at her call and voice, at what time if any

happen to approach neare her, she, out of hand, ceazeth on them, and devoureth them (ungrateful subtile fowle!), in requital of their simplicity and pains. These hawkes are of no account with us, but poor simple fellows and peasants sometimes doe make them to the fiste, and being reclaimed after their unskilful manners, doe have them hooded, as falconers doe their other kinds of hawkes, whom they make to greater purposes."

Sir John Sebright says that the butcher-bird is tied on the ground, near the tent of the falconer, while the latter employs himself in some sedentary occupation, relying on his vigilance to apprise him of the approach of a hawk. This the bird never fails to do, by screaming loudly when the hawk is seen at a distance.

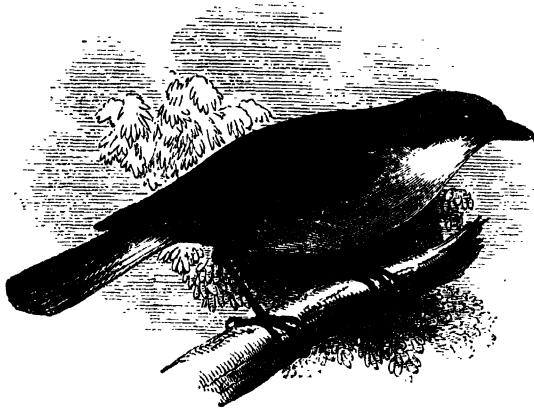
The great shrike is neither a resident, nor a regular visitor in our island, only coming occasionally to this country from some portion of the European continent, over a great part of which it is pretty generally diffused. The season at which this bird visits Britain is usually between the autumn and the spring, and several counties are named as those in which it has been seen, and in some districts of which it is often common, as Surrey, Sussex, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, Worcestershire, Cheshire, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Yorkshire, Cumberland, Northumberland, and Durham. It is supposed that the birds of this species which reach us, were in the course of migration to other lands, and being driven by adverse winds on our coast, are content to resort awhile to our fir plantations, or groves, or thickets. It is a common bird in France, remaining in the woods of that country all the summer, and residing on the open plains during the winter season. This large bold bird is about ten inches in length. It builds its nest in a tree at a great height from the ground, making it of grasses, moss, and wool, lined with hair. The eggs are of a greyish-white colour, spotted with brown and ash colour. The croaking, clamorous anxiety of this shrike during incubation, often betrays the place of its nest.

A writer in the 'Magazine of Natural History' remarks, that a peculiar odour proceeds from the great shrike after death, not unlike that which arises from the explosion of gunpowder. He observes that he has found the same peculiarity in the nuthatch.

Though the great shrike, from its comparative unfrequency in our woods, contributes little to their minstrelsy, yet a smaller species, the Flusher or Red-backed Shrike \* (*Lanius collurio*), is a regular visitant to our island, and a common bird in several parts of it; while as a singer it deserves great praise. It may often be seen and heard in the neighbourhood of London, and is frequent in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, and some other counties, haunting the borders of woods, or dwelling among the furze, broom, or brambles of our open downs. Like its congener, it is a true butcher-bird, though it is inferior in size and power to the great shrike. It has been known to kill birds as large as a finch, and is much feared by small birds in general. The may-bug which floats in the air of the summer evening, dashing in our faces as we walk over the green meadows, is a favourite food of this

\* The Red-backed Shrike is seven inches and a half in length. Head, neck, and rump grey; back chestnut-red; wing-feathers black, edged with red; tail-feathers white at the base, black towards the extremities, but tipped with white; a band of black along each cheek: under parts pale red; beak and feet black. The female has the upper parts dull reddish-brown; the under parts greyish-white, barred with minute darker lines; the black stripe on the cheek is absent.

species; and the merry song which the grasshopper sings among the herbage, proves only to be its own death-warning, if this bird is nigh. It



RED-BACKED SHRIKE.

pounces down upon the insect, and flying off with it in its mouth, seeks some hawthorn, or prickly furze, or bramble bush, on which to hang it. During the time when its young are clamorous for food, several of these insects may be seen hanging thus impaled, and ready to be fetched away by the parent birds, as the nestlings may require them. Young birds are fiercely attacked, and naturalists have been attracted to a spot where the butcher-bird is to be seen, by the shrill cries of alarm uttered by some smaller birds; and on reaching the place have seen a youngling carried off in its beak to a neighbouring tree, where it was soon ingeniously transfixed by the neck to a thorn.

This shrike, like many of our smaller migratory birds, passes its winter in Africa; and comes to us in pairs, in April or May, leaving this land in September. It makes its nest in a high part of a flick hedge or bush. Its form is like that of a large cup, and the materials employed are the coarse stalks of plants, moss, and fibrous roots; while the lining consists of a few hairs, and some fine grasses. The eggs are four or five in number, pale bluish-white, spotted with brown and ash colour.

The flusher sings its song in a continuous strain, from the top of a bush, or on the bough of a tree near its nest. It well imitates the notes of other birds, mixing with its own some which it borrows from the nightingale, goldfinch, or other singers. In captivity, Bechstein says, it learns quickly to whistle airs, but forgets them with the same facility in order to learn new ones. He says that it is a most lively bird, and that if taken out of a cage it will soon clear the room of flies. It catches them while on the wing, and if a thorny branch is given it, it will impale all the insects, making at the same time the most droll and singular movements. One, which he had in confinement, refused the most tempting food; and on the fourth day its owner, thinking it too weak to injure the other birds, allowed it the liberty of flying about the room. An unfortunate hedge-sparrow became, however, its immediate victim; and after being put back again into the cage, it ate all the food with which it was supplied, as if now its propensity had been satisfied.

## WILD FLOWERS.

HAREBELL. (*Campanula rotundifolia*.)

THERE are few of our wild flowers more admired, or which have won more praises from the poets, than the Harebell. Bowing down to every wind which sweeps across the open and bleak places which are its native haunts, and having its azure cup sprinkled with the morning dews, as with pearls, it surpasses most flowers in gracefulness of form, and many in beauty of colour. It is, too, as common as it is lovely, for every heath and sunny bank and hilly pasture has its little knots of harebells, and it often waves on the very summit of some tall cliff or old wall, being ever most plentiful

“On the swelling downs, where sweet air stirs  
The blue-bells lightly, and where prickly furze  
Buds lavish gold.”

The leaves on its stem are slender, like those of grass, but at its base there are a number of roundish notched leaves, which serve to distinguish this species from one somewhat similar. When the plant is young, the leaves are easily detected, but as it increases in size, they are often quite dried up.

We have no less than ten wild species of bell-flowers, some of them having stout stems and large leaves, from among which hang conspicuous purple bells. In the summer months many species are very common on our hedge-banks and in woods. There is one wild kind, which is very small and delicate, and of extreme beauty. It is the



Ivy-leaved Bell-flower (*Campanula hederacea*), with light-blue bells, which have scarcely any tendency to droop. This most graceful little plant grows in tufts, and has a great number of ivy-shaped leaves; its stems are weak, and so slender, that they are seldom much larger than a packthread. It grows in moist shady woods, and is plentiful in Devonshire, Cornwall, and Sussex, as well as in some other parts of our island, though in most districts it is a rare flower.

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HOME TALES.—No. VI.

JOHN RANKIN; OR, THE INCENDIARY.

"MAY I begin now, father?" asked John Rankin, "I've something so pretty to read to you; it is about our Saviour's feeding the multitude with five loaves and two small fishes." No answer was given him, nor had he waited for one: his father had finished his supper, and that was enough. "Wasn't it wonderful, now!" said the boy; "and how good it was of our Saviour, wasn't it?" There was a pause. "But, do you know, master says this was not a greater miracle than what happens every day. He says the increase of the grain we sow, feeding, as it does, thousands and millions of people, is as great a miracle and full as merciful as that. Do you hear, father? God blesses the seed, he says, and, mindful of man's need and work, sends rain and sun, dew and frost, to make it fruitful. What wicked men then they are, ar'n't they, father, who set fire to the cornstacks?" Rankin made no answer, but smoked on in silence. "I hear there was another fire last night at Morton," said his wife; "how shocking it is!" "Don't you think the man who did it," said John, "deserves to be burnt himself?" and lowering his voice and creeping close to Rankin, he whispered, "And he will be burnt, won't he, some day?" "Hold your tongue!" cried Rankin in a tone that terrified the boy; "be off to bed; who teaches you to talk thus?" John trembled from head to foot; he looked at his mother, who was as surprised as himself. She made a motion that he should sit down quietly, while she, seeing her husband was not in a good humour, took up her work in silence. She sighed, however, as she thought how sadly Rankin was altered of late. Time was when the parish could not boast of a lighter-hearted man than he, or one who was a kinder husband and parent. Whatever was the cause, his smiles were gone; a cloud rested on his features, and words of discontent and of ill-will towards many of his employers, of whom he had been used to speak well, dropped from him. His wife could not make out that he had any real cause for such a feeling; but it had certainly got strong hold on him, for he dwelt upon it constantly. At the present moment he sat sullenly smoking his pipe, when a rap at the door made him start from his seat and rapidly approach it. Mr. Stanton's farming-man stepped in. "I've seen," said he, "that all is right in the stack-yard; I'm just come from it: but I've brought away the key of the store-barn by mistake; you may as well have it, for you will be there before me, as I am to be at the Dovecote farm by six o'clock." Rankin took the key without saying a word, and a civil "good night" was all that passed. "If there is one man in the parish that I like better than another," said Mrs. Rankin, "it is Joseph Parker: his kindness to you at all times, and especially when you were laid up so long, and his readiness to assist us ever since——" "Well, let's have no more of it," said her husband

roughly, "he has been a friend; and I'd rather that half the parish were out of it than he; but there's no need to be prating about it for ever." Rankin's manner was so unpleasant, and his words and looks so painful to his wife, that she was equally afraid to be silent or to speak, and she longed to hear him say he would go to bed. Once or twice he rose and looked out at the door, then sat down again and filled his pipe afresh; and once, when the cat made a spring after a cricket and overthrew the saucepan-lid that was standing by, he sprang from his chair, then, having given the poor animal a kick, he supported himself against the shelf near him, and his wife saw clearly that his hand shook and his cheek was pale. "We had better go to bed," said she: "come we are both tired—will you?" Before an answer could be given a loud shouting was heard, and the cry of "Fire! fire!" was heard. "Where? where?" cried she, rushing to the door and opening it. The sky before her was frightfully red; huge columns of smoke were seen rising upwards, and long streams of fire mingling with them and reaching almost to the clouds. She shrieked aloud; and her boy, from the window above, shrieked, if possible, louder. "Whose yard is it?" cried she to Rankin, who stood in the middle of the house, not knowing, seemingly, what to do. "How should I know?" said he, as she repeated her question; "do you suppose I had a hand in it?" Louder shouts at the instant filled the air, and numbers of people began to run past the cottage. "Mr. Stanton's stack-yard is on fire!" was the cry: "run, run, the whole town will go if the fire is not got under directly!" "For mercy's sake," cried the poor woman, "don't stay here; go, go!" Rankin disappeared; his wife and boy followed. Every house was soon emptied of its inmates, and the crowd was fearfully great. All were willing to give assistance, and unhappily such fires had lately been so common that many knew well what to do, and could organize themselves with effect. The parish engines were on the spot at once, those in the neighbourhood were sent for; the farmers themselves worked hard and with skill, and the labourers cheerfully joined them; while the women forming themselves into two rows, passed pails of water backwards and forwards one from the other from the wells and pumps that were near. It was a dreadful sight. The glare of light spread over every object, the roar of the flames, the cry of the women and children when a fresh stack caught fire, or a burning mass fell in, showering bright sparks around; the stern deep voices of the men; the hurrying to and fro of numbers who came to witness the scene, if not to give their aid, afforded a picture of horrors that none may desire to behold.

Skill and toil, however, were of no avail; stack after stack was consumed, and the barn burnt to the ground. The falling of the wind alone, with its having shifted to another quarter, mercifully stayed the progress of the flames, and saved the surrounding property from destruction. Mrs. Rankin and John had reached home before Rankin joined them. He was black with smoke and drenched with water, and so fatigued with the exertions he had made, that he was scarcely able to undress himself. Rest, however, he could not. He turned from side to side, and his wife asked him more than once if he had hurt himself, so heavy were the groans he uttered. He was on the spot early in the morning; Mr. Stanton and many others were already there. It presented a fearful picture of devastation and ruin, and many and deep were the curses heaped on the head of him who could have been guilty of such an act, who could have been the cause of

such wanton waste of food, and of injury to so good a master. Every means was taken to discover the offender, but in vain; nothing could be brought home to any one. Parker owned that he was the last person seen on the premises, and that he had given the key of the barn to Rankin, who proved that he had not left home for an instant after he had received it. At first every one was satisfied of Parker's innocence; but there are always hearts evil enough to sow distrust, and to suspect those who least merit it. As farming-man he had acted with some degree of authority, and those whom he had reprov'd for idleness and other misconduct began to spread doubts about him, and his situation at length became very painful. He bore it for some time; but finding himself more uncomfortable every day, he opened his mind to Mr. Stanton. "I am as innocent, sir," said he, "of injuring you as a child." "I quite believe it," said the other; "whatever doubts others may entertain, I hold none." Parker thanked him with much feeling, but told him that he felt himself so uneasy that he had resolv'd, painful as it was, to do as his brother wish'd him, and join him in America. Mr. Stanton expressed his regret at parting with him; but seeing that he was resolv'd on the step, he said no more.

The next day being Saturday, and the labourers assembled to be paid their week's wages, Mr. Stanton told them what Parker intended. "Understand now," said he, "that it is his own doing entirely. I am sure that he is as clear of all share in the late fire as my own son. Indeed, I have no suspicion of any one. I never did anything that I am aware of to merit any man's ill-will, nor did I suppose I had an enemy living. Whoever was guilty of that deed must certainly have intended to injure me; but beyond the inconvenience and alarm to which he has expos'd both me and my neighbours, he has fail'd in his attempt." The men look'd at each other in surprise. "The loss does not fall upon me," continued he, "as in most other cases it does not upon others situated like me. In our own defence, if nothing more, we are glad to insure to the full value of the property; the loss therefore falls upon the public, on strangers, probably, to all parties, who cannot have given offence to those who harbour malice against us. If it is revenge, therefore, that they seek in thus wasting goods that God grants us, and bringing down his judgments on their own heads, they defeat their own purpose; they are wicked for nothing; the evil falls on themselves; they insult their Maker only to kindle a fire in their own breasts which none can put out here—a flame which will burn for ever. Yes; should the man who was the cause of our late disaster have been among us that night, and with his own eyes beheld that dreadful blaze, and with his own ears heard those horrid sounds, he may form some notion of what he may expect when all secrets are made known, though neither you nor I may suspect the truth now." Then changing his voice, he said, "But since Parker will not stay with us, I must have a man in his place. There is not a steadier fellow on the grounds than you, Rankin, nor one who that night work'd harder than you. I was sorry I could not do for you what you wish'd some time ago; but I should not have been just to another if I had. So now, if you like to take Parker's place, you may." Rankin seem'd a good deal overcome; he stammer'd out his thanks, and many of the men gave him joy at his good luck. Parker especially express'd his pleasure. "That you are the better for what is a loss to me," said he, "makes amends for what I feel at leaving. I wish no ill to the man who has brought about this change;

his sin will find him out one way or other; and I had rather go down to the bottom of the sea than bear a tithe of his punishment."

Parker departed, and Rankin was now farming-man. His wages were good, and his home was not wanting in any comfort. All that he did was right with his master, and he was generally liked among the labourers. As the world, however, seemed to go smoother with him, a heavier weight pressed on his spirits. On the farm he was always so busy, or others were so much occupied, that this was not noticed; but his wife was painfully alive to the fact. He was cheerful only by fits; a sudden noise, the shouts of the boys at play in the streets, would make him start convulsively, and a cold dew would stand on his brow and lips, and a shudder would run through his whole frame. Sometimes his sleep was much disturbed; deep sighs would burst from his bosom; and often, as if he had had some horrid dream, he would suddenly awake, sit upright in bed, and seem afraid of lying down again. Sometimes he would murmur in his sleep, and broken words and sentences would escape his lips; and often, after he had passed a disturbed night, he would fix a look on his wife that told he wished to know, yet dreaded to find out, what might be in her thoughts. For a time it escaped his notice that she was grown very thin—that her colour and smiles were gone; and not till he had surprised her in tears more than once did the truth come home to him that she was unhappy. He dared not ask the cause; he dared not refuse to go to church with her, though it was easy to be seen that it no longer gave him pleasure; nor could he deny listening to his boy's reading, though often the child's remarks and the solemn words he read were torture to him. "That poor woman won't live long, and her husband thinks so," was the cry among the neighbours; and Rankin's looks of increasing sadness won the pity, and called forth the kind acts of many. "Rankin," said Mr. Stanton to him one day, "that cottage of yours does not seem a healthy one; it stands low; none of you look well. There is a pretty cottage of mine vacant at the other end of the town; suppose you move to it; you shall have it for the same rent you are now giving, and there is a garden to it that will grow vegetables enough for yourself and a neighbour or two besides."

Had such good fortune befallen him three years ago, Rankin would have been the happiest of men; and he would have thought that the evening would never come that he might tell his wife the offer that had been made him. But now his step was lingering as he walked home; and instead of entering the cottage at once, he seated himself on a stile at a little distance. For a time he gazed silently on the ground, sighed deeply, and then covered his face with his hands, as if he would shut out some unpleasant object. "Parker," groaned he at last, "your words have come true—my sin has found me out. Not in the vengeance that follows me, but in those very things that, had God's blessing been upon them, would have made me the envy of all. There is a fire in my heart that never goes out, a sound I can never forget. God punishes me, my master punishes me, my wife punishes me, my neighbours punish me. in the kindness that each shows me. O that I could make another feel, before he became guilty like me, what I suffer daily! that I could stop his hand before the rash deed was done! that he could hear the cry that tells him—there is no weight of woe upon the sinner's heart like the crime that is known to himself and his God alone!"

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## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
 Stands the old-fashioned country seat,  
 Across its antique portico  
 Tall poplar trees their shadows throw :  
 And from its station in the hall  
 An ancient time-piece says to all  
     " For ever—never !  
     Never—for ever !"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
 And points and beckons with its hands  
 From its case of massive oak,  
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,  
     " For ever—never !  
     Never—for ever !"

By day its voice is low and light :  
 But in the silent dead of night,  
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
 It echoes along the vacant hall,  
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
 And seems to say, at each chamber door,  
     " For ever—never !  
     Never—for ever !"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
 Through days of death and days of birth,  
 Through every swift vicissitude  
 Of changeful times, unchanged it has stood.  
 And as if like Heav'n, it all things saw  
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,  
     " For ever—never !  
     Never—for ever !"

In that mansion used to be  
 Free-hearted hospitality ;  
 His great fires up the chimney roared,  
 The stranger feasted at his board ;  
 But like the skeleton at the feast  
 That warning time-piece never ceased,  
     " For ever—never !  
     Never—for ever !"

There groups of merry children played  
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;  
 O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
 And affluence of love and time !  
 Even as a miser counts his gold,  
 Those hours the ancient time-piece told,  
     " For ever—never !  
     Never—for ever !"

From that chamber, clothed in white  
 The bride came forth on her wedding night;  
 There in that silent room below,  
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow;  
 And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
 Was heard the old clock on the stair,  
     " For ever—never !  
     Never—for ever !"

All are scattered now and fled  
 Some are married, some are dead,  
 And when I ask, with throb of pain  
 " Ah, when shall they all meet again ?"  
 As in the days long since gone by,  
 The ancient time-piece makes reply  
     " For ever—never !  
     Never—for ever !"

Never here, for ever there  
 Where all parting, pain and care,  
 And death and time shall disappear,  
 For ever there, but never here !  
 The horologe of eternity  
 Sayeth this incessantly,  
     " For ever—never !  
     Never—for ever !"

LONGFELLOW

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A YEOMAN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH'S TIME (1485-1509).

ARCHERY.

My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of 3*l.* or 4*l.* a year at the uttermost: and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to preach before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with 5*l.*, or 20 nobles a-piece, so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours. And some alms he gave to the poor, and all this did he of the same farm; where he that now hath it, payeth 16*l.* by the year or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.

In my time my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoot, as to learn me any other thing, and so I think other men did their children: he taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in the bow, and not to draw with strength of arms, as divers other nations do, but with strength of body. I had my bow bought me according to my age and strength; as I increased in them, so my bows were made bigger and bigger; for men shall never shoot well except they be brought up in it. It is a worthy game, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic.—BISHOP LATIMER.

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## STRANGE GAME AT SHUTTLECOCK.

THE Siamese are very expert at this game, but they play it without battledores, and not with the hand but with the foot. An English traveller thus describes a scene of the sort :—

“About thirty young men stood in a circle; the shuttlecock was exactly such as we have in England, but the battledore was the sole of the foot. I never witnessed such remarkable agility in my life as was displayed by these lads. One threw the shuttlecock to some one opposite, the young man near whom it would threaten to alight instantly prepared himself to receive it, and wheeling sharply round, would kick his right leg up so scientifically and correctly, that the shuttlecock would just alight on the sole of his foot, and rebound with amazing elasticity, being caught up by the next person it approached in precisely the same style; and in this method I have seen the game kept up for nearly a space of ten minutes without the shuttlecock once falling to the ground. I once attempted to imitate the young Siamese in their method of playing this game, but failed signally in the attempt, though I nearly succeeded in putting my ankle out of joint.”\*

But this game is also played in the same manner by the Chinese and by all the Indo-Chinese nations, as the Cochin-Chinese, the Peguans, the Burmans, &c. It is one of their favourite sports, and is played not only by youths and lads, but also by full-grown men, and even by active old grey-beards, who are often seen to take great pride in their skill and adroitness. The gentlemen of Lord Macartney’s Embassy to China (1793) observed, in the country near Turon Bay, some Cochin-Chinese standing in a circle and playing with great vigour and skill. They had nothing in their hands, and they did not, in any way, employ either hands or arms. But, after taking a short race, and springing from the ground, they met the descending shuttlecock with the sole of the foot, and drove it up again, with force, high into the air. It was thus kept up a considerable time; the players seldom missing their stroke, or failing to give it the direction they intended. Underneath the shuttlecock, these Cochin-Chinese loosely tied small copper coins, the clicking noise of which gave notice to the players when it was approaching to them.†

It appears, however, that the Burmans use a shuttlecock much larger than ours, and bring knees into play as well as feet. The ball is hollow, and made of wickerwork; and the art of the game consists in striking this upwards with the foot, or the leg below the knee. An English officer says :—“As may be conceived, no little skill is required to keep the ball constantly in motion; and I have often been much entertained in watching the efforts made by the players to send the ball high in the air, so that it should fall within the limits of the ring, when it is again tossed by the foot of another. The natives of Hindustan are not acquainted with this game, but it is common amongst the Chinese, Japanese, and other nations east of the Ganges.”‡

\* ‘Narrative of a Residence at the Capital of the Kingdom of Siam, &c.’ by Fred. Arthur Neale.

† ‘Authentic Account of an Embassy to the Emperor of China, &c.’ by the late Sir George Staunton.

‡ ‘Two Years in Ava, from 1824 to 1826.’

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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HARROGATE.



“O Hope! sweet flatterer! thy delusive touch  
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,  
Relieves the load of poverty, sustains  
The captive bending with the weight of bonds,  
And smoothes the pillow of disease and pain.”—GLOVER.

To the well-known virtues of its medicinal springs, Harrogate owes, if not its existence, at least its celebrity, and its present prosperity. Before their discovery it was but a small scattered hamlet, and for some years after, the



company who here resorted, found such inconvenience from the want of proper accommodation, "that the Duchess of Buckingham, daughter of Lord-Fairfax, Cromwell's general, coming to the spot for relief in a severe attack of asthma, caused a tent to be pitched near the Old Spa;" and it was not until 1687, that the first inn, called the Queen's Head, was built. The town, as it has now become, with its population of above four thousand inhabitants, is divided into High and Low Harrogate; the chalybeate springs are at the former, and the sulphureous and saline at the latter.

Of the chalybeate the oldest, called the Old Spa, was discovered by Captain Slingsby, in the year 1571. A terrace, sixty yards square, was then constructed, the top of which afforded a firm dry walk, and also commanded an extensive prospect. The dome that now encloses this spring was built by Lord Loughborough in 1786, and he also laid out a plantation of various forest trees, which give an agreeable shade to a walk two miles in extent; thus partially supplying a want of foliage in Harrogate, which led Dr. Smollett to describe it as a "wild common, bare and bleak, without tree or shrub, or the least signs of cultivation." But the great lion of Harrogate is the royal promenade, or Cheltenham pump-room. The spring is here saline, enclosed in a Grecian temple, one hundred feet in length by thirty in breadth, and serving as a pump-room, ball-room, music, and reading-room. Extensive gardens for various amusements lie behind this temple; and its waters, as analyzed by skilful chemists, contain muriates of soda, lime, magnesia, carbonate of soda, and oxide of iron.

Such changes have taken place in the names of the springs, of their owners, and of the localities in which they are situated, that it is rather puzzling to discriminate and identify them all: but their efficacy is by no means problematical; while the old well of Harrogate is so unmistakably mal-odorous and nauseous to the taste, that it may claim a notoriety which always renders it easy of discovery.

"I would pit this spring," remarks Dr. J. Johnson, "as well as the more modern sulphur well at Leamington, against any compound that ever issued from the chemist's shop, or any mineral water that ever sprung from the bowels of the earth, for smell and taste. If a venerable old rusty gun-barrel, which had not been loaded since the Spanish Armada, was well scoured out with boiling seawater, and if to these washings were added a few stale eggs; and, finally, if a stream of carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen, from one of the main pipes in Regent-street, were directed through this witches' candle, till it was super-saturated, then we should have as perfect an imitation of Aix-la-Chapelle, Leamington and Harrogate water, as Schwitz himself could manufacture in his laboratory at Brighton. Indeed, the Fontaine Elisée itself, at Aix, is little better than milk and water compared with this Yorkshire stingo." It is astonishing, however, to remark how soon the palate becomes accustomed to the most nauseous mineral waters. The first time they are sipped, everybody vows it is also for the last time, yet the patients persevere, and in three days become quite accustomed to the flavour. The chemical composition of the draught is muriate of soda (common salt), bicarbonate of soda, muriate, sulphate, and carbonate of lime, muriate of magnesia, sulphuretted hydrogen gas, carbonic acid gas, azote, and carburetted hydrogen gas. The sulphur of the water is by some supposed to have its source in a peat-bog near Harrogate, and the water, filtering thence through the ground, springs to light in the low village, perfectly transparent in appearance, but well impregnated with sulphur in smell. To the taste it is very saline, and no wonder, when

the pint contains nearly a quarter of an ounce of common salt. The disagreeableness of the taste appears to be more owing to the gases than to the salts. When exposed to the air, the water soon loses its transparency, and becomes partially decomposed; but if bottled immediately, and well corked, it will keep a long time unimpaired, and is indeed largely exported.

Modern science, and a better knowledge of diseases and their cures, have greatly curtailed the interminable catalogue of maladies for which Harrogate and other mineral waters were formerly prescribed; but still they have many advantages over drugs from the chemist's shop: for with what is called "trying" the waters, the patient commonly enjoys a relaxation from business, a temporary separation from scenes of anxiety and care; the journey itself, and change of climate, works wonders; while the early hours, and strict attention to diet, absolutely indispensable during a course of mineral waters, prove assistants of no mean efficacy in the recovery of health. The easy and familiar intercourse of society at the wells in the morning, the walks in the afternoon, and the sociable meetings in the evening, create a degree of cheerfulness of mind unknown to the hitherto very different circumstances of domestic or professional life. "Besides," as Dr. J. Johnson remarks, "There is the luxury of comparing notes with, and relating our symptoms to, our invalid companions! Many dyspeptic and hypochondriacal people repair annually to the spas almost on purpose to pour their grievances into the ears of those who have not been already wearied with the recital of their doleful ditties. The pleasure, great and indescribable as it is, which the baby derives from the sucking of its thumb, is nothing compared with the delight which the hypochondriac experiences in the recital of his miseries."

The vapour bath, now coming into such general use, and which may be employed at a much higher temperature than the liquid bath, has its apparatus here, and at almost all the watering establishments of England; and such is its soothing and agreeable efficacy, that, according to a lively French writer, "opium-eating, and even opium-smoking, must hide their diminished heads when compared with the vapour bath."

From its situation on an elevated plain, nearly in the centre of this narrow part of England, and at almost an equal distance between the east and west sea, High Harrogate benefits by a pure air, which, sweeping over an open and healthful country,

"Braces the languid nerves, and warms the blood,"

while the spot commands a very extensive prospect, bounded towards the west by the mountains of Craven, towards the east by the Hamilton Hills and the Yorkshire Wolds—the cathedral of York, though at the distance of twenty miles, forming a striking feature in the horizon.

The town of Knaresborough, gained in three miles of gentle descent, stands on the cliffs of the river Nidd, which winds its way at the bottom of a deep dell, and on the opposite side of the river is the celebrated dropping-well. The spring is about forty yards from the bank, but the water is not seen until it has spread itself among the shrubs and moss which cover an overhanging projection of the rock, about thirty feet high. From them it trickles down continually in innumerable drops and small streams, into the basin beneath, at the rate of about twenty gallons in a minute. The water is very cold, and from being impregnated with calcareous matter, moss, birds' nests, and other objects, placed in the basin for the purpose, speedily become incrustated or petrified by it, while a

substance from its deposit is formed, which will receive a high polish, and is made into various pretty trinkets.

Near this spot it is traditionally stated, that the notorious witch, Mother Slipton, was born; and certainly a more bold and singular locality could scarcely have been selected by the lovers of the marvellous. Further on, and at the foot of a range of precipitous cliffs, is St. Robert's Chapel. Hollowed out of the solid rock, it is about ten feet square and seven high, with an arched and ribbed roof, and a window and Gothic door. Behind the altar is a large niche, where formerly stood an image, and on each side is a place for holy water. There are also three sculptured heads, supposed to be an emblematical allusion to the order of the monks of the Holy Trinity, who formerly possessed the neighbouring priory; and at a small distance is another head, supposed to be that of St. John the Baptist, to whom the chapel was dedicated. About a mile distant from the chapel is the cave of the saint, who was a hermit, living in the reign of King John, and it is stated to have been the usual residence of the recluse.

The spot has for an entrance a small square door, and, though once of great extent, is now nearly choked up with rubbish; in fact, would be considered as little worthy of notice, but for its being awfully memorable as the scene of a murder, committed by Eugene Aram and an accomplice. By a train of singular circumstances, the crime was discovered after the lapse of fourteen years, and the murderer was brought to justice:—

“Foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth overwhelm them, to men's eyes.”

Eugene Aram appears to have been a man of abilities and great learning, and made a most ingenious and eloquent defence at his trial; but the heinousness of his crime, the consequence of his atheistical principles, exhibits a melancholy proof that splendid talents, without religious principles, are only “as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.”

To the antiquarian, the remains of the castle of Knaresborough, proving it to have once been a fortress of considerable extent, offer a scene of welcome interest. Dating from the Conquest, it was bestowed in the reign of Edward II., upon his favourite, Pierce Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall. On his death it reverted to the crown, and was granted by Edward III. to his fourth son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. It was a strong fortress during the civil wars, and made great resistance against the parliamentary forces. Not long after this it was, with many other castles, rendered untenable by the order of the House of Commons. The keep was large, consisting of three stories, and from an east view of the whole mass the dismantled towers, semi-round buttresses, and dilapidated arches, are finely picturesque. Among the interesting memorials connected with this once-important stronghold, is the circumstance, that in 1170, the four knights who murdered Thomas à Becket, here took refuge, remaining prisoners many months, and then pardoned on condition of their performing a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

After the base treachery which Richard II. experienced from the Earl of Northumberland and his gallant son Hotspur Percy, that unfortunate monarch was here kept a close prisoner, in an apartment still called the “King's Chamber,” till he was removed to Pontefract castle. To this chamber an ante-room led, and each appear to have been about sixteen feet square. The state-room had a large fireplace on the north, opposite to which was a large window, ten feet in breadth and fifteen in height. The rich tracery of this fine outlet was demolished by the effects of a

thunderstorm in 1806. Comparatively comfortable does this place of confinement appear, when we descend into the dungeon underneath it. Passing down twelve steps, we find ourselves in a prison about twenty-three feet square, the walls of hewn stone like those of the rest of the castle; the roof arched, and supported by one round pillar, nine feet in circumference. An aperture, three feet square, next the room, and terminating in a narrow point on the outside, admits the only avenue for air; while the solitary ray of light the prisoners could enjoy in this gloomy vault, must have been from the iron grate at the top of the steps, by the aid of which feeble glimmering, some of the unhappy captives have endeavoured to beguile the weary hours of confinement by carving rude figures on the wall, among which are those of two men in the dress of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

At about five miles from Harrogate, a group of rocks on a high hill catch the eye, and at a distance appear like some stupendous fabric crumbled into ruin. They have the name of *Alnias cliff*, or *Altar cliff*, from the Celtic "al," a rock or cliff, and "mias," an altar. On the summit of the vast pile are several basins hollowed in the stone, one of which is fourteen inches deep, and two feet four inches in diameter. Such cavities are supposed by Mr. Borlase, to have been made by the Druids to receive the water, which coming from the clouds was the purest of all fluids, and was used by them in their religious rites. On the west side of the rocks is a cavernous hole, called *Fairy Parlour*, the extent of which has not yet been ascertained, and near it are the remains of a rocking-stone.

In the valley below, stand two irregularly wedge-shaped upright stones, about twelve feet in height; and their singular shape and position have led to the conjecture that they once formed rock idols in those dark ages, when the rude Britons bowed to the spreading oak and massive column. At *Bramham crags*, distant about ten miles from Harrogate, a pile of rocks bearing the name of "*Idol Rock*," is a remarkable object of interest. Several tiers of large stones, some forty-six feet in circumference, rest on each other, forming a column nineteen feet in height, and standing on a small truncated cone but one foot in diameter at the top, and two feet seven inches at the base.

Both in its appearance, and the wild barren part of the country in which it is situated, the *Idol Rock* forcibly reminds the visitor who may have been a rambler in Cornwall, of the *Cheesewring*, a similar pile of stones, erected with like ingenuity on a narrow base. The whole plain, of about forty acres, on which *Bramham crags* are spread, and amongst which stands the *Idol Rock*, is elevated above the adjoining land; and westward is a narrow valley from which the rocks rise to a considerable height perpendicularly. Some prodigious convulsion of nature has apparently rent and scattered the firm strata of the rocks beneath, and scattered them in wild and picturesque masses over the table land, and in groups as grotesque in figure as they are singular in position.

The rock we have described, and several rocking-stones, constitute striking objects in this remarkable scene. Of the latter, the two largest are calculated to weigh above two hundred tons each, and can be put in motion with ease by the hand. Perforations in some of the craggy masses are numerous and of different diameters; those in the *Cannon rocks* are exceedingly remarkable, their diameter is about twelve inches, and nearly uniform from end to end.

One of them penetrates a huge bulk of rock, accessible at the lower end of the aperture; the more elevated extremity terminates at the opposite

side, where the face of the rock is perpendicular, and the opening in accessible as well as invisible. To a person stationed on this side the voice of another, placed at the mouth or lower extremity of the cylinder, sound most dismally, and as if it issued from the very centre of the cliff. Immediately above this orifice of the cylinder, and on the very summit of the rock, are two small grooves, about two feet asunder, and of equal dimensions, and which may have served for the insertion of two pedestals, as a support for the figure of some Druidical oracular idol. The tubes, from their power of augmenting the solemn sound of the voice, and by the artful management of the priests, might thus have been made the effectual instrument of promulgating their oracular decrees. About a quarter of a mile from this spot is a Druidical circle, thirty feet in diameter, near which are several small tumuli, or cairns, formed of earth and stone, and thirteen of them ranged in a circular manner. Two were opened some years since, when some ashes were found at the bottom of each, and the stones bore the mark of fire.

Several large tumuli are also near; one of which is one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and it is singular that the ground on which they stand is at this day called "Graffia Plain," or the "Plain of Graves."\*

In digging for peat among these rocks, the roots and stems of oak, fir and other trees have been found, and branches of the mountain ash still issue in many parts from the clefts. This picturesque spot is a favourite resort of the visitors to Harrogate; and, independently of its antiquarian associations, the plain offers an extensive view of the valley of the Nidd through which the river is seen for many miles to wind its way, ere it becomes lost to view amongst the distant mountains.

The botany of the neighbourhood is well worthy of attention; and among the many indigenous plants, acceptable either for their rarity or beauty, are the following:—

|                                |   |   |   |                            |
|--------------------------------|---|---|---|----------------------------|
| <i>Atropa Belladonna</i>       | - | - | - | Deadly nightshade.         |
| <i>Anthericum ossifragum</i>   | - | - | - | Lancashire asphodel.       |
| <i>Circea lutetiana</i>        | - | - | - | Eucharter's nightshade.    |
| <i>Convallaria majalis</i>     | - | - | - | Lily of the valley.        |
| <i>Colchicum autumnalis</i>    | - | - | - | Meadow saffron.            |
| <i>Cratægus Aria</i>           | - | - | - | White bean-tree.           |
| <i>Cheiranthus Cheiri</i>      | - | - | - | Wallflower.                |
| <i>Cistus Helianthemum</i>     | - | - | - | Sunflower cistus.          |
| <i>Daphne Laureola</i>         | - | - | - | Spurge-laurel.             |
| <i>Drosera rotundifolia</i>    | - | - | - | Round-leaved dewwort.      |
| <i>Gentian Amarella</i>        | - | - | - | Autumnal gentian.          |
| <i>Geranium sanguineum</i>     | - | - | - | Bloody crane's-bill.       |
| <i>Hottonia palustris</i>      | - | - | - | Water-violet.              |
| <i>Hydrocharis morsus ranæ</i> | - | - | - | Small water-lily.          |
| <i>Lysimachia nemorum</i>      | - | - | - | Yellow pin-pernel.         |
| <i>Lythrum Salicaria</i>       | - | - | - | Purple spiked willow-wort. |
| <i>Ornithogalum umbellatum</i> | - | - | - | Common star of Bethlehem.  |
| <i>Ophrys muscifera</i>        | - | - | - | Fly orchis.                |
| <i>Ophrys apifera</i>          | - | - | - | Bee orchis.                |
| <i>Osmunda regalis</i>         | - | - | - | Flowering fern.            |
| <i>Orchis bifolia</i>          | - | - | - | Two-leaved orchis.         |
| <i>Ophrys nidus avis</i>       | - | - | - | Bird's-nest orchis.        |
| <i>Parnassia palustris</i>     | - | - | - | Grass of Parnassus.        |
| <i>Paris quadrifolia</i>       | - | - | - | Herb Paris.                |
| <i>Primula farinosa</i>        | - | - | - | Mealy primrose.            |
| <i>Ribes Alpinum</i>           | - | - | - | Alpine currants.           |
| <i>Veronica scutellata</i>     | - | - | - | Narrow-leaved speedwell.   |

\* Archæologia, vol. iii. p. 209.

## SEPULCHRES OF ANCIENT ETRURIA.—No. II.

Mrs. HAMILTON GRAY and her party commenced their inspection of these ancient burying places under the auspices of Capranesi, the first dealer in antiquities in Rome, who had proposed to them to be present at the opening of a tomb in the necropolis of the city of Veii. The spot at which they began their researches was a hill, separated by a deep ravine from two others. One of these had formerly been covered by the magnificent town of Veii, and crowded with the dwellings of its living inhabitants; the other had been its chief necropolis, or burying place for the dead. The site of these graves had been recently discovered, and the scene now presented the appearance of a green hill undisturbed by human beings, save where some workmen had begun opening afresh an ancient tomb. The one which they were to inspect was already uncovered when they arrived. "We stood upon the brink of a pit," she says, "probably about ten feet deep, looking down upon a rudely-arched doorway filled up with loose stones. It was cut in the hard tufo rock that composes the hill, very different from the rich loose soil which we saw lying all around it, and which had been brought there by the hand of ancient labour to cover and conceal it, centuries ago. On each side of this arched door was a lesser archway, leading into a small open chamber perfectly empty; the tomb was vaulted, and had a shelf all round it, broad enough to contain cinerary urns, or vases, with here and there niches running back a foot or so into the rock. It had, however, probably been rifled before, for it was empty, save many vases of different sizes, some with two and others with four handles: there were the marks of where a sarcophagus had stood, but it was gone. The fact that the tomb had no doors was also an indication that it had been disturbed at some former period, as every Etruscan unviolated tomb, as yet discovered, is most artificially closed by one or two immense stone leaves. Each leaf is a single stone, curiously jointed and hinged, and so exactly closed that it is difficult to open it without breaking." Much interesting detail here follows in our author's history of the state of matters above ground, and of the relics of Veii which exist on the spot; but as our business is with the places where the Etrurians were to be found after, and not before, their death, we must not linger among them. We will pass over Mrs. Gray's visit to Monte Nerone, where nothing of special interest had greeted her, and give some account of what befel her at Tarquinia; and here we again will recur to the words of our author, as she details one of the most interesting and thrilling of the discoveries which had been made. "Our curiosity," says she, "had been much excited about Tarquinia, by the account of its painted sepulchres, which had been given us, &c. We also heard a most marvellous tale of a warrior, who had been found in his tomb clothed in a full suit of armour, and crowned with gold, during an excavation which had been conducted some time ago by Signor Carlo Avolta, Gonfaloniere of Corneto, in company with the late Lord Kinnaird. As Avolta eagerly gazed through a crevice above the door upon the mysterious chief of the ancient world, he saw the body agitated with a sort of trembling, heaving motion (which lasted a few minutes), and then quickly disappear, dissolved by contact with the air; and when at length he penetrated into the sepulchre, all that he found on the stone couch of the Lucumo was a handful of dust, a few fragments of his armour, his sword, and his golden crown." Mrs. Gray afterwards became acquainted with Avolta, who quite confirmed the above statement of his

adventure with the Lucumo, on whom he gazed for full five minutes. "He saw him crowned with gold, clothed in armour, with a shield and arrows by his side, and extended on his stone bier. But a change soon came over the figure; it trembled and crumbled, and vanished away, so that by the time an entrance was effected, all that remained was the golden crown, a handful of dust, and some fragments of the arms." (Fig. 1.)

Fig. 1. §

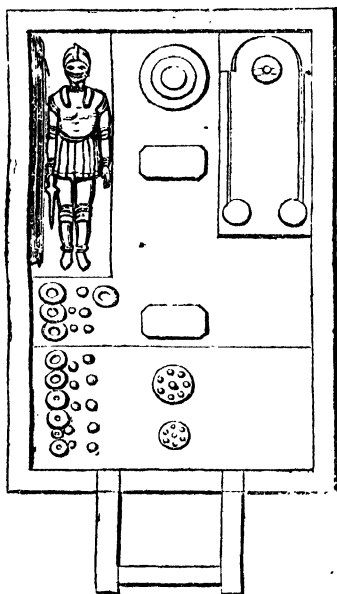
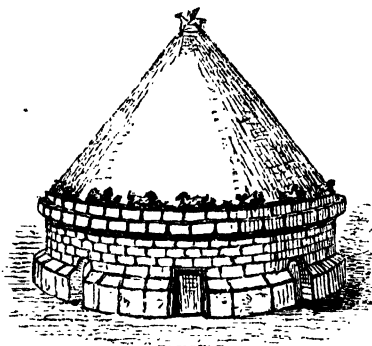


Fig. 2.



sonry crowned with coping-stones, adorned with carved images of sphynxes, lions, &c., from the top of which rose a conical mound of earth about twice the height of the lower wall, on the summit of which mound was placed a single figure of a sphynx, lion, leopard, or some other real or fabulous

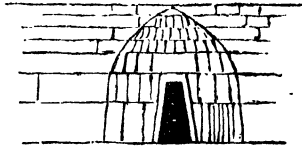
There is to my mind something of peculiarly solemn and thrilling interest in this adventure. To have beheld one who had lain perhaps three thousand years in the sleep of death; to have been the last who should ever look on that form which had been so long a period before animate with life, full of the eager passions and affections of a living human being; one who might have been coeval with David, or with Elijah, or Isaiah; and to have looked just as that form in which the living soul had walked and dwelt on earth, faded away and lost the image which it had preserved for so many centuries after death, was indeed a thing to be remembered to the last hour of life—an event far exceeding in interest all interviews with the living magnates of the earth, all sights of worldly pageantry and splendour.

The necropolis of Tarquinia is computed to extend over a space of sixteen square miles, and judging from the two thousand tombs which had been of late years there opened, their number in all could not be less than two million. What an idea this gives of the population of ancient Etruria, especially as at Tuscania, Vulci, and other places, cemeteries of scarcely inferior extent exist. The corpses appear usually to have been deposited in a vault, and most anciently, perhaps, without a coffin, but generally in a stone or terra-cotta coffin, with a lid of the same material, or of baked clay, surmounted by an image of the dead person. The form of the sepulchres (Fig. 2) seems to have been generally the same—a circular wall of thick masonry

animal. The interiors of many of these were painted and decorated as we have described before as displayed at Campanari's exhibition, and of the designs of some of which we hope presently to give some further account. An Etruscan necropolis must have been a striking object crowded with such monumental structures, all of them arranged in regular order, and uninterrupted by any admixture with the habitations of the living. In ancient Tarquinia, the city of the living covered the rocky ridge of one steep hill, while the necropolis, or city of the dead, crowned the summit of an opposite hill, separated from the former by a wide and deep valley, and extending over a broad table land which overlooks the sea.

"The day after our arrival at Corneto," says Mrs. Gray, "we devoted to the tombs of Tarquinia, and we drove to the distance of about three miles from the town until we found ourselves in the midst of a dreary moor, now called Monte Rozzi, which is all that remains above ground of the once superb necropolis, or burial-ground. It is extremely rugged and uneven; and every now and then we saw traces of some little mounds, and still more frequently holes, on the surface, like the mouths of pits; sometimes openings like doors down into the ground, and occasionally flights of steps half concealed (Fig. 3). We found only one architectural remnant

Fig. 3.



above ground, a low round tower, which in shape and circumference reminded us of the tomb of Cecilia Metella, on the Via Appia, but which had probably never risen much above its present height, and had been surmounted by a conical mound of earth, according to the common Etruscan fashion. We entered by a door below the present level of the ground, and found ourselves in a vault which had been the receptacle of the dead. We visited some other less perfect specimens of the same style; and it is probable that this was the prevailing form of Etruscan monuments in general, but that they varied in size according to whether they were designed to receive a single body, a private family, or a mighty ruler of the land with his ministers and followers, such as the immense and once splendid tomb at Agylla, of which the Regulini Galossi formed a part." The major part of the tombs in these burying-places seems to have been mounds artificially raised after the walls were built; but in many instances advantage has been taken of a natural hillock, which was formed into the right conical shape. Of all the tombs which have been opened, only a few have been guarded from the hand of the spoiler, several of which we must, though reluctantly, pass without notice, only giving some account of the paintings and decorations of two or three which present the greatest amount of interest.

The first, then, of these which we notice shall be the Camera del Morto, discovered by Cai Marigi, in 1833. "This is very small, not exceeding ten feet in length; but it is most interesting, from the affecting scene of domestic manners that it exhibits, the preparation of a dead body for its last resting-place, and the piety of the daughter and friends of the deceased. The paintings remain only on three sides of this chamber; those on the side



of the entrance, which consisted of fabulous animals, being obliterated. On entering we were struck with the graceful figure of a girl clad in a mantle and tunic, and having jewelled ears and pointed buskins, with hair dishevelled, and in an attitude of grief (Fig. 4), who performs the last sad

Fig. 4.



offices to an aged man. He, venerable from his white hair and beard, is laid out in a bed of state ornamented with purple, and covered with a tunic which reaches mid-way down the leg, and is joined to a hood like that of modern friars, coming over his head, which rests on a double pillow . . . . she is assisted by a son, or some very near relative, who touches the knees of the corpse with his right hand, his left being raised to his head, with the expression of lively sorrow, while he bids his last adieu. In a similar attitude of affliction, another man, naked and bearded, stands besides the bed, perhaps a brother of the deceased, who sympathizes with the grief of the children. The usage of the Etruscans to honour their dead with dancing and music is not here forgotten, the very chamber of death is represented as not without this somewhat incongruous accompaniment; while on the middle wall a dancer is introduced, who to the sound of the flute pours out a libation; beside a large vase ornamented with fillets placed in the centre of the picture, and two more dancers are represented, one of whom is emptying a tazza. These figures are naked, and have coronets or circlets on the head, on the arm, or in the right hand." The plates which accompany this and other descriptions in the book are taken from drawings in the Archæological, and other museums, and are very spirited, and most of them coloured. That of the scene from the Camera del Morto is most graceful and touching.

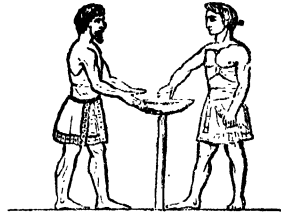
The Grotta del Triclinio is the next which is noticed. "Here is a full display of Etruscan magnificence in dress, furniture, and all the accessories of sumptuous living. The roof is vaulted and ornamented with divers colours, and divided in the midst by a beam, which is gracefully twined with branches of bacchic ivy. Above the frieze opposite the entrance are two men, both in an attitude of supplication, and above the door itself are two panthers, the usual guardians of the tomb. At the side of the door are two youthful horsemen, seated sideways upon their steeds, very slightly dressed, and with lances in their hands. The picture of the middle wall represents three couches, each containing a man and a woman. In front of two of these are tables covered with vases, and in front of the third is a large vessel out of which wine is poured into smaller vessels, to be handed round to the guests by a young slave. The party-coloured coverings of the tables and couches are very beautiful, as well as the splendid festal dresses of the

guests, and their crowns of ivy and olive. An attendant, richly dressed, is playing on the double flute, whilst the guests are turning towards each other in various attitudes and with lively gestures, and seem more occupied with the pleasures of society than with those of the table; but the feast is already begun, for one of the ladies is in the act of breaking an egg, and one of the gentlemen is receiving a cup of wine. The ladies are adorned with rich necklaces and bracelets; ointments and perfumes, also, so essential to the luxurious habits of the ancients, are not wanting in this banquet. The clatter of the dishes, and the smell of the meats, have attracted to the feast a tame leopard, a partridge, and a cock, which are assiduously picking up crumbs of good things. Above the couches hang crowns, or chaplets, with which the guests at the end of the entertainment used to adorn their heads, necks, and arms, when they took their luxurious siesta, or farther indulged in the pleasures of the goblet. The funeral feast being concluded, the dance commenced. The ballet consists of eight persons, and the musicians are two, a player on the lyre and one on the double flute, but even these take a part in the dance. . . . The dresses of these dancers are of the most splendid material, embroidered with minute stars, and adorned with party-coloured garnitures; their necks are ornamented with costly collars, their ears with pendants, and their arms with bracelets."

Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



It is with great reluctance that I pass over the Grotta della Guerciola and the Grotta del Cardinale, as they well deserve notice; but giving some figures from the Grotta del Iserzioni (Figs. 5 and 6), we must go on to the description of a frieze in the Grotta del Tifone, which seems to have higher claims on our attention, though in truth, where all is so worthy of note, selection is no easy matter. This grotta is named from a painting of Typhon, which adorns the square central pillar. It is a chamber, eighteen paces in length and sixteen in breadth, excavated in the tuffo rock; the roof supported on one solid square pillar, and the chamber encircled with three rows of stone seats, or ledges, rising one above another, on which are deposited a number of stone sarcophagi. In one place there is an excavation made further into the rock, the place having been too full to contain all its tenants. "Depicted on a portion of the wall of this tomb was a miniature procession of the dead, conducted by genii to their final abode of good or evil. The band is conducted by a good genius, as may be discovered from the serpents of eternity which are twined round his head, and from the pleasing expression of his countenance. He bears a lighted torch: he is followed by a number of souls; and among them two, a man and a woman, are distinguished for uncommon beauty . . . These, in the original, are evidently the principal figures in the group. This very handsome and noble-looking

youth is immediately followed by a monstrous fiend, in whom we recognise the most frightful development of the evil genius of Etruria, whose face and figure had been already familiar to us in scarabei and vases. The eternal serpents encircled his head, and his face had the most frightful negro exaggeration, with a brutish expression; one enormous claw was pouncing upon the shoulders of this unfortunate youth, while the hammer, the Etruscan badge of the angel of death, was raised aloft in the other. Behind him was the figure, lamentably defaced, of a female of surpassing loveliness, and in her beautiful brow and eye the most intense anguish was depicted. I shall never forget her look of unutterable woe. To her was attached an infernal guard, similar to him who had pounced upon the youth; his brows encircled with the same serpentine fillet, and his features and expression exaggerated, negro and brutish, only of a dark-brown colour, instead of a deep black. The art of the painter had invested these figures with the marks of individuality; they must have been portraits, but whom did they represent? and why were they thus represented? What had they done? and why were they thus singled out to be handed down for two-and-twenty ages, as the prey of demons?" As I looked at the interesting representative of this ancient record, my mind instantly recurred to the touching story of Paola and Francesco in Dante; the same idea seems to have been presented to Mrs. Gray's mind by the original.

A standard, bearing Etruscan characters, is carried in the midst of the procession. The figures are not above twelve inches in height; but judging by the drawing which accompanies the above descriptions, they must be full of grace and beauty. Although more, much more, of deepest interest remains to be told of the tombs at Vulci Castel D'Asso and other places, we must forbear; but we advise all to read for themselves the lively and interesting little volume, 'A Tour to Ancient Etruria,' which has furnished us with these details.

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ANDREA DORIA, THE BRAVE OLD ADMIRAL OF GENOA.—No. II.

MARATTI one morning entered the Admiral's apartment in some agitation.

"What is the matter?" asked Doria, "has anything happened to the boy? speak!" and he started up in alarm for the safety of his little favourite.

"He is well, quite well," replied Maratti; "but, my dear friend, I have just heard some scarcely credible tidings."

"Speak them."

"They nearly concern you."

"So much the better. If good, they are welcome; but if bad, as I suspect, I would rather they came to me than to my friends. What have you heard, Maratti?"

"That the King of France has given secret orders to Barbesieux to arrest you and seize your galleys. The admiral is now on his way hither."

"Arrest me!" exclaimed Andrea Doria, in the greatest astonishment. "Seize my galleys! Do I hear rightly, Maratti?"

"Alas! my friend, you do; alas! for kingly honour! Well may it be said, 'Put not your trust in princes.' You have enemies at the French court, who would gladly ruin you, Admiral. They have misrepresented your words and actions to the king, and filled his mind

with distrust and suspicion. Fortunately, though his orders were secret, I received intelligence of them. You have time to escape."

"And so King Francis suspects and distrusts Andrea Doria," said the gallant sailor, the proud blood rising to his cheek; "it is the last time he shall do so. Need is there indeed to separate if matters stand thus. And he listens to the tales of a few envious courtiers against one who for years has been as true as steel to him and his! Well, be it so. Andrea Doria needs not the favour of Francis of France, and can dispense with friendship so distrustful and uncertain."

"It is conduct so unworthy of his right royal and generous heart, I could scarcely have believed it," observed Maratti; "but he has been prejudiced, and will discover his mistake before long. Now, there is no time to lose, Admiral; ere morn the French fleet will anchor in the bay."

"They will come on a bootless errand as regards me and my galleys," replied Doria, smiling quietly; "for the present I retire to the Gulf of La Spezia. Before long they shall hear of me again—perhaps sooner than they like. Come, Maratti, this is but another of fortune's changes."

When the French fleet, early the next morning, anchored in the Bay of Genoa, the gallant Doria and his galleys were beyond the reach of its power. But the indignation of the Genoese was very great when they learned the errand on which it came, and bitterly and loudly they inveighed against King Francis and all his ministers. That their brave countryman should be suspected! he who was a pattern of truthfulness, fidelity, and honour! it was an insult scarcely to be borne. They disliked the French more and more, and earnestly desired to be rid of their yoke.

And Andrea Doria, fired by the unworthy treatment to which he had been subjected, sent for his nephew, Filippino, to join him with the galleys from Naples. Whilst his indignation and resentment were at their height, the Marquis del Guasto, his prisoner, who had observed and fomented his growing discontent, determined to lay hold of this favourable opportunity to induce him to enter the service of his master, Charles V.

"The King of France has indeed treated you most unworthily," he observed one day, as Doria sat in silence by his side; "you surely will not remain in his service longer?"

"He has treated me badly, but my country yet worse," replied Doria. "I see no hope for Genoa in the present state of things."

"The Emperor would never have acted thus towards a faithful ally," said the Marquis. "There is hope for your country, brave Doria, if you will trust *him*."

Andrea Doria looked up.

"Offer your services to Charles," continued the Spaniard, "and you will never have reason to repent it,—he is a princely master and a true friend. Aided by him, you will deliver Genoa from French oppression. Let me entreat you, for the sake of your country, to seek the powerful protection of one able and willing to serve her."

"And will Charles secure her safety and independence, should I do as you desire?" asked Doria.

"Be assured he will: You may make your own terms with him. Let me prevail on you to despatch an officer to the Imperial Court, with your overtures and demands; the reply will be all you could desire."

"I will do so!" said the Admiral, after a pause of some minutes, during

which he remained in deep thought; "France has cast me off by her unjust treatment. I owe her nothing. But Genoa must have the powerful protection of one or other of the rival monarchs, and to the Emperor will I apply."

He did so; and Charles with a joyful heart, and glad smiles, received his proposals. Fully sensible of the importance of such an acquisition as Andrea Doria, he instantly granted him whatever terms he required. These were, that Genoa, as soon as it was freed from the French, should be restored to its independence under the Imperial protection, and that no foreign garrison or government should be admitted into it. At the same time, Doria engaged to serve the emperor with twelve galleys, fitted out by himself, for which Charles agreed to pay him 90,000 ducats a-year.

Then, Andrea Doria, taking off the collar of St. Michael, sent it back with his commission to King Francis, saying as he saw the messenger depart, "It is thine own doing, fair king; thou hast cast from thee one who was thy faithful friend." And at once, hoisting the Imperial colours, he sailed with all his galleys towards Naples, not, as formerly, to block up the harbour of that unhappy city, but to bring protection and deliverance to the distressed and famishing inhabitants. A very short time afterwards, appearing before Genoa with his little squadron, he obtained possession of the city, and after a sharp contest drove the French away.

It was a proud and happy moment for Andrea Doria, when his grateful countrymen, with joyful acclamations, hailed him as their deliverer. He had attained the object of his highest ambition,—his earnest desire was fulfilled—he had freed Genoa from the dominion of foreigners. Noble Andrea Doria! with thy guileless, simple, manly, trusting heart; high stands thy name among the patriot band!

And now arose a striking scene. The people forming into a triumphal procession, appeared before their deliverer's palace, and while the streets echoed with the sound of his beloved and honoured name, a deputation of the richest and noblest citizens entreated him in the name of all, to accept the sovereignty of Genoa. "You have an undoubted right to it, noble Admiral," they said; "you have freed our country from oppression, you have restored to us peace and liberty; now, then, rule over us and protect us still. The fame of your former actions, the present glorious success, the attachment of your friends, the deep gratitude of your countrymen, and the support of the Emperor, all combine to prove you worthy of the throne of Genoa. Accept it then from your country, and so add to our happiness."

Doria was deeply touched. It was only on the previous day that Charles himself, struck with the gallantry of his conduct, had offered to establish him on the throne of his country. All conspired in inviting him to lay hold of kingly power.

But with a magnanimity of which there are few examples, this true patriot sacrificed all thoughts of self to the virtuous satisfaction of establishing liberty in his native land,—the highest object at which ambition can aim. "My friends," said this disinterested and noble man, addressing the immense crowd assembled in the court before his palace, "the happiness of seeing you once more in possession of freedom is to me a full reward for all my services; and believe me when I say, the name of citizen is infinitely dearer to Andrea Doria than would

be that of sovereign. Far be it from me to claim pre-eminence or power above you, my fellow-countrymen; I am one of you; and to you do I entirely remit the right of settling what form of government you would now have established in Genoa."

With tears of joy and admiration the people listened as he spoke. They saw he was sincere in what he said; and much as they had always loved the brave and good Andrea Doria, their respect and affection for him now increased tenfold. They could not answer him; they did not attempt to turn him from his high resolve; but they invoked blessings upon his head; and each went to his home that day a better man from the influence of Doria's virtues and example.

Twelve persons were then appointed to remodel the constitution of the Republic. The factions which had long torn and ruined the state, seemed to be forgotten; prudent precautions were taken to prevent their reviving; and the form of government, which since that time has subsisted with little variation in Genoa, was established amidst universal applause. Doria lived to a great age, beloved, respected, and honoured by his countrymen; and without deviating from his simple straightforward conduct, or assuming any power unbecoming a private citizen, he preserved a great ascendancy over the councils of the Republic. The authority which he possessed was more flattering, as well as more satisfactory, than that derived from sovereignty; for it was a dominion founded in love and gratitude, and upheld, not by the dread of his power, but by veneration for his virtues. His memory is still revered by the Genoese, and he is distinguished in their histories and public monuments by the most honourable of all appellations—**THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY AND THE RESTORER OF ITS LIBERTY.**

And not only at home, but abroad, was Andrea Doria loved and honoured. As Admiral of Charles V. he highly distinguished himself, gaining victory after victory over the Turks and pirates of Barbary. The Emperor set great value on his services, ever treated him with distinction and respect; and gave him many marks of friendship and attachment.

In his voyages from one part of his extensive dominions to another, it was generally Doria's galley which conveyed him; and twice the Admiral magnificently entertained him in his palace at Genoa. On one of these occasions Charles presented Doria with a favourite dog, saying, "Keep Rodan for my sake, Admiral; may he prove as faithful a friend to you, as you have been to his master."

In the Emperor's expedition against Tunis, his Genoese Admiral escorted him, and contributed greatly to the taking of that place. But when Charles proposed an attack upon Algiers, the experienced old sailor endeavoured to dissuade him from it. "Do not, I entreat your Majesty," he said, "expose your whole armament to such almost unavoidable destruction. The coast of Algiers is most dangerous at such an advanced season of the year as this. Let me implore you to delay the expedition for a time."

"Why, Doria! this is unlike you," said Charles smiling; "you are not wont to be backward in such an enterprise as this, nor are you in general afraid of a few gales. Look at the force I command, and say have you the heart to bid me desist? Here are 20,000 foot and 2,000 horse, together with 3,000 volunteers, the flower of the Spanish and Italian nobility, and 1,000 soldiers from Malta, led on by a hundred

of the gallant knights of St. John, all eager to share in my glory. My schemes are all well laid, and I have the most sanguine hopes of success. How then, I ask, can you bid me desist?"

"On account of the danger I foresee," answered the Admiral. "The autumnal winds prevail with such violence at this season on that perilous coast. I am an old sailor, your Majesty, well acquainted with the sea in all its moods, and you know I am no coward; but I confess I have many fears concerning this expedition."

"And I have none," replied the Emperor. "So, good Doria, we embark on board your galleys at Porto Venere, in the course of two or three weeks. You will be in readiness?"

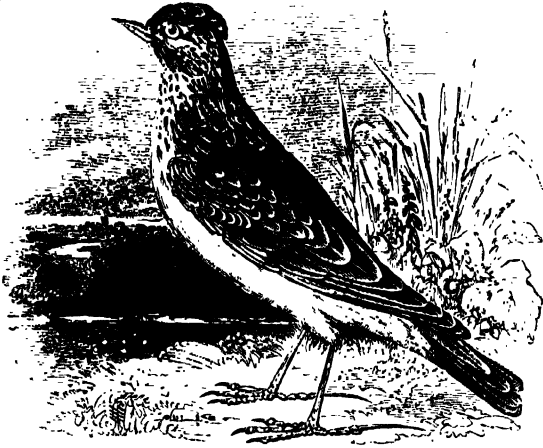
"I will," said the brave Admiral; "since your Majesty is determined on going, Andrea Doria is not one to stay behind."

The Emperor and his forces embarked, and, alas! the Admiral's predictions proved too true!

"One night, 'twas in November,  
 A mist arose on high,  
 Not the oldest could remember  
 Such a dense and darken'd sky.  
 There was no wind to move them,  
 So the sails were furl'd and fast,  
 And the gallant flag above them  
 Dropp'd down upon the mast.  
 All was still as if death's shadow  
 Were resting on the grave;  
 And the sea, like some dark meadow,  
 Had not one rippling wave;  
 When the sky was rent asunder  
 With a flood of crimson light,  
 And one single burst of thunder  
 Aroused the silent night.  
 'Twas the signal for their waking!  
 The angry winds arose,  
 Like giant captives breaking  
 The chain of forced repose.  
 Like old oak of the forest  
 Down comes the thundering mast;  
 Her need is at the sorest,  
 She shudders in the blast.  
 Hark! to that low quick gushing,  
 The hold has sprung a leak;  
 On their prey the waves are rushing,  
 The valiant one grows weak.  
 One cry, and all is quiet;  
 There is nor sight nor sound,  
 Save the fierce gale at its riot,  
 And the angry waters round.  
 The morn may come with weeping,  
 And the storm may cease to blow,  
 But the gallant ship is sleeping  
 A thousand fathoms low."

And such was the fate of many ships in that most unfortunate expedition!

## OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.



SKYLARK.

WINTER is here, and the frosts and snows of yesterday have left their diamonds on the leafless sprays and the green blades, and thrown large white patches over the field. In a few hours the sun shall bid them all glide away from the land, for the air is clear, and the sky is blue, and the Lark\* (*Alauda arvensis*) is singing at heaven's gate so rejoicingly that we feel there can be few sounds of earth

“More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear.”

We watch the bird as it ascends almost perpendicularly in its direction, but by sudden starts and a somewhat curve-like motion. Higher and higher it rises, and

“Singing ever soars, and soaring ever sings;”

soon it is a tiny speck in the blue sky, but its voice reaches us yet, in one clear loud carol; and now the bird is lost to our sight in the blue clouds, but the strain is heard still. Those who hear the lark singing thus high in the air, know that it gives a promise of some hours of fine weather; for, like many of our old proverbs, that which is in common use in country places, in some measure is founded on correct observation:—

“When the lark is mounted high  
He drives the clouds out from the sky.”

These are but rough rhymes, yet it is true that the bird will not sing during rain, nor mount far in the air when the sky is at all overcast. But the lark, though loving the sky well, has ties to earth; and now it

\* The Skylark is seven inches and a quarter in length. Head crested; general plumage brown, dark in the centre, and pale at the edges; outer tail-feather white; the next streaked with white; throat and breast pale brown spotted with dark brown; under parts dull white; beak and feet brown; hind claw very long and nearly straight.



descends slowly in a slanting line, till it is about twelve feet from the land, when darting onward like an arrow from a bow, and gradually lessening the power of the song, it reaches the earth in silence.

That hymn of joy is heard not only as early as February, but it is sung during nearly eight months of the year. It is one of the first which reaches the ear of the husbandman when he goes forth to his daily labour. That matin hymn is silenced at noonday; but when the afternoon is come with its coolness, or evening with its lengthened shadows, the lark again chants forth its melody. In ancient Greece, the afternoon song was the signal for the reaper to recommence the work which had been intermitted during the heat of noon. Wherever the lark is plentiful, it is sure to be heard at this time of the day, over the cornfield or other cultivated land. To rise with the lark, as well as to lie down with the lamb, has long been a rustic precept in our country; and by two o'clock in the summer morning, our lark has arisen to salute the dawn, though even then the redbreast may have sung its song before it.

Shakspeare, like many other poets, loved the song which gave "sweet tidings of the sun's uprise," and welcomed as we do the "herald of the morn." Shelley's beautiful comparisons of this bird are too well known to be quoted; and Wordsworth has a poem to the lark which contains some beautiful stanzas:—

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars,  
To daylight known deter from that pursuit,  
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars  
Come forth at evening, keeps thee still and mute;  
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline  
Wert thou among them singing as they shine!"

A touching little incident is recorded by Lockhart as having occurred during the funeral of his wife, the daughter of Sir Walter Scott. Just as the remains of the departed were committed to the tomb, and as the clergyman was reading the solemn service, a lark sang sweetly and loudly in the sky above the mourners and the mourned. Lockhart's lines which relate this scene are very beautiful:—

"O thou light-loving and melodious bird,  
At every sad and solemn fall  
Of mine own voice, each interval  
In the soul-elevating prayer, I heard  
Thy quivering descant full and clear—  
Discord not-inharmonious to the ear!

We laid her there, the minstrel's darling child;  
Seem'd it then meet that, borne away  
From the close city's dubious day,  
Her dirge should be thy native woodnote wild;  
Nursed upon nature's lap, her sleep  
Should be where birds may sing, and dewy flowerets weep?"

As the free lark rises in the air, we wonder alike at its strength of wing and power of vision. It is near to the sun, and among those clouds which give so dazzling a reflected light that the human eye cannot rest for a moment upon them. And yet from that height it can descend to the spot where its nest lies, or pounce on the insect which it needs for its food. Buffon has said of the hawk, that it can see from on high a lark upon a clod of earth at twenty times the distance at which

man or horse can perceive it. We know that the scattered crumbs around our dwellings are at once espied by the sparrow on the housetop, and the redbreasts on the bough; nor is the lark less gifted than either. Sight, indeed, is extremely perfect in birds. Whether that faculty of discerning equally well the near or distant object, is owing to some power which they possess of changing the convexity of the eye, we know not; but we know that without this faculty the bird must either lose its chance of finding food, or, on the other hand, be utterly unfitted to direct its wing over wood, and sea, and mountain, as it now does. The swallow could not skim through the air without instant danger of being dashed against some hard object, could it not discern this from a distance and be thus enabled to moderate its rapid flight. The carrier-pigeon could not traverse vast extent of countries, did it not discover, from on high, the landmarks which guided its course; and neither, without great power of vision, could our lark come straight to its home from its sojourn in the clouds. One marked peculiarity in the eye of birds enables us to understand how the lark can endure the dazzling light of the sun. Besides the two eyelids, common to most animals, birds have a membrane which serves as a third. This thin membrane, when not in use, is folded in the inner angle of the eye, but can be spread all over the orb at the will of the bird, which is thus enabled to gaze, as through a delicate gauze veil, into a shaded light. This little curtain does not move up or down like our eyelids, but is spread vertically over it. Besides this, the lark, in common with all birds save the owls, can see a single object with one eye, while the situation of the eyes at the side of the head gives them the view of a much wider space than is enjoyed by those animals whose eyes are situated in front of the head.

The nest of the skylark is placed on the ground, and shielded by some clod of earth or clump of foliage. It is made of dried grasses, and the eggs, which are four or five in number, are of a greyish white, tinged with green. The nestlings, when fledged, do not, like most young birds, keep together in a little party, but roam singly over the field; and one would wonder how the parent birds contrive to help them to their food, till they can fully provide for their own needs. Larks, though not pugnacious birds, are not social in their habits, and it is not often that several nests are placed in the same field, or that the birds associate at this season in companies, for they mostly run about in pairs. Later in the year, however, when winter is approaching; these birds collect in large parties, and being joined by arrivals from the northern regions, they leave the open grounds, and find more sheltered spots, going in incredible numbers to turnip and wheat fields, and to fallow lands. They are at this season very fat, and many are shot, or taken by the fowler for food. The larks of Dunstable are considered of very superior flavour, and they are annually snared in that neighbourhood, and sent to the London market. In most countries of Europe, larks are prized as delicacies; and Montbelliard says that in France a hundred dozen or more are sometimes taken at once. These birds are very plentiful in Germany, and are there subject to an excise, which Keysler says produces six thousand dollars yearly to Leipsic. The duty at Leipsic is about two and a half sterling for every sixty birds; and it is sometimes known to produce twelve thousand crowns. The fields of that neighbourhood are sometimes literally covered with these birds, from Michaelmas till the end of November. On the Continent this fowling for larks is considered a

good country sport, and the French nobility formerly practised it; but in England it is left to the birdcatcher. In France, during very severe weather, the larks have been known to come in parties to villages, and even to take refuge in houses; and having been totally exhausted by want of food, have been easily killed in numbers by poles. Owing to the improvident destruction of so many of these birds for the table, skylarks are much less numerous in that country than they once were.

When winter is over, the large companies of larks are separated, and they go forth in pairs to select a place for the nest. This is usually built by the end of April, or beginning of May. The first brood is ready for flight by the end of June, and the second is fledged by August.

The lark will sing and become familiar in captivity, and will live thus caged for nine or ten years; though surely, when it looks up through its prison bars to that broad blue expanse into which its instinct directs it to soar, regrets and longings must come to the heart of the bird, which render its green cage, with its bright white ceiling, hateful to it, and the daisied turf at its feet little better than a mockery.

The skylark is well known to be much attached to its young. The male bird, during the time that his companion is sitting, is changed from a timid to a bold creature; and though, under ordinary circumstances, easily driven from any spot, will now fight with much determination the oird which may intrude on the domestic privacy; while the hen-bird has been known to place herself before the fowler, in order to call his attention from the nest. Mr. Jesse, in his 'Gleanings,' mentions an anecdote illustrative of this affection, which was related to him by a clergyman in Sussex. This gentleman "was riding gently towards Dell Quay, in Chichester Harbour, with two friends, where, having passed the toll-bar, the road is of good elevation, and separated by a short quickset hedge, on each side, from the fields, over which there was a commanding view. When in this situation their attention was attracted by a shrieking cry, and they discovered a pair of skylarks, rising out of the stubble, and crossing the road before them at a slow rate, one of them having a young bird in its claws, which was dropped in the opposite field at a height of about thirty feet from the ground, and killed by the fall. On taking it up, it appeared to have been hatched about eight or nine days. The affectionate parent was endeavouring to convey its young ones to a place of safety, but its strength failed in the attempt." So careful is the skylark of revealing the place of its nest, that when the eggs or young are there, it never alights near it, but flies along the surface of the ground, and stops at some distance from the dwelling.

The length of the full-grown male skylark is seven inches and a quarter; and the female bird is rather smaller and darker in colour. It is universally diffused over the British Islands, large numbers, during severe winters, leaving the northern parts of the kingdom to come into the somewhat milder climate of the southern counties. In Ireland the lark is very much valued as a caged bird. Our skylark, too, sings its cheerful strains over the mountains of that land, although in Britain it evidently prefers the green fields and plains. There is a wild and gloomy valley, the Vale of Glendalough, which is said never to be cheered by the singing of the lark; because, in olden times, when the Seven Churches were being reared, the loud matin songs of the skylark awoke the wearied masons when they needed rest. St. Kevin

miraculously commanded their silence; and never again has the sweet laverock come with the daisy and the primrose to gladden the green-sward and the silence of that lonely spot. Around the hilly pastures of Belfast the lark sings long and loud, rising higher and higher from its lowly home in the herbage, like the heart of the Christian, which, if constrained to dwell awhile on earth, can at times lift itself to heaven.

ASSYRIA—COSTUME.—No. V.

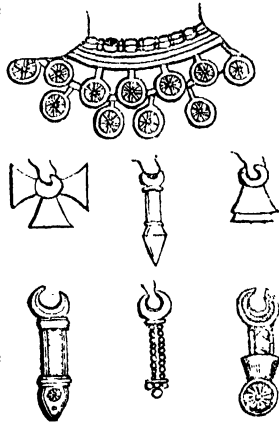
ANKLETS or bangles around the legs, though common in Ancient Egypt and throughout modern Asia, were never worn in Assyria, in which the use of jewellery seems not to have been profuse. Nose-rings were also unknown.

The use of ear-rings, however, prevailed at all times. In the Higher Dynasty the most common kind was the thick, almost cylindrical pendent, ornamented with mouldings, and pointed, attached by a small ring to the ear. This was interchanged with a form resembling three parts of a Maltese cross, of which sometimes the two lateral divisions were wanting. These forms were worn alike by the king and his courtiers. At Khorsabad the ear-pendants were generally more elegant in design and more ornamented. One, represented on a painted tile, is yellow, with the edgings and mouldings white; probably intimating that the materials were gold and silver. We should suppose from the appearance of this ornament that it was always made of metal, never of gems or pearls.

Necklaces were worn by the king, priests, and high officers in the early period, but were out of fashion at the Khorsabad era. Little variety existed in their form. They consisted of lozenge-shaped gems (or perhaps coloured glasses) strung in one, two, or three series, alternating with round beads. A string was sometimes hung around the king's neck, from which were suspended little disks evidently of a religious character, representing the sun, the moon, the Maltese cross (probably intended for a planet), the horned cap, and the trident.

What were the materials of the diverse garments that formed the royal and princely wardrobes of Assyria, and by what means the beautiful devices and patterns that we see upon them were produced, are questions highly interesting in themselves, but we fear incapable of a satisfactory solution. Linen, in all probability, as in Egypt, where it was manufactured of surpassing fineness, was employed for the under garments; on which the elegant but regular patterns that formed the borders were perhaps dyed, or painted with the pencil. The calicoes of India, however, were probably known in the Assyrian and Babylonian markets.

There can scarcely be a doubt that silk, the most beautiful of all the subjects of the loom, was known and employed by the early Assyrians. Not that it was produced in their country: it had not been introduced as



NECKLACES AND EARRINGS.

a native production even into India, at the time of the Periplus of the Erythrean sea, for the author of that voyage speaks of it as imported from countries farther east. But it was brought by the overland route from China into Western Asia. The Median robes, celebrated by the Greek writers for their brilliancy and beauty, were probably made of silk; for Procopius, writing long afterwards, when the silkworm had become known in Europe says, "The robes that the Greeks used to call *Median*, we now call silken." Pliny expressly states that the silken garments which were brought into Greece, and which were unravelled by the women to be rewoven in other forms, were brought from Assyria. And Ezekiel, who prophesied in captivity by the banks of an Assyrian river, makes mention of silk, in a passage (xvi. 10), the only one in which the word occurs in the Scriptures, in which he describes how Jehovah had lavished his richest gifts and blessings upon ungrateful Israel. The costliness, arising from the rarity, of what is now so common among us, might well cause it to be appropriated for royal adornment. Even in the later times of Roman luxury and prodigality it is said to have sold for its own weight in gold; and the emperor Aurelian refused his wife a silken dress, on the ground that he could not afford to buy it.

The outer garments, at least the long-skirted mantle, and others that were trimmed with fur, we may suppose to have been of woollen cloth. Sheep were reared from the earliest times in the east, and their wool was, perhaps almost from the first, spun and woven into cloth. Woollen manufactures are recognised in the sacred Scriptures as early as the Exodus (Lev. xiii. 47, et seq.; xix. 19); and the employment of goats' hair in textile fabrics is mentioned (Exod. xxxv. 26) about the same time. The particular breed of goats possessed by Israel in the desert we have no means of ascertaining; but we know that in the regions surrounding Assyria, such as Asia Minor (Angora), the vale of Cashmere, and the mountains of Bokhara and Tibet, goats have been bred from remote antiquity, whose wool, of the most exquisite fineness, has been woven into fabrics of great beauty and of high price.\* It is not improbable that the

\* The shawl-goat is spread over Tibet and the region to the east of the Caspian Sea. It is covered with silky hair, long, fine, flat, and falling, with an under-coat in winter of delicate greyish wool, which latter constitutes the fabric of the shawls. The average weight of wool produced by a single goat is about three ounces, and it sells in Tibet for five shillings per pound; ten goats furnish only wool enough for a shawl a yard and a half square. The wool is sent from the mountains to Cashmere, where it pays duty. It is there bleached with rice-flour, spun into thread, and taken to the bazaar, where another tax is paid on it; the thread is then dyed, and the shawl is woven, after which the border is sewed on; the weaver then takes it to the custom-house, where a duty is charged on it at the caprice of the collector, whose avarice is limited only by the fear of ruining the weaver, and so destroying the trade and his own future profit. All the shawls intended for Europe are packed up and sent to Peshawar across the Indus: this part of the journey is generally performed on men's backs, for the road is in many places impassable even for mules, lying across deep precipices, traversed by swinging bridges of ropes, and perpendicular rocks, which are climbed by wooden ladders. At each station of this toilsome journey, which lasts twenty days, a tax is paid, amounting about 2*l.* sterling for the whole journey. From thence to the confines of Europe, not only must many more custom-house dues be paid, but the merchandise is exposed to the depredations of marauding tribes that infest the whole of these regions, and whose forbearance must be purchased at a heavy price.—MARTIN.

beautiful shawl-like mantles worn by Shalmaneser and Sennacherib were almost identically the same in texture as those fabrics which, under the name of Cashmere shawls, are among the most costly articles of modern costume.

The magnificent robe, in which the Nimroud monarch is represented as arrayed while receiving the sacred cup from the priests, was probably of the finest linen, for on no material less delicate could those elaboratéd symbolical figures and mythological scenes have been portrayed with such minute correctness and beauty.\* These were probably drawn with the pencil; but doubtless the chief part of the ornamentation of the textile fabrics—when, on the one hand, extreme delicacy was not required in the delineations, and when, on the other, the pattern was not the repetition of a symmetrical form—was performed with the needle.



CASHMERE GOAT.

Numerous allusions occur in the early Scriptures to embroidery or needlework. The curtains of the tabernacle, the hanging that formed the door, and the veil that hid the holy of holies, were of fine linen, embroidered with cherubim and other figures in blue, and purple, and scarlet (Exod. xxvi. 1, 31, 36; xxvii. 16, &c.); which, it appears (xxxv. 25), was the work of the women. The ephod of the high priest, the robe of the

\* Sir Gardner Wilkinson mentions a specimen of ancient Egyptian linen, which displays the astonishing number of 540 threads (270 double threads) to the inch, in the warp, and 110 in the woof. The extreme fineness of this fabric will be understood by comparing it with our cambric, which has about 160 threads to the inch in the warp, and 140 in the woof. This product of the Egyptian loom is "covered with small figures and hieroglyphics, so finely drawn that here and there the lines are with difficulty followed by the eye; and as there is no appearance of the ink having run in any part of the cloth, it is evident they had previously prepared it for this purpose."—(Mann. of Anc. Egyptians, iii. 126.) Some of the muslius of India, especially those from the looms of Dacca, are also of surprising tenuity and lightness. These, we need hardly say, are *cotton* fabrics.

ephod, the girdle of needlework, and the broided coat (Exod. xxxix.) were all of the same character—fine linen, embroidered with the same brilliant colours.

The estimation in which embroidered garments were held appears, too, from the words of the mother of Sisera and her "wise ladies."

"The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of his chariots? Her wise ladies answered her, yea, she returned answer to herself, Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two? to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needlework, of divers colours of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil? (Judges v. 28—30.)

And the sumptuousness of such apparel is shown by its association with wrought gold in the adornment of "the king's daughter," in the beautiful allegory of the Psalmist:

"The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework." (Psalm xlv. 13, 14.)

"Fine linen with broided work from Egypt" is mentioned by the prophet (Ezek. xxvii. 7) as contributing to the princely sumptuousness of Tyre.

We may add, that throughout the East the leisure hours of ladies in the harem are almost wholly occupied in embroidery: handkerchiefs, veils, robes, are magnificently adorned by them with the needle in gold and silver thread, and coloured silks: woollen cloths and velvets also are richly embroidered.

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#### LOVE.

O, how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day!  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### LOVE.

LOVE is a fire, that burns and sparkles  
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,  
Which sooty chemists stop in holes,  
When out of wood they extract coals:  
So lovers should their passion choke,  
That tho' they burn they may not smoke.

BUTLER.

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#### WINE DRINKERS.

THE analyses of the following wines, port, sherry, claret, hermitage, and hock, give the following percentage of alcohol or of proof spirit, of which brandy is the familiar representative:—Port, seventeen per cent.; sherry, fourteen per cent.; claret, eleven per cent.; hermitage, nine per cent.; hock, eight per cent. So that if a man drink six glasses of port wine, one glass is brandy; if seven glasses of sherry, one is brandy; if nine of claret, one is brandy; if eleven of hermitage, one is brandy; but he may drink twelve and a half glasses of hock, to enable him to drink the one glass of brandy.

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ANCIENT CHURCHES AND RELIGIOUS HOUSES OF DOVER.—No. III.



MAISON DIEU, NOW THE TOWN-HALL.

ONE cannot help thinking, while wandering through the streets of any of our old towns, that it is a great advantage to reside in a place where the remains of past ages are so frequent and striking. The venerable structures



of Saxon and Norman, or even farther back still, of Roman origin, become deeply interesting, as by degrees we learn their history, and connect them in our minds with the men and events of olden times. Such objects are calculated to awaken poetical and philosophical thoughts and feelings; to lead to the study of history; to bring to notice the attributes and habits of other days; to deepen the love of country; to impress us with the remembrance of the shortness of man's life, and thus to preach to us a lesson on our individual mortality. There are few, who, while listening to the bell as it tolls out from the old tower, have not at some time or other thought how that sound summoned the generations now lying beneath the tombs in the churchyard. Many, perhaps, have felt, too, in their hearts the sentiment uttered by the poet—

“ And so 'twill be when I am gone,  
Those tuneful bells will still peal on;”

or as the sun beamed brightly on the gray walls, have thought with Clare—

“ When with the past my being dies  
Still summer suns shall shine;  
And other eyes shall see them rise  
When death has darkened mine.”

All, however, will not gather thoughts of poetry or religion from looking at an old ruin. With the love of antiquity, as with the love of nature, it is not felt by the idle or frivolous; yet sometimes a word or an accidental sight or sound will awaken either, and they will then be careless and frivolous no longer. One person who observes sun and moon, and skies and trees and flowers, or who loves the music of the sea, or lingers by the ruin with thoughtful interest—such a one will soon stir up a kindred feeling in other hearts. These tastes appeal to the sensibilities within us, and quickly communicate themselves, making their way with more or less effect on the circle which each of us has within his influence.

The main street of the town of Dover—the street through which the traveller must pass, who enters the town from Canterbury—contains more than one of those old buildings which tell of other days, and remind us powerfully of the state of former ages, of the rise and succession of doctrines and opinions, of maxims of policy and rites of religion, once so valued, and now so long relinquished. There is the old parish church of St. Mary the Virgin, which, according to many old records, had a Saxon origin—

“ A building reared by Saxon hands,  
A fane where sacred hearts might pray;  
They worshipped here long time ago,  
We worship here to-day.”

And nearer to the entrance of the town, though belonging to a later period, stand the remains of the old hospital, the *Maison Dieu*. It is now used as a town hall, and is situated at the left side of the street, having so venerable an appearance that it would scarcely fail to arrest the attention of any observing person. According to its ancient seal, attached to a deed in the chapter house at Westminster, it was anciently termed “*Domus Hospitalis Beatæ Mariæ Dovoriciæ*.” It is the remains of what was once a church and hospital; but the tower and body of the church, and an ancient wall extending around the green meadows which were formerly its park, are all which now remain of its former magnificence. This hospital was built by the celebrated Hugh de Burgh, whose name is conspicuous in

the annals of Dover, and who, besides being constable of Dover Castle, was Earl of Kent and Lord Chief Justice of England. He it was who, with so much courage and patriotism, defended that once valuable fortress, the castle, at the period when the death of King John had given hopes to the Dauphin of France that he should succeed in his plans of conquering the kingdom. The name of Hubert de Burgh is deservedly held in honour for his courage and patriotism, and for his loyal regard to his youthful monarch, Henry III., though, unhappily, it is tarnished occasionally by some deed of stern revenge, characteristic of those times. From his grants, not only to this but to some other religious houses, we must infer that the warrior shared in the religious feelings and sentiments of his day. He founded this institution for the reception of those pilgrims who so often visited Dover on their way to or from the Continent, or to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, who could find no place of refreshment or rest here, save such as was afforded by the neighbouring Priory of St. Martin. An ancient MS. relating to Dover harbour, states that the hospital was built for the relief of poor soldiers from beyond the sea, and that each soldier was allowed a subsistence for fourteen days without any payment. It is most probable that both classes of persons shared in the benefits of the institution; and, doubtless, many a toil-worn traveller here laid aside his staff and "sandal shoon," and told to wondering ears of the marvels wrought by "Our Lady," or by the relics of saints. Hubert de Burgh intended it only for a temporary convenience; and although, in those times, no great enterprise was ever undertaken without some public act of prayer, or concluded without a thanksgiving, yet he did not build a church, but simply provided an altar, at which a priest might say mass for the travellers. He also appointed a master to the hospital, and several brothers and sisters, who were required to show hospitality to strangers.

But as pilgrimages to Canterbury and to the various shrines on the Continent became more frequent, it was thought desirable that a church should be kept for the use of the pilgrims. Two sisters of the house, therefore, named Beatrice and Agnes, gave lands and tenements to provide the brethren and travellers with a priest, who was to officiate in a chapel in the church of St. Mary the Virgin, at a little distance; and at length Henry III. gave them the church which now stands. The king was present at the dedication of this edifice, A.D. 1227, and confirmed the grants of all the lands which had been given to the society.

This church of the *Maison Dieu* yet shows traces of its former grandeur. Henry III. was the first of our English monarchs who showed any love of art, and he would, doubtless, choose that the edifice should in some measure display the taste of its founder. The walls are built chiefly of flint, and the windows were large and lofty, but they have long since been filled up with brick, in order that the building might be applied to modern uses. If the lofty and open roof was ever supported by pillars, no trace remains of them now, and the interior of the church, with the exception of a portion fitted up for civic uses, has a chilling and dreary aspect. One is struck with the incongruity of handsome gilded frames, hanging against the rugged and bare walls—for there Queen Elizabeth, with the very stiffest of bodices and yellowest of hair, and Queen Anne, with sturdy figure and stolid face, look coldly down upon us, beside the tall form of the late noble Duke, whose name is so associated with Dover. This old church was used from the time of its suppression till the peace of 1814 as a brewhouse and bakehouse, and as store-rooms for wheat, flour, and biscuits for the victualling

department of the Royal Navy. On more than one occasion in late years, when churches in the neighbourhood have undergone repairs, it has been used again for public service. And as we have joined in the song of praise which echoed by its walls, we have thought how different in aspect were the men who once raised here the sound of these same words of thanksgiving, and who, yet amid feelings differing much from ours, had so many which were the same.

“What though the hand of superstition threw  
A shade across the doubting sinner's view;  
What though the light was dim, the hope confused,  
The mind by outward forms too oft abused—  
The one the only refuge from despair,  
The hope of hopeless souls, the cross was there:  
They knew that He who on that cross had hung  
Is He to whom the seraph's lyres were strung;  
They knew Him all divine, and they could trust  
The holy, the compassionate, the just.  
We may rejoice indeed, that purer light  
Has dawned in glory from that Romish night;  
And yet rejoice, that they who looked to Him  
Looked not in vain, although their light was dim.”

When Hubert de Burgh resigned the patronage of this hospital to the king, he reserved the right of the brethren to elect their own master, and in addition to his confirmation of former grants he added to their revenue ten pounds yearly,\* from profits of the port. The house was largely endowed from rents arising from houses, lands, manors, and mills; and various priests and others bequeathed money, in order that dirges and masses might be offered for their departing or departed souls. The house was suppressed in the twenty-sixth year of Henry VIII.

Many a noble and royal visitor came in olden times to the Maison Dieu. King John visited it in 1213, and commanded earls, knights, barons, and military tenants to repair to Dover for the defence of the kingdom, and of their lives and property. But so large a number of persons assembled at his bidding that the town could not furnish them with food, and, after dismissing all such as were not properly armed, there remained 60,000 well-appointed troops. Here, too, came Edward II., and in later years Edward III.; and at this house Richard II. appointed the regent, and disposed of the Great Seal, previously to his embarkation with his uncles to meet the French king.

The park wall is yet strong, and, to a great extent, unbroken, and large masses of dark ivy hang on it, and the wild flowers wave on its summit and amid its crevices. Doubtless, in olden times, the ground now covered with houses formed the physic garden and the kitchen garden of the brethren; and rosemary and rue—

“The ‘herb of grace o’ Sundays’”—

and beet, and mint, and various herbs prized by our fathers, were duly cultivated there. But the necessities of those times have yielded to the needs of ours; and now the ragged school stands on the spot, and crowds of noisy urchins are gathered into the self-denying discipline of its teachers.

On the opposite side of the road, a little farther from the town, was an old Saxon burying-ground; and on digging into the chalk, swords, spears, beads, and other ancient remains, have been turned up by the spade. Farther up the road towards London, between Dover and Buckland, is the site of a still older building than the Maison Dieu, though the structure

has altogether disappeared, and houses have been built over the spot. There stood once a hospital for lepers, and like so many similar institutions, it was dedicated to St. Bartholomew; and heaps of bones thrown up by the implements of modern labour, prove that a large cemetery must have been near the hospital.

During some centuries that mysterious and dreadful disease, the leprosy, prevailed in our land to a most alarming extent; and in days when superstition, as well as humanity, prompted to the building of religious houses, its unfortunate victims were not forgotten. In the ninth century there were no less than nineteen thousand hospitals for this disease in our land, nor does the malady seem to have abated in virulence during the tenth and eleventh centuries. Though very accurately described by the physicians of those days, yet the disease is little understood, and it is doubtful whether it was native to Europe or introduced from the East.

Osborne and Godwin, two monks of the neighbouring Priory of St. Martin's, are said to have erected St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the year 1152; but other records state that it was built by Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, with the consent of the prior and his brethren, and granted on condition that the society should daily pray for the souls of all the members of the priory, their predecessors and successors.

The piece of land on which the ecclesiastics reared their edifice was called *Thega*, and is on the western side of the London road, exactly opposite to the Wesleyan Chapel. The house was intended for ten brethren and ten sisters, but the number was soon reduced to eight of each. The persons who sought refuge in houses of this kind were not from among the classes of the rich and the noble, and would aid little by their donations towards its support. The records which contain the orders to be observed by the heads of the house and the patients, as well as a list of its lands, are now in good preservation in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford.

The attendance of the brethren and sisters on sufferers of this kind must, if faithfully and kindly rendered, have been one of great self-denial, and could never have been persevered in, year after year, without the influence of some strong motive. In actions like these, doubtless, a variety of motives would mingle. The feeling of kindness and pity, which would prompt the compassionate heart to soothe the woes of humanity, was greatly strengthened by the desire of pleasing God, and by the belief, then so prevalent, that eternal salvation was secured by a life of seclusion and religious services. Many became the inmates of the religious house on the same principle as that afterwards declared by the pious Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, who, in the sixteenth century, wrote, "I have thought in times past that if I had been a friar in a cowl, I could not have been damned, nor in fear of death." Even in those days of mistaken motives, we may, however, assuredly infer that the duties of benevolence were performed by some under the influence of the love of that Saviour who has said that the cup of cold water given to a disciple for His sake, should not be given in vain. He only who knows the hearts of men knows how far mistaken piety mingled with true and humble faith, or how far worldly motives alone prompted to the effort; but there are few who, in any age or country, would not find it a daily and hourly sacrifice to devote themselves wholly to the care of those who were suffering from so loathsome and infectious a malady.

The founders of the house seem to have acted very liberally and considerately for the patients. They had a regular allowance of pork, barley, and beer; and on various festivals, including that of their own

birthday, they received an extra allowance of money. Paucakes were also distributed among them, and the alms given on the festival of their patron saint were theirs. Ground was allotted to them for cultivation, and seeds purchased for them; and we are not surprised to find among the orders for their own conduct, that they were required, after their first sleep, to sit up in their beds and say a paternoster; that on their first admission they were to be sprinkled with holy water, and led to the altar; and that a lamp was ordered to be kept continually burning before the crucifix.

This hospital was suppressed, with the other religious houses of Dover, by Henry VIII., though the disease was probably lessened by medical skill, or the king, with all his avarice, would hardly have turned out upon the world persons afflicted with a malady of this nature.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH BEFORE RESTORATION.

The noisy revelry of a fair, still held on this spot, is the only remembrancer of this old hospital, the fair having been granted to the house in former years as a means of increasing its revenues.

Walking hence into the streets of Dover, we in a few minutes descry the gray tower of the parish church of St. Mary the Virgin, bearing evident marks of its antiquity. This church was in all probability built by the secular canons of the priory of St. Martin, about the close of the reign of the Saxon kings. Most writers on the town of Dover describe it as of Saxon architecture; but though doubtless many a Saxon hand helped to rear it, yet it ought probably to be characterized as a Norman structure. "Though many writers," says Mr. Rickman, "speak of Saxon buildings, those which they describe as such, are either known to be Norman, or are so like them that there is no real distinction. It is most likely that in some obscure country churches some real Saxon of a much earlier date may exist; hitherto, however, none has been ascertained to be of so great an age."

There is no doubt but that the canons of the priory of St. Martin built several of the old churches of Dover; and one can but admire the determined perseverance by which they accomplished their purpose, while we wonder whence they derived their means of rearing edifices so costly. Many of the materials for building, as well as much of the labour, were probably furnished by their own tenants. Some of the canons were doubtless men of wealth, and brought their riches as an endowment to the house in which they sought refuge from the world. The proceeds of their ecclesiastical fairs were of much importance, and probably they received some payments for the performance of those plays called Religious Mysteries, which these canons, in common with many others, are known to have acted for the edification of the inhabitants of Dover. The sale of pardons and indulgences would also prove an extensive source of profit in times when men believed that their sins could be expiated by the payment of money to the church. The pilgrims who shared the hospitality of the institution would not fail, when rich, to deposit their alms there in token of gratitude; nor were some of the methods used in modern times to obtain subscriptions for building churches altogether unknown in those days. If they had not fancy fairs and bazaars for this purpose, yet they knew how to obtain help from the laity, by inviting them to the purchase of the useful or ornamental in aid of this object. A writer in the 'Archæological Journal,' alluding to a similar subject, remarks:—"The sale of articles to increase the building-funds of a church was not unattempted in the fourteenth century; and by resorting to this method John de Wisbeach, a simple monk of Ely, was able to procure money enough to build the chapel of the Virgin Mary, attached to that cathedral. For twenty-eight years and thirteen months, as the chronicle states, he was not ashamed to take whatever he could procure for the continuance of the work, not only by asking, but by begging through the country, and thus passing his life in various labours in furtherance of his pious designs." This monk was accustomed to carry a pack at his back, containing such wares as he was licensed by his order to expose for sale; and though we have no record that such labours were performed in the somewhat earlier days of the canons of St. Martin's Priory, yet this fact proves that ways and means were not wanting to men of the olden times, when zeal prompted to activity and duty.

The church of St. Mary the Virgin was restored about ten years since, and earlier alterations and additions combined with this have left but a small portion of the building in its original condition; but the old tower, some massive columns and arches, yet remain of the olden times. Plain-

ness, simplicity, and strength appear to have been the characteristics of the edifice, and a low, semicircular-arched doorway still forms the main entrance, though it is sadly disfigured by a modern wooden frontispiece. On how many sabbath mornings has the bell sounded from out



ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

that old tower, and summoned hither the men of past generations, as it calls the men of modern times, reminding us of the poet's description!—

“But now his steps a welcome sound recalls ;  
 Solemn the knell from yonder ancient pile  
 Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe ;  
 Slowly the throng move o'er the tomb-paved ground—  
 The aged man, the bowed down, the blind,  
 Led by the thoughtless boy ; and he who breathes  
 With pain, and eyes the new-made grave well-pleased ;  
 These, mingled with the young and gay, approach  
 The house of God ; these, spite of all their ills,  
 A glow of gladness feel : with silent praise  
 They enter in.”

The much larger population of Dover than that of the time of the building causes the more frequent tolling of the bell in token of the departure of some spirit to another world. We listen to it now with sympathy for the bereaved; but we no longer believe, as most probably did the men who reared the tower, that that sound brings an important benefit. "It is said," says Durandas, "that the wicked spirits that be in the region of the air, fear much when they hear the bells ringen; and this is the cause why the bells be ringen when it thundereth, to the end that the foul fiends and wicked spirits should be abashed and flee and cease from moving the tempest." That bell no longer bids us, as it did the men of old, to pray for the departed spirit, or to rejoice in its sound as scaring away the demons from those who are just departing. The Bible has become the common heritage of us all, and we can trust our dying ones to the care of Him who has promised to go with the Christian through the dark valley of death, and to land him safe in heaven.

The canons of the neighbouring priory had this church entirely under their jurisdiction, receiving all its emoluments, and providing priests for the service of the mass. It was taken from them by William, the son of Ageri, with the cognisance of Odo, Bishop of Baieux, the Warden of the Cinque Ports. It then fell into the hands of King John, and in the time of Henry II. into the possession of the Abbot of Pontifex, until the society of the Maison Dieu hospital claimed and retained it till their house was suppressed.

Although King Henry VIII. and his commissioners were very resolute in the suppression of monastic institutions, they were not equally careful in suppressing the Roman Catholic faith; for in the year 1537, though the priory had long been used for other than religious purposes, yet Popish ceremonies were performed in this church. The churchwardens' accounts of those days present various items for "setting up the Paschal Lamb at Easter," for the "Paschal Taper," for "Processions of Angels," for the "Judas' Candle," for two persons "to watch the sepulchre;" and record payments made to the clerk for his dirge and grace, and for vespers, dirges, masses, and various other services of the Popish religion.

After the suppression of the religious houses, this church remained in the hands of the king until the people of Dover petitioned to have it for a place of worship; and as the tithes were of little value, their request was granted. The altar and images were then pulled down; a sale was made of the silver plate, the priests' vestments, the organ pipes, timber, lead, and all that covetous and ruthless hands could seize, under pretence of using the money in repairing and beautifying the structure. But scarcely had the good people of Dover settled themselves in their new mode of worship, than Queen Mary ascended the throne, and the churchwardens were obliged to procure a mass-book, candlesticks, tapers for various festivals, a pix, a cross, a holy loaf, and hallowed fire, and to pay for setting up and watching the sepulchre at Easter. The married priests were driven from the church; and it was long before any others could be found to succeed to their office. Bishop Thornton was the first who performed mass there at this period.

Again, in the time of Queen Elizabeth the Protestant service was resumed in this old church; but in the year 1585 a desecration of the sacred place commenced by its being made the place for the election



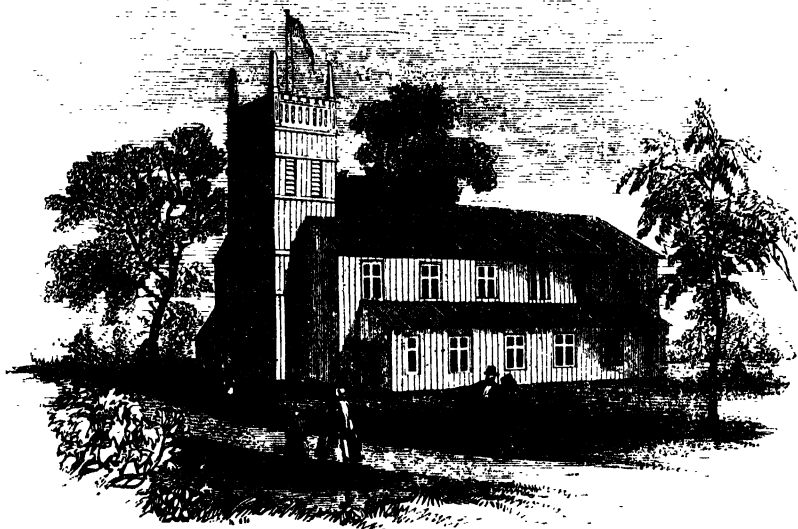
of the members of Parliament and the mayor of the town. Most disgraceful scenes of violence were in later years enacted here, even life being endangered by men who had no reverence for God, or any love for the house of prayer, and who are said even to have thrown down bribes upon the communion-table. Strange to say, the people of Dover long contended for what they termed the privilege of thus using the church, and violating all those associations so dear to the Christian heart.

Another innovation on the proprieties of a sacred edifice—which, though of less importance, was yet a very objectionable one—commenced in 1660. Seats had been appropriated in the gallery of this church for the mayor and corporation; and this arrangement being displeasing to them, they removed the altar from its place, and seated the mayor in a chair above the communion-table. We do not find records of any mayor who refused this exaltation; but in 1670, when Charles II. attended Divine worship at St. Mary's, and was conducted with great ceremony to this seat, he declined it, remarking, that he would not be placed "above the majesty of heaven." This rebuke for a time prevented the use of the magisterial seat; but other mayors arose, who either prized the distinction, or were willing to take things as they occurred; and so this absurd and indecorous proceeding continued until within a few years of the present time.

Though the recent alterations have done much to remove the air of antiquity from the interior of the church, and we feel unwilling to resign the traces of olden times, yet we know that the house of prayer should be adapted to the requirements of present and future generations. Venerable as is the building, the command is older still which tells that Christians are not to forsake the assembling of themselves together for worship; and even now the lover of antiquity does not look for its vestiges altogether in vain. The tower yet tells of ancient times; and the gray headstones around the church show that death did, in past ages as now, gather the infant and the man of silver hairs, the young man and the maiden, into one grave. The grass waves green above them all, the fresh daisy blooms above the mould; and some whom men wept for long years ago lie side by side with those whose sods were watered but yesterday by the falling tear. A tablet is placed inside the church to the memory of Churchill, and another to Foote the comedian; and a few monuments within its walls bear the names of some well-known Kentish families, and of others whose names have long been forgotten. The dark cypress-looking trees contrast in spring with the pale primroses planted by loving hands on some of the tombs; and touching records of some who fell in battle, and of others whose remains lie in the deep, deep sea are legible near some headstones, whence the hand of Time has effaced all traces of the expression of human sorrow. Known and unknown, a large multitude, are lying there, whose death has rent many a human heart, and who shall wake no more till the great day, when all shall meet once again in the presence of each other and of their God.

A. P.

## THE IRON CHURCH FOR MELBOURNE.



THE IRON CHURCH.

London, May 13, 1853, 11 P.M.

AND is it possible, that since breakfasting here at home this morning, I have travelled upwards of 240 miles; that I undertook this journey for the purpose of attending church; and that, instead of feeling fatigued, I am enabled, or rather constrained, to take up my pen, and describe the leading event of the day? To-day, after finding my way to Bristol, I spent six hours in the neighbourhood of that city, went to church, and returned to London by half-past ten o'clock. To church! What church? The Cathedral? No. St. Mary Redcliff? No. To a church which as yet bears no name; had never been used as a church before; is constructed of iron; a church which, ere many weeks have passed, will have vanished from the spot where it now stands, and, after being closely packed up, will have quitted our shores for ever.

Had I penned the foregoing passage some few years since,—say, before I was one and twenty,—my friends would have consulted together about the most proper establishment in which to place their poor relative, in order that his wandering intellects might be restored.

Yet, dear reader, it is a sober reality. Not very many years since a journey to Bristol was a good day's business. To-day I have travelled thither, had almost a day's work there, and have arrived at my own house again in safety and comfort.

Marvellous things, when once familiar to the mind, cease to be marvels;

and some of my readers may perhaps smile at the inferiority of the above performance to many feats which they have themselves accomplished. Unless, however, they can show that they have joined in our liturgy, and listened to a sermon, in a church in which Divine service had never before been held, and in which it will never again be held in this country; a good, comely church, formed of iron, and capable of receiving, with ease, as it did to day, upwards of seven hundred and fifty worshippers, it will be allowed that I have a story of some interest to tell.

I yesterday received from the brother of the excellent Dr. Perry, Bishop of Melbourne, the following note, dated Lincoln's Inn, May 12:—

“Our party intend setting off by the train which leaves London for Bristol, at twenty minutes before eight to-morrow morning, and we shall be happy to meet you on the platform. The service will be at three in the afternoon.”

Having previously arranged to go, I had no hesitation as to the substance of my reply, which was nothing more nor less than my own appearance on the platform at Paddington, a few minutes before the appointed time. I had with me my ticket of admission “to the Portable Iron Church;” and had under my care a set of new folio books, bound in morocco, intended for the performance of divine service, and bearing the following inscription:—

“Presented by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for the use of the church constructed in England, at that Society's cost, for the diocese of Melbourne.”

Mr. Samuel Hemming, of Clift House, Bristol, is the architect in whose hands the commission had been placed by the venerable Society to erect a church and parsonage of iron, for transmission to the land of gold. This was done, in pursuance of a request made by the Bishop of Melbourne. How strange a scheme does it at first appear! Whilst the precious metal is flowing in abundance from Melbourne to our shores, and our eyes are dazzled with the richness of the supplies, we, in our charity, are forwarding to Melbourne the humbler but more useful material; and are expending upon an iron fabric a thousand golden guineas, that it may go forth a blessing to many who are spiritually starving in the midst of earthly plenty, and who, whilst learned enough in the art of gathering money, need to be instructed in “the unsearchable riches of Christ.” True, the building is plain, simple, and homely; but who that entered its doors to day did not feel that it was above and beyond all price; that it reflected rays brighter than all the metallic glory with which the elder temple was overlaid; and that the grandeur of its object and design was not surpassed by the offerings, “exceeding magnificent,” which pious benefactors have dedicated to the service of God in this church-building age?

Before proceeding to the church, I saw the licence which had been issued under the hand and seal of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, for *one* service, and only one, in the building, previously to its removal. The ship “*Cotfield*,” which, it is expected, will soon take wing for Australia, is to convey this remarkable load to Melbourne.

After a visit to Mr. Hemming, who showed our party all hospitality, we found ourselves at “the works,” in a large open space, covered with portable galvanized iron houses, ranging from humble dwellings of two rooms each, for bachelor emigrants and gold-diggers, up to a spacious hotel, and a lodging-house for fifty-seven persons.

I also visited the decent-looking parsonage-house, with its six snug

rooms, prepared under the fostering care of the same good old Society : and, with local emotions as strong as Dr. Johnson's, when he looked back many centuries, and felt his piety grow warmer among the ruins of Iona, I could look forward a year or so, and picture the little apartment tenanted by some humble-minded, self-denying missionary, employed in the quiet duties of his sacred office, and studying how he might best arrive at the hearts and minds of his hearers. No easy task this, to one surrounded by the mixed multitude of which his pastoral charge consists ; some, indeed, teachable and grateful under the ministrations of religion ; but the many, immersed in the grand and overwhelming pursuit, their "being's end and aim," making haste to be rich, minding earthly things. Nevertheless, thought I, that zealous clergyman knew his difficulties beforehand : he has counted his cost ; he has left his friends and home and prospects in England ; but it is for Christ's sake.

"He heard a voice they could not hear,  
Which said, No longer stay ;  
He saw a hand they could not see,  
Which beckon'd him away."

As three o'clock approached, I was obliged to leave the parsonage, with the scenes which fancy, without an effort, had conjured up, and to make for the principal object of my visit to Bristol. There, above all other edifices, in the galvanized iron village,\* stood the Iron Church, into which hundreds, on this bright and happy afternoon, were flocking, anxious to be in good time, and to obtain places.

A few words here as to the general description of the building, which has been ably and liberally finished. It consists of a framework of timber, cased on the outside with galvanized corrugated iron, and lined with boards, leaving a space of four inches and a half or more between, to be filled up afterwards with any convenient non-conductor—such as straw, sawdust, wool, or sunburnt bricks. The ceiling under the roof, which is of iron, is lined with inodorous felt, as a non-conductor of heat, with an under ceiling of canvass, with paper, which to the eye has the appearance of an ordinary ceiling of lath and plaster ; the space between the felt and galvanized iron roof to be filled up with straw or thatch. The lining of boards is further lined with strong canvas, and covered with a suitable marble paper. The floor consists of oak sleepers, with inch and a half boards ; the lower frame of the building is also of oak. The church is of a pleasing appearance outside, with a small belfry-tower in front ; it has a nave, and two aisles, the roof of the former being higher by some feet than that of the latter. The seats are all open and moveable ; the divisions and other fittings are of light open iron-work.

The weight of the fabric is fifty tons. On its arrival at its destination, it will be put together at once without difficulty. Indeed, it has been stated, that the enterprising architect is about to send out to the colony one of his own workmen to see to the proper setting up of his first iron building. The ground will require to be levelled to the solid, by removing the vegetable soil, and a foundation laid of two courses of hard fire-bricks, upon which the framework of the church will be placed. In reference to any apprehension of danger from lightning, it may be

\* Mr. Hemming has supplied a very good print, representing a galvanized iron village, cottages, houses, and a church, with their zinc-coloured walls and roofs, in the midst of picturesque Australian scenery.

observed, that in this country, where hundreds of acres are now covered, in railway stations and other buildings, with iron, we do not hear of any accident; and should the galvanized iron be a conductor, it may be concluded, from its form, that it would conduct the lightning safe to the earth; or lightning-conductors could be put up, as in ordinary buildings.

At three precisely, the Rev. H. G. Eland, vicar of Bedminster, began the service, with those words of admonition and promise, which one could not help feeling would often, in the same place, sound in the ears of colonists and emigrants on the other side of the earth: "When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." Still more thrilling was the first ascription of praise, in that house of God—the Doxology—chanted chiefly by the boys of the Bedminster National School, assembled near the communion-rails, "GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND TO THE SON, AND TO THE HOLY GHOST."

The service having been gone through, in which the congregation joined in a devout and attentive manner, the Archdeacon of Melbourne, who had accompanied us from London, ascended the pulpit, during the singing of portions of the eighty-fourth Psalm:—

"O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place,  
Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st  
The brightness of thy face!

"My longing soul faints with desire  
To view thy blest abode;  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For Thee, the living God."

Seldom has a text been more happily chosen than that selected by the preacher on this memorable occasion, from St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, the second chapter, verses 20, 21: "And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord."

Right well did the Archdeacon deal with his subject; and whilst thoughtful hearers listened with benefit to themselves, they must have felt an inward satisfaction in reflecting, that many, in a far-distant colony, requiring the precepts and consolations of our holy religion, had not failed of receiving pasture at the hands of such a kind and experienced shepherd. The community among whom he has laboured have much cause to regret that the state of his health is such as to prevent his longer continuance at Melbourne.

After a full and clear application of the circumstances of the material temple in which we were assembled, to the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, and an appropriate introduction and elucidation of the passage in the same Epistle, chapter iv., verses 15, 16, "But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ; from whom the whole body, fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part," &c., Archdeacon Davies concluded an affectionate and animated discourse with an appeal which was followed by a liberal collection.

"In the colony," said he, "for which this church is intended, there has been a great advance in the visible agency, which encourages me to hope that there

the spiritual Building of which the apostle here speaks has had its growth also. On the Bishop of Melbourne's arrival in his diocese, six years since, he found but three clergymen, and not one church completely finished for public worship. There are now three churches in which service is performed, in Melbourne alone, and twenty-four clergymen. But though there is this increase in church accommodation and clergy, the vast flood of immigration into that colony, at the rate of five thousand weekly, sometimes two thousand in one day, leaves the wants of the Melbourne diocese as unrelieved as ever. And what is the method of relief to be adopted? It is obvious that none other can be effectual but to carry forward resolutely and liberally the Bishop's idea of increase of church accommodation, and of the number of the clergy. The latter should be increased tenfold, yea, almost to any amount; and I am satisfied, whatever the number, through the liberal spirit manifested by the laity, none will, if they are efficient ministers, lack a sufficient maintenance for themselves and their families. But we are told to whom we are to look for the supply of such a body of clergy; our prudence is to obey the Lord's injunction, 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest.'

"But how is church accommodation to be afforded? It may be said, Is this so necessary? Cannot the clergy address the people privately at their abodes, or, if publicly, in the open air? Not to refer to the occasional inclemency of the weather, we affirm that within the walls of a building the spirit is enabled more calmly to enter into the delightful exercise of prayer, and thus more ready to receive without distraction the ministrations of the gospel. Many, in fact, are the advantages to be derived from possessing church accommodation.

"Now, how this is to be had in that colony, where all building is nearly at a stand, from the high price of labour and want of materials, that noble society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, has this day shown. I can affirm it as my belief, that to produce a building equal to this edifice in accommodation of worshippers of Almighty God would require ten times the period in which this church has been erected, at ten times the cost. But more such churches are wanted—half-a-dozen at least, and that instantly. We ask you to assist in this privileged work. We ask you to consider the persons who are to be benefited by your liberality—your own countrymen, congregating in great masses in a far distant land, eager, most eager, to have a participation in the spiritual privileges you enjoy; and wherever in any measure such have been dispensed to them, receiving the same with great thankfulness, as evidenced by their kindness and liberality to their pastors.

"But we further claim your liberal contributions as an encouragement to the Society, by whose liberal grant this church is erected, and will ere long grace the shores of Victoria. You will surely envy the Society the privilege of originating so beneficent a scheme for the spiritual prosperity of Melbourne, and will doubtless feel it an honour to participate in so good a work.

"Again we ask for your liberality, on the ground of the encouragement which the report of it will afford to the Bishop. His has been, and is, a post of many difficulties and discouragements, and it is undertaken and carried forward by him in a true missionary spirit. Will you not cheer him in this sacred work? I can assure you that when he has from time to time received accounts in his distant diocese of the sympathy and kind exertions of friends in England, I have seen the tear of gratitude moisten his eye, and his own countenance express the deep humility of his soul under such tokens of the Lord's goodness. For his sake I ask, therefore, of you not to withhold your hand from a liberal contribution this day.

"Above all, I claim it for the Lord's sake. As you desire His glory; as you value the good of immortal souls; as you would wish His kingdom advanced; as you would rejoice in souls saved; as you would help forward the travail of His soul; as you would have men attain to glory, help to the utmost of your power this method of supplying the spiritual wants of Melbourne."

May God's blessing attend this humble offering to His service; and may the effort made by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge prove the commencement of many like works, for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the present and eternal well-being of man.

T. B. M.

ANDREA DORIA, THE BRAVE OLD ADMIRAL OF GENOA.—No. III.

"I HAVE weathered not a few storms during my life, but never have I seen one equal to that in fierceness and horror," said the old Admiral to his young friend Alberto, now grown a fine boy and a brave sailor. "The sea rose mountains high, the wind blew with terrific violence, the ships all torn from their anchors were dashing, some against each other, some on the rocks; some ran ashore, and many sank. In less than an hour, Alberto, fifteen ships of war, and 140 transports, with 8,000 men, perished in the deep waters!"

"Oh! what a dreadful scene!"

"Ay; and such of the unhappy crews as escaped the fury of the sea, were murdered without mercy by the Arabs as soon as they reached land. All the vast stores of ammunition and food which the Emperor had provided, were alike swallowed up by the greedy waves. May I never again behold such a fearful sight!"

"And the Emperor, where was he?"

"On shore with the army. The rage of the tempest was such, that the soldiers were obliged to thrust their spears into the ground, and support themselves by them to prevent falling. The ground was so wet they could not lie down, and at every step they sank up to their ankles in mud. Dispirited and benumbed with cold, their matches extinguished and their powder wet, so that their muskets were useless, they were in ill condition to meet the enemy, and were soon thrown into confusion. The presence of the Emperor fortunately restored order, and saved his army from utter destruction."

"But what must have been his feelings when day broke, and casting his eyes on the waters, he saw all hopes of success for ever blasted?"

"In silent astonishment and anguish he stood and gazed. The storm was such it was impossible to communicate with him, or send him any intelligence of what had happened, and for twenty-six hours he remained in all the anguish of uncertainty. The next day I despatched a boat, manned by some of my boldest sailors; it made shift to reach land, and bore this message from me to the Emperor, 'That during my fifty years' knowledge of the sea, never having experienced such a hurricane, I found it necessary to bear away with my shattered ships to Cape Metafuz, to which place I entreated him to march with all speed and re-embark his troops.'

"He took your advice this time, I hope?"

"He did. The situation of the army was such, not one moment was to be lost. Charles ordered the soldiers instantly to march, the sick, the wounded, and feeble, being placed in the centre. A terrible march it was! Worn out with fatigue, and perishing with famine, the brave men could scarcely support the weight of their arms, and numbers fell to rise no more. The roads were almost impassable, the brooks so

swollen with the rains, that in crossing them the men waded up to the chin; they had no food, but the flesh of horses, killed by the Emperor's command, and not a few were slain by the enemy, who pursued, alarmed, and harassed them night and day. At length they reached Cape Metafuz, and right gladly we received them on board, supplied them with plenty of provisions, and cheered them with the prospect of safety."

"And how did the Emperor bear these terrible calamities?"

"Admirably! His firmness and constancy of spirit, his magnanimity, fortitude, humanity, and compassion, could not be sufficiently applauded. He endured as great hardships as the meanest soldier, exposed his own person wherever danger threatened, encouraged the desponding, visited the sick and wounded, animated all by cheering words, and when the army embarked, was the last to leave the shore. I loved and honoured him so truly for the great qualities he then manifested, that I almost forgave him his obstinacy in undertaking the rash and presumptuous expedition which involved such a fearful loss of life."

"His misfortunes were great indeed!" observed Alberto.

"Yes! and I understand King Francis means to take advantage of them, by renewing hostilities. Peace does not continue long between the rival monarchs."

"I suppose they truly and thoroughly dislike each other?"

"You would not have said so, Alberto, had you seen what I once saw. It was after the treaty of Nice. I was conveying the Emperor to Barcelona, when contrary winds drove us to the isle of St. Margaret, off the coast of Provence. We had not been there many hours, when a messenger arrived from King Francis, inviting his rival to take shelter in his dominions, and proposing a personal interview with him at Aigues-mortes. Charles, resolving not to be outdone in complaisance, instantly repaired thither. No sooner had we cast anchor in the road, than Francis, relying entirely on the Emperor's honour for his safety, visited him on board my galley. A touching sight it was, my boy, to witness the meeting of those two great rivals for power!—to behold the warm demonstrations of esteem and affection with which Charles received Francis, and the generous confidence and frank gaiety of the French monarch. The next day the Emperor returned the visit. He landed at the Aigues-mortes with as little precaution, and met with a reception equally cordial. He remained on shore all night, the two monarchs vying with each other in expressions of respect and friendship. Thus, after twenty years of open hostility, or secret enmity—after so many injuries given and endured on both sides—after having openly challenged each other to single combat—after the Emperor had publicly declared Francis to be a prince void of honour or integrity—after Francis had accused him of breach of faith and deceitful conduct—such an interview was most extraordinary and surprising! In one moment all seemed to be forgotten; suspicion and distrust gave place to perfect confidence; and from practising the arts of a deceitful policy, they assumed on a sudden the liberal and open manners of two gallant gentlemen."

"It must have greatly astonished you; Signor?"

"It did, Alberto; but my astonishment increased tenfold when, not long after, war broke out again between them. I then found that their protestations of friendship were but as the summer cloud which passeth away. Truth, honour, and kindly feeling—all gave way to the love of power."



Twenty years had passed away since Andrea Doria restored liberty to his country. The form of government then established in Genoa, though at first received with eager approbation, did not eventually give universal satisfaction. There are generally in a republic some turbulent and factious spirits who wish to overturn the existing state of things. So it was in Genoa. Though all revered the disinterested virtue of Doria, and admired his character, not a few were jealous of the ascendancy he had obtained in the councils of the commonwealth. Of this number was Lewis Fieschi, Count of Lavagna. The richest and most illustrious subject in the republic, this young nobleman possessed, in an eminent degree, all the qualities which win upon the human heart. Of a commanding and graceful figure, affable and gentle in his manners, with a manly spirit and a courage unacquainted with fear, magnificent even to profusion, and generous in the extreme, he seemed formed to enjoy and adorn social life. But under all this fair show, which rendered him exceedingly popular in Genoa, Fieschi concealed an insatiable and restless ambition, and a spirit that disdained subordination. His was a temper that could ill brook a station of inferiority; and jealous of the power which Andrea Doria had acquired in the republic, he determined to attempt the overthrow of a domination to which he could not submit. For this purpose he placed himself at the head of a dark and dangerous conspiracy.

Now Fieschi had a wife, a lady of the noble house of Cibo, whom he loved with tender affection, and whose beauty and virtue rendered her worthy of his love. She was little aware of the aspiring thoughts which filled her husband's mind, though she knew him to be dissatisfied with the Government; for often he would complain that Andrea Doria possessed too much influence in the councils of the republic, an influence which might be hurtful to the interests of Genoa. On these occasions, his sensible and amiable young wife would point out to him the peace and freedom they enjoyed, and the wise measures which Doria took to secure the welfare of their country.

"Great as the power is which he undoubtedly possesses, we may surely and safely depend on his never abusing it, my dear husband," she said one day, as they walked together in the gardens of their palace. "Doria's age, his love of liberty, and his moderation, afford us ample security that he will not stain the close of his days by attempting to overturn a fabric which it has been the pride and labour of his life to erect."

"It is not so much Andrea Doria that I fear, as Andrea Doria's nephew, Giannetino," replied Fieschi. "He is a haughty, insolent, arrogant young man, and overbearing to such a degree as would scarcely be tolerated in one born to reign, but is quite insupportable in the citizen of a free state. This youth is destined to be the heir of his uncle's private fortune, and I know he aims, likewise, at being his successor in power. But that shall never be while I can prevent it."

"Let not the thought of such a thing disturb you, my dear lord," said the countess, affectionately. "There are too many good and wise men in the republic for us to fear that the power and influence which the virtuous Doria justly possesses should descend like an hereditary possession to a young man unworthy of it. Besides, we will hope that the brave old Admiral may yet live many years to guide the helm of state affairs."

Fieschi smiled, and turned away to play with his little girl. He well knew that at that very moment he and others were engaged in a deep conspiracy to assassinate the two Dorias, with the principal persons of their party, to overturn the established system of government, and to place Fieschi himself upon the ducal throne of Genoa. Time, however, and preparations were requisite to ripen such a design for execution, and while employed in carrying on these, Fieschi made it his principal care to guard against everything that might betray his secret, or excite suspicion. With his wife he was not always so guarded; he occasionally betrayed the bitterness of his feelings towards the Dorias, as in the present instance; but, in public, he entered into all kinds of pleasure, and seemed to think of nothing but amusement. None but his confederates knew that under those ever-ready smiles, and that careless gaiety, there lurked a deep and deadly purpose! At the same time he paid court with such artful address to the two Dorias, as imposed not only on the generous and unsuspecting mind of Andrea, but also on his less truthful and more designing nephew, Giannettino.

On the morning of the 2d of January, 1547, the Count of Lavagna appeared in unusual spirits. After spending some time in discoursing with his wife and seeing his friends, charming all by the gaiety of his manner and the sprightly wit of his conversation, he proceeded to visit the Dorias, and paid his court to them with his usual marks of respect. He was received with frank-hearted cordiality by the brave old Admiral, who little dreamed of the storm which had been so long gathering, and was now ready to burst with fearful violence over his head.

"Ah!" said Fieschi, as he left the palace, and his smiles gave place to a dark look of triumphant hatred, "I have them *now!* Little do they dream that this day is the last of their pride and power! The reign of the Dorias is over, and now for that of Fieschi!"

The palace of the ambitious Count of Lavagna stood alone in the middle of a large court, surrounded by a high wall. The gates had been set open early in the morning of this day, and all persons without distinction were allowed to enter, but strong guards posted within the court suffered no one to return. Some of the conspirators had dispersed themselves through the city, and invited to an entertainment in Fieschi's palace the principal citizens whom they knew to be weary of the Doria administration, and to desire a change of government. As evening approached, a vast number of persons filled the palace. Only a few, however, were aware of the purpose for which they were assembled; the rest, astonished at finding, instead of the preparations for a feast, a court crowded with armed men, and apartments filled with instruments of war, gazed on each other with a mixture of curiosity, impatience, and terror. Whilst they were in this state of uncertainty and agitation, Fieschi appeared amongst them.

"My friends," said he—and his eye was bright, and his smile gay as ever—"you are most welcome. Though I have not called you to partake of an entertainment, but to join in a deed of valour, which will lead you to liberty and immortal renown, I feel not the less assured of your co-operation and assistance. Hear me, my friends! The exorbitant and intolerable authority of Andrea Doria, and the ambitious designs of Giannettino, are no longer to be borne. The tyrants must be cut off. I have taken the most effectual measures for this purpose. My associates are numerous—all is prepared. Happily, the tyrants are as secure as

I have been provident. They dream not of the doom that awaits them, and they will feel the blow before they suspect any hostile hand to be near. Let us then sally forth that we may deliver our country by one generous effort—an effort almost unaccompanied by danger, and certain of success.”

These words, uttered with eloquence and fervour, made the desired impression on the audience. Fieschi's vassals, ready to execute whatever their master should command, received his discourse with a murmur of applause. To many whose fortunes were desperate, the prospect of an insurrection was very agreeable. Those of higher rank and more virtuous sentiments, though struck with horror and surprise at so atrocious a proposition, yet feared to object to it, surrounded as they were by persons who waited only a signal from their leader to perpetrate the greatest crime. With one voice, then, all applauded, or feigned to applaud, the undertaking.

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HOME TALES.—No. VII.

JACOB HARRIS; OR, THE GOOD FISHERMAN.

It was Sunday evening. In a small room, five stories from the ground-floor of a house situated in the oldest part of the town of ——, sat an aged pair whose venerable appearance was such as could not fail to strike a beholder. An air of equal poverty and neatness was to be seen around them. There was just furniture enough for themselves, one table, two chairs and a stool, it might be for a friend, if haply they owned one. The bed was at the further corner. There was very little fire in the small grate, though the weather was cold, and the slender candle was burnt nearly to the socket. An open Bible lay before the old man, whose dress and weather-beaten face showed he was a fisherman. The light fell on his scanty locks, which were almost as white as the snowy cap of his wife. “Well,” said he, “I have finished the chapter just in time. Next Sunday, you know, there will be a communion, and we must have no candle, as usual, during the week. How thankful am I for that thought of yours, Mary! It hurt me much when the plate passed us, and we had nothing to give, but now all's right.” “Ay, but the loss of a light is greater to you than to me,” said she, with a sigh. “It is pretty much the same to us both,” replied he; “for though your poor eyes have failed you, yet, as I always read to you out of this blessed book, you feel the loss as well as myself.” “But then you talk to me,” said she, “and you know so many texts by heart, and even whole chapters, that my loss is made up to me.” “Oh! what a mercy is memory,” said Jacob Harris (for such was his name), “and the power to think and speak! Oh, Mary! it must needs be, that a creature gifted with such noble faculties as is man, is formed for something higher and better than a life, so to speak, only amidst the dust and rubbish of this world's cares. What a pity he should ever abuse such gifts!” “God be thanked,” said she, “that such is not your case. Fifty years and upwards I have been your wife, and during all that time you have been my guide, my example, giving me no cause but to pray that I might be able to copy you.” Jacob smiled kindly on his wife. “You have helped to steer me in the right course,” said he. She shook

her head. "Husbands are very much what their wives either make or keep them. What did I say just now about the candle? Who was it but yourself that proposed we should have no light for the week before the communion, that we might save a penny to put in the plate, and no light for half the week, that we might have a halfpenny to give to a charity sermon. Oh! that was a good thought—good every way; it has taught us to deny ourselves, that hardest of all hard tasks; and it has given us that holy feeling that some one is the better for us; I say holy, for may not that feeling follow us to heaven?" She looked earnestly at him. "To heaven!" she repeated; "oh, that we may be there together, as we have been together this day at church!" He raised his eyes, and saw that she had turned very pale. "Are you ill?" said he anxiously. "Only cold," she replied; "let us go to bed." Jacob instantly rose, fetched her night-cap, and waited upon her with all the tenderness and thought of a daughter.

The sun was shining bright on the wide bosom of the ocean, when Jacob next morning seated himself on the shank of an anchor lying on the beach. Now the waves broken and irregular sparkled in the midday beam, and now long shades lay stretched out on the surface; the tide was beginning to rise, and a soft murmur fell on the listening ear, soothing and lulling it to peace. Jacob loved to gaze thus on the mighty waters. The sea was not only his own element, as it were, but the constant study of the Scriptures had purified his heart, and formed his taste, and provided a source of pleasure for him. "God's hand," said he to himself, "is seen in all his works, but in none more than in 'the great and wide sea where are things creeping innumerable.' Power and beauty, terror and delight, mercy and vengeance, all meet here together. 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; in wisdom hast thou made them all.'" He became lost in his own thoughts. "How now," cried a voice that made him start, "musing as usual. You should have been out with us last night, we had such a catch." "I am glad of it," said Jacob; "if there had been no other reason to prevent me, my wife was so poorly, I could not have gone." The other laughed. "I do believe," said he, "that you are as fond of that old woman this day as you were when you first married her, and that you would make as much grief of her death now as if she had been taken from you when you were both young." "More, more," said Jacob, the tears filling his eyes. "I've tried and proved her, and found her more worthy of my love as year by year we have lived together; and to lose her!" his voice faltered; "oh, that is a bitter thought! Look ye, Tom Walters, when a young pair is separated, people make a great to do about it, and call it very sad, and no doubt it is a very sharp pang; but the real woe comes when hearts that have grown to each other are torn asunder, when habits of many a year's standing are to be broken off, and a new life is, as it were, to be begun, on the wreck of an old and dear one. The youthful heart may bleed freely, and the very power to do so makes it heal the more readily. Not so the aged heart; no kindly drops flow to give it relief; the void that death makes in it can never be filled up, nor the grief that settles there be dislodged." "Do you meet troubles half way?" said Tom; "I am surprised!" "I do not," said Jacob; "but he that forgets in the fair breeze that a storm may arise, and so makes no preparation for it, stands a fair chance to be overwhelmed in its fury. Let the blow come when it will, and fall on which it may, it will come only when God permits it, and as our need in that day, so I hope will be our

strength." "Well, I don't myself wish to be unmarried," said Tom. "though we don't get on quite so well as we might. I wish you would give me a leaf out of your book." "Would you read it if I did?" asked Jacob; "what page will you begin at?" "Tell me," said Tom, "how do you manage to cut the figure you do? Your clothes are always tidy, no holes in your shirt, and yet your old woman is almost blind, and your room is as clean and as neat as a first-rate steamer's cabin. How you live I can't think; eat and drink you must. All I know is, that I earn six times as much as you, have but two children, and yet am never out of debt; a room I can scarcely get into for confusion; and as to my clothes, there is always something wanted: buttons missing, strings off, holes to be sewn up." "Bad things," said Jacob, "and very trying to the temper, as I wish all wives would recollect. But to your wish. I read in my book, 'Waste nothing, spend no more than you can avoid, shun drink, and owe no man a sixpence, if you can help it.'" Tom shook his head. "If I was to look in your book I should read nothing like this, I am afraid." "I don't think you would," said he, laughing; "but you can't say I ever refuse to help anybody; you'll give me that credit." "He that helps another at the cost of his honesty," replied Jacob, "has little to boast of; no man that is in debt has a right to give away. Your fault, Tom, is this, you are careless." "And what is my wife's?" said Tom. "That is no business of mine," returned he. "Then I'll tell you," said Tom; "she knows everybody's business better than her own: there never was such a woman; once let her get a scent that something is stirring, and she'll find out the whole before she goes to sleep." "A great pity," said Jacob; "we are taught in the Bible not to be busybodies in other men's matters." "But my wife does not read the Bible; she has not time." "All have time who have the desire," said Jacob; "there is more time spent in going from house to house than would be required to read God's Word." "Very likely," replied Tom; "but there's my Bill—what does he want?" At this moment a boy was seen making the best of his way over the shingle towards them. "Jacob Harris," said he, "you must go home directly." Jacob trembled. "A lady wants you." "Who is she?" asked he, breathing more freely: "what does she want with me?" "Mother can't find out," answered the boy. Tom winked at the old man, who instantly rose, and with Bill walked towards the town. In answer to his questions he could learn only that a lady in a carriage had inquired for him; that Mrs. Walters had hastened out to speak to her, and had offered Tom to go in search of him. "And see," said the boy, as he finished, "she has given me a penny for my trouble." "And what will you do with it?" asked Jacob; "give it to your mother I hope." "I dare say," said he with a grin; "I know mother too well for that; I shall spend it myself." "Bill," said Jacob, "a penny well spent may turn to good account; let me take care of your penny; and I promise you that you shall have it when you wish for it." "I won't," said Bill, grasping the money in his hand; "it is not the first penny I have had by a good many, and I shall spend it as I like." Jacob might have found a reply, had not the boy at the instant pointed out "the lady," as he called her, talking with his mother before his own door. "Jacob Harris," said she, advancing towards him, "I am anxious to speak to you. This good woman tells me you live at the top of the house, which is a journey for me." "But my room is two pair below his," said Mrs. Walters quickly, "and I am sure you are quite welcome to go there." Her offer was declined, and, what was equally vexatious, Mrs. Selwyn (for

that was her name) begged her to waste no more time, but leave her with Jacob. She walked away as slowly as possible, then stood still, and seeing them in conversation, she retraced her steps, and stood behind them so that she might catch what they said. "You are very poor, I hear," said Mrs. Selwyn. "There are poorer than we," replied he; "we owe no one anything." "And he is rich," said she with a smile, "who does not exceed his income, be it what it may." "Rich we are not," said he respectfully, "unless to be content is such." "But you have something to give away," said Mrs. Selwyn, "as I have observed on all occasions at church: how is this?" The old man coloured. "The widow's mite was accepted," said he. "You mistake me," returned she kindly: "he gives enough who gives all he can afford. God looks on the giver and his motive, not on the gift; my surprise is that you can give anything." Jacob now explained how this was managed. "And what have you to live upon?" asked she. Jacob informed her that the parish allowed him two shillings a-week; that in winter he could earn two shillings, and sometimes three, in summer more still, which he husbanded for future needs. Mrs. Selwyn heard him with much emotion. "What a reproof," thought she, "to thousands who from their abundance or sufficiency find nothing to give to the needy!" She looked at him with respect. She had ascertained that he bore an excellent character, and her anxiety was now in what manner she could mark her approval most agreeable to himself. She entered at once into his feeling, and skilfully sought to avoid wounding him. She desired him to bring her fish whenever he had any to sell, or could procure it from his friends; and having learnt that his wife was not very well, she promised to send something for her, and to call herself in a few days.

As soon as Mrs. Selwyn drove off, Jacob hastened to his wife, to whom he related what had passed. "God," said he, "I feel, has sent us a friend; gentleness like hers comes only from one blessed by Him. There is a gift, and a manner in giving it, that stings the heart, and makes the wound wider that it would heal; that is not clarity but pride—and it rouses pride, not gratitude, in return; but when the kind look and the soft word go together with the helping hand, Christ speaks again to man, and all that is wrong in him melts into love."

The joy of her husband was happiness to Mary; and Jacob, deceived by her cheerful manner, again left her to speak to Walters about going with him to fish. Scarcely had he left her, than Mrs. Walters bustled upstairs, and, putting her head into the room, said, "Well, what did she want? your husband has told you, of course?" Mrs. Harris did not answer. "There's no secret in the matter, I suppose; if there is, no good will come of it; fair and above board in all things, I say." "Let every one be a judge of her own concerns," said Mrs. Harris: "they who tell more than they ought, like those who seek to know more than becomes them, are equally wrong; at all events, what secret there is, belongs to my husband." Mrs. Walters did not relish this rebuke; but knowing that Mrs. Harris could not detect what she was doing, she took a peep round the room to see whether any money was lying on the table, or anything else that would afford a clue to the visit of the stranger. Nothing however met her view; when, turning to go out of the door, she perceived that Mrs. Harris had fallen back on her chair. She sprang towards her, and found the poor woman had fainted. She was a kind-hearted though an inquisitive woman, and in a moment all her energies were roused, and she, both

tenderly and skilfully, attended to her. The fit, for such it was, was not of long duration, but it left her very weak, and in the course of a few days it was clear that she was approaching her end. She was quite aware of it; but, as long as it was possible, she concealed her belief from her husband. He was her chief nurse, though Mrs. Walters omitted nothing that it was in her power to do for her; and such was the impression made on the latter by all that she saw and heard between the worthy pair, that, to use her own words, she had learnt a lesson from them which she should never forget; yes, she had learned that, when the dark day did come, there was light and comfort too for them who had lived up to what they knew.

Mrs. Selwyn had been most kind both to Jacob and his wife; she not only furnished the sick woman with everything proper for her state from her own house, but sent to her also a medical man. Jacob was very grateful, and, for a little while, he hoped his dear wife might be spared to him; but she grew worse and worse, and his heart misgave him. He told his fears to the doctor. "Poor soul!" said the latter, "nature has done its work." Jacob understood him: "My poor wife will die," said he, weeping; "the golden bowl will soon be broken, and the long home have its new inmate; but the mourner will not be seen in the street; in the lone dwelling will he be found. But God be thanked that she will go before me; for, sad as it is, I can do better without her than she could do without me." "Jacob," said Mary faintly; he was by her side in an instant; "I must leave you," said she; "I am not terrified; there is peace here," and she laid her hand on her bosom. "He who promised is faithful—in the multitude of my sorrows thy comforts have refreshed my soul"—that's right, isn't it? Repeat some of those beautiful texts that used to cheer us." Jacob tried to speak, but his voice failed him; he took her hand in his, and pressed it to his wet cheek. "It is a bitter thing to part," said she, looking at Mrs. Selwyn; "I know whose will calls me hence, and I humbly say, 'Lord, I am ready;' but my husband—" the bright beam of love yet lighted the dying eye as it was directed towards Jacob, but it became dim as it again rested, with painful meaning, on the kind lady who stood on the other side of the bed. "I have no fears for him," said she; "he who was so ready to aid others has a claim to aid of his own. He shall be my care:" the promise was heard and understood—a gleam of joy passed over her wan features—and the seal of death set fast the fleeting smile.

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#### LIFE.

O LIFE! how pleasant is thy morning,  
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning,  
 Cold-pausing caution's lesson scorning,  
     We frisk away,  
 Like schoolboys, at the expected warning  
     To joy and play.  
 We wander there, we wander here,  
 We eye the rose upon the brier  
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,  
     Among the leaves;  
 And though the puny wound appears  
     Short while it grieves.

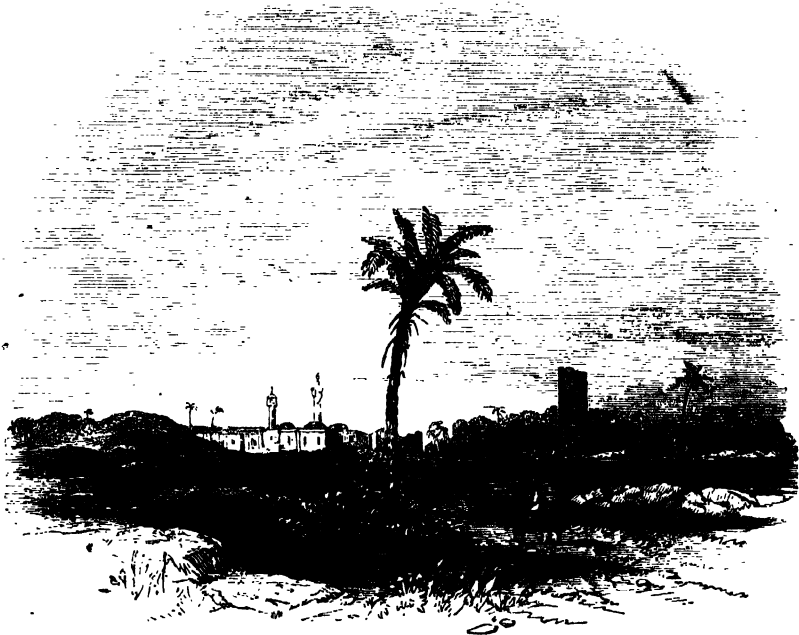
BURNS.

THE  
HOME FRIEND;

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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SEA-COAST AND SHORES OF CILICIA.—No. XI.  
RAMLAH OR ARIMATHÆA, AND ASKELON.



RAMLAH.

“My heart rejoiceth in the Lord, mine horn is exalted in the Lord; my mouth is enlarged over mine enemies, because I rejoice in thy salvation.” (1 Sam. ii. 10.) Thus commenced Hannah’s grateful song of thanksgiving, when after, “in bitterness of soul she prayed unto the Lord and wept sore,” “and returned and came to their house at Ramah,” and “she bare a son and called his name Samuel.” (1 Sam. i.) Ramah, or Arimathæa, or, as it is now called, Ramlah, is a pleasant little town, situated on the borders of the plain of Sharon, surrounded by extensive olive



plantations, orchards, and vineyards, and on the high road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, not above three hours' pleasant ride from the former town. Our caravan, on quitting Jaffa, consisted of a motley assemblage of people, from almost all parts of the world, mounted on a variety of beasts of burthen, from the tall unsightly camel to the shambling little donkey, all speeding onward, anxious to reach the town of our destination before night should close in around us, and render it no easy matter for so many wayfarers to procure lodgings for man and beast at a place that could boast of but small accommodations for either. The road was admirable, so smooth and level that carriages might easily ply from Jaffa to Ramlah with hardly a rut to interrupt their progress. Here was an excellent opportunity for the better-mounted gentlemen to display their skill in horsemanship; and a few grey-bearded old Turks, officers attached to the garrison at Jerusalem, kept curvetting about on their handsome Arabian horses to the no small annoyance and alarm of the more timid riders of our party, whose miserable hacks or incorrigible donkeys, in ludicrous efforts to outrival the splendid actions and swiftness of the Arabians, trotted, kicked, plunged, and eventually contrived to deposit their terrified burthens amidst a clattering of pots and pans, luckily without much damage to their persons, on the soft sandy soil of the plains. Amongst our party we numbered men, women, and children, of almost every age, from the withered-up old man of seventy to the helpless infant of seventeen months; Jews and Jewesses, in uncouth costumes, from parts beyond the Balkan Mountains; the heavy-turbaned Armenian, the sparingly-clad Egyptian, Copts and Maronites; Greeks from Cyprus and the Archipelago; a banker from Cilicia, a Beyrout merchant, German nondescripts, Italian refugees, Parisian dandies, the straw-hatted citizen of New York, the bronzed Indian officer, a London cockney, and a monk from Spain. These were to be reckoned amongst the caravan of pilgrims: and besides these, perched high up in the air, or peeping over the side of immense panniers, were women closely muffled up and veiled, and children of all ages and sizes. As we pressed forwards towards Ramlah, the cool breeze of the evening swept across the plain, bearing with it the delicious odour of the freshly-mown hay, which was stacked in plentiful cones all over the fields as far as we could see on either side. Larks were hovering high up in the air, singing their vespers sweetly in the solitude of evening. Save our own party we encountered not a soul; and the sun was just setting, as far away before us in the horizon we espied the tall minarets of Ramlah, and a little to the right of it, standing out boldly against the dark background formed by a perfect forest of olive trees, a singularly shaped and very ancient watch-tower, now nearly in ruins, but which presented a fine landmark by which to guide our horses through the quickly deepening haze of evening, towards the old town of Arimathæa. The town itself had but few handsome features to present as viewed from this aspect: there were some stately ruins that looked much, in the uncertain light of evening, like turreted castles of yore, and a couple of handsome mosques, with tall and elegantly-shaped minarets; but beyond this, nothing worthy of note. The houses of the inhabitants were low and flat-roofed, excluding effectually from our view the interior arrangements of the courtyards; the streets were a monstrous line of rough and coarsely whitewashed walls; but trees, in great variety, were abundant, and the immediate outskirts were thickly hemmed in with impenetrable hedges of the prickly pear. A few women, clad in long loose blue gowns, with frightful gauze masks which

concealed most of their features, were assembled round a rude little oven, baking the wafery bread in common use in these countries, and feeding the fire from a high pile of thorny brushwood, which blazed up so quickly and burnt out so speedily that the oven required a continuous supply. Here then was an apt illustration of the words of the inspired Psalmist, "They are quenched as the fire of thorns" (Psalm cxviii. 12); and what says the preacher? (Eccles. vii. 6), "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool: this also is vanity." We alighted under the heavy, sombre walls of the Latin convent, and, ringing, were at once admitted, and cheerfully invited to partake of the hospitalities of the monks. Ramlah produces much excellent wine and olive oil: its olives are also superior to those we had heretofore met; but in other respects it is wholly insignificant in a commercial point of view. Its population was reckoned by the monks at somewhere above 3,000 souls, mostly Turks and Fellahs, with a few Copts and Christians of the Greek church; but barely a night passes over without the population being augmented by from fifty to a hundred pilgrims, going to or coming from the Holy City, many of whom find shelter within the spacious walls of the convent.

"Joseph of Arimathæa, an honourable counsellor which also waited for the kingdom of God" (Mark xv. 43), was born and lived, and, we suppose, died within the walls of this town, which evidently in those days was a flourishing city; its name is perpetuated, and must endure throughout all ages, as the birthplace of the good man who "went in boldly unto Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus."

The next morning we were up with the first light of day, for, truth to say, notwithstanding all the kindness of our numerous hosts, sleep never condescended to visit our eyes, so intense had the heat been, so great the havoc committed by legions of fleas and other uncomfortable bed-companions, with whose society we would most cheerfully have dispensed. Passing through the town in the quiet early hour of morning, the inhabitants were all hushed in slumber: cocks were crowing loudly for their liberty, geese cackling, and just as we reached the fountain on the outskirts of the town, the first door opened that morning in Ramlah (excepting that at the convent) creaked heavily upon its hinges, and out came a perfect gey of a woman, hot and yet flushed from her pillow, driving before her a whole posse of quadrupeds and birds, cows, goats, sheep, oxen, donkeys, ducks, geese, fowls and chickens, all clamorously noisy and delighted at regaining their liberty once more.

We soon left this noisy party far behind us: most of our last evening's companions had gone in an opposite direction, intending to visit Jerusalem. We were pursuing the road to Askalon: an hour's smart riding brought us within sight of the sea, and we were as completely alone in that desolation of sand and brushwood as though we had been travelling for a month in the wilderness. Journeying forward we at length reached the sea-coast, and the cool ripple of the waves against the sand was a pleasant and agreeable break to the stillness that had reigned around us in the morning. By-and-bye our solitude was pleasantly interrupted by the deep baying of shepherds' dogs and the bleating of goats; whilst, traversing an acute angle in the beach, whose high sandy promontory had excluded the flocks from our view, we found ourselves surrounded by countless goats and kids, browsing to their heart's content on the thistles and briars that grew over the surface of the cliffs, and carefully tended by a watchful goatherd and his shaggy dogs. The ruins of Askalon were now in sight; the refraction

from the sand and the glare of the sea were becoming quite intolerable; added to which swarms of horseflies were annoying our animals to such an extent that they kicked and plunged in a most disagreeable fashion. We were not long in finding out amongst the ruins a pleasant shady spot where to spread our carpets, and some deliciously fresh milk, just drawn from the goats, was quite a luxurious addition to our simple meal of dried fruits and bread. We had now ocular demonstration in the mass of crumbling ruins around us, the flocks of goats that were feeding on the dreary waste, and the uncouth habitations of the goatherds, of the fulfilment of the words of prophecy: "Askelon (shall be) a desolation! and the sea-coasts shall be dwellings and cottages for shepherds and folds for flocks." (Zephaniah xi.) "The cities of Arocr are forsaken: they shall be for flocks which shall lie down and none shall make them afraid." (Isaiah xvii. 2.) Such to the letter is the fate of Askelon. Prowling about amongst its ruins we came upon the remains of an ancient wall and gateway, and by our sudden appearance as much alarmed as his unexpected



presence had startled us, a solitary wayfarer, bound from Gaza to Jaffa, and who was leaning in a recumbent position against the walls of an old well, which afforded water for the parched traveller to quench his thirst. The accompanying sketch conveys an accurate idea of the costume and

attitude of this man—himself a Christian, as we may easily recognise by his white turban, and a native of the city of Nazareth. He soon entered into friendly conversation on perceiving that we were Europeans. He was by trade a hawker, and by his side, on the wall, his whole stock in trade, consisting principally of rosaries and relics from Jerusalem and Nazareth, were carefully packed up in a hourage, or pair of carpet bags, so exactly balanced in size and weight that they could conveniently be slung over his shoulders whenever he resumed his staff and journeyings. As he sold off his goods at the villages or towns he visited, the money he received, or else small pebbles, were put into the bag to make up for any deficiency in weight; and he thought himself extremely fortunate in having fallen in with us, as we speedily relieved him of many of the really elegantly-worked mother-o'-pearl shells, which he sold us at ridiculously cheap prices. Over his coarse silk shirt he wore a blue cotton vest, which was secured round the waist by a handsome red *zinah*, or silk scarf; his long loose trousers were of coarse brown holland, his ankles bare, his feet encased in red leather shoes that curled up at the tip, and he wore over all a loose brown coat, the skirts of which reached down to his heels; this and his red cap, concealed partly under the heavy folds of the white turban, completed the costume of this itinerant hawker from Nazareth. He soon after left us, and pursued his way towards Joppa, whilst we returned to our stronghold amongst the ruins, and reclining upon our comfortable carpets stared out upon the utter solitude of the place—"The burden of the desert of the sea."

"And Judah took Askelon with the coast thereof." (Judges i. 18.) And a mighty city was Askelon, doubtless, in those days when "Judah could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron." Save the goatherds' huts and the pens for the flocks, the prostrate shafts and crumbling arches, there is nothing left to record its once famed grandeur: the voice of man and the busy hum of the city is hushed; but the owl in his happy solitude hoots forth his dismal note over the crumbling mounds of Askelon.

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#### THE TURKISH FAST OF RAMDAN.

THE new moon makes at twenty minutes after six this evening, and the whole Mahomedan population of the city of Aleppo are on the *qui vive* to know the exact minute, to a second, that the long and wearisome fast imposed upon them by the Koran is to commence. The month is June, and the heat intense: and when we remember that from sunrise to sunset these followers of Mahomet are forbidden, not only to taste of food and to abstain from the fumes of their much-loved tobacco, but likewise to abstain from tasting a drop of water, or any other liquid, let their thirst be ever so great, let their tongues cleave to the roofs of their mouths, we may then form some conception of the terrible nature of the penance imposed, and easily conceive that it is not without many a gloomy foreboding of future sufferings that the children of Islam await the announcement from the minaret's top. The Cadi and the Mufti, with the assistance of the resident astronomer, have decided to a second the exact moment of the announcement; the Imaams are already assembled at their lofty stations on the various minarets; the signal gun is fired, and from twenty different

mosques bursts simultaneously the beautiful but plaintive chant of the dervishes. *Allah Achbar!* God is great! are the last words of the chant, as echoed and re-echoed from minaret to minaret, till the cadence of the voices melts gently into air, and all is stillness. The fast has begun, and thousands of bearded Turks may be now seen inside of mosques and outside; in the streets and on the terrace-tops, spreading out their carpets, and going through their prescribed devotions. This night, and indeed every night until the next new moon makes, the bazaars and the streets will present a lively and amusing scene; night will be turned into day, and *vice versâ*. For though restricted from suffering anything to enter their mouths, so long as the sun is above the horizon, Sol has no sooner set than carousals commence, which seldom, if ever, terminate before he has made his appearance in the east again. We hurry along through the bazaars; bless us! what a number of lanterns and lights are to be seen on every side, and the sound of music, too; merry-making in every direction! We stop opposite to a confectioner's, and watch pile upon pile of delicious-looking sweetmeats disappear, as though by magic, down the throats of the sweet-toothed multitudes. Turks, Christians, and idolaters, are jostling each other to get at the good things. Next to the confectioner's is a sherbet shop, a place where we may get a glass of deliciously-iced lemonade for something less than a halfpenny; on the sill of the shop windows are model fountains of sherbet, playing in huge china vases, and so contrived as to turn a miniature waterwheel, hung with little tinkling bells. If the heat of the weather has not already parched our lips, it is at any rate pleasant and cooling to stop and gaze for awhile at this miniature display of water-works; but the press of the throng is mighty; for besides men, women and children, horses, donkeys, camels, and mules, are continually passing to and fro, and not the least danger to be encountered is a nip on the heels from one of the many snarling curs that so infest the streets of Aleppo. The night is not propitious: we will come back again when the grand festival of the Beiram arrives; and then, indeed, the bazaars are well worth the trouble of visiting. Meanwhile as we can eat and drink and sleep at whatever hours we choose; and moreover as the hour is late, hie we home like sober-minded people, and so to bed. The sultry heat of the night has detracted materially from our necessary rest, and we hail the first grey tinge of morning with unfeigned delight; not only because it enables us to escape from the uncomfortable atmosphere of a heated bedroom, but also because the summer morning in Aleppo is invariably attended with a delicious cool breeze, which blows from the desert, moistened by the heavy dew of night. After sunrise, if this wind continues, it will blow as hot as the breath of a furnace; and long experience has taught us to know that when it does so continue, there is no chance of its abating for three days and three nights. We emerge from the still silent streets into the open country; and, wending along the banks of a small canal, come to a spacious temporary coffee-house, where, this being the first day of the Moslem's fast, great preparations are being made for the early reception of countless frequenters. Whole regiments of three-legged dwarfish stools are arranged in battle array in the open space in front of the coffee-house, and along the banks of the rivulet. The sun will not rise for a good hour and a half yet; but every Turk in the city has already, he and all his household, partaken of a sumptuous and substantial meal; and now they hurry down by dozens at a time to economize as much as they can the time allowed for smoking and drinking coffee; all the seats are speedily

occupied, and besides a whole multitude are squatted upon the ground and each one is shouting angrily to the *cafagee* to bear a hand and supply him with a narghilee and a cup of coffee; although twenty lads are rushing to and fro, in obedience to the frequent calls, there are still many that have to be served, and time is creeping on rapidly; so the most neglected get desperate, and rushing into the coffee-house, serve themselves to what they want, to the great indignation of the proprietor, and to the rapturous mirth of the already-served spectators. At length every Turk has got his narghilee or pipe, and partaken of his cup of coffee. There is not much conversation going on, for that would be losing precious time; but they smoke as though they were smoking for a match, and the demands for a fresh supply of coffee are frequent. Presently one devout old Moslem pulls out a very old-fashioned-looking watch, and proclaims, to the sorrow of the assembled smokers, that it wants only five minutes of sunrise. Smoking materials are laid by, the last cup of bitter coffee partaken of, and then the followers of the Prophet repair to the water's-edge, and first go through their morning ablutions; then moving a little higher up where the water has not been contaminated, they go on all-fours, and bringing their mouths to a level with the water's edge, take one long refreshing draught of water. The spectacle thus presented is truly ridiculous, reminding one forcibly of a troop of donkeys at water. This is the last drop of water permitted to enter their lips from this time till sunset in the evening. And now they all disperse to their various homes, and there, within the precincts of the harem, sleep till nigh upon mid-day. At noon they are compelled to attend at the mosques. The wind is blowing like the breath of a furnace as they pass through the streets, and they are exposed to its scorching effects the whole time that they are in the mosque. Coming home again with cracked lips and parched throats, at every second step they take they encounter venders of deliciously cool drinks—what a temptation! Talk about travellers suffering martyrdom in the desert from lack of water—why these Turks travel through the desert every day of their lives so long as the Ramdan lasts; they might as well be a hundred miles away from the nearest pond or river or well, as be suffering excruciating tortures from thirst, and still be unable, or rather say forbidden, to quench it. We may readily conceive that a Turk, in this state of suffering, is in no very amiable frame of mind, and hence it arises that during this said fast of the Ramdan, Christians are more liable to be insulted than at any other season. We once knew a Turk whip a cigar out of a gentleman's mouth, and fling it to the other side of the street, so exasperated was this *true believer* at the bare idea of a *dog of a Frank* being permitted to smoke, when he would have willingly given one-half he was possessed of in the world for a whiff or two at his pipe. But to return to our Turk with the parched lips. He eventually reaches home, and hurries off to bed again as fast as he can; if the heat and the flies permit him to sleep he is indeed a fortunate man, but the chances are that from twelve to four in the afternoon his sufferings are beyond all description; and yet it is a well-known fact that but very few of these Turks, though suffering martyrdom, will ever deviate from the strict letter of their law. At four the greater heat of the day subsides; our friend the Turk, more dead than alive, creeps through the streets and out of the town, and once more wends his way to the coffee-shop, where we met him this morning. That establishment is now closed; but he chooses out a tree as near to the river's side as he can, and under its pleasant shade inhales, with incalculable

gusto, the pleasant zephyrs that ever and anon breathe coolly across the water's surface. Even to look at the water itself, so blue and cool, is in itself a priceless gratification; by and bye many others, in the same predicament as himself, are seen approaching from the city; some try to wile the hours away in conversation, some sit and play at backgammon, and some few are fortunate enough to fall asleep; but we never saw a single individual with a book in his hands. However cheerful the attempt at conversation, however entrancing the chances of the games, time still seems to creep on as though the hours had become of an India-rubber texture, and were being stretched by time into days: meanwhile lips are more cracked than ever, and the tongue sticks to the roof of the mouth. Now see with what eagerness all eyes are turned towards one of the party who pulls out his watch to see what time it is—it wants another good half-hour to sunset. A few more games at backgammon and it wants a quarter. Come, that looks something like. They all rise from their avocations or amusements, and slowly strip off their outer jackets, and take off their turbans and shoes, and spread their small rugs to be in readiness for their devotions. Meanwhile the coffee-shop has been opened, and the regiments of stools are again in martial array; the pipes and the narghilees are all ready filled, and, like so many cannons, only require fire to be applied to them to emit volumes of smoke. Endless pots of coffee are boiling; the loud roar of a real cannon bursts upon the ear, and the assembled sons of Islam rush, like so many maniacs, ankle deep into the water. The luxury of washing the face and hands and rinsing out the mouth, is not even to be surpassed by the first long cool draught of water, though that must be quite indescribable. This done, the Turks go through their devotions, and then the stools are all filled again, and the clamour of the morning commences afresh, only at this period of the day hilarity and good temper are substituted for wrath. After smoking a pipe or so, and partaking of the indispensable coffee, the Turk goes home to his wife and family, and makes a hearty dinner; and then the rest of the night is devoted to the bazaars, roving from one shop to another, stuffing and drinking and carousing all night.

And this is what is repeated day after day, and night after night, during the thirty long days of the Ramdan.

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#### HOME TALES.—No. VIII.

##### GRACE THOMPSON; OR, THINK BEFORE YOU ACT.

It was Linton feast. The village green was a moving picture of young and old of both sexes. Every face wore a smile, every one had something to say to some old acquaintance or friend that was espied in the crowd, and hands were shaken, and good wishes and neighbourly inquiries exchanged between many, who, on another occasion, would have had little to say to each other, or been contented to have returned only a passing nod. Now the well-known squeaking voice of Punch was heard, and the loud and frequent laugh told how well his stale jests were received. Now the fiddle, the hautboy, and clarionet sounded a sprightly tune, and a group of young men and women stood ready for a dance; while a knot of children, at a little distance, took advantage of the music and footed it away as merrily as their elders. If there was any sign of

discontent or anxiety to be seen, it was only when a poor dog, having lost his master, might be noticed forcing his way with eager eyes through the multitude, in vain but anxious search of him who in the whole wide world was the only one for whom he cared.

On the skirt of the green stood a small, neat cottage, the little garden of which was gay with flowers, and sweet with the perfume which the honeysuckle, that covered one entire side of the dwelling, sent forth. Within this, close to the door, sat an elderly woman, in a widow's cap: the bitterness of woe, however, had passed away, and a placid look of contentment, and even of pleasure, rested on her features. Her knitting was in her hand; sometimes she plied her needles diligently, and then, resting her hand upon her knee, she amused herself with watching the persons who passed; often remarking to herself, with wonder, what great boys and girls many had grown since she had seen them that day last year, or how old some of her acquaintance were beginning to look; change was stamped on all; and, though the thought might not have occurred to her, had she herself escaped it? On a sudden, she was roused by the voice of a young woman, who had reached the door before she perceived her. "Oh, Grace Thompson," cried she, "is that you?" "It is, indeed, Mrs. Leason," replied the other, who was a pretty-looking girl, and very smartly dressed. "I got leave at last to come to the feast, but my mistress was, I must say, very unkind about it; she did not want to spare me, because she is not well, but how can I help that? But, to tell the truth, I'm sick of the fen, and moped to death: I'm dying to get back to the town. You never see a merry French boy there dancing to his hurdy-gurdy, and laughing till he makes you as merry as himself—never a walking piano is to be heard in that hole: no, no, from one day's end to the other, there's no sound to be heard there but what bulls and cows, calves and sheep, cocks and hens, larks and blackbirds make: I should have given warning before this, but—" she paused. "But what?" said Mrs. Leason. "But for something I wanted to know," said Grace; "not from any love of the place, you may be sure." "Well," said Mrs. Leason, "I lived many years in the fen, and never found it dull." "Ay, but you were living with your husband," said Grace (the widow sighed); "I dare say I should not if I was living there with the man of my choice. How's Robert?" "Quite well," answered she. "Not married, I suppose?" "Not yet." "I guessed as much," said Grace; "I think I should not have been the last to hear of it, if he was." As she spoke, she cast a look at the widow, smiled, pointed her toe, and patted her foot on the ground, as if in time to some tune she was humming—then, throwing her streaming ribbons over her shoulder with an air, she said, "It's not every girl that would take Robert's fancy." "Indeed, it is not," replied Mrs. Leason. "The girl, then, that *does* please him," said Grace, again pointing her toe, and looking, first on the ground and then on the widow, with a smile, "may hold her head rather high, and have something to be proud of." "She may be thankful," said the other; "proud, I hope, she would know better than to be." "You may say so," returned Grace, "she perhaps would not; however, it may be seen soon who's right, you or I. Is Robert within? I expect he is going on the green with me." "He's not at home, and won't be till quite late," replied Mrs. Leason. "No! I am surprised," said Grace, colouring: "promises are not made, I should think, to be broken—but he must please



himself;" and she gave her bonnet a smart twitch as if it did not sit comfortably. "Robert will please himself," said his mother; "and he will be cautious how he sets about it. Grace, I will be plain with you—you are nursing hopes that will come to nothing." "That's to be proved," said she, pettishly; "mothers don't know everything." "I know that Robert has never kept company with you," said Mrs. Leason. "But a man may show by his way," said Grace, "what he means to do." "My Robert," returned Mrs. Leason, "would scorn to put notions into any girl's mind that were not in his—he is kind and obliging to all; but she who mistakes common civility for affection, who puts a meaning of her own upon another's words or manner, is deceived, not by him, but by her own vanity. Grace, I must tell you the truth—you are not suited to my son." "And why not?" asked she; "good looks are not our own making, but when we have them—" "I said nothing about looks," said Mrs. Leason, "you are pretty enough to please any one." Grace smiled. "And you'll allow that I can put my things on well," said she, "and have undeniable good taste." "I don't count those flowers, and that broad ribbon, a proof of it," said the other. "Why, they are all the fashion!" cried she. "Grace! Grace!" said Mrs. Leason, "what has a man, who works for his daily bread, to do with good looks, good taste, or fashion! a sweet temper, neatness, modesty—a heart that fears God as well as loves himself—these are the qualities my son has been looking for, and which I hope he has found." "You don't mean to say Robert is going to be—" she gulped at the word "married." "Yes, I do," replied Mrs. Leason; "Robert is going to be married to a young woman he has known many years." "Not Rachel West, to be sure?—no one that ever saw them together would suppose he had such a thought," cried Grace. "Very likely," replied she; "a right-thinking man is careful to study the girl he feels inclined to make his wife, knowing how much his happiness will depend upon her, and to hide from her and from others what is passing in his own mind, till he has satisfied himself that she will suit him. Yes, Grace, the pleasant partner in a dance, or in a walk, does not often make the best wife; and men are aware of this: they keep for such their gay words, the merry company; but they yield their respect and love to those who are likely to make the best partners, and the best companions for life. Robert's banns will be published next Sunday." "Then they shall not be the only ones that shall be read that day," cried Grace, tossing her head. "He's not the only man in the parish, or the only one to make a choice he need not be ashamed of!" and so saying, she darted from the door, and hastily walked to the green. A group of young men soon assembled round her; among those was one of the name of Simon Nash, a mere stripling, equally light-hearted and weak. To him Grace directed all her attention. She danced with him, walked with him; and so flattered was Simon with being singled out by such a smart girl, that before they parted it was agreed that he should put their names in the parish book that evening.

The next morning Mrs. Leason repeated the conversation between her and Grace the day before, to her son, of whom indeed she had every cause to be proud. "I am very sorry," said he, when his mother had finished; "but Grace must thank herself entirely for any pain she may feel. There is a cruelty in raising hopes in the bosom of a girl which it is not his intention to confirm, that makes him beneath the

name of man that is guilty of it. Ill should I deserve the happiness that is, I trust, in store for me, if in any degree I could accuse myself of such conduct. No, no, I have been vain at no one's cost; for after all it is vanity at bottom that leads a man to sport with another's feelings, and expose her to pain whom it is his duty to soothe and protect. I blame a girl for too readily believing what may be said to her; but I blame him a great deal more who, taking advantage of a woman's weakness, tempts her to believe what he knows in his heart to be false and dangerous to her. The very love I have felt for my mother has been my safeguard in this respect, and so it should be that of every son."

Grace told her mistress when she returned that she intended to quit her service. A month's wages or a month's warning was the bargain between them, but Grace cared little about the loss of a few shillings. She would stay a fortnight out of convenience to herself; and as part of her last quarter's wages was in the hands of her mistress, she thought herself pretty well off; while Simon on his part looked boldly on the future, for it was only the beginning of hay harvest, and the summer and autumn were before him. They hired part of a cottage, got together a little furniture, and presented themselves at the altar as smart a couple as is generally seen, and spent afterwards as gay a wedding-day as most persons.

Early the same morning Robert entered his mother's chamber. "Come, mother," said he, "you must give me your blessing; this is my wedding-day, you know, and I must be off for Elton, or Rachel will think me long." "My blessing, the blessing of the widow's God, be yours, my son," returned she; "your dutiful conduct to me merits that precious gift from the Lord, a good wife. Tarry no longer, for this is a day of trial to your Rachel, and she will need every kind word and look from you to help her to part from her childhood's home and her parents' love. Oh, Robert! it is a strange and awful feeling that fills the heart of a young and fond female when she is about to leave those for ever whose love has never failed her, to trust the love of one alone; one from whom, kind or unkind, death only can sever her. It won't be doubt of you that will make her pause and tremble as she crosses the threshold of the old home, and fills her eyes with tears when she says 'good-bye;' but a fear that only the good and pure and gentle heart of a woman can feel. Those drops, fall fast and many as they may, are but the soldering of a new link to the broken chain, making it stronger than it was before. Let them flow; the eye that sheds them will soon look the brighter on you, and reflect the joy that sparkles in your own." She parted the rich curls that shaded her son's brow, and pressing a kiss upon it, smiled the blessing she could not again utter, and pointed him to be gone.

The sun was going down when the widow's quick ear caught the sound of coming feet. The teaboard had long been set, the chairs arranged, the cake on the hearth had been turned many times, and the kettle more than once been filled up, so quickly from the blaze beneath had the water boiled away. All was comfort, cleanliness, and neatness. Mrs. Leason wore her new cap, her best gown, and her company apron. It had been her intention to meet the pair at the entrance, and bid them welcome; but when she saw them coming, how it was she could never afterwards account for, she sank into her chair, where, unable to make an effort to rise, she sat silent and pale. "Mother," cried Robert, as he sprang forward, and with his bride sank beside her, "here is my

wife! love her for my sake a little while, you will soon love her for her own." "I love her for her own sake now," cried the good woman, bursting into tears; and for a few happy moments no one attempted to speak.

The summer was ended, the harvest safely housed, work had been plentiful, and the beginning of the winter was mild and open. Simon and Grace had felt slight inconvenience as yet; but employment was now getting scarce. The little they earned was not put to the best account, for neither knew anything of management; and while Simon liked the company he met at the Dragon, Grace found her neighbours' homes more agreeable than her own. In the spring their family was increased, and her employment for the most part consisted in wandering from one house to another with her baby. She was no longer smart, but untidy in her person, and her infant was kept so dirty that no one cared to nurse it, and relieve her for a time of a task she did not profess to like. She and Simon neither agreed nor quarrelled; they put up with each other. There was no love between them; and it was easy to foresee that coming troubles would try them both severely.

In the meantime Robert and Rachel were happier each day. Equally industrious, equally prudent, if they had nothing to spare, they had certainly little to desire. Good management and frugality made their earnings go further with them than with most others. He was very seldom out of employment, and she was extremely handy with her needle, an excellent ironer and getter-up of fine linen. Nothing was put into the drawers, after having been washed, without having been looked over to see what repairs were necessary; and thus she might have defied the sharpest eyes to find a broken stitch either in her own clothes or her husband's. When her baby came its birth gave joy to all. Rachel's world was her home, her chief care her husband's comfort and her infant's welfare. So sweet and fresh, so clean and healthy was the little creature, that none passed it unnoticed; and if Robert knew pride, it was when on a Sunday evening he walked out on the green by the side of his wife, and with his child in his arms. Their good mother never interfered with them, and did not always give her advice even when it was asked. "Learn to depend upon yourselves," she would say; "there is no wisdom like that of your own gathering; you will seldom go far out of your way if you take good sense and honest intentions for your guide; and happily for us, few difficulties lie in a humble path like ours."

Another spring, hay-time, and harvest passed. Bad grew worse with Simon and Grace; good grew better with Robert and Rachel. Another child was born to each; welcomed with joy by these, looked on coldly by those. Words now frequently arose between Grace and her husband. She taunted him with his love of drink, and he in return laid the blame on his dirty home and want of comfort. They had neither money nor credit, and as to the little furniture they possessed, it was worth nothing either to sell or pawn. Winter brought want—actual, piercing want, and the Union was their only resource. When this last step was resolved upon, Simon upbraided Grace bitterly, while she was in no way behind in the harsh things she uttered. She had thrown herself away, she declared, upon him; he swore that he might date his ruin from her. He, he said, hated the sight of the children; and she expressed no love for them. It was with speeches like these that they got into the cart which was to take them to — Union. The road to this lay across

the green. As they were opposite Robert's cottage, Mr. Johnson, the principal farmer of the place, and his son, were standing near the door. "Look," said he to the latter, perceiving who were the party. "What a contrast is here! These men have each followed the great law of nature; the act is the same, but the motive that led to it totally different. Marriage is honourable, praiseworthy in all, if not entered into lightly and as a thing of course. He who can ask God's blessing on his union, and marries with prudence and from affection, may hope to be happy himself, whilst he promotes the happiness of others; and in setting a good example and bringing up virtuous members of society, he may be looked upon as a public benefactor. But he who marries from mere folly or fancy, and sees not God in his deed, nor cares for the woe he may entail upon others, tempts an evil that will overwhelm him: poor himself, he spreads poverty, and with it crime, and so becomes not only a burden and a nuisance to his own parish, but a bane to his country."

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ANDREA DORIA, THE BRAVE OLD ADMIRAL OF GENOA.—No. IV.

FIESCHI, having thus encouraged his associates, before he gave them his last orders, proceeded to the apartment of his countess. The noise of the armed men who crowded the court and palace having long before this reached her ears, she feared some hazardous enterprise was at hand, and trembled for her husband.

"Oh! my dear lord," she exclaimed, as he entered the room, "I am glad to see you; my woman's heart has been full of fears, and you are come to calm them. What means this gathering of your friends and vassals? this clash of arms, and hurrying to and fro of armed men? What does it mean, my dear Lewis? I fear, I greatly fear, you are on the eve of some hazardous expedition. Is it so?"

"We are on the eve of an expedition certainly, my love," replied Fieschi, smiling, "but not on a hazardous one by any means. Be not alarmed, my Emilia, I stir not from Genoa."

"Ah! it is then as I feared," said the agitated countess. "Fieschi! you are conspiring against the government, and the life of Andrea Doria!" and she burst into tears.

"Nay, my beloved wife, be not so distressed," said Fieschi, soothing her with the utmost tenderness and affection; "we are but about to restore liberty to Genoa, and as to Doria, he has lived long enough for a tyrant."

"Ah, my dear husband, say not so," replied the weeping countess; "stain not your hands with so foul a crime. Doria is wise, and good, and virtuous; he will listen to any representations you have to make. Oh! let me entreat you, by the love you bear me, to abandon this fearful undertaking."

"I cannot do so, Emilia; I have gone too far to stop. After what has passed to-day, my own life would be in jeopardy."

"And are you not about to risk it now? fearfully risk it? Oh! Lewis, my husband! for the sake of our children—by the love you bear that sleeping boy, your only son, let me implore you not to expose your precious life to such imminent danger—let me entreat you to give up so wild and wicked a scheme."

The Count of Lavagna for a moment bent over the lovely infant

sleeping so peacefully, and as he kissed its fair forehead, the father's heart seemed touched; he appeared to hesitate in his purpose; but it was only for an instant; and sterner thoughts took possession of his breast.

"It cannot be, Emilia," he said, "I am pledged to save Genoa. The change will be soon effected, my dear wife, for Doria is quite unconscious of any conspiracy against him, consequently will be unable to resist. Your husband will, to-morrow, be at the head of the government, and you will be, as your beauty and virtues deserve you should be, a very queen in Genoa."

"Oh no! I would not have it so;" said the countess, shuddering, "I should be a wretched queen. But I have been a happy wife, Lewis, you have ever anticipated my slightest wish; refuse not to hear me now, my dear husband; separate yourself from these wicked men; go to Doria, and confess all; he has a noble heart, and will forgive."

"Never!" replied Fieschi. "You ask impossibilities, Emilia. My course is taken. Farewell, my love; you shall either never see me more, or you shall to-morrow behold everything in Genoa subject to your power."

He tenderly embraced her, and strode from the apartment.

It was midnight, and the people of Genoa slept in the security of peace, when Fieschi and his band of conspirators, numerous, desperate, and well-armed, rushed forth to execute their wicked plan. They soon got possession of the city gates, and of the Admiral's galleys—not, however, without meeting with some resistance; and ere long every part of Genoa was filled with noise and tumult. The streets re-echoed with the cry of "Fieschi and Liberty!" At the sound of that name, so popular and beloved, many of the lower orders took arms and joined the conspirators. The nobles and friends of Doria, on the contrary, astonished and alarmed, shut the gates of their houses, and thought of nothing but of securing them from pillage. At length, the noise excited by all this violence and confusion reached the Doria palace. Giannetino was the first to be aroused. He imagined the noise was occasioned by a mutiny of the sailors, and starting immediately from his bed, called together a few attendants, and hurried towards the harbour. The unfortunate young man had not proceeded far, when he was met by some of the conspirators. Instantly recognising him, they exclaimed, "It is the younger Doria! the proud Giannetino! Down with him!" and falling on the hapless youth with the utmost fury, they murdered him on the spot.

In the meantime, the Admiral, awakened by the tumult, was hurrying on his clothes, when Alberto Maratti hastily entered the apartment. "There is an insurrection, Admiral!" exclaimed the young officer; "the mob approach the palace—save yourself, I entreat you!"

"Explain your words, Alberto," said the Admiral, calmly; "who heads this outbreak?"

"Fieschi, Count of Lavagna; the city is in the hands of him and his adherents."

"Fieschi! is it possible?" exclaimed Doria, in great surprise.

"It is too true. He has a numerous and armed band with him. There is not a moment to lose, noble Signor; your life is in the utmost danger."

"I have faced danger before now," said the brave old Admiral, buckling on his sword. "Call out the guard; I will soon bring this foolish people to order."

"The guard is overpowered, Admiral; your galleys are in the rioters hands; there is no resource but instant flight."

"Flight! do you talk to Andrea Doria of flight, Alberto? Call my nephew; call Giannettino. These disturbers of the public peace shall soon be silenced. Why do you pause?" he continued, looking at the terrified attendants; "call my nephew, instantly."

"Alas! noble Admiral," said Alberto, "your nephew has been slain in the tumult."

"Slain! my nephew slain! Oh! Alberto, unsay those cruel words! you speak not; oh! my Giannettino! child of my affections! would that I had died instead of thee!" And the old man hid his face in his hands, and groaned in anguish.

It was a terrible blow to Andrea Doria. He had brought up the youth from a child; lavished on him the utmost tenderness and affection, and made him the heir to his house and fortunes. True, Giannettino was not worthy of his love; but, with the partiality of an aged relative, the Admiral overlooked his faults, and saw only his good qualities. And now he was gone! the last prop of his solitary old age! his bright days suddenly cut short by violent hands. Oh! it was a terrible blow.

And in this state of anguish, and whilst the tumult of the approaching mob came nearer and nearer, Alberto found it less difficult to persuade the sorrow-stricken man to retire to a place of safety. Being fully assured that all resistance was hopeless in the present state of affairs, and yielding to the earnest solicitations of his friends and dependants, Doria mounted a horse which had been prepared for him, and sought safety in flight.

In the midst of this general consternation, a few senators assembled in the senate-house to concert, if possible, some measures for allaying the tumult, and restoring peace to the city. All agreed that it was useless then to attempt to resist the conspirators by force, and that nothing remained but to treat with them. Deputies were accordingly sent to learn from Fieschi what were the concessions with which he would be satisfied, or rather to submit to any terms he might please to prescribe.

But where was Fieschi? Alas! the unhappy man had already paid the penalty of his crime!

Hearing a sudden uproar on board the Admiral's galley, he feared the slaves were about to overpower his associates, and hastened thither in some alarm. Stepping precipitately on the plank which led from the shore to the vessel, it overturned, and he fell into the sea. Being loaded with heavy armour, he immediately sank to the bottom; and at the very moment when he was about to take full possession of everything his ambitious heart could desire, Fieschi, Count of Lavagna, perished in the deep waters!

"We come from the senate-house," said the deputies, approaching a small group of the principal conspirators, "and we desire to treat with your leader. Where is the Count of Lavagna?"

The few conspirators, who had just learned the fate of Fieschi, desired above everything to keep it secret, till a treaty with the senators should put the city entirely in their power. They knew how much depended on this, and trusted to succeed in concealing the fatal news; when all their hopes were disconcerted by the imprudence of Jerome Fieschi, the Count's younger brother.

"Where is the Count of Lavagna, you ask?" he said, with an air of

childish vanity ; “ I am now the only person to whom that title belongs, and with me you must treat.”

These words discovered to his friends as well as enemies what had happened. While the deputies, with admirable presence of mind, immediately took high ground, and made high demands, suitable to this change in their circumstances, the conspirators, dismayed at the death of a man they had loved and trusted, and placing no confidence in Jerome, a giddy, inexperienced youth, felt their courage die away and their hearts sink within them. Their leader was gone, and with him the spirit which had animated the enterprise. There was no one who could supply his place. Many had obeyed his orders merely from a desire to please the popular young noble ; they desired no change in the government, and scarcely knew the object at which he aimed. But he was no more ; and sad and dispirited the conspirators withdrew,—some to their houses, hoping that amidst the darkness of the night they might have passed unobserved, and might remain unknown ; and some seeking safety by a timely retreat, were, before break of day, many miles from the city, which, but a few short hours before, had been so nearly in their own hands.

The next morning all was quiet in Genoa ; not an enemy was to be seen ; and the conspirators having conducted their enterprise with more noise than bloodshed, but few marks of violence remained. Two, however, had fallen on that eventful night, whose loss was long and bitterly mourned. The widowed Countess of Lavagna sat in her darkened chamber, in the deepest grief ; whilst the aged Doria lamented the death of one who had been the pride and joy of his declining years. The ambition of Fieschi, and the haughtiness of Giannettino, had alike proved fatal to each.

The sun was shining brightly on the magnificent city of Genoa and on the calm blue waters of its bay, when Andrea Doria returned to his home. He was welcomed back by the inhabitants, who poured forth to meet him, with loud acclamations of joy ; but he scarcely heeded them ; his heart was full.

Alas ! the first object that met his eyes on his entrance into his palace, was the mangled body of his beloved nephew. It had been conveyed to the hall, to await interment. The brave old Admiral, who had faced danger and death so many times, was quite overcome at the sad spectacle.

“ Will you not move on, noble Signor ? ” said Alberto, who had attended him, and affectionately endeavoured to soothe his grief ; “ this is no place for you.” But Doria moved not.

“ Never a word he answer'd,  
In sorrow strong and deep ;  
But he wept, that aged warrior,  
Tears such as women weep.”

It was a heavy blow for him ! and yet, such was the moderation and magnanimity of this noble-minded old man, that the sentence passed against the conspirators did not exceed the just measure of severity requisite for the support of the government, and was dictated neither by the violence of resentment nor the rancour of private revenge.

When Andrea Doria was in his eighty-sixth year he went to sea again to attack his old enemies, the Turks. His death took place in 1560, he being then ninety-four years of age. Though he had been for so many

years at the head of the republic of Genoa, and in high favour with the Emperor Charles, he left no very large fortune behind him, owing to his princely style of living and his generous disposition. He died deeply lamented by his countrymen, who paid the highest honours to the memory of the departed patriot. To this day the name of Andrea Doria is revered and loved in Genoa.

“His land is one vast monument,  
Bearing the record high,  
Of a spirit in itself content,  
And a name that cannot die.”

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### CHINESE COFFINS EXPOSED AT NINGPO.

THE Chinese were long celebrated by European writers for their scrupulous attention to the dead, and the reverence they paid to their deceased parents and ancestors. It appears that they are now as careless as they were once careful, and that the decencies of sepulture are confined to the upper classes. It is to be noted, however, that the prosperity of the empire, together with all its ancient institutions, has been rapidly on the decline these last fifty years. One of our missionaries says—“Sauntering upon the walls of Ningpo, we occasionally fell in with a child's coffin. . . . Along the foot of the ramparts, we observed many coffins strewed about. Some had been broken up through age, some had been burst open by the hands of foreigners, and some (especially those that appeared to have been recently laid down) had been opened and rummaged by thieves or by hungry dogs. This exposure of coffins, both within and without the city, is the most forbidding spectacle I have witnessed since I came here. I am told that they contain the remains of poor people. The more prosperous part of the population are careful to an extreme of the relics of their departed friends.”

It is, however, consoling to know, on the same authority, that the wealthier classes were taking upon themselves the more decent interment of the poor.

“At a short distance in the country, there is a hill of sepulture, called the Charity Hill, the property of a philanthropic society now existing in Ningpo. Among other objects, it aims at providing the poorer classes with coffins, and a suitable spot for interment free of all charges. It is a society supported by public subscriptions, and annually publishes its report of transactions and funds. One day, while walking upon the walls, I was not a little surprised to find, collected at different points both within and without the ramparts, heaps of new coffins. Not many days after, when I repeated my walk, they had all disappeared; nor was I able to meet with any satisfactory explanation, until one of the reports of the society fell into my hands. In it I see intimated that at certain times they send their agents out to pile together the new coffins of poor people, for the purpose of removing them in boats to Charity Hill, where they are buried at the expense of the society.”\*

\* ‘Notes of a Seven Months' Residence in the City of Ningpo,’ &c. By the Rev. W. C. Milne. Chinese Repository, vol. xiii., Victoria, Hong Kong.

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## THE ASSEGAÏ, OR KAFIR WAR SPEAR.

THE assegai, the chief weapon of the Kafir, is a long spear, the shaft whereof is formed from a slender tree, called by the natives assegai wood; it is pliable like the yew we use for bows. The blade is of iron, wrought with great patience and care out of such scraps of rusty metal as accident casts about the country; and the blades so worked are infinitely superior to those sent from England for sale, inasmuch as the latter readily bend. Blade and shaft are bound together by strips of bullock's hide, the usual *whipcord* of the country. With the assegai the Kafir hews the bush obstructing his path, cuts up his meal of stolen beef, carves, with curious neatness, some of the simple utensils of his household, digs up roots, kills game, shaves his head on occasion of mourning, and drives off his prey when the cattle-guards sleep.

There are many kinds of assegais; that employed in hunting the elephant is ribbed, and some are barbed like arrows. The Zooluhs, a tribe to the eastward, who, unlike the Kafirs of our colonial border, readily close with their enemy, use the short, stabbing assegai.

When "the land is up" (disturbed by rumours of war), the women assume the assegai, and in the war-chants and dances the noise produced by the "shiver of spears," accompanied, too, as it is by the shrill wild cry of the Amazons, is quite startling in its effect.

Like the Arab, the Kafir plants the spear in the earth in token of war. A Chief on leaving his hut in a morning, and beholding the slender shaft fixed opposite his threshold, knows that an enemy's foot has gone by in the night; and the traveller may take warning when he learns by such indications in his route, "that the word has gone forth to slay."

A finer or more terrific sight than a savage with an assegai quivering in his grasp, ere he hurls it to the distance of some fifty yards, cannot be imagined.



The annexed engraving is remarkable from the date inscribed on the blade of the weapon it represents. Doubtless it was the handicraft of some poor shipwrecked creature cast on the eastern coast during the last century; the worn appearance of the characters proves the inscription to be very old. It fell into the hands of Captain Gregory, Royal Artillery, in the following manner:—

During the Kafir war of 1846-7, a party of the 7th Dragoon Guards loitering at a ford in the Keiskama river to fill their calabashes, were suddenly interrupted by a rustle in "the bush," and out started a young Kafir, who, after flinging his *knob hierrie* (war club) at a soldier, fled along the bank of the stream. Captain Gregory, who was the first to descry the Kafir's route, yielded to a sudden impulse, and uttered that long shrill whistle to which our English youths know how to give expression; the savage turned at once and hurled an assegai at Captain Gregory, which happily fell harmless; but the fugitive paid the penalty of his rashness by being shot dead on the spot. On going up to the body, the weapon represented in the engraving was found by his side.

ADVENTURES IN THE WYNARD JUNGLE, COAST OF  
MALABAR.—No. I.

IN the midst of that dense, extensive, and in many places almost impenetrable jungle, through the massive foliage of whose leaves and interwoven boughs no sun, or scarce even daylight, has for many centuries penetrated—whose huge and stately trees grow taller than the lofty Ghauts and mountains, up whose sides, and through whose fissures, valleys and dales, they are thickly set—is situated that district, called Wynard, which is included in the jurisdiction of the Honourable East India Company's collector and magistrate for Malabar. This district, besides some of the notable seaport towns, includes a vast number of petty villages under the immediate supervision of "cutwalls," or native assistant collectors; and perhaps, for many reasons, as chief among these may rank Manintoddy, a village situated in the most central position of the jungle, and through which passes the high road for travellers and troops bound from Bangalore and the Mysore district to Cananore, and the other military cantonments on the coast of Malabar.

Manintoddy was formerly, and I believe still continues to be, one of the outpost stations for detachments of native infantry regiments that chance to be in cantonment at Cananore. This detachment, under the command of a subaltern officer, and accompanied by a native apothecary, is every six months relieved; and its presence in the centre of so huge a forest, inhabited by a wild and almost lawless people, serves not only to secure in a great measure the safety of travellers who are continually passing to and fro, but it acts also as a safeguard for the transit of the tappal, or native post, and the more important transit of treasury detachments, conveying large sums of money for Government disbursements, and whose strength is usually increased by seapoys from the little force stationed at Manintoddy, who accompany the convoy from one extremity of the jungle to the other, a distance which usually occupies troops upwards of a week to accomplish. Lastly, though by no means least, is the position of this jungle detachment of all-important service, and a boon of great price, to the large caravans of Coolies, who, on their heads and shoulders, convey many of the creature comforts of this life from the far-distant presidency of Madras, for the special behoof and benefit of the collectors and judges and military messes stationed in Malabar, and which Coolies must needs of necessity pass through the very heart of the jungle. These poor creatures, who, in a state of almost perfect nudity, and with no sandals to their feet, have traversed many miles of alternately rugged mountainous country and level hot broiling plains, under the scorching heat of an Indian sun, have more than one difficulty to contend with on entering the precincts of the Wynard Jungle. The abrupt, steep, and rugged ascent of that huge ghaut, called the Perrier Peak, by day; the terrors of wild elephants, tigers, chetahs, and other ferocious brutes, with which the jungle literally teems by night; and the not less fearful venom of innumerable serpents, from the deadly cobra to the dangerous small carpet snake. Add to this, the poisoned atmosphere of the night air, thickly impregnated with putrifying vegetation, and swarming with gnats and mosquitoes innumerable. These are evils all sufficient in themselves to intimidate the boldest and most courageous of wayfarers; but to the Madras pariahs, who belong to that

caste or sect the most notorious for cowardice and effeminacy, these mischiefs are augmented by the occasional predatory incursions of bands of marauders, infesting, more especially, the outskirts of the jungle, but to whose roguish practices this vicinity of the military stationed at Maniutoddy has for many years proved a most salutary check.

Many laughable anecdotes are told, the truth of which have been vouched for, in which these Coolies figure, not much to the credit of their own personal courage; nor, indeed, can the Hindoo palanquin-bearers vaunt themselves on the score of valiant deeds. Some of these anecdotes, though doubtless stale to Indian ears, may prove amusing to those who have never yet been exiled so far from their native shores, and for their behoof we insert them. On one occasion a long train of Coolies, bound for Cananore from Madras, whose burthens consisted chiefly of tubs of China sugar-candy (of which there is an immense consumption in India), had made such good progress in their journey as to find themselves safe and sound, both with regard to body and their cargoes, at the foot of the Perrier Ghaut in Wynard. The hour was about noon, the usual time for the Coolies' substantial midday repast of curry and rice, ghee and dholl, *ad libitum*. Availing themselves of a partially cleared space, where the huge teak trees had been cut down and carried off for timber, and where the brushwood had been set on fire by the charcoal-burners, they deposited their burthens in a pyramidal form in the centre, and leaving three or four of their companions to guard the spot, the others betook themselves into the jungle, some in search of fuel, some to fetch water from a neighbouring rivulet, some to wash the rice and grind and prepare the ingredients for curry; whilst two or three, who were the lucky possessors of old rusty matchlocks, stole forth on all fours, screened by the tall reeds and grass (fit lurking places for tigers), in the hopes of coming upon some unwary deer or maghe, a wild duck, or a jungle fowl. The men left to guard the goods from invading troops of mischievous monkeys (whole armies of which were chattering and hopping from branch to branch in their immediate vicinity), were so overcome by heat and fatigue, that they had scarcely been left five minutes by themselves before they were, pariah-like, fast asleep on the ground, their very unsonorous snoring giving ample and satisfactory proof of this fact to the deeply-interested monkey tribe, who were all on the alert for pillage and robbery. The tubs were speedily beset by these innumerable inquisitive and sugar-loving creatures, who, with the assistance of their teeth, speedily nuded the tubs of their canvas coverings, and had succeeded in wrenching the tops off several of them, and were investigating with intense gratification their contents, when, lo! a mighty trumpeting announced the near approach of a wild elephant, and the sleepers started up in horror and consternation, just in time to witness the speedy and confused retreat of the greatly-alarmed monkeys, and to join with all precipitancy in their flight from the unwelcome presence of a huge solitary old male elephant, with a pair of tusks so long that he could easily have spitted half a dozen Coolies on either of them. Now, it is at no time an agreeable rencontre to meet with wild elephants in any number, but a solitary one is notoriously a most dangerous character. Large herds of elephants have been known to pass travellers, and cross their road within a few yards, without even so much as vouchsafing a look at them, possibly considering man too insignificant a thing for their royal consideration; but even they are not always so obligingly indifferent, more especially if you chance to intrude yourself upon their private haunts and pasturages; and

an instance of this kind we shall hereafter refer to. A single elephant is always in a bad humour, and wreaks his vengeance upon everything and every one he comes across; he is either an old bachelor that has been crossed in love, or has quarrelled with his wife, or has committed some breach of elephantine etiquette, for which he has been tried by court-martial and been drummed out of their society; or else he is a misanthrope, or rather, I should say, an elephantrope, and probably subjected to occasional fits of lunacy, and is an exile and a solitary sojourner in the land of savage animals. Hence he is fifty times more unwelcome than fifty of his brethren, and the Coolies in question knew this well, and the same instinct that made the monkeys fly for shelter, induced the Coolies, though half asleep, to follow their example; and well it was they did so, for they had not been many seconds gone before the elephant was right in amongst the tubs, scattering and trampling them in every direction. The foraging parties who had gone forth in quest of fuel, &c., wholly unaware of all that had transpired during their brief absence, were returning *en masse* with their rice and dholl ready prepared for cooking, when, oh, horror of horrors! the foremost amongst them came quite unexpectedly upon a scene that made his blood congeal almost in his veins. The ground was bestrewed with rags and bits of sugar-candy tubs, and what the Coolies, in their fevered imagination, took to be the mangled remains of their unfortunate companions; whilst in the centre was piled up little hillocks of sugar-candy, which, having accidentally got a taste of, the elephant seemed to relish amazingly, and was assiduously employing himself in sweeping together the scattered morsels with the assistance of his huge trunk; these were no sooner collected, than he leisurely set to work and devoured every atom of it, each mouthful consisting of about as much as two ordinary tubs would contain. He was too much engrossed in this pleasant task to take the smallest notice of the terror-struck Coolies, who were glaring at this proceeding from behind a range of bushes not many yards in front of the elephant. Having finished this rare and costly repast—to the great discomfiture of the expectant monkeys, that from the loftier branches of the trees were screaming and chattering forth their disapproval of the whole proceedings—the elephant evinced his satisfaction by another discordant blast, the notes of which lent lightning to the heels of the Coolies, who fled to Manintoddy to recount this strange adventure, and who, accompanied by the officer commanding the detachment, and some half-dozen seapoys, returned to indicate the spot where the débris of the feast, and the deep marks of the elephant's huge feet, gave undeniable testimony as to the veracity of their statement.

For many years afterwards this particular spot was the terror of all travellers passing that way; and indeed a fresh pathway was formed to avoid the beat of the "sugar-candy elephant," a nickname which this savage brute bore through many years that he managed to avoid the vigilance of armed parties sent out to plot his destruction. One officer of the Madras cavalry, Lieutenant F—, a very corpulent man, had a most miraculous escape from this identical elephant. F—'s regiment was then stationed at Bangalore, and he was proceeding for the benefit of his health to the Malabar coast and the Neilgherry Hills. Much to his astonishment, one day his palanquin-bearers, who were going along at the usual ambling pace, and droning forth their usual nasal song of lamentation or encouragement, as the case may be—as the road is good or bad, or the burthen they carry light or heavy. "Ho-ho-hum—Hi-hum—Hiday—

Babba!" was still ringing in the drowsy subaltern's ears, when, to his utter amazement, the palanquin was thrown to the ground with a sudden jerk, and the bearers fled in every direction in the greatest consternation. The unhappy sub had just time to scramble out of his palanquin, when it was crushed into a thousand atoms by the mighty charge of the elephant, who carried everything before it, and then pursued the fugitive Lieutenant till he ultimately took refuge behind a more than ordinarily big tree, round which he dodged the infuriated animal till ready to drop from the effects of fatigue and terror. The elephant's patience being quite exhausted, it retreated a few paces, and then turning round, charged headlong at the tree. The shock was so great that it threw F—, who was on the other side, completely off his legs; and such had been the force used by the elephant, that he had imbedded his tusks so deep in the tree as to render him utterly powerless—a prisoner caught in his own trap. But F—, who had no arms about him, fled for protection to the nearest village, where the cutwall, at the head of the assembled villagers, sallied forth in pursuit of the miscreant, whom they found firmly entangled by his enormous and beautiful tusks—a species of elephant Absalom, betrayed into the power of his enemies by the very beauty and strength of that which he vaunted himself in. Old Sugar-candy was quickly despatched, much to the satisfaction of travellers at large; and his haunt, though still pointed out, is as secure now (at least it was when we passed) as any place in a jungle can be expected to prove, which is not, however, saying much for its safety.

The country for several miles round the village of Manintoddy has been cleared of the cumbrous trees that for many years excluded the light of the day and the moistening dews of night. Its position is comparatively healthy, for all the immediate causes of fever have been removed, the brushwood and rank grass and weeds burnt, and the earth tilled, irrigated, and cultivated. The house erected for the accommodation of the officer in command of the detachment is commodious, and affords ample shelter to travellers, who in most instances become, during their brief sojourn, the guests of the generally speaking hospitable sub. The apothecary has a small room to himself, and the lines of the seapoys are in its immediate vicinity. Vegetable gardens, and fruit-trees and flowers (amongst which figure conspicuously endless marigolds, that flower for which all Orientals, and especially Mahometans, evince so great a partiality, and which the Syrians use in flavouring their soups), are carefully tended by the successive detachments. The apothecary glories, like another Captain Cuttle, in his sunflowers; the lieutenant, in his mignonettes and sweetbriars; two exotics at Manintoddy, originally from England, and lastly from Bangalore. There is a large tank not far from the officers' quarters, whose muddy waters is the general rendezvous of all the geese and ducks in the village, and occasionally this squadron is strengthened by a large fleet of migrating geese, bound, under convoy of an old man, a little boy, and a couple of ferocious Polygar dogs, from the cheap market of Cochin—where they are obtainable at about an ana a head, and seldom cost more than a fanam—to the more wealthy and luxurious cantonment of Bangalore, where there are many European mouths to fill and gormandizing appetites to appease, and where, therefore, geese are always a staple commodity of commerce. It is amusing to meet, in the very thickest of the jungle, these singular convoys, and to watch the patience and skill displayed by the old man and the boy and the dogs, and the apparent sagacity of the geese themselves; and wonderful that any one of the whole party should ever

traverse in safety from one extremity to the other of the jungles: yet we were given to understand that, with very few exceptions, these travelling geese reached their destination in safety, though hourly, for many days, exposed to the attacks of chetahs, wild cats, hyænas, jackals, and many other enemies of the feathered tribe. This is mainly attributable to the extreme vigilance of those ferocious guardians, the Polygar dogs,—great beasts as big nearly as a young calf, whose deep gruff bark and terrific growl are re-echoed far and wide through the jungle, and resemble more the angry roaring of a lion than the usual intonations of the canine race. The old man and the boy are each armed with a long thin bamboo, with two or three little bells attached to the thin end. These bells create a continual tinkling, which not only serves to keep the geese together in a proper line of march, but it has the desirable effect of scaring away any enemies that may be in covert, or lurking in the neighbourhood; more especially serpents have a great dread of this species of music or noise. Besides these bamboos, the conductors carry upon their backs two or three large light wicker-work baskets, which fit into each other, and are intended to cover over the geese at night, to prevent their straying; thus equipped, they follow in the rear of the flock, one dog leading the van, while the other, like an aide-de-camp on a review day, is continually cantering backwards and forwards, on either side of the long line of geese, often more than two hundred in number. Should a fractious-goose stray from the ranks, or a gauder waddle after a frog, the offender is instantly seized by the scruff of the neck, and the Polygar, after giving it a good shaking, quietly sets it down in its proper post, and it will be many an hour before that goose forgets the effects of the rough treatment. Luckily for the tempers of the conductors, they have been pretty well drilled into the regular goose-step before arriving at the precincts of the jungle, having had a week or ten days' practice before arriving at Wynard. Hence custom becomes second nature with them, and they waddle along sedately enough, under the alarming influence of the bells and the dogs, and scarce even give utterance to a discontented cackle, as though aware that such indecorous proceedings might expose them to imminent danger. They travel with hardly five minutes' interval of repose from sunrise to sunset, only being permitted to stop and slake their thirst at the occasional small rivulets they traverse in their way; and such parts of the journey must be most trying to their feelings, being obliged to tear themselves away from a cool-looking ditch, in the very hottest of hot Indian seasons. On arriving at their journey's end each day, they are encamped as near as they can get to some small native village, or close to the Government travellers' bungalows; either the one or the other they are sure to reach, as the distance between the stations has been admirably measured for the convenience of wayfarers. The first care of the conductors is to borrow a *momity*, or native spade, from the chief of the village, and with this instrument they dig a circular trench, about eight inches deep, large enough to contain within it the whole party, human beings, dogs, and geese included. The old man accomplishes this task himself, whilst the lad is employed in collecting large bundles of brushwood, dry sticks, and other combustible matters; these are all systematically arranged in the circular foss; then the night's provision of water and food for the whole party is procured from the village, the dogs meanwhile keeping strict watch over the weary and fatigued geese, that are all squatted together, in hungry expectation of their supper. All necessary articles being procured, even to the borrowing

of pans for water for the geese—which are willingly lent by the natives, who are superstitiously humane to dumb creatures—the geese have their bran and water; the dogs one portion, and the old man and boy the other, of a huge pot full of curry and rice. An occasional goose, reported sick or lame, and unable to pursue the march, is condemned to death and made into a curry, though it goes sorely against the old man's grain to swallow his own silver. Supper being over, the geese are lodged under the before-mentioned baskets, in the centre of the circle; the dogs stretch themselves out to sleep on either side of them, and the man and the boy set fire to the combustibles all around, and then, planting their thin pliant bamboos in the very centre of the circle (where the least breath of wind rocks them to and fro, causing the bells to tinkle the night through), they retire to rest also—the heavens their canopy, the hard earth their mattress, and the dogs and the burning embers their safeguard through the night. The night, in itself sultry, is rendered still more oppressive by the intense heat of the crackling embers, but long habitude and fatigue have done their work, and no nobleman in his stateliest bed, with damask hangings, and health and wealth and contentment for his bedfellows, ever slept sounder, or awoke more refreshed from his slumber, than do these hardy sons of a hot Indian clime. I never heard of their suffering from jungle-fever; the heavy dew of morning serves to refreshen and fresh string their sinewy limbs, and the early song of the lark wakes them only to regret that the pleasures of slumber should be so quickly passed away; they rise up—the embers in the circular trench are still sufficiently hot to ignite the few sticks they have gathered, to warm up the remains of the last evening's supper for the morning's breakfast; the dogs come in again for their share, and the geese have a plentiful supply of bran to support them through the toils of the forthcoming day. The borrowed utensils are returned to the villagers, and, just as the first streak of daylight appears in the east, the travellers are in motion again. I may here state, that it is only whilst within the precincts of the jungle that such precautions as lighting a fire all round them at nights are taken by the drovers of these flocks of geese; once in the open country again, and they confine themselves to the simple process of piling up a large fire close to their encampment, simply for the purpose of cooking their meals, for the guardianship of themselves and the geese is confided to those faithful watchguards, the Polygar dogs.

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GREAT severities do often work an effect quite contrary to that which was intended; and many times those who were bred up in a very severe school hate learning ever after for the sake of the cruelty that was used to force it upon them. So likewise, an endeavour to bring children to piety and goodness by unreasonable strictness and rigour, does often beget in them a lasting disgust and prejudice against religion, and teacheth them to hate virtue, at the same time that they teach them to know it.—TILLOTSON.

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THE truest characters of ignorance  
 Are vanity and pride and arrogance;  
 As blind men use to bear their noses higher  
 Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

BUTLER.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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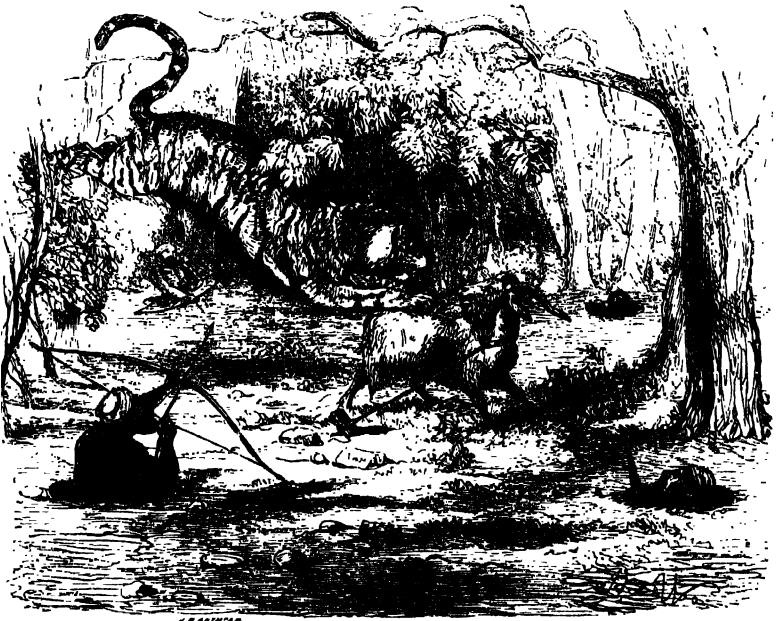
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ADVENTURES IN THE WYNARD JUNGLE.—No. II.



BUT we fear we have been too prolix whilst dwelling upon this simple subject, and may possibly have wearied the patience of our readers; but the very fact of these unprotected men and birds passing unharmed and untouched through parts at all seasons most dangerous to travellers (relying solely upon the superior sagacity of their dogs), seemed at the time, and has always since appeared to us, so marvellous that we have presumed to enter into the details of their proceedings: and with this apology we will now, if the reader pleases, return to Manintoddy, where we were last



occupied investigating the contents of the gardens and the duck-ponds. In addition to the maritime forces of ducks, &c., the Manintoddyites possess legions of turkeys, Guinea-hens, and common barn-door fowls, goats, sheep, pigs, and cows, so that they lack not the good things of this world; for besides all the foregoing, the jungle supplies such as are sportsmen with partridges, pheasants, peacocks, jungle fowl, wild ducks, snipe, teal, and innumerable other species of feathered game; while the bison, the wild boar, the elk, the reindeer, and every other species of deer down to the tiny little "moss deer," and a plentiful stock of hares and rabbits, give full occupation for dogs and the rifle. Much depends upon the taste and inclinations of the young subaltern here banished for six long months from the society of his brother officers, and indeed shut out from all intercourse with Englishmen, excepting such travellers as chance may throw in his way, or an occasional visit from the collector of the district or some of his European assistants, as to whether his time slips imperceptibly away or hangs an insupportable burthen upon his hands: his rank does not permit of his making a companion of the half-caste apothecary, even though that hapless individual should be a rare specimen of good breeding and understanding. And the apothecary, in his turn, is wholly isolated, holding no intercourse with seapoys, excepting in the discharge of a fixed routine of daily duty. Perhaps the seapoys, on the whole, are the best off and most satisfied of the party, for with the exception of occasional drill, the daily guards, and an occasional escort party, they lead an easy idle life, and indolence is an innate propensity with all Orientals. They keep their "lines," or barracks, clean and neat, because they are compelled to do so, and they cultivate their little flower and kitchen gardens for their own amusement and benefit; not that we mean to speak in any way disparagingly of the seapoys, who have, of late years especially, given ample proofs of their dauntless courage in warfare and untiring endurance of fatigue—but we simply allude to their inclinations as natives of India. The *dolce-far-niente* life they lead at Manintoddy is to them vastly agreeable; they are no politicians, and they wile away the heavy hours in recounting and listening to the fairy tales of their native villages, and have plenty of sleep and an abundant supply of food, and so long as they keep in health they are contented and happy.

Should the unhappy wight stationed at Manintoddy be a man to whom literature and the chase have no charms—who has no taste for the picturesque, and no ear for music, and whose sole pastime heretofore has been the idle frittering away of time in visiting, shopping, billiards, the mess-table, the racket-court, &c., then indeed is his case most pitiable, for he is entirely thrown upon his own resources and accomplishments. In such cases he flies to artificial means of amusement: cigars and brandy pawny, and the papers of the day, fill up the vacuum between the breakfast hour and dinner-time; and strong wines and Hodgson's pale ale, with destructively-hot curries, form the principal ingredients of these meals; till, by a slow but certain process, coffee and tea are eschewed with the same horror that a schoolboy would evince for a dose of medicine, and the man degenerates into a something possessed of rather less intellect than the horse he rides on, or the dog he shoots with. Disease strides in with rapid paces, and if he escape ignominious punishment, he can only linger on till forced to invalid, or till his broken constitution brings him to an untimely grave. This is a sad picture indeed, and one we do not love to dwell upon; but some years ago such things were of too frequent occurrence, and

many a fine young man, full of great promise and with unsullied honour, almost imperceptibly sunk into comparative imbecility, and became lost for ever to his friends and his country. Now-a-days, thank God! such things are rarely heard of: young men leave England at a more mature age, and their accomplishments and education are such that they rarely find time hang heavy upon their hands, and least of all in places like Manintoddy, which afford so vast a field of occupation to the sportsman, the botanist, the draughtsman, the naturalist, the mineralogist, and, in short, rich in every bountiful gift of a munificent Providence. No artist could aspire for a picture more sublime than that which bursts upon the dazzled gaze of the toilworn traveller, when, after many a weary and intricate turning and abrupt and almost perpendicular ascent, he finally reaches the very highest summit of this, one of the loftiest passes in India. The peak, the Perrier Ghaut, contains a table land of nearly a quarter of a mile in extent; and the stranger arrived at this point, and only here, overtops the stateliest trees that grow to an incredible height in that jungle which is now under his gaze, and surrounds him for miles and miles on every side. Look towards the sea, and there is nothing to interrupt the view; the paddy fields and plains and jungle that intervene between you and the distant blue ocean, seem but mere child's-play, and you fancy the clearly distinct line of sandy beach to be almost within a stone's throw: the atmosphere is so clear and transparent, that with the aid of a glass you can clearly distinguish the white sails of the numberless small-looking vessels bound to and fro on the coast of Malabar—very few of which vessels would, on close inspection, be found to be less than one thousand tons burthen. You can also discern a confused heap of rubbish and smoke and bushes, situated at intervals along the sea-shore, and these are the towns of Cananore, Tellicherry, Malic, &c. Ask the palanquin-bearers in how many hours they expect to get to yonder places in sight, and they will be as much astonished at the question as you will be at their reply, when they tell you to reckon by days and not by hours, and that a week would be nearer the mark than a day; nevertheless such is the case—neither the vast extent of level country that the eye embraces from that lofty position, nor the nearest visible of its plains, can be reached except by a long and circuitous journey, and many ups and downs amongst the rugged mountains of the Ghauts. The road over the loftiest eminence of the peak passes unpleasantly close to one of the most frightful precipices we have ever yet met with in our travels. The background of the table land of the peak contains many handsome trees, which do not, however, intercept the view in the least degree, the trunks of the trees being from fifteen to twenty feet high before branching out: the precipice side is entirely nude, and the height must be immense; indeed, when looking over its sides, the trees on which you could easily drop a stone, appear no bigger to the eye than an ordinary-sized peach tree, and the elephants feeding in the wide open spaces that occasionally intervene have somewhat the appearance and stature of a herd of sucking pigs. When we passed, a female white elephant—a species then very rare in this jungle—had been frequently seen at nightfall and very early in the morning close to the very summit of the Ghaut, by the two Government peons there stationed by the cutwall of the district. These poor fellows absolutely lived amongst the branches of an old fast-decaying teak tree, whose trunk ten men, holding hands at arm's length, could with difficulty encircle; its height was in proportion, and it was fenced in with a hedge full six feet high, and of great thickness, composed of impenetra-

ble prickly bushes and branches of thorn trees, a perfect safeguard to the invasion of snakes or beasts of prey. They had built and strongly thatched a hut or cabin, securely fastened amongst the almost leafless branches, and in this elevated, and I should imagine rather too airy position, they received daily intimation from parties of woodcutters and straggling bowmen (in search of tiger skins and ivory) as to the parts of the jungle most infested by elephants and other wild beasts, which information they duly imparted to travellers, to the end that they might be prepared to scare away the enemy, or, if possible, avoid the particular parts infested. These peons were capital shots, and had accumulated a vast variety of valuable skins, teeth, and tusks, which they dried and preserved themselves, and gladly sold to such as were in search of the like curiosities. The native bowmen of Manintoddy are very expert archers, and not a few tigers have fallen with the very first arrows discharged from their bows, firmly transfixed in their quivering hearts: they are a reckless set of men, and often stare death in the face in the shape of a royal tiger. Usually hunting in parties of four, the plan they adopt for their better security is simple, yet safe in the extreme. Having fixed upon a likely spot, which is generally in the immediate vicinity of some stream, to which the creatures inhabiting the forest resort for water, they mark out a space of ground about twenty yards square, and, at each corner of this square, dig with a spade provided for the purpose four deep holes, each one of which is suited to the height of its occupant, so that he can stand upright in it with head and shoulders above the surface of the ground. These holes are made only just wide enough to admit of its occupant sitting, with his knees doubled up to his head, at the bottom; admitting also of room for his bow and quiver of arrows, and for a short stout lance with which they are provided, but which is only brought into play in cases of great emergency. Besides these implements, each one is provided with a long, murderously-sharp knife, or dagger, by aid of which the fallen booty is despatched and skinned, and which, in some rare instances, has proved most serviceable in cases of close encounter between the man and his powerful and terrible opponent. These four holes being dug, the sides are plastered up with clay and small stones and pieces of wood, so as to make them of a compact and perfect form, the aperture at the top being made of a circumference corresponding with that at the bottom, and indeed the whole depth of the pit: this is then thickly bespattered with mixed cowdung and water; and the men, having secured the pits from the intrusion of wild animals, by strewing over them large branches of trees thickly covered with thorns, and leaving some beacon to indicate the spot, return to their village, where they remain oftentimes a week before they definitely undertake the daring exploit they meditate. Meanwhile the clay, and the stones, and the cowdung have formed a strong dry cement, and the sides of the pits are as hard and secure as though they had been built with brick and mortar; but this plan of course would not succeed, neither is it ever attempted, during the heavy monsoon, when the force of the rain carries everything before it, and the little rivulets swell into dangerous *nullahs* or rapids, and the tenants of the jungle have sufficient artificial ponds and streamlets at which to quench their thirst, without resorting to the banks of the now roaring rivers.

Finally, the fixed-on period arrives, and the four men set forth on their perilous adventure, this time leading with them some aged he-goat, too tough to be eaten, and too old to be of any further service in the flock. This ram is intended as a decoy, and is carefully muzzled till the party have

arrived at their destination: the first thing then done is to drive a peg of wood firmly into the ground in the very centre of the square, to which the victimized goat is attached by a strong chain, firmly riveted to a steel collar round the unhappy creature's neck. This done, heaps of grass and twigs of bushes are placed near the goat to satisfy its craving appetite; the muzzle is then removed, and the creature is too ravenous to think of anything else for the lapse of a few minutes: in this interval the men have cleared away all the rubbish from their hiding-places, and ensconcing themselves therein, string their bows and prepare for action, each man facing in a different direction, so as to command an unobstructed view of the surrounding jungle. In this interim the goat, who has in some measure appeased his appetite, begins to feel the loneliness of his position, and commences bleating mournfully for his companions: this is the signal for the men to be on the alert, and they listen anxiously for the rustling of the tall rank grass, or other indications of the near approach of the tiger. It is seldom that they are long kept in suspense: a general commotion in the jungle precedes the appearance of the royal depredator, that strikes terror into the hearts of even the very birds that have their haunts in the dark hidden places of the forest. The jungle fowl flies away with a sharp piercing cry; the peacock screams a warning note; troops of monkeys betake themselves with the utmost alacrity to the loftiest branches of the tallest trees; the wild boar, and the deer, and the buffalo, and the elk, fly precipitately from the coming foe, and the melancholy wail of the jackal and the wild dog echoes far and wide, ominously portentous of lurking danger. The crackling of dry leaves and withered branches becomes more distinct and rapidly grows louder; the huntsman's heart is scarce heard to beat as the sound draws nigh, and his eyes are starting almost out of their sockets with intense gazing. In the direction indicated there is a more than usually loud commotion in the grass and among the bushes, a terrific and appalling roar, and the savage monster leaps high up through the air, and descends in a crouching position within a few yards of its wretched prey: the huntsmen instantly shrink into their recesses in the earth, and the wretched, unhappy goat is transfixed to the spot, trembling in every limb and nerve, with no strength left to utter even one cry of alarm, and its eyes glaring wildly at the object of its supreme terror. The tiger coolly takes his measure for the next bound, one more leap, and the life-blood of the goat is heard gurgling down the insatiable monster's throat. This sound is the signal waited for by those in ambush: they simultaneously arise, and, taking deliberate aim, discharge their arrows, aimed as nigh as they can to the region where the brute's heart is palpitating with gloated delight: seldom or ever do any of them miss, never the whole four. A frenzied roar of mingled rage and pain, a wild leap up into the air, and then the results of the shots become visible. The tiger either drops dead on the spot, or is so mortally wounded that he can scarce crawl away to the thicket; else the wound has only added fire to his fury, and he rushes headlong at the men, who remain in a standing posture with a second arrow fixed in the bow for immediate service. Sometimes, agile though the huntsmen be, the tiger is too alert in his movements even for them, and rushes upon the point of the arrow before it has been let fly from the bow: in such cases the man thus assailed has barely the time to crouch down in his cell before the brute is upon him, and then the battle may be said to come to close quarters. Furiously does the tiger, roaring and smarting and foaming with rage, endeavour to get at the man snugly

ensconced at the bottom of a pit too narrow to admit of his head even being intruded, and each time the beast renews the effort he is sure to get a deadly stab from the lance with which the man has now armed himself, meanwhile being exposed to the destructive fire of the other three, who take advantage of every available opportunity to let fly an arrow at the object of their common hatred; and the tiger finally yields to weakness, waking the woods far and near with his awful growlings, which grow fainter and fainter as the life-blood ebbs quickly away. The men then fall upon him and quickly despatch him: they extract such teeth as are valuable, peel off the skin while the creature is yet warm, and hanging these to the boughs of some neighbouring tree, haul away the carcase and hide it in some thicket, and then return to their posts again. The smell of blood is fresh upon the night air; the moon serves as a lantern to many creatures in search of prey; and chetahs, leopards, and many other ravenous animals, whose skins are of value, fall beneath the unerring arrow of the huntsmen that night. The carcases afford a feast for wolves and jackals for many a night to come; and the men return to their villages laden with spoil, and well nigh worn out with intense anxiety, to have another such a night's sport when their funds are low, and necessity drives them to the venture. We never heard of more than one instance of these men coming to a violent end, and that was owing to an accident: the poor fellow's bow got entangled by some means, when just in the act of firing an arrow at a wounded tiger that was making right for him; the arrow flew wide of its mark, and the bow slipped under his arm and over the aperture, impeding him in his attempt to crouch down, so that the whole weight of the maddened tiger's swooping slap fell upon his unprotected head and neck, and literally tore them from his body.

We passed through the Wynard jungle twice, both in going to and coming from Tellicherry to Madras, and on both occasions we came upon several carcases of tigers and chetahs, all of which, though more or less in a state of decomposition, and torn and mangled by other wild beasts, were indisputable trophies of these hardy sons of the jungle—bits of broken arrows, and unmistakable incisions in the fleshy parts left, and in the skulls, bearing testimony to the same.

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#### HOME TALES.—No. IX.

##### AMBROSE FOWLER; OR, THE EMIGRANT.

IN the small city of —— lived, for many years, a tradesman of the name of Fowler. He was an industrious and a careful man; and as he had always had a fair share of business, he maintained a respectable appearance. He had ever kept an eye on the main chance, but he had looked quietly to the evening of his days for a respite from his toils. We know but little, however, what is sleeping in our heart till some accident arouses it; the passive wish may then become the ruling passion, and leave us to wonder as much at ourselves as others wonder at us. The success which had attended two or three inhabitants of the place who had emigrated to Australia on a sudden woke a desire in Fowler to follow them. He imparted the idea to his wife, by whom it was steadily and constantly opposed.

Shop had been closed, and the pair were seated in their parlour at the

back of the house. Australia and its prospects were again the theme of their discourse. "Think, my dear," said Mrs. Fowler, earnestly, "think a little more about it before you quite make up your mind. All is not gold that glitters; nor does wealth always bring happiness. Look around you—is there any comfort wanting? Have we not enough?" "Have we anything to spare?" said he. "No," replied she; "nor need we regret it, contentment is the best and the truest riches." "You would not say so," returned he, "if you had to work as I do." "We have long shared that work," said she, "nor considered the fatigue a hardship,—it is but what it was; and if it were more, I would maintain that it is not well to seek as you propose, in foreign parts, the wealth we cannot look for here. Why should we tempt God?" "How can I do that more by going to Australia," asked he, quickly, "than by remaining at home?" "Because you have no real need to go there," replied she: "it is no point of duty that calls you to expose yourself to the perils of the sea, and the dangers that may await you; and your motive will not bear the sifting. Your lot has been cast among your own people, who have always been friendly to us. Stay among them still, and do not throw away the good we have, for that which we may never gain." She laid her hand upon her husband's as she spoke, and looked tenderly in his face as she continued: "If there was any necessity for you to try other countries for a maintenance, I would not say another word; but, Ambrose, we should now go in search of wealth only, and it is past the time of day with us to think of such a thing." "But it is not too late for the boys," said he, drawing his hand from under hers: "they at least would be glad to mount another stair in life's ladder." "Then let them work for it," returned she, "and raise themselves by their own industry." "Still the old story, work," said he; "you talk of work as if you knew nothing about it. What nonsense! who would like to work when they could live at ease?" "Few, I believe," replied she; "but that does not prove that work is an evil, nor do I think it is: no, it is a blessing rather, a means to virtue and health, and therefore to happiness and universal good-will." "Yes," returned he; "but you are speaking of work as it affects the whole; I speak as an individual, as one who feels the weight and burden that is bound upon him, and is galled by the curse that he inherits; as one who wishes not only to release himself, but the sons who look up to him, and to share with them the advantages of wealth." Mrs. Fowler shook her head. "Ambrose," said she, "true wealth is in the heart, not in the hand: we have known the comforts of the first; let us not, either for ourselves or our boys, tempt the power of the last. Give them a good trade, let them have the good example you can most properly set them, and let all else take its chance." She was silent, nor did Fowler speak. She looked affectionately at him, and said, "What I have said, Ambrose, is not to oppose you, but to point out what I believe to be our duty and interest. This done, I have only to say, that where you go I go; I have no fear for myself; all places will be alike to me, so that we are not divided."

Fowler could not help feeling the force of his wife's words; and her tenderness, grounded, as he had long proved, in truth, touched him. For a time he seemed to have abandoned the idea of going to Australia, and he pursued his business diligently, and with some of his former cheerfulness. He bound his two sons as apprentices, one to a saddler, the other to a watch and clock maker. The youths were equally unlike in character and constitution. The younger, Edward, was timid and easily ruled,

but was far from healthy ; John, the elder, was quick in temper, active and resolute, and stood in need of good management. It was the thought of these her two only children that made Mrs. Fowler still more averse to the scheme proposed by her husband. She was well aware that they were getting beyond her rule ; but she well knew that the influence of a mother, properly exerted, can never entirely lose its effect. The present arrangement, therefore, was happiness to her, and the fears of the past hung over her mind only as the remains of a troubled dream.

But alas ! the feeling in Fowler's breast only slumbered. When once avarice, like most other evil desires, has gained entrance into the heart, it is rarely dislodged. New and extraordinary accounts of the discoveries of gold in Australia were received, and the newspapers teemed with reports of the wealth speedily to be acquired there. Fowler heard and read these wonderful stories, and was no longer master of himself. A fever was now rolling in his veins that consumed him. He had as yet mentioned his project to no one but his wife, for he had not in reality the courage to take the step on which in secret he constantly dwelt. Now, however, he resolved to open his mind to his brother, who was a bookkeeper in a large brewery in the place. George Fowler did not listen to all he had to say, but stopping him short, he said, " Ambrose, there's quite enough of it ; all these fors and againsts your scheme are quite waste words : a man rarely asks advice in most matters till he has made up his mind on what he means to do. To cut the business short, then, this is what I say : it is far better to live in a country where you are sure of protection from the laws ; where you have nothing to fear from your neighbours, let you be as prosperous as you may ; where you can never be in want of religious instruction, if you choose to attend your church ; and where, if your gains are moderate, they are pretty certain. Nay, hear me out," (for Fowler showed he wished to interrupt him,) " it is better to live in your own country and in your native town, where the eyes of your neighbours, those who have known you and your father before you, act as a means to keep you in a fair and just path, and to raise you in your own sight by the respect which such dealings ensure to you. I know nothing of your wife's opinion, but I will be bound that this is what she would answer you : ' Dwell in the land and be doing good, and verily thou shalt be fed ;' for she, like me, looks, I am sure, upon this as the sphere of your duty. Then, in her spirit, as I believe and say, stay where you are. You do not reply : you will not ; but to go is your intention, and go you will." " I will," said Fowler. " Very well," replied his brother ; " but the two boys ?" " They are provided for, at least for the present ; by the time I come back, things may wear a different face," said he ; " in the mean time they will have you to look after them." " Ambrose," returned he, " I will do what I can, but that must be little, for you know how much I am engaged. If they go wrong, then, the fault must not be laid to me." " Certainly not," said Fowler ; " but there's no fear of that, nor do I wish to lay a burden on your shoulders which I own belongs to mine." Alas ! how often do all men like Fowler, in the very face of error, admit the knowledge of their duty.

Poor Mrs. Fowler was in deep distress when she heard that it was settled they were to leave England ; but, as opposition was vain, she made the best preparations for the voyage that she was able. The last evening that she spent in her once happy home was a most sorrowful one. In that spirit of contradiction which appears to another so strange, Fowler had

refused to make use of his brother's house; preferring to remain to the last where only luggage, and various packages, and the want of furniture, made all a scene of desolation. He was in high spirits, amusing himself and his sons with the inconveniences to which they were thus exposed, and with the contrivances he made to counteract them; and he talked much of what they would all do when he returned. The heart of his poor wife was full almost to bursting: she strove to appear calm, and even cheerful, but the effort was vain; her husband's light manner served to aggravate her sadness, and it was with thankfulness that she saw him leave the room to give some final direction. The instant he closed the door she exclaimed, "The time is precious: listen to me, my dear boys, we may not be alone again; write regularly to me, and keep nothing concealed; this will be both a check and an encouragement to you, a comfort and a guide to me. We go in the hope of bringing home gold for you; but recollect there is nothing in this world that can weigh against virtue; that no wealth will restore a good character if you shall have lost it, nor add one jot to your merit if you have gained a good name; but as you can meet us, so will be our recompense for what we may undergo for your sake, or our disappointment. Kneel with me in this spot, where so often we have said our prayers together, and let the thought of your mother be always alive in your mind." The youths sobbed as they took their place beside her, she took a hand of each in her own, but whilst the words she was about to say trembled on her lips, Fowler hastily opened the door. "Pshaw!" said he. All arose quickly, and the feeling that was thus checked fell back heavily on the heart of the unhappy mother.

The boys and their uncle accompanied them to the vessel in which they were to embark. It was only at the last moment that Fowler's spirits failed him. "Good-bye, both of you," said he; "make yourselves happy about us—be good boys; a few years will soon be over, and then—" he had extended a hand to each, he saw them at the moment as distinctly as he had ever done; on a sudden a mist separated them, the whole scene had disappeared. Was he faint? or had the dim shadow of the future passed between them, that thus "a horror of darkness" had come upon him? Be that as it might, the feeling faded rapidly away, and if he was not so cheerful as before, he was not sad. The poor mother would have preferred parting with her sons on shore. There were too many eyes to look upon her, too much confusion around her, to allow grief the comfort of privacy; and grief, like every other deep feeling, loves best to be alone. She pressed them to her heart, to her lips, in silence; hung over the vessel's side as they were lowered into the boat, though scarcely able to discern them for tears; saw the waving of their hats as the oars struck the water, gave one look of anguish to heaven, and fell fainting into the arms of a passenger who stood near her.

The voyage was performed in safety, and the gold fields were reached. They had to rough it in many ways. Had Fowler before met with a fourth part of the hardships and difficulties he had now to struggle with, he would have thought, and thought justly too, that he had cause to complain; as it was, all was overlooked. Gold, gold was before him; and what were hunger and thirst, what the want of the common comforts of life, what the constant scenes of vice, the repeated commission of crimes, that he was exposed to witness, what the absence of all that marks the acknowledgment of a God and Saviour to him? To the one aim he had in view every thought, every feeling was directed; and as success followed



his exertions, and that aim was nearly attained, he had no thought to bestow on anything else. Not so his wife: duty and maternal love filled her heart, and when, at the end of two years, they had acquired a sum beyond what Fowler had named as the extent of his wishes, she urged their return. But it was with him as with others, "much would have more;" only one year longer, and he solemnly pledged his word that he would quit Australia. "Only one year!" it is a little space of time, but who can surely reckon either upon its duration, or the events it may bring forth? The mother's heart had borne up bravely for a time, but the hope that sickens sheds poison in the breast in which it has been planted. For the first year the letters of the two boys had been very satisfactory; afterwards Edward (the younger), complained that he grew taller than strong, and he dwelt more and more upon his mother's return. William (the elder), wrote regularly for a time, then less so, and his uncle's report of him varied much; sometimes he mentioned him in terms of the warmest praise, at others, he owned he was vexed with him. Mrs. Fowler attempted to lead her husband's serious attention to these points, and drawing, at the same time, her own inferences from them; but he was too much occupied to give heed to her; they would soon be in England, and then it would be time enough to look into these matters. At length her health gave way; she struggled with her illness a few months, and then died. Her death was a great trial to Fowler; he loved her with all the tenderness he was capable of, and her loss was in every way a misfortune to him. Alas! the gold he had got together could neither bring back the faithful partner of his days, nor console him for her loss. All was now changed to him, and before the year, that year only to which he looked forward, was expired, he was on his way to England. He lost no time, when he had landed, in proceeding to ——. His first intention was to have gone to the house of his brother; but as the cabman who drove him from the station took, by mistake, a wrong turn, he had put his head out of the cab to set him right, when the name "Cooper, Saddler," over the shop window, met his eye. He instantly got out, discharged the man, and entered the shop. "How surprised will Ned be," said he; "if I can, I will pass myself off for a customer." To his regret, only Cooper and his wife were there; they knew him instantly. "Where is Ned?" asked he. The pair looked at each other. "If you will go into the parlour with my wife," said Cooper, "I will be with you in a minute or two." Fowler followed, but not without a painful feeling of approaching evil. "Where is Ned?" said he, "something is amiss; tell me at once?" Mrs. Cooper burst into tears. "Poor boy! poor fellow!" sobbed she "nothing could save him; we did all we could, indeed we did, but it was of no use; he was in a galloping consumption—it's just three months to-day since he died." (Fowler's heart sank within him, he could not speak, and the weak but kind-hearted woman went on.) "I watched him as if he had been my own son; but la! what was I, or any one else, to his mother? Poor thing! he pined for her, I know he did; for one day, as I sat by his bedside while he was asleep, I touched his hand to feel whether it was cold, for he lay so still I could not tell whether he was gone or not, he gave such a start, and opened his eyes. 'Mother! mother!' said he, 'are you come at last?' It would have moved a heart of stone to see the look he gave me, when he found it was only I; and as I went down stairs, I heard him sob. He did not live many days after that." She might have gone on much longer, had not Cooper and George Fowler entered. The meeting

between the brothers was sad, and the pair withdrew. Fowler took alarm. "I do not know all," said he; "don't keep me in suspense: is William, too dead?" "It might be well if he was;" answered George, in a low voice. Fowler caught his hand, the other turned away his face as he murmured, "He is a convict in — jail."

It was yet early when Fowler and his brother presented themselves for entrance at — jail. What were his sensations as he followed the heavy step of the turnkey none may presume to describe; Heaven grant that no reader of these pages may know them by experience. The door was opened, and father and son once more stood in each other's presence. There was a profound silence. The young man, who was prepared for the interview, stood fixed to the spot—stern, sullen, unmoved. "William!" groaned the wretched parent, "have you nothing to say to your father?" "Nothing more than you have to say to your son," said he; "you sowed, I reap; we may blame each other." "What do you mean?" asked Fowler, surprised. "This," replied he; "what I am, I am through you; you talked of gold only before you went, you wrote of gold only whilst you were away, you set forth gold as the end and aim of all that was to be desired. I caught that love from you, and gold became my idol, my desire. Why should I labour for it till you returned to give it? I took it—ay, stole it! and am housed where now you see me." He remained erect, his eyes fixed on his father, his manly and youthful limbs clad in the felon's garb, and his head shorn of those bright locks through which his mother's fingers had so often strayed with delight. The thought crossed the mind of Fowler, and he groaned. "Thank God! your mother cannot see this sight." The young man started, and his eager look demanded an explanation. "Your mother is in her grave," said Fowler. The colour fled from William's lip and cheek, the muscles of his face began to work, and his breast heaved; in another moment, he covered his face and burst into tears. "Oh mother!" cried he, "you, you might have saved me!" He stood weeping. "This is the first time he has shown any feeling," said the governor, who was present; "let us leave him to himself."

Fowler and his brother walked back to the inn in silence: entering in a room, the wretched father threw himself in a chair, and sat, his eyes on the ground. "George," said he, at length—his brother stood beside him—he looked up. "Do you remember those words in the Psalms?" said he, "'God gave them their heart's desire, and sent leanness into their soul; God has so dealt with me,—so punished my accursed thirst of gold.'"

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#### NIGHT.

NIGHT, pale goddess! from her ebon throne,  
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.  
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!  
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;  
 Creation sleeps, 'Tis as the gon'ral pulse  
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;  
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

YOUNG.

## WILD FLOWERS.

SCARLET PIMPERNEL. (*Anagallis arvensis*.)

EVERY one knows the Scarlet Pimpernel, our only wild flower of that colour, except the Scarlet Poppy: though there are one or two of a crimson tint, like the Pheasant's-eye of the corn-field. The Pimpernel grows everywhere; on the sandy heath among the Furze and Broom, on the bank by the road, and especially among the ripening corn, it may be seen, on any sunny day, during July and August. It has some pretty English names, as the Shepherd's Barometer, or the Shepherd's Warning, and the Poor-man's Weather-glass. These names are expressive of the influence that a moist atmosphere has upon the blossom, which is so sensitive, that long before we can be aware of the approach of rain, it closes up, and it does not open at all upon a wet or even cloudy day, a circumstance which was early noticed by Sir Francis Bacon. It gives us no warning, however, after the middle of the day, for within two or three minutes of two o'clock it closes its petals, which remain folded until about seven the next morning. The botanical name is taken from a Greek word, signifying, to laugh; because the ancient Greek writers

believed it to be a useful medicine in liver complaints, and thus favourable to good and cheerful spirits. Though it is not found in our times, to deserve this praise, yet its pleasant aspect and love of sunshine render its name a suitable one. A large number of seeds are inclosed in little capsules, which, when ripe, burst open all round transversely, and the seeds afford a valuable supply of food to many of our song birds. There is a blue variety of this Pimpernel, which, though rare in many places, is very abundant in others, especially in Gloucestershire; and sometimes we may find a Pimpernel quite white, with a distinct purplish-pink eye in the centre of the blossom. There is also another species, a beautiful rose-coloured flower, which grows on moist mossy places, and is called the Bog Pimpernel.

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#### CURIOSITIES OF MODERN FANATICISM.—No. I.

Those who have perused the pages of ecclesiastical history have frequently met with narratives which are fitted to excite laughter by the absurdity of their details, and tears by the saddening results which they portray. Leaving the fanatics of ancient times, we will briefly recount some of the most remarkable instances of religious imposture which modern history offers to our notice. It is hoped that such an account will enable those who read it to guard more effectually against the delusions into which too many of the simple-minded have fallen, even—yea, especially—in this enlightened age.

In the year 1525 a fanatical sect sprang up in Germany. Its head was one Thomas Munzer, who styled himself an inspired prophet. The followers of this man were the chosen instruments of God to bring about the millennial reign of Christ on earth, by their own account. Visions, miracles, and prophecies were laid claim to, and by these means the peasantry were infected with the heresy. Munzer at length took the field. Laws and governments were to be subverted, for the world was to be governed by Christ in person. About five thousand of these deluded followers perished in battle. Munzer was executed, and thus the storm was apparently hushed.

Not long afterwards, John Bockholt headed a similar delusion in Westphalia. He had dreams and visions in abundance. Munster, which he seized, was to be the capital of a new spiritual kingdom. All things were to be in common; and civil magistrates were declared totally needless. Even men of learning joined this fanatic. Bockholt married eleven wives, and went naked through the streets of Munster. To give a specimen of the mad enthusiasm of this sect, seven men and five women met in a private house. One of the men, after praying for four hours, threw his clothes into the fire, and commanded his companions to do the same. They then paraded the streets, crying, "Wo! wo! wo to Babylon!" and the like. When taken before a magistrate, they refused to put on their clothes, saying, "We are the naked truth." Bockholt's reign, however, was of short duration. A protracted siege reduced Munster; and he and many of his followers were put to death. But, to quote the words of an ecclesiastical historian, "in almost all the countries of Europe an unspeakable number of these wretches preferred death in its worst forms to a retraction of their errors. Neither the view of the flames kindled to consume them, nor the ignominy of the gibbet, nor the terrors of

the sword, could shake their invincible but ill-placed constancy, or induce them to abandon tenets that appeared dearer to them than life and all its enjoyments."

In 1760, was born in Newfoundland, a noted fanatic, Richard Brothers. He tells us he "had always a presentiment of being sometime or other very great." About the year 1790 his eccentricities first developed themselves conspicuously. He soon became a public character; persons of quality and fortune crowded to him; and a learned member of parliament defended his cause both in the senate and from the press. Some of his blasphemies are too gross for republication. His visions had made him acquainted with the fact that his ancestors had been Jews, though "separated from that race for fifteen hundred years—such a length of time as to make them forget they ever belonged to the name." He was to be the "prince and restorer of the Jews by the year 1798." London was to be destroyed in 1791; and when the appointed time had passed, it was *his* interposition that had saved the doomed city. But for this merciful act, "London would have formed a great bay or inlet of the channel; all the land between Windsor and the Downs would have been sunk, including a distance of eighteen miles on each side, to the depth of seventy fathoms, that no traces of the city might be ever found." In a vision he saw "the Queen of England coming towards" him, "slow, trembling, and afraid." This was communicated to William Pitt in the month called June 1792. He also saw the king rise from his throne, and humbly send him "a most magnificent star." This symbolical action puzzled the prophet, but its signification was "revealed" to him. Information of this important vision was forwarded "to the king, queen, and chancellor of the exchequer" through the medium of "the penny post-office," "according to the directions I received on that head by revelation," says this madman. Brothers went to the House of Commons to prophesy to the members, and to direct them, as their true "king and minister of state," how to avoid the looming storm which he foresaw. But, strange to say, he was treated with what he deemed, "in such a public place particularly, unfeeling contempt and incivility." At length he was placed in a fitting palace for such a king—a lunatic asylum.

In 1766, Ann Lee—an Englishwoman, deranged both physically and mentally—began to publish her insane ravings in North America. She, too, had visions and revelations. She declared herself to be the woman clothed with the sun, spoken of in the Apocalypse. She was the mother and leader of the elect; had the gift of tongues; could hold converse with the dead, and should ascend to heaven in the twinkling of an eye without dying. But the last part of this string of absurdities was at all events false, for she did die. A few years ago several thousand of her followers existed in America; how many there are at present we cannot say.

Jemima Wilkinson was contemporary with Ann Lee. North America was also the scene of her fanatical vagaries. She had actually died once by her own account. She was perfect; knew all things by immediate revelation; was a prophetess; could heal all diseases; and read the hearts of others. Want of faith was the cause of the ill success of those who were unhealed by her. All who did not believe in her should perish. She should live a thousand years, and then should not die, but be translated. She advocated a community of goods. She could walk upon the water; but in this she failed. She could raise the dead;

but the corpse that she tried upon was obstinate, and would not be restored to life. She died herself in 1819. A few years ago, she, too, had disciples in the United States, who maintained that she had only left them for a time, and would return. Whether they have tired of waiting or not we do not know.

A female named Buchan raised a ferment in Scotland in the latter half of the last century. Her pretensions bore a similarity to those of the two last-recorded fanatics. She professed to be immortal; and those who believed in her were to possess this immunity from death also.

In about the year 1750 Joanna Southcote was born in Devonshire. In early life, and until nearly forty years of age, she lived in obscurity. Becoming acquainted with a man named Sanderson, who laid claim to prophetic powers, she gradually imbibed a similar notion. Uneducated and coarse-minded, her effusions, whether in prose or verse, were rude essays; but her influence extended, and she realized considerable sums by selling seals, which were to insure the salvation of their purchasers. Sharp, an eminent engraver, who had adopted her delusions, invited her to London. Here she continued to publish pamphlets containing her absurd reveries. Those who opposed her she denounced in violent terms. In the last year of her life she lived secluded, and gave out that she was with child of the Holy Ghost. She was to be the mother of the Shiloh promised to Jacob: this should be the second coming of Christ. The time of her delivery was fixed for the 19th of October, 1814, at midnight. An elegant and expensive cradle was made; and her followers, said to have numbered one hundred thousand, were in wild excitement. Numbers assembled at the appointed time in the street in which she resided; and when midnight had passed, they only dispersed when told that the prophetess was in a trance. On the 27th of the following December she died, having declared a short time previously that "if she was deceived, she was at all events misled by some spirit, either good or bad." Her disciples refused to inter the corpse, believing that she was not dead, or that she would return to life again. But decomposition commenced its painful work. Reluctantly they consented to an examination of the body, and then it was found that dropsy was the cause of the appearance which had been attributed to pregnancy. But her deluded followers still clung to the hope that their prophetess would reappear, and formed themselves into a society. Wonderful credulity!—a number of the disciples of this gross system are still to be met with.

We will now proceed to cases of recent occurrence, and especially to the monster imposture—Mormonism.

Robert Matthews was a native of the state of New York, and in early life his aptitude for mechanical pursuits brought him constant and profitable employment. Having previously given proof that he was a man of eccentric character, in the year 1829 his conduct became intolerably irregular. His employer was compelled to discharge him from his service. Matthews then commenced open-air preaching in a vociferous style; and, assisted by a convert, bore a flag through the streets, on which was inscribed, "Rally round the Standard of Truth." But his incoherent rhapsodies made little impression on his auditors. He then commenced a missionary career, and penetrated to the wilds of Arkansas. Recrossing the Mississippi he roamed through Tennessee to Georgia, where he was imprisoned as a disturber of the peace. Released from confinement he betook himself to his old haunts. In May 1832, he began that part

of his career which more immediately concerns us. In that month, Matthews, who was tall of stature, and wore a beard, introduced himself to two opulent merchants in New York, who were themselves religious enthusiasts. He appears to have had the astounding audacity to represent himself as God, or Christ. The impostor took up his abode in the elegantly-furnished house of one of the merchants, and lived in splendid style. His entertainer washed his feet. The female relations of the family were dismissed. His wardrobe was ample and expensive, and he preached in elegant robes.

Faring thus sumptuously, Matthews was in nowise eager to appear in public. His ministrations were confined to select companies; and if any one presumed to interrogate him, he flew into a violent passion, and said that he came not to be questioned, but to preach. The friends of the merchant at length interfered, and had the prophet and his dupe consigned to a lunatic asylum. But Matthews appeared perfectly sane when examined, and he was released.

Pierson—the other merchant dupe—now took the prophet under his roof. In 1833 he went to reside with a family at some distance from New York, through the solicitations of Pierson, who afterwards became himself a resident in the family. Here the irregular habits of the prophet occasioned great inconvenience to the lady of the house. She complained that he always took the meal-time to preach. But still his wants were munificently supplied. Even his future needs were provided for by the gift of a heritable property. His wife received a regular income, and several of his children resided with him.

A crisis was at hand; the bubble burst. Folger—in whose house Matthews and Pierson resided—was compelled to be often absent from home. Matthews ruled with a rod of iron. The dietary of the house was placed under stringent regulations. At length Pierson's health began to fail, but no medical man was allowed to visit him. He was found dead in bed. His heirs raised an action to procure the property which Matthews had duped his victim of; and the prophet behaved so nefariously that Folger turned him out of doors.

But this was not all. Matthews was accused of swindling, and of poisoning Pierson. The first trial came on in 1834, but was quashed, probably through Folger's shame of a public prosecution. The trial for murder failed, through the disagreement of the medical men who examined Pierson, some alleging that he had been poisoned, others that he had not. But he did not wholly escape. He was found guilty of an assault upon his daughter, and was condemned to three months' imprisonment. What has since become of this arrant impostor, we are unable to tell.

In the year 1838 a fanatical disturbance was raised in Kent by a madman named Thoms. His pretensions seem to have produced a general opinion in the peasantry round Canterbury that he was either the Saviour, or a being of the same order, and sent for similar purposes. He denounced the gentry as oppressors, and talked of portioning their estates into farms for his followers. He represented himself as invincible—neither bullets nor weapons could hurt him or his adherents. Having got together a band of followers, and refusing to surrender, the assistance of the military was called in, and the result was that Thoms and some of his party were killed, after he had shot a young officer, who had casually accompanied the soldiers. He had killed a constable on the preceding day. Strange to say, the deluded peasantry seem to have expected that Thoms would

rise again, and money was offered for a lock of his hair and a fragment of the blood-stained shirt in which he died.

A number of years ago a young man named Joseph Smith was a money-digger in the United States. It is a general belief in some parts of that country that large sums of money and masses of bullion have been buried in the ground. Even in this occupation he appears to have exhibited his craft, or superstition, by using a divining stone for the discovery of the hidden treasures. Whilst thus engaged, he professes to have received several revelations from heaven. One, the first, made him acquainted with the marvellous facts that all his sins were forgiven; that the world was in error on religious matters; and that the truth should be made known to him in due time. Three years afterwards an angel appeared to him three times in one night, and came again on the following morning. This supernatural visitor made numerous revelations to him, and informed him where to find certain gold plates which were hidden in the earth. In the specified place Smith tells us he found a stone chest containing these plates, on which was graven the Book of Mormon. The chest contained also the Urim and Thummim; two transparent stones, set in the rim of a bow, which was to give "revelation of things distant, or of things past or future." This took place in 1823. Four years afterwards the angel of the Lord gave these records into his hands. By the aid of the Urim and Thummim, and by inspiration, they were translated; and in 1830 the version was published. Converts were soon multiplied; and in June of this year a "revelation" was given that the elders should go on missionary tours, two by two, and meet at a fixed time, to choose a site for a temple, and to found a "new Jerusalem." They selected a spot in Jackson County, Missouri, and twelve hundred converts soon collected. Here the inhabitants of the country rose up against the fanatics, and finally ejected them in May, 1834. They then migrated to Illinois, and founded the city of Nauvoo, on a bend of the Mississippi. Here they spent a million of dollars on a temple of polished white limestone. Prosperity seemed now to smile upon Smith. In 1844 his followers declared that they numbered a hundred thousand in the United States. But trouble was at hand. Disturbances arose, and became so threatening that the Governor of Illinois came in to quell them. Smith was imprisoned, and in June, 1844, was shot by a mob who broke into his prison. He was only thirty-eight years of age.

The Mormons now crossed the Mississippi, and started for the Great Salt Lake Valley; and in 1846 came to the site of the city of Deseret. In 1852 their city had a population of about thirty thousand. In this territory—which is called Utah—they still are, having a Mormon representative in the lower House of Congress; a Mormon Governor of Utah, appointed by the President of the United States; a Mormon Lieutenant-Governor, and a Mormon Secretary-of-State.

A short account of the doctrines and practices of this sect, and of its founders, shall conclude our narrative. The Book of Mormon professes to be a record of the Nephites, the Lamanites, and the Jaredites. The Nephites, a branch of the tribe of Joseph, migrated to America about six hundred years before the Christian era, and were the progenitors of the American Indians. In about the fourth or fifth century one of the prophets of this race, named Mormon, wrote the book called by his name, and his son Moroni was directed to deposit the record in the ground. Smith, however, gave a different derivation of the title, and a very original



specimen of philology it is. He derived it from the English *more*, and the Egyptian *mon*, which, he tells us, means *good*; so that the literal meaning is *more good*. A *more good* philological manufacture than this is not to be met with every day!

The Mormonites profess to believe the sacred Scriptures, as well as the Book of Mormon. They practise polygamy, and in the report of the Judges of the Utah territory to the President of the United States, we find it stated that "the governor was seen riding through the streets of the city in an omnibus, with a large company of his wives, more than two-thirds of whom had infants in their arms—a sure sign that the evil is increasing. It is not uncommon to find two or more sisters married to the same man; and in one instance, at least, a mother and her two daughters are among the wives of a leading member of the church."

Fifty-one gentlemen of Palmyra, New York, and eleven of Manchester, and others, who had often laboured for days in company with the Smiths, all bear witness that they are unworthy of credit. Joseph Smith and his father are especially denounced as addicted to vicious habits. Smith was a drunkard and a liar.

One specimen of his erudition will suffice. The Rev. H. Caswall visited Nauvoo in 1842, and provided himself with an old manuscript book. He had an interview with Smith. "I handed the book to the prophet," he says, "and begged him to explain its contents. He asked me if I had any idea of its meaning. I replied that I believed it to be a Greek Psalter, but that I should like to hear his opinion. 'No,' he said, 'it ain't Greek at all, except, perhaps, a few words. What ain't Greek is Egyptian, and what ain't Egyptian is Greek. This book is very valuable. It is a dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics.' Pointing to the capital letters at the commencement of each verse, he said, 'Them figures is Egyptian hieroglyphics, and them which follows is the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, written in the reformed Egyptian. Them characters is like the letters that was engraved on the golden plates.'"

The origin of the Book of Mormon is known. It is founded on an historical romance, written by an American named Spaulding, and entitled 'The Manuscript Found.' This fell into the hands of a friend of Smith's in its manuscript state, and was afterwards transmuted into precious metal—golden plates.

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#### A DISTINCTION.

THERE is a committee, or board, appointed by certain sects of Dissenters, which holds its sittings in London, to manage their joint concerns. A dissenting minister, who was suffering under the tyranny of this "board," observed once to Rowland Hill, that "for his part he did not see the difference between a board and a bench,"—meaning that the rule of the board was as stringent as that of the Bishops. "Pardon me, my friend," replied Rowland Hill, "I will point you out a most essential difference between the two—a board is a bench that has no legs to stand upon."

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## THE THUGS; OR, SECRET MURDERERS OF INDIA.\*—No. I.



THUGS DESTROYING THEIR VICTIM.

THE Thugs are a religious sect, extending throughout all India, worshippers of the goddess Káli. Their profession (called Thuggce) is to rob and murder for the honour of their goddess and their own profit; their murders are in one sense acts of worship, and are conducted with many religious ceremonies, with the diligent observing of omens, and the offering afterwards of a solemn sacrifice. They employ in their assassinations, not generally force, but craft, insinuating themselves into the confidence of travellers, whom at an unguarded moment they seize from behind and strangle. Strangling is employed in order that no mark of violence may be discovered on the bodies of their victims, and is effected either by means of the "roomal," a shred of cloth well twisted and wetted, or merely by the hands—though this latter mode is rarely practised and only had recourse to from some accidental failure in the former. Two Thugs are usually employed in each murder, one of whom holds the legs or hands of the person to be killed. Having buried their victims, they burn fires over the spot in order to remove all appearance of the earth having been recently disturbed: if the party slain has a dog, that is usually destroyed also,

\* The substance of the following article was delivered as a lecture by the Rev. E. P. Eddrup: it is published not merely as a record of remarkable and not very generally accessible facts, but as containing some striking illustrations of the dark character of heathenism, and the power of a false religion to pervert and silence even the voice of natural conscience in the heart of man.

in order to lessen the risk of detection. In the Ethnological room, in the British Museum,\* is an interesting model of a gang of Thugs engaged in carrying out their terrible work: it consists of four groups: in the first, they are journeying with a party of travellers, throwing them off their guard by their frank and easy manner: in this they easily succeed, as the task of winning the confidence and esteem of strangers is entrusted to the most adroit and experienced of the band: in the second, they are strangling their late unsuspecting friends, throwing the roomal over their necks from behind; in the third, they are burying their victims; in the fourth, sitting round and dividing the spoil. Some of our readers may also remember to have seen in the Great Exhibition of 1851, a small model of the Thug murderers, consisting of five groups. In the first, they are sitting smoking and conversing with the traveller; in the second, is shown an unsuccessful attempt to strangle a horseman, who has become alarmed in time and cut down one of the Thugs with his sword; in the third, they are putting a corpse into a well (this is the usual way of disposing of the bodies of their victims in Oude), previously mutilating the features with a knife in order to prevent their recognition; in the fourth, they are strangling a rider on horseback; in the fifth, they are despatching a pedlar, who has been tripped up and fallen on his face; and being pressed down by the weight of his pack, becomes an easy prey. It should be added, that hanging up close by was a carpet by some reclaimed Thugs in the East India Company's School of Industry, at Jabbulpoor.

Having thus acquainted the reader with the kind of persons concerning whom he is to expect some account, we now proceed to give him some further particulars about these very singular people.

With respect to their history, it will be needless here to enter into any lengthened disquisition. They claim a high antiquity; some suppose that there is a connexion between them and the Druses of Mount Lebanon, and the assassins of Tyria and Persia. All the operations of Thuggee are said to be sculptured in the caves of Ellora, near Aurungabad. From the sixteenth century, various dim rumours of this dark system had been in circulation, and some accounts had reached Europe concerning it; but no adequate idea was entertained of their numbers and organization till 1831, when a large gang having been apprehended, Lord William Bentinck set on foot measures to suppress them. Captain Sleeman was appointed Superintendent, with several assistants, to each of whom a section of India was assigned, and by their exertions the system has to a great extent been put down. Some of every gang were admitted as approvers, or king's evidence, their depositions taken down in different parts of India, and comparison made of their various accounts. An official volume has been published, in 1836, by the authorities of Calcutta, containing among other points, translations of a series of conversations with the chief approvers, a vocabulary of Thug words, and the evidence as reported of many of the murders † From these documents, and some other sources, the

\* From this the woodcuts have been designed.

† This work is compiled by Captain Sleeman. Its title is 'Ramaseena; or a Vocabulary of the Peculiar Language used by the Thugs, with an Introduction and Appendix descriptive of the system pursued by that Fraternity; and of the measures which have been adopted by the Supreme

materials for this account have been derived; so that the reader may make sure that, though he may find some strange and startling disclosures in the course of the following pages, no statement is put forward which does not rest on the most authentic evidence.

A very few statistics may first be given, in order to afford some idea of the extent to which the system has been carried. It appears that from 1826 to 1840, about 3,655 had been tried on suspicion of being engaged in these murders, of whom 466 were sentenced to death, 1,504 to transportation, 933 to imprisonment for life. It may be mentioned that one way of testing the accuracy of the information given was by disinterring the bodies: in some cases tried in 1834-5, there were 206 prisoners, 440 victims, of whom no less than 390 were found buried as the Thugs described. The number of assassinations committed by the leading men among them would appear incredible, did we not remember that their whole lives had been devoted to this work: thus Buhrum in 40 years had perpetrated 931 murders; Futtu Khan 508 in twenty years; Rumzaum had been connected with 604 cases of murder; Inambuz the Black with 340; Hyder with 322; Dhusoo with 350. A map was also constructed of a part of the kingdom of Oude, and the "bails," or places where the Thugs have committed their murders, marked with black spots: its accuracy was tested by the repeated cross-examination of 20 Thugs who had confessed their crimes, and there were found to be no less than 274 of these spots in 1,406 miles, giving one for about 5½ miles, from the greater number of which the skulls and skeletons of the unhappy victims were still to be dug up.

Such a wholesale destruction of human life would seem impossible to have been long carried on without discovery, and yet some of my readers may have friends in India who have never mentioned the subject to them; nay, possibly, may have been in India themselves without coming into known contact with any of these assassins; but before any are inclined to disbelieve on these grounds, let me put before them the following account of Captain Sleeman's own experience in the matter.

"While I was," he says, "in the civil charge of the district of Nursingpore, in the valley of the Nerbuddha, in the years 1822-4, no ordinary theft or robbery could be committed without my becoming acquainted with it, nor was there a robber, or a thief of the ordinary kind in the district, with whose character I had not become acquainted in the discharge of my duty as a magistrate; and if any man had then told me that a gang of assassins by profession resided in the village of Kundelee, not 400 yards from my Court, and that the extensive groves of the village of Mundesur, only one stage from me on the road to Sauger and Bhopaul, was one of the greatest beles, or places of murder, in all India, and that large gangs from Hindostan and the Deccan used to rendezvous in these groves, remain in them for

Government of India for its Suppression.' It is rather a difficult book to obtain. There is no copy at the British Museum; the only one I know of, in London, is in the library of the East India House. Another volume has also been published, containing the reports of the various officers, up to 1840. There is a paper by Dr. Sherwood, in vol. xiii. of the 'Asiatic Researches;' and an interesting article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' vol. lxiv., 1837, to which we have to acknowledge our obligations.

many days together, and carry on their dreadful trade all along the lines of road that pass by and branch off from them, with the knowledge and connivance of the two landholders by whose ancestors these groves had been planted, I should have thought him a madman—and yet nothing could have been more true. The bodies of a hundred travellers lie buried around the groves of murderers; and a gang of assassins lived in and about the village of Kundelee while I was magistrate of the district, and extended their depredations to the cities of Poonah and Hyderabad.”



THUGS BURYING THEIR VICTIM.

As a further illustration of their secrecy, it may be mentioned that one of the officers, employed by the British Government in suppressing Thuggee in the Deccan, was surprised to recognise a noted Thug in the person of one of the most respectable linen-draper's in the cantonments of Hingolee. This person was so well conducted that he had won the esteem of all the gentlemen at the station, who used to assist him in procuring passports for his goods on their way to Bombay, yet he was carrying on his trade of murder up to the very day of his arrest, being connected with gangs on all the roads around and close to the cantonments; and while pretending to be proceeding to Bombay on mercantile enterprises, he was leading out his assassins to strangle unsuspecting travellers. From the account which he gave of himself when arrested, the following extract may be of interest. After mentioning various details of his murders, and noticing several Thugs, one of whom actually resided in the bazaar of the 5th Regiment where he served a Captain Scott, he says:—

“Any skilful party might have had three or four affairs every night

without any one being the wiser for it. People know not what Thuggee was, nor what kind of people Thugs were. Travellers were frequently reported to have been murdered by robbers; but people thought the robbers must be in the jungles, and never dreamed that they were murdered by the men they saw every day about them. I never invited a Thug to my house, nor did I ever expose any of the articles obtained in Thuggee for sale. I was much respected by the people of the town and cantonments, and never suspected till arrested."

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### ALUM.

ALUM is a substance extensively used in medicine, and in the process of dyeing and printing. The alum which is mentioned by ancient writers is not the same as that in use at the present day; for it was most probably a natural formation, a vitriolic earth, generated in certain mines and other similar places; indeed we do not find any alum or vitriol works mentioned by the ancients. The period at which the manufacture of alum was first introduced into Europe is not accurately known; but it was most probably brought from the East, in the fifteenth century, when we find alum-works established in Italy at Tolfa, about six miles from Civita Vecchia: these works are still in operation, and the method pursued there is very similar to that in use in England and Scotland. Indeed, it was from these very works that the manufacture was originally brought into this country; and the history of its introduction is curious enough. Sir Thomas Chaloner, when staying in Italy at the latter part of the fifteenth century, was taken over the alum-works at Tolfa: while inspecting them, he was struck with the similarity of the shale from which the alum was extracted to that which existed on certain parts of his own estate in Yorkshire, near Whitby. As he felt quite certain that the earth was of the same description, he determined to engage some of the men employed at Tolfa, and take them back with him to England, with a view to setting up an alum manufactory on his own estate. With some difficulty he persuaded some of the men to come over, under promise of very high pay, and immediately set up the first alum-works which this country had seen. They proved perfectly successful; but Pius II., who then filled the papal chair, and who had hitherto had a monopoly of the alum trade in Italy and Europe, feeling indignant that the papal revenues should be lessened by competition with a private individual, ordered him to stop the works on pain of excommunication. Sir Thomas, however, continued them, and incurred the full penalties of the Pope's wrath; but, notwithstanding this, the works continued to prosper, and we have never heard that the family of the Chaloners was otherwise than wealthy and prosperous for centuries afterwards.

As we have said, the first alum-works opened in England were near Whitby. In order to explain the process of the manufacture, we will describe one of these works which we went over a few months ago. The process in all the works is in all essential points the same, although there is a slight difference in the detail in some of them.

Imagine yourself then, gentle reader, on the summit of a cliff some six hundred feet above the level of the sea; the ocean extending far away in front, and a series of bold headlands stretching out on the right hand and on the left. The extreme face and edge, or "cap," of the cliff has been

all removed, and you are standing in the midst of a large excavation, with masses of rock and heaps of alum shale lying around you. Several of these heaps are slowly smouldering away; for the process of burning is a very slow one, and a single heap will burn for three or four months. They are formed by making a layer of brushwood, about four feet high, and piling the shale on the top of it to the height of ninety or one hundred feet. When the schist has been sufficiently calcined, it is removed by means of wheelbarrows, of a peculiar construction, and so nicely balanced that a man can wheel a much heavier load than with any ordinary barrow. It is then thrown into pits of water, where it is left for some time, till the water is fully impregnated; the liquor is then drawn off, and the calcined schist goes through another process, precisely similar, in order to get all the virtue out of it. The liquor is then carried off by means of a covered trough, which traverses the side of the cliff to the works below. Here it is run into cisterns, where it is mixed with sulphate of lime, iron, and earth; it is afterwards drawn off into pans and boiled, in order to concentrate the liquor. This latter process it undergoes for several days; a solution of muriate of potash being put every morning into the pans. When the liquor has been boiled for a sufficient time, it is put into leaden cisterns with water, in order to make a saturated solution; when cool it is run off into casks. The liquor, when in these casks, rapidly crystallizes, the crystals being of a pyramidal shape; the sides and ends of the casks are covered with a thick covering of alum, the inside of which is thickly clustered with pendent crystals, exceedingly brittle, but of a very beautiful appearance. When the process of crystallization has been completed, the staves are taken off, and the alum split open by a few blows with a pick; it is then broken up into square blocks, ready for packing; and in this state it is sent on board ship to proceed to its destination.

The chemical components of alum are—

|                |   |   |   |   |   |   |      |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Sulphuric acid | - | - | - | - | - | - | 34·4 |
| Alumina        | - | - | - | - | - | - | 10·7 |
| Potash         | - | - | - | - | - | - | 9·6  |
| Earth          | - | - | - | - | - | - | 45·3 |

and it is calculated that it takes one hundred and thirty tons of calcined schist to make one ton of alum. There are large alum-works now near Glasgow.

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THE statue of Queen Elizabeth over the Fleet-street doorway of St. Dunstan's in the West originally stood on the west front of Ludgate. It is the only known relic remaining of any of the city gates; for Temple Bar was only a bar to mark the liberties of the city without the walls. Hence that nuisance Temple Bar has not antiquity to recommend its preservation.

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#### CLUB GOSSIP.

“THEY 'LL sit by the fire, and presume to know  
 What's done in the Capitol: who's like to rise,  
 Who thrives, and who declines; side factions; and give out  
 Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,  
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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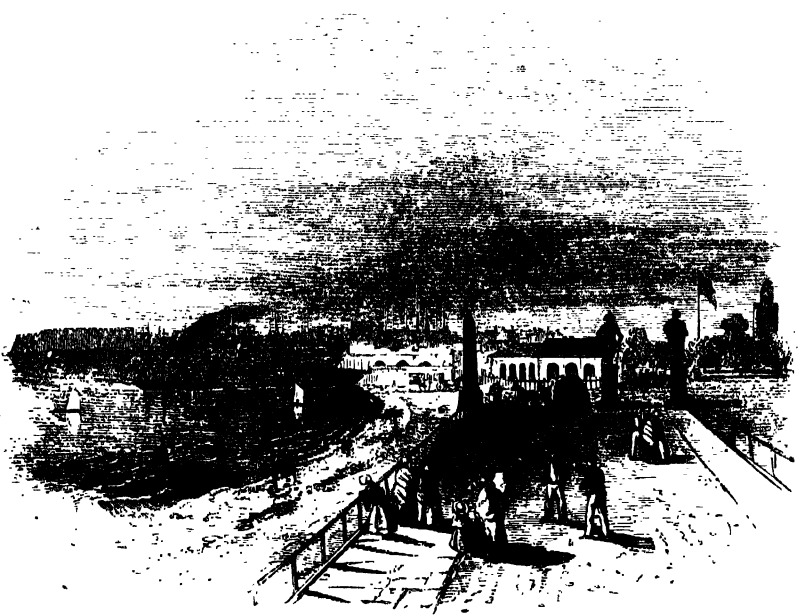
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SOUTHSEA.



SOUTHSEA, which was once but an appendage to Portsmouth, a mere drill-ground for a vast garrison, is now one of the most agreeable watering-places on our southern coast. Though differing in aspect from most places of summer resort—since it has neither the dearly-prized “white cliffs” of Kent, the verdure fringing the “silver sea” of Devonshire, the tints that paint the west, nor the stern rocks of the north—it is invested with a deeper interest than most watering-places, from its being the headquarters of England’s gallant navy.

The harbour, runs up between Portsea and Gosport, but from the



Esplanade at Southsea one of the finest sights possible is afforded by the view of Spithead, where the noblest vessels in the world ride at anchor. Beyond, lies the Isle of Wight, exquisitely wooded, and of charming hue from the light and shade upon its hills; the foreground gay in summer time with fleets of graceful yachts, the nursery of British seamen; while far away in the offing, with sunlight on their sails, are the homeward and outward bound ships, watched by many a loving heart and anxious eye from the shore.

Spithead is about twenty miles in length, and in some places three in breadth: it is capable of containing the whole navy of England. It takes its name from a sandbank which extends from the right side of the harbour running towards Southsea, and ending in a point which is called Spithead, or the head of the Spit.

As a bathing-place, independent of the interest of its neighbourhood, Southsea possesses great advantages. The fine open beach affords delightful sea-bathing; its gravelly soil, mixed with sand, extends to the length of half a mile, and the air, although fresh and breezy, is, in a manner, moderated by the protection afforded it from the opposite shores of the Isle of Wight.

The Clarence Esplanade, three-quarters of a mile long, affords a charming walk for summer visitors; the public rooms at the west end being filled with loungers, and frequently enlivened by one of the numerous military bands from the garrison. These rooms are supplied with most of the daily papers, and are called the King's Rooms, in honour of William IV., who visited them in 1824. They are about five minutes' walk from Portsmouth, and within view of all the Southsea terraces. In the same building are warm, shower, and vapour baths. The sea-bathing machines are drawn up along the shore close by, and, in consequence of the boldness of the beach, they do not proceed two yards before there is sufficient depth for bathing. Close behind the rooms the anchor of the renowned ship the "Victory" has been placed; it marks the spot from which Nelson embarked when he left the shores of England for ever. At the commencement of the Esplanade, two statues of Nelson and Wellington have been erected: they are the gifts of Lord Frederick Fitzclarence to the town.

Nothing can be more cheering on a brilliant summer's day at Southsea than a regatta fête. Hundreds of yachts and their satellites career over the shining waters; crowds of gaily-dressed ladies, and officers in the brilliant uniforms of the army and navy, step daintily into their pleasure boats, that they may have a better view of the eager race from the sea. The fleet is in holiday attire, and, lo! in the glow of the sun, there sweeps along the Solent the graceful barge of our own dear Island Queen, who loves to see her people in their holiday attire, and who, despite her regal state, hath that freshness of girlhood about her that brings a smile to her lip and a light upon her cheek, whenever she comes among us to view, and it may be to share, our pastime. Hark to the cheers from the manned yards of that magnificent three-decker; and listen—some loyal soldier has spoken, and the band at the Rooms changes its lively air for the solemn, stirring anthem of "God Save the Queen!"

But mayhap some may long for a breezy walk from all this bustle; if so, on—along the Esplanade to Southsea Castle, one of the minor defences of Old England. Oh! never in our day may those bristling guns open their fiery throats upon an invader!

In the time of Henry VIII. this was a "ryght goodlie and warlike castell;" the "bluff king" personally superintending the fortifications thereof, and in the thirtieth year of his reign he encamped his forces near the Castle and reviewed them in person. Charles II. surrounded the building with a fort, and the whole has been put into complete order since the Hanoverian succession.

Southsea Common was in olden time the scene of many a stirring pageant. Here, in May 1475, Edward IV. reviewed an army of thirty thousand men; here Henry VIII., after reviewing his troops, encamped them to watch the French, who, however, contented themselves with plundering the Isle of Wight, and then retired from the cannonade of the English fleet, commanded by Lord Lisle in the "Great Harry;" here, in 1628, the armament against Rochelle being appointed to assemble at Portsmouth, the troops lay in camp; and here the wretched murderer Felton was hung in chains the same year.\* The traces of a large camp formed in the last century by the Duke of Richmond are still visible beyond the Castle; and it is not improbable that on some future day the plain may again present the appearance of "the tented field" for the training of militia.

Those who have studied the geology of Portsmouth and its neighbourhood, affirm that, in the earlier period of its investment by the inhabitants of Porchester, the ground, which till within a few years was covered with furze, was a vast forest, as is exemplified in the remains of roots of trees now found below the low-water mark, the sea having encroached upon the shore.

Although it is apart from our purpose to dwell on scientific matters, it is, we think, deeply interesting to compare the present aspect of Southsea with its appearance when King Harry, "mounted on a stately charger, whose head-stall, reins, and stirrups were studded and embossed with gold, rode from the town of Portsmouth to Southsea Castle, where he rested on his way to the camp. He wore on his head a black bonnet and white feather, and was dressed in a jacket of cloth of gold and a surcoat or gown of brown velvet, with breeches and hose of white silk." Henchmen and lacqueys, pages and grooms in royal liveries, attended on foot; the Duke of Suffolk and the king's master of the horse rode on the right and left of the monarch, and lancemen and pikemen and gunners followed in the wake. Stretching along St. Helen's roads was the French fleet under topsails, and off "No Man's Land" were four other galleys, firing away at the English fleet lying at Spithead.

Now, to take up a position—beside, for instance, the Clarence Testimonial †—and fancy this "goodlie pageant" sweeping through the portal, since replaced by King William's Gate, is, we take it, something to interest us in a morning's saunterings about Southsea.

Three miles from the Castle is Fort Cumberland, capable of containing four thousand troops, mounting a hundred pieces of ordnance, and so arranged with secret passages that soldiers may move unharmed from one angle of the fort to another. To the citizen, accustomed only to the din of commercial thoroughfares, or to the quiet country gentleman, whose knowledge of "gunnery" is limited to the use of his fowling-piece, these

\* See account of the murder of the Duke of Buckingham in the paper on "Portsmouth," in Number 66.

† On the Common at Southsea, the inhabitants of Portsmouth have erected a Testimonial in honour of Lord Frederick Fitzclarence. The structure is very elegant, but loses its importance by being placed on so great an expanse of level ground.

localities are curious, as affording opportunities of viewing the practice of the marine artillery of England, and the more modern invention of the Minie rifle.

Southsea is noted for the salubrity of its air, and it is to be deplored that the freshness of its sea-breezes should be counteracted by the inodorous condition of its narrow thoroughfares. In passing from the terraces facing the ramparts to those bordering the sea, let no one venture thither *viâ* the streets. Take the Common, stranger, for the atmosphere of the byways is pestilential for want of some authority by which to clear the very pavement of the filth accumulated there. Where the fault lies, is not for me to say: it is sufficient that it is so; that every one complains of the nuisance, and that no one seems empowered to remedy it.

There are balls at the "Southsea Rooms" in the evening. Even the winter has its season; and it is surprising that in so large and fluctuating a community there should be no appointed master of the ceremonies, an official much needed.

Pleasant it is in a clear summer morning to sit in the open corridor of this building and watch the evolutions of the fleet. Now a bevy of ships bends to the breeze and makes out to sea; now an experimental vessel flits by, and now some majestic war-steamer sweeps into the wide waters with thunder from her guns; and the batteries answer her salute,

"As it roars along the shore;"

And—again all is silent, peaceful, and serene.

It was at Spithead the Royal George went down one bright day in August 1782; even as she lay calm and stately among some thirty or forty sail of the line and two or three hundred merchant vessels! Thus it happened:—

The carpenter first discovered that the pipe which admitted the water to cleanse the ship was out of repair, and that, in order to replace it with a new one, it would be necessary to heel her over, so that the pipe might be quite raised out of the water. This was effected by running out the guns on the larboard side, and drawing in those on the starboard-midships.

At nine o'clock, just as the crew had done breakfast, a lighter of fifty tons came to the low side of the ship with rum, which being stowed away on the same side, so great a weight of water rushed into the hold that the carpenter at once perceived her peril.

Alas! he who was at the moment in charge of the ship, the lieutenant of the watch, was a violent and self-opinionated man; and when the carpenter went to tell him of the danger, the officer told him that if he thought he could manage the vessel better than himself, he had better take the command.

Again the carpenter begged that the ship might be righted, and this time the officer turned from him with an oath!

Meanwhile the men in a boat alongside the Royal George, employed in repairing the mischief done to the pipes, called out several times, "Avast heaving, she is high enough," little dreaming of the real state of things; but suddenly the lieutenant of the watch became aware of the perilous situation of the ship, and wanting that presence of mind so necessary in cases of emergency, had the drum beat "to right ship," and the men instantly ran to their guns for that purpose.

"At this fatal moment," says the narrative before me, "there were nearly twelve hundred people on board, including two hundred and fifty women and children, who had been permitted to remain on board the ship until the order arrived for her sailing."

We may well imagine that among such a class, at such a time, there was no thought of danger: doubtless all were carousing and heedless of the future, totally unprepared for death, which thus came suddenly, even "as a thief in the night."

The ship fell on her beam ends; then her state, too terrible to remedy, became visible to the whole fleet; guns of distress were fired by the surrounding ships, and the men-of-war's boats put off to render what assistance they could; ere they could reach the Royal George she had sunk to the bottom, and they could only rescue those who were swimming in the surging waters and clinging to the masts and rigging. Only seventy out of the mass were thus rescued; among them was a poor little child, who was saved by hanging on to the fleece of a sheep, which swam with the boy, till a gentleman in a wherry picked them up. The child's father and mother were both drowned, and all that he knew of himself was that his name was "Jack." So the gentleman had his protégé christened "John Lamb," and provided for him for life.

In the narrative from which I have gathered this account, and which may be bought at Portsmouth, is an interesting memorandum of the manner in which the Royal George was, to a certain extent, dislodged from a position dangerous to passing vessels, in 1839. The work is bound in the wood gathered from the wreck.

We had once an opportunity of witnessing some modern military operations at Southsea, which, from their novelty, especially in times of peace, quite startled the public, and brought thousands from London to "assist," as the French say, at the fête.

In the summer of 1849, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, Governor of Portsmouth and General Commanding the Garrison, gave a splendid entertainment to H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, and her daughter the Hereditary Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz. So striking a scene as a night siege, for such was the spectacle, left an impression on those who witnessed it that will never be forgotten.

The operations began by a chain of sentries being thrown out from the picquets of the 77th regiment on the coast; these, on being attacked, retired to King William's Gate, and were supposed to raise the draw-bridge, the enemy rushing after them, but prevented from overtaking them in consequence of the artillery opening their guns upon them.

Although military details are out of place in the 'Home Friend,' which is intended for fireside reading in hours of relaxation and repose, we cannot resist offering a slight description of what we witnessed, and which was the more delightful to the generality of visitors, because, despite its "pomp and circumstance," it was but "playing at soldiers."

At eight o'clock, the ramparts being manned by the 4th King's Own regiment, the 91st, the Royal Marine Artillery, and the Sappers and Miners, the signal was heard for commencing operations. The evening was perfectly still; not a cloud veiled the heavens, and so breathless was the silence till this moment, that every footstep hurrying from the streets to the fortifications could be distinctly heard. As the signal-gun boomed its solemn warning, the sharp tap of the drum was heard, and the drums and fifes beat the stirring quick-step of "le General" round the ramparts. The picquets in the distance then commenced firing; the besieged, in retreating, answering the enemy's shots briskly; but when the retiring party rushed into the gates, leaving the moat between them and the foe, the scene on the ramparts was terrifically grand. Every musket

poured forth flame; the artillery stood to their guns and blazed out their mimic wrath; and at every bastion, torches, held aloft by the soldiers, illuminated the crowded space of friends, foes, and spectators; while seawards the gunboats of the imaginary enemy lit up the waters and the shipping with their parting salutations.

By ten o'clock the town was supposed to have been delivered from its invaders; in a word, this grand military display was over, and again silence profound fell upon the ramparts from which the guns had thundered. The fête was concluded by a brilliant ball given to his royal guests by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, whose removal from Portsmouth to an important command in India is sincerely regretted by the inhabitants.

Those who have not visited Southsea for three years or thereabouts will be much struck with its present improved and extended appearance. Villas of all descriptions stretch along the eastward shore, and our watering-place architects may learn a graceful lesson from the taste displayed in the style of these buildings. The noble church of St. Jude, by Mr. Owen, of Dover Court, which is well filled even in the winter season, testifies to the increased importance of Southsea as a residence.\*

In the centre of those pretty dwellings, which will ere long change what was once a straggling hamlet into an elegant town, rises a structure in the best style of Old English architecture. This is one of those model lodgings for housing the poor at a cheap rate, which, under a system introduced, we believe, by H.R.H. Prince Albert, illustrates the value of that practical benevolence which, while it helps the indigent, teaches them also how they may help themselves.

The plan of this lodging-house, built by Mr. Owen, appears so admirably adapted for comfort, convenience, good order, and health, that I claim the privilege of describing it in a few words.

The *Friary*, as the building is called, contains twenty-four separate dwellings, each dwelling consisting of a sitting, or "living-room," and two or three bed-rooms, scullery and sink, with water laid on from a cistern: by an excellent plan, the bed-rooms are entered separately from the living-room.

Each living-room has its commodious fire-range and oven, a roomy closet, and, below the latter, a coal-hole. These suites of apartments are entered from a common corridor, so built as to protect the inmates from the outer air, which, in winter, makes the domiciles of the poor so bitterly cold, in consequence of their dwellings usually opening immediately upon the street: the corridor, with an airy flight of stone steps leading to the upper lodgings, is lit with gas.

Annexed to the dwelling is a wash-house, in common with washing-trays, copper boilers, and a pump to draw rain-water from a tank. Near this are small lock-up houses for tools or lumber; these are let separately.

At the back of the building is the drying-ground; the fronts, when aided by nature, will present a very pretty façade; for an arched corridor, connecting the gables, will, before long, be ornamented with creeping shrubs and ivy, and form a pleasant retreat for the older inmates, who may sit here in summer-time and while away the long twilight—the discharged soldier, by telling of his battles long since fought, the weary sailor, with

\* We deem it but fair to caution the visitor as to his dealings with that class of people who live by letting lodgings. Let all arrangements with such people be made in writing, unless he would become the victim of rapacity and bad faith.

many a long yarn of "perils on the deep;" for the model lodging-house is open to all who can pay the moderate rent of three shillings or three and sixpence a-week; and as it is fitted up with careful attention to convenience and comfort, the laundress, the needlewoman, or mechanic, may here carry on their occupation in peace, undisturbed by those brawls which in our crowded and unhealthy suburbs disturb the repose of quiet industrious families. No idler, no brawler, can live here; none but the respectable classes are admitted within these snug walls.

But what adds to the comfort of this establishment is that an excellent reading-room is in progress. Opposite to the dwelling-house is the school for boys and girls, who are of course instructed separately. Hitherto the little pupils have been received at the rate of one penny per week, but another arrangement is about to be made; by which the parents of the pupils will pay for their children's education according to their means.

I had forgotten to say that the rent paid includes all rates and taxes.

As a speculation, this property is too well built and finished to pay *well*; still the houses let readily, and a fair interest for capital is thus obtained.

When we look at the unwholesome lanes and courts in which the miserable wives of the soldiers of the garrison are paying almost equal rent for one room, one longs for the time when this humane system may extend itself: there will thus be no want of means to pay the few extra *pence* demanded for airy, well-papered, boarded rooms, when, surrounded by the simple comforts and necessaries of life, the hard-working laundress or needlewoman will find it comparatively easy to carry on her business. Now, pressed for room, sickly from bad air, and confused with the din surrounding her, the poor creature can ill fulfil even the necessary duties of life, and many a hard word falls upon her husband, and finally on her, for scorched linen, discoloured towels, or unmended socks; when, if those who lectured, could but see the *dens* in which such work is done, they would readily agree with the old saying, that "one-half the world does not dream of how the other half lives."

My reader must pardon this digression; but if it be a lady who ponders over the page, it may not be uninteresting to her to learn that the pleasures of the seaside here may be enhanced by communion with the poorer classes in the neighbourhood. All these improvements, these schools—provided the education afforded by them be simply useful—these reading-rooms, and this consideration for the comforts and health of the working population, are the means of bringing the upper and humbler classes together, in a way which cannot fail eventually to establish a happy understanding between both. Some may say "no;" but these are the selfish, the idle, or the vicious.

This reference to circumstances by which all classes are brought together by good influence or mere impulse, reminds us of a scene presented on Southsea Common so lately as the 11th of April. Perhaps some of our readers may remember that this day was as brilliant as any in the early days of summer. The waters of the Solent sea lay calm and bright in the morning sun, and, on the opposite coast, Ryde looked more exquisite than ever in her veiled beauty; while between the fortified shore of "ancient Portesmouth" and the green slopes of the Isle of Wight, numerous pleasure-barges spread their canvas to the southern breeze, and careered their airy way between the solemn ships of war anchored at Spithead. It was a sweet panorama, as still as a picture, when, lo! the clanging trumpet and the stirring drum announced the advance of troops, and in a few minutes the glittering files debouched upon the Common

from the gates of the old town, while others pursued their "winding-way" along the line of terraces; by-and-by they were spread over the ground in gallant array for morning drill. The two regiments were strong contrasts in costume: the 38th, in their closely-fitting garb and compact equipment; the 93rd—those "kilted warriors"—presenting the idea of the Roman soldiers who once guarded the rugged fortresses of our coasts. Meanwhile we saw nothing unusual in the hurrying of various groups of strollers to the drill-ground, till the concourse assembled induced us to lift our window and look forth, when the sight of a majestic ship steaming quietly out of the harbour, explained the cause of the crowd. It was the great screw-steamer, the "Duke of Wellington," bound for her first trial of skill and speed.\* Suddenly a movement took place among the troops, the kilted men ceased their evolutions for a time, and, without quitting their ranks, watched the progress of the mammoth vessel in grave silence; but the 38th, at the word of command, and to the great delight of the spectators, piled arms, and then, with all the enthusiasm of soldiers and the joyous hilarity of schoolboys, dashed onward to the front, and viewed the noble exhibition from the Clarence Esplanade. So soon as the "Great Duke" had glided out into the open waters, a few notes from a bugle recalled the troops to their position; the 93rd resumed their drill, and the 38th fell steadily into their ranks and once more shouldered arms.

In an hour afterwards, the great ship had rounded Fort Monckton, and was lost to our sight; the throng of spectators had left the Common, and the far-off wail of retreating Highland pipes swept across the green ramparts from the distant barracks of Portsea.

We had watched this scene in silence, and, as we closed the window on it, an involuntary sentiment filled our soul with awe, as we thought how the heart of that great multitude had been stirred by one grand impulse and emotion at the mere name of Wellington. Oh, that men in their deeds of this world would duly and deeply ponder on the influence their names may have on after ages!

Should the flat scenery or open downs of Southsea tire the visitor with the monotony of their aspect, a complete change may be effected by "excursing" in the neighbourhood. Pleasant walks in shady lanes may be gained by crossing the harbour in the floating bridge. Landing at Gosport, which in the time of Henry VIII. was a fishing hamlet, you are soon on the open road to the pretty village of Alverstoke, close to which is the watering-place of Anglesey. In Alverstoke church is a monument to the officers of that ill-starred regiment the 44th, which was cut up in India. Over the sorrowful record floats the ragged colour which was rescued in the fray; the other, the Queen's colour, was torn from its staff by a sergeant, who perished in the field with this badge of honour secured in his breast.

Again, should the visitor be fatigued with the glare and bustle of the Clarence Esplanade, he may, within an hour, exchange it for the repose of "the island." On landing at Ryde, from the Portsmouth steamer, a carriage may be hired at once, and you are soon mounting the hills under the shadow of superb trees, and shrouded in the deep solitude of a beautiful country.

The adjoining town of Portsmouth and the Island of Portsea, with its magnificent dockyard, claim a distinct notice from Southsea; and it is not irrelevant, we think, to observe, that one of the advantages of this agreeable

\* Report says her powers exceeded expectation, as she made easily ten knots an hour.

watering-place is its proximity to localities fraught, not only with the interest attached to ancient associations, but replete with amusement and instruction to persons of all ages, sexes, and profession.

We propose then, reader, to meet again, "an you will," in the very High Street of Portsmouth, thence to explore many a highway and byway little thought of by the common-place loungee at the seaside. Many a quaint old picture is spread before us of "God's house," and "St. Thomas's Church," when its tower was the only Pharos of the place, and the old market-house, and of the dwelling whose threshold was desecrated by the blood of the murdered Buckingham. In a word, we have in our Hampshire researches gathered so many interesting "notes on Portsmouth," that we deem them quite worthy of filling a separate chapter.

ADVENTURES IN THE WYNARD JUNGLE.—No. III.



WHILST dwelling on such subjects, we may be permitted to advert to an adventure which occurred to our own party, and the consequences of which had wellnigh proved fatal to one of us, the late lamented Mr. Anstruther, of the Madras civil service. Mr. C— had been for some years stationed at Bellary, but having been promoted to the post of Zillah judge at Tellicherry, amongst others who accompanied him to the scene of his new avocations was ourselves. All our party, with the exception of poor C— himself, travelled in palanquins; he preferred riding, and had just made an acquisition to his stud in the purchase of a very valuable young horse, and this horse was the means of saving his life. We started from St. Thomas's Mount, then the head-quarters of the Madras Artillery, and



travelled by easy stages for the greater convenience of the ladies of the party, as also to enable C— not to overwork his really beautiful horse. The procession of palanquins was very extensive, as we mustered strong, and each separate palanquin had twelve bearers and one torch-bearer: besides these, we had our Coolies carrying light articles of wardrobe for immediate use, and sundry dishes and plates and bread and biscuit, and many other indispensable necessaries and comforts; and the whole baggage train of bullock-carts with the heavy luggage, and the servants and their wives and little children; the “tonnycatchers,” and the amas and the ayahs; the maty and the massalgee, the chokera and the hookey-bada; and the godawallas and the peons, and, by no means the least important personage of our train, the “cook.” And then there was the carriage, all wrapped in straw and canvas, and drawn by two meagre-looking hacks hired for the express purpose, and under the guidance of the faithful old coachman, who had been upwards of half a century coachman in our family (and who never means to die, being a pensioner on the bounty of one member of our family up to this very day), whose only fault was getting tipsy every pay-day, with an additional spree on birthdays and gala-days, when he would persist in beating his poor old wife, the affectionate partner of his sorrows and his joys, through we don’t know how many long years! On the whole we made a formidable array; and the old invalid seapoys stationed at the different bungalows *en route* hailed our advent with acclamations of delight, for they earn a few fanams, poor old fellows! in supplying such travellers as halt at the bungalows under their respective charge, with fowls, fruit, milk, &c. Things went on smoothly and pleasantly enough for some time. We used to be called up at three o’clock in the morning (pitch dark except when the moon favoured us with her company), had coffee, and made a start, arriving at the next station before the sun began to wax uncomfortably warm. C— rode and smoked till daylight, and then his dogs (and we had a goodly number with us) gave him pleasant occupation in coursing after hares, or starting coveys of partridges and other game. During the heat of the day we seldom ventured out of the bungalows; as for ourselves we found ample amusement in conning over the pretty little books which formed the library of some of these Government rest-houses, or in setting traps to catch some of the innumerable little avidivats that kept up an unceasing chirruping throughout the day. Two o’clock we had dinner—fowls stewed with onions and curry and rice, *ad libitum*: the cook could never be induced to change our dishes or vary the manner of dressing the fowls. Good appetites, however, waited on excellent digestions; and though ashamed to look a fowl in the face for many months after our arrival at Tellicherry, we never said nay to one whilst *en route*. Nobody waited upon us at table; the servants took their meals whilst we were at dinner, and immediately afterwards set to work packing and reloading the bullock-carts. They usually had the start of us an hour, and we ourselves set out again at 4 P.M., when the intense heat of the day was past. Thus we travelled on from day to day, and from stage to stage. Coonatoor, Balchitty’s Choultry, Strepermatoor, and Rajah’s Choultry, the four first stages after leaving St. Thomas’s Mount, are still familiar to our mind’s eye. We remember every room in the bungalows, the nice row of trees near Coonatoor, the tank at Rajah’s Choultry, and the miserable verses scribbled on the walls by idlers at Strepermatoor; then Saltgur, so celebrated in the Madras Presidency for its extensive and delicious orange gardens, and not less noted for its mischievous monkeys; the Nackenary Ghaut, Bangalore, Seringapatam, all

these we successively arrived at and passed. At last the precincts of the dreaded Wynard were entered, and the first bungalow we halted at was wretchedly old and dilapidated (for the new line of stations had not yet extended there); the rooms were full of scorpions and other horrors, and the place was strewn with the bodies of miserable dogs, whose attenuated carcasses spoke of famine and want. We preferred risking the jungle fever to this, and slept under some trees in our palanquins. If we remember right, the name of the place was Covery Pork, or some other swinish name, with which the nature of the place was in perfect harmony. There commenced those troubles and inconveniences which, with small interruption, we experienced till our arrival at Tellicherry.

The very next morning a favourite little spaniel, Gipsy by name, that used usually to jump in and out of our palanquins, as inclination led her to seek for exercise or repose, was suddenly whipped up whilst trotting on in front of C—'s horse, by some species of small panther or leopard. C— immediately gave chase with his dogs in full cry, and the poor groom, who was on foot and carried C—'s fowling-piece, ran after him as fast as his legs would carry him, fearing to be left alone in so dangerous a neighbourhood. We, who were a little way ahead, and were wholly unconscious of what had transpired, arrived in due time at the next station, somewhere about nine o'clock in the morning. The non-appearance of C— at first excited no alarm, as he was often half an hour in the rear; but when an hour and two hours passed without any intelligence of him, then our anxiety was great indeed, and natives of the village were despatched in every direction with tomtoms and trumpets to attract the attention of the missing one. It was half-past four in the afternoon before our fears were allayed by the arrival of poor C—, fatigued and jaded, and much agitated by the occurrences of the morning; as for his horse, it was quite unfit for service for two good days, and we had to abide during that period at a very miserable bungalow. Mr. C— related his adventure in a few words: he had not pursued the leopard more than a couple of hundred yards, when he gave up the chase as useless, and returned to the high road, regretting deeply the loss of his favourite little spaniel. Now all the time that we were in the jungle, we had guides to accompany us from village to village, owing to the several by-paths that led into the very thickest and most dangerous haunts of wild elephants and tigers; but C— used generally to track our route by the marks of the carriage and bullock-cart wheels. This eventful morning he came to a part of the jungle where the road branched off in two opposite directions; and sadly was he perplexed on finding that both bore the fresh imprint of feet and the fresh ruts made by carriage-wheels. Hesitating which route to pursue, he left it to the sagacity of his horse, who, unfortunately, on this occasion was at fault, and chose the wrong pathway. Poor C—, confident that he was following in our wake, jogged quietly along, followed by his dogs and the groom carrying his fowling-piece. He had not, however, proceeded very far, when suddenly they emerged into a large, open space, in which from twenty to thirty elephants were feeding, tearing large branches off the trees, and demolishing the leaves in an incredibly short space of time.

Scarcely had C— become aware of the perilous situation he was placed in, than he was observed by one of the herd, who instantly gave notice to the others by a loud blast of his trumpet. Now the mettle of the horse was put to the test! C— vainly endeavoured to turn his head and fly by the same road that he came: this, luckily, the horse resisted (for he would have been inevitably overtaken, and crushed to death before he could have

reached a place of refuge, or met with any assistance), and the noble animal, with elated nostrils and tail erect in the air, stood his ground firmly for a moment, staring his huge opponents full in the face, as though doubting what course to pursue, and then, grasping the bit firmly in his teeth, dashed with a lightning speed right through the very centre of them all, followed by all the dogs. This act, for the moment, startled the elephants not a little, who fled in every direction, making way for the horse and his rider. But the panic was of short endurance: no sooner had the horse gained the opposite pathway and disappeared in the thicket, than the whole herd gave chase after him, and some of the old and cunning ones, that seemed familiar with every inch of ground, were actually taking short cuts through the jungle, and very nearly cut off the horse's retreat. But a stern chase is a long chase, and the horse was worthy of his high Arab breed; few racers could have beat him in the swiftness of that day, for he ran for his own life, and full well knew the danger. Gradually the number of elephants that were in pursuit began to diminish, and poor C—, who gained hope and courage as the distance between them grew greater and greater, found, to his comfort, that there were only two that persisted in the chase, and these two continued following him till he happily came in sight of a large company of woodcutters, who were felling timber for the construction of vessels at Cochin, and who had several bullock-carts with them, the ruts made by the wheels of which C— had mistaken for those of his own baggage-carts. The woodcutters paid him every attention, and insisted upon his partaking of their humble but excellent curry, whilst the horse was fed and taken care of, and the dogs were not neglected. It was not till after mid-day that their waggons were loaded, and then, under their escort, he returned the same way he had gone, till they came to the part where he had mistaken the turning, and there, taking one man as guide from them, he rejoined us in safety, though sadly fatigued and agitated. On their return they fell in with the groom, who was perched upon the branch of a tree, where he had taken refuge at the very first moment he discovered his danger, having thrown the fowling-piece away to facilitate him in climbing up as fast as he could. He had remained on the tree from the morning till the late hour at which they found him, half dead with fright, and not daring to descend, though famishing with hunger and parched with thirst. He also had not been without his adventures; for no sooner was he safely lodged in the upper branches of the tree, than, to his horror, he observed one of the elephants that had given up the chase, single out the very tree that he had climbed, and the brute began to encompass it with its trunk in a very unpleasant manner, and one that made the poor man's blood run cold in his veins; for he was aware that elephants occasionally rooted up immense trees, with as much facility as he would an onion; and what made his heart quake the more was, that the elephant every now and then retreated a few paces, and then peered up with his little eye, as much as to say "Ah! I'll have you down, my boy, in a very short time;" and it would then return and put its trunk round either a little higher or a little lower down, as though he were feeling for a place where he could get the firmest hold. Luckily the inquisitive eye of the elephant happened to alight on the fowling-piece, which the groom had dropped at the foot of the tree, both barrels of which were loaded; and seizing it with all the eagerness that a child would display in snatching up a new toy, the elephant coolly and deliberately examined it, and then flung it a prodigious height up in the air, watching with great apparent curiosity the evolutions it performed before reaching the earth. At length it reached the ground,

and fell within a few yards of the elephant ; but so great was the shock, that not only was the stock shattered to pieces, but both barrels went off of themselves instantaneously, to the infinite alarm of the elephant, who wheeled round and galloped off into the jungle at full speed, followed by such of his companions as had witnessed his discomfiture. Three days after this event we halted at Manintoddy, and were guests of the hospitable subaltern then stationed there.

With all the advantages of studying and acquiring much valuable information by research amongst the many hidden rarities of the jungle, hidden even in some cases from the light of day, it must be confessed that the life of the young officer stationed at Manintoddy, however accomplished he may be, must at times, and certain hours of the day, be extremely dull and monotonous. So long as daylight lasts, there is no want of occupation for the mind, and good healthy exercise for the body,—the garden, the gun, the horse, even angling (for fish are abundant in the streams), the pencil, the paint-brush, an immense field for the study of nature in all its different branches of science ; and, when weary of these, the farmyard and domestic economy. But dusk arrives, and dark night follows, and the solitary sub retires into his solitary house, and has his solitary cup of tea, and then he is at an utter loss what to do, or how to pass the time away till welcome sleep steals over his senses, and bedtime arrives. Read, he cannot, for the glare of his candle attracts swarms of mosquitoes and sand-flies ; and huge moths, and innumerable insects buzz around his bewildered head, ever and anon flapping their wings against the dubious light which they all but extinguish. If the night be serene, and the heavens decked out with their countless stars, then his only solace is to sit in his cool verandah, with legs *à la* Indian, resting upon another chair, inhaling the fragrant smoke of a mild Trichinopoly cheroot, and meditating sometimes on the past, and often endeavouring to penetrate into the future. Thoughts fly, with an arrow's swiftness, far across the fathomless ocean, to the home of his childhood, and fancy conjures up vividly the many loved faces once so familiar to his eyes, and imagination whispers the long-forgotten sound of their voices in his ears. Some of these he is destined never to see or hear on earth again, for they are gone where the weary are at rest ; others he hopes, ardently hopes, to meet : and this train of thought leads him to meditate on Him with whom alone rests the power of accomplishing his hopes and wishes, and the thought leads to contrition, and contrition to prayer—at least, if it does not, it ought so to do ; and the greater mass of officers proceeding to India of later years are young men who have received sound moral education—God be praised for it!—and a vast change has taken place during the last half-century. But these placid moments of meditation are, I fear, not often indulged in ; the heart of man is too prone to cherish ideas and wishes most subservient to the gratification of present hopes and pleasures, and more especially a young officer who has a brilliant career before him. Hence we must imagine our sub no astronomer, and not addicted to star-gazing ; his age somewhere about twenty-two, his years of service four ; his expectations very large, his present income limited ; he has been promoted to his lieutenantancy some few months, and is in all the enjoyment of his newly-attained rank, but the mosquitoes have no more respect for him now than they had when he was a simple cadet, and his last resource is a cigar and a little brandy and water, just enough to keep the bad effects of the night air off. He puffs, and sips, and thinks alternately ; first that the cigar is a capital one, then that the brandy and water is by no means bad, and finally that he himself

is upon the whole a very pleasant, good kind of a fellow. And having arrived at this happy conclusion, he falls back in his chair, and meditates on the future. He must get married soon, for it is a bore to be a bachelor, and the noisy evenings at mess are becoming quite a nuisance, to say nothing of the expense; then he wonders whether old Scroggs, the senior captain, who has gone home on sick certificate, will ever reach England; and if Riott, who is fourth on the list of lieutenants, and has something the matter with his liver, will be obliged to invalid; and whether Wishgold, who is just above him in the list, will come in for the fortune he expects and retire; and so, by degrees, and step by step, he finds himself captain, and ultimately major, when he fully intends to retire on half-pay. By this time he is half asleep, and the cigar drops from his mouth, and he drops off into a sound slumber, interrupted only by the pleasantest dreams, in which cocked-hats and spurs and feathers and epaulettes figure conspicuously. Suddenly he starts up in the utmost trepidation, thinking he is with his regiment, and the second bugle has sounded for parade. He rubs his eyes and stares wildly around him, till objects grow familiar, and then the jingling sound of the tappal (post) runners, as the iron rings on the long poles, attached to which they carry the letter-bags, clashing against one another, announces the near approach of the Madras and Bangalore post, and the sub is all impatience till the letter-bag is opened; one letter to his address, in an unknown hand, he tears open in eager anxiety, and as speedily throws it from him in utter disgust. It is only a hint from Schneider, the military tailor at Madras, who complains of the badness of the times, and hopes no offence may be taken at him for enclosing a little memorandum. "Three hundred and thirty-five rupees!" exclaims the indignant son of Mars; "why that's more than a month's pay, with full battu allowance! The man must be out of his senses if he thinks that I can pay him;" and with this exclamation the grieved and offended sub betakes himself to bed, the chances being that the unhappy tailor would be much more likely to go out of his senses did he think his case a hopeless one.

In so out-of-the-world a place as Manintoddy, dress becomes a matter of secondary consideration, and comfort displaces fashion; the subaltern is seldom overburdened with clothes; shirt sleeves and thin drawers which encase the feet so as to protect them from the stings of mosquitoes, with the addition of a preposterously wide-brimmed straw hat, constitute his every-day attire; he only dons his uniform on the arrival of travellers, or when he visits the hospital, or inspects the sepoy's lines, or when he takes a ride on his tatoo, a species of India pony. His every-day dress would create quite a sensation at a masquerade, as it has occasionally done amongst parties of travellers who have sometimes caught him wholly occupied in the innocent amusement of weeding his flower-garden, or bottling specimens of snakes in the strongest imaginable arrak. On such occasions he has nothing left but ignominious flight; a race ensues between the palanquin-bearers and himself, in which the subaltern comes off second best, having lost his slippers at the very outset, and seriously damaged the soles of his feet with thorns and sharp-pointed pebbles. Were the whole distance intervening betwixt himself and his bungalow paved with red-hot bricks, it would make no difference to him, for he has just caught sight of a lady in one of the palanquins, and nothing mortal could stop him in his hasty flight; he reaches his room and bangs the door to. The travellers are conducted by his servants into the apartments always kept ready for such occasions. The subaltern and his chokera are busily employed about the

toilet, and the former stops every now and then in the process of dressing, to order something additional for dinner. Meanwhile the new arrivals are also decorating: the last few drops from the last bottle of eau de Cologne scent the lieutenant's new China handkerchief, just as the servant enters with a small three-cornered note and plenty of salams. The former is read, and the latter returned with the addition of a neatly-engraved card, "Lieut. Cecil C. Simpleton," with a small "Madras Army" in the corner; and immediately after the gallant subaltern, all bows and smiles, marches into the awful presence of the first judge of the Court of "Sudder Foujdaree Adawlet," a man, the scratch of whose pen has hung more natives than the lieutenant has hairs in his whiskers. The great man presents his still greater lady and his two dignified daughters; the ice is broken, conversation ensues, news and the dinner are duly discussed, the ladies retire for a nap, the old judge and his young companion contemplate nature through a heavy atmosphere, for the day is hot and that last bottle of port was amazingly strong. Four o'clock arrives, the sun is in the west, the travellers in their palanquins, and the solitary subaltern in a deep brown study, which is suddenly interrupted by the startling exclamation, "I don't care a straw, accepted or snubbed I will apply for leave to the hills, and stick up to that lovely Louisa. Let me see! was her name Louisa though?" And not being quite certain, he turns in for a short nap, just to refresh his memory.

Of late years, Mr. Baber, the son of a late Madras civilian, established himself at Manintoddy for the purpose of introducing the coffee-plant into that district: he purchased a very extensive tract of ground, which was soon disencumbered of trees and planted with coffee. Mr. Baber had built himself a very pretty little villa. The last account we heard was that the coffee succeeded admirably, and doubtless others will soon settle there, which will be quite a boon to the officer commanding the detachment. Manintoddy produces very fine cardamoms; indigo will also grow, and we believe a species of wild clove flourishes in the jungle, where also we have little doubt but that many other valuable plants and herbs, heretofore as unknown as the gutta percha was a few years since, must abound; and the botanist who could set wild beasts and the fever at defiance, would, if he survived his researches, add much to the store of learning. The same may be said with regard to the animal kingdom, and birds, butterflies, moths, and insects. We ourselves have caught glimpses of birds and butterflies whilst passing through the jungle, such as we have never met with or read of, or seen in any collection, dead or living. Yes—

“ There is still a mighty space  
 Of yet untrodden ground,  
 Of men full many an unknown race,  
 That on the earth abound.  
 Europe for wisdom rules the sway,  
 And yet, with all her arts,  
 The learning of the present day  
 Has still uneven parts.  
 History wants full many a page, and  
 Geography wants more,  
 There's many a people, many a land,  
 Of rivers many a score,  
 In Africa, as elsewhere too,  
 Unknown, unheard of still,  
 And many a lake of water blue,  
 And many a nameless hill.

"And so it is with all the rest,  
 Beasts, fishes, plants, and trees,  
 The insects that the earth infest,  
 And flowers that scent the breeze.  
 There's many and many that live and grow,  
 And die, and fade unknown,  
 Where silent waters silent flow,  
 And forests wild have grown.  
 So man with all his wonted pride,  
 Whose learning praise would earn,  
 May in a nut his wisdom hide,  
 Nor scorn to live and learn."

Leaving the jungle, we at last reach the sea-coast, and, passing through the large and much-frequented cantonment of Cananore, arrive at Tellicherry.

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HOME TALES.—No. X.

MRS. ELWOOD; OR, LOOK TO THE END.

"It's of no use talking—I shall never be happy again; never, never!" and a shriek followed the passionate exclamation. "Pray don't take on in this way," said a middle-aged woman, who was acting the part of a comforter to the almost frantic female who had uttered the above words. "Try to compose yourself. Think who sends us sorrows, and for what end. Be like yourself, be reasonable." "Reasonable!" cried she, in a piercing tone, "who, Mrs. Willis, talks of reason to a poor distracted mother like me! didn't I see my darling go out of this house as well and as happy as a child could be, and didn't I see him in another minute brought in, crushed by a waggon that had run over him—dead! dead!" and the little dwelling rang with the words. "Mary!" said a sad and almost reproachful voice: it was her husband's; the poor man was sitting at a distance beside a child's cot, one arm resting on the top of it and forming a support for his head, while his eyes were bent on the lifeless form that lay stretched within. He was the very picture of deep but silent woe. Sometimes he held the handkerchief, which was in his right hand, to his own eyes, to wipe away the tears that blinded him; sometimes to wipe off the bloody water that yet oozed from the fractured skull of his child. His wife took no heed of him; she sat wringing her hands, writhing her body to and fro, and every now and then bursting forth into fresh screams or exclamations, as a thought of more peculiar pain presented itself to her mind. Again Mrs. Willis spoke: "Oh! look beyond the present! look to the end. All is done in wisdom and mercy, if we could but see it. Be patient, be resigned, it is the will of God." "Don't talk of patience to me!" cried she, sharply; "I can't be resigned—nobody but a mother can understand a mother's feeling." "I have been the mother of many children," returned Mrs. Willis, with a sigh; "and have known too, what it is to lose them." "But you never had one killed, as I have," screamed she. "Hush! hush! Mrs. Elwood," said the good woman; "see how you grieve your poor husband; have a little feeling for him." "I can't! I can't!" cried she; "I can feel only for myself. O Harry! Harry! that ever I should have let you go into the street. I have been the cause of his death; I have—I have!" and a shriek followed, that again made the house echo.

Elwood rose slowly, drew the cloth over the face of the corpse,

and walked out of the door. The heart of his kind neighbour ached for him; and once more she urged on his wife the propriety of checking her sorrow, and the duty which should lead her to comfort and share her husband's distress, and not thus add to its sharpness. For some time she reasoned in vain. At length Mrs. Elwood threw her apron over her head, and though she continued to rock herself violently, she was otherwise quiet.

Mrs. Willis now rose as still as possible, and went into the yard in search of Elwood. He was hanging over the rails that separated his premises from her own, his head resting on his arms, and so deep in thought or in woe, that he did not hear her step behind him. "Elwood!" said she, gently laying her hand on his shoulder. He started, and the poor woman, struck with the calm, deep anguish, that marked his features, burst into tears. They were tears, however, that soothed rather than irritated the mourner, for in a few seconds he himself wept freely. "Thank God!" said he, "this has relieved me; I thought my heart was breaking!" he sighed, but it was without effort. "Oh, Mrs. Willis, if my poor wife could but learn to command herself, and conquer that impatience which makes us both unhappy many ways. She is a good and careful wife, and I believe loves me truly; but her temper, when most we need mutual kindness and support, is of itself misery. She can never bear to be thwarted, she must have her own way, and that way at the very moment she thinks of it. No matter what she is about—eating, drinking, working—she must do so much in such a time, and finish at such a moment; whatever interferes with her in any of these is unhappiness to her, discomfort to me. She can restrain herself in nothing; and you will see, that till she has worn herself out by her violence, there will be no peace for any one. She'll get right again after a while, and her spirits will return; but then comes the time for me to suffer most. I cannot now share her violence, and she cannot comfort me when grief will be fresh in my mind, though the green sods of forgetfulness will have covered the memory of my poor child in hers." "I am sorry and surprised too at what you tell me," said Mrs. Willis, "for no one knows her duty better, or has been brought up more carefully than she." "Religion is a thing of the heart more than of the head," said he, gravely; "it takes a good while to make instruction bear upon practice. It is the way of us all, I fear, to set religion by itself for certain days and seasons, and not to carry it out in every day's practice. My Mary is too apt to look on it as the garment that covers her, and not as the life-blood that should warm the whole frame. She sees no sin in this impatience, and my words go for nothing. She will charge, and has already charged God, with unkindness in this blow; and, hardly aware of what she is saying, reflects on the goodness and wisdom of her Maker in a way that would distress her, as much as it does me, if she could hear herself."

At this moment a loud sob made them turn their eyes hastily to the door, at the entrance of which stood Mrs. Elwood. "Don't leave me," cried she; "if a husband don't comfort me at such a time, who will?"

Elwood entered the house at once, followed her to her seat, and placed a chair beside her, while Mrs. Willis stood at a little distance. "What could that poor child have done?" said Mrs. Elwood, "that



he should be taken away so soon, and in such a dreadful manner? everybody that saw him loved him, he was so good and so pretty." "Might not God, through a feeling of love, too, have called him to Himself?" returned Elwood, as if half afraid of what he was saying. "It could not have been for correction of him, poor child! but might it not be for correction of ourselves?" "Why, what have I done to require such dreadful correction?" said she; "what duty have I neglected?" Elwood took no notice, and with a firmer voice continued, "Perhaps it was sent to teach us submission to God's holy will, or to make us look into ourselves; for some good, I am sure, the blow was dealt." "Oh, how I have prayed for the life of that child!" interrupted she, her thoughts straying entirely from the point to which it was her husband's aim to lead her. "He was the only one of my children that I ever prayed for by name." "They are all equally our children," said Elwood, "and all need God's protection." "But he was so good, so beautiful," cried she, "and I dare say he is beautiful even now he is dead; I have not looked at him since you laid him out, Mrs. Willis—but I will:" she sprang from her seat as she spoke. "You had better not," said Elwood, taking hold of her. She resisted his grasp. "Well then, if you will, oh! let that placid look calm you—it will speak words that no living tongue could utter, if you will listen to it." She dashed towards the cot with her usual vehemence; Elwood drew aside the cloth which was spread over the face, while Mrs. Willis kindly managed to conceal all trace of the wound.

The poor child lay, indeed, in its beauty, the awful beauty of death! his father had gathered his best flowers to strew around him, and in his hand was the rosebud for whose blooming they had watched together. The shriek that was quivering on her lip was checked; she gazed on the babe in silence, awe-struck and subdued; then, walking quietly back to her chair, she wept for some minutes naturally, in a manner to awaken the sympathy which her violence repelled. Calmness, however, was not yet restored, for, as Elwood had said, she had not exhausted herself; his own consolation, in the meantime, was to steal unperceived to the side of the corpse, or to vent his sorrows into the ear of his kind neighbour.

Elwood had dreaded the day of the funeral, not on his own account, but on his wife's; for he well knew that she would not be able to control herself. Nor was he mistaken. Instead, therefore, of deriving any comfort himself from the holy words that were read to them, his attention was so entirely engrossed by her, and his endeavours to restrain her excessive grief from the observation of others, that the service was nearly concluded before he was aware, and he felt, on his return, that he had, indeed, performed a ceremony, but a ceremony only. He had said no more of his wife than the result proved. In a few weeks, the memory of her babe had ceased to give her acute sorrow, while it yet wrung his own heart with anguish.

It was some months after the death of little Harry that Elwood came into Mrs. Willis's cottage. "I am glad you are alone," said he, "I want to speak to you." "And I to you," returned the good woman; "I am afraid you have not finished my shoes, and really I am ashamed of these." "I have not indeed," replied he, "but you must forgive me; I have had something to vex me very much." "Why, what is the matter?" asked she, looking anxiously at him.

"You shall hear," answered he, "for you know I cannot say anything to my wife; her violence will only increase my trouble and embarrass my judgment. What a thing it is to have no one to advise with in one's own house!" and he sighed deeply. "But to the point," said Mrs. Willis. "My cash-box has been robbed of ten pounds," said he in a low voice: "I found it locked, and exactly where I always keep it in my desk; but the money, the only note I had, was gone. Some one on the premises, or well acquainted with my ways, must have taken it." "And whom do you suspect?" asked she. Elwood shook his head. "I can hardly say," replied he; "it would be such a grief to us if the only person whom I can at all suspect——" "Why, you don't mean James Snell, to be sure," cried Mrs. Willis, "your own apprentice?" "He is the only person who knows anything about my concerns," replied Elwood; "but I have never had cause for a single moment to think ill of him. At all events the money is gone, and a serious loss it is to me, for I had a bill for leather to pay to-morrow. But my wife is the business; what must I do? If I tell her, we shall have such an outcry; and if I don't— Oh! if a woman knew the comfort she can be to her husband in his distress, what use her clear insight into matters might prove to him, how careful she would be not to throw away the opportunity or to waste the power to do him good, in words and lamentations that benefit neither him nor her." "Elwood," said Mrs. Willis, "I will be true with you: if your wife is to blame, so are you. Half the world have a hand-to-mouth way of living; they look to the day, and forget the morrow, and that is your method. You yield too much to her infirmity through a weakness of your own, and that for the sake of the present. Exert the authority that belongs to you, gently and tenderly as you can, but firmly, and let her see that you know what part is yours, what hers. No woman who has good sense ever values her husband the less because he maintains his own place; on the contrary, she will respect and love him the more." "Then you would have me tell my wife?" said Elwood. "To be sure I would," replied she. "I say to you as I said to her, and say to many, 'Look to the end.' Your future comfort may depend upon your exerting yourself now: it is not too late. Act wisely in this matter, and you may gain in all others the help and assistance you need."

Elwood had the good sense to follow her advice. He told his wife what had occurred. As he expected, she hardly permitted him to finish before she began to express herself in the most vehement terms. Never were persons so tried as themselves; she should certainly lose her senses; she would tax James with the fact and get the truth out of him directly, and if he did confess it, she would never trust another human being. But it was impossible; suspicion was always unjust; yet if she was forced to believe such a thing possible as James guilty, then Elwood must thank himself for it in trusting him too far, and exposing the lad to temptation: and she began to weep violently. "Mary," said Elwood steadily, "I want your assistance, not your tears or your reproaches. It is a wife's part to share her husband's troubles, and not to add to them by her impatiencē. I know my duty, and I expect you to perform yours. We have been robbed, and by one no doubt about us; what has happened once, therefore, may happen again. We must keep a strict but quiet look out, and as we have

but one interest, we must have but one plan of action and be a support to each other." Mrs. Elwood not only looked, but really felt surprised at her husband's manner: it had, however, the desired effect. No more tears were shed, and she afterwards talked rationally with him on the subject of their loss.

Some weeks elapsed, and nothing came to light respecting the robbery. It was a fine afternoon, when Mrs. Willis came to assist her neighbour in mending a bed-quilt. They were thus engaged when the children came in from school. "Mother," said the eldest little girl, Jane, "may I have a slice of the nice cake aunt brought me yesterday?" "Not now," replied Mrs. Elwood; "perhaps you may presently." "But why mayn't I have it now?" asked she; "I should like it better a great deal." "Do as I bid you," said her mother; "go and play." Jane obeyed. "That's as good a child as ever lived," said Mrs. Elwood to her neighbour, "if she was not so impatient: there's no saying her nay; she will take no denial." No more was said, for the work engrossed the attention of both, and they were very earnest in contriving a piece of linen which they found necessary to insert, when Jane again approached. "Oh do, mother, do let me have what I want; I must have my cake now." "Jane," said her mother, "I have my reasons for refusing you; it would not be good for you: recollect you were not well yesterday." Jane pouted, and again repeated the cry, "Do, mother, do." "How can you persist in asking me?" said her mother quickly, "and crying too; for shame! Must not I know what is good for you better than you can do? Why should your mother deny what is proper for you, or give you pain without good cause? Now give over crying, and this very instant too! Do you fancy you are wiser than I? Silly child! learn to trust your mother as you ought, who you know is never so happy as when she can make you happy with safety. Now be off this minute, and go play with your sisters."

What answer the child might have made, or whether Mrs. Elwood would have understood the look which her neighbour gave her, is doubtful: she certainly coloured as if she comprehended what she meant; but at that instant the shouts and the feet of numbers were heard in the street. Both women ran to the door. What a sight presented itself! Two policemen were seen forcibly leading between them James Snell, who was without his hat, his features swollen, and his cheek bloody. Mrs. Elwood closed her eyes, and shrieked aloud. "We've got him, we've got him!" shouted some one from the crowd; "here's the villain that stole your husband's money: it's all found out." Mrs. Elwood turned very faint. "What a dreadful thing!" cried she, when she had a little recovered herself. "Oh, his poor mother, how I feel for her; and she was so fond of him, and he was such a darling, beautiful child. Do you recollect, Mrs. Willis, when you and I sat up with her when he had the fever, how that poor woman prayed for the life of that child, and how she begged of us to join in the prayer? Oh, what a mercy would death have been at that time!" "Yes, poor thing," rejoined Mrs. Willis, "she, like others, thought of the present, and did not look to the end. Oh, Mrs. Elwood, if our life or our fortunes were limited to a day, perhaps we should have no need of the Divine hand to rule and arrange for us. But so it is, we consult only what seems good to us at the moment; the

Lord looks to the end of all things, and orders what befalls us with a view to our lasting happiness. How truly did you answer your little girl just now; apply the same reasoning to yourself, and say, 'If ye being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father know what to bestow on them.'" A slight noise here interrupted her, and turning her head to ascertain the cause, she saw Elwood had joined them. "Oh, Mary," said he to his wife, "that sight makes me almost thankful that"—he paused, and his colour wavered. "That you lost your dear little boy," said Mrs. Willis: "you may be truly thankful. It was only yesterday that I and Dr. Thomas were talking of him. 'Ay,' said he, 'that was a sweet child, but I saw cause for alarm that escaped you: from the make of that child's skull I apprehend mischief was going on; in all probability, had he lived, he would have been an idiot.'" The husband and wife looked at each other. "Oh, Elwood," said she, laying her head on his shoulder, "how wise, how good is God! how weak, how sinful was I. Your sorrow I did not share; oh, let us now at least be one in gratitude!"

THE THUGS; OR, SECRET MURDERERS OF INDIA.—No. II.



THUGS DIVIDING THEIR SPOIL.

To give any detailed account of the methods by which the various criminals were discovered, and evidence obtained against them, will be beyond our present purpose: the following example, which it will be best to give in the words of Capt. Sleeman, may suffice:—"When Feringea, a Thug leader of some note, for whose arrest Government paid 500 rupees, was brought to me at Saugor in December 1830;

he told me if his life were spared he could secure the arrest of several large gangs, who were, in February, to rendezvous at Jypore, and proceed into Guzerat and Candeish. Seeing me disposed to doubt his authority on a point of so much importance, he requested me to put him to the proof, to take him through the village of Selohda, which lay two stages from Saugor, on the road to Seronge, and through which I was about to pass in my tour of the district of which I had received the civil charge, and he would show me his ability and inclination to give me correct information. I did so, and my tents were pitched where tents usually are, in small mango groves. I reached them in the evening, and when I got up in the morning he pointed out three places in which he and his gang had deposited, at different intervals, the bodies of three parties of travellers. A Pundit and six attendants, murdered in 1818, lay among the ropes of my sleeping tent; a Havildar and four Sipahees, murdered in 1824, lay under my horses; and four Brahman carriers of Ganges-water, and a woman, murdered soon after the Pundit, lay within my sleeping tent. The sward had grown over the whole, and not the slightest sign of its ever having been broken was to be seen. The thing seemed to me incredible; but after examining attentively a small brick terrace close by, and the different trees around, he declared himself ready to stake his life upon the accuracy of his information. My wife was still sleeping over the grave of the water-carriers unconscious of what was doing or to be done. I assembled the people of the surrounding villages, and the Thanadar, or officer, and his police, who resided in the village of Korae close by and set them to work over the grave of the Havildar; they dug down five feet without perceiving the slightest signs of the bodies or of a grave. All the people assembled seemed delighted to think that I was become weary like themselves, and satisfied that the man was deranged. But there was a calm and quiet confidence about him that made me insist upon their going on, and at last we came upon the bodies of the whole five laid out precisely as he had described. My wife, still unconscious of my object in digging, had repaired to the breakfast tent, which was pitched at some distance from the grove, and I now had the ropes of the tent removed, and the bodies of the Pundit and his six companions, in a much greater state of decay, exhumed from about the same depth and from the exact spot pointed out. The Cauruttees were afterwards disinterred, and he offered to point out others in the neighbouring groves, but I was sick of the horrid work, and satisfied with what he had already done. The gangs which were concentrating upon Jypore were pursued, and the greater part of them taken, and Feringea's life was spared for his services."

It is not improbable that under an Eastern Government Feringea would have been tortured and then put to death after giving evidence, which would have effectually deterred any others from coming forward; indeed, nothing but their confidence in British good faith would have induced these men to confess as they did, and this may teach us the many advantages (not to speak of the obligation of duty) which result from keeping engagements even towards enemies. Had not every promise been held sacred and inviolable, it would have been hopeless to expect success in this undertaking. Indeed, few things cause greater admiration to the Hindoos than finding that they can, as a rule, depend

on the word of an Englishman, falsehood and treachery being, among themselves, the prevailing and almost universal vice. We may notice also the benefits arising from British energy and mutual co-operation. On the arrest of some of the Thugs it might happen that there was no local evidence against them, but then there was in possession of the officers a mass of depositions, descriptions of person, lists of names, and other particulars, collected from all parts of India; so that if the party arrested were really guilty, it was very unlikely that evidence would be wanting sufficient for his conviction. The native governments could never have put down the Thugs, from their want of union and a common plan of operations. If one state had roused itself they might easily have taken refuge in another; even our own system of suppressing them was seriously threatened in 1834 by the Rajah of Joudpoor, who refused to give up the Thugs who had found an asylum in his territories; but Lord William Bentinck informed him that he could not be permitted to make his country the headquarters whence these assassins might carry on their attacks against all the neighbouring states. On his still persisting, a large force was assembled to march against him, upon which he quietly submitted.

We will conclude this division of our subject by citing a few cases out of the large collection before us, giving them in the words of the Thugs, as taken down at the time of confession. The following murders are remarkable for having been perpetrated almost in public without any discovery taking place. "We fell in," said Chutter, "with the moonshee (teacher) and his family at Chupara, between Nagpoor and Jubulpoor, and they came on with us to Lucknadow, where we found that some companies of a native regiment, under European officers, were expected the next morning. It was determined to put them all to death that evening, as the moonshee seemed likely to keep with the companies. Our encampment was near the village, and the moonshee's tent was pitched close to us. In the afternoon some of the officers' tents came on in advance, and were pitched on the other side, leaving us between them and the village. The servants were all busily occupied in pitching them. Noor Khan, and his son Sadee Khan, and a few others, went, as soon as it became dark, to the moonshee's tent, and began to sing and play upon a guitar, as they had been accustomed to do. During this time some of them took up the moonshee's sword on pretence of wishing to look at it. His wife and children were inside listening to the music. The jhirnee or signal, was given; but at this moment the moonshee saw his danger, called out murder, and attempted to rush through, but was seized and strangled. His wife hearing him, ran out with the infant in her arms, but was seized by Ghubboo Khan, who strangled her and took the infant. The other daughter was strangled in the tent. The grooms were at the time cleaning their horses, and one of them seeing his danger ran under the belly of his horse and called out murder, but was seized and strangled, as well as all the rest."

Q. "How did not the servants and others, who were pitching the tents close by, hear these calls for help?"

Chutter:—"As soon as the signal was given, those of the gang who were idle began to play and sing as loud as they could; and two vicious horses were let loose, and many ran after them, calling out as loud as they could, so that the calls of the moonshee and his party were drowned."

The following instance, which took place in 1805, is remarkable, among other things, for the number of persons, no less than sixty, who were put to death at once. The relator is a Thug named Dorgha. "After the capture of Gawilgur (in 1803) by General Wellesley (Duke of Wellington), it was restored to the Nagpoor Rajah, who appointed Ghureeb Sing to the command of the fortress. Anxious to get some good soldiers from Hindostan to garrison it, he sent his younger brother, Ghyan Sing, with a number of followers and a large sum of money, to raise them in the Oude country, and districts between the Ganges and Jumma rivers. Ghyan Sing and his party passed through Nagpoor, and came to Jubulpore in the month of June, while we were there concentrated from the different parts into which we had extended our expeditions that season. His party consisted of fifty-two men, seven women, and a Brahman boy, then about four years of age. Some of our gangs lodged in the town, some in the cantonments among the troops, and some were encamped at the tank of Adhar, two or three miles from the town, on the road to Mirzapore. As soon as we heard of the arrival of this party from the Deccan, every party of Thugs deputed some of its most respectable members to mix with them in the town and win their confidence. At first, they tried to separate them into different parties to proceed by different roads, but though they had collected together at different times and places on the road it was found impossible to separate any part of them from Ghyan Sing; and we agreed to unite all our gangs, and to lead the party by the most unfrequented roads till we might find a place convenient for the murder of the whole at once. On reaching Sehora we persuaded them to quit the high road through Belchree and Myhere, and take that through Chundcea and the old fort Bundoogur, which leads through very extensive tracts of jungle and uninhabited country. We went with them through all this country, however, without finding what we considered a fitting time and place, and reached Rewah, winning more and more upon their confidence every day. From Rewah we went to Simarcea, and from that place to a small village half way to Chitterkote, called by us Burwala Gow, from a large Indian fig-tree (Bur) that stood near it; thence we sent on people, as usual, to select a place for the murder, and they found one about two coss and a half (five miles) distant, in a very extensive jungle, without a human habitation for many miles on either side. We persuaded the party to set out soon after midnight; and as they went along we managed to take our appointed places, two Thugs by every traveller, and the rest in parties of reserve at different intervals along the line, every two managed to keep the person they were appointed to kill in conversation. On reaching the place chosen, the signal was given at several different places, beginning with the rear party and passing on to that in front, and all were seized and strangled except the boy. It was now near morning, and too late to admit of the bodies being securely buried, and we made a temporary grave for them in the bed of the river, covered them over with sand, and went on with the boy and the booty to Chitterkote, intending to send back a large party the next night and have the bodies securely buried. The rains had begun to set in, and after the murders it rained very heavily all the day. The party, however, went back, but found that the river had risen and washed away all the bodies except two or three, which they found exposed, and pushed into the stream to follow the rest."

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

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THISTLES.



CARLINE THISTLE.

OF the three floral emblems which distinguish the three countries of the United Kingdom, the rose must be considered the most beautiful. The rose seems beyond dispute the queen of flowers, and not the poets only, but the people of all lands, are ready to acknowledge it; that rose, however,



which is the badge of England, is not one of England's true roses, for our wild flowers have not the full cup, the doubled petals of the species always represented by the painter, and are but single flowers, though beautiful in the blushing tints of red, and sweet with delicate fragrance. The shamrock, the triple leaf of the clover or the wood sorrel, though a pretty floral badge, is not conspicuous, but it is significant of the reason of its adoption. It is but a tradition which tells that St. Patrick explained the Trinity by the triple leaf; but, perhaps, few natural objects could have been better suited to impress the fact on the ignorant, though the deep mystery itself can be explained neither by human tongue nor earthly emblem.

We must confess to sharing with the Scotsman in his admiration of his own magnificent flower, the thistle. Certainly among the wild flowers of the northern hemisphere none are more beautiful than this tribe. Connected as the thistle is with earliest associations, the little motto of "Dinna forget," which so often accompanies it, is very expressive; while the prickly leaves and stem of the plant render peculiarly appropriate that which has long been adopted by the nation, "Nemo me impune lacessit" (No one touches me with impunity), which has been humorously said to mean, in plain Scotch, "Ye maunna meddle wi' me."

The thistle has had the praises of Scotland's earliest poets. A very beautiful little poem, which deserves to be more generally known than it is, was written by William Dunbar, in 1503, on occasion of the nuptials of James IV. of Scotland and Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII. of England, and was called the 'Thrissill and the Rose.' The versification is smooth and harmonious, and, like Chaucer, this early poet seems well to have observed natural beauty. The poem represents Dame Nature as calling into her presence the chief of the beasts, birds, and flowers, and, among the latter, the rose and the thistle receive due praise:

"Then callit scho all flouris that grew on field  
 Discrying all their fassious and effairs;  
 Upon the awful Thrissill scho behald,  
 And saw him keipit with a busche of speirs;  
 Considering him so able for the weiris,  
 A radias crown of rubies she him gaif,  
 And said, In field go furth, and fend the laif."

After having bid the thistle, as being a king, to be discreet, and not to hold "herbes without vertew" as of worth like

"Herbe of vertew, and of odour sweit,"

Nature adds—

"Nor hold no udir flour in sic duty  
 As the fresche Rose of cullor red and quhyt;  
 For gif thou dois, hurt is thine honesty;  
 Considdering that no flour is so perfyt,  
 So full of vertew, plesans and delyt,  
 So full of blissfull angelik bewty,  
 Imperial birth, honour, and dignité."

Earlier tales than this tell how indeed the thistle was, as Dunbar describes it, "Able for the wars," and how its strong spines pierced the naked foot of the invading Dane, and awakened the slumbering Scottish warriors. But no associations linked with this flower by human poet or historian are half so touching as that which tells of its connection with the sin and sorrow that came to mar the loveliness of Paradise. One can

imagine that Eve must have looked, through tears, at the purple flower, and marked its downy seeds floating through the air as heralds of woe. The thorn and the thistle, the earliest plants distinctly alluded to in the oldest history, would bring a deep meaning to our first parents, as parts of the curse which fell on man. Hard toil lay before them, as surely as that thistle sprang up by their pathway; but toil was mercifully tempered with enjoyments which sprang out of itself, even as the rich purple crown arose from its prickly flower-cup.

As there have been many contentions as to what leaf was the true sham-rock, so it seemed long an unsettled question as to which was the Scottish thistle. The beautiful Milk Thistle (*Carduus marianus*) has had this distinction claimed for it. It is one of the handsomest of its kind, its large coronal of dark-purple surmounting a stem, sometimes five feet high, and its broad leaves of dark green, so conspicuously veined with pure white, as to render it of easy recognition. But it is rare in Scotland, and, though growing on some waysides of England, is not a common flower. This milk thistle is found in Scotland, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and it grows on the rocks of Dunbarton Castle, where tradition tells that Mary Queen of Scots planted it with her own hand. Though the flower-cup is spinous, and the leaves have their thorns too, yet these weapons are hardly so sharp and strong in this as in some other species, and for this and other reasons, those who are learned in such matters have decided that it is not the Scotch thistle. The flower cultivated in Scotland as the national insignia, and now generally recognised as such, is the Cotton Thistle (*Onopordum acanthium*), which in most soils abounds by road sides. It is a large sturdy plant, with a stem from three to six feet high, winged with rough cottony leaves. The leaves are cottony both on the upper and under surfaces, and we may rub this substance off with the finger, and see the dark-green surface hidden by it. It may be known from the other thistles by this circumstance, for though several have a white down on one side of the leaf, this is the only species whose foliage is completely covered by it. The flower-cup has spines spreading in all directions, and the plant blooms in August, the flower growing either singly or two or three together. The leaf resembles that of the acanthus, which is supposed to have furnished the ancients with the elegant ornament of their architecture. The large globose cup of this thistle was formerly used, like the artichoke, for food; but the latter plant attains so much greater size, that the thistle was soon disused, when this came to be generally cultivated. The seed of the Scotch Thistle contains a large quantity of oil, which may be used for burning in lamps, and for various other purposes. M. Durand found that twelve pounds of seed, the produce of twenty-two pounds of the flower-heads of this thistle, yield by expression, with the assistance of heat, no less than three pounds of pure oil.

The thistle tribe is not one which contributes largely to the use of man, while many thistles are so troublesome in his cultivated fields that he can well understand how they formed part of the primeval curse on the world. Several of them are very injurious to meadow lands. Thus the dwarf Plume Thistle (*Cnicus acaulis*) is said to kill all plants which grow beneath its spreading herbage, and is looked upon by the farmer as a most pernicious weed. Most of the thistles are difficult to describe to those who are not botanists, but this species may be easily distinguished from the others. It is a low plant, with a few thorny leaves, and a single purple flower in the midst of them, which though not absolutely stemless, is nearly

so. It grows on chalky banks and meadows, blooming in July and August, but is not very common.

One of the most frequent of the Plume Thistles is the Spear Plume Thistle (*Cnicus lanceolatus*), which is a handsome species, more resembling the cotton thistle than any other, and like it, having its flowers of a dull purple colour. It attains the height of five or six feet. Its leaves are downy underneath, and the scales of its flower-cup woolly and thorny. It is to be seen on most of our waysides and waste places from July to September. The flowers will curdle milk.

This plant is the Bur Thistle of the countryman. Dr. Withering remarks of it, that though few plants are less regarded than this, yet it is of considerable use. "If," he says, "a heap of clay be thrown up, nothing would grow upon it for several years, did not the seeds of this thistle, wafted by the winds, fix and vegetate thereon. Under shelter of this, other vegetation appears, and the whole soon becomes fertile."

But we must not enumerate each one of the many thistles which grow in our fields. The pale lilac or deeper purple, or sometimes white flowers of the Plume and Welled Thistles, grow everywhere in our country landscape. Many are wet with the showers of the mountains, others glisten with the dews of the plain or valley. Though troublesome to the farmer, yet they delight those who love the wild scenes of nature.

"To me the wilderness of thorns and brambles,  
Beneath whose weeds the muddy runnel scrambles,  
The bald-burnt moor, the marshy sedgy shallows,  
Where docks, bullrushes, water-flags, and mallows,  
Choke the rank waste, alike can yield delight;  
A blade of silver hair-grass, nodding slowly  
In the soft wind; the thistle's purple crown,  
The ferns, the rushes tall, and mosses lowly,  
A thorn, a weed, an insect, or a stone,  
Can thrill me with sensations exquisite;  
For all are exquisite, and every part  
Points to the Mighty Hand that fashioned it."

There are two common thistles, which may be described so that any reader may distinguish them. One of these is the Musk Thistle (*Carduus nutans*). The deeply reddish-purple flower of this plant never stands upright, but bows, as if to drink in the dews, which at night seem perfumed by its sweet odours. It bends to the breeze which sweeps over the stony field, where it is most frequent; and, fragrant as it always is of musk, its odour is far stronger at evening. Its stem is usually about a foot high, and it blooms in July and August. The name of this genus is said to be from the Celtic of "ard," a point; and the long, sharp spines on the flower-cup of the musk thistle render it very significant. Some beautiful moths are peculiarly attracted by this thistle, and hover about it in the evening, sometimes tearing their delicate wings among its sharp spines.

Botanists divide our thistles into four genera; and the species about to be described belongs to a different genus from that which includes the Musk Thistle;—it is the Carline Thistle (*Carlina vulgaris*). How often have we seen the chalky cliffs, or other waste places, enlivened by the yellow blooms of this pretty flower, and gathering it, and placing it with the Seaside Lavender, and the Sea Holly, and the graceful rushes and grasses, have made a nosegay for the winter of a beauty which would not soon

fade! The garden everlasting flowers, with their rich yellow, pink, purple, or white flowers, are chiefly natives of the Cape of Good Hope or of southern Europe; and, with the exception of our Carlina Thistle, we have no wild flower at all like an everlasting. This plant, however, retains its texture and colour when gathered and dried, or when left on the arid, sunny spot which is its native place. The yellow ray, which the unlearned would call the flower, is composed of the leaves of the calyx; and within this is a ray of dark purple flowerets. This thistle is in bloom from June till September: after which the centre of the ray is occupied by the yellow tuft of downy seed; but this chaffy, straw-coloured star is bright, as we have said, all the winter through. It is not common in our land only, but is a wild flower on barren soils all over Europe. The blossoms during wet weather are closed in the form of a cone. It may be known from any other of our wild thistles by its yellow colour; and its cup, stem, and leaves are all spiny enough at once to declare it a thistle.

The stemless Carlina Thistle (*Carlina acaulis*) is hung up at the cottage doors of Germany to foretel by its closing the approaching rain. It was probably to this species that the genus is indebted for the name—Carlina being a corruption of Carolina. Olivier de Serres says that this thistle was named after Charlemagne, whose army was cured of the plague by means of this plant; and as in those days nothing could be done without a miracle, we are gravely assured that an angel pointed out the remedy to the monarch. Linnæus ascribes the name to the Emperor Charles V., whose army were said to be cured of the dire disease by this plant; but in this case human skill alone is supposed to have discovered its virtues. The root of this stemless species contains some acrimonious and resinous properties.

When the patriarch Job was asserting his uprightness, he said, "If I have eaten the fruits of the land without money, let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley." Doubtless he had seen many an eastern field overrun with the towering thistles, which in some Oriental countries are taller than a man. The cultivator of our own land, in our own days, can well understand the force of Job's allusion. Some idea of the trouble which these plants give to the agriculturist may be formed from the facts recorded of that common species, the Corn or Way Thistle (*Cnicus arvensis*), called also the Creeping Plume Thistle. This well-known plant of arable lands is abundant on fields and by waysides, bearing, in July, clusters of rather small flowers, of a pale lilac colour, which have a musky odour; while its angular stem, its leaves, and flower-cups are well set with spines. Common and troublesome as this thistle is, there are some lands on which it will not grow. Its favourite soils are the dry and loamy grounds; but it is never found on very sandy, gravelly, or peaty fields. An instance is recorded in the 'Farmers' Magazine,' in which the roots of this Plume Thistle were dug out of a quarry, and found to be nineteen feet in length. Its horizontal roots are also equally wonderful in extent. Mr. Curtis planted, in April, about two inches of the root of the Field Thistle, and by the November following it had thrown out shoots from the root which ran along under ground, some of them being eight feet long, while leaves arose from these shoots at the distance of five feet from the original root. The whole mass, when dug up and washed, was found to weigh four pounds. Nor was the thistle completely eradicated now. Careful as

the gardener was in extracting it from the soil, some fragments must have remained; for on the following spring, between fifty and sixty young plants made their appearance, just around the spot where the piece of thistle root had at first been planted. When we consider that this plant, like all its tribe, bears a profusion of seeds, and that each seed has a little plume, exactly adapted for carrying itself, even on the slightest wind of summer, we can imagine that if a field be neglected for a single season it soon becomes overrun with that emblem of man's sin and sorrow, the prickly thistle.

Some of the thistle tribe of other countries are used medicinally. The Melancholy Thistle, a Siberian species, is reputed to cure madness. Pliny, whose mighty tome D'Israeli calls, "that awful repository of all the errors of antiquity," had much to say in praise of the virtues of some species of Cotton Thistle, but we find none existing in the genus of modern times. The ashes of our Corn Thistle (*Cnicus arvensis*) yield a very pure vegetable alkali. The dried flowers of several kinds are used to curdle milk; and the tender stalks of most of the Plume Thistles may be peeled and either boiled or used as a salad with oil and vinegar. Some of the thistles are eaten by cattle; and the roughest and coarsest are enjoyed by the donkey. The old anecdote which tells of the misfortune which befel Le Brun's painting, records the relish of this animal for the thistle tribe. The painter had placed his picture in a court to dry, when an ass passing that way, saw a fine thistle represented on the canvas, and never quitted it till he had entirely effaced the plant by licking it with his tongue.

The thistle-down is very beautiful—so beautiful that we wonder not that Wordsworth should have noticed it.

"And in our vacant mood,  
Not seldom, did we stop to watch some tuft  
Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,  
That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake,  
Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand!  
And starting off again, with freak as sudden,  
In all its sportive wanderings, all the while  
Making report of an invisible breeze,  
That was its wing, its chariot, and its horse,  
Its playmate—rather say its living soul."

Sometimes on a September day the whole air seems full of these seeds, which fly onwards till some hedge or wall arrests their course, and leaves them to fall on the soil near it. It is well for the farmer, over whose land the silky plumes are floating, that the finches have first despoiled many of the feathers of their seed, and that thousands not thus injured will fall in streams and on soils made hard by the tread of man. The merry goldfinches have done their work on the thistle-tufts, and cleared off so many as well to deserve the name of thistle-finch, or of the French synonym of chardonneret; yet enough will remain to fill the field, and demand the toil which was appointed to man when first he fell.

Some efforts have been made to convert the down of the thistle into articles of clothing or use to man. A tolerable paper has been manufactured of this material, but the cost was too great to repay the manufacturer.

A. P.

PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN OLD  
TRAVELLER.—No. I.

THE ABRUZZI—CASTEL DI SANGRO—RIFLES—PIANO DI CINQUE  
MIGLIE—WOLVES—ROBBERS.

A FEW miles beyond Isernia we began to ascend a lofty ridge, which separates the valley of the Vulturnus from that of the river Sangro. On the hither side of this ridge the waters run to the Mediterranean; on the farther side they empty themselves into the Adriatic. Both the ascent and descent are long and rather steep; but the road is beautifully engineered, and is at present kept in admirable order. The town of Castel di Sangro is charmingly situated on the right bank of the little river, in a quiet, secluded, verdant valley. It rises partly up the sides of a detached rock, and the ridge of that rock is crowned with the picturesque ruins of a feudal castle. The river abounds with the finest trout I ever tasted. The surrounding mountains offer a great abundance and variety of game; and descending the valley towards the sea and the mouth of the river there are traces of ancient cities and ruins, enough to occupy an amateur for days and days. Down there the valley of the Sangro, like the plain of Troy, may be called "a glorious field for conjecture and snipe-shooting." But, for one ruin or remnant of antiquity now found on the Troad, there are twenty here—unnoticed, unknown.

On one occasion the town of Castel di Sangro was my head-quarters for several days. At that time a splendid Austrian regiment of jagers, or chassours, was quartered on the town. It was composed almost entirely of fine, cheerful, musical young men from the mountains and forests of Bohemia, who had been chasseurs before they became such in the military sense. They were nearly all woodmen and huntsmen, or the sons of huntsmen. Their rifle practice was admirable, and every officer of the corps regularly took part in it—not even the chaplain of the regiment was excluded. I have even seen a churchman of Episcopal dignity take his rifle and his turn with the men, and elicit much applause by the way in which he hit the bull's-eye. This was my excellent friend W——, *aumonier-en-chef*, or chaplain-in-chief, of General Fremont's army; a man of many other accomplishments: a scholar, a proficient in many modern languages, a philosopher, and thoroughly a Christian gentleman. But, being a native of the mountains of Styria, he had been a sportsman in his youth, and his skill had not all been lost in the approach of old age, and he thought it no sin or derogation to fire his rifle with the emulous jagers. Every evening during my stay the target was set up in the green valley near the river; and the men regarded it as pleasant sport rather than duty or dry exercise. The buffoon of the corps was appointed to look after the target, and to mark where each ball struck. Whenever there was a bad shot fired—whether by men or by officers—this humorous Bohemian performed certain mocking, ridiculous antics, which never failed to bring out a roar of laughter, although they must have been seen so very often by those who laughed. The valley, and the hills, and the walls of the old castle of Sangro re-echoed with the merriment. Surely it would improve our own rifle corps if they could be exercised thus frequently, and if dry practice were turned into a pleasure and pastime.

The address of the jagers was turned to good present account. We gave them powder and shot, and they extra-abundantly furnished our table with snipes, woodcocks, and other excellent game. Moreover, some of the Bohemians were skilful fishermen, for every day they brought us fresh trout from the river Sangro. We lived upon the game and fish of the district, and our apartment was warmed by wood cut on a mountain close in our rear. There was no stint; and the weather was cold, coming down at night in cutting blasts from the gorges of the Apennines. It was indeed "*ligna super foco large reponens*," log was heaped upon log. We could not but think of Horace. The oil which fed our lamps came from his old town of Venafrium (now Venafro), whence also we occasionally obtained one of those wild boars whose flavour he extolled. These are but reminiscences of bygone days and pleasures. Now, we found no one to welcome us, no one that knew us, or cared a straw whether we stayed or went. The people, who were all out in the streets, were all talking politics (it was revolution year, 1848), or talking about a band of robbers who had recently caused consternation in the country. The captain of the band, one Giacomo Ranieri, had been recently surprised and killed by some villagers; but the band had not been dispersed, and it was said that the mountains we had to cross, in order to reach Sulmona, were rendered dangerous by the depredators.

On quitting Castel di Sangro, towards sunset, we went through a long but narrow belt of wood, in which the lively squirrels were sporting most merrily; and beyond the wood we began to ascend a steep range of mountains by a winding, or rather zigzag road, which brought us to the edge of the Abruzzi, and the celebrated Piano di Cinque Miglie. This remarkable plain—the length of which is pretty accurately given in the name it bears, the Plain of Five Miles—is at the very top of the Apennines, having only low lines of hills rising above it, and flanking it in its whole length. The plain, which varies in breadth from a mile to a quarter of a mile and less, is perfectly flat—a long, dead level. Being some four thousand feet above the level of the sea, it is delightfully cool and green in the summer-time, when the grass in the valley and on the sides of the flanking hills is cropped by immense flocks of sheep, which in autumn are annually removed to the warm, low-lying plains of Apulia, to the memorable battle-field of Cannæ, and the sheltered regions at the foot of Mount Vultur, and the regions which extend from the town of Canosa (the Canusium of Horace) to the shores of the Adriatic sea, and the cities of Barletta, Foggia, and Manfredonia, where they and their shepherds, and their numerous large-sized, beautiful watch-dogs, pass all the cold months of the year, returning to the mountains of Abruzzi with the returning spring. But in the winter season the snow lies deep in this elevated valley of five miles, and the wind sweeps through it with the force of a tornado, and the famishing wolves howl and prowl about it, and hunt in packs in desperate pursuit of food. At that season none will pass the plain that can avoid it, or defer their journey. There is no other practicable road. It was once my fortune to traverse it (coming from Sulmona towards Castel di Sangro, and the country of the brave old Samnites) in the early part of the month of November, when heavy falls of snow were not yet looked for. Our party had scarcely reached the level when there came on a wind which nearly blew us from our horses, and which really made the poor animals stagger. Without any lull in this tempest the snow began to fall in immense, incessant flakes, which in

a very short time covered with a thick coat both the road and the whole of the valley, and almost blinded us. Except in the higher Alps I never saw such snow. Then that impetuous wind, which howled and shrieked as it rushed between the hills which flanked us, caught the snow as it lay in furrows and ridges, and rolled it along in immense heaps, like the waves of a stormy sea, and part of the snow it sent up high into the air, where it mixed with the snow that was falling, and whirled about in wild circles. It was a *tourment*, as they call it in the Alps. Tall wooden posts, erected for the purpose, guided us along the road, which, strait as it is, we must have missed but for them. When about halfway across the plain, we came up with a party of peasants in great perplexity and distress: the tempest had upset a car, or cart, they were driving, and cart and mules lay half-buried in a hollow, some six or seven feet below the level of the road. We helped them to detach the mules, which were not much hurt, as they had fallen upon deep snow; and we engaged to send them assistance from the next village. As the snow soon balled in the hollow of our horses' hoofs and shoes, and as the wind continued to make them stagger, the poor creatures, one after the other, fell with us. We left the saddle, cleared out the shoes, and led the horses by the bridle. But this again was hard and difficult work, for they could not be brought to face that terrific snow-storm. At last we hoodwinked them by throwing our cloaks over their heads, when they made much less difficulty in following us. But we were more than five hours in performing that journey of five miles, and were overtaken by night before we could reach the village. Then the peculiar cry of the wolves was mixed with the howling and shrieking of the storm; and this continued all through the night. Never were shelter, fire, and food more welcome to me than on this occasion, although our village inn was little better than a hovel. The people would not venture out into the tempest to rescue the car; but about an hour after us, the muleteers, with their mules, arrived safely at the little inn, having wisely abandoned their car and their load until the storm should cease. There was little danger of anything being lost; nobody would venture upon the plain on a night like this. The poor villagers told many stories about the wolves. There had been instances of the great daring of these animals when pressed by hunger. Young children had been seized at the thresholds of the cottages, and carried off from the midst of the village. More than one peasant, not many years ago, surprised by one of these sudden snow-storms, had been devoured by the wolves. On a hill-side, not far from the village, stands a small, stone-built chapel—a place of temporal as well as spiritual refuge. The door opens with a latch, and, except when service is performed, there is nothing within but a low stone altar, a rude picture, and a wooden bench. Old Stefano, a woodsman, who formed one of our party round the cheerful wood fire at the inn, had had a wolf adventure in his younger days, when the road across the plain was not so good and so well marked out by guide-posts as it now is. One evening he was overtaken by a *tourment*; the snow blinded him, he missed the road, and went wandering through the valley without knowing the direction he was taking. Night approached, and the loud chorus of packs of wolves began to be heard in the distance. He had no weapons of defence, except a long staff, and his woodman's bill. He tied these together as well as he could, and strode on through the deep, and still deepening snow. At last, through the drift, he discovered the hill-side chapel. But before he could reach that asylum a big



wolf, the leader of his pack, was close upon his heels. Stefano faced about, aimed a blow with his sharp bill, and sent the hungry monster yelling to the rear. But the pack, instead of retreating, came on from the hills, and seemed to increase in numbers every moment. Collecting all his strength, he ran for the chapel—his only chance of safety. He reached the door, rushed into that primitive, lonely place of worship, and made fast the door as the foremost wolves were showing their teeth close to the threshold. They yelled, as if in disappointment and wrath, but showed no disposition to quit the spot. Stefano thought that, on the contrary, their numbers still kept on the increase. And there, outside the chapel walls, they remained, with their hideous noises, all through the night; and there, within the chapel, stayed the poor woodsman, almost frozen to death by that intense cold. Though at a very short distance from his village, it was hopeless to think of shouting and crying for succour. "Thunder," said he, "would hardly have been heard through that howling tempest, and that chorus of wolves." As day dawned, the hungry monsters raised their blockade, and went off to the ravines in the mountains. Chilled to the very heart, and as pale as a ghost, the woodsman ran home. Everybody was right glad to see him, for as he had stayed out all night they had concluded that the wolves had eaten him. They told another story of a trooper in king Murat's time, who was sent with some order from Sulmona to Castel di Sangro. The soldier came upon a nocturnal storm, and the wolves in the plain; and though he saved his own life by repeatedly firing his carbine, he was obliged to abandon his falling horse, and on the following morning nothing was found in the hollow except the animal's bones, tail, saddle, and accoutrements.

Our November tempest did not cease quite so soon—it continued nearly all through the following day; but towards evening we managed to reach better quarters at Castel di Sangro.

This time we were not in the snow and wolf season, but in the warm month of August. The sun set as we ascended the steep mountains; but before we came to the village at the entrance of the Plain of Five Miles the moon rose magnificently, and being at the full she gave us a soft, sweet, and yet brilliant light. The air was exquisitely cool and pure. The village bears the name of Rocca Rasa, the shaven or bare rock, a name which very correctly describes its situation. We saw the lone chapel by the hill-side; but as we were travelling this part of the journey in the Government mail, I could not stop to inquire after my old friends. In the many years which had elapsed since I was last here, old Stefano and others of that pleasant fireside party must have gone to their rest in the narrow cemetery by the side of the village church. We rolled along the excellent, straight, smooth road, in a condition or temper of perfect enjoyment. The gentle night breeze brought with it a delicious perfume, and the soft, soothing sound of sheep bells, and, occasionally, the honest bark of a shepherd's huge dog. The sky was one clear, pure, unmixed, unspotted canopy of blue; the moonlight was so brilliant that one might have read small print by it. Towards Sulmona, at the point where the plain terminates, the road plunges suddenly into a chasm in the mountains, most appropriately named Vall' Oscura, or the dark valley. We had scarcely descended the first ramp of the parapeted road, when the reports of musketry came up from the valley below. We naturally thought of robbers—of Giacomo Ranieri's band.

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## WILD FLOWERS.

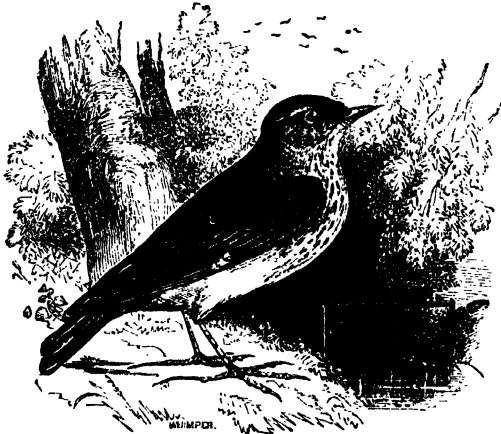
HONEYSUCKLE. (*Lonicera Periclymenum.*)

THERE is hardly a wild flower of our hedgerows which delights us more by its fragrance than does the Honeysuckle. During May and June its blossoms are waving about the bushes, or creeping over the old ruin or rocky crag, in all parts of our island, and we wonder not that poets, both ancient and modern, have sung of their sweetness. It had the old name of Woodbine; but both Spenser and Shakspeare call it by the older one of Caprifole, or Goat-leaf, which was given because, like the goat, it climbs over craggy and almost inaccessible places, or as some writers say, because these animals relish the leaves. It has a similar name in other countries, for the French term it *Chèvrefeuille*, and the Italians *Caprifoglio*. At the base of its long tubular flower lies the honey, which, though the bee may not reach it, is extracted by the long tongues of the sphinxes and hawk moths, that may often be seen hovering about it. After the blossom has withered, in the months of September and October, clusters of dark-red berries take their place. They are very insipid in flavour, and are eaten only by children and birds, but they add to the beauty of the autumn woods and hedges. Plants which climb around others, or on walls, always in the same species take the same direction in

twining. Thus some plants, like the Honeysuckle, and, indeed, the greater number of our British climbers, follow the apparent course of the sun, and turn from left to right; while others are invariable in their habit of turning in the contrary way. There are two other species of wild Honeysuckle, but, unlike this, they are not common. One is the pale Perfoliate Honeysuckle, which has been found in woods in Oxfordshire and Cambridgeshire, and the other the still more rare upright Fly Honeysuckle.

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OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.



WOOD-LARK.

A VERY sweet singer is the Wood-lark\* (*Alauda arborea*); but though its flute-like notes are as rich and sweet as those of the sky-lark, they are hardly so varied, and never so loud. It is even an earlier singer than that bird, and is associated in our minds with the cold wintry days. At a season when the eye wanders in vain in search of a green bough, save where it rests on a wild holly or a garden evergreen, and when the meadow-grass has but few daisies among it; at a time when winds sweep through the desolate woods, this bird is singing his long, full song for hours together; and, when joined by several of its companions, making the otherwise still landscape resound with melody. Who that goes into the corn land, bordered by woods, in January, does not welcome there the gentle song of the robin, and the richer strain of the wood-lark, mingled as they are with the bleak winds which rush among the boughs, and scatter the brown leaves over the pathway, in wild confusion? Who has not gone away to his fireside, taking with him, from the woods, a pleasant cheerful thought, and a memory of gladness and joy, when he had little hoped for one sound of music, save that of the wind? How strong the bird seems as it wheels its way, in large circles, singing high in air, sometimes for an hour together, and never pausing to rest either its wing or voice! This wheeling mode of flight at once distinguishes

\* The Wood-lark is six inches in length. The plumage resembles that of the sky-lark, but it may be distinguished by a pale streak above each eye.

it from the sky-lark, which rises in the air almost perpendicularly, and with a spiral movement. Our wood-lark, too, has the power of remaining longer on the wing, and though its song reaches us chiefly from a great elevation, so that we can scarcely discern its expanded wings and tail, yet it sometimes perches on the top of a high tree, or lower down, among the boughs, and gives us from them as sweet a strain.

In the spring we do not hear it so clearly, for amid the general chorus of birds, the delicate song is scarcely remarkable; but in the silence of the night, when night itself hardly brings coolness to the air, the sweet carol of the wood-lark on high may be listened to with delight; and many think it little inferior to that of the nightingale. Pity it is, that this sweet wild song should ever be exchanged for the tones uttered in captivity; yet the wood-lark is sometimes caged. When wild, it sings usually from March to July, though, as has been before said, it is occasionally to be heard, not only in the autumnal months, but even in winter. When kept in-doors, however, it sings regularly from February to August; and the female, as is the case with other larks, sings also, though hers is a shorter strain. "These birds," says Bechstein, "appear to be subject to caprice. I have seen some which would never sing in a room, or in the presence of an auditor. These perverse birds must be placed in a long cage, outside the window. I have remarked that these obstinate birds are the best singers. Their abrupt step, and various frolics, in which they raise the feathers of the head and neck, are very amusing."

Woodweete is an old name for the wood-lark; and the woodwele of our old English writers is also thought to signify this bird, though some refer it to the thrush. In the old ballad of Robin Hood, we have—

"The woodwele sang, and would not cease,  
Sitting upon the spray,  
So loud he waken'd Robin Hood,  
In the green-wood where he lay."

The night-song of the bird is plaintive in its tones, and a very melancholy little note, sounding out softly the syllable "lu, lu, lu, lu," is also uttered by the wood-lark; hence Cuvier calls the bird the *lulu*. As winter approaches, these larks associate in small flocks, of ten or twelve in number, and ramble over the fields for food, seeking there some scattered grain, or flower-seed, or the insects and worms which lie hid among the clods and herbage.

The wood-lark is less general than the sky-lark, though not uncommon in the southern and midland counties, and the cultivated fields bordered by woods or trees. In the northern countries of Europe it is migratory, going southwards in winter. It is much like the sky-lark, but smaller, and may be distinguished from it by its shorter tail, and by a pale stripe passing over each eye. It builds early in April, and places its nest in some field under the covert of a tuft of furze or bramble, or a clump of herbage. The nest is composed of dried grasses, and lined with finer species; the eggs are of pale brown or grey, dashed with brown.

Both this bird and the sky-lark have a habit of rolling themselves in the dust, which appears to be a mode of cleansing their plumage from anything which adheres to it, and which has been compared to the well-known practice of the Arabs of the desert, who, when they are far from the water necessary for their stated ablutions, rub themselves with fine sand instead. The caged larks often rub their breasts against the dry sides of the turf which is placed in the cage.

## THE THUGS; OR, SECRET MURDERERS OF INDIA.—No. III.



THUGS JOURNEYING WITH TRAVELLERS.

THE following confession, taken by Captain Paton in 1837, may serve to show both the cool treachery with which these murders are accompanied and the freedom from remorse, or rather complacency, with which they are looked back upon afterwards. The relator is Dhoosoo, the leader of a band of thirteen Thugs, and speaking of a locality not far from Allahabad. He says: "Here I saw a traveller whom I inveigled thus—he was a sowar, or horseman, rode a very large horse, and was armed with two swords, a shield, pistols, &c. While he sat cooking his dinner in the serai I was in search of some spices for my food, and was asking the bhuttearee, or keeper of the serai, if she could supply me. She said no. The horseman hearing this, said he would give me some, and immediately supplied me; this led to a friendly conversation, before which I had no thought of murdering him. I asked him whence he came and whither he was going. He said he was going to Fyzabad. I said I was also going there. "Then, let us go together," said he. I agreed, and we proposed starting in the morning. I then went and communicated to all the Thugs that there was a traveller from a great distance, upon whom we should find much money. They all agreed that he would be a good man to thug. I proposed we should take him on a day's journey to Ashruf Gunge, and in advance of that to murder him. (The villain Dhoosoo related all this with a smile upon his face as if he had been doing a kindness to the traveller, whom, in return for an act of kindness and confidence, he was thus deliberately planning to

murder in cold blood). In the morning we set out and reached Ashruf Gunge, where we halted during the day. I sent from thence the old man to look for a good place for the perpetration of the murder. He returned, and told us that he had selected a good place. As the traveller was a powerful armed man I selected two staunch stranglers—Adhar, approver, and Rujub. We started in the morning, and when we reached the appointed spot I, and others of the gang, induced him to dismount and wait for us. He did so. Khan Mahomed had a small carpet spread, and invited the traveller to sit with him; he did so, and in an instant both stranglers seized and strangled him."

In one of the cases brought to light it was discovered that no less than five hundred sepoy recruits were cut off at once. Sometimes they obtain an immense booty; on one occasion, as much as 20,000*l.*, by the murder of a treasure-party mounted on camels. After dividing the spoil a proper share was set apart for one of the temples of their goddess. At other times, however, people are put to death for the sake of the most trifling gains; in one instance a turban only fell to the share of one member of the gang. "We often," confesses one of them, "strangle a victim who is suspected of having two pice (about  $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.*). Eight annas (about 1*s.*) is a very good remuneration for murdering a man." Near Baroda they once despatched some travellers whom their spies had reported to be carrying treasure, but "to the great disappointment and chagrin of us all, no property was found upon them, for they turned out to be common stonecutters, and their tools tied in bundles and carried over their shoulders deceived the spies." In these various murders sad scenes are sometimes witnessed, as might be expected; on an occasion when twenty-five had been put to death, two boys were reserved by the robbers, when one of them beginning to cry very bitterly, and refusing to be pacified, was seized by the legs and his brains dashed out against a stone. At another time, a mother with her infant in her arms having been among the victims strangled, the Thug determined to keep and adopt the child; but after the bodies had been put in the grave, one of his companions urged him to kill the child also for fear of detection: the child was thrown into the grave upon the dead bodies and buried alive.

There are also River Thugs, who chiefly prevail in Bengal, where the system is altered in order to suit the circumstances of the country, which is much intersected with rivers. The leader, disguised as a traveller, with a servant to carry his bundle, stations himself on the road towards the ghât, or landing-place, where his boat is waiting, and falling in with a traveller persuades him to join company. He pretends to be a good hand at a bargain, and is allowed to agree for a passage for both; he beats down the master of his own boat, after a great deal of disputing, to half-price, and the traveller, much pleased, gives him many thanks, and readily embarks, never to come out alive. If it should happen that the traveller suspects or dislikes the first man, he soon falls in with the inveigler (sotha) of another boat, who, learning by a sign what has happened, pretends to enter into his fear and anxiety to throw off the first, who, at length, finds occasion to remain behind, while his confederate takes the wayfarer into his own boat where he is soon destroyed. They usually break the spine across the knee in order to prevent any chance of their victims recovering, and having stripped the body, drop it into the river.

Two other cases only need be mentioned as bearing on the branch of the subject we are next to speak about—the religious system of the Thugs. The first, however, affords also a striking instance of the power of their unhappy superstition to destroy in the heart all common feelings of gratitude and friendship. They accompanied an officer in the Nizam's service, named Newal Sing, and his family, among whom were two little girls of eleven and thirteen years, for two hundred miles, and were on intimate terms with them for twenty days, during which time they received several substantial acts of kindness from them—on one occasion being released by their means from an imprisonment into which their malpractices had got them—and yet, on the first favourable opportunity, they were all murdered. This time there was much hesitation on the part of the whole gang, and some separated from the main body rather than be present at the murder; but the cause of this hesitation was no awakened scruple of remorse or tenderness, but the mere fact that Newal Sing had one arm; maimed or leprous persons being, it seems, among those whose sacrifice is unacceptable to their goddess. They are also forbidden to kill musicians, dancing men or women, and some others; Ganges water-carriers, while they have the sacred water with them, but if their vessels are empty their immunity ceases. The sacred animal, the cow, is also a protection. A Thug, whose deposition was taken in 1837, attributed a fever, which confined him for ten months, to strangling a man who had with him a cow and her calf: all the band agreed that it arose from the displeasure of the goddess at the deed. In illustration of this point of their belief we will cite the last case of assassination with which we think it necessary to trouble the reader. "A party of Thugs projected the murder of fourteen persons, including several women; but the design could not be carried into effect because the victims had a cow with them. With some difficulty they were prevailed upon to sell the cow to the Thugs, who, to induce the travellers to consent to the sale, pretended that they had to make an offering of a cow at Shaphore, and were in want of one. The cow was actually presented to them at Shaphore, and the obstacle being removed, the whole of the unsuspecting travellers were two or three hours afterwards strangled."

We will now direct the reader's attention to the religious principles of the Thugs and the goddess they worship, confining ourselves here to the Hindoos; for though there are Mahomedan Thugs, the differences are not so important as to require to be separately noticed. This is a point full of interest as a moral phenomenon—a striking instance of the power of a false worship in depraving natural conscience, and perverting the common instincts of humanity. Men, indeed, rob and murder everywhere, but we know not that we have ever heard of any others who thought it *right* to do so; and even these men think that common murders and thefts are wicked—murders done without their peculiar ceremonies, or accompanied with the infringement of any of their appointed rules. They distinguish—a subtle distinction truly!—between Thuggee and murder. No doubt there is much self-deceit in the matter, as is evident from their selecting as victims those who have about their persons something worth taking; so that very often their real motives are the love of plunder and lawless adventure, which they disguise to themselves by the pretence and formality of

religion. But, in order to explain how it is possible that there can be a connexion between such evil deeds and even the mere profession of any kind of piety, it will be necessary to say a few words on part of the religious system of India, a land overshadowed by the dark cloud of idolatry, whose boast is to worship, they say, 2,000,000 of gods. Among these is Kâli, the wife of Siva the destroyer; her names are nearly one hundred—Parbatti and Davey are two of the most common; and as she has many names, so, like other idols, is she worshipped under many forms. They believe her to be extremely black, and to have features so hideous that no mortal man could dare to look upon them. She is represented sometimes with four hands, in which she holds a drum, a trident, a serpent, and a vessel for begging. She is said to rejoice in drinking the blood of men and demons, whence is derived one of her names—Kunkalee, or man-eater. In her honour, people sometimes sacrifice themselves or their children. Human sacrifices are even at the present day being discovered in India, and have for a long time, more or less, prevailed there, and in other lands; and were it not beside our present purpose, it would not be uninteresting to give some account of them, and to connect this worship of Kâli with that of Moloch or Saturn (or Chronos as the Greeks called him), which prevailed among the Canaanites both in Phœnicia, and Palestine, and in their colony of Carthage. It was a branch of this horrible worship which the Israelites learned from them, and, in spite of the warnings and denunciations of the Prophets, persisted in practising, burning their children in the fire in sacrifice to Moloch.

Of this goddess Kâli, the Thugs consider themselves the priests and ministers. Their murders are acts of devotion; their victims are offered in her honour, the goddess permitting them, in reward for their labours, to take to themselves the property of the slain. They have ancient legends which relate the rise and origin of their occupation, and declare that Kâli gave the twisted handkerchief used in strangling as a gift to the first two Thugs whom she herself had created. They believe themselves to be under her especial protection; and tales circulate among them which tell of the sicknesses and calamities which have befallen some of the native princes who have endeavoured to suppress them. Thus, while murderers elsewhere are looked upon as the outcasts of society, these men consider themselves, and are esteemed by others, according to their position in life, as among the most respectable members of their village communities: intelligent, agreeable, and most careful in observing all the regulations of their caste. Neither public opinion nor their own conscience condemns them, these murderers being with them lawful and religious acts, such as deeds of charity or following a profession would be with a Christian. The following extracts from conversations are of considerable interest:—

Q. "How [asks Captain Sleeman] can you murder old men and young children without some emotions of pity; calmly and deliberately as they sit with you and converse with you, and tell you of their private affairs, of their hopes and fears, and of their wives and children, whom they are going to meet after years of absence, toil, and suffering?"

A. "From the time that the omens have been favourable, we consider them as victims thrown into our hands by the deity to be killed, and that we are a mere instrument in her hands to destroy



them: that if we do not kill them she will never be again propitious to us, and we and our families shall be involved in misery and want.

Q. "And can you sleep as soundly by the bodies or over the graves of those you have murdered, and eat your meals with as much appetite as ever?"

A. "Just the same: we sleep and eat just the same, unless we are afraid of being discovered.

Q. "And when you see or hear a bad omen, you think it is the order of the deity not to kill the travellers you have with you, or are in pursuit of?"

A. "Yes: it is the order not to kill them; and we dare not disobey."

And again:—

Q. "Are you never afraid of the spirits of the persons you murder?"

A. "Never: they cannot trouble us.

Q. "Why? do not they trouble other men when they commit murder?"

A. "Of course they do. The man who commits a murder is always haunted by spirits. He has sometimes fifty at a time upon him, and they drive him mad.

Q. "And how do they not trouble you?"

A. "Are not the people we kill killed by the orders of Davey?"

"Yes," added another Thug; "it is by the blessing of Davey that we escape that evil."

Upon which this remark was added by a third, "Do not all whom we kill go to Paradise? and why should their spirits stay to trouble us?"

In connexion with this idea, of their being instruments in the hands of their goddess, may be mentioned the opinion which they entertain, in common with many Hindoos, that all things are predestined, and driven forwards by a fixed and unalterable fate. "A Thug leader," says Captain Sleeman, "of most polished manners and great eloquence, being asked one day in my presence by a native gentleman, whether he never felt compunction in murdering innocent people, replied with a smile, 'Does any man feel compunction in following his trade? and are not all our trades assigned us by Providence?' The native gentleman said, 'How many people have you in the course of your life killed with your own hands, at a rough guess?' 'I have killed none.' 'Have you not just been describing to me a number of murders?' 'Yes: but do you suppose I could have committed them? Is any man killed from man's killing? is it not the hand of God that kills him? are not we mere instruments in the hand of God?' " Feringea, mentioned above, feeling some remorse for the murder of a young woman who had followed him, having fallen in love with his beauty, consoled himself with the reflection, "It was her fate to die by our hands."

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#### STIMULUS TO EDUCATION IN CHINA.

THE theory of the Chinese Government still professes, as in the days of Confucius, to promote to civil employments and to the offices of State only such natives as shall have obtained a literary degree. In short, it professes to promote only those who have distinguished themselves by their literary acquirements. The theory remains, but the practice is, in a great measure, gone. Court protection, and the favour of the great mandarins, have long disposed of much of the patronage of this absolute government; and of late

years civil employments and promotions have been sold for money, and even put up to auction by command of the emperor himself. There, however, remains with the theory, a general admission of the principle, and a great deal of the ancient forms and ceremonies. Government commissioners are periodically sent round the country, to conduct the literary examinations in the several provinces, and to award the degrees. Though often disappointed and set aside by other considerations, the native scholars seem generally disposed to allow that, under their foreign Mantchoo Tartar Government, literature is the usual road to rewards and honours. Generally, the Tartars prefer the military profession, where so much learning is not looked for; but in very many cases they obtain the highest civil appointments without undergoing the ordeal of literary examinations—without learning anything beyond the Chinese and the Mantchoo languages. Commonly, however, a Chinese mandarin is associated with a Tartar mandarin. This, in theory, is in order that they may afford mutual aid and assistance, but, practically, it is in order that the one may act as a spy upon the other. In our late negotiations with them our officers and commissioners preferred treating with the Tartar grandees, for, if not so learned as the Chinese, they appeared to possess a great deal more common sense, as well as more sincerity and decision.

The examination of students is held as a grand holiday, with a firing of artillery and small arms, a great consumption of squibs and crackers, a beating of gongs, drums, and tom-toms, and a prodigious flying of kites. We have heard a loud noise in the Senate-house of an English University; but this is nothing when compared with that which is made when the Chinese doctissimi grant their degrees. The students are examined by thousands at a time. They are gathered together like armies. A recent American missionary says—"I have been in some of the Chinese cities during the period of the public literary examinations, and you can hardly conceive the noise and the excitement that prevailed through the whole body of the inhabitants as to the result. On this, people betted, as they do among us at a horse-race. The governors of the provinces are present, together with the friends of eight thousand candidates for the second literary degree. The chief governor brings forward the seventy mottoes of the seventy successful candidates. These mottoes are placed before his palace, three great cannons are fired, the news is spread among all classes of the people, and while thousands mourn their disappointed hopes, the successful few are covered with honour. The fortunate seventy are feasted at the palace by the chief authority of the province, and their compositions, together with their names, are sent to the emperor at Peking."

Although the people are not let into the secret, the names of most of the winners are as well known beforehand by certain of the mandarins, as the name of the winning horse by some of our blacklegs. It is notorious that rich men, ambitious of no such honour, have been compelled to send their sons to these examinations and to pay large sums for their passing. In short, in these later days, literary honours are a good deal like peacocks' tails, those other marks of high distinction. When money is wanting, a tail is sent to some one who is known to be rich, and who must take it and pay the enormous price. A Chinese said to an Englishman at Canton—"No doubt to be able to wear a peacock's tail is a very glorious thing, but the honour costs too much! These tails are sent to us like brooms to sweep out our money-chests!"

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## HOME TALES.—No. IX.

## DAWSON; OR, THE HALF-HOLIDAY.

THEY who live near a village school have no need, twice in the day at least, to consult their clock as to the hour of the day. The shrill voices, the rush of joyous feet, the merry shouts that suddenly fill the air, tell the moment as truly as the dial itself. On this day there was more shouting, more cries, more running to and fro than usual; for it was twelve o'clock, and an unexpected holiday had been granted. For a little time the road was full of children, pranks were played off, bursts of laughter provoked, and all was restlessness and activity. Then small groups were made, and parties of pleasure formed, to the woe, it might be, of many a parent bird, or for the more innocent delight of gathering cowslips, primroses, and violets. Then all were profoundly silent, and scarcely a boy was to be seen in any direction. Mr. Dawson, the master of the school, had locked the door. Putting the key and a book into one pocket, he took from a little girl who had been waiting for him a small brown-paper packet, which he deposited in the other. "And I will have a holiday too," said he to himself, "a pleasant walk, and a little fresh air." So saying, with stick in hand, he set forth on his way to the spot of all others he preferred. This was a hill overlooking the village, and affording a fine view of the surrounding country, on which, if the air was to be found sweeter or fresher in one place than another, it was there. And well indeed might it be seen that the pure breeze was a needful luxury to the good man. There was a look on his countenance, not exactly of ill health, but of a weary spirit, the stamp of fatigue, anxiety, and thought. His hair was grey, but whether from age or any other accident was doubtful; and the spring that had once probably marked his step was gone.

Having reached the place, he seated himself on the gentle slope, took the parcel leisurely out of his pocket, and refreshed himself with the piece of bread and cheese which it contained. He then drew forth his book, and for some little time continued to read. When his thoughts began to stray, he fixed his eyes on the landscape before him, and the volume lay open on his knee. "Ay," said he, as he watched a husbandman at work in a field below him, "he has ploughed, he has sown, he harrows in hope, and his hope will not be disappointed. In the sweat of his face, indeed, he eats bread, but the wants of nature are satisfied, health promoted, and fatigue is overlooked; the fruits of his toil are seen and enjoyed. "But I," and he sighed heavily, "what do I see from all the labour I have bestowed on the culture of the mind? I have ploughed, and sowed, and harrowed, and with a careful hand pulled up every weed I could perceive. And what has been my reward? Health and vigour have been destroyed, and have I gained respect any more than wealth? No; not only must I put up with the perverse dispositions of children, but with the whims or rude reproofs of weak parents, who do their best to counteract the benefits of the discipline they do not understand." Again he sighed. "And then the sameness of the life, and the inward sense that I could have filled a higher sphere with more credit than many who proudly tower it over me, and treat me as one necessary to them, but often irksome and in their way. And, almost worse than all, to teach others, till the love of learning, once so sweet, is lost, and books themselves cease to be a pleasure and a relief. One thought alone

soothes me. I have done my best; and though the flowers of reward may never bloom on my grave, reproach will not shroud my name with disgrace." He took his book, and once more appeared to be absorbed in what he was reading. "Good morning to you," exclaimed a person whose approach he had not heard; "may I take a seat beside you?" and without waiting for the leave he had asked, placed himself on the sward. "I have been to your house," said he, "and your little maid directed me here." "Indeed!" returned Dawson, surprised, looking at the stranger; "I have no knowledge of you." "Very likely," replied he; "and perhaps," added he, laughing, "it may be well for some of us that recollection, like our clothes, wears out, and gives us a chance of being seen in a better suit. But that's not my business now. I promised a person once well known to you, that if ever I came to this part of the country, I would learn whether you were still alive, and in that case to bear a message to you." Dawson gazed on the speaker. He was a fine-grown man, with handsome features, and a look in which such boldness and good-humour were so happily mixed, that the admiration of Dawson was won at once: his dress and air were clearly military. "Do you remember a boy called Philip Hill?" asked the man. Dawson mused, and shook his head. "I can't say that I do," said he. "He was a quiet, inoffensive boy, who was with you some twenty years ago," said the soldier." "Oh, yes," cried Dawson, "I remember him now. There was not much about him to make me recollect him at once. He was very much like that river beneath us: it has always a calm surface, and so had he. I don't know that I ever saw him much moved, or take an active part in anything." "No!" said the soldier; "don't you remember a young scoundrel of a boy, who had been braved by the others to do something that no one else dared do, laid a piece of wood in your way, so that you must fall over it, and Phil's wrath at the affront offered you?" "To be sure I do," cried Dawson, in a lively tone; "how odd that I should have forgotten it. Yes, yes: Phil was quite another lad at the moment. I hurt my finger, and the blood flowed. He cried as he wiped off the blood and kissed my hand." "Then now for your comparison between him and the river," said the soldier. "It may be just still," replied Dawson; "that river is deep, though calm; it hides in its breast, as Phil might do in his, more than meets the eye. Yes, he was a good boy from first to last, but he wanted energy sadly. Scores of times I have said to him, 'Phil, you keep in the right path yourself, but you will never win any one else to walk there: qualities like yours rust for the want of using.'" "And what effect had this?" asked the other. "I can't say," answered Dawson; "the impression on my mind is, that from beginning to end he was one of those who gave me no pleasure and no promise: he never was punished, and I am not sure that he was ever rewarded. The boy that played me that trick was as opposite to him as light to dark." "Who was he?" said the soldier. "His name was Hugh Melton," replied he; "I think I see him now." "Do you?" said the soldier, "where?" "In my mind's eye, as our great poet says," answered he. "He was the most daring, the most impudent,—no, let me say bold and resolute—boy I ever taught. I took great pains with him, but with what success I know not; he left me pretty much, for anything that I saw or knew, as he came." "I suppose you gave him a right proper thrashing for that trick he played upon you?" said the soldier. "No, I did not," answered Dawson; "I tried to rouse a better feeling in him towards me and towards others. I showed him how strength, and courage,

and activity, like his, could be employed to his own credit, and the benefit of his fellow-creatures; and I pointed to a path which my own heart had once beat to follow. The boy's best quality was a love of truth; and look ye, soldier, I have long laid it down as a fact proved by experience, that a boy who sticks to the truth rarely turns out ill, while he who loves or makes a lie seldom or never turns out well. I could depend upon Hugh's word; and it was well for him that I could, for otherwise he might have been punished for every offence that could not be brought home to another. How things long passed away revive in my memory! but perhaps you are tired; you have not lived long enough, like me, to look back upon the yesterdays of life as reliefs to the dark shadows of its to-days." "Past or present is alike agreeable to me," said the soldier; "a time may come, perhaps, when I shall care to look only on the past." "There will always be a future," said Dawson; "as the hope of that is bright, past or present will continue to be agreeable to us." "True, but what were you going to say about this Hugh Melton?" asked the soldier. "I was going to give you an insight into the boy's character," returned Dawson. "There was a gentleman living in our village who had a fine pear-tree in his garden. For two or three mornings running he brought a basket full of pears, which he gave to the boys. On the fourth he came in with a small quantity only; but enough for every boy to have one. 'I have been robbed last night,' said he; 'these are the last pears on the tree: now, come forward and each take one.' All obeyed except Hugh, who sat with his slate before him, fixed to his form. Mr. Longman whispered to me, 'I thought so; I have found out what I wished.' 'That boy has had no share in the theft,' said I, 'it's not like him; but we'll hear what he has to say.' I called Hugh. He stood before us in an instant. 'Why did you not come for a pear?' said Mr. Longman. 'Because I have eaten one that must have been stolen from you,' said he. 'How did you come by it?' 'It was given to me.' 'By whom?' said Mr. Longman; 'by any one here?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Name him.' 'No,' said the boy; 'he has been mean enough to take a pear when he knows he ought not, but I am not going to be like him in any sort of meanness.' 'Then I will have you flogged,' said Mr. Longman, angrily. 'That will be of no use,' said Hugh; 'nothing shall make me tell.' I begged that the matter might drop, and no more was said."

To the surprise and perhaps disappointment of Dawson, the soldier made no observation. The good man waited a moment, and then said, "But let us go back to Philip Hill." "Do you recollect what became of him when he left you?" asked the other. "He entered into a farmer's service somewhere in this neighbourhood," I think, said Dawson. "Just so," answered the soldier, "and with that person emigrated to Canada; quite in the back settlements of that country. When our regiment was quartered at Quebec, I was sent on duty in search of a deserter, and by this means fell in with Hill." "And what was he doing?" inquired Dawson. "He was settled in a farm," replied the other, "married, and with a large family, working very hard, but prosperous; and more looked up to and respected in the neighbourhood than any other man." "You give me great pleasure to hear it," said Dawson, speaking as he really felt. "It would give you far greater pleasure if you could see him," said the soldier; "if I had but the power to transport you to the spot, I'd venture something that you would witness a scene you would never forget. It was quite evening when we reached his house, and we asked to lodge for the night. The leave that cannot be refused is readily granted, though our host was of those men who would

have opened wide his doors to any one in need of shelter. I can give you no idea of the comfort and order that prevailed in that dwelling; enough, it helped to make all happy who shared it; and the good example thus set told forcibly upon others. We were very hospitably treated, and had plenty both to eat and drink. When supper was ended, and we had sat a little while, the eldest son arose, laid a Bible and Prayer Book before his father, who read a chapter, made some remarks upon it, and then, with the whole family, knelt down to prayer. We were not asked whether we liked to join them or not; we were expected to do so; the master of the dwelling showing what he knew to be his duty, and what he expected from us, who were, as he called it, within his gates." I commend him for his conduct," said Dawson; warmly; "the cause of religion suffers much often from its best friends being either afraid or ashamed to show in public what they prove in privacy to be their acknowledged duty." "We were gone," resumed the soldier, "very early in the morning, before any one was stirring. On our return, we again made for Hill's house. We guessed it might be about nine o'clock when we came in sight of it. To our great surprise, numbers were to be seen where before scarcely a man or woman had met our sight. Sunday we knew it was, but we knew also that there was no church within thirty miles at least; we supposed, therefore, that some holiday-making or meeting was in the wind. When we reached Hill's premises, we saw forty or fifty persons assembled. I asked a respectable-looking man the meaning of it all. 'Simply this,' said he, 'we enjoy a blessing which is denied to hundreds. We were living in a state somewhat like heathenism, when our good friend Hill settled among us. True, we had brought with us a knowledge of God, and a reverence for his holy word and his day; but this soon began to fade when we had nothing to refresh our memory. Many among us, who could forget their native country, and be content to labour in the week-day, felt the loss of the Sabbath, as we had been accustomed to spend it, severely. The evil, however, that is not to be cured must be endured, and once endured, it is soon relished. We were growing reconciled to such a state of things, or indifferent about it. What might have been the end I know not, had not Hill, who had hitherto interfered less with us than any other man, with a zeal and a modesty that did him honour, urged us to some sort of observance of the Sabbath, some kind of instruction for the children. He had more knowledge, and, I must say, bore a better character, than any one about us. He partly offered, and partly was invited, to read the Scriptures and the Church Service on each returning Sunday. At first there was but a small number of us, but in a short time we mustered a strong party; and from a few straggling children who came to be instructed, we formed a very respectable school. Hill hopes, from the answers he has received to the many letters he has written on the subject, that a regular clergyman will shortly be sent to us, and I hope so too; in the meantime there he is, the spring of good round which we all turn, the means of knowledge to those who were famishing for the want of spiritual food, and setting an example of good-will to man and of love to God, that makes his name dear to all.'"

Dawson lost not a single word. "Excellent man," cried he; "but you said you had a message from him to me?" "You shall have it in time," replied the soldier. "I spent another night with him; he told me much of his former life; we talked of you—of his old schoolfellows—especially of Hugh Melton; but perhaps you don't care to hear anything about him? You must have been right glad to have got rid of him altogether." "You

are mistaken," answered Dawson; "Hugh was no common boy, though there was as much to fear as to like in him." "What! had you any liking at all for him?" said the soldier. "There are feelings in the heart of a master that none but a master may know," answered Dawson; "and mine sometimes yearned towards that boy. Bold he was, and determined he was, nor was he in any way to be daunted; but there was a something in his eye that made you feel the spirit that kindled them was truly of a heavenly origin, and which awed you. Poor fellow! I should like to know that he turned out well, and what became of him after he and his friends left this part." "He very early enlisted in the — regiment," said the other; "his officers gave him the credit of being a capital soldier; he was a marked man among them. Was there a service of more than common danger, Hugh was sure to have his share; was some desperate act to be attempted, Hugh was the first to offer himself. He rose, step by step, from lance-corporal to colour-serjeant, till at last it was his good fortune to save the lives of several of his officers and comrades at a most critical moment, for which service he was made serjeant-major." "How?" said Dawson, eagerly. "The army was besieging one of the strongest cities in Spain. This had already cost us many valuable lives, when a detachment of the — regiment was on service in the trenches. They were close together, when an eighteen-inch shell fell among them. Their doom was sealed. In an instant, Hugh snatching up the shell in his arms, which was as heavy as he could well carry, the fusee all the time burning, climbed up the parapet and threw it over. No sooner had it reached the ground than it burst; but he, and the brave men with him, were safe."\* Dawson had caught hold of the soldier's arm whilst he was speaking. As the latter finished, he turned his eyes full upon him, the daring spirit that blazed in them told the truth at once. "Hugh!" cried Dawson, "Hugh Melton! is it you?" For a few minutes neither spoke. Hugh first broke silence. "And now," said he, "I will speak both for Hill and myself. Whatever we may be, or may have done for others; whatever success in life has attended us, we owe it all to you, and to the way in which you trained us. You gave the right bent to the good that was in us, changing the nature of the evil: my courage without you might have become brutality, his inactivity might have sent him useless to the grave." Dawson sat buried in thought, but his features showed that he was much agitated. At length he exclaimed, "And I repined at the lot appointed me, and questioned the fruits of the care I could not see, when in soils where I least expected it a rich and abundant harvest was crowning my labours. Oh, mercy undeserved! may the ungrateful spirit be forgiven! But thus does the great Governor of the Universe, fitting his servants for the tasks allotted them, while he puts the wisdom and foresight of men to nought, silently but surely, simply but with marvellous skill, work out his gracious purposes, and seal them with the stamp of his love."

\* A literal fact; the feat was performed by a private in the 95th regiment, now the Rifle Brigade, at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

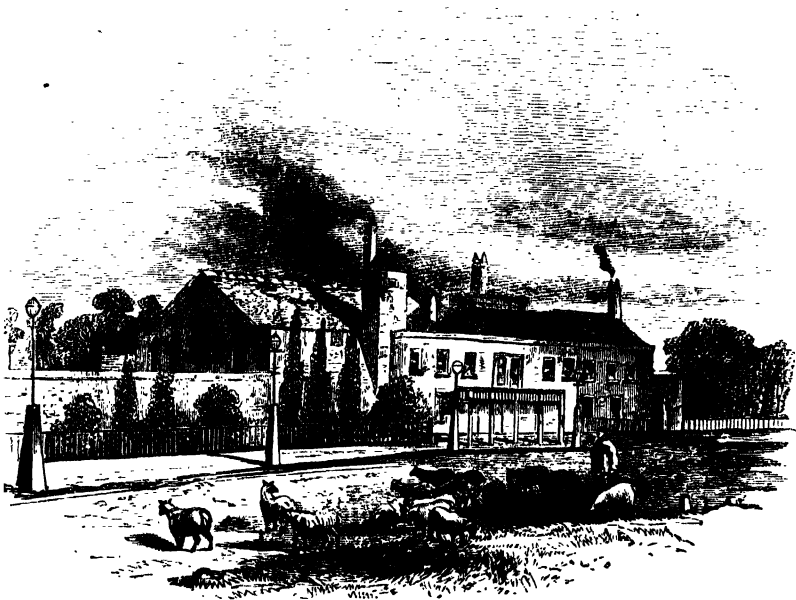
**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

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PORTSMOUTH.



OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

IN our former paper on "Southsea" we alluded to the investment of Portsmouth by the inhabitants of Porchester; we must premise, for the information of untravelled readers, that Southsea is only separated from Portsmouth by the fortifications of the latter town.

Three miles across the harbour the fine tower of Porchester Castle rears its venerable head, with ivy mantling round it, like to the beard of an aged warrior. It was here the Romans effected their first landing in Hampshire in the days of Kymbelinus, or Cymbeline, whose son Arviragus afterwards completed the fortifications which the Romans had begun. A day may be agreeably and satisfactorily spent in a visit to these noble ruins, amid which



the thoughtful man may ponder on the past when the fortress first rose under the hands of Roman artificers,\* even while Christ's apostles preached the gospel in Rome; while St. John wrote his solemn Revelations from the "lonely isle;" while, in a word, the light from the Cross was gradually illuminating the south of Europe, and Britain was a land of "thick darkness" and inhuman paganism.

The Romans overthrew the Druid altars, only to raise their temples to their deities of licentious reputation, and all were swept away to give place to the idols of northern mythology, when the Saxons, under Porth, established their kingdom here, and, until the time of William the Norman, had perpetual conflicts with the Danes, on these shores.

In process of time, the sea retreating from Porchester, or rather the haven of Porchester becoming shallow, from the various deposits left by retiring tides, the inhabitants emigrated across the creek, and founded what some suppose to have been the town of Longborth,† mentioned by the Welsh bard Lynwarch Hen, in his description of the shock of battle between Britons and Saxons, the latter commanded by Porth, A.D. 501. Porth, or Portha, conquered the Britons; hence the name of Portsmouth or *Portesmuthe*.

The Saxons, however, did not hold possession without some trouble, "for," says the curious poetical record of Mr. Henry Slight,‡ before me,

"When the Saxons in England held sovereign sway,  
The Danes paid them visits almost every day;"

and these piratical gentlemen, who infested the whole coast, would bring their little vessels up the creek, haul them ashore, and, leaving guards with them, would break into foraging parties and plunder the country, carrying off sometimes, not only the cattle and produce of the land, but the inhabitants themselves.

In the ninth century the Danish fleet boldly entered the Solent sea, and were in the first instance driven back to their ships by Ethelwulph; afterwards King Alfred gave them a sound beating; but they were as tenacious as ants, returning constantly to the charge, and giving neither Saxons nor Britons any peace for sixty years and more.

It was at Portsmouth that King Harold "equipped him a fleet" in 1066—

"To withstand  
Norman William from setting a foot on the land;"

but William, as we all know, landed at Pevensey, in Sussex, and forthwith established his kingdom, sword in hand.

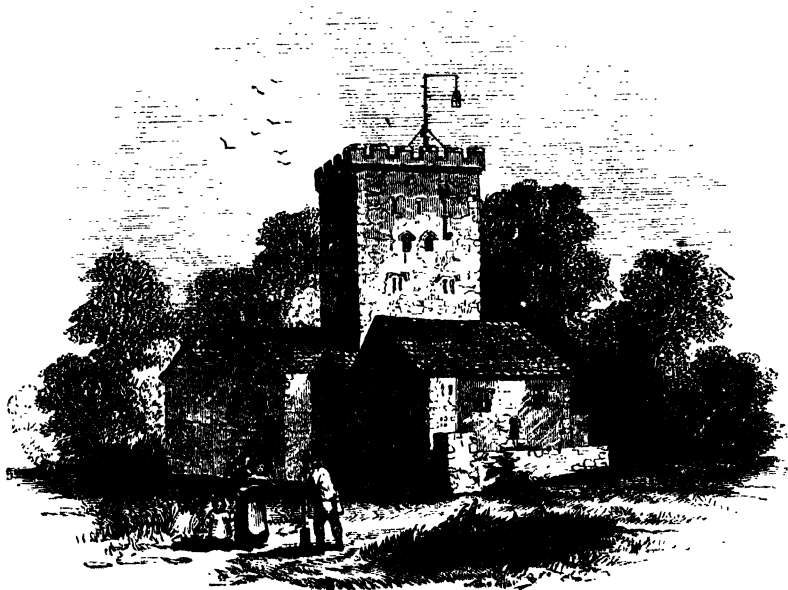
Before the middle of the twelfth century, Portsmouth began to acquire importance from the advantages it possessed as a seaport; and early in the thirteenth rose the first grand monument of civilization, the parish church, built by Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winton (Winchester), and dedicated to St. Thomas a Becket.

\* The reader may remember that even after Valentinian III., in the fifth century, had abandoned Britain, many of the public works were carried on by Roman workmen who remained in the country. These buildings were continued by the Saxons, and completed by the Normans.

† Longborth or Longbooth, signifying the haven of ships, was certainly some harbour on the southern coast, and it has, therefore, been inferred by the learned to be the Portsmouth of the present day.

‡ 'A Metrical History of Portsmouth,' by Henry Slight, Esq., M.R.C.S., valuable as a reference for dates.

Mr. Ubsdell, an artist, and a great searcher into antiquities, has raked out, so to speak, some curious facts connected with this church, which, but for his patience and sagacity, could never have been identified with the square-towered building, of which we are enabled, through the kindness of Mr. Ubsdell, to offer a sketch. This sketch, the work of an artist in 1545, was unintelligible till Mr. Ubsdell, on examining the church, and ascertaining where the old building ended and the new one begun, satisfied himself that the draughtsman of Henry VIII.'s day had sketched the four sides of the structure in different sections, putting them together afterwards, but, through want of memory or skill, represented all four sides as one façade!



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH.

The great alterations in this venerable building took place in 1692: the chancel, it is said, retains much the appearance it had when first founded, and the pillars are of Saxon architecture.

The lantern on the tower was in ancient days the beacon-light of the haven. On the roof of this tower, after renewing the fortifications begun by Edward IV., and placing a guard at the town gates, Queen Elizabeth set a watch, who, "by ringing of a bell, gave notice what horse and foot were coming towards town, and by waving of a flag signified what quarter they came from." The bells that chime so merrily at times in our own day carry our thoughts back to a far date, for five of them were brought hither from the Pharos\* at Dover.

There is a curious monument in St. Thomas's to the memory of the Duke

\* The old bells were recast, and three more added. The Pharos at Dover is the oldest part of the castle—it was the Roman lighthouse.

of Buckingham, of whose assassination we shall have to speak by-and-by: this memorial was erected in the year 1631, by the duke's sister, Susanna Countess of Denbigh. The urn on the tomb is said to contain his heart.

The marriage of Charles II. with Catherine of Braganza—"Black Catherine," as the ribald king called the Portuguese princess—is registered in this church, but the ceremonial of the nuptials took place in what is now the garrison chapel. Very little remains of the ancient building, which was once a monastery called the *Domus Dei*, "God's House." It had its hospital in those days; and the foreground, in which in our times we have seen the guard "trooped" in gallant style to the tune of "merry fife and stirring drum," was the cemetery of the institution. All members of the *Domus Dei* were buried there by night; but any stranger desiring interment among such holy dead, the body was first carried to the "mother-church" of St. Thomas's, and mass was celebrated there.

This *faire hospitale*, as some old books designate it, was originally built as a refuge for twelve poor old men. By Mr. Ubsdell's perseverance he has been able to trace much that is curious in connection with the ancient and modern building. Through the kindness of intelligent acquaintances we are enabled to offer an old and modern sketch of "God's House," each presenting a curious contrast to the other, although, as we have observed, the most sacred part of the structure remains almost unaltered.



God's House.

Here, for instance, is the appearance which the *Domus Dei* presented in the sixteenth century. Allowances must be made for the artist's idea of perspective.

At the dissolution of religious houses by Henry VIII. "God's House," or what remained of it, was transformed into a residence for the governor. Charles II. had a grand banquet here on his wedding-day; since which period it has undergone many alterations.

In 1814, the Government House wore such an aspect as would have marvellously astonished the old monks, could they have risen from the green and looked upon the throng that rent the air with their shouts, when the Prince Regent, in the month of June, entertained the Emperor Alexander of Russia, Frederick King of Prussia, Blucher and Platoff, and *our Duke!*

That "imperial visit" is still vividly remembered by many of the inhabitants, who then, as children, enjoyed the spectacle, while their elders rejoiced at a prospect, so soon to be darkened, of peace.

Triumphal arches spanned the streets, a triple salute of the artillery and the fleet welcomed the Regent, and naval and military uniforms made the procession, which went to meet the Prince, a mass of scarlet, gold, and blue. The very shops in Southampton were deserted; and some of the shutters thereof were marked, "Not dead, but gone to Portsmouth!"

On the 24th of June the brilliant cortége proceeded on foot to the dockyard at Portsea; the whole fleet got under weigh and performed several evolutions, to the great delight of the foreign sovereigns and their nobles, and at seven o'clock the party landed.

Meanwhile the Duke of Wellington had arrived, and loud and clear rang the shouts of welcome under the windows of the George Hotel, where stood the hero of the day. His carriage with eight horses awaited him; but the excited people unharnessed the steeds, and drew the popular idol to the Government House, where he was soon met by the Prince Regent, whose emotion, on seeing the Duke, checked his utterance; but recovering himself instantly, and turning to the assembled princes and generals, he exclaimed, "England's glory is now complete, it only wanted the presence of your Grace."

"At night," says my informant, an eye-witness of the scene, "I saw them (the Sovereigns, Princes, Wellington, and Blucher) come out upon the balcony of the Government, or King's House, with glasses in their hands; the illuminations made the town as light as day, and I heard them drink the toast 'Peace,' and the multitude re-echoed it, while each man-of-war at Spithead thundered forth its chorus of a hundred guns!"

In his walk up the High Street of Portsmouth, the visitor must not forget to observe on the right a white house, of somewhat older structure than its neighbours; it was in the passage of this abode that the Duke of Buckingham was killed by Felton. This house is now divided into two, and there is reason to believe that the fatal stab was given on the threshold of the larger doorway. At the date of the occurrence the building was an inn, and was called the "Spotted Dog."

About forty years ago the market, surmounted by the old town-hall, stood in the middle of the High Street. Leland, in his 'Itinerary,' speaks of "One Carpenter making this town-house;" the present structure was raised in 1736, and enlarged in 1796.

The Victoria Pier presents a curious contrast now to the days of "the last war." Then the vessels came up to the platform to take in provisions, let down by huge cranes; near these stood the clumsy semaphore, now superseded by the electric telegraph, and, not far off, was the king's slaughter-house, sometimes called "Johnny Gibson's Hole," from

prisoners being thrust into a nook of the odious building by the then Governor Gibson.

The ramparts here form a delightful walk ; in summer they are shaded by the fine elms. The town, in the days of Edward IV., was defended by a wall of timber, covered with earth. Edward VI. and Elizabeth raised more substantial fortifications, and Portsmouth is now the most complete fortress in the kingdom. The garrison usually consists of at least three regiments of the line, with artillery, marines, and sappers and miners.

We must take another turn up the High Street if you please, reader, and once more look at the George Inn. How many sad partings have taken place in that old house, which was once a poor thatched dwelling, called the "Waggon and Lamb;" how many have turned from that doorway with aching hearts, blue Peter waving them away to Spithead, and further still, ay, even to the dead sea of Eternity! and, to change the picture, how many a merry breakfast has been eaten there by hungry mid-dies, just landed, and impatient to "be off by the old Portsmouth coach."

Before noon the High Street echoes with the tread of soldiers; two huge piles of barracks intersect the thoroughfares between the George Inn to the Landport-gate. Pause, too, on your way to Portsea, to take a peep at Colewort Barracks: when the inhabitants emigrated hither from Porchester they found this corner overrun with colewort, hence the name even to this day. This spot was once called the Vicar's Close: it was purchased by Government in 1678, and an old letter has been preserved showing how the vicar of Portsmouth felt himself aggrieved by the purchase, inasmuch as Charles II. did not keep faith in his promise of compensation for tithes, the vicar, Thomas Heather, complaining that "after much trouble he got forty shillings yearly rent for the ground."

On the site of the barracks, anciently stood a conventual building dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and the large burial-ground of St. Mary's Church was the cabbage-garden of the house: whether monks or nuns (most probably the latter) looked out upon that spot, the building and its inmates of olden time must have been in curious contrast with the present long range of red brick, with merry soldiers leaning in the windows, or wheeling through their martial evolutions in the great square, where hooded men and women once moved with noiseless tread and lifeless air. The ruins of the convent served to reconstruct St. Thomas's Church.

And now, on through the gate over the modern bridges, past more green ramparts and waving trees and sentinels, into the commercial headquarters, so to speak, of Portsmouth and its environs. What a busy crowd comes rushing up the chief artery of Portsea, Queen Street! It is one o'clock, and the dockyard artificers and mechanics are released for an hour to dine and rest from their labour.

A hundred and fifty years ago the "Island of Portsea" was called Portsmouth Common; it dates its prosperity in trade from the beginning of the American war. From the docks at Portsea are launched most of the floating bulwarks of our nation: the yard owes its origin to King John, who, in his quarrels with his barons, privately withdrew to Portsmouth, and thence, with only seven attendants, passed over to the Isle of Wight. The Isle of Wight was a baptismal gift to Ethelwalch, a South Saxon king, from Wulfhere, king of Mercia, who, on Ethelwalch's conversion to Christianity, stood sponsor for him. Wulfhere crushed the idolatry into which his kingdom was fast relapsing.

Portsea had like to have been utterly destroyed in 1770, when John the

Painter (John Atkin), set fire to the rope-house; happily the wretched man's attempt was frustrated, but the damage done amounted to a hundred and forty-nine thousand pounds. Jack was hung in chains on Block-house beach.

Perhaps of all the departments in this wonderful arsenal, the most extraordinary is that of block-making. Oh, to see the saws revolving in the huge beams and splitting them up as if they were no stronger than sticks of celery! then to watch the chisels that make one hundred and thirty strokes in a minute on the smooth surface of the blocks, as the latter slide under the machinery and back again with marvellous celerity; and next the blocks are shaped by tens, with such velocity that iron guards are placed between the workmen and the machine, lest the blocks should suddenly fly off and wound them. Then there are the building-slips, and the metal mills, and copper foundry, in which thirty-five tons of ore have been manufactured in a single week! "Here," says Mr. Slight, "the immense furnaces, the clouds of vapour, the incessant roll of the fly-wheels of the steam-engine, and the changing hues of the fluid metal, under various degrees of liquefaction, keep the mind in a state of constant excitement."

The next great object of wonder is the rope-walk. Look through the vista: from the entrance to that far speck of light, the vanishing-point, the line extends one thousand and ninety-four feet: the busy ropemakers are mere dwarfs in the distance, and so severe is the labour in cable-making, though assisted by machinery, that they cannot work many hours in the day. "Whenever the king," says Mr. Slight, "visits Portsmouth in state, it is an ancient custom for the ropemakers of the dockyard to precede the royal carriage from the boundary to the borough, uniformly dressed, bearing white staves and the national flag, and wearing blue sashes across the shoulder." In this manner the Prince Regent was conducted to the docks in 1814.

Among the buildings of utility rises the little temple dedicated to God's service. The bell that summons the people of the neighbourhood to prayers is that which once marked the march of time upon the deck of the ill-starred "Royal George."

Many of the houses on the Hard are built after the fashion of those in Holland, viz., on piles driven into the ground. From this locality you may start on a trip to view the "Victory," on whose decks a small brass plate marks the spot where Nelson fell; or the "Excellent," to watch the naval practice of young aspirants for glory. The royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," which may be seen without difficulty, owing to that royal courtesy which extends itself to "little things," is also an object of exceeding interest, as being frequently the floating home of our Ocean Queen. The characteristics of the vessel and its appliances are speed, utility, and comfort; no heavy draperies, no massive furniture, cumber the airy cabins, an air of simple elegance pervades the whole fabric. Here the mighty Sovereign of a great nation lays aside her state. Her Majesty's private morning room has its tiny library, its small piano, its miniature writing or drawing table.

'Tis pleasant indeed, on a fair summer's eve, to sail across the harbour from Fort Monckton to Southsea Beach, and, as in a dream, to scan the past and connect it with the scene before us. Imagine the Saxon and Danish fleet out there in the offing, fighting almost hand to hand, for there were no thundering guns in those days. Think of the many English

Sovereigns who have stepped ashore here with hearts beating high with ambition or anger: King John, with his dark brows; Henry III., with his glittering retinue; Margaret of Anjou, with her ladies, when she came to marry our Henry VI., in 1445; and as an eyewitness named Lilly says, "Our most nobell Prince Charles arrived at Portsmouth the fifth of October from Spaine, 1623, being Sundaye, at nine o'clock in the morning." This was when our unfortunate King Charles I., and his gay satellite Buckingham, returned from their adventures in search of a wife for Charles. Seven-and-thirty years after this, Charles' unhappy Queen Henrietta set out for France from Portsmouth.

Many expeditions were planned and equipped here in Charles II.'s time; and here, in 1689, William III. visited the fleet and dined at Spithead. It was in Portsmouth harbour that Admiral Byng was tried by court-martial and condemned to be shot. His execution took place at Greenwich. Time has done his memory justice.

We think we have shown that many hours may be as profitably as agreeably spent in exploring Portsmouth and its immediate neighbourhood; but before we close this paper, we crave permission to say a few "last words" on a subject so closely connected with the welfare of the town, that we should not feel ourselves justified in passing it over.

We allude to the evils arising from carelessness relative to the drainage and cleansing of the streets. We shall content ourselves by quoting some remarks made at a late public meeting by Dr. Rolph, whose profession entitles his remonstrance to weight; since on the condition and health of the humbler classes, we are more dependent than we generally allow. "For," says Dr. Rolph, in closing his "warning," "on whom does the mischief of this wanton neglect fall? The industrious man is the victim; always in a conflict with poverty, he is unable to resist the disease—'arising from malaria'—and I wish, I could carry you, my hearers, in imagination, to some of those trying scenes so common to us, of a man stricken down by one of those fevers, caused by the evil accumulations surrounding his dwelling. His distracted brain, burning skin, and parched tongue, demand a current of air; I open the window; I am almost knocked down by the evil effluvia from the stagnant waters." Such was the vivid and truthful picture which Mr. Rolph presented, happily, we believe, with good effect, at least as far as good intentions go. Summer is rapidly advancing; visitors are hurrying to the seaside; troops closely fill the ill-situated barracks; fleets of ships are victualling for emigration, the docks are daily increasing their population of artificers, and the narrow thoroughfares are thronging hourly with "able-bodied seamen," in search of employment; may, then, the few words we have quoted touch the good sense, if not the good feeling, of men having authority in the ancient and important town of Portsmouth.

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#### AN ANTIQUARY

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is on the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slightes the future, but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.

BUTLER.

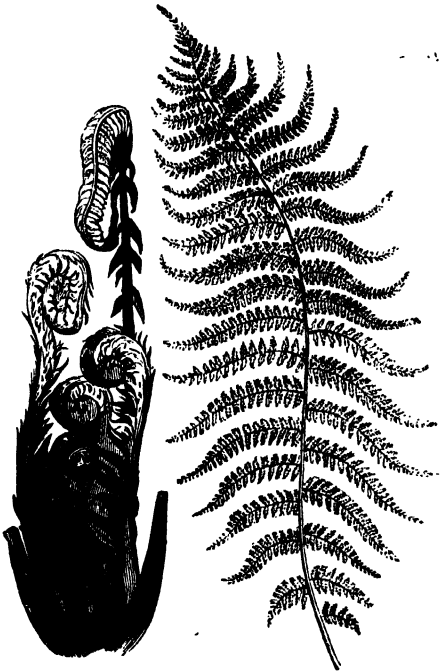
THE FERN TRIBE.—No. VI.

IN our last paper we completed the survey of that large family the Aspidiaceæ; the next which presents itself to our notice is the Aspleniaceæ, the characteristic of which is that they bear their thecæ in an *elongate* mass covered by an indusium. There are several genera in this wide-spread family, and some of them so remarkably different from the others as that no common observer would conceive that they could possibly be classed together. Some are diminutive, others almost among the largest of British Ferns. Some are composed of minute leaflets, grouped in divers forms on a common leaf-stalk; others are large, long, drooping leaves with straight edges; whilst others, again, vary from all these, and present us with long narrow leaves waved at the edges, and densely covered on the under side with a brown scaly covering amongst which lies the point. But we must not forestall our ordinary arrangement, but take up the description of each species under its own proper heading.

We begin with that lovely and delicate fern the *Athyrium Filix Fœmina*, commonly called "The Lady Fern." This is distributed pretty generally throughout the British islands; but although it fails not to exhibit its beautiful feathery foliage even on the wildest moors and hill-sides, yet what that accurate observer of nature, Sir Walter Scott, says of it is very correct:—

"Where the copse-wood is the greenest;  
Where the fountain glistens sheenest;  
Where the morning dew lies longest,  
There the Lady Fern grows strongest."

The growth and appearance of this fern is very like that of the *Lastreas*, but it is specifically distinct from them; the thecæ in all that genus being formed in *circular* masses, whilst those of *F. Fœmina* are in a long "sausage-like" shape. The root is black, fibrous, and wiry, the rhizoma large, and vertically elongate. Newman says that he has seen it more than a foot in height. The fronds, which appear in May, are at first circinate; but as they progress, the apex becomes free and hangs down (as



THE LADY FERN.



in *F. mas*), in the form of a shepherd's crook. The frond then expands, and shows itself to be lanceolate and regularly pinnate; the pinnules being simply toothed, pinnatifid, or regularly pinnate. A considerable portion of the rachis is bare; it is clothed with elongate, blackish scales, but not so densely as *F. mas*, and the stem is much swollen at the base. The frond is exceedingly tender and delicate, and withers almost as soon as it is plucked. It is a fern which presents us with many varieties, which some botanists have considered to be separate species; but our authority, Newman, classes them all under the same head. The Lady Fern abounds in the Irish bogs, and is used for packing fish and fruit, as the common bracken is in other places. This, as most other ferns, was formerly in repute in medicine. Old Nicholas Culpepper says that it, and *F. mas*, are "under the dominion of Mercury;" and that "fern being burnt, the smoke thereof driveth away serpents, gnats, and other noisome creatures, which, in fenny countries, are sometimes very troublesome."

We have now come to the close of our catalogue of the splendid plumelike ferns which decorate our land, the remainder of those which we have to examine being of a very different character and much smaller growth. When musing amidst forest scenes, and viewing those majestic trees which have for ages overhung the deep and wild mountain streams, amidst which ferns of this character have to grow, our minds seem irresistibly carried back to the elder times. We see in imagination the white-robed Druid, his beard flowing half-way down his body and his feet bare, traversing these wilds in severe and dignified silence, followed by his grave young disciples. They are, doubtless, studying under their priestly master the nature, mystical and medical, of the plants around them; and among that silent band there may be some whose hearts bear witness to the greatness and goodness of Him who made all things so beautiful; some who, touched by the soft beauties and tender mercies exhibited in creation, are led to question whether the bloody sacrifices, the horrible Pagan rites, into which they are being initiated, can, indeed, be accordant with the will of Him whom they, in truth, but partially understood, but whom they could feel to be in them and about them. Oh! happy for the youth of the present day that they live at a time when the "true light" has shined on the world; when they are permitted the privilege of being daily instructed in those things after which men of ancient days groped in darkness and through difficulties! Happy for them if they will open their eyes to that light, if they will lay hold of that Saviour who is manifested to them; but unhappy, most unhappy, if "seeing they will not see, hearing they will not hear." Better had it been for them to be Pagans groping after the truth, than Christians casting it from them; barbarians who never heard of "that Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world," than those who, baptized in his name, and nominally his followers, yet "put him to an open shame," trample on his ordinance, despise his word, and "do despite to the Spirit of Grace." Fancy also depicts amidst those beautiful solitudes the scenes of bloodshed and terror, which must have taken place amongst those wilds when the Roman invader came and spoiled the land; the years of serfdom and slavery and worship of foreign idols which ensued; and then the succeeding tyranny of Saxon and Dane and Norman, as they successively bore sway. How often has the solitary wanderer taken refuge from his pursuers amongst the deep fastnesses of those western wilds!—how often, in the days of bitter and relentless persecution for religion, has the hunted servant of God sought and found a place

amongst them, where he might commune with his God and be at peace ! Blessed be God's name for the days of light and liberty which we now enjoy ; that we can now pass but few villages which have not a church in which to worship, and a pastor to resort to for instruction, and schools for their children, where the truths of God are taught to them ; that we have no need to fly as a "bird from the fowler," to escape the enemies of either body or soul ; and that we may muse and meditate, or ramble and botanize, and enjoy the lovely scenery amongst the woods, and hills, and rocks, and streams, which beautify our land, no man forbidding us !

A whole phalanx of most attractive and elegant little plants presents itself to us under the next genus, the *Aspleniums*, or spleenworts, both the botanical and trivial names of this tribe being given from its supposed power over that organ of the human body, the spleen. In the most ancient times there were rules laid down for gathering these plants, which, to be successfully used in medicine, must be culled at a certain hour of the night, and with peculiar ceremonies ; but even as early as the days of Queen Elizabeth these laws were beginning to be laughed at, and the medicinal uses of the plants set at naught, excepting for pectoral disorders, in which some of the species are still considered beneficial. We find eight species, besides several varieties of spleenworts. The first, *A. lanceolatum*, is a fern of good taste, and delights in sea-shore scenes ; it is not, however, confined to such habitats, for it grows

on Snowdon, and in a few other inland stations. It is found on rocks near both the Tamar and the Tavy, and on some parts of Dartmoor, as also near Torquay. It is a beautiful little fern, ranging from 4 to 12 inches in height. Its roots are slender, long, and penetrating, running to a great depth when in the fissures of rocks, where, or on stone walls, it is usually found. The rhizoma is brown, tufted, and thickly clothed with brown bristle-like scales, some of which are also present on the stem, which is bare nearly half its length. The young fronds appear in May, and are perfected by August, remaining green throughout the winter ; their form is various, but it is always pinnate, the pinnace stalked and lobed. In some varieties the fronds are more erect than in



THE BLACK SPLEENWORT.

others, and some fronds are narrower than others, as expressed in our plate. The lateral veins are branched, a branch running to the

extremity of each scorature; the clusters of capsules are attached near the extremity of the veins, and somewhat alternately; each cluster is at first long and narrow, and covered by a white indusium which soon disappears, and the clusters usually become nearly circular and crowded, if not confluent.

The species which next follows is *Asplenium adiantum-nigrum*, "The Black Spleenwort" (see page 323), which may be known from any other of its tribe by the dark purple, glossy rachis. It is a most beautiful yet very common ornament of our hedgerows, stone walls, and old ruins. Its root is black and wiry, and its rhizoma black, tufted, and covered with bristly scales. The fronds appear late—not till May or June, but they last long; so that there is no time of year in which the graceful pendulous fronds of the black spleenwort may not be found. The form is triangular; the apex acute and very narrow. The pinnæ are pinnate, alternate, triangular, and acutely pointed; the pinnules are also alternate and triangular, and all the fronds are fertile. The lateral veins in the pinnules or lobes are generally forked after leaving the mid-vein, and on one or both branches of this divided vein is borne a line of capsules, at first covered by a white, narrow, scale-like involucre, which opens towards the mid-vein; and, as the capsules mature, is lifted up and pushed away, when the form of the clusters is lost, and the capsules, becoming confluent, cover

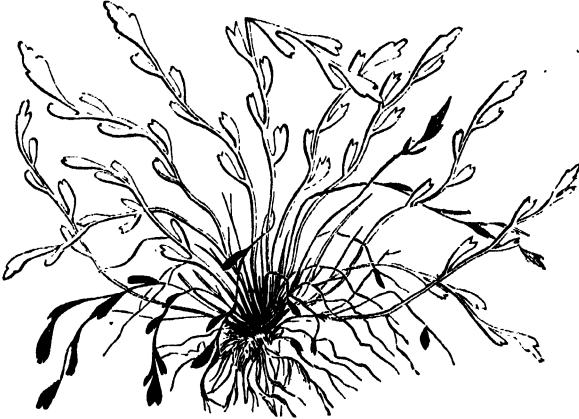
nearly the whole leaf. Its usual size is from 6 to 12 inches in length. In close association with it, when it grows on walls, is often found the next species we have to name, *Asplenium ruta muraria*, "The Rue-leaved Spleenwort." This pretty little fern grows very abundantly and freely on old walls and ruins; and, like many others of its tribe, has a power of penetrating mortar with its little wiry black roots, and sustaining its unchanging verdure without apparently anything to feed on, for the driest old walls are its chief resorts. The usual form of the frond is triangular and pinnate; the pinnules are stalked, and look like separate little lozenge-shaped leaves. They are of a dull green, and



THE RUE-LEAVED SPLEENWORT

all of them fertile. The stem is black or purple and shining; and the whole plant seldom exceeds from two to three inches in length. The frond,

tiny as it is, exhibits from two to five elongate lines of capsules on it; these are covered by white involucre, which are eventually pushed aside by the swelling capsules, and lost among the masses of sori which eventually cover the back of the leaf. We must pass lightly over the next species, which seems to be almost a connecting link between this and the one which follows it. Weiss's Spleenwort (*A. Germanicum*) is, perhaps, the rarest of our British ferns in a wild state, but thrives well in cultivation. We shall just



WEISS'S SPLEENWORT.

copy Newman's description of it, and, adding that it has only been found in a few places in Scotland, and not at all elsewhere, pass on:—"The roots are black and wiry; the rhizoma rather elongate; the stem dark at the base, but green above; the frond very narrow, linear and pinnate; the pinnae regularly alternate, distant ascending, somewhat pear-shaped, notched at the apex, and sometimes also at the side. The pinnae, as in the last species, are without a mid-vein. They have two, three, or four sub-parallel longitudinal veins, and on each of them is usually situated a line of capsules, which, as far as I have observed, is covered by a linear, somewhat inflated, and persistent involucre, which is slightly arched over the capsules, opens towards the median line of the pinna, and has a sinuous, but not jagged, free margin."

The "Forked spleenwort" (*A. Septentrionale*), which is our next subject, occupies situations similar to the two last. It is extremely rare, and, perhaps, may be considered as more curious than beautiful. It grows in immense large bunches. Newman says that one tuft, which he found by the farm-



THE FORKED SPLEENWORT.

yard at Llanrwst, on the Conway, was so heavy, that after shaking out all the loose earth, he found it an inconvenient load to carry a single mile. It appeared to consist of but one rhizoma, but there were upwards of three hundred living and vigorous fronds, and at least as many decaying ones. Gerarde considers this as a moss, and calls it *Moscus corniculatus*, "The Horned, or Knagged Moss." There is found upon the tops of our most barren mountains, says he, "but especially where sea coles are accustomed to be digged, stone to make iron of, and also where ore is gotten for tinne and lead, a certaine small plant; it riseth forth of the ground with many bare and naked branches, dividing themselves at the top into sundrie knags like the forked hornes of a decre, every part whereof is of an overworne whitish colour." The fronds of this fern appear in March and April, and are mature in August, remaining green through the winter; it is long, shaded with one or two deep serratures in the side, and a bifid point; it narrows toward the base, and terminates in a smooth stem, the base of which is black. The veins are nearly simple, and few in number; and the capsules are attached to each in a continuous line, covered at first by an involucre of the same shape, and open towards the middle of the frond. This, as the capsules swell, is thrown back, and finally lost among the mass of capsules which clothes the lower side of the leaf. The roots are long, fibrous, crooked, and intertwined, the rhizoma very large and tufted. This fern is found chiefly in Wales and the northern counties of England; but Somersetshire also presents it to us in several localities: one is found near Culbone, and another at Blackford Hill. It is found in Scotland, but not in Ireland.

We must defer the examination of the remainder of this tribe to a future paper.

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#### AN ESCAPE FROM THE BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE.

"WHAT can the bells be ringing for?" said a youth, awakened from his sleep about three hours after midnight, on the memorable 24th of August, 1572, by the confused cries of people in the streets and the tolling of bells. Rising hastily from his bed he went to the window, and-looking out, he saw that lights were placed in many of the houses so as to illumine the street, and that some great commotion was going forward. Presently a band of men passed with their right sleeves tucked up, and wearing white crosses in their hats, shouting and brandishing pistols, muskets, and swords in the air. Before they had advanced many yards one of them fired, and, to the horror of the youthful spectator, a man fell dead in the street with a piercing shriek. At this moment the tutor and valet de chambre of the youth rushed into his room. "Maximilian," said the tutor, "I fear that your father's suspicions are meeting with their fulfilment—some general massacre has commenced, I believe." "What shall we do, St. Julian?" said the youth hastily, putting on parts of his apparel. "Let us go out and see what the disturbance is," said the valet de chambre to St. Julian. Accordingly they departed never to return, falling victims without doubt to the maddened wretches who were butchering every Huguenot that came in their way. Almost immediately after they had left, the landlord of the apartments which our young hero occupied, came trembling to him: "Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "your life is at stake—they are murdering all the Huguenots; but go along with me to mass and you may be saved." "So

you are going to abandon your faith, Monsieur Tourville, are you?" "Oh no, sir, I am only going to conform for this extremity; as soon as the storm is over I shall return to my old religion." The youth paused for a few moments and then answered, "I will not go to mass, Monsieur Tourville; I will try to save my life by other means." "But, sir, you have no other chance of escape; they are killing both young and old, and if you venture into the streets you will be dead in less than five minutes." "Well," replied the youth, who was but eleven years old, "I shall see, for I intend to go out." Monsieur Tourville departed, secretly admiring the courage of his youthful lodger, who now hastily put on the remainder of his clothes. After considering for a few minutes, he disguised himself in a scholar's gown, put a large prayer-book under his arm, and sallied into the street. Musket and pistol shots were sounding in every direction. Occasionally continuous discharges came crashing upon the ear, as of companies of soldiers firing. Shrieks, yells, howls, and shouts came in confused chorus upon the morning air. Murderers were prowling on all sides, and every moment Maximilian expected to be stopped. He reached the end of the street in which he lived, when a band of these white-crossed assassins came swooping upon him. Two priests, with crucifixes in their hands, were amongst them; "Here is another cursed Huguenot," yelled one of the men. "I smelt him before he turned the corner," and as he said this he seized the youth by the neck. "Confess, my boy," said another, "for we are in a hurry, and cannot spend much time over such chickens as you." "He has got one of their heretical books with him," said one of the priests stepping up to him, and pulling the prayer-book from under the boy's arm. He held it to the light of a torch, and immediately a change came over his countenance. One of the men was waiting impatiently with a pistol pointed at the head of the youth, ready to fire at any moment. "Stop," said the priest, "by St. Denis he is a Catholic, we must not touch him;" off the troop darted, shouting "Kill, kill! Massacre the Huguenots!" Maximilian, trembling with fear, proceeded on his way. "Mercy, oh, for Christ's sake, mercy!" shrieked a youth, as he rushed across the street, a few paces before our hero, pursued by two ruffians. He darted down an opening over the way and so disappeared, still followed by the two bloodhounds, who perseveringly tracked his steps. As Maximilian crossed a large open space he saw a larger band than any which he had yet beheld. In the midst of it was a man on horseback, urging on his followers to their bloody work. "Spare none!" he shouted; "mercy is not meant for heretics!" Maximilian quickened his steps, shuddering as he heard this inhuman cry. In his haste he stumbled over something, and, on turning hastily to see what he had trodden upon, he was horrified to behold a venerable old man, who groaned heavily. His grey hair was trailing in the mire, and his face was stained with blood. But there was no time to be lost, and Maximilian hurried on. In one street he saw several headless bodies hanging out of different windows. Men were busy dragging off corpses to throw them into the Seine. Others were breaking into houses in quest of victims and of plunder. Happening to place his hand against a door and feeling it wet, he found on looking that his fingers were stained with blood. Again Maximilian was stopped, but the prayer-book saved him, and he had scarcely escaped this danger before he was again seized and examined. The book once more proved his passport. At length he arrived at his destination—the college of Burgundy—the streets becoming more and more filled with people as the morning advanced. "Will you

let me in, Pierre?" said he to the porter. "No," gruffly replied the official, "you are a heretic, and you will have to be killed if you come in, so the sooner the better." "Oh, do—do let me in," earnestly entreated the youth. "No; I have told you I will not, one word is as good as a thousand—look out for some other place of safety." Maximilian withdrew a few paces, and at this moment a Huguenot galloped past followed by several others on horseback, cursing and shouting after their victim. A musket shot struck his horse and he was thrown violently to the ground. "Die, heretic!" exclaimed a wretch, kneeling down and stabbing him. Maximilian again stepped timidly up to the porter: "Do let me in—will you? my father will reward you handsomely." "No, have I not already told you?" was the reply, but in tones less decided than before, as if the mention of a reward had produced some effect on Pierre's mind. Maximilian noticed the change, and it came into his thoughts at the moment to ask for La Faye, the principal of the college, who was tenderly attached to him. Putting some pieces of money into the porter's hand, he asked "Will you tell Monsieur La Faye that I am here; I am sure he will be glad to hear that." "If you are a friend of Monsieur La Faye's the case is altered—walk in and you shall see him." Pierre conducted him immediately to the apartment of the principal. "Why did you not tell me at first that you were a friend of Monsieur La Faye's?" said Pierre, as they were on their way. "I was so confused that I did not know what I said," the boy answered. As soon as they had reached the apartment of the principal, he exclaimed, "Ah, Maximilian! have you escaped? how pleased I am to see you!" The boy wept for joy. Two priests were there, and, knowing that he was a Huguenot, one of them addressed La Faye, "You do not intend to harbour this heretic, do you?" "Why not, De Jamblançai? he is but a boy." "But the order is that even infants at the breast are not to be spared," retorted the priest. "Who could find it in his heart to hurt this boy?" exclaimed La Faye. "I have had him under my care as my pupil, and I know his many endearing qualities." "Oh," said the other priest, "if you are chicken-hearted I am not; the Catholic church is dearer to me than my own mother; I will put him out of the way," he added, placing his hand roughly on the boy's shoulder as he spoke these words. Maximilian turned an imploring look, first to each of the priests and then to La Faye, who took him by the hand, observing, "Surely it is better to spare his life and try to bring him over to the Catholic faith, than to kill him when he scarcely knows what heresy is." As he said this he led Maximilian out of the apartment, and conducted him to a distant chamber. Embracing the trembling boy, he said, "Be of good cheer, my child, I will protect you; remain here quietly, and I will send you what you require." He then locked the door and returned. "La Faye is but half a Catholic," said one of the priests, during the absence of the principal, "and but for the use which I hope to make of his influence, I would have this Huguenot imp after all." "I was thinking of crushing the young viper, too; but, as you observe, it will be better not to lose La Faye's patronage, though he is so particular that I doubt whether he will ever bestow it upon such thorough Catholics as you and I are." La Faye returned, and, after some further conversation, the priests quitted him. Maximilian remained in his place of concealment for three days, during which the sword of bigotry was incessantly reeking with the blood of new victims. A servant brought him food. At the end of this period he was released.

The hero of our story is Maximilian de Bethune, afterwards so well

known as Duke of Sully, minister and bosom friend of Henry the Fourth of France. The tale is founded on the narrative which this celebrated statesman has left of his escape, and upon the historical accounts of the Bartholomew massacre. The scene of this escape is Paris; but the murderers did not confine their bloody work to that city, for the massacre extended to the provinces also. Sixty thousand are computed to have perished.

UNFREQUENTED PLACES IN BRITISH INDIA.—No. I.



AWLWAY, ON THE COAST OF MALABAR.

VAST as our dominions and possessions in Hindostan are, it must necessarily result that—though great researches have been made by men well competent to the task, and very exact and learned accounts been published to the world in the shape of Travels, Reminiscences, Geographical, Topographical, and Scientific Reports, &c., &c., &c.—there still remain some few parts of the country, which, though immediately adjacent to the best-known towns and cities and seaports, have hitherto escaped the traveller's attention; or, if observed, have been considered as of too little importance to merit attention or occupy the smallest corner of their amply-stocked note-books; or else they may have risen into importance since the period when those parts of the country of which they form part



were fully surveyed and travelled over, and have consequently escaped the notice of, and had no attraction for, the more modern traveller.

First amongst these neglected spots (neglected only in travel) I may mention the small but fertile province of Awlway, situated on a branch of the Cochin river, and which of late years bids fair to become as fertile and well cultivated a ground as any of a like size in India, with this advantage over its neighbouring provinces of Malabar, that, whilst they teem with the rich produce of peppers, cardamoms, &c., Awlway, in addition to these, luxuriates in coffee-plantations, which, from a very small beginning, have been gradually spreading over a very large space of ground, till the banks of the small river, for many a mile up, have become one continuation of flourishing, verdant coffee-plants, replete with deep crimson berries, and full of rich promise and comfort to the hearts of the old Dutch cultivators, to whom mostly they belong, and to whose indefatigable exertions alone we are indebted for the introduction of this costly berry into the Cochin district.

Cochin—long celebrated for its timber, and the many fine vessels that have been launched from its dockyards (amongst which we may number some of Her Majesty's ships-of-war), also noted for its valuable export trade in pepper, cardamoms, &c., and not less remarkable for the prevalence amongst its inhabitants of that singular, appalling, and yet apparently harmless disorder, "Elephantiasis"—was for many years, as is well known, a strongly-fortified Dutch settlement; and many of the descendants of its aboriginal inhabitants, though intermarried and intermingled with the English, French, Portuguese, and other European nations, still remain undisturbed settlers and residents in the town. The glory of their position and rank has long since passed away; their strongholds and their fortifications have crumbled away to dust, like the bones of their ancestors; but the once powerful and honourable names still remain. The barons D'Alberdale, the Vandersluys, the Vernaades, &c., these are all names yet in existence at Cochin; and the stout old gentleman in nankeen inexpressibles, a white jacket, and a straw hat, whom you have just seen bowing to the spruce young subaltern in command of the detachment of sepoys stationed here, is a lineal descendant of the once-famed and long-defunct "Eip von Vandersluys," once governor of the Dutch possessions at Cochin, and the terror of all the Malgalam population. He is a quiet, unassuming coffee-planter now; and the height of his ambition reaches no further than the realization of a few rupees, and the forthcoming *récolte*. God help him! he has little else to depend upon but this for the maintenance of himself and his hungry offspring; and as for past dignity and authority, these are solely confined to the limits of his small plantation of Awlway, where he rules with a mild sway his subjects, consisting of some twenty impoverished specimens of humanity, such as are absolutely necessary for the picking, bleaching, &c., of the coffee; and as in his day he never knew anything better than his present lot, he has nothing to regret and nothing brighter to look forward to, and therefore (which is much more than many of us can say) he is as happy and contented in his own humble way as the best and the richest of men.

It is to such as the foregoing specimen that Awlway owes its little fame.

When Cochin was besieged by troops and ships-of-war, the more timid of the Dutch inhabitants, and such as saw the inevitable issue of the

struggle, sought refuge from all the horrors of warfare by flight to Awlway. This was easily accomplished by boats, as the little stream is navigable for many miles into the interior; and, indeed, I believe can be tracked to the foot of the Perria Peak Ghauts, a pass situated in the midst of that dense forest, known by the name of the Wynard Jungle. These fugitives, on arriving at this retired and pleasant spot, being vastly struck with the great beauty of the surrounding scenery, the excellence of the water, the fertility of the soil, and the abundance of fuel procurable, from the fact of the river continually bearing down with it immense trunks of old trees, that, either from age, or tempest-struck, had fallen into, and were borne away by the water—came to the wise resolution of there permanently fixing their abodes; and forthwith constructed rough cabins and huts, sufficiently strong to protect them from the fierce wrath of the monsoons, and which served as temporary asylums against heat and rain, till such time as they could erect themselves more suitable habitations. Meanwhile, the earth was not neglected: the ground was tilled; rice, saffron, and other necessary produce for the support of nature, were duly sown, and throve marvellously; farmyards were well stocked with cattle and poultry; and such as loved sporting had ample recreation in the surrounding country, which literally teemed with game of every description—from the swift-footed deer to the indolent peahen and her gorgeous brood. Thus, in the course of a few months, a place, hitherto almost a perfect wilderness, sprung up into a smiling and cultivated country, populated by a few hardy Dutch families, whose indefatigable exertions were duly recompensed by the plentiful harvest they reaped.

The territory thus taken possession of was, I believe, then in the dominions of the Rajah of Travancore; and the settlers, having stipulated to purchase the ground, divided it amongst themselves according to their several claims, which were regulated according to the sum each paid; and, peace being established in that part of the world, they sought and obtained British protection, and, under its auspices, undisturbed, pursued the work of agriculture. Pepper, cardamoms, and various drugs, were gradually introduced, and their success was even beyond the most sanguine expectations. The settlers added greatly to their personal comforts by the erection of neat and elegant bungalows, built upon their respective properties, close to the banks of the river; and when all these things were completed, and the descendants of old burgomasters sat smoking their pipes, and sipping old Hollands, inhaling the delicious, cool breeze of the evening, under the shady pandals attached to their respective bungalows, certain that all was going on right, and that their coolies, and farmers, and gardeners were as steady at their work as though they went by machinery;—then it was—when things had arrived at this happy climax, and when the monotony of their every-day life began to weary the younger scions of these Dutch aristocrats—that one among them, possessed of more enterprise and intelligence than his brethren, hit upon the happy idea of introducing coffee into this part of India, and of following up its cultivation with unremitting perseverance; and his efforts have been rewarded with the success that they richly merited.

Awlway has never risen into a village, but it has risen into one vast, rich coffee-plantation, and is now yearly becoming of greater importance; it has also ceased to be the residence of the planters. These have taken up their head-quarters at Cochin again; but the pleasant little villas still remain, and are used as the summer retreats (if I may use such

an expression in a climate where it is always summer—let me rather say the anti-monsoon retreats) of the more élite of Cochin society. Picnic parties are here often given; and, above all, it is the favourite resort of such as have been newly united in the happy bonds of wedlock, who resort to Awlway to pass the honeymoon weeks in the enjoyment of scenery, flowers, bees, love, and—mosquitoes!

Awlway is about twenty miles north of Cochin. The navigation up is extremely picturesque and variegated, being alternately river and lake till within about five miles of the spot itself. It contains a very handsome observatory, supported by the Rajah of Travancore, and from fifteen to twenty summer-houses. The largest coffee-plantations are those belonging to Messrs. Conry, Jones, and Vandersluyt. The first of these gentlemen is the only son of a gallant Indian officer, the late Colonel Conry, who fell covered with wounds and honours at the siege of Rangoon. I am not prepared to state the exact amount of coffee annually produced; but the plantations are annually increasing in size, and the coffee produced is pronounced to be of an excellent quality.

The last time I visited Awlway was on a picnic expedition to pass the Christmas holidays. We were all bachelors, and we ate our Christmas dinners—where think you of all places in the world? why, in the river! up to our necks in water, with huge straw hats on, to shelter us from the sun's fierce rays!

A very pleasant dinner it was, too: the water was just with the chill off; the sandy bottom of the river was like the finest carpeting; and the only drawback to our pleasure was the unpleasant vicinity of alligators, which were reported to have been often seen basking in the sunshine not more than half-a-mile further up the stream.



#### THE THUGS; OR, SECRET MURDERERS OF INDIA.—No. IV.

AMONG their religious ceremonies we may notice the regard which they pay to omens, which are supposed to be intimations of the will of their deity, and to convey warnings as to the failure or success of their expeditions. We are here reminded of classical times; and though the system of divination practised by the Thugs, by which they think to foretel the future by the voice and passing of certain animals and birds, is not so grand and elaborate as the auguries of ancient Greece and Rome, to which it bears in many points a close resemblance, it is sufficiently complicated and perplexing to the uninitiated. An omen on the left at starting, or on the course of a journey, promises good: it must be followed by an omen on the right, or the expedition is put off; for though the first predicts its successful result, it is the latter only which also promises a safe return. If they hear an omen on the left when about to halt it threatens evil, and they must pass on till they hear one on the right. Omens are taken in various ways, according as they are heard in the day or night, or according as they cross their path from right to left or from left to right, from wolves, from the low melancholy note of the small owlet, from the cry of hares, from the braying of an ass. If a hare run across the road by which they are travelling, it is looked upon as portending great misfortune, and, singular as it seems, the omen

of the ass is judged to be superior to that of all others; if they hear it bray on the left when setting out, and soon after it is repeated on the right, they believe nothing on earth can prevent their success during that expedition, though it should last for years.

They also pay veneration to a consecrated pickaxe, which is entrusted to the most watchful and careful of the gang. When they halt it is buried with its point in the direction they wish to go; and they assert that, if another route is better for them, its point will be found to have changed its position. By this they swear and conceive that dreadful tortures will fall on any of them who ventures to break this oath. It is used in digging the graves of their victims, and, according to their mythology, Kâli herself presented one in bygone ages to the founders of their sect. When displeased at their turning round to look at her while devouring the slain, she left them henceforth to bury in the earth the bodies of those whom they sacrificed in her name. This legend of the goddess eating the corpses of the murdered, is interpreted, reasonably enough it would seem, to be an allegory referring to the good old times of Thuggee, when the unsettled state of the country rendered it needless for them to use any precaution to escape detection, and they could leave their victims unburied on the highway.

After every murder a sacrifice of thanksgiving, called Tupounee, is offered. A blanket is spread upon the ground, on which is placed a pile of sugar, the consecrated pickaxe, and a piece of silver; the leader of the gang then sits upon the blanket, with his face to the west, and as many of the stranglers as conveniently can, sit on each side of him. They must be an even number. The leader, having buried a portion of the sugar, offers a prayer to Kâli, in which the rest fervently join: he then sprinkles some water on the pickaxe and on the little pit containing the sugar, and places some sugar on the hands of those sitting with him: the signal for strangling is then given, as though they were going to commit a murder, and the sugar is eaten in solemn silence. The remainder of the pile of sugar is distributed to the rest of the Thugs who are sitting outside the blanket, and none may partake of it who has not strangled a man with his own hands.

It remains briefly to notice some particulars in Indian manners and opinions, which have greatly facilitated the operations of the Thugs, and enabled them for so long a time to escape with comparative impunity.

In the first place we may notice a point which has been already touched upon: public opinion is not particularly shocked by these murders. Kâli is worshipped by other Hindoos, though not in exactly the same way. In many parts goats and fowls are sacrificed, and their blood poured forth as a libation before her shrine: all destructive things are looked upon as her ministers; and in many villages they would dread her vengeance if they were to interfere to check their working: thus, to destroy a wolf, even though it had carried off a child a week, would be regarded in some districts as likely to entail terrible calamities; and when the cholera was raging it was considered flying in the face of God, and utterly impious, to prescribe or take medicine for it; for was it not the means which Kâli had appointed for the destruction of a certain portion of the human race?

Secondly, we might remind the reader of the selfishness and indifference to the sufferings of others, which has prevailed, indeed, in every place where the royal law of loving one's neighbour as oneself has not been proclaimed in its fulness and majesty, but which is peculiarly aggravated in India by the institution of castes, and the isolation between different classes which this has so great a tendency to produce. Thus, in addition to the superstitious fear of consequences from the vengeance of Kâli, which many would feel if they became instrumental in the punishment of the Thugs, they have no sufficient motive to induce them to run this risk, so long as the Thugs conciliate the police and people of their own districts, and confine their depredations to strangers. Thus, in Oude, where the fields are almost all irrigated from wells, the bodies were usually thrown into them; and when the cultivators discovered them, they hardly ever thought it worth while even to ask how they came there, and became at last quite accustomed to it. The officers reckon, among the difficulties of suppressing them, this unwillingness on the part of the villagers, the authorities, and even sometimes of the relatives, to put themselves to the trouble of coming forward to give evidence. Bankers, whose treasure-bearers had been murdered, refused to acknowledge their losses, or allow reference to be made to their books, until they received an assurance that they should not be called upon to appear publicly in court. Incredible as it may seem, some of the native governments recognised Thuggee as one of the lawful professions; and, so far from endeavouring to extirpate the Thugs, levied a regular tax upon them, and a list of the families who paid it may be found in Captain Sleeman's appendix. Just imagine parties in England applying to the Secretary of State for a licence to rob and murder by the year! When to all this we add the indolence and apathy which are such general traits of native character, and the deadening effects of the belief in an irresistible fate which prevails among others besides the Thugs, we need not be surprised that their evil deeds should have failed to rouse any deep feelings of indignation: most are content to let things go on as they have done, and consider the Thugs, as they consider themselves, instruments in the hands of God. Individuals may be vexed when their relatives have suffered; but they have no energy to unite together for their suppression, or to take the trouble and make the sacrifices necessary to promote the ends of justice. "If similar losses are predestined, they will take place in spite of all sacrifices, and if not predestined, no sacrifices are required to prevent them," is their maxim, and it falls in exactly with the notions of the selfish, the idle, and the feeble-minded. It is worthy of remark that the Thugs never attack Europeans: they are reported to have held a consultation on the subject, and to have resolved against it for three reasons:—the first, that Europeans generally carried pistols on a journey; the second, that they seldom carried money; but thirdly and chiefly, that they held so together, that, if one were molested, such a storm would be raised as must end in the destruction of the association.

In the last place, we may mention a few points relating to Indian customs and habits, which have enabled the Thugs to carry out their purposes much more easily than they could have done elsewhere. Such as the practice of sending remittances in the precious metals and jewels by men on foot and in disguise without any guard; the necessity of

starting in the dark before daybreak, in order to avoid the heat of the sun; the custom of travellers of providing and dressing their own food under the shade of trees by the wayside, without that communication with the people of the towns through which they pass, which would enable their friends to trace them when they disappear; the long tracts of grass and wood jungle, through which all the roads pass, and the many ravines and water-courses which intersect or run parallel to them affording every opportunity for hiding the bodies so that they shall not be discovered; the little appearance of the road that is found in many parts, and the consequent facility with which travellers are led aside by by-paths into places suited for murder; the unreserved manner in which travellers of the same caste mix and communicate, and the ease with which men can feign different castes; the little commercial intercourse between the different towns, on the great roads, in a country where each village produces what its population demands, and consumes almost all that it produces save its raw agricultural produce; the slow rate of transit where all produce is carried upon bullocks, and consequently the little chance which the assassin has of being overtaken and interrupted:—these may be noticed as among the circumstances which have favoured the growth of this terrible system, enabling it to last for hundreds of years, and to spread from one end of India to the other.

It is difficult for those who have been brought up under the shelter of Christ's most holy faith, which in a thousand unperceived and indirect ways has influenced all things around, has moulded to a very considerable extent the opinions even of those who make no direct profession of religion, and has sanctified in some degree the general tone of society, giving stability to law, and a better direction to public feeling; it is difficult, I say, for those who have enjoyed this great blessing to picture to themselves what heathenism is.

Let us, then, in order to assist some of our readers to realize this, offer by way of conclusion a few remarks on the facts which we have had before us, and recapitulate some of the reflections which they have suggested—

1. We have seen human life held cheap: none can have any true conception of the value of life, who do not know that there is a great day of reckoning for all things done in this present life, and that death is the end of the time allotted for man's probation. Thus in heathen lands there is no sufficient conception of the vast importance of life, or of the purposes for which it is given. The Hindoos, moreover, have lost or greatly obscured that other great truth which is the foundation of human responsibility, that the soul of man has a distinct personality. All things they conceive to be part of God; the trees, and stones, and meanest insect, as well as men, are manifestations of the Deity who filleth all things. Man departing this life changes into some other form of bird or beast, or it may be at last some new human shape, or is absorbed back again into the essence of God, and yet, during all these changes, still remains a portion of Deity. How, then, can they look on life and death as we have been taught to do?

2. We have seen in addition to this what man may become when destitute of the Spirit of God, and misguided by a false worship, and the evil passions of his own heart; how the most dreadful crimes have been performed under the notion that they were religious services. We have seen something of demon-worship; and men at last become

assimilated to the deities whom they revere; and sad is it to behold conscience, the only guide left to those who have no revelation of the true God, so utterly perverted and steeled by a deadly superstition, and the fearful doctrine of fatalism, against the common instincts of nature and the entrance of remorse.

3. We learn the importance of a healthy state of public feeling with respect to the commission of crimes: with ourselves happily such iniquities as we have been relating, or anything even approaching to them, would arouse a righteous indignation, and all would conceive themselves bound, if it were in their power, to aid in bringing the offenders to justice. Whatever may be said of the sins and neglects of British rule in India—and I for one have no wish to excuse or defend them—this at least is something to be urged in its favour, that, as soon as it came to our knowledge, we suppressed infanticide, we suppressed Thuggee, and even now have sent detachments of troops to put down the lingering remains of human sacrifices. But with the Hindoos public feeling or unity of purpose is unknown; the blight of heathendom has fallen on all things; not only do they look upon these murderers as following a legitimate profession, and a justifiable mode of worship, but their intense selfishness renders them indifferent to any misfortunes that may befall others: too often are they found to be at once indolent and hard-hearted.

It would be a long tale were we to record the abominations and unhappiness which have sprung from the worship of false gods throughout all heathendom, from the beginning of idolatry, that is, alas, almost from the beginning of the world: the superstitions and miseries of India alone would fill a volume. We have seen something of what one branch of heathen-worship has been able to inflict on that fair land, so rich and fertile, blessed by such abundant gifts of nature, but accursed by the presence of sin. We have in this sketch lifted up, as it were, one little corner of the veil which distance and imperfect knowledge have hung before that dark scene; and, surely, it has been an evil and revolting prospect which has opened on our view. But these few articles will not have been written in vain if they enable some of our readers to see to some extent the force of those places of Holy Scripture, which tell us that the heathen world was lying in wickedness, under the power of the devil, that the strong man armed was keeping his goods in peace, the souls and bodies of men in a miserable thralldom; that they were aliens and strangers having no hope, and without God in the world, walking in darkness and in the valley of the shadow of death. When we call to mind, that before the coming of Christ, the world had been groaning under the burden of heathenism for nearly 4,000 years, these expressions will no longer appear to us metaphors, but stern realities; I had almost said, hardly adequate descriptions of a plain and simple fact. Let us add that we must show our value for Christianity, not by contrasting our state with theirs, in an indolent and self-complacent spirit, but by leading ourselves in very deed Christian and holy lives, and by doing all in our power to advance the great cause of Missions, and to rescue heathen men from the servitude and error in which Satan holds them bound, and to spread far and wide that Gospel to which we owe so great a part of our national greatness, and all our own personal hopes and consolations.

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SEA-COAST AND SHORES OF CILICIA.—No. XII.



GAZA.

THE last point we reach in crossing southward in the Holy Land is the beautiful country that lies round the suburbs of Gaza, once renowned for the extraordinary feats of strength displayed by Samson. In winding along towards Gaza we crossed over the stream in which St. Philip encountered and baptized the eunuch, and almost immediately afterwards caught a sight of the minarets of the town, standing over ten or a dozen handsome mosques, which had an admirable effect as viewed from the distance, mingled as they were with stately trees and olives of a greater height than we had ever met with in Syria. Gaza was a town of the



Philistines and part of the tribe of Judah; it was one of the five principalities of the Philistines. "And these are the golden emerods which the Philistines returned for a trespass-offering unto the Lord; for Ashdod one, for Gaza one, for Askelon one." (1 Sam. vi. 17.) "He smote the Philistines even unto Gaza and the borders thereof, from the tower of the watchman to the fenced city." (2 Kings xviii. 8.) The day was extremely sultry: large flights of beautiful white doves, with an azure ring round the neck, were passing overhead in the direction of the town, and the forest of olive-trees resounded with the notes of birds of song, whilst the dark-brown squirrel leaped from branch to branch. The first man we encountered was a guardian of the Quarantine establishment, who was prowling about the outskirts of the town in search of booty; not such as we afforded him, for he immediately seized upon the muleteer's bridle and extorted from him a buckshish, under penalty of being put into quarantine. This process answered well enough with natives, but he rather burnt his fingers by meddling with Europeans; as, much to his indignation, in lieu of yielding to his illicit demands, we caused him to be firmly secured, and in that condition carried through the town and before the authorities, who mulcted him for his dishonest practices. "Then went Samson to Gaza, and it was told the Gazites saying, Samson is come hither." (Judges xvi. 1, 2.)

The famous herculean giant, who thought nothing of slaying a lion, has left a renown for Gaza, but for which it could barely have outlived Askelon, or other like cities that have now crumbled away to dust. But Gaza is still a fine city, and has been going on improving from day to day, till at length a bright era has dawned for her citizens, and a direct commerce with England, for the first time in the annals of history, been thrown open; the schooner "Elizabeth Rose," Captain Lawrence, and the "Flirt," Captain Davis—being the first British vessels that ever came from Gaza direct to London—having arrived with full cargoes of very excellent grain. These vessels are only the precursors of many others; and in a few years' time we may hope to see Gaza raise up for itself a notoriety in the commercial world, only to be rivalled by Beyrout. Such will prove a blessing to the inhabitants, and be a paving-stone upon which to build any future missionary efforts.

Gaza was subject to the Chaldeans who conquered Syria and Phœnicia: it afterwards fell to the lot of the Persians, several of whose monuments are still in existence. For two months Gaza baffled all the efforts of Alexander the Great, who was repeatedly repulsed and wounded in the siege. The gallant defender, Betis, ultimately submitting, suffered in his person the iniquitous revenge of a bloodthirsty tyrant; for Alexander, imitating the less-savage treatment of the corpse of Hector by Achilles, caused Betis's ankles to be bored, and then dragged him round the walls tied to his chariot-wheels.

In the times when the Caliphs flourished, Gaza must have been a magnificent city: we traced one portion of its ruins, part of which is now the residence of the Cadî, or Judge, and I found that this single palace had in the days of its pristine splendour extended over upwards of a quarter of a mile of ground; and very many parts of it, still in excellent repair, showed us, by the subterranean caverns that underlined the rooms, that probably the whole extent of building had abounded with these caverns, all used for the most infamous purposes that barbarous cruelty could inflict; and even down to so late a period as the days of Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt,

when, we were informed, more than one hapless victim was thrown into these caverns, and left to starve, watching death come upon them in all the agonies of famine and thirst.

The streets of Gaza are a perfect nuisance, though, if they were kept clean, there are many of them wide and commodious; the buildings are very fine, especially the bazaars and some of the modern houses constructed with all the taste and attention to Oriental luxury that pervade the cities of Damascus and Aleppo. We called upon a Greek merchant established here, and were received with much courtesy and kindness. Conducting us over a noble and spacious courtyard, he finally ushered us into a little sitting-room which looked out upon the yard, and was a pleasant, cool retreat from the sun during the hotter hours of the day. His wife came out, and sat and conversed with us without any restraint; her name was Delilah, a name very common amongst the Gazites of the present day, and possibly through many ages from the time of Samson. This lady was dressed in a pretty chequered pattern of silk embass, a species of dressing-gown with long sleeves, which fastened round the waist with a silver girdle, clasped by gold clasps set with precious stones: her under-garments were of the finest silk. Over all she wore a long green cloth robe fitting tight to the body, and edged and ornamented with gold lace; her hair was neatly braided and thrown over her shoulders, her cap covered by the windings of a coloured muslin handkerchief, and her feet were encased in the yellow baboochee, or slipper: this completed her costume. She sat opposite to us on the low divan that ran all round the room, surmounted with cushions of a gay chequered silk pattern: the room itself, though built of masonry, was completely lined with wood, replete with recesses and cupboards, and almost on a level with the entrance door. A shelf runs round the room, over which again there are small lattice-worked windows which are generally papered over in winter. The accompanying sketch (page 340) conveys an accurate idea of a Syrian lady seated in her muslaba. She has bound a white napkin round her head, because it is not thought decent to leave the back of the neck and the ears bare in the presence of strangers. On the shelf above her head are, first of all, her narghilee, or hubble-bubble, which she smokes regularly every evening when the fatigue and bustling about of the day is ended; next to the narghilee, with its winding, snake-like tube, we see a china jar, which contains the timbric, the ingredient smoked, a rare narcotic and poisonous weed which grows only in Persia, and which requires a great deal of washing and squeezing and straining before it can be smoked with safety. Next to this jar is the earthenware goblet, which, from its being porous, keeps the water nice and cool, and makes it a most delicious and refreshing drink on a hot sultry day. The last article we see is the rosewater bottle; the good lady sprinkles us plentifully with this when we get up to withdraw, and say Katharacoom! and she replies Masalarmi!

The inhabitants of Gaza are a very poor people, finding occupation solely in ploughing or sowing, or in the harvest for a few days. The grape and olive harvests also give them a little occupation; but the advent of English vessels will be sure to enrich them by finding occupation for their labour. The population may be reckoned at twenty thousand souls, of whom many are Egyptians, and not more than three thousand Christians. But the Turks are but little fanatical in Gaza; and there is actually one of their mosques which, from its having a cross in the lofty ceiling, is identified with a Christian church, and a few

Christians in favour with the imams were permitted to enter here and pray—a thing unheard of in any other part of Turkey. When we visited this mosque a poor man was praying, apparently with great



devotion, for he never lifted up his eyes to gaze upon us, though it was a rare sight to see Europeans hatted and spurred, walking through a mosque, but continued praying, ever and anon beating upon his chest. We paused and looked upon this man, and then upon the old Turk who was reading aloud to himself from the pages of the Koran, and the beautiful parable of our Saviour flashed across our minds: "Two men went up into the Temple to pray, the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. . . . The publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you this man went down to his house justified rather than the other." (Luke xviii. 10—14.)

In Gaza there is a remarkable well situated on the seaside, which, though the tide washes over it every day, still preserves the sweetness of its waters so much so that it is the favourite resort of all the women in the neighbourhood, and often of an evening you see pretty girls here congregated drawing water for the sheep and cattle, which they pour into large stone troughs, and any one of these girls might be Rebekah in one's imagination.

Fruits are abundant, particularly that of the prickly-pear, which here

attains a size and excellence unrivalled in the East. Many of the poor classes subsist for months upon this fruit, and it is found to be both nutritious and wholesome—so mercifully does the Almighty provide for the wants of his creatures. Game was abundant in the neighbourhood, wild ducks, partridges, and woodcocks: large flights of quails and similar flights of doves arrive at stated seasons in the year, in such an exhausted state that they are easily captured by the natives.

Gaza produces wheat and other grain, legume seed, soap, olive oil, and excellent olives; and not far to the southward of it are some very extensive salt lakes.

We rode out of the town on a visit to the Quarantine, which is situated in an airy and pleasant position, commanding, from the upper room, a view. Here we watched the sun set in his glory, lighting up the sand-hills to look like heaps of gold, and the next day we left Syria and these pleasant shores.

If the reader ever visits these distant parts, he will find they have been faithfully portrayed in these sketches; and may he have cause, like ourselves, to thankfully remember the words of comfort breathed by the Psalmist:—

“ At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
Thy God shall thee defend;  
Conduct thee through life’s pilgrimage  
Safe to thy journey’s end.” (PSALM cxxi. 9.)

## GLIMPSES OF LIFE AMONG THE LOWER SEA-THINGS.

### JELLY-FISHES.

VOYAGERS in tropical seas tell us of the glorious beauty of that phosphorescent light which, when the sun goes down, shines around the ship, and flashes in bright and glowing sparks upon the waters. Now gilding every wave-crest with a foam of light; now marking the pathway of the midnight breeze by a track of quickly-waning radiance, which spreads afar with a movement resembling that of the Aurora Borealis; now glancing in myriads of many-hued gems over the on-pressing prow which ceaselessly cuts her way amongst them; and now sparkling with a dazzling, but intermittent, light in the dark wake she leaves behind her.

The least susceptible mind cannot fail, in some measure, to realize a scene of beauty so transcendent; and it is not, therefore, astonishing that every class, from the keenly-observant man of science to the most humble emigrant who “crosses the line,” should dwell with delight on a scene which so far surpasses all attempts to picture in words its exquisite loveliness; yet, as it is through the medium of words alone that the untravelled dweller in a quiet inland home can “see in thought” this “wonder of the ocean,” we will borrow the following descriptions from two of our well-known naturalists:—“While sailing,” says Darwin, in his interesting ‘Journal of Researches,’ “a little south of the Plata, on one very dark night, the sea presented a wonderful and most beautiful spectacle. There was a fresh breeze, and every part of the surface, which during the day is seen as foam, now glowed with a pale light. The vessel drove before her bows two billows of liquid phosphorus, and in her wake she was followed by a milky train. As far as the eye reached, the crest of every wave was bright, and the sky above the horizon, from the reflected glare of these livid flames, was not so utterly obscure as over the vault of the Heavens. . . On two occasions I observed the sea luminous at considerable depths below

the surface. Near the mouth of the Plata, some circular and oval patches, from two to four yards in diameter, and with defined outlines, shone with a steady but pale light; while the surrounding water only gave out a few sparks. This appearance resembled the reflection of the moon or some luminous body; for the edges were sinuous from the undulations of the surface. The ship, which drew thirteen feet of water, passed over without disturbing these patches. Therefore we must suppose that some animals were congregated together at a greater depth than the bottom of the vessel." This last remark coincides with that of the Rev. Mr. Guilding, who says that in the more shallow parts of the Caribbean sea, he saw animals at the bottom of the water "emitting the splendour of a lamp."

Professor Rymer Jones gives the following account of a blending of several lights, which he witnessed in the Bay of Naples, and which he thus describes:—"The thundering mountain, with its glowing sides of lava casting gleams of ruddy fire across the waves, the gentle moonlight dancing on the sea, the faint grey of dawn tinging the east, whilst through its whole extent the heaving bay streamed with phosphorescent scintillations! At intervals volcanic lightnings, flashing from the pitchy cloud that overhung the mountain, mingled their wild glare, and formed a scene not easily nor soon forgot."

Although this phenomenon of waves—

"Spangled with phosphoric fire  
As though the lightnings there had spent their shafts  
And left the fragments glittering in the field"—

is more gorgeous and brilliant in the tropical climates, still the sea, says Humboldt, "is luminous in all latitudes;" and our own shores present a similar scene on the still warm evenings of summer and autumn,\* although, of course, their mild radiance cannot equal the brilliancy of warmer climes, where everything of life takes a tinge from its sun-illuminated skies.

Even so early as the time of Pliny it was well known that this light proceeded from various Medusæ, but the first accurate observations on the subject were made by Forskal, about the year 1762.† These observations led to many and more extended inquiries, which have materially elucidated the subject. The luminous principle extends to some of the larger species, as we have already shown; but it chiefly exists in beings so small that, according to the well-known calculations of Dr. Scoresby, a cubic foot of water must contain 110,592; or, by the more moderate computation of Rymer Jones, from thirty to forty thousand, in each square foot, as they swim the fourth of an inch apart; and through this mass of life "the vessel ploughs her rapid course, nor finds the slightest diminution in their number."‡ A mass it is of ceaseless, endless life, which leaves the mind shrinking with the sense of its own insignificance, its inability to follow the thought of such "myriads of living points," while it yet, at the same time, glows and expands beneath the elevating influence, by which the contemplation of life in all its forms draws it into closer and nearer communion with the Maker and Father of them all.

We must, however, unwillingly quit this, to us most fascinating subject, to examine with more minuteness the individual beings which thus shine forth their Maker's praise to the admiring gaze of the true-hearted observer of nature. And this examination we must commence with a few of the dryer technicalities of their classification, for which we must bespeak the patience

\* Macartney found that the luminous appearance was increased when the water in which the animals were placed was warmed.

† Professor E. Forbes.

‡ Rymer Jones.

of our readers. Naturalists have divided the animals of which we treat into the two sub-classes of Medusides and Acalephes proper; the first possessing a circular, or nearly circular, cup, or umbrella-shaped body; having, in a few of its genera, an internal plate, formed of a sort of cartilaginous substance. The rim of the body is usually fringed with "tentacular ciliated appendages." The second, or class of Acalephes proper, has an irregular, multiform, and sometimes sphere-shaped body, with thready appendages and ciliary fringes. Both are, however, more usually included under the general and applicable term of Acalephes, as which we shall describe them.

Each of the above classes is again divided into sub-orders: the Medusides contain—1st, the *Pulmogrades*, so named from their movements, which consist of alternate dilations and contractions, resembling the action of the lungs in breathing. And, 2nd, the *Cirrhiogrades*, so named from the *cirrh*i, or tentacles hanging from their lower surface, by means of which they progress. They are further distinguished by the presence of the internal plate which we have before mentioned.

The Acalephes proper contain, 1st, the *Physogrades*, so called from an *air* bladder being the chief organ of their progressive movements, as in the *Physalis*, or Portuguese man-of-war, which floats like some fairy vessel beside the proud ship which man has made to himself. And, 2nd, the *Ciliogrades*, which are named from their power of rowing themselves from place to place by means of those vibratile hairs known as *cilia*; such is the Beroë, which, from the resemblance it bears in form to the sea-urchin, or sea-egg, is believed by the boatmen of the North to be its young.

Each of these orders is once more subdivided into families and genera, on which we will not now enlarge, as our limits forbid our giving a classified account; and we must, therefore, confine ourselves to an endeavour to lay before our readers some idea of what the Germans would perhaps term "the inner life" of these all-marvellous creatures.

When, after some raging and beating storm, we see cast upon the glistening sands a shapeless and apparently helpless mass of jelly-like substance, commonly termed by fishermen "blubber," it is very difficult, for even the most careful observer, who has never had an opportunity of watching it in its native element, to realize the fact that this mass is not only endued with life, but that it is actually capable of directing its motions at pleasure; of devouring and digesting small crustaceous and entomostracous animals, and in some cases even vertebrated fish; and of inflicting on its prey, as well as on man himself, stings of no inconsiderable power. Yet such in truth are but a very small part of the wonders which its examination unfolds before our eyes. If we cast the mass into some salt-water pool left by the retreating tide, we shall see it—we will suppose it to be a *Pulmograde*—unfold its pellucid, many-coloured, inverted, cup-shaped disc, and expand its long tentacle-like arms into the depths of the water, the transparency of which it equals, so as to be hardly discernible. The disc now begins to heave with the lung-like movements before described; by means of which it propels itself rapidly and gracefully through the water with great precision, until it reaches the spot it would attain: its "stomach-mouth," which is situated in the centre of the interior of the cup, now protrudes its lips, and anchors it safely on to some projecting stone,\* until hunger or some other motive shall again induce a desire to roam. Then once more the heaving movements commence, some prey is perchance chased, stupified by the powerful sting of the *Medusæ*, and

\* Dr. Johnston.

gradually sucked in, to be very quickly assimilated into its transparent frame. And yet this creature is apparently of such low organization that if left to dry on a marble slab, or other non-absorbing surface, it will gradually melt away, as it were, until no vestige of it, beyond a slight glazy film, remains! The *Rhizostoma*, however, is an exception to the mode of feeding which we have described, for from its centre depends a somewhat massive bunch of leaf-shaped appendages, which are perforated with innumerable pores, through which the creature imbibes its food. It is therefore, of course confined to a liquid diet. The resemblance which this central stem bears to the office and relative situation of the roots of a plant, has given rise to the name of *Rhizostoma*.

These are the true type of the Pulmogrades; but we must not suppose the umbrella, or cup form, is universal, or even prevalent amongst the jelly-fishes. Even amongst the Pulmogrades it sometimes undergoes considerable modification; as, for instance, in the *Berenice*, from whose flattened disc (instead of the banyan-like pendants which we have already spoken of as falling from its edges) hang countless transparent hairs, if we may use such a term of similitude, of the most delicate dimensions, which curl and interlace with the utmost intricacy; or, anon, smooth themselves and hang straight down in the water, floating out behind the animal as it swims; and again waving gently about with a motion which the slightest observation must regard as one of pleasurable sensation. In the *Cirrhio-grades*, we find the form to be that of a flat disc, supplied on the under-surface with a short foot-like fringe, and on the upper with a transparent sort of sail, which contains the hard plate of which we have spoken.

In the *Physogrades*, again, it is modified into a bag or bladder, bearing some slight resemblance to the outline of a bird, from which, however, hangs a most fantastic, rainbow-hued tassel, of thready and riband-like appurtenances; or—as in the case of the *Noctiluca*, which play so prominent a part in the phosphorescence of the sea—it takes a globular, or somewhat reniform shape, with a quaint-looking tail, resembling an apple on its stalk; or in the *Rhizophysa filiformis*, it has a small ovate body, with a tail (as we may term the lengthened tentacle which seems to take the place of the tassel of the Portuguese man-of-war), measuring thirty or forty times the length of the body, which irresistibly brings to our minds the old nursery riddle concerning the wonderful woman with

“ Her long tail which she lets fly.”

In the Ciliogrades it perhaps, as in the case of the Venus's girdle (*Cestum Veneris*), extends into a riband-like form, often reaching to a length of six or seven feet, of a translucent glassy appearance, which is indeed a zone of beauty, whether it is silently impelled with graceful undulatory movements through the calm waters of the Mediterranean Sea by the countless cilia which fringe its edges, and which refract the light in the most vivid rainbow hues, or whether, in the words of Rymer Jones, “ In the night it shines with brilliant phosphorescent splendour, visible at a considerable depth, and marking, as if by flame, the creature's path.” To this the words of Coleridge may well be applied:—

“ I watched the water snakes ;  
 They moved in tracks of shining white,  
 And when they reared, the elfish light  
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

\* \* \* \* \*

And every track  
 Was a flash of golden fire.”

In this genera, too, is included the matchless Beroë, or Cydippe, of our own shores, which consists of a transparent and most delicate globe, marked with eight longitudinal bands; on which, at regular intervals, are placed thirty or forty paddles\*—invisible to the naked eye: with these the Cydippe, by a most perfect mechanism, rows itself along, and shoots like a brilliant meteor through the waves. This little creature is also furnished with two long and curiously-branched tentacles; which, when not in use, are withdrawn into two pouches on the body, but which are at other times extended on each side. So fragile and delicate is this little creature that it is most difficult to examine it, on account of its falling to pieces with the gentlest handling; and yet it seizes and devours shrimps, and other animals which are larger than itself, and is perhaps one of the most vivacious and active of those myriads of races which sport in constant happiness in the ocean.

We must now turn our attention to the mechanism of the bodies of these creatures. Lamarck, denying to them either nerve or muscle, supposed that they could have no voluntary movement; but a very slight examination in their native element will convince any person that they can move “as they list,” escaping to the bottom when pursued, following their prey, remaining stationary, or sunning themselves on the surface at their pleasure. “It is moreover well known,” says Dr. Johnston, “that they have a nervous system formed after the same plan, and rather more complete than it is in other radiated beings;” while Ehrenberg has shown that the contractions and dilations of the *Pulmogrades* “are the effects of the contraction of muscular fibres radiating from near the centre of the body to the circumference.” So that they are far from being so low in the scale of organized beings as was formerly believed by those who based their opinions on the fact of their scarcely leaving any organic remains after the dissolution of their bodies; in addition to the “abundant crystals of chloride of sodium,” which Dr. Thomas Williams has, in his recent and valuable researches,† obtained by evaporation from the vital, or chylaqueous, fluid of the *Rhizostoma*; and which will of course be equally found in the remains of other jelly-fishes.

Yet even with this light, which modern science has thrown on the structure of the sea-nettles, stang-fishes, stingers, or *Orties de mer*, as the jelly-fishes were named of old, if we compare their achievements, and the powers by which they accomplish them, we cannot fail to be struck with the apparent inadequacy of the means to the end, and we are compelled in ignorance to exclaim with the Psalmist, “O Lord, how glorious are thy works: thy thoughts are very deep!”

The power of stinging is believed to reside in a mucus which the fish can throw off at pleasure; and Professor E. Forbes gives the sanction of his high authority to this view, as he found this substance retained its irritating quality after it has been separated from the animal.‡ Only a few, however, of the species sting; “foremost amongst which,” says the same author, “the *Cyanea capillata* of our seas is a most formidable creature, and the terror of tender-skinned bathers. With its broad, tawny, festooned, and scalloped disc, often a full foot or even more across, it flaps its way through the yielding waters, and drags after it a long train of riband-like arms, and seemingly interminable tails, marking its course when the body is far away from us. Once tangled in its trailing ‘hair,’ the unfortunate who has recklessly ventured across the graceful monster’s

\* Rymer Jones.

† See ‘Philosophical Transactions,’ 1852-3.

‡ See ‘British Naked-eyed Medusa,’ Ray Society.



path, too soon writhes in prickly torture. Every struggle but binds the poisonous threads more firmly round his body, and then there is no escape; for when the winder of the fatal net finds his course impeded by the terrified human wrestling in its coils, he, seeking no combat with the mightier biped, but casts loose his arms and swims away. The amputated weapons, severed from their parent body, vent vengeance on the cause of their destruction, and sting as fiercely as if their original proprietor itself gave the word of attack."

We must now turn our attention to one other amongst the unfathomable wonders of this interesting tribe. We allude to the long-disputed, but now well-authenticated fact of their reproduction. The eggs of the jelly-fish, which are small ovate bodies covered with vibratile hairs, are no sooner brought to light than they row themselves to some place on which they can safely anchor and grow. The body soon lengthens, and gradually spreads into a flower-shaped disc, somewhat of a daisy form: this is now a distinct polype, endowed with a most voracious appetite, and the power of throwing out from its stem buds, which after a time gradually arrive at the form of a true Medusa, and at length separate themselves from the polype and swim away in their perfect shape, as jelly-fishes; while the polype still remains immovable, but capable of casting off constant colonies of these young creatures.

Thus it will be perceived that the generations of the tribe alternate: the offspring of the jelly-fish is a polype, which in its turn becomes the parent of another race of jelly-fishes; or, in the words of one of our naturalists, each individual of the family resembles its grandfather, and not its own father!

Were our limits enlarged we might dwell more fully on the pure delights which the study of these, amongst others, of the lower tribes of animals have afforded to ourselves, as well as to thousands of others; to whom they have proved a refreshment in weariness, a faith-enlivening solace in sorrow and loneliness, a lively pleasure in happier moments, and an ever-new, yet ever-repeated testimony of the love of the Almighty God, whose "care is over all his works."

We cannot, however, resist laying before our readers a somewhat detailed description of an animal of the species which has as yet been seen in only one district of our British shores. Some years ago, when sailing across the grandly-beautiful harbour of Falmouth, our attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance around the boat of several jelly-fishes of surpassing beauty, and of such extreme delicacy of texture that they were at first made visible in the water (which was yet muddy from a recent storm) by their being more transparent than the surrounding medium. On closer examination, as they slowly rowed with their lung-like movements around us, we found them to be of a perfect hemispherical form, of about the size of a small tea-cup, the bodies being perfectly colourless, with the exception of two bands in the interior, which crossed each other at right angles, and which were of a bright but most delicate rose-colour; from the centre floated out four short and star-like lips of the same colour, while the whole of the edge of the cup was gemmed with minute dots of a similar hue. Not being provided with proper nets, all our endeavours to capture one of these tempting prizes were fruitless; and they accordingly remained deposited in a recess of our minds, unknown, and mysterious in their beauty. After the lapse, however, of a lengthened time, chance threw in our way Professor E. Forbes' beautiful 'Monogram of the British Naked-eyed Medusæ,' and there, with a delight which none

but an enthusiastic naturalist can realize, we discovered our identical jelly-fish faithfully and admirably figured, with the information that it was none other than the *Thaumantias pilosella*, a species of which, though abundant in the bays and harbours of Zetland, had been only seen in one British locality, namely, "on the south coast of England, at Falmouth, in the year 1847."

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### THE PHILOSOPHY OF A SUNBEAM.

THE science of a sunbeam and the science of light are two very different things. Light—says the believer in Newton's theory—is an emission of particles from luminous bodies. Light—replies the disciple of Young and Fresnel—is the undulation of a subtile medium. But a sunbeam is a compound thing. Three distinct principles, or three modifications of one principle, if not more, are associated in every ray of sunlight. These are light, heat, and actinism.

When a sunbeam is admitted into a darkened chamber, and received upon a transparent prism, it is decomposed. A prismatic spectrum of brilliant hues is produced, as we know, on the white wall of the room. The three primary colours—red, yellow, and blue—are the elements out of which the seven-hued image is formed. If a thermometer be now placed in the blue ray of the spectrum, it will point to 56° Fahrenheit, in the yellow ray it will rise to 62°, and a little beyond the red ray it will mount up to 79°. But in an undecomposed sunbeam the heat is the same everywhere. Hence we infer the existence of heat rays, as well as of light rays in a beam of sunlight. But this is not all. If a piece of photographic paper be placed upon the spectrum, it will be most blackened at, and even beyond, the blue and violet rays, than elsewhere. Here, then, are rays which produce chemical change in bodies. They are termed actinic rays, their influence is termed actinism. Let us now trace the footsteps of these three classes of rays in Nature.

If we were to compare a plant, growing in the dense and shadowed recesses of a forest, with another fully exposed to the sun's rays, the pale blanched hue of the former would be at once apparent. Here then we see one of the effects of the light rays. Again, if we take a plant from the open air, and place it in a darkened room where light is admitted through a single scanty window, a change is soon visible. The plant sickens and becomes pale. The leaves, furthest from the light, lengthen their stalks and rise into a position in which they can obtain more copious draughts of the health-giving stream. The whole plant turns towards the window, as if yearning for the sun. If it be now removed from its prison, and exposed to a full flood of light, its health returns and it soon loses its pallid hue.

In the vegetable world, then, light and colour are intimately associated, and we shall find presently that this is the case in the animal world also. The gorgeous hues of tropical vegetation are painted by the sunny skies of the climes where it grows. Our flowers are faintly tinted by the side of those of these glowing regions; and it is wisely ordered that subdued tones prevail in the quiet light of such skies as ours—bright hues would seem out of place.

The presence of chlorophyll—a compound substance—in the cells of plants is the cause of their green colour. The light rays are the chief agents in

producing this compound. Woody tissue will not form to any available extent without the influence of these rays. Deprived of them the massive oak would grow up a pallid fragile plant, destined to perish without ever fulfilling its useful destiny.

Light stimulates plants to respiration, for they breathe as well as we, and in the dark hours of the night they repose with us. In the daytime they inhale the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, and breathe forth oxygen; in the night, too, they still drink in carbonic acid, but it is in scanty draughts compared with those taken under the stimulus of light.

Let us now turn to the animal world. The *Proteus anguinus* appears to be independent of the invigorating influence of light; but it is an exception to the general law of organized life, which enacts that light is necessary for healthy development.

In the experiments of Professor Forbes in the *Ægean* Sea, the effect of light upon animals was strikingly illustrated. It was found that, at great depths, the tenants of the deep are mostly white or colourless, and the colours increase in brilliancy and intensity as we ascend towards the light. Again the lustrous hues of the denizens of tropical regions contrast with the more sober tints of colder climes.

A box containing twelve compartments was so pierced with holes that water could readily flow through it. A tadpole, previously weighed, was placed in each compartment, and the box was then sunk some feet below the surface of the Seine. Others were also put in a vessel of Seine water and exposed to the light. These soon passed through their metamorphosis; but of the twelve sunk in the river ten retained their form, though many had increased greatly in weight. All the tadpoles when put into the water were at the natural size for undergoing metamorphosis, and yet the submerged ones appeared unable to pass through it. The stimulus of light was needed.

Again, in the *Medical Gazette* of 1832, we read: "There is at present, in Paris, an artist of the Louvre, an eminent historical painter, of the name of Ducornet, who paints with his feet. He was born without arms, of poor parents, at Lille. There are also about the French metropolis a number of beggars, twelve or thirteen of them at least, all deformed in various ways, and all born at Lille, in certain dark caverns under the fortifications. The effect of these places, from their want of light, in producing malformed births is so notorious, that the magistrates of Lille have issued strict orders to prohibit the poor from taking up their abode in them." Sir A. Wylic tells us that the cases of disease on the dark side of a large barrack were thrice the number of those on its sunny side for many years.

It has been often asked whether light does not become latent—is it not partially absorbed by bodies exposed to it?

A polished old coin revealed its inscription in faintly-luminous characters when placed upon a heated piece of iron in the dark. Brewster gives a list of nearly sixty minerals which possess this property of phosphorescence. The human hand is said to be luminous in the dark for some minutes after exposure for half an hour to strong sunlight. "If a nasturtium is plucked during sunshine," says Hunt, "and carried into a dark room, the eye, after it has reposed for a short time, will discover the flower by a light emitted from its leaves."

Humboldt shows that the earth is luminous; and though a part of this earth-light may be due to chemical or electro-magnetic causes, it is asked if a part is not due to the emission of light absorbed in the day?

Some experiments of Professor Moser are very curious. From them it appeared that if a polished plate of silver was kept very near to a cameo of horn or agate, with white figures upon a dark ground, for ten minutes, the figures of the cameo produced an impression upon the plate which might be made visible by exposing it to the vapour of mercury or water. Other similar results were obtained.

We have before alluded to the bending of plants towards the light. The blue rays have been found to be the most powerful in producing this effect; plants turn from the red rays.

The light which is reflected to us from the blue sky is polarised—or, to employ Newton's idea, resembles a flat stick, if we liken an ordinary ray to a smooth round rod. Polarised light possesses peculiar properties which we must not stay to detail here. Wheatstone's polar clock depends upon this peculiarity; on being directed to different parts of the sky, this instrument indicates the apparent solar time with great accuracy.

We now turn to the heat-rays of a sunbeam. About one-third of those which impinge upon our atmosphere are absorbed by it, so that the air screens us from the full intensity of the sun's heat. As we descend into the earth the temperature increases; but there is a certain stratum whose temperature is always the same. The caves of the French Observatory have steadily remained at 53° Fahrenheit; they are ninety feet below the surface. Some mines have a perpetual spring. The heat absorbed by the earth's crust in summer is of great utility in the cold season of winter.

Heat appears to have great influence upon vegetable irritability. The *Desmodium gyrans* of the banks of the Ganges moves its leaflets perpetually both by day and by night. But this curious plant is motionless except where the temperature is about 100°. The sensitive plant requires artificial warmth in our climate; and although we are not destitute of instances of vegetable irritability, we have nothing analogous to the *Desmodium gyrans*.

When Franklin placed pieces of differently-coloured cloth upon snow, he found that the sun's rays melted the snow more rapidly beneath some colours than beneath others. The order of absorption of heat is black, brown, green, red, yellow and white; so that black clothing drinks in the sun's warmth more greedily than that which is of a light colour. However, those bodies which readily absorb heat part with it freely also—in philosophical language they have high radiating powers.

Heat is a chief agent in producing the trade winds. The heated air of the equatorial regions mounts upwards into the higher regions of the atmosphere, and colder air rushes in laterally to supply its place. This constant interchange of air between the equator and the poles, and the rotation of the earth, conjointly occasion these well-known winds.

The actinic rays now demand notice. They appear to be especially powerful in producing the germination of seeds, whilst the light rays actually seem to be opposed to this development of vitality. The stem of a young plant grown under the influence of the actinic rays remains soft, and extends to a great length without enlarging in diameter. It is said that gardeners use deep blue glasses to aid cuttings in putting out roots.

Actinism is less known as to its effects upon the animal kingdom. The different hues of the human race, freckles and sunburn, are all probably dependent, in part at least, upon the actinic rays of the sunbeam. Chlorine and hydrogen gases, mingled in combining proportions, do not unite in the dark; but if the mixture is exposed to the light of the sun,

they at once combine and generally with a violent explosion. If the chlorine alone is held in the sunshine it will afterwards unite in the dark with hydrogen.

The actinic rays produce an effect upon the granite rock as well as upon the delicate plant. But in the night these effects are wholly or in part obliterated. But for this nocturnal rest the hardest crag would perhaps soon perish.

Actinism has given us one of the most pleasing arts of modern times. We mean Photography. The broad outlines of Daguerreotype process may be readily sketched. A polished plate of silvered copper is subjected to the vapour of iodine, and is then transferred to what is usually a species of camera obscura. The image of any desired object speedily depicts itself upon the prepared plate, which is then removed from its dark receptacle and exposed to mercurial vapour. The picture now appears, and has to be rendered permanent by immersion into solution of hyposulphite of soda. If desired, it is then tinted by the artist's brush.

The Talbotype process is somewhat different. Paper dipped in a weak solution of salt, and with a solution of nitrate of silver applied to one of its sides, is placed, after being dried in the camera obscura. It is then washed with hyposulphite of soda.

In the Calotype, which is a mere variety of the above process, expensive chemicals are made use of.

In the two last processes the pictures are negative ones—the shadows form light marks, and the lights dark ones. But the pictures are easily made to yield positive copies.

Strange to say, our own comparatively dull sky is far more favourable for Daguerreotyping than the most brilliant one of the tropics. The sun itself is only marked on the plate by a spot.

Some experimenters have thought that electricity is also resident in the sunbeam, others have failed in discovering this principle.

In the palm-stoves at Kew, a greenish-yellow glass has been made use of to exclude the scorching heat rays of the solar-beam.

It is found that the actinic rays are most abundant in spring, the luminous in summer, and the calorific in autumn; and the same law appears to obtain in the daily distribution of these rays. In the morning we have the actinic, at noon the light, and in the evening the heat rays most prevalent.

Here our remarks close; and if they have more clearly unfolded the goodness and wisdom of Him who darts down the sunbeam on its errand of light and love, they have not been in vain.

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#### PASSAGES FROM THE JOURNALS OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.—

##### No. II.

NAPLES, AUGUST 1848—MERGELLINA—TOMBS OF VIRGIL AND SANAZARO—PALM TREE, &c.

ONE afternoon we went to Mergellina, beyond the fashionable suburb of the Chiaja and at the commencement of the Strada Nuova of Posillipo, to dine with a family of old English friends.

They occupied a pleasant, and to me well-known villa between the cliffs of those lovely hills which the ancients held to be a cure for grief, at the western inner corner of the bay. On one side of the villa, close

at hand, stands the little church which contains the ashes and cenotaph of the Neapolitan poet, Sanazzaro; and on the other side, a little farther off and higher up the hill-side, stands the ancient tomb which bears the name, and with a pleasant and not unreasonable belief is thought to have once contained the ashes, of Virgil. Close in front of the villa, at the angle of a garden wall, stands and grows, as it stood and grew when I was first here, and long before my time, one solitary and consequently unproductive Oriental palm tree—a most noticeable tree, for it is the only one of the species in Naples, or near to it, growing in the open air. Indeed, within the limits of the kingdom I can remember only two others, and those were growing far off, at Brundisium. Few travellers who have been at Naples can have failed to remark or to remember that solitary Oriental palm at Mergellina. In many a walk and many a ride it was my cynosure: I had almost a religion for it; and I do not believe that, whether alone or with joyous comrades, I ever passed it with heretical neglect. When I first knew it I was young, a stripling, a boy; and I believe that that innocent and unconscious tree helped to give “an Oriental twist” to my imagination. I saw it again as a dear old friend. I could have hugged its rough, cocoa-nut-looking stem, and kissed its broad, long pendant leaves; which are not leaves but majestic plants, or a world of leaves thrown into one. The villa had a long terrace, trellised and canopied with vines, and overlooking the bay, the Chiaja, the Villa Reale, the Castella dell’ Uovo, and Vesuvius—an exquisite promenade in the cool of the evening. There were some drawbacks to the “locality;” but the interior of the house seemed to embody the very perfection of living—the Italian luxury of spacious rooms and lofty ceilings, and a genial warm atmosphere which one woos with open doors and windows, and English neatness and arrangement and domestic comfort.

NAPLES: PICTURES.—In the picture gallery of the Museum I was disappointed and vexed. They had changed the position of all their first-rate paintings. Not one was left hanging where it used to hang: I had a difficulty in finding out my old familiar friends; and when I found them I thought that, in nearly every instance, the change of position had been a change for the worse. The Raffæles, the Correggios, the Titians, the Spagnolettos, the Velasquez, the Salvator Rosas, the Claudes, were certainly in worse lights. It appeared that they were going to change places again, for some of them were taken down, many of the figures placed above the frames were undergoing alteration; and a great many new pictures (or rather old pictures, but new additions to the collection) were strewed on the floor, waiting for places on the walls whereon to be suspended. The whole place had a littered, neglected, slovenly appearance. For a very long time the directors of this Neapolitan gallery have been guilty of the error of substituting quantity for quality. They might have an admirable small collection, but they will have a large one, and the consequence is that three-fourths of their pictures are rubbish. The visitor tires his eye with the bad before he gets to the good. Preserving all such works as may be interesting as links in the history and progress of art, I would discard, reject, and utterly cast out hundreds of their pieces which have no such claim to regard, and which are at best but servile imitations or specimens of an insupportable mediocrity. Then there would remain a compact and most choice collection, and some half-dozen of rooms might be given up to other departments of

the museum, of which several are crowded and require more space. This is particularly the case with the most interesting department of all, the incomparable, unique collection derived from Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabia, Pæstum and other places. These materials, moreover, are constantly on the increase, so that more and more room will be wanted.

GAÏETA.—As we entered this ancient town in the brief twilight, we passed a tall, gaunt, and very ancient dame, who was seated on a stone near the gate, with a distaff in her left hand, and the coarse thread she was making in the other. The distaff and her primitive process were precisely those we see in ancient sculpture, vases, tombs, &c. The old dame's long grey hair hung loosely over her cheeks and neck; her whole dress was quite as primitive as her distaff; and her features seemed cast in the antique and Asiatic mould. She might have been taken for the Trojan nurse of the pious Æneas, the venerable Gaieta, who, according to Virgil, died here and left her name to the place for ever.

Shortly after we had dismounted at our inn, the bright full moon shone upon the bay, edging the trembling waves with silver, as on that fair night when Æneas and his fleet hoisted their sails here in the little port beneath, and steered for the promontory of Circe; and as the *vento di terra*, or regular land breeze, began to blow, we saw a little fleet of boats, of primitive or very ancient form, lift anchor, spread their curiously-shaped sails, and make for the same promontory, the ancient name of which is only Italianized in its modern designation *Circello*. This preservation of ancient names imparts a constant interest to all these regions of southern Italy. Take the ablative instead of the Latin nominative, and you find nearly every river or little stream, every mountain and cape, called as it used to be in the days of the Roman commonwealth. At times one is almost startled by hearing the classical sounds from the most uneducated of the peasantry. "Where do you come from?" said we to a poor old fellow who was begging in the streets of Capua. "Gentlemen," said he, "I come from a village behind Monte Tifate." Here was the Mons Tifata of the Roman writers. The mariners of Gaieta had no fear of finding Circe and her brutalizing potions; but our host at the inn told us that he expected some of them would bring him back a good supply of pigs, Monte Circello and the country near it being famous for swine, both wild and domestic.

On the shore, at a very short distance from this old town, we visited those Roman ruins which every one now believes to be the remains of Cicero's celebrated Fornian villa. We also mused by the spot where the great orator is said to have been put to death, and where there are considerable remains of an ancient Roman tomb, or mausoleum, which generally passes as his. A shepherd boy was there playing on a very primitive pipe, made of a large strong canna or reed, brought from the river Liris. This river is a wide exception to the general rule: they now call it the Garigliano.

In a farmhouse near at hand, the family and the labourers were at table, all dining together, but the master of the house occupied the post of honour. The meal consisted of a vegetable pottage (chiefly cabbage or greens), into which slices of fat bacon were thrown, of bread of a dark yellow colour made of maize or Indian corn, of cheese made of buffaloes' milk, and a very large bowl of wild asparagus, dressed with a little oil and vinegar. This was rather a feast day than a fast day. The people seemed to thrive on their fare. The wild asparagus, though small and quite green,

had a most delicious flavour, far surpassing the product of our kitchen gardens. This afforded the dish in which Horace delighted when at his Sabine farm. Now, as then, the women go to the hill sides and gather it fresh every morning while it lasts. There was a female servant in the farmhouse that might have been a fit purveyor of asparagus to the poet. This morning she had brought in a perfect load of it.

This time I did not visit the fortress of Gaieta, nor had I on any previous occasion disturbed the repose of the mortal remains of the Constable Bourbon, whose name, as a word of fear, is preserved in the traditions of the people of Rome and Gaieta. As this great warrior and national renegade bore arms for the Emperor Charles V. against the church as well as against his own countrymen—as he was shot in the act of storming Rome, and died under the Pope's excommunication—he could not be allowed a burialplace in consecrated ground. As regard was due to his eminent services and rank and dignity, his body could not be abandoned or left in an unhonoured place; the Spaniards, therefore, had recourse to another expedient: they dried the body of the Constable like a mummy, and set it up in a recess near the gate of the castle of Gaieta. There, according to an old German traveller, it stood in the middle of the last century, very properly clothed, his boots being yellow, with red facings, and the stockings, which came a little above the boots, being bordered with fine lace. A governor of the city and castle had recently given the memorable skeleton an entirely new suit of clothes; the mantle was blue, trimmed with silver, the head was covered with hat and feathers, the sword of the warrior was at his side, and a cane leaned against his shrivelled right hand. Over the recess was a Spanish distich which may thus be rendered into English:—

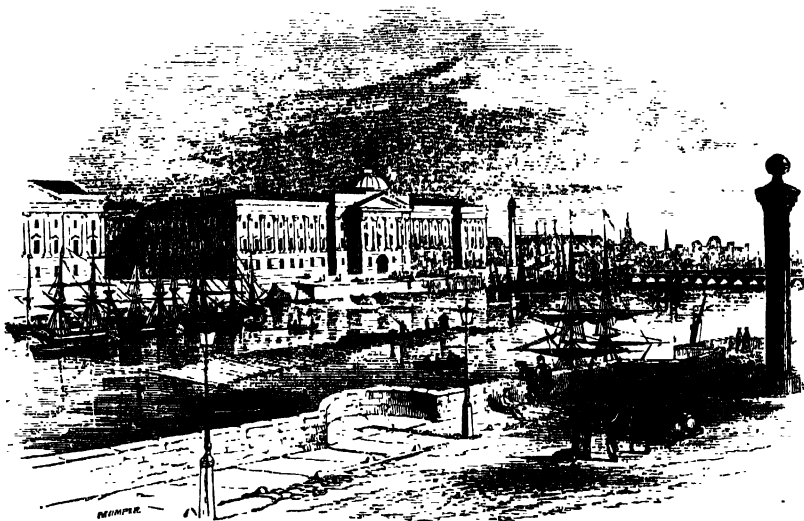
“France gave me birth, Spain strength and fortune gave,  
Rome my death-wound, and Gaieta a grave.”

A Latin epitaph said in plain prose, “Here lies Charles of Bourbon, who, after enlarging the empire, defeating the French, conquering Italy, besieging the Pope, and taking Rome, lost his life in the moment of victory.” Praises and gratitude were due from the imperialists to this brave, daring, and very skilful deserter from his standard and his king; but many of the honour-loving Spaniards of that period had little respect for the traitor. One of them burned his house to the ground, because, in obedience to his sovereign, he had been obliged to lodge the Constable in it for one night.

As we left Gaieta, several caravans of mules were taking their departure. Some were going towards Rome, some to Sessa or Simuessa, a town of the Volscians, others on to Capua; all to some place named and famed in history or in poetry, or in both. We were soon on the Appian way, the rough paving-stones of which, placed there by the old Roman road-makers, appear in several places. We rested (sleep we could not) that night at an inn by the side of a canal in the Pontine Marshes, which appeared to be, in every respect, a lineal descendant of Horace's inn at the Forum Appii. We had the same gnats and mosquitoes, the same wrangling muleteers, the same croaking frogs, the same surly innkeeper, the same singing in turns (of very rough voices), and the same general confusion as disturbed the susceptible nerves of the poet. The autumn was far advanced towards winter. Had it been in the hot season of the year, we probably should have carried away with us a malaria fever. The unhealthiness of the Pontine Marshes scarcely admits of exaggeration.



## FREEZING OF THE RIVER NEVA, AT ST. PETERSBURG



ST. PETERSBURG.

WHEN Alompra, the Burman conqueror, asked an English officer whether the ponds in his country were ever coated with ice, and the Englishman replied that, at London, he had seen a great fair held for seven days, and an ox, roasted whole on a great river, the semi-barbarian of the east and all his courtiers expressed their incredulity by a loud laugh. What would these men have thought had they been told that there was a river in Europe, on the ice of which these things might be done, not for seven days, but during five months of every year.

St. Petersburg, though not the most northern of capitals, is undoubtedly the coldest. Many physical circumstances contribute to the production of this intense cold. Foremost must be placed the shallowness of the nearest sea, and the immensity of fresh water in the neighbouring country. The principal of these reservoirs are the lakes Onega, Ilmen, Saïma, and Ladoga, the last being the largest lake of Europe. The surface presented by all the four lakes is estimated at one thousand five hundred and six leagues of, twenty-five to the degree. They are all fed by rivers and numerous streams which flow through cold regions. The different streams flow into the Onega, whose length, from north to south, is one hundred and ninety versts, and its breadth, from east to west, seventy versts.\* It empties itself into the Ladoga by the Sveer, a river two hundred and two versts long, and spreading in some parts to two hundred versts in breadth.

The Ilmen is about fifty-five versts long and thirty wide: it receives eleven streams, and has its outlet into the Ladoga by the Volkoff, a

\* The Russian verst measures 3,500 English feet. The English mile contains 5,280 of our feet.

river rather longer than the Sveer, with an average breadth of one thousand four hundred feet.

The Saïma is about one hundred and fifty versts long, and one hundred and twenty broad: it pays its tribute to the Ladoga by means of the Voxa, a river about one hundred and eighty versts in length, and very irregular in its breadth and direction.

The mighty Ladoga, in addition to all these bodies of water, is fed by thirteen other streams. It is about one hundred and seventy-five versts long, and one hundred and five broad, and of an oval form. Its waters find their way to the sea through the Neva, which, though called a river, is properly a Bosphorus, or strait. The length of the Neva, from the Ladoga lake to its mouth, is sixty-nine versts; its medium breadth is about one thousand five hundred feet; its depth (in many places considerable) is generally, in the channel, about fifty feet. Its direction is that of a straight line from east to west. At all seasons the Neva brings with it a current of cool air. From such an accumulation of waters, on which evaporation, however intense the solar heat while it lasts, acts but during three or four months in the year, it is natural to expect an immense outflowing: and accordingly we find the Neva carries into the gulf of Finland upwards of one hundred and sixteen thousand cubic feet of water in a second; a fraction of which proceeds from eight small rivers, which fall into it during its course from the Ladoga to St. Petersburg. The ordinary velocity of the river is about thirty-seven inches per second.

At St. Petersburg the Neva divides itself into several deltoidal branches, the largest of which is one thousand two hundred and sixty feet broad; and bears along a mass of about seventy-four thousand cubic feet of water in a second, while the Nile, in the same time, furnishes but twenty-one thousand eight hundred cubic feet.

That such a body of water, moving at the rate of about two miles and one furlong in an hour, should be annually covered with a sheet of ice, seldom less and often more than three feet thick, while the mean temperature of the air during the winter months is seldom lower than  $4^{\circ} 5'$  of Reaumur's thermometer, appears surprising; nor could it happen but for the combination of two circumstances, neither of which would be alone sufficient: these are the drift ice from the Ladoga, and the long duration of the winter.

The drift ice from the Ladoga generally comes down about the middle of November, sometimes in October, and sometimes, though more rarely, not till December. The cold is so sudden and so violent, that twenty-four hours are sufficient to form round the edges of northern lakes a cake of ice from two to five inches thick, which is almost as soon broken up by the storms to which these lakes are subject. This event is immediately announced to St. Petersburg by telegraph. The police are on the look-out, and in about twenty-four hours, more or less, the arrival of the first flakes gives the signal for removing the bridges of boats, by which the communication across the river is established. Soon after large sheets of ice come floating down and announce the setting-in of the winter. At this time one of the bridges is frequently removed and replaced, to the great inconvenience of the inhabitants of the capital. Vehicles of every description remain crowded on either bank, while large boats, loaded with passengers, are seen forcing their way through shoals of drifting ice, by which they are often carried down a considerable

distance. It is now impossible to replace the bridge; the passage becomes more and more difficult for the boats, and is finally interrupted altogether. Unhappy, then, are those whom affection, business, or pleasure call to the opposite side: the distance is only a few paces, but the passage is impracticable. This painful suspense lasts a few days, seldom a week.

If the lake ice has been broken into small pieces, these sometimes pass on to the gulf without encumbering the river; and when they are all gone by, the bridge is replaced, and things remain as before till the arrival of a fresh batch. If, on the contrary, the flakes are large, they get jammed one against the other, and not only fix themselves, but arrest the progress of the succeeding masses. Between them, however, are large spaces quite clear of ice. In this state, a violent wind is sometimes sufficient again to detach and break the flakes and allow them to proceed, when the river again becomes free. This, however, is not frequent; and, as we have said, when the large flakes fix, the communication is for a while wholly interrupted; not that the ice will not bear, but because of the unfrozen spaces, so much the more dangerous as they are smaller, for then, a pellicle of ice being soon formed, they become covered with snow and are hidden.

The ice being now firmly fixed, a number of men are set to work to clear away the space immediately below the bridge: it is then again swung round and definitively placed for the winter. The large space thus cleared, remains uncovered for several weeks, freezing but very gradually from the edge of the ice which surrounds it: a proof that the current is too rapid to be frozen over in ordinary winter if there were no ice brought down from the lake.

The temperature of the air is now sensibly colder; and in a short time, except in the part we have mentioned just below the bridge, or in any other equally large spot, if such there be, there is everywhere a thickness of ice sufficient for foot passengers, who are now seen crossing the frozen river in all directions. In a few days more the passage is judged practicable for carriages and sledges. Broad roads are then marked off by rows of fir branches stuck upright, and slopes of planks are constructed from the quays to the ice. The river now assumes the aspect of a flat-bottomed valley covered with snow: the carriages, sledges, merchandise, pedestrians, and troops passing and repassing in all directions, excluding the idea of the deep and rapid waters rolling beneath.

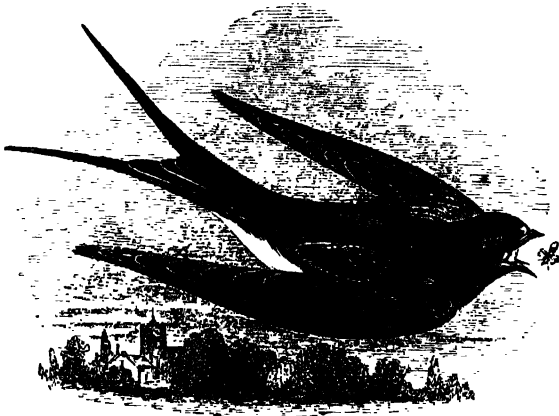
This state of things lasts generally about five months.

The drift ice from lake Ladoga is, on its first arrival at St. Petersburg, seldom more than two and a half inches thick, but it soon attains to the thickness of forty inches, and very often more. Generally people may be said to walk and drive over a compact sheet of ice of the thickness of three feet six inches.

From tables which have been carefully kept, it appears that in the long period of one hundred and fifty years, the ice has never broken up before the 6th of March, and only once at that early period; that the general period of its breaking up is from the 5th to the 15th of April; that the congelation has commenced a few times in October, but that the general period for the annual freezing is from the 5th to the 20th of November; and, finally, that the navigation of the Neva may be said to be free for a period of seven months, and frozen over the remaining five months of the year.

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## OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.



THE SWALLOW.

EVERY one who at all observes the mere external aspects of nature, the changing seasons, the budding trees, and the opening flowers, has become acquainted with the Swallow. We all look with pleasure on the first swallow, which in April skims through the air before us: and though, as the proverb common to most European nations expresses it, "One swallow does not make a summer," yet is even the stray bird an indication of coming multitudes, and of all beauties and delights associated with that rich season. Even the inhabitant of the city, far from the wild flowers and green boughs which he loves so well, watches for the coming of the first swallow, and thinks of the lanes and meadows among which the pearly white-thorn is beginning to bud, and where the violet, and primrose, and anemone, and bluebell peep through the hedges; and where the cottage chimney, which the swallows have long haunted, rises above the garden plots, gay with polyanthuses and daffodils, and sweet-scented wallflowers. And when, a few days after, even the last bleak wind of winter has ceased to stir the woods, and the birds, rejoicing in sweet vernal showers, come in great numbers, we hail them with delight, and wonder not that the prophet Jeremiah, while lamenting the faithlessness of God's chosen people, should remind them of the constancy of the migratory birds, he says: "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming." We wonder not that the people of Greece, ever loving the sunshine, ever alive to the genial influences of nature, held a festival at their arrival; and that children went about the cities and villages in procession, receiving presents at every door, and stopping to chant, to the sound of musical instruments, a welcome to the swallow. Well might Sir Humphry Davy call this bird the joyous prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season, leaving

the green meadows of England in autumn, for the myrtle and olive groves of Italy, or for the tall palms of Africa, and coming to us as it does early in April.

Nor is it alone because of its association with spring that we value the swallow tribe. At all times the habits of these birds are interesting, their motions and actions elegant. Skimming the air in most graceful evolutions, continually crossing each other's path, yet never striking one against another—wheeling on high without any confusion, and on untiring wing—they are, though of sober plumage, the most beautiful of birds. Now they descend and skim lightly a little way above the grass, or over the city's pavement, and we say that rain is coming. Do the swallows come from their height to tell us this? Nay, but the air is already humid and chill, and the preceptions of the insect tribe have discovered it, though as yet we feel it not, and their slight wings refuse to carry them high in air, and the swallow knowing this too, by his sensations, or by that great power of sight which can alone conduct him safely with rapidity, comes down to hunt for his insect-prey.

Many birds are very conscious of approaching atmospheric changes, and may well be relied on as giving indications of these in various ways. Nor is it the bird alone which is thus influenced. All animals, which living entirely in the air are exposed to its variations, are far more cognisant of these changes than we are. Thus the frogs croak in the pool, and the cattle run wildly over the meadow, and eat with unusual voracity their meal from the grass; the ants bring back the chrysalides to their nest; the earthworm comes up to the surface, to respire the welcome moisture; and the very fishes in the pool seem to know that rain is coming, and arise up to the surface. Yet the shepherd cannot feel these changes, though he may observe their prognostics, and see how the leaves of the clover-field are standing upright, and the scarlet pimpernel is folding its petals, and hear more clearly the usual sound of some distant sheep-bell, or of some trickling waterfall, as it comes down the slope of the hill.

We have four species of the Swallow tribe:—The Common Swallow (*Hirundo rustica*), the Martin (*Hirundo urbica*), the Sand Martin (*Hirundo riparia*), and the Swift (*Cypselus apus*), all alike, in many of their habits, and all coming with the spring, and leaving us in autumn for warmer lands. The Swift is, as Bishop Mant has described it, the latest in arriving. Writing on the month of April, he says:—

“The threefold tribe of swallows haste  
 In thy first days, or ere to waste  
 Thy midmost course has run. Nor fails  
 He of the pinion's broadest sails  
 To track their path, their brother Swift;  
 More late to come,  
 More prompt to quit his summer home,  
 Is he of all the fork-tail'd race,  
 As if his wintry dwelling-place,  
 Hard by the stormy Cape, or far  
 In regions of the Eastern star,  
 Forbade across the tedious way,  
 Or quick approach, or lengthen'd stay.”

. The value to man of the services performed by insectivorous birds

has been mentioned on an earlier page; and to no birds do we owe more gratitude for these uses than to the swallow tribe. The rapid flight, the determined vigour with which these birds pursue the winged insects, render them the most successful destroyers of a race which else would injure our crops, our gardens, our orchards, our green fields, and that, if left untouched for the summer's day, would, in the night, eat vegetation which a month's growth would not repair. The swallow never touches our fruits, nor asks one grain of the ripening corn, or the store of the granary. "The immense quantity of flies," says the author of the *Journal of a Naturalist*, "which are destroyed in a short space of time by one individual bird, is scarcely to be credited by those who have not had actual experience of the facts. I was once present when a swift was shot,—I may as well confess the truth—I was myself (then a thoughtless youth) the perpetrator of the deed: I acknowledge the fault in contrition, and will never be guilty of the like again. It was in the breeding season, when the young were hatched; at which time the parent birds, as is well known, are in the habit of making little excursions into the country, to a considerable distance from their breeding-places, for the purpose of collecting flies, which they bring home to their infant progeny. On picking up my hapless and ill-gotten prey, I observed a number of flies, some mutilated, others scarcely injured, crawling out of the bird's mouth; the throat and pouch seemed absolutely stuffed with them, and an incredible number was at length disgorged. I am sure I speak within compass, when I state, that there was a mass of flies, just caught by this single swift, larger than, when pressed close, could conveniently be contained in the bowl of an ordinary table-spoon!" It would be difficult to say why a marksman could find pleasure in shooting a swallow. Its flesh cannot be eaten, its plumage is useless, and so innocent and useful are its habits, that if we had no love for elegance and grace, and no feelings of humanity for the fowls of the air, it should be spared on the score of its utility. But those who shoot these, or other birds, in the spring, forget the sufferings which await the nestlings deprived of their parents; for these must die slowly of cold and hunger: they forget that the Great Father of us all cared for the animal race, when He gave them to us that we should have dominion over them. Not only have the inferior creatures been so made as that their very existence is an enjoyment to themselves, but the Law given to Moses enjoins, in various places, kindness and consideration both to the bird and the beast.

The swallow tribe take their prey on the wing, and are ever delighting our eye as they do so, though two only of the tribe have any powers of song. Of the common swallow,\* *White*, of *Selborne*, remarks: "He is a delicate songster, and in soft sunny weather sings both perching and flying; on trees, in a kind of concert, or on chimney-tops;" and though he who would make sure of hearing the swallow had need be an early riser, yet the low soft warble may be heard too of an evening, as *Richard Howitt* says:—

\* The Swallow is eight inches in length, of which the outer tail-feathers measure five. Whole upper parts steel-blue; wings and tail black; all the tail feathers, except the middle pair, marked with white on their inner webs: forehead, chin, and throat chestnut, bounded below by a band of blue; under parts buff-white; beak and feet black.

“We heard amid the daybreak  
 Thy twitter blithe and sweet;  
 In life’s auspicious morning,  
 The precious and the fleet:  
 We saw thee lightly skimming  
 O’er fields of summer flowers,  
 And heard thy song of inward bliss  
 Through evening’s golden hours.”

Nor is it uninteresting to mark the busy swallows in October, when they are preparing to migrate. For many days they may be seen, gradually gathering in greater numbers, sometimes in some tall trees, at others thickening over the walls, or on roofs of houses. How long it takes to get the assembly together; and, if we may infer anything from the perpetual noise, how many consultations seem necessary as to their mode of travelling, or their future prospect! At length the clamour ceases, and we look out on some morning to find that the swallows are all gone, perhaps to the east or west, to await the coming of some which may yet be lingering from carelessness or infirmity; but at length they are all gone away to the sunny south, and though some may remain on the southern shores of Spain, yet Africa is their grand winter dwelling-place. They have been often seen, both in autumn and in spring, crossing the Mediterranean, sometimes taking a short rest on the rigging of the ships, and even resting there a day or two to recover strength. Now and then they drop into the sea, and go on again, refreshed by their salt-water bath. But so strong is the desire at this season to go to warmer regions, that the bird surmounts all obstacles, and even forgets its young. Instances have been known in which the second brood was hatched so late in the season, that the swallows, whose care for their young is usually most incessant and affectionate, have gone and left their nestlings to perish. Dr. Jenner observed a pair of martins which thus forsook their unfledged young, and returning in the following May to their old nest, had first to remove from their dwelling the skeletons of the hapless little birds. Strong indeed must be the mysterious impulse of migration, when it can overcome the powerful and better understood principle of the love of its young.

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#### SLEEP.

MORPHEUS, the humble god, that dwells  
 In cottages and smoky cells,  
 Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;  
 And, though he fears no prince’s frown,  
 Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,  
 And thy leaden charming-rod,  
 Dipt in the Lethean lake,  
 O’er his wakeful temples shake,  
 Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so  
 Obliged to thy greatest foe?  
 Sleep, that is thy best repast;  
 Yet of death it bears a taste,  
 And both are the same thing at last.

DENHAM.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

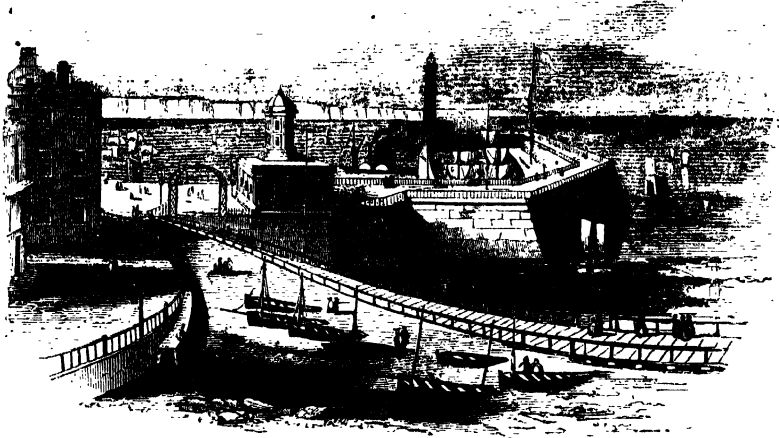
A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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MARGATE.



“Hail to thy face and odours, glorious sea!  
Great beauteous being, by whose breath and smile  
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind  
Inhales salubrious thoughts.”

CAMPBELL.

THE Isle of Thanet has perhaps more interesting associations connected with its early history than almost any other spot of ground in our island home, for there the Anglo-Saxons first landed from the Continent. “Hengist and Horsa,” according to an old historian, “firmly fixing their claws on this eastern part of Great Britain, and making it their head-



quarters, twenty years before they achieved the conquest of the remainder of the county of Kent." From the most remote periods it was a battle-field, and traces of the conflicts between the ancient Britons and Roman legions, of the Romanized Britons and fierce Saxons, and of the Saxons and still fiercer Danes, are to be traced over the whole surface of the island, particularly in the interior, where the marches of the ancient armies are to be followed, and their places of conflict easily detected. It was, too, the first soil trodden by the missionaries of Christianity. St. Augustine, accompanied by a body of about forty monks, landing here, "to preach the Catholic faith to the English nation," and sending from hence an intimation of his purpose to Ethelbert, at that time king of Kent, and residing at Canterbury. On receiving the message, the monarch directed that the missionaries should remain in the island, and be supplied with such necessaries as they required, until he could determine how to dispose of them. "A few days after, the king himself came into the island, and, mistrusting that they might use some magical arts to deceive and abuse him, appointed to give them audience in the open air, under an oak, which grew about the middle of the island, which tree the German pagans held in the highest veneration. Hither, therefore, Augustine and his companions came, having borne before them, a silver cross instead of a banner, and the image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board; singing the Litanies for their own salvation, and that of those for whose sakes they were come."\*

After this conference, Augustine and his companions took up their abode in the palace of Canterbury, bestowed on them as a dwelling-place by the king; and the Saxon monarchs subsequently held their court at Reculver, where it is supposed Ethelbert was buried.

The island is situated at the N.E. part of the county of Kent, from which it is divided by the river Stour on the southern side, and by the water called the Nethergong on the western; the sea surrounding the remaining part. It is said to take its name from the Saxon "Tene," a fire or beacon; alarms which were kindled here, to give notice of any Danish invasion or piratical descent. These beacons were tall pieces of timber, at whose tops, through a pulley, was an iron chain, to draw up a barrel of lighted pitch. One of them stood on an eminence called Stone, very near to the North Foreland. This cape, which runs far into the sea, is the extreme point east of England, the ancient Cantium of Ptolemy, and where an octagonal lighthouse for the benefit of mariners now takes the place of that alarming precursor of war and devastation, the flaming beacon. The two arms of the Stour, which divide Thanet from the mainland, were once a channel, three to four miles over, and in the reign of Henry VIII. was navigable for ships of tolerable burden, which instead of, as at present, sailing round the North Foreland to and from France and London, took their course through the estuary on the south side of Thanet. When the channel became choked with sand, and the surrounding land was drained, it was consequently less navigable; a bridge was built across the part where the ferry of Sarre once existed, and the ancient channel is now pasture-land, or covered with cornfields, in which fragments of old vessels, anchors, &c., have frequently been turned up.

With the exception of the marsh lands, the face of the country, though rather bare of wood, is extremely beautiful, while some of the old farm-houses, situated on its gently-undulating ground, are highly picturesque.

\* Lewis's 'History of the Isle of Tenet.'

The soil is fertile in corn, and supplies the London market with great quantities of canary-seed, and that of many grasses and esculent plants. Fennel grows luxuriantly in the hedges and under the chalk walls; the soil is also favourable to rosemary, of which Mr. Lewis observes, "he had two hedges in the year 1723, seventeen yards long and five feet high." The honey, also, collected in Thanet has a distinguished preference in the London market, from its superior flavour, which is owing to the number of sweet herbs, as thyme, marjoram, &c., of which bees are so fond, and which grow profusely in the unenclosed parts of the island.

In form, Thanet presents a long oval, being about nine miles in length, from east to west, and five broad from north to south; but small and circumscribed as are its limits, it contains three watering-places of well-known importance, Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs.

For many generations these have been the favourite resort of the Londoners, by whom Margate is considered the most lively and bustling; Ramsgate the most fashionable; and Broadstairs the most secluded.

Margate, sixteen miles distant from Canterbury, forty-four from Maidstone, and seventy-two and a half miles east from London, though now a watering-place of such popular resort, was in the days of Queen Elizabeth a hamlet, containing but one hundred and eight houses. More recently it consisted of one long, irregular street; but such has been its advancement in importance and population, that its buildings now cover the slopes of two extensive hills and the intervening valley, while the Census of 1851 gives us a population of 10,099 inhabitants.

The town and harbour are situated on the eastern side of a fine clear sandy bay, which is so directly open to the Northern Ocean that a vessel, taking her departure from Margate, and steering her course north-half-east, would touch no land until she arrived on the coast of Greenland.

Its present name, properly Meregate, is derived from an opening, or gate, through which a small stream, or mere, issued into the sea at the northern extremity of the island; and the town is one of the Cinque Ports, being in that respect placed under the supremacy of Dover.

As a bathing-place, Margate has peculiar advantages, owing to the limpidity of the water, the flatness and accessibility of the beach, and the blandness, purity, and invigorating tendency of the air; for though so much exposed to the wind, Margate, during the winter, is some degrees warmer than any place in the neighbourhood of London. Another advantage peculiar to this spot is its being a "weather-shore" during the greatest part of the summer; or, in other words, the southern winds which generally prevail at that season blow from the land; the sea is consequently perfectly smooth, and the water transparently clear. No fresh water from any river mixes with it, the Thames and Medway being distant thirty miles, and both salt at thirty miles from their mouths.

Independent of the bathing-machines and the warm-baths, which form an accustomed feature in a resort of this kind, there is an establishment at Margate marked by more than usual enterprise in its formation. The Clifton Baths were more than three years in progress, and the operations were in the first place commenced by cutting the face of the cliff down to within six feet of the level of the sea-shore, in a hard chalk stone. The shelf or platform thus left was cased with brick, laid in cement; and was intended to form a kind of breakwater to stem the rush of the waves against the rock. At the inner end of this causeway a tunnel has been cut into the solid chalk, and arched over so as to form a roadway of one hundred and

thirty feet in length, for the passage of bathing-machines. At the south end of the tunnel, the chalk has been excavated into the form of an immense circular basin, about forty feet in diameter, and arched or domed overhead at a height of upwards of thirty feet. The interior of this rotunda is cased with brickwork, and supported by eight arches diverging from the centre; while excavations, extending from and parallel with these arches, greatly increase the size of the vault. The excavations are capable of containing twenty to thirty bathing-machines, while the tunnel and causeway enable the machines to pass out to the sea-beach. The Clifton Baths, in fact, with their winding passages, subterranean chambers, terraces, newspapers, spy-glasses, and an organ on which any one may perform, are among the peculiar enjoyments and wonders of Margate. The fort near them is converted into a very pleasant and open promenade; but the most picturesque route in the neighbourhood is that along the sea-side, from thence to Ramsgate, a distance of about seven miles; the coast here making a most decided curvature. In winding round we pass the point called Fair Ness \* to Kingsgate, a place formerly called Bartholomewgate, which name was exchanged for its present appellation in remembrance of the landing of King Charles II. in 1683. At this spot is situated a mansion erected by Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, the design being taken from Cicero's villa on the coast of Baïæ; but many incongruities were afterwards added, such as a convent, a chapel, a temple of Neptune, and a small fort, &c. Some of these buildings were subsequently washed into the sea during a tempestuous night; and the remainder have been altered so as to form three or four private dwellings.

From Kingsgate a short distance brings us to the North Foreland Lighthouse, one of the many erected on the northern coast; and so called in contradistinction to the South Foreland, between Deal and Dover. The lighthouse, sixty-three feet in height, is chiefly intended as a warning to mariners to avoid the Goodwin Sands, which extend from off the North Foreland to Deal, and contribute to form a kind of breakwater to the roadstead called the Downs.

The neighbourhood of Margate abounds, as might be expected, in scenes both of rural beauty and exhilarating amusement; among the latter we may instance the Tivoli Gardens, which lie in a pretty valley about half a mile from the town, now spanned by a viaduct of the railway, and having the attractions of a chalybeate spring, a concert-room, a coffee-room in the Parisian style, an archery-ground, &c. Behind the town, in a part called "The Dane," is a curious grotto, cut out in the chalk, and fancifully ornamented with shells, decorations which long passed for antiques; but it now appears that, although the cave was old, the shell-work was done by an ingenious artisan of Margate, who subsequently emigrated to America.

The public buildings of the town are mostly provided for the amusement or convenience of its numerous visitors; and the assembly-rooms, Cecil-square, is one of the largest edifices of the kind in our sea-side watering-places.

For the religious worship of both townsmen and visitors the provision appears ample. The ancient church of St. John, with its square tower, is said to occupy the site of one built as far back as 1050; and some portions of the interior of the present church evince remains of Anglo-Norman architecture. It has a curious old font, some interesting tombs, and monu-

\* By the word "Ness" is everywhere to be understood a small point of land projecting into the sea.

mental brasses ; and a little time since underwent considerable repairs, all conducted in good taste and in keeping with the original style of the edifice.

Trinity Church, built in 1825, is in the pointed style of architecture, with a tower one hundred and thirty-five feet high, towards the erection of which the Trinity Company largely contributed, it being also intended to serve the purpose of a sea-mark. Besides the churches, there are numerous dissenting places of worship.

The most characteristic of the charities of Margate is the Royal Sea-Bathing Infirmary, which was founded mainly by the instrumentality of Dr. Lettsom in 1792, in order to enable the sick poor to benefit by sea-bathing. The advantages of the institution are now extended to upwards of two hundred patients, chiefly from the metropolis and its vicinity ; and it is, we believe, an institution solitary in its kind throughout the kingdom.

There is probably no public improvement which contributes more to the advancement of a seaport town, whether for commercial or pleasurable purposes, than the construction of a jetty or pier, whereon passengers may land from a vessel without the disagreeable necessity of passing in an open boat from the vessel to the shore, or passing over a wet and muddy path at low water. Margate has not been deficient in attention to such conveniences ; indeed, as far back as the time of Henry VIII. there appears to have been some kind of pier, for Leland speaks of one "much decayed, and gone to ruin ;" and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, certain rates of dues were charged for its maintenance on various articles of merchandize landed thereon. In 1787 an Act of Parliament was passed for its restoration, and for lighting and paving the town ; but on the 14th of January 1808, a violent storm partly washed it away, and so considerably injured the remaining portion, that the grant made by Parliament in consequence was found insufficient. At length, projected by Dr. Jarvis, a public-spirited resident of the town, the present pier was commenced in 1810, and finished in 1815. It forms a noble promenade, nine hundred feet in length and eighteen in width, and was constructed from the designs of Rennie, at the cost of 100,000*l.*, an expense to be repaid to the joint-stock company who raised it, by a rate of two shillings levied on every person who landed at or embarked from the pier.

At the end of the pier is a lighthouse, which commands an extensive sea view ; and, stretching in an eastward direction, is a jetty, still longer than the pier, which forms at low and half tide a fine marine walk, and enables passengers to reach the shore, when the water is too low to admit vessels into the harbour.

On the third of May in the present year 1853, the first pile of a new high-water landing-pier was driven, and the event celebrated with all the respect due to so important an event. This pier, when completed, will stretch out into the sea nearly thirteen hundred feet. It is in spans of sixty feet each, the superstructure resting upon piers formed by clusters of iron columns. The width is twenty feet ; and it is increased to forty-five feet at the head, which is a substantial timber structure for the accommodation of steam-vessels and shipping, the foundations of which will be formed of wrought-iron screw piles. In all other respects, the structure is of iron, with the modern wrought-iron plate girders, recently so much used in railway bridges, which are of great strength. The approach will be on either side of the present Droit Office, and will be a bold and commodious entrance, being eighty feet in width at the shore. The pier will be accessible to steam and other vessels at all states of the tide, the height of

the flooring being fifteen feet above high-water. It will be one of the handsomest landing-places on the coast; and, as a pier, the first of its construction erected. The work is being carried out by Messrs. Birch, the engineers, of London; and Mr. Bastow, of Hartlepool, as contractor.

Before the introduction of steam in 1815, the usual mode of conveyance was by those now-forgotten packets the Margate Hoys; and it offers an amusing contrast to the present days of swift travelling, both by sea and land, to read the complacency with which the old guide-books dilate on the advantages of their then mode of progress. One published by Mr. Newberry, in 1765, speaks of "the ready and quick communication between London and Margate, by the Hoys, sloops of from eighty to one hundred tons burden, four in number, and sailing two in alternate weeks; conveying from sixty to seventy passengers, at the rate of 2s. 6d. each, and freightage for luggage." "Sometimes," remarks the Guide, "the passage is made in eight hours, and at others in two to three days, or a week, as tides and winds happen to be against or for them. Upon the whole the passage is cheap, and extremely pleasant in fine weather, though from the indiscriminate mixture of all kinds of passengers, we would not recommend it too strongly to ladies of great delicacy." The Guide goes on to state the further advantage "of a post, which comes in from, and returns to London, almost every day during the season, the additional expense of which is defrayed by a subscription among the company."

At the present moment steamers daily convey their hundreds of passengers swiftly and surely from London to Margate by sea, in about five hours, while the South-Eastern Railway and its branches transport their countless numbers over a most picturesque and interesting country, passing Canterbury and its fine cathedral, and deposit them at either Margate or Ramsgate, in somewhat less than five, and, by express train, in three hours; and at both these watering-places there are now two post deliveries daily.

The collecting of sea-weeds, shells, and other "things of the sea-side," forms an agreeable recreation to many of the Margate visitors. In the face of the perpendicular cliffs, with their singular layers of chalk formation, curious fossils abound; amongst them the "belemnite," a fossil shell, commonly called "thunder-stone," resembling an arrow in shape. In 1794, Dr. Buchan discovered upon the coast the cornu ammonia, a fossil shell of an extinct Nautilus genus, several of which were above three feet in diameter; and within their volutions contained pyrites of all sizes and forms, in their different stages of crystallization.

After a hard frost, immense masses of the lofty chalk cliffs occasionally fall away, leaving innumerable grotesque projections and caverns, at which times ancient coins and implements have frequently been brought to light, and after a heavy storm, large pieces of amber, jet, &c., have frequently been picked up. The species of whelk, which formed one of the ingredients of the ancient purple, may at low-water mark be found on the rocks, while the beautiful sea-shore plants—*Soldanella marina*, sea bindweed; *Glaucium luteum*, yellow-horned poppy; *Limonium parvum*, rock lavender, and many others, reward the search of the botanist.

The coast is particularly rich in seaweed; in fact the extreme fruitfulness of the whole island must be attributed to the quantity constantly thrown on the seashore, and which, by decomposition, is formed into excellent manure, and employed for the naturally chalky light land.

As the communication between England and Holland is reckoned

shortest from this point, many great personages have from time to time used the port of Margate. In the reign of James I. the Elector-Palatine and his consort landed here. In earlier times, King William III. often came hither on his way to and from Holland, sometimes remaining three or four days, waiting for a favourable wind, at the venerable mansion of Queke's, where his room and crimson-damask bed are, we believe, still shown; his guards encamping in an adjoining enclosure. George I. twice debarked, on his return from visiting his Hanoverian dominions. George II. and his Queen Caroline, the Duke of Marlborough, and Admiral Duncan, also landed at Margate. The Duke of York embarked from this port on his expedition to Flanders; and here the troops from Walcheren in 1809, and the wounded from the glorious battle of Waterloo in 1815, again set foot on English ground. The Government packets 'Fury' and 'Spitfire,' for the conveyance of the mails to Ostend, were for a short period removed from Dover to this port, but were soon restored to their former situation.

M. J.

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### CURIOSITIES OF ARCHITECTURE.

**ARCHITECTURE**—which supplies us with structures for worship; for the commemoration of eminent men, or of remarkable events; for ornament, and for the more homely purposes of every-day life—exercises a beneficial influence upon mankind in many ways. The mere contemplation of architectural beauty has a refining tendency; and the skill and taste called into play in the planning and erection of edifices, remarkable for any display of constructive talent, is assuredly elevating to society generally. We will detail some of the most conspicuous examples of architectural genius which are known.

Egypt first offers itself to our notice with its gigantic structures. The Pyramids, about thirty in number, are scattered over a tract of country of nearly seventy miles in length, situated at the base of those mountains which form the western boundary of the valley of the Nile. The main group—near the site of the ancient city of Memphis—comprises four pyramids, in fair preservation, and a number of smaller dilapidated ones. The "Great Pyramid"—the most northern of this group—is nearly five hundred feet in height, and its base covers more than eleven acres of land. The number of steps is from two hundred and seven to two hundred and twelve, each step being from two and a half to four feet high. The length of some of the blocks of stone forming these steps is not less than thirty feet. An ancient historian tells us that about twenty years were consumed in the erection of this pyramid, and that three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed upon it. These structures are generally considered to have been mausoleums or tombs of the Egyptian kings.

The great Sphinx is situated about sixty yards to the south-east of the pyramid just mentioned. It is greatly mutilated. It was designed to represent a monster, with the head and breasts of a woman and the body of a lion, and is carved out of the solid rock. The body, which is about sixty feet long, and the extended fore-legs, are nearly covered with sand and rubbish.

The labyrinth of Arsinoë was another of the architectural wonders of Egypt. It appears to have been a pantheon, and a place of general assembly for the magistracy of the whole nation, so that every province had a hall or palace appropriated to it. Herodotus tells us that there were

three thousand chambers in this structure. All the roofs and walls of the interior were cased with marble, and the halls were surrounded with polished pillars of white stone.

The Pillar of Pompey is situated near the city of Alexandria; and what makes it especially remarkable is, that the shaft and the upper part of the base are of one piece, ninety feet in length and nine in diameter. "It is a beautiful structure, and appears to have been erected in honour of the Emperor Dioclesian.

Babylon—according to the account which we quote from—"was surrounded like a quadrangle with walls, eighty-seven feet thick, three hundred and sixty feet high, and about sixty English miles in circumference. These were built with lime and cement, made into large bricks, which bound together like pitch, and grew so solid by time that six chariots might easily drive abreast on the top. Added to this, ancient historians tell us of the hanging gardens built in Babylon, upon arches and towers, wherein grew trees of great height. There are said to have been five of these, each containing about four English acres, consisting of terraces one above another, as high as the wall of the city."

The ruins of Petra, whose temples, theatres, and tombs, were hewn out of the solid rock which surrounds the valley in which the city was situated, are well known to the readers of modern travels.

The Temple of Elephanta—on a small rocky island off the coast of Bombay—is one of the architectural curiosities of India. All its compartments, pillars, and statues are cut out of the solid rock. Colonel Welsh describes a colossal Indian image about seventy feet high, carved out of one solid stone, and placed on the top of a steep mountain. It represented a youth, "with wreaths of laurel winding from his ankles to his shoulders, every leaf of which was so exquisitely laboured as to bear the closest examination."

The China Wall is computed to be fifteen hundred miles in length. It passes over mountains five thousand feet in height, and is generally about twenty feet high, and broad enough for six men to ride abreast on horseback upon it. The body of the wall is earth, which is cased with brickwork, resting upon a basis of granite. Towers are built at intervals of about one hundred yards, which once were guarded by a million of soldiers.

The Porcelain Tower of Nankin is so called because the roofs of its successive stories are tiled with porcelain. It is about two hundred feet in height, and has a number of brass bells, diminishing in size as they approach the summit, suspended from its numerous eaves. These bells are rung by the wind.

The Athenian temples are well-known models of architectural elegance.

Of Grecian sculptures, the statue of Jupiter Olympus was one of the most famous. It was composed of ivory, gold, and precious stones, and was one hundred and eighty feet in height.

The Roman baths were the largest places of recreation ever seen, for they were used not only for bathing but as gymnasia, reading and lecture rooms, gardens, theatres, and the like. The baths of Caracalla covered not less than twenty-eight acres. The Colosseum—another Roman structure—is the most august ruin known. It covers above five and a quarter acres of ground; and is said to have had seats for eighty-seven thousand spectators, and standing-room for twenty thousand more.

The Circus Maximus, at Rome, whose remains have perished, is said to have been capable of containing two hundred thousand spectators. Trajan's Pillar is a well-known Roman monument. The most beautiful obelisk of this city is one standing in the piazza before St. Peter's, which was erected on a pedestal thirty feet high, in the pontificate of Sixtus V., though it is estimated to weigh four hundred and seventy tons.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa has been often described; it stands detached, and is one hundred and ninety feet high. The deviation from the perpendicular is not less than fifteen feet; or, according to another account, about fourteen feet. There is another celebrated leaning tower at Saragossa, in Spain.

The Cathedral of St. Peter's, at Rome, is the most magnificent church known. Its interior length is six hundred and seven feet, and the height from the floor to the cross is four hundred and fifty-eight feet. The floor covers about five acres; the floor of St. Paul's, London, two acres; the actual bulk of the former edifice is four times greater than that of the latter, one whose cost did not exceed 750,000*l.*, whilst St. Peter's is supposed to have been erected at an outlay of from twelve to sixteen millions sterling. The interior of St. Paul's is vastly inferior to that of St. Peter's; but in symmetry, purity of design, and architectural beauty, the English cathedral is allowed to surpass the Italian. The interior length of St. Paul's is five hundred and ten feet, and the height to the cross is three hundred and sixty-two feet. The Cathedral of Milan is gorgeously decorated with fretwork, carving, and statues; the number of these latter is said to be four thousand four hundred. The Cathedral of Strasburg has an elegant spire, four hundred and seventy-four feet in height, overtopping all other European structures. The Escorial of Spain, the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople, the palace at Mafra in Portugal, the Kremlin of Moscow, and the palace of Versailles, rank amongst the most celebrated of the architectural wonders of Europe. The London Monument, erected to perpetuate the remembrance of the Fire of London in 1666, is two hundred and two feet in height. The largest British statue is probably an equestrian one of the Duke of Wellington, by Wyatt. A man on horseback can ride between the legs of the horse, in whose stomach thirteen persons have dined. The colossal equestrian statue of Peter the Great, in St. Petersburg, is represented as mounting a precipice, formed of a single block of granite, weighing between fifteen hundred and two thousand tons. This immense mass was conveyed several miles to the capital. The largest monolith known is a column erected in honour of the late Emperor Alexander; the shaft consists of a single piece of red granite, eighty-four feet long and fourteen feet in diameter.

Amongst lighthouses and beacons we have the Tower of Pharos, built on an island in the bay of Alexandria. It was four hundred and fifty feet high. The Colossus of Rhodes, which is said to have stood astride the entrance of the harbour, so that ships might sail between its legs, which were full fifty feet apart. The height of this statue, which was made of brass, was one hundred and five feet; and in the outstretched right hand was a vessel to hold fire as a landmark; but these particulars are not well authenticated. The Eddystone Lighthouse, built on a low reef, about fourteen miles distant from Plymouth. It is nearly eighty feet high, and was finished in 1759, after two wooden erections had been destroyed, one by a storm, the other by fire. Winstanley, the architect of the first lighthouse, had declared it to be his wish to be in it "during the greatest storm



that ever blew under the face of heaven," and he and the fabric were both swept away together in a hurricane in 1703. The Bell Rock Lighthouse, situated eleven miles from the Red Head promontory in Forfarshire. Tradition tells us that the abbots of Aberbrothock monastery fixed a bell so that it was rung by the swell of the sea, and that a Dutch pirate destroyed this, and was afterwards lost upon the rock. The masonry of this lighthouse is one hundred feet in height; and, including the light-room, the total altitude of the building is one hundred and fifteen feet. The Plymouth Breakwater, an immense mole in the middle of the entrance to the harbours of Plymouth and Devonport, with a lighthouse at one extremity, required for the whole structure upwards of four millions of tons of rough stones, besides about eighty thousand tons of cut granite.

The aqueducts of Rome extended forty and even sixty miles from the city, carried by arcades over valleys, and by tunnels through mountains; in one part the New Anio is said to have stretched six miles and a half in one continuous series of arches, many of them more than one hundred feet in height. One of the Roman aqueducts is said to have numbered about seven thousand arches in its course.

The aqueduct of Spoleto has an arcade four hundred and twenty feet in height, consisting of two tiers of arches. The Pont du Gard, a part of the aqueduct of Nismes, executed in the reign of Augustus, had three tiers of arches one above another; it is one of the noblest remains of Roman architecture in France.

Amongst bridges are—the Rialto of Venice, a single arch of ninety-eight and a half feet span, and only twenty-three feet rise. One in the canton of Uri, over the Russ, consisting of an old solitary arch, resting upon rocks, so elevated that the peasants believe it to have been built by supernatural agency. Waterloo Bridge, over the Thames, consisting of nine arches of equal size, the length of the bridge being twelve hundred and forty-two feet. London Bridge, of five arches, the centre one having a span of one hundred and fifty-two feet, and a rise of thirty-two. Altogether this structure is said to have cost about two millions. The Victoria Bridge over the Wear, on the line of the Durham Junction Railway, which has one of its arches with a span of one hundred and sixty feet. The Sunderland Iron Bridge, whose span is two hundred and forty feet, and its height above low water fully one hundred and five feet. Southwark Iron Bridge, of three arches, each having two hundred and forty feet span, and only twenty-four feet rise. The Menai Suspension Bridge, the span of whose suspended arch is five hundred and sixty feet. The Menai Tubular Bridge, an immense iron box, through which railway trains pass across the Strait.

The suspension bridge at Friburg, in Switzerland, having a span of eight hundred and seventy feet, and a roadway one hundred and sixty-seven feet above the river, suspended by cables of iron-wire, each containing about twelve hundred threads, simply laced together and bound in a cylindrical form by annealed wires, twisted round them at intervals; and the Upper Schuylkill Bridge, near Philadelphia, a wood structure with the vast span of three hundred and forty feet.

The Thames Tunnel was commenced in 1825; and, after interruptions from the bursting through of the river and other causes, the undertaking was thrown open to foot passengers in 1843. It is twelve hundred feet in length; the excavation was thirty-eight feet wide, and twenty-two and a half feet high.

These are a few of the most remarkable structures which man has erected, and some of them may perhaps be considered as gigantic playthings, a vast waste of time and ingenuity; and, in some instances, this censure may be just. But we must not always judge of the value of a production by the low standard of utilitarian necessity. We have souls as well as bodies; and every effort to produce what is noble or beautiful is elevating to man, and ought to be encouraged. Few, we should think, have paced the aisles of a venerable and majestic cathedral, without being impressed with feelings of awe and solemnity, attributable in part to the architectural grandeur of the scene around them. Those who can behold such monuments of human genius unmoved, whether devoted to sacred uses or not, are to be regarded as deficient in that sensibility which is a token of a refined mind. But when affected by such scenes, like one of old who drew the attention of his Lord and master to the noble architecture of a stately temple, let us remember His reply, "Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." And let us lay to heart the words also uttered on that occasion: "Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even or at midnight, or at the cockcrow or in the morning; lest, coming suddenly, he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."

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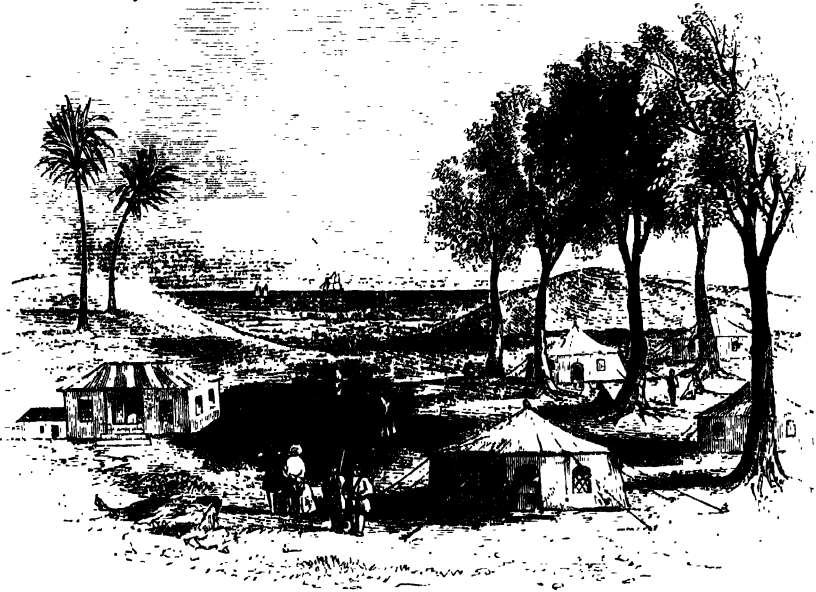
## UNFREQUENTED PLACES IN BRITISH INDIA.—No. II.

### MASSULIPATAM AND TAVISHAPONDY ON THE COAST OF COROMANDEL.

OF all the up-country stations and cantonments in India, Massulipatam is beyond doubt the most disagreeable. Situated in the lowest part of the whole coast, the tops of the loftiest trees are barely visible when the vessel is compelled, from the shallowness of the water, to come to an anchor, and the passengers destined for this port have the delightful alternative left them of remaining on board till nightfall, unmercifully to be jolted by the heavy ground-swell which makes the vessel roll almost gunwales under, or else to run the risk of catching a brain fever by being rowed in an open boat a distance of nearly five miles, under a sun so intensely hot that the very water of the sea seems ready to bubble up and boil the universe. Fortunately for ourselves, the vessel that carried us from Madras to Massulipatam arrived at this latter port late in the evening: she was bound for the other northern ports also, and was to sail for Coringa and Vizagapatam early the next morning. The night was luckily serene, and the water more than usually smooth, and, being favoured by a glorious bright moon, the captain determined to land the few passengers and letters and parcels destined for this place at once in his own boat, and so returning on board give his crew a couple of hours' rest, and then, taking advantage of the land wind, proceed northward.

We were the only male passengers on board, and a pretty time we led of it during the week that we were baffled about by contrary winds and squalls. The 'Isadora,' for so was the good barque called, had a limited accommodation for passengers, two stern cabins, two side ditto, and a cuddy. The two stern cabins were occupied by two ladies, the wives of officers stationed at Vizagapatam; and a third lady, also appertaining to

the army, and like ourselves destined for Massulipatam, had possession of one of the side cabins. The fourth one (by rights our own) was full of bandboxes of every imaginable and indescribable shape and size, some of which were labelled "*Bonnets, with care,*" a precaution wholly unheeded by the Lascars, who, in a happy state of ignorance as to the contents, had jammed them into every available nook and corner. There was a couch in the cuddy which was speedily taken possession of by two black ayahs; the third lady's ayah was too frightened and too sick to reach the companion-hatchway, so the mate had humanely "stowed her away" in a large coil of cable in the stern-sheets of the long-boat, and there she remained the whole voyage, occasionally groaning for her mistress to come and assist her, whilst her mistress, in all the agonies of sea-sickness, was wondering why the wretch did not come near her.



TAVISHAPONDY—BUNGALOW ENCAMPMENT.

Excessive indeed was our wrath at finding that we had no bed to turn into when the hour for rest arrived, and we forthwith set to work stoutly, disencumbering the cabin as we best could of the hundred-and-one paper parcels and bandboxes; but the two black witches on the cuddy couch, who were watching our proceedings with intense horror, finally gave vent to their feelings in an outburst of overwhelming reproaches, and set up a most appalling howl for assistance, which speedily brought down the captain and his officers to the scene of action. The case was soon explained, and Captain H— apologized for the conduct of his mate, whose duty it was, he said, to have seen our berth secured from intrusion, promising to mend the matter next day, and in the meanwhile offering us his

own bed for that night, as neither himself nor his officers intended to turn in, as there was all the appearance of a gale brewing to windward. The captain slept on deck in a species of a palanquin without poles, which was firmly rivetted to the poop on the starboard side; a similar one on the larboard side being occupied by his first and second officer, who kept watch and watch, and who never, during the seven long years that they had served together, had been guilty of falling to sleep at the same moment. I was soon snugly housed in the captain's bed, and reposed myself for refreshing slumber; but alas! sleep no sooner came than it was expelled by some sudden and startling exclamation or word of command—and the expected gale was not far off, to judge by the violent pitching of the vessel and the heavy pattering of rain on the top of my sea palanquin, the doors of which I had firmly secured from within. Ever and anon a violent lurch, followed by screams from the unfortunate ladies and bellowsings on the part of the captain and officers, made us start up in the middle of some half-asleep, half-awake dream, and then all would be quiet again for a few minutes,—the moaning of the wind through the rigging giving due warning of the coming tempest. At length sleep forsook us altogether, and if it had not been pelting with rain we should have certainly turned out again and bespoke something warm of the steward; but this was quite out of the question, so we were constrained to lie and listen, and make the best of a bad affair. The captain, who was a native of India, or what they call a half-caste, was a very good man in his way, and we have no doubt was an excellent sailor; but he had an utter contempt for the Queen's English, and a particular dislike to the letter V, two circumstances which served to amuse us in our otherwise intolerable position. We occasionally caught snatches of conversations and remarks which made us laugh, despite the horrid predictions they sometimes gave birth to. The following attempt may give the reader an idea of a country ship in a gale of wind.

In the first place we shall premise with the weather. Self in a box agitated and listening, captain and two officers standing by the man at the wheel. Costume, south-western and huge pilot coats; man at the wheel miserable, wet through and through; rest of the crew forward, crouching under the lee of the galley and wrangling with the cook. Weather awfully tempestuous, with heavy rain, sheet-lightning and distant thunder. Ship under close-reefed topsail and storm-sails, scudding, rolling, pitching, stopping, lurching, and groaning.

*Loq.* Captain (suddenly and earnestly): "Is that a vessel, Mr. H'Edwards?"

Edwards, chief officer: "Vero?"

Times, second ditto: "Vy, that here vite there, just avay a pint and a alf to vindard of the fore riggin!"

Edwards (meditating): "Wessel! (alarmed) vy it's a vaterspout!"

This announcement is confirmed by the look-out forward, and the unconscious man at the wheel, wholly ignorant of the language spoken or what is transpiring, is, to his amazement, suddenly set upon by the whole trio, and buffeted and knocked under the wheel, and then roared at, whilst they use their conjoint efforts to put the wheel hard up. A tremendous shuffling of feet and scuffling of men now takes place and heavy coils of cord fall upon the deck. The captain roars out "*Brassy!*" and wondering who "*Brassy*" can be, you feel the ship give a tremendous lurch, and a squeaking of blocks, pulling of ropes, whistling of boatswains, immediately ensues, creating such discord as beggars description; the

yards fly round and the vessel is about, and having poked your head out in your anxiety to know what was going on, you catch a glimpse of the black sky and foaming sea, and in all probability catch a cold into the bargain.

"Why didn't you run when I sung out to '*Brassy*'?" asks the captain angrily of the second officer, so soon as he has recovered his breath again, and things are going on pretty quietly. "The vessel and our lives might have been victimized by your misconduct! when I hollered out to '*Brassy*' you should have been the first to lay hold of a rope, instead of which you haggrawates me by anging on to the tiller ropes." The unfortunate Innes mutters some unintelligible reply, and in your innocence, imagining that some one has been drowned through his neglect, you secretly vow a dislike to the said unhappy Innes, and, taking advantage of his being sent forward on some job, poke your head out of the cabin-door and ask the captain how it was that poor "*Brassy*" fell overboard.

"What!" ejaculates the captain, "overboard! who?"

"Why poor *Brassy*; isn't he drowned?"

The captain, who has been entertaining secret misgivings about a bottle of veritable Jamaica, which he has secreted in some hidden part of the bunk, and which he is now confident you have been making free use of, hurries close up to you, with despair and anguish depicted in his face, and asks in a whisper if there is any left.

We leave the reader to imagine the surprise that such a question would necessarily produce on one wholly ignorant of the existence of such hidden treasures.

In the end a mutual explanation ensues, followed by irresistible bursts of laughter. "*Brassy*" turns out to be no man at all, nor indeed anything else save a simple word of command, signifying, in English, "to brace round." Your inquiring so affectionately after the nonentity led the skipper to imagine that your brains were addled with his good rum, whilst you, on your part, set him down as a confirmed lunatic for speaking so incoherently.

Towards morning the gale began to abate a little, though only to return again in a couple of hours' time with renewed fury: thus were we tossed and buffeted for forty-eight hours, and then, as suddenly as it had come so it disappeared, and a dead calm of two nights and three days' duration ensued; and I don't know which was most miserable, the gale or the calm! The ladies, however, preferred the calm, and began to think that they were not altogether too far gone, for hopes of recovery. One after another they crawled upon deck, and declared the change for the better to be delightful! an asseveration to which the captain replied by the brief monosyllable. "*Wery!*" the next moment whistling diligently for a breeze.

The ladies being revived, and the ayahs, at least two of them, so far recovered as to be able to assist their forlorn fellow-servant—who from exposure to the weather and extreme terror was really in a very bad way—we ventured to throw out a hint or two relative to the bandboxes, and our wish to be put into immediate possession of our cabin. But all in vain—the ladies pleaded their cause with consummate skill, and appealed to all the laws of gallantry; so that we were forced to surrender at discretion, the couch in the cuddy being placed at our disposal, and the two ayahs being provided with night lodgings on the after-lockers in the cabins of their respective mistresses. This point being arranged to the satisfaction

of all parties concerned, we endeavoured to make the time pass as agreeably as possible. The heat was intense on deck, though a double awning was spread over the poop; below the weather was insufferable when the dinner hour arrived—and how hungry we all were to be sure! Instead of being boxed up in a close, uncomfortable cuddy—which, in addition to the heat, was prevalent of cockroaches, tar, turpentine, and salt-fish—we voted unanimously to dine on the poop, where we at least possessed the advantage of breathing a purer atmosphere. Dinner was accordingly there served. The captain took the head of the table and helped the soup; the chief officer sat at the bottom and carved the fowls; the second officer could not be prevailed upon to come to table, being very bashful in the presence of ladies, though the captain said it was all owing to “wanity,” and the mate declared that “H’Innes was a hass.” The soup was discussed and wine partaken of; the next course consisted of stewed veal, of all horrid dishes to set before the captain! “Can I help you to a little veal, marm?” was a natural consequence. Dinner passed off, and the black steward produced what he called gams and gellies (jams and jellies). These were also done justice to, and then the wreck was cleared away; novels and magazines and newspapers were produced, and read or rather nodded over. The captain produced a very dubious-looking red nightcap from his coat-pocket, and pulling it over his eyes and ears turned in for a siesta.

The chief officer trod the deck in all the dignity of temporary command, and whistled vainly for a little breeze to enable him to play off a little of his authority before the lady passengers; but after an hour’s perseverance relinquished the effort in despair. A wretched little boy came aft to give the fowls some water, and, unwilling to lose such a fortunate opportunity, the mate asked him, in a very loud key, if “he had given them fowls any meat!” and on the forlorn lad (who was an apprentice from the Orphan Male Asylum at Madras) replying in the affirmative, he was ordered to scrape down the fore-top-gallant mast and fresh varnish it before sundown—a nice, refreshing, slippery occupation for a European child under an almost vertical sun! At length evening came, and detestable tea, with no milk in it, was served round and swallowed, and then came eight bells and its accompanying grog, and then bedtime. To hope for sleep in the cuddy was quite out of the question. The heat was insufferable, the mosquitoes and cockroaches a perfect plague; so we took up our position on one of the hencoops on deck; and though the bed was a narrow one and rather hard, we were weary and much in want of repose, so we slept soundly all through the night, never awaking till a wretch of a cock in the hencoop, seeing our hand hanging over and enticingly within reach, made a fierce peck at it, that made us roar again with pain. As for the poor cabin passengers—the ladies—they had never closed their eyes during the whole night. The next day was the same as the preceding, and so was the next: on the third night, however, we were most disagreeably startled out of our first sleep by feeling an utter incapability to breathe, and on opening our eyes the cause presented itself in the shape of a Lascar boy, who, with the greatest nonchalance imaginable, was standing with one of his huge tarry feet planted on our chest and the other (luckily for us) resting on the rail of the bulwarks, coolly occupied in undoing one of the awning ties, as a fresh, fair breeze had set in. We were not long in dislodging our friend; as a friendly belaying pin, conveniently at hand, gently brought in contact with his shins, had the magical effect of making him take a jump up into the air that would have done credit to an acrobat. The

next evening we sighted Massulipatam, and then we fondly imagined that all our troubles were at an end.

We came to an anchor, as we have already stated, at a late hour, and proceeded for the shore in the captain's jolly-boat; and a long and weary pull it was for the poor oarsmen. It was past ten o'clock at night when we landed, and the fort gates had been shut for the night. Here was a pretty dilemma for poor Pillgarlic; for, for ought we knew to the contrary, being perfect strangers to the place, our connexions lived in the fort! Our mind was, however, soon set at ease, for being well acquainted with the Tamul (the language most in use on the coast of Coromandel), we asked the first man we met on the landing for full and particular information.

"Boileau-dhoré outoo engay?"\* inquired we earnestly. The man not only told us the whereabouts of the house, but farther that the fort-gates, being closed, would not at all interfere with our progress thither, as all the gentlemen, with the exception of the brigadier, the fort-adjutant, and a doctor, lived four miles in the interior, and we might proceed without further delay, leaving our baggage under his charge until we sent for it in the morning. As to getting palanquins or any other conveyance, or even coolies at such a late hour of the night, that was beyond the pale of hope: even a guide was not to be procured; but as we had only to keep straight before our nose, and turn neither to the left nor right till we arrived amongst the gardens and houses, the having a guide was of no great importance. Mrs. G—, the lady passenger, was fortunate enough to find her husband waiting impatiently for her at the landing-place, with palanquins ready to whisk her and her attendant vestal off the moment they set foot on shore. Coming to the desperate resolution of walking to our friend's house, we shook hands with the skipper and bade him good-speed.

No sooner had we quitted the hard shingles of the sea-beach than we found ourselves launched into an extensive sea of loose sand, which still retained the warmth imparted to it by the excessive heat of the past day. The further we went the deeper it got, and the deeper we entered the greater the heat was. To add to our discomfort we had on a pair of light shoes and thin cotton socks, quite *à la mode* in India, though shockingly out of place in Regent Street. It is needless to add that in a very short time both socks and shoes deserted our feet; and after ferreting for one shoe unsuccessfully we flung the other away, and barefooted literally waded through the sand. Not a house, not a hut—nay, hardly a bush—could we see, as we gazed despairingly around us. The moon shone as bright as day almost, and this was the only consolation we had. After floundering about for about half-an-hour we were so exhausted that we sat down on the sand, and had serious thoughts of falling asleep there; but then we were afraid of not waking again till broad daylight, and a nice figure we should have cut on our first appearance in a strange land! besides this, there were other urgent motives to induce us to renew the attempt. A hyena or a pack of jackals, in search of a supper, might sniff us out; and we knew there would be a nice comfortable bed ready for us at home if we lived to get there, to say nothing of a bit of something cold, and a saltpetre-cooled bottle of Hodgson's pale ale; these bad and good things in perspective endowed us with fresh energy, and we set off again on our wearisome journey. As we advanced, to our great joy we found the sand gradually hardening under our tread; and we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile before we

\* "Where is Mr. B.'s house?" or, literally, "B. gentleman's house is where?"

came upon comparatively hard ground. The dew beginning to fall heavy cooled the hitherto sultry atmosphere; so with these two additional advantages we made such good progress that before we could have hoped for any such luck we found ourselves fast approaching what had all the appearance of an extensive tope. Gradually the dazzling white of the scattered houses became perceptible amongst the long, dark row of trees and hedges; five minutes' more quick walking brought us up to the first gateway of the first house. A sentry that guarded it, after gazing at our naked feet with unutterable astonishment, directed us to the house we were in quest of, the gate of which was visible from where he stood. Walking was now too tedious for us, so we took to our heels, and scampered down the lane, never stopping for breath till we rushed into the presence of the terrified old butler, many years a faithful servant in the family. The old fellow soon recovered from his alarm on recognising our features; and giving us to understand that every one but himself had been in bed for the last two hours, he went to call up one of the other servants; and after having indulged in the luxury of a delightful bath, supper, and etceteras, we turned into bed, and heard the clock strike two, A.M., just as we dozed off into a sound sleep, from which we never awoke till long past noon next day. On opening our eyes, to our astonishment we saw all our traps placed in order round the room; and looking at our watch, which was under our pillow, we found that it pointed to half-past one P.M. The old butler had jogged off to the beach, on his old tatoo, long before we awoke, and saved us the trouble of sending for our things. It seems a capital joke to look back upon these adventures, but it is a species of joke only relished when gazed at retrospectively.

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## OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.

## THE SWALLOW TRIBE.—No. II.

WHO that has long watched birds can doubt of their mutual comprehension of that singular language which seems to our ears but a confusion of sounds? Any one who pays attention to the habits of young nestling birds, can perceive that the parent well understands the clamorous appeal of its little ones; and among some birds, as the swallow, the mother-bird while in the nest seems continually chirping, as if holding a conversation with her family, the young evidently being as familiar with the notes of their parents, as the latter know the voice of their children. The birds which at early dawn twitter perpetually, or assemble in the trees and twitter and chirp all day long among the boughs, have a meaning in these utterances, which though not definitely understood by us, yet convey even to our ears tones either of pleasure or displeasure. The song, if it tells of love and its desire to please, is yet still more evident of the bird's own happiness, and is perhaps more dependent on his spirits and health than on any other cause. The exultation of the hen, whose loud cackle resounds far and wide, cannot be mistaken; and no one can have watched an assemblage of sparrows, without being conscious of the quarrelling and scolding voices which are evidently addressed to some one among the number, which has offended them. So attractive to all its own species is the call-note



common to each individual, that the birdcatcher uses it to decoy others to his nets, and no fear of danger will prevent numbers from assembling on a spot, where, but for this, they would have escaped the snare. So marked is this effect that the Hon. Daines Barrington observes, that if one-half of a flock of birds is taken, the other half will alight on the nets and be taken too.

Whether the call-note of one species is regarded by another seems doubtful; but a loud note of danger, which gives warning of a bird of prey, or the approach of a cat, is evidently understood by the whole community of small birds. Let but the far-seeing eye of one swallow discover the owl in the air above him, and a piercing shriek will be uttered, which will call up not only all the swallows and martins about him, but will, as Mr. Knapp observes, be instantly understood by every finch and sparrow, and its warning attended to. "The instant," says this writer, "the signal of danger is uttered, we hear the whole flock, though composed of various species, repeat a separate moan, and away they all scuttle into the bushes for safety."

But the habit of thus seeking shelter is not invariable, for in some cases, when the swallow shrieks its alarm, the whole tribe of swallows and other small birds rush boldly to the scene of danger, and they will sometimes with wing and beak attack their formidable foe till some individual among them falls a victim to its courage, and serves as a warning to the others to quit the unequal combat.

Although no other birds make quite so loud a chattering as the swallow before migrating, yet something similar is heard among other tribes when preparing for their autumnal voyage. The causes of migration are involved in mystery, though the want of proper food and a presentiment of coming cold, are probably the chief inducements. The remarks of M. Brehm, on the manner in which it is undertaken, are interesting. "Every bird," he says, "has its native country, where it freely reproduces and remains part of the year, travelling the remainder. Most birds spend half the year at their home, and the other half in travelling. Some, particularly birds of prey, travel by day; but by far the greater part travel by night, and some perform their migration indifferently either by day or night. They seem to pass the whole of their migration without sleep, for they employ the day in seeking their food, stopping in the places where they are most likely to find it. They commonly keep very high in the air, and always at nearly the same distance from the earth, so that they rise very high over mountains, and fly lower among valleys."

The flight of birds generally has been estimated at from fifty to a hundred and twenty miles an hour; but supposing a swallow to fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour, it would in little more than thirteen hours reach Egypt. The old notion that the swallows plunged under water, and remained there during winter, is now quite exploded, yet it was long believed by good naturalists. Proofs to the contrary have been obtained, not only by the testimony of those who have seen them while crossing the ocean, but by various experiments made upon the birds. Some of these, especially those made by Spallanzani, are so cruel, that we feel that knowledge has been purchased at too great a price. The 10th of April seems to be established as the average time of their return to our island, but this may be rather earlier or later in the season, according to the weather. As Mr. Broderip has observed, "the songsters which visit us in the season of love, hope, and joy, have very retentive memories," for the same pair of birds will return to their old homes. A silken thread attached to the leg

of a swallow in the spring has served to prove that year after year the birds sought their earliest dwelling, and probably came back to it all their lives. So fond are they even of their old neighbourhood, that if the nest is destroyed, they will build again in the very spot.

The swallow seems to prefer the dwellings of man as the place in which to build its nest, and often selects such as are near water. In such places, insects are most numerous; and here, too, it may find the portions of moist clay which are brought from the borders of the stream, or sometimes from the puddles in the street, or road, and which, moulded into small pellets, are mixed with straw and bents for the framework of its dwelling. This is saucer-shaped in form, and is lined with feathers. The process of making the nest is gradual, one layer only being laid on at a time, and then left for hours to dry, before the work progresses. The name of chimney swallow, applied to our common species in several European countries, indicates the spots most frequently chosen; and the bird, taking possession in May or June of some sleeping-room or other unused chimney, makes its nest in any nook or angle which it can find. Sometimes an old wall offers a hole in which the nest can be placed, sheltered from the elements, and sometimes an empty room presents a temptation too great to be resisted; while the roof of an open barn or shed occasionally forms a covering, or it is built among the rafters of some outhouse, where the thatch is a protection from rain and wind.

That the swallow is often a capricious architect, might be proved by various anecdotes recorded by ornithologists. White of Selborne mentions a pair which built for two years together on the handle of a pair of garden shears, which were hung up against the boards of an outhouse, where the bird must have had its nest disturbed whenever that implement was wanted; while another built on the wings of the body of an owl which happened to hang dead from the rafter of a barn. "In the summer of 1830," says a writer in Loudon's 'Magazine of Natural History,' "a pair of swallows commenced their nest upon the crank of a bell-wire in the passage of a farmhouse at Crux Easton; the one end of which opened into a little garden, the other into the kitchen, and the door of which towards the garden was usually left open. The passage was fifteen or eighteen feet in length, and the bell-wire nearly at the extremity, towards the kitchen. The farmer and his wife were so much pleased with the sociability and confidence of their new inmates, that they not only allowed their new domicile to remain unmolested, but were particularly careful that free ingress and egress should be always afforded through the garden door. The nest was completed, and a brood of young swallows reared, which took wing.

"In the autumn of the same year, the farmer, returning from shooting, with his gun loaded, thoughtlessly discharged it at a swallow, which he killed. The circumstance passed without comment, until the summer of the following year, when from the absence of his old favourites it occurred to him that the poor bird so wantonly killed must have been one of the pair.

"In the summer of 1832, a pair of birds, the offspring, probably, of the former occupants reared in the passage, were again observed frequenting their old haunt. They first attempted to fix their nest against a cupboard door, immediately over the door leading into the kitchen; and the farmer's wife, fearing it might be shaken down from the closing or opening of the door (for it was partly open when the nest was begun), drove a nail beneath to secure it in its position. However, the swallows did not approve of this interference; they forsook their nest, and commenced a second over the

kitchen door; but this they could not secure. The thought now struck the farmer, that if the nest of 1830, which still remained on the bell-wire, were removed, the birds would adopt their old situation. This was accordingly done. The pair immediately profited by the farmer's suggestion; a nest was completed, and an egg deposited in the short space of four days from the commencement of the new work. While the business of incubation was going forward, the farmer's sheepshearing was accomplished, and the usual supper given to the labourers in the kitchen; but notwithstanding the confusion and smoke, the constant opening and closing the door, the parent bird never moved from her nest. The haymaking feast arrived, when the young birds were hatched; and, again, amid the noise and confusion, the old swallows unremittingly waited upon their offspring. The nestlings took flight; but until the period arrived for migration, they constantly returned to the passage for the night. At the beginning of the evening, they perched on the edge of the nest; and, as the night came on, as if for additional warmth, they sunk down into its interior. As the season advanced, and they became full-feathered, they deserted the nest altogether, and roosted on the bell-wire. Here they perched during the conviviality of the harvest supper, perfectly regardless of the uproar; and here I saw them perched for their night's repose, when visiting Crux Easton on an evening in the middle of September."

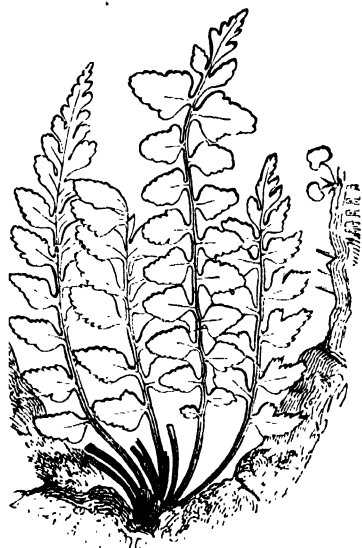


#### THE FERN TRIBE.—No. VII.

In the deepest recesses of sea-washed caverns luxuriates a very beautiful and vigorous-looking fern, the *Asplenium marinum*, or "Sea spleenwort." It is to be found in many parts of Great Britain and Ireland, but never excepting in those counties which are washed by the sea, and seldom excepting in caves and rocks close to the shore. In one instance, and in only one, it has been found on a building, and that is the cathedral at Iona, where it grows, associated with the Black and the Rue-leaved spleenworts. I have seen fronds from a cave near Dawlish, in Devonshire, of a remarkably large size and great beauty, and it is abundant on many parts of the coast of South Devon and Cornwall. Gerard calls it "the Female Stone Fern." He says, "It hath divers long leaves, rising from a thready root, composed of many small leaves, finely minced, or cut like the teeth of a saw, of a whitish-green colour, without any spots or marks at all, seeds or stalks." It is also found at Meadfoot, Torquay.

The roots of *A. marinum* are black, wiry, tough, long, and so firmly fixed in the crevices of the rocks that it is with great difficulty a root can be extracted; the rhizoma is tufted, black, and covered with bristly scales; the fronds, which do not appear till June or July, remain green all the winter, and in August those of two successive years will be equally vigorous, only distinguished by the paler colour and less mature fructification of the younger. The frond is linear, and simply pinnate, varying a good deal in the number of pairs of pinnæ, as also in their shape, although they are always serrated and stalked. The lateral veins fork almost immediately after leaving the mid-vein; and the anterior branch bears a long linear cluster of bright rust-coloured capsules, which, when young, are covered by a white membranous indusium, opening towards the point of the frond. It is no easy matter to gather this fern, for it delights in occupying the most inaccessible places, and, as we have before said, roots

so firmly that a slight effort will not suffice to dislodge it. The botanist who will gather it must also beware of the risk he runs of being caught by the tide, if he ventures amongst its haunts without due consideration as to whether it is ebbing or flowing, for the caverns where it is most luxuriant are exactly such as are occasionally visited by the waves, and the cliffs and rocks which it frequents are chiefly those whose bases are lashed by the billows at high water.



SEA SPLEENWORT.



GREEN SPLEENWORT.

Our next species, *Asplenium viride*, the "Green spleenwort," is as fond of watery situations as the last-named; but this delicate little thing delights in fresh water, and altogether eschews the neighbourhood of "the yeasty deep." In the wildest hilly country, far from the resort of man, but usually within hearing of the music of the waterfall, the Green spleenwort is found rooting firmly in fissures of the rock. Its root is black and fibrous, and rather tender; the rhizoma scaly, black, and tufted. The fronds, all of which are fertile, appear in May and June, and like most of its tribe preserve their verdure throughout the winter. It is a remarkably pretty plant, the fronds, though occasionally growing to the length of eight or ten inches, yet being in general not more than two or three; it is linear and pinnate; the pinnae, which are somewhat lozenge-shaped, set on short stalks, and placed alternately about two-thirds of the way down the rachis, which is dark and shining. The pinnae are crenate. The lateral veins, which are either simple or forked, bear a long linear cluster of capsules; and when forked the division almost invariably takes place beyond the capsules. These capsules are at first covered by a long white involucre which soon disappears, and they become a confluent mass of bright rust-coloured sori, which occupy the middle of the pinnae, and conceal the mid-veins. There are usually six clusters of capsules on each frond.

Few things can be more beautiful than the appearance of the next

species of *Asplenium* which comes under our notice, *A. trichomanes*, when, as is sometimes the case, it clothes an ancient wall or bridge with its brilliant emerald-tinted fronds. It is one of the very commonest of our small



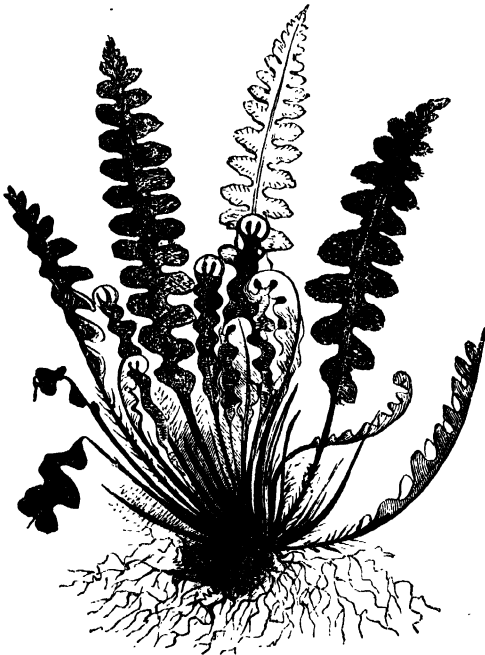
COMMON SPLEENWORT.

ferns, as its name shows us, the "Common spleenwort" being its trivial designation. I have never seen it in more rich luxuriance than in the lovely village of Coombe St. Nicholas, in Somersetshire; there is scarcely a bridge or wall which is not tapestried with its graceful pendent fronds; and the contrast afforded by the dark material of the buildings, the exquisite green of the frond, and the clear shining purple of the rachis, is most chaste and beautiful. *A. trichomanes* is found in every country of Europe, in Africa, and North America. Its minute dark roots insinuate themselves into the most diminutive cracks in stones or rocks, and hold

their ground through all diversities of weather and of season. The rachis is bare about one-third of its length, the remaining portion being clothed with pairs of little stalked leaflets, irregularly oval, obtuse at the point, and usually more or less cinnate; these leaflets are attached by the stalk only, and fall off a few at a time, leaving the young, vigorous fronds intermixed with tufts of the long, bare stems of former years, which become very rigid and bristle-like. The clusters of thecæ, which are linear, are borne on the anterior branch of the lateral vein, which fork soon after they leave the mid-vein. Like others which we have named, the clusters are covered by a white membranous involucre or indusium, which becomes obliterated as the capsules swell; the clusters are dark brown, and eventually become confluent, and form two series.

We have now examined every species of the genus *Asplenium*, yet there still remain some members of the *Aspleniaceæ* family with whom we must make acquaintance, the *Scolopendrium vulgare* and the *Ceterach officinarum*. To the former we have been already introduced, it having been selected in our first paper as the example of the division *Annulateæ*, or those among the ferns whose point is borne on the back of the frond, the capsules enclosed in a marginal ring. This fern is of peculiar beauty, and very widely spread throughout the land: it is extremely varied in the form of its fronds, the normal type being, however, linear and long, slightly waved at the edge. It most usually grows in large clusters, and is of a drooping pendent habit of growth. It delights in the neighbourhood of dripping wells and fountains, and is often found draping the inside of the rude stone shelters which are built by the road-side in country districts, to protect the little wells or spring-heads from which the villagers fill their pitchers and water-cans. In such situations it grows with great luxuriance; its shining green fronds depending, from eighteen inches to two feet, in a most graceful manner. When, however, it grows out from the dry mortar of some ancient wall or gateway, its appearance is so different from that above described, that by a common observer it would scarcely be taken for the same plant. Old Gerard, who was no mean botanist,

describes a fern under the name of *Hemionitis sterilis*, which is evidently merely a form of *S. vulgare*; he says, "It is a very small base herbe, not above a finger high, having four or five small leaves of the same substance and colour, spotted on the back part, and in taste like Hartstongue." This, he says, was found by a friend in a gravelly lane in the way leading to Oxy Park, and that it also grows on the stone walls of Hampton Court. No doubt this was a dwarf specimen of the species we are describing, and of the same character as those which grow on the gateway of Saltwood Castle, in Kent, the last halting-place of the murderers of Thomas à Becket. There is a variety of this fern which is fingered at its apex, but such as these may be considered as monstrosities. Gerard's description of *S. vulgare* is curious. He says it is a plant "consisting only of leaves, bearing neither stalk, flower, nor seed, resembling in shew a long tongue, whereof it hath beene and is called in shops, *Lingwer cervina*, that is Hartstongue. These leaves are a foot long, smooth and plaine upon one side, but upon that side next the ground straked overthwart with certaine long roughe markes like small worms hanging on the backside thereof." The remaining species, *Ceterach officinarum*, challenges and well deserves a considerable degree of attention, it being at once very peculiar in its structure, and very beautiful in appearance. Its favourite haunts are stone walls, churches, and ruined buildings. Newman says that it has been



CETERACH OFFICINARUM.

found in a few instances only on rocks, which he nevertheless considers must be its natural position. Near Torquay it is so found; and the rough stones which were brought from the hill-side, to form a bit of rock-

work in the writer's garden at that place, were finely clothed with it. The men who selected the stones had the good taste to account it an ornament—as indeed it was, and a highly-prized one; and on these stones it has flourished for the last five years, occasionally disappearing during the summer in places where the sun is most powerful, but throwing up fresh fronds as soon as a cooler season arrives.

In Cumberland, and other counties where other spleenworts are most abundant, this is among the rarest, but it grows most freely in the southwestern and some of the midland counties. In the sweet village of Seend, near Devizes, there are some walls so densely clothed with the scaly Hartstongue, in conjunction with the Rue-leaved and Common spleenworts (*A. ruta muraria* and *A. trichomanes*), together with the Black spleenwort (*A. adiantum nigrum*), as to present an unrivalled mass of the most delicate and unbroken verdure.

The form of the frond of this fern is very singular. It is linear, and narrowing towards the stem, which is very short; it is deeply cut into short, rounded segments, set alternately to each other, and rather obliquely as regards the stem. The texture of the leafy part is thick and leathery, the colour a very soft green. The whole of the under-side of the frond is densely clothed, as is the stem and rhizoma, with brown, pointed, imbricated scales, which, when seen under a microscope, were found to be beautifully reticulated. The roots are short; the rhizoma tufted, brown, and scaly. The venation and fructification are very interesting and remarkable. The lateral veins, which are but few in number, are alternate and irregularly branched, the branches occasionally again uniting and crossing each other before their termination. The anterior branch of each bears an elongate cluster of capsules, which are situated about midway between the mid-vein and the margin of the pinna; the first anterior lateral vein usually bears two or three clusters of capsules on each of its principal branches. Immediately adjoining the insertion of the capsules, and attached to the back of the vein, is an erect, white, membranous involucre, of the exact length of the line of capsules to which it belongs. In its earliest stages this involucre is sometimes incumbent on the capsules, but it soon assumes its erect position, and as the capsules mature it is lost. All the tribes of spleenworts were considered in olden times to have important medicinal virtues. The scaly Hartstongue was supposed to be a sovereign remedy against sores and ulcers when applied externally, and each separate fern had, or was conceived to have, its own special function. These notions are now nearly passed away, and their medical uses are thought to be inconsiderable, if not wholly nugatory. But ferns, as all other of God's works, have their own place to occupy, their own mission to fulfil. None of *His* works are created in vain: and if the exquisite beauty and attractiveness which the clusters of green ferns give to our summer and autumn landscape; if the gleam of the brilliant foliage of the Hartstongue and other spleenworts, as they hang amid the snow or quiver under the winter's blast, their wet leaves glittering in the sudden burst of sunlight, which often breaks out to cheer the intervals of a stormy day; if these beautiful appearances lead but one heart to look up with thankful love to Him who dwelleth in the heavens, and yet condescendeth to behold the creatures He has made, to Him

“Who planned and reared, and still upholds a world  
So clothed in beauty for rebellious men—”

it can never be said that these feathery fronds and shining foliage have been created in vain.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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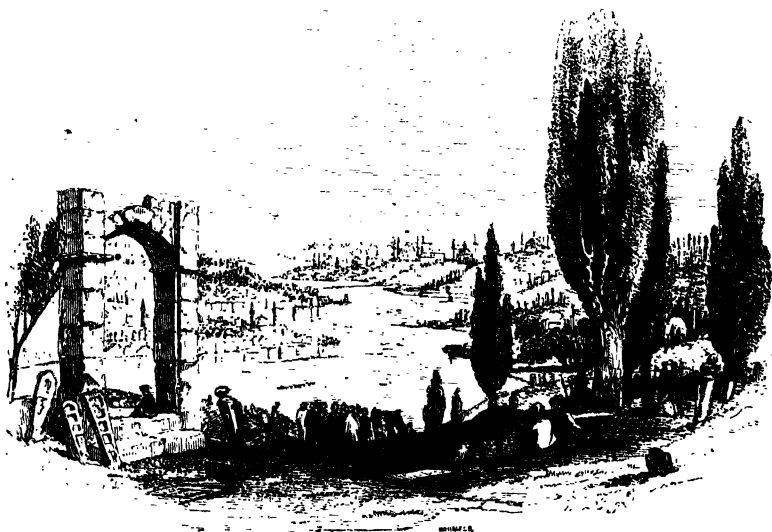
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THE LAST CONQUEST OF CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE GOLDEN HORN.

THE attention of Europe is at this hour fixed on Constantinople. The forces of Russia threaten it, and the fleets of England and France keep ward over it. Its condition affects the monetary, the commercial, and the international relations of the civilized world. The most sagacious statesmen regard its fall as inevitable, whether it be the necessary consequence of the decrepitude and increasing helplessness of the Ottoman power, or be accomplished by the lawless violence with which it is at present threatened. Students of prophecy, from Sir Isaac Newton downwards, fortify the conclusions of European cabinets. All agree that the "time is at hand."



When Constantinople falls, the power of Mohammedanism will be shaken; and the fate of the mother-city of the Eastern empire cannot be contemplated without anxious solicitude. We therefore thought it would not be altogether uninteresting to our readers to glance rapidly at its history, to review the circumstances under which it fell beneath the Turkish yoke, and to note the beneficial influence which its subjugation exercised upon the condition and fortunes of the Western world.

In the year 328 the Emperor Constantine conceived the idea of founding a city which should rival, in magnificence and beauty, Rome itself, and serve to perpetuate the memory of his power and valour. During the war which he waged with his brother-in-law, the Consul Licinius, in the East, his attention was forcibly attracted by the natural advantages of the site of the ancient Byzantium on the banks of the Bosphorus. It commanded the opposite shores of Europe and Asia; the climate was healthy and temperate; the soil fertile; the harbour secure and capacious; advantageously situated for the purposes of commerce, and, as a military position, difficult to attack and easy to defend; while the exquisite and unrivalled beauty of the surrounding scenery was calculated to enthral the soul. Here Constantine decided that the New Rome should rise. The wealth, the genius, and the labour of millions were at once called into requisition to realize the wishes of the Emperor. The forests of the Black Sea, and the snowy marbles of Proconessus, constituted the *matériel* of the new city. The whole empire was traversed by couriers in search of persons skilled in architectural science. The cities of Greece and Asia were stripped of their most precious possessions: the creations of the age of Pericles and Alexander—the trophies of memorable conquests—the statues of heroes and of gods, of the masters of Grecian philosophy and of Grecian song—were borne away to lend grace and beauty to the squares, the temples, and the palaces of the rising capital.

In the middle of the month of May 334, the city was dedicated, with the greatest solemnity, to the Virgin Mary; but the old Pagan spirit still lingered in the heart of the Emperor. Beside the so-called Christian rite, another of an opposite kind was observed, which has scandalized the historians and lauders of Constantine. On that day the statue of the Emperor, carved in wood and richly gilt and decorated, carrying in its hand a small figure of “the genius of the place,” was borne in a triumphal chariot through the streets, surrounded by a vast concourse of attendants, bearing lofty and lighted tapers, and clothed in the most costly garments. When the procession reached the Hippodrome, where was placed the throne of the Emperor, he bowed reverently to the figure in the hand of his statue, and there named the city **CONSTANTINOPOLIS**, or the **CITY OF CONSTANTINE**.

To the close of his life the Emperor lost no opportunity of enriching and beautifying his new capital. He endowed the residents within its walls with many privileges, causing it to become thereby the dwelling-place of the affluent and powerful, while the poorer classes were drawn to it by the liberal largess of corn and oil which was bestowed upon them by his orders daily. And here he was buried, after a sumptuous funeral, in 337.

From that period till the time of the Turkish invasion under Mohammed II., many and strange were the fortunes of Constantinople. It was the theatre of some of the most remarkable and tragic events that history records. In it the Church held several councils: in 381, on the Divinity of

the Holy Spirit ; in 583, against Origen and others, on the resurrection of the body and the pre-existence of the soul ; in 680, against the Monothelites, or those who asserted that although our Redeemer had two natures, Divine and human, he had only a single will ; in 692, on the marriage of the priesthood ; in 754, against the use of pictures and images in worship ; in 869, for the condemnation of Photius, a layman of unusual erudition, splendid genius, and blameless life, who was raised to the patriarchate of the East by the Emperor Michael, who, to accomplish his purpose, had deposed and banished the actual bishop, Ignatius. When Basilus the Macedonian ascended the throne, he deposed Photius, and restored the banished primate to his former dignity. The council of the Church was held to confirm and justify the act of the Emperor. In 897 another council was held, called by the Roman Church "the false eighth." But wars, more deadly than those of the theologians, were repeatedly waged within the walls of Constantinople. It was wrested from the hands of the degenerate Greeks by "the blind old Dandolo," who, uniting the Venetian forces with those of France, successfully attacked it from the side of the port, and then pillaged it of its treasures of gold and silver, costly tissues, velvets, gems, and rich moveables. As Gibbon says, "The magnitude of the prize surpassed the largest scale of experience or expectation. After the whole had been equally divided between the French and the Venetians, fifty thousand marks were deducted to satisfy the debts of the former and the demands of the latter. The residue of the French amounted to four hundred thousand marks of silver," a sum equal in that age to "seven times the annual revenue of the kingdom of England."\*

The city remained in the hands of the Franks for fifty-seven years, when it was recaptured in 1261 by the Greeks, under the Emperor Michael Palæologus. His successors were men without military genius or daring. Unapt to govern, enslaved by superstition, and enervated by licentiousness, beneath their sway the empire gradually, but visibly, became more and more helpless. This was not unnoted by the fiery enthusiasts, the Turkish princes, who announced themselves the defenders of the doctrine of Mohammed. The capture of Gallipoli had given them a footing in Europe. The defeat of the Christian army at Nicopolis, in 1396, flushed them with confidence. Constantinople was doomed, when the blow was averted by the appearance of the conqueror of Persia, Timur-Bey-Tamerlane, who, on the invitation of the Asiatic princes, came to oppose the forces of the Ottoman power. The defeat of Bajazet by Timur staved off the subjugation of Constantinople for a time, but only for a time. Prosperity was restored to that power by Mohammed I. His son, Amurat II., subdued most of the Byzantine territory, and defeated, at the great battle of Varna, in 1444, the combined armies of Hungary and Poland. The Greek Emperors, conscious of approaching evil, sought, but in vain, to unite the Roman and the Greek Churches. The Greeks—people and priesthood—denounced the proposed union with schismatics ; on the other hand, the Roman Church looked coldly on, waiting to see accomplished by the arms of the disciples of the false prophet what she could not effect by her own anathema—namely, the dissolution of the Greek Church.

Mohammed II. ascended the Ottoman throne, and the hour, long dreaded by the feeble successors of the Cæsars, had come.

\* 'Decline and Fall,' vol. vii., cap. 60, p. 389.

During several months, Mohammed carefully prepared for the siege of Constantinople. Forts were built, commanding the narrow pass of the Bosphorus. A deserter from the Greek service, variously described as a Dane or a Hungarian, revealed the weakness of the Greek defences, and hastened their destruction by volunteering to cast cannon of greater calibre than any yet possessed by the Ottoman army. Under the guidance of this renegade a foundry was established at Adrianople, and ordnance produced that called forth the surprise and stimulated the hopes of the Ottoman prince.

Meanwhile, with the valour of despair, Constantine, the Greek Emperor, equipped the four thousand nine hundred and seventy men who were capable of bearing arms from the stores in the arsenal. A Genoese noble, named Justiniani, with two thousand men at arms, offered his services to the Emperor. A liberal sum was given to him and his band, and the Isle of Lemnos was promised as their reward should victory crown their arms. Measures were taken to render the harbour impassable. A strong chain was drawn across its mouth, supported by several vessels of war and small craft. Vessels arriving from the Black Sea were impressed for the aid of the city. Ambassadors were despatched to the Vatican, praying for the help of Pope Nicholas, and promising spiritual obedience. A cardinal was sent in return to Constantinople. On the 12th of December the representatives of the Eastern and Western Churches, in the church of St. Sophia, united at the altar in the ceremony of the mass. But the union was only a mockery. The dress, the language, and the acts of the Roman priests aroused the indignation of the multitude. Monks traversed the city, calling on the people to abjure all communion with the Latin Church and its friends and adherents. Discord reigned within the walls of the city, while, without, union gave power to the Ottoman troops and intensified their zeal. The Greek Emperor, deserted by those who ought to have stood by him in his necessity, determined to resist the Ottoman forces with the few troops who continued to be animated by patriotism or allegiance.

The attack was commenced by the Turks on the morning of the 6th of April 1453, by an attempt to carry the wall that protected the landward approach to the city. Aided by his foreign auxiliaries and a handful of native soldiers, Constantine valorously repulsed the besiegers, and destroyed the trenches and approaches which they had formed. Day after day the attack was renewed under various forms by Mohammed, but with the same result. In addition, five vessels, laden with stores of food and arms for the beleaguered city, had successfully forced a passage through the Turkish fleet, steered along the Bosphorus, and anchored in safety within the harbour. Baffled and enraged, Mohammed devised a plan fatal to the heroism and endurance of the Greeks. It was evident to him that unless the city could be simultaneously stormed from the harbour and the land side, victory was, to say the least, improbable. The chain, with the armed galleys and vessels, rendered the harbour inaccessible, except he could transport his lighter vessels and artillery from the Bosphorus overland into the higher part of the harbour. The design was executed almost as quickly as conceived. Night favoured the operation; and the armed boats of Mohammed were safely launched in the shallow waters of the harbour, beyond the reach of the Greek vessels, whose draught was greater.

Not deeming an assault from this side possible, the fortifications were

in a ruinous condition. The fire which the Ottoman boats opened upon them completed their demolition. Exhausted and distracted, the impoverished and scanty garrison performed prodigies of valour. The priests carried the image of the Virgin in procession, and invoked her help, and mingled their invocations with curses on their fate and prayers to the Emperor to submit, so that their lives might be spared. The last Constantine determined to resist to the death. He summoned the noblest and the bravest of the Greeks to meet him beneath the dome of St. Sophia, on the evening of the 28th of May. He addressed them in language of great force and pathos; he made use of every topic calculated to inspire them with courage, and to nerve them for the endurance of fast-hastening calamities.

This speech has been well described as "the funeral oration of the Roman empire." They mingled their tears and supplications, embraced each other, and then departed to the posts confided to their vigilance. The night passed without a single shot being fired; silence reigned undisturbed. The rushing of the tide was the only sound that reached the ears of the weary watchers on the ramparts of the devoted city. But the silence was like the slumbrous calm that precedes a thunder-storm. That night, according to Ducas, two hundred and sixty thousand men silently invested the walls, and prepared to rush upon their defenders with the first streak of day. The morning of the 29th of May, 1453, saw that host, rendered furious by resistance, precipitate itself upon the remnant of the Greek troops left by previous attacks to repel the assault. For two hours victory was doubtful, when an arrow pierced the leader of the Genoese auxiliaries. Weakened by loss of blood, or terrified by his peril, he fled, followed by his men, through one of the breaches formed by the Turkish artillery. As the defence began to slacken, the attack was urged on with redoubled vigour. The Emperor flew from rank to rank, encouraging his soldiers. He had cast away every symbol of his rank, but his voice and face were well known by his men. Followed by several of his nobles he threw himself into a breach, by which the Turks were pressing within the walls. There he fell by an unknown hand, and his body was found beneath a heap of slain. His death terminated the resistance of the citizens and soldiers. The Crescent glittered on the ramparts. Two thousand persons were put to the sword. Trembling and wretched, the remaining inhabitants fled for safety to the churches, and especially to that of St. Sophia, thinking that the sacredness of the place would lend them protection from the violence of the conquerors. But their expectation was vain. The Turkish troops broke the doors with their battle-axes; and here, as in the other churches and monasteries, and the houses and palaces of the city, they deprived the vanquished of all their portable wealth, and then, without distinction of sex or rank or age, bound them with cords and chains in gangs, and thus drove them to the camp and to the ships. Above sixty thousand persons became the slaves on that day of the Turks. Many of the noblest families were selected as the victims of Turkish cruelty and vengeance, and put to death in the Hippodrome. The city was sacked; and the setting sun shone on the ruined walls and desolate streets and palaces of the CITY OF THE GREAT CONSTANTINE.

In the providence of God, the capture of Constantinople by the Turks produced results little dreamed of by its spoilers. It occurred at the most remarkable juncture in the history of Europe. After the slumber

of centuries, the human mind in the West seemed suddenly to arise to a consciousness of its wants and of its resources. The literary remains of classic antiquity were sought after with the utmost avidity; schools were established for the study of the Greek and Latin languages; new discoveries were made which have since proved fountains of blessing to the whole human race. The compass gave the mastery of the ocean to man; gunpowder changed the system of war; oil-painting covered Europe with masterpieces of art; paper displaced parchment and papyrus; and printing rendered imperishable the mind-wealth of the past, while it opened up a certain means of communication between the scattered races of the human family, and prepared the instrumentality by which, through the Divine blessing, the Word of Life was to be diffused throughout the world.

Amidst this excitement, Constantinople fell, and its destruction tended very materially to hasten the progress of the West in its new career of civilization, and bore an intimate and clearly-defined relation to the deliverance of the human mind from the usurped authority and stultifying bondage of the Church of Rome.

Among the fugitives from Constantinople that fled into Italy and other countries, many were distinguished scholars. They brought with them a higher knowledge of antiquity, numerous manuscripts, and various appliances for the promotion of the study of ancient art and civilization. The impetus thus given to the Western nations is felt still, and by no nation more so than our own. Here we find another striking illustration of the tender care with which God governs our world. All history is but the exposition of the principles upon which He deals with nations and individuals. Mohammed II. fulfilled his own design, but he accomplished another of which he knew nothing. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

J. P. P.

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#### HOME TALES.—No. XII.

##### HUBERT LLOYD; OR, THE GRANDMOTHER.

"DON'T go, John, pray don't go. It is not often that you deny me; why are you so obstinate now?" cried Anne Prescott to her brother, as she looked entreatingly into his face. "Go where?" asked their father, overhearing her. There was a silence. "Not to C——r to-morrow morning, I hope," said he. No one answered. "John," resumed Mr. Prescott, looking almost sternly at his son, "I desire you to give up the thought." "Why, father?" returned John, "don't you think he deserves his fate?" "Certainly I do," said he. "Then what is your objection to my going to C——r to-morrow?" asked he. "Tell me first what pleasure you can take in going," rejoined his father. "I never saw such a sight," replied he, "and everybody is going." "A very poor reason indeed," said Prescott, "but one, I believe, which would be in the mouth of most if the same question was proposed to them. I am thankful that we live in a land where life and property are protected by the law; and I rejoice that those who have rule over us are not afraid to punish to the utmost those who offend against it. Severity to the criminal is safety to the state, mercy to the multitude;

and much as I feel for this unhappy young man, I would not, if I could, interfere in the course which the law has taken. I don't pretend to be wiser or more merciful than the God of the spirits of all flesh, who pronounced this doom on the murderer; but I look on the person who seeks to be a witness of the sufferings of a guilty fellow-creature as having either a weak head or a bad heart. John, 'offences must needs come;' Heaven grant that the woe denounced on the offender never fall upon me and mine! Study well the history of that young man; it may prove a useful lesson to you and to others who may read it; and happy they who from others' fate can preserve themselves from ruin. You go to the farm with me as usual to-morrow." John looked vexed; but he knew it was of no use to contend, and he therefore contented himself with returning a cold look to the bright glance which his sister directed towards him.

The history to which Prescott alluded was this. In a retired village, in a distant part of the country, lived a man and his wife of the name of Lloyd. They were a worthy pair, knowing their duty, and, in most instances, fulfilling it. They were much respected by all classes; and as they were very industrious, they maintained themselves in comfort. They had had several children, but all, except one daughter, died in their infancy. In proportion as they felt the loss of the others, the little Jane became the greater treasure; on her they lavished all their love; and the sweetness of her general disposition seemed to warrant their affection. There was indeed much to value and admire in her; but there were parts of her character, too, that needed the careful hand of a parent to correct and regulate. As the plant of luxuriant growth requires the unsparing knife of the gardener to render it productive, so did Jane need the correcting hand of her superiors in wisdom and age; but, alas! though father and mother were aware of the faults of their child, neither had "the heart," as they expressed it, to reprove her. It was exertion enough to say, "You must not do so;" the command was never enforced, nor the breach of it punished. Jane, therefore, grew up self-willed, though at the same time very pretty, and very pleasing in her manner. Before she was eighteen she formed an acquaintance with a young man, to whom she became much attached. She was with him so constantly, and the walks they chose were so retired, that some of the neighbours pointed out to her parents the danger and impropriety of such conduct. The rector of the parish, Mr. Powell, especially spoke to them on the subject. He had a great regard for all three, and it grieved him that persons whom, in so many instances, he could hold up as worthy of imitation, should give such just cause for censure. He talked very seriously to Lloyd. "You say," reasoned he, "that you do not approve of Jane's conduct in this respect, and you admit that you are uneasy about it; but why do you not exert the authority of a father, and forbid it? The sin in the child, that is either caused or not checked by the parent, will be found to lie at his door; and the punishment of the one will be shared by the other. Remember Eli, and the sad consequences of his weakness: 'because his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not,' they and he were to share a like doom, and it was told him, 'the increase of thine house shall die in the flower of their age.'"

Both parents heard and trembled, and for a while they profited by the warning thus given them. But who listens for the thunder when

the soft gale blows, and clouds of beauty only are seen in the heavens? Mr. Powell was a good man, a kind and wise man, they owned; but it was one thing to rule a child of your own, and another to advise people how to rule theirs. Before many days had gone over, Jane had set at naught the faint remonstrances that were made to her will. It was, however, a dreadful shock to both Lloyd and his wife, when a living proof of the evil effects of their weakness was about to come to light, and a blow under which both staggered for a time, when, with parting breath as her soul passed away, the unhappy girl committed her infant to their care.

The child was named Hubert. As he grew up he showed a great likeness to his mother both in disposition and feature. There was much to love in him, much to hope for, and much to fear. Mr. Powell took a great interest in the boy, and frequently urged on his protectors the necessity of their utmost care and vigilance. "Recollect," he would say, "the boy has a double claim upon you, and bring him up in a way that, with God's blessing, may make him a comfort to you and a valuable member of society. His life cost that of his unhappy mother: it was purchased at a dear price to you and to her; beware of what you make the purchase to him." His words had considerable weight with Lloyd, and he struggled to give effect to them. He was far stricter with the boy than he had ever been with the mother; and had he received any help from his wife, had she been able to strengthen him in his moments of weakness, all might have been well; but, unhappily, that which should have been a sufficient warning to herself, and a spur to her endeavours to uphold her husband in his too feeble attempts to fulfil his duty, operated in her own mind in a contrary manner. She accused herself of having shortened poor Jane's days, and a continual feeling of self-reproach was upon her. So far, then, from correcting the boy when he needed it, she not only indulged him at all times, but she privately counteracted the correction he received from his grandfather, by taking his part, and "making amends," as she said, for what he made him suffer. She carefully concealed his faults from her husband, under the false idea that she was acting from a wish to spare him pain; and Lloyd, to the day of his death, was a stranger to the more fearful parts of his grandson's disposition. This event took place when Hubert was twelve years old. Before he died, the old man earnestly besought him to continue to be a good boy. "Hubert," said he, "obey your grandmother, and take care of her in her old age. Never practise the deceit to her which I am thankful to say you have never practised towards me, and profit by her reproofs and corrections as she tells me you have profited by mine." This was an ill-timed and unhappy speech. Hubert knew he did not deserve the opinion his grandfather expressed of him, and, what was still worse, that his grandmother was more to blame than himself. He stole a look at her; but what that look was intended to convey he himself hardly knew. Mrs. Lloyd felt both the words and the look that they called forth; and she resolved within herself that, for the future, she would act in a very different manner from what she had hitherto done. For a time she kept her determination; but the power that is weakly lost is rarely regained. Hubert entertained no respect for his grandmother. The indulgence with which she had treated him would have been hurtful to him under any case; but the concealment of his faults, and the deceit which she had practised towards

her husband in his behalf, had ruined her influence with him, and made him hold in contempt those qualities in her which would otherwise have commanded his reverence. Again and again Mr. Powell urged the necessity of exertion on the part of the grandmother, of obedience on that of the grandson: the attempts of the first to follow his instructions were feeble and uncertain, and sometimes worse than if she had attempted nothing. She would deny a slight indulgence, and punish a trifling fault, while at another time Hubert had but to ask, and his wishes, however extravagant, were granted.

Hubert had never been fond of his books, and he was idle at school; but he excelled in all manly exercises. He was an excellent cricket-player, and so agile that no one could vie with him either in a foot-race or in a leaping-match. These qualifications drew him of course into notice, and made him acquainted with characters who, to say the least, were dangerous to him. Latterly he had become a capital marksman, and could bring down a bird with the utmost certainty and skill. Among his acquaintances was a young man of the name of Finley, than whom no one in the neighbourhood was more unprincipled, bold, and artful. He professed to have taken a great liking to Hubert, and they were constantly together.

At this time the game on a nobleman's estate adjoining the village was much destroyed. Double keepers were therefore appointed, and a strict watch kept. Hubert's nightly absences alarmed his grandmother, and she expressed her fears to him on the subject. With a degree of insolence that he had never shown her, he desired her not to trouble herself about his business; he was old enough to do as he liked, and he should please himself.

The first decided proof of baseness in one we love is always a dreadful shock. We may suspect the fact, and close our eyes against it; but the truth will force itself upon us at last, and woe to the poor heart that must admit it. Sickness may wither, death may destroy, the life-buds of our happiness; but the dew of comfort falls kindly on our sorrows, and reconciles us to the loss: it is sin, and sin only, that poisons the wound it inflicts, and forbids it to heal.

"Hubert!" cried his grandmother, in the greatest agitation, "do you know what you are saying? to whom you are speaking?" "To be sure I do," answered he coolly. "Then have you forgotten your grandfather's dying words?" said she. "No, nor never shall," returned he. "Who taught me that I need not obey him? There is no need of concealment, of deceit now. I shall not follow that example; and I tell you clearly, that if my way was right in your eyes then, it may be right in them for the time to come." Mrs. Lloyd was thunderstruck. For the first time she saw the gulf that was opening at her feet. Now was the past deplored, but deplored in vain; and, sad to say, reproach and indulgence for the future went hand in hand.

At length an affray took place between the gamekeepers and a party of poachers, in which one of the former was killed and several of the latter wounded, though all made their escape. Mrs. Lloyd's heart misgave her; but Hubert had certainly, she said, been in bed, and she trusted that all was right. When, however, she came to wash his shirt the next week, she perceived to her horror that it was marked with blood, though an unskilful hand had tried to efface the stains. No discovery was made of the offenders: but the conviction that her grandson had



a share in the offence, and the constant fear that this would be brought to light, laid a weight of woe upon her heart that nothing could shake off. She once summoned courage to begin the subject to Hubert; but his violence and rudeness instantly checked her, though for some time afterwards his conduct was much more satisfactory. He seemed to have broken off his acquaintance with Finley, kept regularly to his work, and his behaviour to his grandmother was like what it had been in former years. Mr. Powell shared in the poor woman's returning comfort; for though he blamed her exceedingly for her weakness, he had never lost his regard for her, nor relinquished his hope that Hubert might yet become a steady man. He frequently employed him on his grounds, and took every opportunity of giving him such advice or encouragement as he seemed to need. This was a happy time to his grandmother; she persuaded herself that she had been mistaken in regard to the affair with the gamekeepers; her spirits revived, but with them, alas! her old habits of indulgence to her grandson as a reward for his improved conduct, and that too in points especially against which she had been cautioned by Mr. Powell. Experience had taught her no wisdom; she concealed from the good rector what she was doing, while she unfortunately betrayed to Hubert the real state of the case; for on her complying with his request for money to go a neighbouring fair, she revealed to him that she was acting contrary to his advice. This proof of her weakness sunk into the heart of Hubert, and revived that contempt for her which had lately slumbered. He went to the fair, met Finley, and a more intimate acquaintance than ever was the result. From this time his conduct became such as to make her completely wretched. If he suspected that she had any money, he never rested till he had extorted it from her; nor did he scruple, when this resource failed, to dispose of any article belonging to her of which he could possess himself. Her half-dozen silver teaspoons, her marriage portion, disappeared; and with them a treasure, if possible, still greater, her mother's silver bodkin-case: it had been in her pocket till the day of her death, and it had fallen to her share as the elder daughter. Hubert knew how she valued it, for it had often been his plaything when he had been a particularly good boy. This contempt of her feeling, pointed as it was by his ingratitude, cut her to the quick. The bound, however, was passed; and, by degrees, her pretty little home was stripped of all its comforts, nor did she know any longer what it was to possess a shilling in safety: but in the prompting of that affection which nothing could destroy, she made no complaint to any one, but especially to Mr. Powell. Little, however, can be concealed in a village like the one in which they lived; that gentleman was fully aware of what was going on; and it was with grief that he missed many things in the cottage, and in the dress even of the old woman, to which he had been long accustomed. Again he sought Hubert, and again reasoned with him on his conduct; but his words had no longer even the partial effect that had formerly followed them. He was gloomy and sullen; and, though nothing disrespectful escaped his lips, it was evident that he was much offended. For the first time, he spoke of Mr. Powell to his grandmother in terms that grieved and shocked her.

Finley never came to their cottage. In this respect, and perhaps the only one in which she had shown firmness, she had refused to yield to his wishes; but she knew that they were constantly together, and at all

hours. Sometimes for half a night she sat waiting his return; sometimes she did not see him till the morning, and sometimes for a day or two together, unless he had anything to gain from her. Her cup of misery now seemed full to overflowing; and no longer could she stifle the conviction of her weakness, or lull the reproaches of conscience, as the effects of her conduct, both as it related to the mother and son, became more and more evident. Still, as the painful truth was forced upon her, her heart clung more eagerly to the unworthy grandson.

One evening she had been requested to sit up a few hours with a sick neighbour. Hubert had been absent on a cricket-match for some days; his absence gave her no particular alarm, for she was accustomed to it. It was midnight when she returned to her cottage. It was cold and desolate. She stirred the ashes that were slumbering on the hearth, lighted a candle, and, sitting down, began to weep. She had not locked the door (indeed she never did, that Hubert might let himself in when he wished), and she felt a momentary feeling of dread, when on a sudden it was burst open, and a man, rushing into the house, sprang towards her; she started from her seat. "Hubert!" exclaimed she, as pale, and shaking with convulsive horror, he stood before her. "Save me! save me!" cried he; "they are after me;" then, looking at his hands, he added, in a tone that thrilled her with horror, "save me from myself, O God! this blood is his! I've murdered him!" He fell on the ground as he uttered the last words, in a death-like swoon. She knelt beside him almost wild with terror. In a few moments after, Finley was in the house. "Fool!" said he, roughly kicking him, "do you mean to lie there and be taken?" Hubert opened his eyes, and with a shudder again shut them. "Villain!" said he, "you asked me to rob him, not murder him." "I asked you to help me," said Finley; "when fools lend themselves to do others' work, they must execute what is set them." With a laugh, if such it could be called, that might have frozen the blood of any one who heard him, he dashed out of the cottage, leaving Hubert to follow as he was best able. His grandmother now urged his flight—he obeyed: this done, she passed the rest of the night in a state which no pen may describe.

Very early in the morning, the terrible news ran through the village that Mr. Powell had been robbed and murdered. Suspicion had not lighted upon Hubert, and his grandmother's violent grief was laid to her well-known attachment to the rector. A clue to the murderer, however, was soon obtained; and, with a baseness that the wicked only are capable of, Finley turned evidence against the unhappy young man. He was tried and condemned. His sentence sealed the fate of his grandmother: she heard the fatal news—uttered one loud shriek, fell to the ground, and was aroused no more to entire consciousness and reason.

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### SEPULCHRES OF ANCIENT ETRURIA.—No. III.

WE must now proceed with our travellers to another and most interesting scene—the sepulchres of Etrurian magnates at Castel D'Asso, near Bieda, an old town between Vetralla and Viterbo. They were told that there was nothing known in the world like this extraordinary place except the Valley of the Kings, "Biban el Melek," in Egypt, and that it con-

sisted of four valleys, all of them full of rock sepulchres. Sir William Gell, speaking of this necropolis of Viterbo, which was the ancient Voltumna, says:—"By the ancient road, through Forum Cassii, they are fifty-three miles from Rome. The face of the rock is cut into a form unlike anything Grecian or Italian, and produced a most imposing effect; the style bears some resemblance to the Egyptian, but it wants one remarkable characteristic, that of a very projecting cornice on the summit."

FRIEZE IN THE GROTTA DEL CARDINALE.



PROCESSION OF SOULS TO JUDGMENT, WITH GOOD AND EVIL GENII.

To explore this curious valley, Mrs. Gray and her party set forth. Their road led them over some strangely rugged places, over a mill-race, through which they were obliged to be aided by peasants and poles, and their little country *carritella* fairly lifted over heath, water, moss, and moor, until they at last came to "a steep and most romantic ravine," says Mrs. Gray, "consisting of bold rocks covered with wood, dropping down perhaps two hundred feet beneath us, with a wide rapid brook in the bottom, and on the cliff directly opposite rose the picturesque and massive ruins of a Gothic castle, very like those of Germany." Here they left the horse and *carritella*, and began their expedition to the "long-desired glen;" and after scrambling for some hundred yards through rocks and brushwood, descended into the little sequestered valley. "Eccola!" exclaimed the guide, "those are the graves!" "Those!" we exclaimed, "where?" "Just above you, signori, and before you, and for a mile along those rocks, they are all the same." We saw nothing, absolutely nothing, but a continued cliff of wooded rocks, and we asked with uncontrollable disappointment, "Is this all?" In great vexation our friends began their homeward march, but happily "took wit in their anger," and again turned back, resolved to search for themselves. And it was well they did so; for the result of a little farther walk, and a little deliberate study of the scene which lay before them, was such as we shall describe in Mrs. Gray's own words. "When our eyes first opened on the sepulchres of Castel D'Asso, we saw—exactly what the plate represents—a line of irregular rocks, which gave us the idea of having once all been smoothed, with a shaved face towards the castle, and of having afterwards been broken and made uneven, either by some convulsion of nature or by the mischief and wantonness of man. As we sat and stared at the sort of street which we began gradually to discover, we saw that doors had been engraved high up the rocks in the Egyptian form; that is, smaller at the top than at the bottom, and with a broken and defaced, but perfectly visible rod-cornice above them. As we gazed still further, we saw that those rock sepulchres had once joined one another in a continued series: there was, indeed, fully a mile of them, thirty of which we counted; and the castle valley is met by another

towards its centre, and directly opposite the beautiful old fortress, in which we saw sepulchres in the cliffs on both sides. They were like a street, the dwellings of which correspond to each other." On closer examination they found beneath each engraved door, and six or eight feet lower, an open one leading into the burial-chamber. Of those which they entered, the greater part consisted of a single low chamber, its roof either vaulted or flat, hewn out of the rock; but in some there were two chambers, an inner and an outer. Some were large enough to contain many bodies, others so small as to have probably been designed merely for cinerary urns, or some such purpose. Most of these caverns had ledges round them, in some cases grooved for vases or other ornaments, in others merely for sarcophagi, and in some with stones laid across the ledge, on which the uncoffined body had been placed, as that of the Larthia at Cære.



TOMBS, CASTEL D'ASSO.

As our travellers proceeded, the impression made on their minds by these antique mausoleums seems to have been increased at every step. Some which they saw were large and perfect in form, deeply hewn, and but very little injured. After a time, deep, regular lines of inscription were found on the rocks, letters in the oldest Etruscan character, chiselled two inches deep in the stone and above a foot in height. These appeared to indicate the age, name, &c., of the deceased tenant of the tomb to which they were affixed, and some of them ended with the sentence, "Rest in peace."

Huge masses of rock, which had been broken from these sepulchres, lay in the valley below; the inscriptions, which were long and large, quite visible. Mrs. Gray says, "Some of the inscriptions consist of a few words; others occupy two whole lines; and where the valley I have

mentioned joins the castle glen, the inscriptions have gone round two sides of the tomb. The whole scene left upon our minds the impression of a sublimity and poverty, rudeness and refinement, simplicity and art, which I never saw united anywhere else."

Brass arms, apparently of a very ancient period, have been found in these sepulchres, and also scarabei, in cornelian and other stones, with Greek or Etruscan subjects engraved upon them. These tombs have all been rifled, and nothing now remains in them. The very rarest of the Italian coins, exceedingly fine vases, and tazze and other interesting objects, have been found in abundance in and near Viterbo.

Leaving this interesting valley of the dead, our party proceeded to Chiusi, at which town their Etruscan explorations were to end, and where a vast number of tombs are to be found lying widely separated from each other, and on different sides of the town: the details of five only of these tombs are given us.

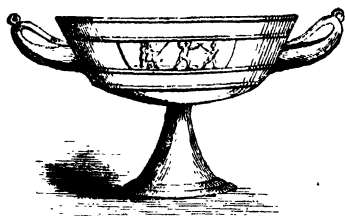
The first described—the "Grotta delle Monache"—was a low vaulted chamber, hewn in the rock, with an inner chamber of smaller size; both chambers with a broad ledge all round, and the two together containing sixteen coffins. One of these was a very large Etruscan sarcophagus, with the sculptured lid lying by itself on an upper shelf. The rest were all cinerary chests, or urns, many with the ashes remaining in them as they were at first found, and most, if not all of them, were of marble or alabaster. In several of the other tombs were chests of travertine, limestone, and coarse clay, as well as marble and alabaster, on nearly all of which were inscriptions in the Etruscan character; and on several of those in the Grotta delle Monache were most beautiful and remarkable carvings, the subjects being races and combats, or scenes from the Iliad. This tomb contained dead, both buried and burned—possibly many successions of the same family—and all the inscriptions were in Etruscan; but there were no paintings or other ornaments, save the sculptured urns.

The next tomb consisted of three chambers, each containing only one large sarcophagus in the old Etruscan style, besides chests generally square, and varying in size, all filled with ashes, and all sculptured with more or less of art. They were of travertine, terra-cotta, marble, and fetid limestone, a pretty but brittle material; the walls were corniced with a pattern in red and blue, beneath which, and going all round the tomb, was a frieze of figures, from fourteen to eighteen inches in height, on a sand-coating covering the tufo, on which the subjects have been traced when it was wet: these were a horse and chariot races, a tricladium, leap-frog, wrestling, players on the double flute and lyre, and foot-races. This tomb is called "Deposito degli Dei;" this being the name of the family on whose ground it is: and the third we have to describe is named "Deposito del Gran Duca," because it belongs to the grand duke. This consists of one low vaulted chamber, beautifully and regularly built in a round arch of smooth, rectangular, and moderately-sized stones, without cement. The door, which was quite perfect, consisting of two stone leaves, closing in the centre, and turning on stone hinges, very artificially inserted in the architrave and in the floor. The vault had a ledge all round, on which lay eight funeral chests of travertine, some of considerable size, containing ashes, and with lids which have Etruscan inscriptions. Some were sculptured with the winged genius of death, his feet terminating in serpents; others with a Medusa's head.

The "Deposito dipinto," or painted vault, is a vault hollowed out in the tufo, the roof arched, and supported by a beam, on each side of which are square compartments cut into the rock. A ledge runs round the wall, above which is the frieze of painted figures representing a chariot-race, pugilists, foot-races, &c. In one part, two men are engaged in leaping over two sticks, which are balanced on each other; in another, some are engaged in playing at ascolie—that is, leaping directly on the centre of a large vase, the bowl of which is very protuberant, and the surface of which is greased and slippery. One of the performers has missed his step, and is falling to the ground; one man is using dumb-bells; another playing at quoits; others at leap-frog, wrestling, throwing a spear, &c.; indeed, the paintings in this tomb seem to be more varied and life-like than those in any other. The interest in seeing these chambers at Chiusi, all filled with their own sarcophagi and urns, instead of all void and vacant as at *Terquinia*, must be great.

The tomb of *Porsenna* is the next we have to notice; and this is the only Etruscan sepulchre noted in ancient history. *Pliny* gives *Varro's* description of this remarkable tomb. It consisted, according to his report, of a basement three hundred feet long and fifty feet high; above which stood five pyramids, all united at their summits, and capped with a cupola of bronze, from which rose four other pyramids; and above these, again, another cupola, and five more pyramids; the whole fabric rising to an almost incredible altitude. Each cupola was fringed with a row of bells. This is now level with the ground, the labyrinth which occupied the basement alone remaining.

We must now leave the tombs, and take a glance at some of the interesting relics which were to be seen in the chief museums in the neighbouring town of *Chiusi*. Inscribed vases, tazze of unrivalled beauty, bronze and gilt specchj, foculari, and many other objects of interest, exist in these museums in very great abundance and fine preservation. On one vase the subject was three times repeated.



DRINKING CUP, OF CLAY.

First, was a man in a helmet and cuirass, with a wedge-like beard, in the old Egyptian style, and two spears in his hand, followed by a female, holding by the arm of a half-naked man, in whose hand is a drawn sword. Then comes the representative of death—a gorgon monster, grinning and hideous, his tongue hanging out, his teeth displayed, with tusks like a wild boar, crossing each other at the extremities of his mouth, and with a pair of wings which open outwards from the breast. Next comes a figure of *Mercury*, with a wedge-like beard and wings, and a goose at his feet; and then the dog-headed *Anubis*, the guardian of the dead, having a swan, or some such bird, at his feet, and a sparrow with expanded wings above his breast. Round the rim of this vase twines the serpent belonging to the good genius; and again in various places appears the gorgon mask.

Black vases, with no other ornament than a figure in a kneeling attitude, which forms the lid; red vases, some of which had holes beneath the figure, as if to allow of the heat or vapour from the ashes escaping; urns in terra-cotta, consisting of the figure of the head

of the deceased, and filled with his ashes, as large as life, and extremely well executed, and other curiosities, are found in this (the Casuccini) museum.

One of the rooms contains sarcophagi laid on ledges, as they were found in the tombs, some of them being figures of Etruscan lucomones, as large, or larger than life, in stone, or terra-cotta, and lying in state on their own coffin-lids. Amongst them was one, of which Mrs. Gray says, "I have reserved to the last mentioning the one which pleased and astonished us the most. In the midst of all these sarcophagi, upon the ground, and in front, by itself, like the presiding genius of the place, sat a white-robed figure, of grave and solemn appearance, in a curule chair. It made me start, when I first saw it, for it looked as if alive; it was the portrait and figure of the deceased. But what increased my wonder was to perceive that it was a woman—the Larthia of Chiusi. She sat with queenly dignity in her robes of ceremony and in her chair of state; and the inscription, which told of what she had been, was placed beneath her feet, as if, when she entered the grave, the things of earth were to her all levelled with the dust. The figure was of fetid limestone, in a beautiful style of art. It is the gem of Chiusi."

A few words concerning the curious relics discovered at a place called Sarteano, about six miles from Chiusi, must close our consideration of Etrurian sepulchres. Tombs, excavated in the tufo, have here been discovered, simple and unpainted, but containing some articles not found elsewhere. Amongst these are urns, called "Canopus vases," because they resemble in form the Egyptian vases of that name. One of these, now in the Florence Gallery, is a vase, standing in a curule chair of wood, covered with a coating of lime to preserve it, and varnished, after having been painted of a light yellowish-brown colour. The vase is of red clay, with two handles, the top of it representing, in very old style, the head of a middle-aged and bearded man, with marked eyebrows, curly hair, and earrings. There is another vase, also standing in a curule chair: it is of black earth; the lid, also a man's head, in the oldest style. Some of these urns have been found placed in chairs of terra-cotta, and others, consisting of only the head and neck; have the eyes and eyebrows painted black, and in some of them the whole painted in colours, so as to resemble, as nearly as possible, life. Many have the hair painted, and some of them present the appearance of wings. These are, some of them, heads of women; and one of them, in the Florence Gallery, is of a young woman of perfect beauty.

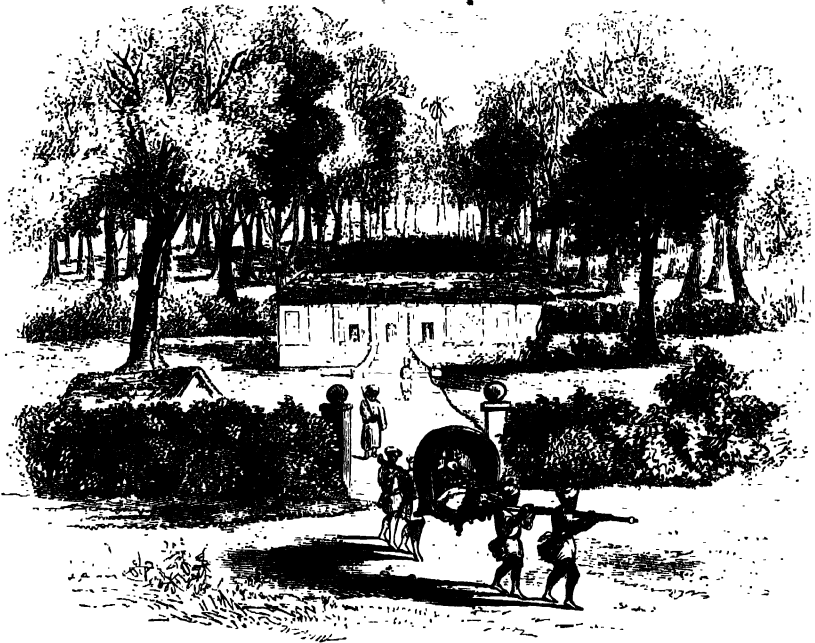


URN FOUND AT  
SARTEANO.

### UNFREQUENTED PLACES IN BRITISH INDIA.—No. III.

MASSULIPATAM was once a very large station, at the time when a Queen's regiment used always to be in cantonment there in addition to the native infantry regiments, the detachments of artillery and engineers, and a large body of civilians and staff officers; but the climate was found so fatal to European troops, that it was deemed necessary to remove these entirely from the district, the quiet state of the country also not requiring the presence

of so strong an armed force. When I was there we still mustered very strong, especially for such a wretched and out-of-the-way place. There were two regiments of native infantry then on the station—the forty-seventh and the twenty-ninth, respectively under the command of Majors Garnault and Wyllie.



MASSULIPATAM—JUDGE'S RESIDENCE AND TONGON.

No one who has not had practical experience can form a just idea of the terrific hot land-winds that blow at Massulipatam during three months in the year, with scarcely an hour's intermission. To thrust your face and hands into an oven; to stand over a blacksmith's roaring furnace, is the nearest approach I can make to anything like a description. As a preventive against this plague, all the houses are provided with anti-land-wind remedies, in the shape of tatties, or thick blinds, consisting of a light bamboo framework, stuffed or filled up with a most delicious aromatic dried grass, called by the Indians, cuscuss. These tatties are attached to every window and door in the house facing that direction from which the scorching wind blows; and being continually kept damp by men whose special occupation is to keep throwing water upon them, the result is, that the scorching wind is metamorphosed into a delightfully cool breeze—so cool as to be almost unpleasantly cold when too nearly approached. Every doorway and window-sill where these tatties are placed is literally crammed with goglets (earthen jugs made perforous) of water, bottles of beer, and different wines, dressed out in damp white chemises; plates of mangoes and other fruits; bowls of salad;



mountains of jellies, and large detachments of goodly-smelling creams, all undergoing the process of being iced, or approaching as near to being iced as the climate will admit. To be seated with an agreeable book worth perusing, out of the way of a draught, with a pleasant light in the room, and the red-hot country round about shut out from view, inhaling the delicious cool air, as it came, richly scented with the cuscuss, and sometimes accompanied by a goodly odour of fruits, &c., pleasant to sniff at, was certainly an atonement for past sufferings, when compelled to expose oneself to the weather; and this is the only pleasant souvenir we have of that odious Massulipatam. All the European houses were airy and commodiously built, as indeed they well might be, in a climate where nine months out of the year there was scarcely air enough to stir a leaf, except for a few hours of an evening, when the sea-breeze set in to revive the total languor and depression that pervaded man and beast: as for the earth, all artificial means of irrigation, and the very heavy night-dews, were barely sufficient to keep the crops from being burnt to a cinder. What the sufferings of the poor European soldiers must have been during the period of their being in cantonment here may be conceived, when we say that even the sepoy, inured from their infancy to the heat of India, used often to faint away on the parade-ground, when the drill had been prolonged as late as eight, or half-past eight, A.M.—so intensely hot had the sun waxed, even at this early hour of the day. The churchyard was crowded with gloomy mementos raised to the officers and men of Her Majesty's troops; and not a few of the Company's servants, both civil and military, and ladies and children, have succumbed to the overwhelming, oppressive climate of this wretched station. The chaplain had died some months before our arrival, and none other was appointed to succeed him during our stay; the duties devolving on the civil magistrates, and occasionally the fort adjutant officiating as chaplain. In the cool of the evening, driving and riding was a pastime and exercise much resorted to; and the band of the twenty-ninth native infantry played twice a week—*pro bono publico*—for an hour in the evening. This was the only source of amusement. Occasional dinner-parties at the messes—evenings at home, amongst the married folks—were epochs in Massulipatam life; but we must confess that, with regard to the enjoyment of society, we were better off than most of our neighbours, as the friend at whose house we sojourned rarely sat down to table without at least half-a-dozen subs and young assistant collectors, to assist him in the hot and laborious task of masticating the many good things with which his hospitable table was abundantly spread. Mine host's eldest son had only just come out in the army, and was doing duty with the twenty-ninth; hence they were temporarily his brother-officers, and looked upon as such by the father. Nor were the young officers backward in acknowledging that old B—— was a right-down good-hearted fellow, and that he gave the best feeds, and kept better wines, than any man in India.

The prevailing features of Massulipatam are dust, heat, and prickly-pear hedges. Sierra Leone must be a congenial climate in comparison. Yet some few officers were hardy enough—foolhardy would be a more appropriate term—to go out shooting during the day, when the thermometer was at 110° in the shade! As if the climate was not a sufficient evil to contend against in itself.

Coolness and petty jealousies were of continual occurrence between the ladies, both military and civil. Mrs. So-and-so was voted a bore

(because she always sang at parties, and endeavoured to make herself agreeable) by Mrs. Slowcoach, who was just the reverse, being unaccomplished and vixenish. The consequence was, that when the latter gave a tea-party, the former was carefully excluded; and this led to a breach, which, from small beginnings, eventually led to open ruptures; and then those who should have remained neutral, having nothing better to do, and thinking it a capital spree, sided with one party or the other; and the result was, that one-half of the society cut or got cut by the other; and it required no small degree of tact and good judgment to steer clear of all offence, and remain on terms with both parties—a tact, however, which mine worthy host possessed to a marvellous extent, for he was the pink of good-nature and gallantry, and never gave offence, or got affronted, in any one single instance, during more than a quarter of a century's residence in India.

Should any unlucky wayfarer chance to find himself at Massulipatam during the month of September, he will then, indeed, see that vile cantonment decked out in all its "native horrors." The heats are at their climax, working themselves up into a furnace-like rage at the thoughts of the approaching wet weather. Gentlemen (bachelors) may be found at any hour of the day, from sunrise to sunset, stretched at full length on sofas, in extremely primitive costumes, with the pukkah continually going, and thirteen palanquin-bearers, two chokeras, and an old tonny-catchee, all laboriously occupied: some fetching chatties (of water); others emptying the same into cut-down, empty barrels, which serve as reservoirs; and all the rest—some with basins, some with teacups, some with master's old straw hats—lading out the water, and throwing it alternately on the cuscuss blinds, which darken every window and door in the room. When these are well saturated, and the suffering wight fallen asleep, or rather dozed off, under the influence of the artificial coolness imparted to the room, then the natives themselves revel in the luxury of sitting, or sprawling on the wet floor, till the ominous complaints of their master recal them to a sense of their duty, and they discover the blinds to be as dry and hot as though they had been a whole week exposed to the heat, instead of having been saturated not a quarter of an hour past—such is the scorching influence of the wind. Young men, careless of the results, indulge in the pleasant (yet dangerous when too long indulged in) pastime of swimming about in ponds of clear and most agreeably cool water, in large cisterns, built, enclosed, and covered in for the use of the officers of the regiments.

At length the sun, who has scorched his old face into a blood-red colour, sets behind the distant wave, seeming to set the whole sea on fire for the few seconds his last rays remain visible; and as night closes in, a faint, little, weakly breeze begins to make its appearance, gradually gaining strength as the night-dews help to cool the well-roasted ground. Put your hand against the outside wall of the house towards the west, and you will draw it away as quickly as though it had come in contact with a red-hot iron. The stars appear, and night is fairly set in: jackals and other nocturnal creatures creep out of their holes and hiding-places; and that stately thing, man, personated by Lieutenant O'Blunderbuss, raises himself on his two legs, and begins to meditate on the advantages derivable from a few extra etceteras, in addition to his forenoon costume. People get dressed, and venture out; seven o'clock strikes, and dinner is announced; it makes its appearance on the table; the invited guests

arrive, and so do multitudes of uninvited strangers, in the uncongenial shapes of grasshoppers, cockroaches, beetles, mosquitoes, and innumerable moths and loathsome insects, amongst which the green bug takes the lead. The snowy-white tablecloth, that looked so pleasantly enticing before the candles were lit, is now barely perceptible from the swarms of living creatures that thickly cover it; the sprucet young lieutenant, who has rashly stopped in the act of discussing a plate of soup, for the purpose of giving vent to some *jeu-de-mot*, finds to his horror that the savoury odour of the dish before him has been contaminated by the violent death of a green bug, emitting such an effluvium as is sufficient to sicken him of soup for the remainder of his life. The jocose old captain asks the youngest officer—who is naturally fresh and uninitiated in the mysteries of Oriental life, and comes under the class called griffins—whether he may have the pleasure of helping him to a camel's hoof! The captain learnt French when he was a boy at school, and this has been a standing joke with him ever since he entered into the army. Anything good he says is *comme il faut*; and from his peculiar pronunciation, "cam il foot," hence the frightful *jeu-de-mot* that he is nightly guilty of at the mess-table. The young officer is gazing in open-mouthed astonishment at the captain's brilliancy, till he catches the idea, or perhaps rather sooner catches a beetle, or a juvenile cockroach, and rushes from the table the picture of agonized despair. Hundreds of tiny insects meet a premature death in the salt-cellars; thousands get drowned in the soup; hundreds of thousands perish whilst exploring the regions within the limits of the curry dishes; and aristocratic beetles, like a nobleman of yore, choose for themselves wine-glasses and tumblers teeming with ale, sherry, claret, and even champagne; in which, to them, unfathomable baths they struggle, till overcome by the fumes of liquor, they drown. In vain are glasses carefully covered; in vain does the huge punkah send forth a little hurricane of wind; in vain do chokeras stand with vicereys to fan away the insurgents; in they come, in countless myriads; now a loathsome green bug in the soup; now a huge grasshopper perched on your head; now your eye nearly blinded by a beetle coming in sharp contact with it; then the lights nearly extinguished by apparently invulnerable moths, that have flown against the wicks full a dozen times. In addition to all this, a legion of bats keep whizzing about the room, flying so low sometimes that you are in momentary expectation of one settling on your ear, or getting entangled with your hair. If you had any appetite when you sat down, it has now thoroughly vanished: you rise from the table, and are glad to get out into the air, and sit in the open verandah, under the canopy of heaven, breathing what air there is with all the eagerness of a stifling man. Here you have a little respite from your troubles; tea is handed round by the servants; the milk has turned sour from excessive heat, and the water tastes smoky: nothing remains but cold brandy and water; and having sipped this, you retire for the night, get your nightclothes on, and, armed with a towel, you rush headlong into bed, tucking in the thin gauze curtains with all possible expedition; and, chuckling satisfactorily to think that you have done the mosquitoes, compose yourself to sleep. You are just dozing off comfortably when the awfully familiar buzz of a solitary mosquito grates upon your still half-awake ear. You listen, till you hear it approach nearer and nearer; the certain expectation of a sting puts sleep to flight: finally you feel the sharp incision in your forehead; your hand, which

you have kept prepared, alights with a tremendous slap, making sparks fly before your eyes on the spot indicated; and while smarting under the blow, your wrath is raised to its utmost pitch by hearing the villanous insect securely buzzing in some other part of the bed. This is too much even for a philosopher to put up with: you sit up in bed with the determination of a desperate man to revenge yourself on the base murderer of sleep. Twisting the towel together, you wave it round your head with all the energy of a shipwrecked mariner waving a signal of distress, and, carried away by your feelings, never observe that you have knocked the mosquito-curtains loose. You stop for breath, and instantly are beset by a whole legion, who have entered by the apertures in the curtains. The best thing to do is to evacuate the field, and walk about like a troubled spirit till three or four o'clock in the morning; the mosquitoes get sleepy about that time, and are thickly clustered against the bed curtains. So, carefully throwing these over the bed, you throw your shattered form upon the counterpane, and there sleep for a couple of hours or so, till day breaks, and a fresh plague, in the shape of flies, bursts the happy bands of temporary oblivion.

Such is Massulipatam, and such the sufferings of those luckless wights, whose avocations fix them there through a period of years of a longer or shorter term.

The manufactures of Massulipatam consist of that species of common cloth, which is a staple commodity of commerce all over India, Siam, China, and European and Asiatic Turkey, and is known in the markets as madapolam. It is also famous for the manufacture of thin painted coverlids for beds, which are called in India palampores; they serve to protect the sheets from accumulating dust, and are a pleasant covering in hot weather, being extremely light and cool. Costly stones are sometimes found in the neighbourhood of Massulipatam; emeralds and rubies have been picked up in the beds of the rivers, when the water has ebbed so low as to admit of men and children wading about the waters, then often hardly ankle deep. Trichinopoly jewellers annually visit the neighbourhood of Rajahmundry for the purpose of picking up or purchasing stones, and Massulipatam was generally included in their range of circuit; these rogues managing mostly to glean something nice from the disposal of their wares, foisting trash and rubbish upon the uninitiated in lieu of the far-famed Trichinopoly rosechain.

Almost every town or large cantonment in India has its convalescent hills, or rural retreat, or seaside village, to which, in sickness, or during the great heats, or on pleasure parties, the Europeans retire for a week, a fortnight, or may be a month. The Hastings, or Ryde, of Massulipatam was a place rejoicing in the euphonious name of Tavishapondy.

An old Madras civilian, of rather an eccentric turn, had taken it into his mind to fix upon this secluded, and at least, hot retreat (though, certainly, in comparison to Massulipatam it was a perfect Paradise), to pass the remainder of his days in retirement. He had built a small yet elegant house, which he had furnished with every regard to taste and even luxury, and amongst other things possessed that magnet to the younger portion of the Massulipatamites, a billiard-table. His house was situated about half a mile from the seashore; and not ten yards from the seashore were the remains of what once had been a very comfortable little bungalow; its space was limited, consisting of only a large room, which served as a sitting and dining room during the day, and could at night

accommodate one or two bachelors, who did not object to sleeping on couches. Besides this universally-useful apartment there were two or three small rooms, which served as ladies' dressing-rooms, and even, on a pinch, as sleeping apartments; though at the period of our visit to Tavishapondy the bungalow was in such a ruinous condition that it was barely safe to trust one's life under the tottering roofs of the smaller chambers. There were some shady trees growing in the neighbourhood; and the method adopted by invalids, and other refugees from the overpowering heat and dust of Massulipatam, was to have their large and commodious tents pitched at a convenient distance from the bungalow, and these, though too much exposed to heat during the sultry hours of the day, served as very agreeable dormitories; and the one large room in the bungalow was used during the day as a "*sal de réunion*," the smaller apartments serving as lumber and store rooms. By these means three or four families could at a time avail themselves of the benefits arising from a seaside trip; and as many young bachelors as chose to provide themselves with tents and sleeping materials were always welcome—the more the merrier—provided perfect goodwill and unanimity reigned.

A stroll along the pleasant seaside at early dawn, occasionally a plunge into the ever-troubled waters of the sea, or the healthful recreation of exercise on horseback, made the hour of breakfast always welcome. Ladies and small children collected shells; elderly gentlemen, walking-stick in one hand, and leading the eldest of a hopeful progeny by the other, held forth on the beauties of nature and the glories of the rising sun; larks carolled high in the air; curlew and sandpipers gave occupation and amusement to sportsmen; and the balmy breath of the early breeze, as it swept across the cool-looking ocean, came thickly impregnated with that peculiar and refreshing scent, only to be met with at seaside retreats. Every one met at the breakfast table: the healthy full of animation and spirits; the invalid full of hope and faith in what the change of air would do; children, too full of rollicsome fun to be restrained within the bounds of decorum. Speedily was the social meal discussed, and then all separated to meet again at dinner-time; some to read, others to write; ladies had needlework, children lessons, and some few betook themselves to the billiard-table at old W——'s.

The evenings passed merrily enough, tea and the news of the day; candles, and a round game at cards; music and a light supper; something hot just to keep out the damp air of the night, and then "to your tents," was the signal for bed and repose. An occasional snake would sometimes interrupt our hilarity; but then this was a matter of course in a land where such things might be an every-day occurrence.

Within the last few years the old bungalow fell in, nearly smothering an old tonicatchee,\* who was sweeping out the room. On its site a new and very commodious convalescent house has been erected; so that the whole of Massulipatam—I mean the English population—which now barely amounts to twenty individuals—might emigrate to Tavishapondy, leaving the many plagues of insects and uncongenial heat to revenge themselves on the luckless natives.

Before bringing our sojourn to a close I must take a brief review of the fortress and its inhabitants. The fort itself is a good specimen of strength and ingenuity; so are most of the houses built within its walls. The

\* A water-carrier.

commandant occupied a large and coolly situated building; the fort-adjutant did penance in a veritable oven of a house. Besides these two gentlemen and their families there were a couple of Portuguese priests, a few shopkeepers, some retired sea-captains, carpenters, blacksmiths, jewellers, and masons; a bazaar, a market-place, some heavy cumbrous guns, a few old pensioners, a few ditto invalids, a flag-staff, and a colour-sergeant; two squeaking fifes, and an abominable drum, which executed "Malbrook," with variations, every morning at gun-fire (that is, five o'clock A.M.), and played a lamentable march every evening at eight P.M., when another gun fired, and the fort gates were closed for the night, and the portcullis drawn.

The poor fort-adjutant has long since been gathered to his fathers, and so has the poor old brigadier, and we believe both his sons; but whoever may be stationed in their places now must tacitly admit, should they ever chance to cast their eyes over these pages, that in describing, in our humble way, the horrors of Massulipatam, we have, if anything, understated them.

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### OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.

#### THE SWALLOW TRIBE.—No. III.

It is not only while they remain in the nest that young swallows are constant objects of the solicitude of their parents. Much pains is taken in teaching them to fly; and to capture their insect prey. For several days successively the young birds are conducted up the shaft of the chimney to its summit, and there they sit, surveying the world around them, while their parents procure and bring them food. Their next step in progress is to take a short flight to some leafless bough of a tree, and sitting there in rows they receive their meal from the older birds. Soon, however, they learn to trust their strong wings, and to wheel about in those graceful circles common to the tribe. Even now, however, they cannot always secure the insects, but the parent swallows dash into the winged circles, and bring away the flies, or guats, and convey them to the mouths of their young charge.

The Martin\* (*Hirundo urbica*), which comes to us a few days after the swallow, has also a low, guttural, and pleasing song. Trusting its nest, with all its precious charge, immediately under our very eaves, and in the corners of our windows, we may often hear the gentle notes of the bird, and watch the process by which the mud chamber is gradually shaped into a comfortable and sheltered dwelling-place, destined, probably, for rearing a great number of young martins in the course of successive summers.

The Sand-martin † (*Hirundo riparia*) demands but a short notice,

\* The Martin is about five inches and a quarter in length. Upper parts glossy blue-black; rump, chin, and whole under parts pure white; beak black; feet clothed with grey down.

† The Sand-martin is four inches and three-quarters in length. Upper parts dark brown; under parts white; a band of brown crosses the breast; beak and feet dark brown.

for it cannot be said to sing, though it utters some low notes which are rather sweet. It has an ingenious mode of making itself and its family very comfortable, and dwells with many others of its species in little colonies, all of them helping to mine their way into cliffs and sandbanks, and placing the nest in these excavations. The sharp, hard bill seems admirably adapted for a mining instrument, and our bird uses it skilfully, as he hangs on with his strong claws, gradually rounding the aperture, till it is exactly suited for the nest; working on from the circumference, and yet shaping it as well as if he had mathematical instruments to guide his progress. This hollow burrow reaches horizontally to a depth of about two feet; and at the very extremity is placed the nest of grass, made cosy and snug by a warm lining of feathers. The eggs, like those of the house-martin, are white.

Every one knows that wonderful bird the Swift\* (*Cypselus apus*); but, alas! he is no singer, only uttering a loud scream as he darts past us. Hence in rural districts he is named "squeaker." He is, indeed, the bird of the air, for he never alights on the ground; for so long are his wings, and so short his feet,† that he finds it impossible to rise from an even surface, and cannot walk, but only crawl over the earth. But his feet are not intended for walking, but for clinging; and the bird well knows how to use them for this purpose, and hangs by sharp-hooked claws to the perpendicular face of walls and houses. Well is this bird called the Swift, for the eye can hardly follow his rapid motion. In Palestine it is termed Hadji, or Pilgrim; and being the largest and the most conspicuous of the swallow tribe in that land, it is the type of the heraldic martlet, originally applied in the science of blazon, as the especial distinction of a pilgrim crusader, which was, doubtless, borrowed from Oriental nations. This is probably the bird alluded to by the Psalmist, when, longing for the communion of worship in the sanctuary of Israel, he exclaimed, "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young; even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King, and my God."

The Swift lives on the wing; eats, drinks, and collects materials for its nest on the wing, never resting except during darkness, and when the family duties demand a patient sitting. Its nest is made in holes in steeples, or under the eaves of the old house, or church, or turret, and two eggs, white as ivory, are deposited in it. In France the bird is termed *Martin de Muraille*, and in Paris and some other places it is called *Le Juif*.

Our jet-black bird seems to pass a busy life here, and directly he arrives may be seen preparing for the nest. All the time of his short stay he is incessantly occupied in catching his prey; and after rushing distractedly through the air for about fourteen or fifteen weeks, goes off again to other climates.

The usual time of the arrival of this bird is early in May, and by the middle of August it is gone, though now and then some straggler is left a little longer. The swallows are all widely distributed, being found, apparently like the insect tribe on which they feed, in almost every part of the world.

\* The Swift is seven inches in length. Whole plumage brownish-black, except a small patch of dull white on the chin; beak and feet black.

† The specific name of this bird, *apus*, means "footless."

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE BLACK SEA.—No. I.



FISHING STATION.

THE subjoined narrative of a boat excursion, made in 1846, along part of the northern coast of the Black Sea, is translated from the French of M. Xavier Hommaire. Now that the eyes of all are anxiously turned towards the East, it will be read with interest.

Leaving Point Faranaky, on the European shore, to the left, and passing the last castellated fort of Kidenderch, which commands both the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, we encountered a series of massive



trachyte rocks, the irregular piling of which presented the strangest forms. Breakers, incessantly surging in these dangerous waters, abruptly line with their dazzling foam the black and rugged coast. Not without reason was this sea named Pontus Axenos (inhospitable sea) by the ancient Greek colonists, who settled on its borders from the time of the fabulous Argonauts. This ill-omened reputation has descended for centuries; and, in spite of the advance of navigation, to the present day the Black Sea is much dreaded by the sailors who frequent it.

In contrast with the enchantments of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, which we had just quitted, its aspect was all the more chilling. The whole coast, cut into various fantastic shapes, is void both of culture and habitation. No living creatures are to be seen but curlews and other sea-birds, which build their nests in the cliffs, and incessantly sweep in flocks, with a kind of desperate rapidity, the surface of the sea, mingling their piercing and plaintive cry with its deep roar.

The masses of trachyte, however, open occasionally, and reveal little valleys, the peaceable and verdant aspect of which, like pictures set in sombre frames, contrasts happily with the general aridity and gloominess.

It was in one of the little bays formed by the opening of a valley that we made our first halt. Our vessel having been drawn on shore (an indispensable operation where it is impossible to cast anchor), we set off in search of geological specimens and subjects for sketching. One of the latter was admirably supplied by the general view of the sea, the outline of the coast, the fortress of Kidenderch and the tower of Faranaky (lighthouse), the white rays from which were distinctly visible on the distant rose-coloured horizon. The sound of a horn gave warning—first of preparation for departure, and then of the moment of embarkation.

The first bay of any importance which presents itself is that of Vousouniah, where are collected some fishermen's huts. Further on, we passed in front of the Valley of Spartireh, fortified and almost entirely formed by a wall of volcanic rocks; having rounded which, we entered the Bay of Kilia, where, in case of bad weather, shelter may be found by the little coasting vessels, which nearly all the year round pass to and fro, giving the shore as wide a berth as possible.

The sun was rapidly declining when, having landed on this side of the cape, which proudly bears the little fort of Kilia, our crew busied themselves about the important question of encamping. As ardent as heroes who set foot on a conquered soil, might surprised us hammering at all the rocks on the coast, whilst my companion was sketching and colouring their structure and composition.

A multitude of slender poles, each terminated in a knob, and arranged in order on the summit of the walls of the fort, originated the strangest conjectures. Our imagination went so far as to take them for pikes bearing human heads; and this interpretation would have given a very dramatic colour to the first impressions of our voyage, in keeping with the manners of the country and the character of the place: but the romance of our conjecture was agreeably dispelled when we found that the object of our curiosity was neither more nor less than a row of gun ramrods.

The first night, like the majority of those which followed it, was passed in the open air. Our cloaks, some pieces of carpet, and other

coverings were thrown on the sand of the seashore, and we fell asleep to the sound of the waves.

The imposing report of a cannon—*top*, as the Turkish language so well expresses it—proceeding from the summit of the rock which sheltered us effectually, awoke us before daybreak.\* With the sun soon shone out, in perfect clearness of detail, the grand spectacle that we had barely imagined the evening before in the glimmer of the setting sun.

The Bay of Kilia, which was to be our head-quarters for five or six days, is quite open to the north winds, and offers little or no security during a great part of the year. An indifferent pier, one hundred and sixty yards long, in a half-ruinous condition, joined to a little fort built of different-coloured trachyte, give it a certain importance in the eyes of a few hundred fishermen and sellers of charcoal, who at stated periods frequent this poverty-stricken coast; but it is a wretched station for any one who is obliged to take refuge there.

Our party was composed of the captain, three sailors, and a youth, who acted as cook and general servant, M. Jules Laurens, attached to the expedition as artist, and myself.

A simple fishing-boat (*caïque*), undecked, loaded with scientific instruments and provisions, was to take us as far as Varna, and perhaps to Galatz, in spite of the numerous obstacles which it appeared must stand in the way of this insufficient method of transport. One of the most serious of these was the having to struggle continually, with all-insufficient means, against a sea liable to variations of every kind—a sea which, owing to the prevalence of reefs and shallows, is destitute of a single good harbour for almost the whole of its circumference. But the desire of never missing the sight of a single point of the coast, and, in case of need, of being able to touch, had compelled me to choose a vessel which could shave along the base of the cliffs, penetrate into the creeks like a sea-swallow, and permit me to land without much trouble, whenever the nature of my researches required it.

But this mode of travelling possesses on the whole an extreme charm, in spite, or rather because, of the danger attending it. The attention being incessantly excited, the least incident is important. The movement of the clouds, the freshening of the wind, the unfurling of a sail, the countenances of the boatmen, more or less anxious, the scream of a curlew—everything is a presage and a warning. Then one is so perfectly insulated from the world in the face of this surprising sea and this line of coast, incessantly repeating its promontories, precipices, moving sand-hills and fractured rocks, that a feeling of pride mixes up with the thousand impressions caused by a situation so singular. Creation itself seems to initiate you into its most secret mysteries. These crags, huddled together in quaint attitudes; these breakers, white with foam; these remains of shells ground to sand; the whole of nature thus in disorder, becomes, as it were, especially to the geologist, an open book, in which he reads as he runs the whole history of our planet. With respect to art, as with science, such a voyage cannot fail to be fruitful in holy inspirations. All the powers of the imagination are awakened—all the instincts excited—by this succession of effects and contrasts, which are perpetually being reproduced, and which engage the mind in boundless contemplation. Sometimes there mixes with this mental enchantment a physical rest-

\* It was then the Ramazan, the great Mohammedan fast.

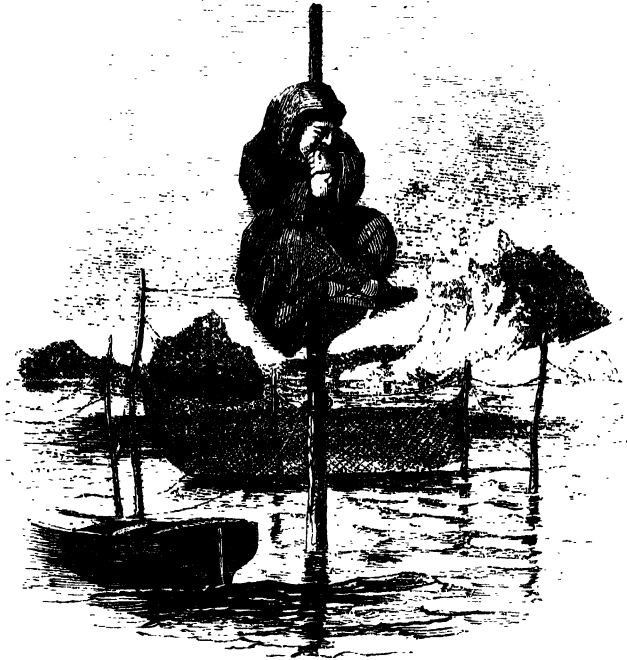
lessness. Such calms, such harmonies, such murmurings may soon be succeeded by howlings of the blast, so that we can only with reason reckon on the present moment; and this looking out for danger keeps the mind on a continual stretch.

During the night we kept up a great fire, and each in his turn mounted guard for an hour or two—a necessary precaution in a place so entirely cut off from the civilized world.

A long walk next morning, undertaken with all the instruments of exploration and work—that is to say, with a whole arsenal of arms both for hunting and defence, scientific instruments and implements of art—procured for us the good fortune of meeting, near Voussoniah, a party of fifty Bulgarians and Greeks, employed in casting their nets and bestowing all the requisite gravity and inward contemplation on their important occupation. Our appearance excited their curiosity in a great degree: their attention became even so distracted that they suffered here and there some small fish to escape, happy enough to regain the bottom of the sea.

This scene, eminently picturesque, became, when the nets were stowed away, one of the most noisy animation. The greater part of them then went on board a fishing-canoe, carved with Byzantine ornaments, brilliantly painted with different colours. A dozen stout rowers gave it so rapid an impulse that in the twinkling of an eye it disappeared behind the nearest ridge of rocks. Such is the life led by these men, laboriously ransacking the sea, in the employment of the contractors for the fishery. Wherever fish are to be found, and a few strong arms in the neighbouring strand to aid them in hauling their nets, the picturesque scene which we had witnessed is repeated in spring and autumn. They are, almost without exception, Bulgarians—a population at once maritime and agricultural, very closely resembling, in race and costume, the Bretons of France—and enjoy a monopoly of all the fisheries in the Bosphorus and the adjacent parts of the Black Sea. Their elegant barks appeared on stated days and hours, shooting along with extraordinary rapidity through the waters of the Gulf of Buyuk Déreh, which appears to be their head-quarters, and sustaining the test of comparison even with the famous caïques of Constantinople. The most important object of their fishery is a delicious kind of small thunny, called palamede. They are Bulgarians, also, who own the singular fisheries which form such admirable subjects for the artist's sketch-book. They are found throughout the Bosphorus, from Bechiktusch and Scutari to the light-houses of Europe and Asia. They might be called dog-kennels, but rickety and worm-eaten with antiquity, and are suspended by means of cords, pegs, and tatters to the top of an indescribable framework of props (page 409). There on high, petrified in motionless and uninterupted silence, in company with some old pots of mignonette (where will not the love of flowers find a home!), a man with the appearance of a wild beast or savage leans over the sea, at the bottom of which he watches the passage of its smallest inhabitants, and the capricious variations of the current. At a certain distance is arranged, in the form of a square, a system of nets, which, at the least signal from the watcher, fall on the entire shoal of fish. A contrivance yet more primitive than these airy cells, if not so picturesque, was that of simple posts, which we encountered some time before in the channel of the Bosphorus, rising about fifteen feet above the surface of the water. Half-way up is

perched, crouching (one cannot see how), something having the human form, and which is found to be a Bulgarian. For a long time I watched them without being able to make them out, either pole or its tenant; and often have I seen them in the morning, and observed them again in the evening, not having undergone the least change of posture.



POST FOR WATCHING A FISH.

On returning to our encampment, the commandant of the fort, to whom we paid a visit, gave us a very different report of the fishermen of the morning, whom he described as an assemblage of all the vagabonds of the neighbourhood. Convinced even that the fact of their having fallen in with us must have inspired them with the project of coming to prowl by night round our camp, he wished us to accept some of the men in his garrison as a guard.

In the course of another walk along the seashore, we discovered an opening left through the sand-hills to the marshy valleys which extend behind them. We ascended a little winding stream, the course of which, scarcely perceptible, is covered by a thicket of alders, peopled by magnificent hoopoes. From one of its banks rose, in regular succession, waves of fine and excessively brilliant sand, considered holy by the Greeks who dwell in the vicinity, who lay themselves in it nearly naked, and remain

for whole hours exposed to the burning heat of the sun, under the conviction that such a penance is a certain cure for the serious fevers of the country.

The houses of Kilia—built in rows, and with a western aspect, on the slope facing the sea—present the same miserable appearance, and are constructed on the same model with all those that we find, whether in the towns or villages of the coast, as far as Russia. They are composed of a ground-floor, or at most a basement of unhewn, whitewashed stone, a single story of wood, covered with a sloping tiled roof. Nothing was to be seen here of the famous “kiosques,” the “terraced roofs,” the “waving palms,” which figure so prominently in poetical descriptions of Oriental scenery. The East is here painted vividly only in the costume of the inhabitants—in the point of a small, heavy, massive minaret, recalling too clearly the idea of a candle in its stand, capped by its extinguisher; in two or three windmills of a local construction; and, stuck like poles about the country, several of those brick obelisks, now dilapidated and unserviceable, which supplied, with equal ingenuity and simplicity, in the hydraulic system of the Arabs, the place occupied by the gigantic and expensive aqueducts of the West.

Since the traveller can observe the every-day life of Orientals scarcely anywhere else than at the coffee-house, I paid frequent visits to the modest but not uninteresting one at Kilia. Nothing with which we are conversant at home can give any idea of the calm dignity which prevailed throughout this establishment. What a contrast between this rude *garé*, embellished, however, by art and the fine taste of its humblest utensils, where a dozen half-savage fishermen and soldiers enjoyed their low chat, interrupted from time to time by the gurgling of their narghillas—and our civilized inns, not to say provincial coffee-houses, where peasants, sitting at table over their wine, brawl and bellow now politics, now songs!

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#### RUINS AND MOUNDS IN NORTH AMERICA.

It is now more than three centuries ago since the Spaniards landed upon the shores of Central America, after having restricted themselves to the West India islands for twenty-five years. The civilization of the natives of these unconquered regions astonished them by its contrast with the barbarism of the savages they had just quitted. Here they found populous nations, powerful kings, laws, arts and manufactures, and cities, which at first sight appeared to rival those of their native country. Still, neither the Mexicans nor the neighbouring nations knew the use of iron; they had no animals trained to assist human labour; picture-writing was their only mode of transmitting history to future ages; barter, and the use of the beans of the cocoa were their modes of commercial interchange; the want of roads rendered communication extremely difficult; and their religion was a murky and sanguinary superstition.

The city of Mexico was described in glowing terms by the invaders. The *teocalli*, or house of God, was a pyramidal temple a hundred and twenty-one feet in perpendicular height. On its top stood a sacrificial stone and statues of the gods, amongst which were colossal ones of the sun and moon, covered with golden plates. The city was said to contain

eight temples, nearly equal to this, and two thousand of smaller size. The palaces of the king, and the mansions of the men of rank, were of vast dimensions and splendid construction.

Fifty years after the sword of the Spaniard first gleamed in Yucatan, the vast region of Central America was his own. The kings, the religion, the cities, the native inhabitants, were swept away, and the scanty survivors were reduced to servitude.

In his journey through Honduras, Guatemala Chiapas, Tabasco, and Yucatan, Stephens—the American traveller—found forty-four ruined cities, hidden in forests, and often unknown to those at whose doors they almost were. These ruins appear to be solely those of temples or palaces, for none have been found which can be regarded as those of ordinary dwelling-places.

The ruins of Copan extend for about two miles along the bank of a river of the same name in Honduras. There are no palaces here; but a wall, six hundred and twenty-four feet in length, and from sixty to ninety feet high, stretches along the river, and forms one side of an enclosure, whose other three boundaries consist of pyramidal structures and terraced walls. Flights of steps conduct to this wall from the river, and similar flights are found on its interior side, which lead down into the enclosure. Sculptures, representing skulls—monkeys' skulls it is supposed—a colossal ape or baboon, and human heads, were found. Indeed, the remains of sculpture are described as innumerable. Traces of colour are apparent, so that these monuments of past ages were once painted.

Stone columns, from eleven to thirteen feet in height, and from three to four feet in width, characterize the ruins of Copan. Upon one face of these, a human figure is sculptured in relief, with the hands upon the breast. All are richly clad, and the clumsily-formed feet are usually covered with a sort of buskin. The head-dresses are very fantastic.

Colonel Galindo, who explored these ruins some years ago, opened a sepulchral vault, in which he found numbers of earthenware vessels filled with human bones. On the floor of this vault were scattered stone knives, shells, stalactites, and an exquisitely-carved death's head, of small size. Eight stone idols—for such the columns above described are thought to be—with an altar before each of them, and situated from fifty to two hundred feet apart, stand at some distance from the enclosure which has already been mentioned. Some of the countenances are ridiculously horrible, others are more truly terrific, and one or two are agreeable to look at. Only one of the ruined cities exhibits monuments resembling those at Copan.

The ruins of Chichen, in Yucatan, must be briefly glanced at. The remaining structures are dispersed over an area which is about two miles in circumference. The finest edifice is called the House of the Nuns, in which brilliant-hued paintings are still visible. "The Writing in the Dark," as it is termed by the Indians, is a plain edifice facing the east, with a broad staircase in its front, which conducts to a flat roof; on the opposite side a solid, inexplicable piece of masonry projects from the wall—it measures forty-four feet by thirty-four feet. The caracol, or winding staircase, is a circular building, with a conically-shaped roof. Two parallel walls, each two hundred and seventy-four feet long and thirty feet thick, with a massive stone ring, four feet in diameter and twenty feet from the ground, in the centre of each of them, are thought to have been used in the celebration of public games. The walls are a hundred and twenty feet apart, and the rings are opposite

to one another. Other edifices are contiguous; and in some very interesting paintings are found, which afford us a glance at the every-day life of by-gone ages. Reddish brown is the colour invariably employed to depict flesh; and females are represented as of a rather lighter hue than males.

The Casas Arradas, or Closed Houses, found in some of the ruins, are buildings which appear to have been blocked up with stone and mortar before the roof was closed in; but why such an extraordinary course was adopted, is an enigma which defies solution.

Ponds and wells have been discovered in the neighbourhood of ruined cities. A pond which was explored in 1836 was found to be paved with layers of stones, and to contain four wells. Subterranean chambers, a few yards in diameter, and lined with cement, are found within these cities. They are supposed to have been storing-places for Indian corn. The impression of a red hand, apparently made by pressing a living hand stained with paint upon the walls of the edifice where it is found, is a symbol which is met with in almost every city. It is curious that the same sign is continually seen on skins purchased from native hunters, and it is said that this figure denotes supplication to the great spirit amongst the North American Indians, who employ it in their picture-writing to symbolize strength or mastery.

From Mexico to the state of Wisconsin traces of long-vanished civilization are met with. In the southern part of this region, terraced structures of a pyramidal form are the most common; but further to the north, in the territory of the Ohio and its tributaries, the conical-shaped mound is often met with, as are also enclosures embanked in by earth and stone. Ohio alone is computed to contain ten thousand mounds, and from a thousand to fifteen hundred embankments. Some of the mounds are of vast dimensions; but they usually vary from six to thirty feet in perpendicular altitude, and from forty to a hundred feet in diameter, at the base.

These works have been classified as enclosures for defence; sacred enclosures; mounds of sacrifice; sepulchral mounds, and so on, as their characteristics appeared to indicate.

Mounds of a very peculiar character are found in the north and north-western portion of the region in which these antiquities are scattered. These are earthworks, often of gigantic size, in the form of reptiles, birds, beasts, and men. Some have been opened, and discovered to contain human remains; and even now some Indian tribes use them as burial-places. Mounds are found also in the Oregon territory and in California.

And now comes the unanswerable question, "Who were the framers of these mounds? who embanked these enclosures? who built these cities?" Their resemblance to the description of Mexico given by the Spanish invaders is too obvious to escape notice. But their utter abandonment; the disregard evinced towards them by the natives; the dearth of traditional history, are perplexing difficulties. That they are the remains of a vanished civilization is almost all that we have to tell of them; but how that civilization became extinct—whether by war, or through other causes—is a problem which we cannot solve. These melancholy monuments stand before us an example of what even our own busy cities would become should Christianity ever ebb from our shores; for, though the ruins which we have described may not owe their fall to this cause, it would be easy to adduce instances in support of the truth that Christianity and civilization are inseparable companions, and that the latter sooner or later takes her departure from those countries in which the former does not dwell as an honoured guest.

## SWAN WATER.

## A STORY OF SWEDEN.

THE northern part of Sweden is a wild and mountainous country—a land of fir forests, of granite, and lakes. Its remote districts are seldom visited by travellers; but many a wild and interesting spot lies hidden among vast forests that seem nearly endless, and lakes and rivers that are more easily traversed in winter than in summer; for in winter the ice is thick and hard upon them, and sledges glide rapidly over them; or skaters, in great wooden skates, move actively along, as did the Dabearhins of former times, when sent to overtake and bring back the fugitive Gustavus Vasa to be king of Sweden. But I am now only going to tell a very simple story of that land, which I picked up when living there.

Near to the mountain-chain which separates Sweden from Norway there lies a narrow valley, bounded by high hills; it is situated on the skirts of one of those vast forests, through which one may travel for miles without meeting even an opening, save the road you are on; but the small vale of which I speak forms one break in such a forest. In its centre is a small lake, round which in summer a light green birchwood spreads its shade, and blends its softer hue refreshingly with the dark verdure of the unchanging pines; the lake itself is so full of little islands, covered with rocks and firs, that the water beneath seems to be divided into several sparkling mirrors, reflecting the things that appear on its surface. Swan Water is the name of this pretty lake, which is so hidden among the endless fir forests of Norrland (the northern part of Sweden) that it is almost unknown, save to the wandering artist of that land.

At the back of this birchwood the ground rises in high slopes, and there the immense fir-trees tower up like the forest's head, so grave and solemn-looking, so dark and high; a peak of snow appears above all, and a hundred mountain streams trickle down over broken rocks and fallen, uprooted trees, to cast themselves into the lake that is called Swan Water. In summer-time this lake is clear as crystal, and very calm, and Neekan's gold and white roses grow in the water; it is the water-lily which grows there, and is called, in Sweden, Neekan's rose, because Neekan is the fabulous water-spirit of Sweden.

If I could guide you to this northern spot you would at once perceive a small wooden hut which stands on the edge of the lake; it is a very poor one, much like a large wooden box. The small houses of Sweden, and many of the large ones also, are made of wood: when they are coloured red, or blue, yellow, or even pink, with different coloured window-frames and doors, the effect is curious and pretty, especially when these coloured houses peep out of the dark woods: but this hut which I could show you has not been coloured at all, it has grown grey with weather and time, and it looks very, very poor.

In that wooden hut lived a widow and an only child. The people of Sweden may build up a house wherever they can in these waste tracts; and this hut had probably been built by the poor widow's husband when he worked in the forest; but there was no husband now, neither was there any rent, and the widow and her son lived as well as they could. There was much poverty in that wooden hut, though the mother spun and the son fished in the lake. There is a large stone which rises up on the bank there, and juts out into the water in front, while on three sides it



rests on a bed of soft, bright grass ; a very tall birch tree grows up beside it, and drops its long branches gracefully over it. On this stone the little boy used to sit and angle in the lake ; and when he caught some trout he put them in a basket and brought them to his mother, who carried them a long and toilsome way to sell them to a farmer, who liked the delicate trout of Swan Water. The poor boy could scarcely remember a time when he had not sat on that stone and angled in the lake. He had begun to do so when he was quite a little one, and held the rod in both hands. And thus summers had passed away, and dreary autumns had come on, and starving cold winters had set in ; and the mother spun, and the son fished, until the mighty winter of the north bound up Swan Water in an iron-hard ice cover, and all was white so far as eyes could see, save where the ever-gloomy firs spread their dark shadows and raised their towering heads. But in that wintry cold, which in the north is so clear, so strong, so powerful, the widow and her son had plenty of fire to warm them. In the country the poor have plenty of wood to burn, for there the wood is so abundant as to go to loss ; but, alas ! they could not eat fire, and they had little else to sustain life ; wood, indeed, the poor of the north at times do eat—that is, the inner bark of the pine, peeled off thin, dried, ground, and made into cakes, with a little rye meal when it can be had. In hard winters this bark is generally used ; and cattle, in all winters, eat it. Industry, however, did not quite cease when the lake was hard frozen. Then the widow and her boy brought out stools, and sat on the ice, and bored holes in it, and so managed to catch some trout, which they drew from under their icy covering, cast them upon it, and left them to flounce and flounder about, and suffer the penalty of having been led into temptation.

But a severe winter came—a terrible winter for man and beast ; there was a famine of bread in the land, a famine of fodder for the poor cattle. Famine comes very often up there in the north, for Nature is very scanty in her productions. Fir, pine, and rock cover the land ; at all times the people eat food that the English would not touch. That winter was a hard one. We will not tell about it, for those who have outlived a famine can recal a picture more affecting than any words can be ; and those who, by God's goodness, have been spared such scenes, would only be pained by a description of them. That hard winter passed away at last ; the spring at length burst out, brightly and suddenly, as if it would call back all again to life and enjoyment. Alas ! in many cases it could only green over some winter-made graves. And the mother's was one of these. Through that great want and scarcity she had done what she could for her son ; she had given him all she could—perhaps her life also, for she died, and he lived. He lived, but he lived as many did without ever recovering strength and vigour.

The spring came gladly out ; the boy sat on the large stone and angled in the lake. But he did not now so joyously draw up the poor little trout and lay them in his basket ; for now there was no mother in the wooden hut to smile when he carried them there. The boy was alone there now—an orphan, with no one near him.

But did he live alone ? you will ask. Was he suffered to do so ? Yes, he was. Even had his state excited attention, the guardians of the poor could not attend to them all at that time, even as they did at others, because so many were left destitute, ill, and friendless. But in Sweden, destitute persons, and even children, are not always taken into what we

call workhouses ; they are, as it is said there, left on the parish ; that is, they are authorized to roam from house to house, within the limits of their own parish, and the owners are obliged by law to give them relief and shelter ; but if they go out of their parishes they are accounted vagrants. Sometimes a poor or infirm person is billeted for a certain number of days in the houses of the farmers and clergy ; and if that person be crippled, or so ill or weak as to be unable to walk, they must have him conveyed on to the house which is next to receive him. In the case of children, the parish sometimes pays a fixed sum to the guardians of the poor ; and these destitute children are placed in what are called foster-houses, and the people who so receive them are called their foster-parents. Such persons are often considered cruel or unkind ; and children would rather roam about, and pick up their bread as it was given to them ; but it is a dangerous and sad thing for a child to be left to seek his food like the birds of the air.

The boy of Swan Water knew but little of his country or of the world beyond it ; he knew no more of either than the forest that surrounded him, and the farmer's house on its skirts, where his mother sold the trout he caught. As he had been accustomed to live with his good mother, so he went on living by himself, without ever thinking of any one else, without any one ever thinking of him. He did not know the law thought of him ; he never thought of looking for the protection and support which it, ever so scantily, provided. He carried his trout to the farmer himself, and brought back in exchange some meal, or bread, or other food. And thus did he fish in the lake by day, and sleep in the little wooden hut at night, and no one knew or cared about the boy, no one thought of him ; he thought only of his dead mother. He sat, as I said, on the stone, and angled in the lake ; all was very still and silent around him ; even the birds do not sing and chatter in those great dark forests as they do in our leafy woods and groves. The boy was sad and lonely ; but now he was watching for something, and it was not for the leaping trout ; he often looked away from his line, turned his face to the south, and looked over the gloomy forest as if expecting something from that quarter. And the sound he waited for was heard at last, just when the shortening night of the north had brightened into fuller day, and the sun lighted up the tall heads of the giant firs, and sparkled on the lake, and brightened the rocks—just then there was heard a sighing sound in the air, a cloud was seen moving on, a rushing noise approached nearer and nearer, lower and lower ; a whole flock of wild, snow-white swans shot forward from the blue space, descending in a circle, narrowing and narrowing, lowering and lowering, until they dropped down on their own Swan Water, and plunged themselves in a pleasant bath after a fatiguing voyage. You know now why this northern Swedish lake was called Swan Water. The swans were at home now : it was their summer home ; like fashionable people they changed their residences with the change of season, visiting various watering-places in turn, but always coming to their favourite Swan Water when ice and snow left it clear ; it was their summer home, and they brought up their little ones in retirement among its islets.

It was for the swans the boy had looked on this his first solitary summer. They had been his friends from childhood ; he knew they would come, and he wanted them exceedingly now, for he was alone. And the whole company of returned voyagers set up their sail-like wings, arched their proud necks, steered to the boy, and bent their heads, just as if they

would salute him, and ask him how all had gone with him during their absence. Perhaps they wanted a bit of the hard bread that lay on the stone beside him to serve him as a breakfast. The boy always gave them some; but he did not imagine they were so selfish or rude as to come merely to ask him for something to eat. He took their salutation quite gravely, and answered to it.

"I have been ill, my dear swans, very ill; I am not well yet, but I shall be now that you are come back to keep me company—it is so silent here! I am left alone now, good little swans; there is no one else to welcome you home; there is no one in the house over there now: I do not hear the wheel humming, and the loom smashing along when I go up to the door. Poor mother's bed is empty now; mother is dead and buried."

The swans bowed again; and turning to some who were behind, the boy thought they communicated the sad intelligence.

"Yes, it is true," he added; "but mother said God would not leave me alone; and see now, God has sent you back to me. Ah! God is so good."

Now the boy's courage revived; he thought God so good: he had the swans for his companions, he could catch some little trout in the lake, and get some coarse bread for them. Poor boy! he knew very little, but he practised what he knew. He was patient and thankful.

The summer passed too quickly away—the short summer of long days. The Swedish summer nights are more like our days, and the Swedish winter days are more like our nights. The short warm summer, during which the sun scarcely left the horizon, was over: the autumn came; the air grew thick and chilly: cold, drizzling rain fell from a lowering sky, making a thousand rings upon Swan Water. And then the swan-fleet assembled; a short consultation was held, and on a signal from the admiral the sails were spread—the sail-like, snowy wings—borne up on which, quite against the murky sky, the birds passed, like a white cloud, through the grey vapour that rested over the lofty trees and swept the mountain's base.

Then the boy began to weep, for his friends and comrades had departed. The swans had set off again on their foreign travels; they had gone to seek a milder clime, and left him to meet the long, severe, and cheerless winter which was coming on.

So he sat on the stone and wept. But he heard a soft moving of the water, a gentle rustling on the bank; he looked up—ah! he grew somewhat glad, that you may believe—there was a beautiful young swan! the youngest, or the weakest of the flock. It was, I dare say, too young, or too weak to travel with the rest; but the boy thought it merely stayed because it would not leave him.

"God bless you, dear, pretty young thing!" he cried; "you could not leave me here all alone. Mother said God would not forsake me; and see, God would not let you forsake me either." He coaxed the young bird to come to him; it did so, for the swans were all familiar with the poor boy; it crept up to his feet, as if frightened at its own loneliness, and anxious for companionship.

"Thank you, thank you, dear little bird! Yes, we shall be friends and comrades now. You are alone now, too, but I will be with you. There is no one else to be with us now, swanny; poor mother is dead and buried."

And the young swan stretched up its long neck as the boy bent down his face, and he thought it wiped off his tears with its downy cheek. "Yes," he went on, "mother is gone to God. I know you would tell me that, to comfort me, swanny, if you could say it. She is better off up there in heaven; but it is lonely without her here, in the great forest."

And so, all through the cold, cheerless winter the young swan was with the solitary orphan. He provided for it, and it cheered and comforted him.

It was very little the boy had to eat; so little, one can hardly believe that human nature can subsist on so little; but he had always a scrap for his little swan.

Spring came on again. At last the deep, hard snow melted away, and showed the tiny flowers which had formed their buds in the autumn, and hid them under the winter's snow, and now opened them out to greet the sunbeams, and looked up, ready dressed, from their forest bed. Like broken crystals floated the ice on the brightening lake, and the young swan swam gladly over its swollen water, and watched for the rustling in the air that should announce the coming home of its relations. They came. The white shadow of the great birds was seen on the lake; they swept down upon it, and crowded round their youthful friends, without even waiting to lave themselves in its water, or look for a repast.

"Now you are glad, dear young one," said the boy, "and I am glad for your sake that your friends are come back; but I hope you will love me still, as well as ever." And he thought it was in answer to this speech that the whole company turned their prow-like necks towards him, and steered direct to the stone he sat on, as if to salute him and inquire after his health.

The little boy was there all the summer, sitting on the stone, and fishing in the lake, carrying his trout away for sale, and bringing back a little meal, or a bit of food, which he shared with his companions, the swans. The boy was pale and very thin, but his mind was calm, his heart was often glad and thankful. He thought God was very good; he had sunshine and shade too; he had generally some hard cake to eat; he had plenty of water to drink, and he had the swans for his amiable friends and comrades. He was contented, and often said, "I thank God for His goodness to me, a poor orphan boy." This he always said when he had got his hard cake to eat and water to drink. The swans were always kind and pleasant with him; the young one did not neglect or forget him; it was quite a great, strong bird now, but was as gentle and loving as ever; it would lie at his feet on the soft grass, and when he stooped it would stroke his cheek with its head, as if pitying his thinness, and wave its snow-white wings, as if fanning him with the motion. That was a kind young swan!

But when the chilly autumn came again, and the rain fell down, making a thousand rings on the lake that no longer sparkled in sunshine, then came a real heart-sorrow to our poor little boy. The swans assembled their fleet, stretched their long necks to him, as if to bid him good-bye; and, rising like a snow-cloud from the darkened lake, steered their course to the south, passing over the gloomy fir forests to lands where winter did not bind up all waters in an iron-hard ice cover. The young swan accompanied the party, and set out on his first foreign tour.

The boy wept, wept right bitterly; he stretched forth his arms, and cried to his friend to come back; but the friend flew on, and left him.

Then the boy cast down his face on the stone, and mourned, and said :— “If I had wings, I too would fly away ; I would not stay here alone ; I would fly away, yes, fly far away, where all would be good and well with me. But I have no wings ! I have no wings !”

The boy wept, with his face turned down on the stone ; but there seemed soon to come a voice to his heart, as if it came from heaven, and said to him, “Be patient, poor boy, and bear God’s will. God will one day give thee wings, and thou shalt fly away, fly where all shall be well and good with thee ; fly up to thy Father above, who gives thee thy portion on earth, and will give thee thy portion in heaven : the portion on earth which His dear Son chose for Himself for thy sake ; the portion in heaven which the sufferings of His own dear Son procured for thee. Bear His will in patience ; and, when the season comes, wings shall be given to thee also, and thou shalt fly to a land where all shall be good and well with thee.”

The swans flew on ; flew on over forest and mountain and valley and lake. But the boy was comforted ; he felt as if he heard his mother’s voice ; he said to himself, “God will give me wings one day, and I shall fly to a better land.” So he waited in hope, and bore God’s will in patience.

Winter came : it was a hard one ; a cruel one it seemed ; but the poor boy said, “It is God’s winter, too, as well as the summer.” And that hard winter passed, as the hardest pass at last, for the seasons shall not fail. The spring came again, suddenly, as it usually does up there in the barren north. The voices of birds were once more heard in the silent region of Swan Water ; the sun shone, the ice and snow melted, and the pale, wasted, nearly famished boy crept out of the wooden hut and sat on the stone beside the lake. He held the line in his hand, but the hand trembled, and the rod nodded unsteadily over the water. Spring breathed young life into other things, but his young life could spring no more. His cheeks were hollow, his limbs feeble and wasted ; he had suffered in patience, and patience had stamped her seal on that meek and pallid face. His wings were nearly ready, for the will of his Father concerning him would soon be done. The birch-tree, whose branches drooped over the stone, was only putting forth the buds which should burst at once into leafy verdure ; but the sun was pleasant ; the boy clasped his hands and prayed ; he felt thankful that the cold, long, hard winter was gone ; and then he thought of the day when the swans had departed, and he had impatiently wished for wings to follow them ; but he now said to himself, “When God’s grace makes me ready to go, I too shall fly away ; then I shall fly to the land where mother is, where the good Saviour is, who loves even a poor boy like me, and died for my sake.”

But the poor boy’s wings were to be given to him sooner than he thought. The hard, cold winter, and the want of food, had hastened on the time when he should fly away. He crawled feebly to his customary seat on the stone ; he lay, half extended, upon it ; the warm sun could not warm his chilling limbs. A sighing sound was heard over the great fir forest ; a rushing noise came on the air ; the boy raised his languid eyes ; he had been expecting something, for he often had looked to the south. What he had looked for came ; a white cloud was travelling on ; it hovered over Swan Water, cast its shadow there, and a host of snow-white birds were mirrored in the clear water. The swans had come home again ; they settled down quietly, arranged their toilet in that sparkling glass, and

found themselves at home without any of the bustle and trouble that usually attends the travels of human beings. Then the swans arched their stately necks, set up their wings, and sailed straight to the stone whereon the boy lay, expecting most likely to receive a morsel of food after their journey, and not quite so unselfish as he used to think they were in coming to greet him, and see how all had gone with him in their absence.

But the boy did not now reply to their salutation—he scarcely noticed their return. A smile had broken over his pallid face when the beautiful birds dropped down again on Swan Water—a smile that welcomed his old companions; but when they came sailing up to him, his head had fallen over his arm, and the hand fell down over the side of the stone. The swans sailed off again, disappointed; but one of the flock came back, walked up the green bank, and drew close to the hand that hung over the side of the stone. It was the fair young swan, the swan the boy had cherished and loved; the young one, who had cheered and comforted him. The hand just hung upon its head, made a feeble effort to stroke it, but soon fell heavily from it; the boy had just got his wings now. The swans came home, but the boy flew away—away to the land that is very far off; away, where the swans could not follow, where winter could not come, nor cold nor want nor loneliness be felt; away to his Father in heaven, whose will he had patiently borne on earth; to the better land, where all was well and good with him.

And autumns came again, and the swans departed; and springs returned, and the swans came home; but the boy came back no more from the bourne whence no traveller returneth; and the birds, who had been his only friends and companions, never saw him again on the banks of Swan Water.

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 DEPARTED, NOT DEAD.

Thou art not dead, my vanish'd one!  
 But living in the light  
 Of some pure world, beyond the sun,  
 Where death creates no night,  
 And sunless babes are smiling now  
 As bright and beautiful as thou.

When first I saw thy baby form  
 With eyes of tearful love,  
 I little thought a hidden storm  
 Was looming from above,  
 So soon to blast my May-born flower  
 Beneath the blight of deathful power.

The Lord, who gives, hath ta'en away,  
 And blest be His high name!  
 Oh, that with calm I this could say,  
 And feel God's hallow'd claim:—  
 Cease, rebel heart! be calm and still,  
 And bow beneath a Father's will.

Pale relic! now enrobed for death,  
 Nursling of hopes and fears,  
 How did I watch each ebbing breath  
 And kiss thine infant tears,  
 When throbs of suff'ring o'er thee came  
 Thy wordless tongue could never name!

Departed babe! how many a dream  
 Brighten'd thy father's heart,  
 When like a vision thou didst seem  
 In life to take such part,  
 That o'er his hours there breathed a spell  
 More exquisite than tones can tell!

With thy soft features round me glowing  
 Amid the world I went,  
 And with a heart to heaven o'erflowing  
 Bless'd thee, bright innocent!  
 And felt, howe'er my path should roam,  
 My little star-beam reign'd at home.

Already, Hope's prophetic eye  
 Beheld some future spot,  
 And underneath life's vernal sky,  
 Pictured thy maiden lot,  
 Where truth and grace would be thy guide,  
 And all thy wants by heaven supplied.

I dream'd, if God thy life should spare  
 How blessed it would be  
 To hear thy budding lips declare  
 Young words of Deity;  
 To watch thy spirit, day by day,  
 Rise into speech, and learn to pray.

I fancied how my hand would lead  
 Thy tiny feet along,  
 By placid shore, or sunny mead  
 Where brooklets sing their song,  
 While gay-wing'd breezes round thee flew  
 And clad thy cheeks with vermeil hue.

And oh! I dared, through Him, to hope  
 To whose baptismal arms  
 I gave thee—that thy mind would ope  
 Each year with sacred charms;  
 As more and more the Spirit taught  
 Thy gentle soul what Jesus wrought.

But thou art pale, a perish'd flower,  
 A blossom on Life's tree,  
 Nipp'd in the bud, before the power  
 Of sin corrupted thee:—  
 Wash'd in the blood of Jesu white,  
 Babe, art not thou in glory bright?

Cold, cold, my child! I view thee now  
 Like sleep in marble lying,  
 With paleness on thy placid brow  
 That sets my heart a-sighing;  
 And round thy lips there linger still  
 Dead smiles that shall remembrance fill.

My first-born! God has call'd thee back,  
 His gift He doth resume,  
 But o'er thy father's blighted track  
 Darkens thine early tomb,—  
 A haunting shade of more than grief,  
 To which man's world brings no relief.

From room to room I wander on  
 Where thou hast been of yore,  
 And all mine eyes can gaze upon  
 Recals a child no more;  
 As though each object would declare  
 Thy darling glances rested there.

Beloved and beautiful wreck of all  
 That warm'd this aching breast  
 With hopes, that when the funeral pall  
 Should o'er thy parent rest,  
 There still might be a loving one  
 To think of him, whose course was run,—

Farewell! farewell! departed child,  
 Sweet darling of the soul,  
 Gone to the grave, ere sin defiled  
 Thy conscience with control;  
 I mourn, my babe! but not for thee  
 Becalm'd in Christ's eternity.

Thrice happy babe! thou beautiful soul  
 To some bright world ascended,  
 How glorious that celestial goal  
 Where thy brief course is ended!—  
 And most divine that hour will be  
 That bids me mount and follow thee.

Before me lies a peril'd way  
 Of trial, change, and tears;  
 If short, or long, life's future day  
 Rests with the God of years,  
 Who measures our appointed span,  
 And deals the thread of time to man.

Yet I shall smile, and act, and speak,  
 As though thou ne'er hadst been;  
 And they who scan the brow and cheek  
 And judge by outward mien,  
 Can little dream how much we hide  
 Under the heart's unwitness'd tide!

The purest thoughts lone spirits bear  
 Are marr'd by being spoken,  
 And more than deepest words declare  
 Lives in some heart half-broken;  
 A transient grief light tongues may tell,  
 But cloister'd anguish keeps her cell.

A thousand things must wake the sigh  
 That shall remember thee,  
 And raise before the mental eye  
 Those tombs of memory,  
 That o'er the churchyard of the heart  
 Cast inward shades, which ne'er depart.

The beam, the bud, the blooming grace  
 Of some infantile flower  
 That smiles into a poet's face  
 In nature's conscious hour,  
 Oh! each and all will oft restore  
 A mental gleam of her no more.

But melody, beyond all charms,  
 The buried past regains;  
 And oft the spoiling tomb disarms  
 By resurrection-strains,  
 In whose rapt tones the dead revive,  
 And untomb'd years appear alive.

Thus will thy sylph-like features float  
 Before mine inward gaze,  
 Call'd into life by some sweet note  
 The harp of feeling plays;  
 Across my soul thy shape will beam,  
 And smile like some incarnate dream.

Farewell, my child, but not farewell  
 For ever;—we shall meet  
 When sounds creation's doom'ning knell  
 Before the judgment-seat;  
 And I shall know thy little face  
 Amid the world's assembled race.

## THE CENTENARIAN.

If it were required of us to sum up our direct petitions into one, no words, probably, could so well be selected for the purpose as these, "Thy will be done." Divine mercy and goodness allow, nay command us, "to pour out our hearts unto God;" but woe to him who utters rashly his desires, and dares to prescribe the nature of his welfare or happiness to Him "who alone knows what is good for man all the days of his vain life, which he spends as a shadow." God cannot err; while we, in our best estate, are not less infirm in action than ignorant in wish, and foolish in what we crave.

"Hawkins," said Mr. Calvert, as his servant, in answer to his bell, stood before him, "tell Mr. William that I wish to see him as soon as his lesson is finished."

Hawkins bowed, and was quickly leaving the room, conscious of being the bearer of good news.

"Wait till you have heard all that you are to do," said his master. "Tell James to saddle my horse and the pony in an hour's time, and lead them to the front."

Hawkins saw he might really now depart, and he immediately withdrew. He hastened to deliver his message to the groom, and then as speedily returned into the house, where from his window he anxiously watched for the departure of the Latin master. No sooner did he see him crossing the court than he ran to the study. Thrusting his head forward, while he yet held the door in his hand, he exclaimed, "Mr. William, put up your things as quickly as you can—I have such news for you."

"I have you?" replied he, "what is it?"

"You are going out with your father," said he.

"You don't say so?" cried William, "that is just what I was wishing for; hurrah!" and as he spoke he gave a spring, which in a low room might have endangered the safety of his head. "But are you quite sure? You have not been running away with the first and best of the story, and leaving behind some unlucky proviso that spoils all."

"No, no," returned Hawkins, slightly ruffled by this reflection on his too great eagerness to impart what he thought would please, "there's no dash of the salt, as you call it, this time. I have told James to saddle the horses, and if you don't be quick they will be round before you are ready. You must not be questioning and answering now, you must go to the library directly."

He laid great stress on the last words, as if he feared William should not comply instantly. He need have entertained no such apprehension; a few bounds across the hall, and the youth was in the presence of his father.

"Do you want me, sir?" said he, as with a light foot he drew to Mr. Calvert's side.

"Was Mr. Bentley satisfied with you this morning?" asked he.

"I hope so," replied William; "he said nothing to the contrary."

"Are you satisfied with yourself?" demanded Mr. Calvert.

William looked at his father. "Am I to tell you the exact truth?"

"Undoubtedly," replied he, "the exact truth."

"Then perhaps I might have done better," said William, "but I have



done a great deal worse. I am not ashamed of my exercise, yet I have no right to be proud of it; my verb was perfect, my verses bad."

"William," said Mr. Calvert, after a short pause, which gave his son some apprehension for the result, "candour is a quality so estimable in itself, that in weighing your report we must give you the full benefit of your sincerity, and throw it into the scale on the right hand. There, now the balance greatly preponderates in your favour. That matter being disposed of, it remains with you to say whether you would like to go with me to Westover."

"Oh! of all things," cried William; "thank you, thank you, papa."

"It is Sir Thomas's birthday," resumed Mr. Calvert, "and I must pay my respects to him. Go, dress yourself; I shall be ready for you by the time you come down stairs."

Away flew William. His toilet was quickly made, but long enough to be correct. His mother perceived nothing to find fault with, and his sister saw nothing to amend, except that the collar of his shirt was uneven—a defect which she instantly amended.

The morning was as lovely as the fair fingers of spring and the bright eye of youth and health could make it. Insect and bird, sunbeam and flowers, cloud and sky, riptlet and stream, lambkin and daisy, all seemed to rejoice. Even William's pony exhibited all the friskiness of youth, although the tell-tale cavity over his eye too plainly showed that the days of youth had long departed from him. Mr. Calvert was obliged more than once to desire that the sundry curvetings and gambols he played off might be displayed by the side of the road, and not in front of his horse.

The heart and the eye of William were full of life; the air he breathed, the flexile action of his limbs, the positive, though almost unconscious possession of existence, the absence of all care, and the actual enjoyment of pleasure, made the world at that moment his own—a world over which neither sin nor sorrow, neglect nor disappointment, separation nor death, had yet cast a shadow, nor raised a suspicion that the scene was too fair to last for ever.

The owner of Westover, Sir Thomas Moorson, was standing on the steps of his mansion when Mr. Calvert and his son rode up to the entrance. William threw his reins over his pony's neck, and stood by his father, as the latter politely and with great cordiality offered his congratulations.

Sir Thomas thanked him. "But after all," said he, as he returned the pressure of Mr. Calvert's hand, "a birthday serves rather to remind us of the years that are gone than to bid us look forward to the years that are to come."

His eyes at that moment rested on the glowing and animated countenance of the happy boy, and his own immediately wore an expression of serious thought, if not of positive sadness. It was, however, but for the instant; he welcomed his young friend, as he called him, with great kindness, making William at his ease at once. They now entered the house, Sir Thomas having insisted on their taking luncheon with him. They afterwards inspected the stables and grounds, the latter of which were famed through the county for their beauty. William thought he had never before known minutes to pass so swiftly; and when he again arrived at the park gate he checked his pony, and laying his hand on the pommel, he turned himself partly to take a lingering look of admiration at the fine prospect that was stretched around him.

"Come on, William," cried his father, "don't keep the gate open."

William obeyed, thanked the man as he passed through, and was in an instant by the side of Mr. Calvert.

"Oh, what a lovely place is Westover!" exclaimed he; "I wish I was the master of such a one!"

"You might not be the happier," returned his father.

"O, papa," said he, "how could that be? Don't you suppose that Sir Thomas is happy?"

Mr. Calvert smiled.

"You spring to conclusions too quickly," said he; "the proof of little experience or of little reflection. I hope Sir Thomas is happy; he has great cause to be so; but recollect there is an uncertainty in all earthly possessions; there is a positive certainty that if they do not depart from us, we must resign and depart from them; and the more enviable those possessions may be, the more such a conviction is felt, and the more painful it may become."

"Oh, yes," cried William; "but that's going a great way."

"Or, rather, you would say, that's going out of the way for an illustration of my meaning," said Mr. Calvert; "but, be that as it may, I almost think the idea, or something similar to it, crossed Sir Thomas's mind when he replied to my congratulations as he did this morning."

"Well, papa," said William, "I was struck with his look and the tone of his voice, and I wondered what could be the cause. I really think it must be as you surmise."

"Again at the goal of conclusion," said his father, good-humouredly; "if you continue thus to travel by the mental broad-gauge, I am afraid you will frequently come into collision with sound sense and fact. It is said, however, that Sir Thomas has a very nervous feeling on this head, that the thought of death is particularly painful to him; and I agree with you that his manner this morning seems to confirm the assertion."

"It is very natural to dislike the idea of death," replied William, "but is it not weak in him to encourage it? Why should he? I am sure the thought of death never comes into my mind."

"I dare say not," said Mr. Calvert; "it would be as unnatural in you as it is natural in him. The hour is not more accurately marked on the dial of the sun than the thought appropriate for each stage of human existence is marked on the dial of life. In youth, its index must point to activity, to a course of duty to be performed, of materials to be collected for that purpose; in manhood and advancing age it points to duties and reflections as fitting for those periods as they would be unbecoming in yours. In fact, William, the wisdom, as we call it, of one age, is often the folly of another."

It might be so; and certainly William had no intention or desire to controvert his father's opinion; he had but one object in contemplation, the possibility of lengthening his ride, and, consequently, his enjoyment.

"I have just thought of it," cried he; "don't you think there would be time to call on Mr. Seagrave? It is past his dinner hour, and he will have had his nap before we can get to Burton, so we shall not interfere with either."

"I called upon him last week," replied Mr. Calvert.

"But I did not," said William; "and if you recollect, he sent word by you that he should like to see me."

"You would be glad of a pretext to see him, I suppose," said Mr. Calvert; and, turning his horse's head, he took a different direction from that which led home.

"We need not stay long, though, papa," said William, in a tone which rather indicated a request than a conviction that it would not be so.

"We must stay as long as Mr. Seagrave seems to wish for our company," replied he.

"Then pray don't let him get into one of his long stories," cried William; "I am so tired sometimes, I long to jump out of the window."

Mr. Calvert shook his head. "You are not the only one who is tired, I dare say," replied he. And he said the truth. Many there were who either for form's sake, or through a more interested motive, or a passing feeling of pity, made their call on the aged man, and felt their visit full as irksome as did William, and were as glad as he of an excuse to withdraw.

Mr. Seagrave had reached the unusual age of ninety-nine years; and, what was still more extraordinary, without any very remarkable decay, either of his bodily or mental faculties. "Oh! you'll live many years yet," would persons say to him, "and be a young man to the last;" but this was no expression of a wish on the part of those who uttered it, nor did it appear on the side of him to whom the words were spoken that there was any desire that it should be so.

Mr. Seagrave welcomed them with pleasure, and shook hands cordially with William.

"You did not expect me to-day," said Mr. Calvert, seating himself opposite to him, while his son, obeying the motion that the aged man made, placed himself in the chair beside him; "you must thank William for this visit, if any thanks be due."

"I do thank you," replied he, "and your dear boy, too; the sight of a face, and a young one especially, is always gratifying to me, and cheering."

The tone in which he pronounced the last word was not in exact accordance with it.

"But you are pretty well, I hope," said Mr. Calvert.

"Much better than any one could suppose," replied he, "considering my age, and that I have not breathed the fresh air for many months."

"You must feel that a great privation," said Mr. Calvert, "for you have been a very active man in your day."

Mr. Seagrave looked at William; "Active once and agile as you," said he, "and now the grasshopper's weight is—no," and he checked himself, "it might be well if it were—is not yet a burthen."

William thought it would not be amiss to give a turn to Mr. Seagrave's thoughts, lest one of the long stories that he dreaded should follow.

"We have been to call on Sir Thomas Moorson," said he, "this is his birthday."

"And it is mine too," replied Mr. Seagrave; "I am one hundred to-day."

"Indeed!" said William, "then I must wish you—" he stopped short, how could he say, "many happy returns of it?" He looked at his father to help him out.

"My son," said Mr. Calvert, "was about to wish you, as is usual, many days to come; but he properly fears to be thought insincere."

The old man extended his hand to William. "You are right," said he,

"such a wish would be little more than mockery. If you wish me anything, wish that, being prepared to depart from this world, it may please God soon to call me to another and a better." He paused. "But wishes are unsafe things at the best; it is wiser to leave all to Him, who sees not as man sees, a part only, but the whole, and that whole in all its bearings."

"Experience such as yours must have taught you, however," said Mr. Calvert, "many valuable maxims of wisdom, and corrected many erroneous notions of life, that younger men may be supposed to entertain."

"Or I should have lived a term far exceeding the usual period of our existence to very little purpose," said he quickly; "but, after all, the best and wisest lesson that I have learnt is to know and feel that I know nothing, that my Creator knows everything." He turned to William, "You don't think it unnatural, I see, that I have no desire for a continuance of life. I have lived a long day, and you feel, and feel rightly, that it will be a welcome night that closes in that day, and shuts it up for ever."

"I am not surprised, sir," replied William, "that you should be willing to live no longer; but I am surprised that a man like Sir Thomas Moorson should be unhappy, as papa says he is, because he must die."

"I did not say that exactly," said Mr. Calvert; "you should be careful to repeat the words of another with accuracy; inattention in this respect is much to be condemned; it is often mischievous to others, and it justly casts a severe reflection upon ourselves, since it shows clearly that we either do not know, or have not sufficient understanding to appreciate, the value and force of words, or, knowing them, are too heedless to attach a proper importance to them. The fact is this—Sir Thomas, I have been told, enjoys but imperfectly his ample and beautiful domains, absorbed as he is in the idea of being called upon to resign them."

"But, papa," returned William, "he wishes to live, and to live a long while, does he not?"

Mr. Seagrave shook his head, and sighed.

"We will believe that Sir Thomas does wish to live long," replied Mr. Calvert, "there is no doubt of it."

Again Mr. Seagrave sighed. "I have heard this before," said he, "and heard it with regret." He paused; then raising his yet bright blue eyes from the carpet, on which they were fixed, he added, in a low and expressive tone of voice, "The heart is like a musical instrument; strike one note and the chord vibrates; that is my case. Thoughts and feelings come fast into my mind, recalled vividly by your words, and I could tell you much if I had strength; but this has been a day of excitement, and I am weary. Come to me next week, and then, if you like to listen to an old man's story—the story of his folly and his correction—you shall hear it."

Mr. Calvert, taking the hint, thanked him for his promise, and immediately with his son withdrew.

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#### SELF-CONTROL.

"He that would govern others first should be  
The master of himself."

MASSINGER.

## CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

I HAPPENED to be staying in the country about the beginning of the month of July, and being told that a church in the neighbourhood was to be consecrated, I prolonged my visit in order to be present at the ceremony. Many times before I had been invited to attend on similar occasions; but it had always so happened that something occurred to prevent me. Now, however, everything was favourable; the new church was distant only five miles, situated in a lovely rural district, and the weather was delightful.

I know no better preparation for engaging in any act of public worship than a quiet stroll through fields or woods—alone if possible, or, if otherwise, with some companion who can so far sympathize with you as to shrink from introducing any purely secular subject of conversation, as being harsh and out of place. A mass of silvery clouds, rolling majestically across the azure vault above—a peculiarly graceful tree—a deep shadow in a wood—a garland of hedge-roses—a tuft of drooping grass—any, or all of these I can readily stop and admire, and proceed on my way more than ever impressed with a sentiment of religious adoration: but even on such occasions, the less said the better; the feeling excited is too deep for utterance; it is the speaking to created nature, and being taught by it, which prepares the mind for the reception of revealed truths—a recognition of the bounteous mercy of God, which is not strengthened by human words, however eloquent.

A sudden turn in the lane revealed the spire of the new church, rising above a belt of trees. It did not, however, long remain visible, owing to the winding character of the road. It was too soon yet to inquire at the blacksmith's shop for one of those eloquent every-day mementoes of the sabbath and the house of God—church paths. They, I hope, will be shortly traced out and well trodden. To-day, however, it was necessary to confine myself to the plain highway, and, in about ten minutes, "the sound of the church-going bell," heard in this district for the first time, assured me that I was not too late. Several carriages now passed me, and I met others which had set down their burdens and were returning to the village. Presently I overtook a long row of school children—a most gratifying sight, as it afforded sufficient evidence that although the hamlet I had just quitted was far from the parish church, the lambs of Christ's fold had not been neglected. Happy children! they were not yet old enough to appreciate the blessing which was that day to be conferred on them. Enough for them at present, that the new church was to be consecrated, that the bishop was coming, and that next Sunday they were to have service in a real church instead of the barn which had been fitted up to supply the double purpose of school and chapel. Many of the girls wore bonnets of the same shape, and trimmed with ribbons of the same colour; not so quaint and old-fashioned as to give the wearers the appearance of charity children, but still so neatly uniform as to be evidently derived from the same source—perhaps from some kind patroness of the school, or perhaps given as rewards for good conduct. During their march from school to church their line was many times broken by carriages going and returning, which more than once separated them into small parties, and made it necessary for the rear-guard to regain its position by

a hearty scamper. Before the service had commenced, however, they were all duly seated, and, as I had received a ticket of admission, I also was enabled to secure a place where I could see and hear, and kneel.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with ecclesiastical architecture to be able to describe the style of building of Lifton Church (for so I shall call it), nor should I do so if I could. My object is to give a simple description, not of any particular church, but of the interesting and instructive ceremonies with which a new church is dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. My account may not exactly accord with the forms adopted elsewhere, for I believe the service varies somewhat in different dioceses; still I presume the main features are pretty nearly the same everywhere. Many of my readers, I dare say, have never had an opportunity of being present on such an occasion, and they cannot fail to be interested in looking back so far into the past as to be able to realize in their minds what was done many, many years ago in the venerable old pile where they were baptized and confirmed—where they first received the holy communion—where, perhaps, they plighted their vows at the altar, or brought their own children to be enrolled among Christ's faithful soldiers and servants, and where they have thoughtfully gazed on the sod which at no very distant period must cover their own crumbling remains.

At eleven o'clock the congregation were all assembled, and, a few minutes after, the bishop walked up the aisle, followed by his chaplains and the incumbent of the new church, wearing surplices, and by a large number of other clergymen in black gowns. Having taken his place at the north side of the communion-table, the bishop received from the minister of the church two folded papers, one a petition for the consecration of the church, the other a deed of endowment, stating the sum which was guaranteed for the maintenance of Divine worship. These he handed to the registrar of the diocese, who read them aloud, after which he left the communion-table, and, followed by the clergy, walked to the west end of the church, repeating verse and verse alternately with them the twenty-fourth Psalm, "The earth is the Lord's and all that therein is," &c.

On his return to the Lord's table, the bishop, in a solemn and most impressive tone of voice, addressing the congregation, invited them to join him in prayer to God, that He would approve and bless the work of solemnly setting apart the place for the performance of the various offices of religious worship. The part of the service which followed was exceedingly impressive, and must have kindled feelings of devotion in the most thoughtless.

First, a general prayer was offered, beseeching the Almighty to accept the consecration of the place to his single honour, its separation henceforth from all unhallowed and common uses, and its entire dedication to His service. This prayer was followed by a supplication for God's blessing on the Sacraments, and other rites thenceforth to be administered in the church, namely, baptism, confirmation, the holy communion, and matrimony; that the Word read and preached in it might be uttered and listened to faithfully, and that the worshippers who should hereafter resort thither might come with humility, faith, and devotion; and that they might there find pardon for their sins, compassion on their infirmities, and, furthermore, be blessed with the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. With the ascription of praise to the Blessed Trinity this part of the service ended. The bishop then signed the deeds, and the officiating minister began the service of the day—a service always appealing, in

most forcible manner that words can appeal, to the heart of man, but now falling on the ears with additional weight as being pronounced for the first time within these now consecrated walls.

It is a wise arrangement that, besides the special service for the occasion, the order of Morning Prayer should be observed as well. It gave a reality to the ceremony, to be called on at once to listen to the church's stirring exhortation, and to join in the general confession. The church itself seemed no longer a new one—it had become at once an integral part of that structure of which the apostles and martyrs were the foundation, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone of the building, not made with hands, on which time can work no change.

A pleasing feature in the service itself was the absence of any one person to lead the congregation in making the responses, the effect of which was that the officiating minister and the people conducted the service between them, as was evidently contemplated by the framers of the Liturgy. The only circumstances in which I can conceive a clerk necessary during the celebration of Divine service, is when there are among the congregation a number of persons who either cannot read or are unprovided with prayer-books. But in the present day, when a neatly-bound Prayer-book may be purchased for fourpence, and when there is scarcely one among a hundred churchgoers who has not been taught to read, I must confess that there seems to be more devotion in the united voices of a whole congregation reading in their natural tone, than in the discordant sing-song of a clerk, accompanied by the drowsy murmur proceeding in fits and starts from a small portion of the congregation.

The special Psalms for the day were the lxxiv., cxxii., and cxxxii.; the first lesson, 1 Kings viii. 22—63; the second, Heb. x. 19—26. After the Litany a part of the eighty-fourth Psalm was nicely sung by the National School children and the congregation generally. Then followed an admirable sermon from Exodus xxv. 8: "And let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them."

The Communion Service was read by the bishop, and included a special collect, epistle, and gospel. While the offertory sentences were in reading, a collection was made, to be added to the church fund; and after the bishop had pronounced the blessing, he walked down the aisle, accompanied by the clergy and, passing in procession round the churchyard, repaired to a tent, erected for the occasion, on the ground to be consecrated. The minister then presented to him a petition, praying him to consecrate the burial-ground, which was read aloud by the registrar. The deed of consecration was then read and afterwards signed by the bishop. The prayer of consecration followed; a part of the thirty-ninth Psalm was sung; and the interesting ceremony terminated with the blessing pronounced by the bishop.

Notice had been given of the celebration of the Holy Communion on the following Sunday; and Liffon Church is now a gathering place of, I trust, many devout followers of Christ, who testify by their regular attendance their thankfulness for having this important one among the means of grace thus brought home to their own doors. C. A. J.

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HE who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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HERNE BAY.



HERNE CHURCH.

A FEW miles east of Whitstable, the port of Canterbury, and in the north of Kent, is situated the pleasant watering-place of Herne Bay. It stands on a gently-rising ground, about a mile and a half from the old village of Herne, eight-and-a-half miles from Canterbury, four-and-a-half from Reculver, and sixteen from Margate. According to some authorities the name is derived from the number of herons that formerly frequented the shore; and the family of Knowler, who have been settled in the parish for some centuries, have that bird for their crest, a fact which rather



strengthens the conjecture. Hasted and others deduce it from the Saxon Hyrne, or Hurne, a corner or nook. The Isle of Thanet is now separated from the mainland only by the narrow channels of the river Stour, one of which, scarcely discernible, runs through the marshes to the estuary of the Thames at Reculver; but these two arms of the Stour were once a channel three or four miles over, receiving several other streams, and uniting with the river and arm of the sea, called the Wantsum Waters; it flowed in a deep bed, and with a copious stream, all round from Sandwich Bay and the Roman walls of Richborough to the Roman walls at Reculver. The haven is thus described by Archdeacon Battely in his *Antiquities of Reculver and Richborough*:—"The Isle of Thanet, opposite the coast of Kent, forms such a haven as Virgil describes—

‘ Sheltered from the rolling sea  
An island forms a port.’

“Venantius Fortunatus, in his life of St. Martin, seems to have alluded to Thanet, and the haven which it forms, in that poem where, mentioning St. Paul’s arrival in Britain, he says—

‘ Where an island forms a port  
The sea he crossed.’

“This haven,” continues the Archdeacon, “has two mouths, the one open to the north, the other to the east. The castle of Regulbium (Reculver) was built near the former, the castle of Rutupiaë (Richborough), near the latter; by which, well garrisoned, the haven was formerly closed on each side. From these, as from watch-towers, the ships of invaders and pirates might be seen at a great distance, and their entrance prevented, and the Roman fleets were securely drawn on shore. A wide valley, or level, now lies between these castles, in which, I think, the haven of Rutupiaë must have been placed. For though meadows now intervene, and a rivulet, confined within a very narrow channel, flows between them, yet if we recollect the old face of the country as it is drawn by ancient writers, and view it with the eye of the mind, we shall soon discover the port of Rutupiaë, the most celebrated in all Britain. The drought, or scantiness of water which now appears, was not of old; for Solinus, the first Roman writer who mentions the Isle of Thanet, says that ‘it is washed by the Straits of Gaul, and separated from the continent of Britain by a small estuary.’

“We read in our annals that an English fleet, such as is nowhere mentioned in the history of any other king, sailing to Sandwich continued there; that Turkill, with his fleet, came to England, and being joined by another innumerable fleet of Danes, entered the haven of Sandwich; that the fleet of Harold, after ravaging the eastern coast of Kent, proceeded from Sandwich to Northmuth (the name given to the northern mouth of the Wantsum), and from thence towards London. Giraldus Cambrensis mentions the “outer haven of Sandwich,” which was that part of the river or water which lay between Sandwich and the sea; the river was that which extended from Sandwich as far as Reculver, and these two together formed the haven of Rutupiaë.”

The appellation Rutupiaë applies not only to the haven or port itself, but also to the castles of Richborough and Reculver, which defended its entrance. It is frequently mentioned by ancient writers, and derives still farther renown from the frequent and constant arrival of the Roman fleets. Where the city of Richborough exactly stood has never yet been minutely

determined, but it is supposed to have been to the north of the station, on a site now undermined and washed away.

In this haven was situated the great oyster bed, *Fundus Rutupensis*, so much celebrated amongst the Roman epicures. "Though not the largest, the oysters of Britain are allowed to be the best in the world, and were so famed for their excellence in the days of the Romans that, according to Juvenal and Pliny, they were carefully conveyed from Sandwich to Rome; indeed, the *Rutupina litora* (waters and shores of Kent) were noted by these luxurious people chiefly for their producing this fish."\* The old historian Lambarde also alludes to their peculiar excellence when he remarks, "The oysters which be dredged at Reculver are reputed as faire to passe those of Whitstaple, as Whitstaple do surmount the rest of the shire in savorie saltnesse."

Though Herne Bay is not actually in the Isle of Thanet, it is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of this truly interesting locality; and the place has been also celebrated for the purity of its air during a long period of time, for we find from Leland that "Sir John Fineux, in the reign of Henry VII., purchased an estate in the parish of Herne, on which he builded his faire house for the comodite of preserving his helth." It was also resorted to as a bathing-place by the inhabitants of Canterbury; while two hoys "sailed alternately to London every week, with corn, hops, flour, &c., and passengers."

Though still bearing the name of Bay, it has but little resemblance to one, for the waves and currents have by degrees swept away the ancient headlands, and, in fact, the whole face of the coast presents nearly a straight line.

According to Sir Charles Lyell, the eastern coast of Britain is remarkably exposed to such encroachments of the sea, on account of the double current, or a double system of tides, observable in the German Ocean. When the great tidal current flows from the Atlantic towards Britain, it divides into two portions at the Land's End; one of which passes along the English Channel towards Dover, while the other passes round the west of Britain towards the Orkney and Shetland Islands. This latter current then bends round to the east and the south, and flows on southward between Britain and Denmark. Here the two currents meet, one going northward from Dover Straits, the other southward from the Orkneys; and the action thus becomes so considerable that the shore is ground or worn away by the incessant passing and repassing of these currents. In the cliffs round and near the North Foreland, the coast wears away at the rate of about two feet a-year, while nearer to Ramsgate the rate of destruction is somewhat greater. The cliffs near Dover have been gradually worn by the sea, especially the Shakspeare Cliff. It will become an interesting question in future years, how far the stupendous engineering works executed in this locality will enable the old cliffs to battle against their destructive enemy. It has often been a favourite speculation that England and France were once joined by a rocky ridge extending from Folkestone or Dover, to somewhere between Calais and Boulogne, and that this ridge has been worn away by the sea. The Straits of Dover are so shallow at one part, and the contour of the two coasts corresponds so much, that the opinion is regarded as being not improbable.

In 1798, temporary barracks were raised at Herne by the Government

\* 'Edinburgh Encyclopedia,' article "Fisheries."

for the reception of troops, then deemed necessary to protect this part of the coast; and gradually, as it became the frequent resort of company for bathing, the present town of Herne Bay was built for their accommodation; but the place was originally laid out on so very extensive a scale, that it will, it is to be feared, long retain its present unfinished appearance. Landholders were exorbitant in their terms, speculators were at first too free in their undertakings, beginning, in fact, to build without reckoning the cost so closely as such matters require. The result has been, that projected plans dropped to the ground, or were partially carried out. In one case the abortive attempt is particularly to be regretted—we allude to the unfinished church in the projected Oxenden Square; a fabric which, after reaching the height of twelve feet, has been abandoned, and the pile of building will be most likely devoted to other purposes.

The town, however, contains many excellent abodes for the accommodation of its numerous visitors, and two national schools were built some years since by Mrs. Thwaites, the widow of a wealthy London merchant. This lady has on other occasions proved a munificent benefactress to the town, especially in the erection of a clock tower, of Portland stone, eighty feet in height, which, from the sea, is a pretty object, and one of the most striking ornaments of the town.

The inconvenience of landing from the steam-packets, at a distance sometimes of two miles from the shore, was soon sensibly felt at Herne Bay, and led, in 1831, to the erection of a pier, from the designs of the late Mr. Telford, which is twenty-four feet in width, stretches over the sands and sea for three thousand six hundred and forty feet, and was intended to end in the form of the letter T.

The original design was not carried out, and it therefore only partially serves the purpose of a breakwater, which, from the exposure of the coast to a north-east wind, is a very desirable requisite. The pier itself constitutes a fine promenade; in addition to which a parade, of about a mile in length and sixty feet in width, has been formed on the shore adjoining it, and which fronts the baths, assembly-rooms, library, &c.

Herne Bay is now a separate ecclesiastical parish, and the church is a plain but moderately spacious building.

The village church, dedicated to St. Martin, is a large, ancient, handsome structure, having a tower of flint and stone, containing six bells. It consists of a nave, two side aisles, and three chancels, of which the largest has, like a cathedral, six seats for the ancient Popish ministers of the church, and was formerly divided from the nave by an open carved screen of oak, as the other two chancels still are. The stone font is very ancient, and, with the largest chancel, has been lately restored at the expense of the vicar. The church of Herne was formerly accounted as one of the chapels belonging to the church of Reculver, which was parcel of the See of Canterbury; but in 1296 Archbishop Winchelsea made it, together with the mother-church of Reculver and its adjoining chapel of Hath—that of St. Nicholas with the chapel of All Saints in Thanet—into three perpetual vicarages.

Within the ancient village church are numerous mementoes of departed greatness; but its greatest claim on our interest is the circumstance of its having been the spot in which the pious Ridley first began his ministerial labours. In 1537, on his return to England from a course of study on the Continent, he was appointed chaplain to Archbishop Cranmer, and shortly after, collated vicar of Herne. Here he diligently

instructed his flock in the doctrines of the gospel, soon attracting a numerous congregation from the surrounding parishes; and we are told, "That the people swarmed about him like bees, desiring the sweet flowers and wholesome juice of his doctrine, which he not only preached, but showed the same by his life, in such holiness of living, that even his enemies could never find anything to reprove in it."

"For two years Mr. Ridley resided at this his parish of Herne, getting new lights himself by a close application to his study of the Holy Scriptures and of the fathers, by friendly conference with his patron, the archbishop, who frequently resided at his palace of Ford, and faithfully communicating the word of God. Here he was diligent to instruct his charge in the pure doctrines of the gospel as far as they were yet discovered to him, except in the point of transubstantiation, from which error God had not yet delivered him. And the good fruits of his ministry were seen in the effects it had, particularly on the Lady Fineux, whom he converted to the gospel truths, which she afterwards testified by her future exemplary life and works. And to enliven the devotion of his parishioners, he used to have the *Te Deum* read in his parish church in English, which was afterwards urged in accusation against him, and he was in consequence presented at the archbishop's visitation for having *Te Deum* sung in English, and for preaching at St. Stephen's against auricular confession."

In his last farewell, when under sentence of death, to all the places with which he had been in any way connected, Herne is thus distinguished:—"From Cambridge I was called into Kent, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Crammer, that most reverend father and man of God, and of him, by and by, sent to be vicar of Herne, in East Kent. Wherefore, farewell Herne, thou worshipful and wealthy parish, the first cure whereunto I was called to minister God's word. Thou hast heard of my mouth oftentimes the word of God preached, not after the Popish trade, but after Christ's gospel. Oh! that the fruit had answered to the seed! And yet I must acknowledge me to be thy debtor for the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, which at that time God had not revealed unto me; but I bless God in all that godly virtue and zeal of God's word, which the Lord, by preaching of his word, did kindle manifestly both in the heart and life of that godly woman Lady Fiennes (Fineux); the Lord grant that his word took like effect there in many more."\*

In the interior of the church are many monumental brasses, and amongst them the figure of a warrior in armour, Sir John Fineux, and his wife Lady Fineux, the convert of Bishop Ridley. Sir John officiated as lord chief-justice in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII.

Near the communion rails is a figure in a bachelor of divinity's gown, one of the former incumbents of the church; and in the north chancel, the figure of Lady Philip, wife of Sir Matthew Philip, Lord Mayor of London in 1463, and curious from its being in the rich costume of the time.

Among the wills in the Prerogative Office at Canterbury are several benefactions relating to this church. John Younge, of Herne, in 1458, gave ten marks towards making the seats called "pewinge," and William Smersall, 1541, gave forty shillings towards the cloth to lay over the "bredes" when they were married. It being then the custom to hold a canopy over the bride and bridegroom during the marriage ceremony.

\* 'Life of Bishop Ridley,' by Dr. Ridley.

The advantages offered by Herne Bay as a watering-place, have for some years past rendered it a very popular place of resort, and with these it combines attractions not often to be enjoyed in such localities. The neighbourhood is delightfully rural, and the little village of Edington proffers comfortable and snug retreats to those invalids or others who find the sea air too piercing and severe; while the vicinity also possesses spots of great interest, independently of its marine advantages, which render it an agreeable place of sojourn. Some remains of the old palace at Ford, "where in 1544, Henry VIII., on his journey to France, dined with Cranmer, and the same night rode on to Dover," are still to be seen in the adjoining parish of Hothe. This spot was, with the exception of Canterbury, the most ancient palace ever erected for an archiepiscopal abode, and was demolished during the Civil Wars in 1658.

The park, which comprised about one hundred and seventy acres, still retains the name, as does the vineyard, though both have long been appropriated to other purposes.

In the channel nearly opposite Herne Bay is the Pan Rock, so called from the abundance of fragments of Roman earthenware, and some entire pans, which have been found from time to time by oyster-dredgers, and which are traditionally said to have formed the lading of a vessel that was here wrecked many years ago. The late Governor Pownall, in a letter published in the fifth volume of the 'Archæologia,' conjectured that this rock might have been the site of a Roman pottery; but his opinion was successfully controverted in the next volume of the same work. In Queen Elizabeth's reign a beacon occupied the spot in Herne parish where now stands the windmill.

The river Stour affords excellent trout-fishing: and in the neighbourhood of Herne the entomologist may find some good butterflies and moths. Amongst them the pale-clouded yellow butterfly (*Colias hyale*). The male of this rare species is usually of a rich sulphur yellow, the female nearly white. In both, the upper wings near the middle are marked with a black spot, and are bordered with a deep black rim, almost divided by yellow spots into two. The under wings have a large orange spot in the centre. The caterpillar is green, with two white lines on both sides, irregularly spotted with black. The Glauville fritillary (*Melitta cinxia*) has also been found in the vicinity. The pink underwing moth (*Callomorpha Jacobæ*) is frequently seen in multitudes. This moth is diurnal in its habits, and flits about, or rests upon the stems of ragwort in great numbers. The spotted sulphur moth (*Erastria sulphurea*) is also diurnal in its habits, and may be captured while feeding on the common field convolvulus.

M. J.

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YOUNG fish almost always keep in shallow water. If it were not for this precaution they would soon fall an easy prey to those of larger size. As long, however, as the fry keep in shoal water they cannot readily be got at. As they increase in size and strength they go into deeper water, and are there better able to protect themselves.

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## MEMOIR OF HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES.

“Lo! here’s the pattern of Prince Henry’s parts ;  
 Of Henries four, the fair epitome.  
 Learned as the *first*—stout, toward, hope of hearts ;  
 Like to the *fifth*, once chief of chivalry ;  
 Like to the *sixth*, devout, mild, innocent ;  
 Like to the *seventh*, wise, thrifty, provident.”

JAMES MAXWELL, 1612.

**ANNE OF DENMARK**, the Queen of James VI., brought this her firstborn son into the world at Stirling Castle on February 19, 1594. He was named Henry, after his hapless grandfather Lord Darnley, and Frederick, after the Queen’s father, Frederick II. of Denmark. The birth of this heir to the Scottish throne was an auspicious event in more ways than one ; for it completely put an end to the machinations and disturbances with which Bothwell and his partizans had so long disturbed the court of Scotland ; and the restless, ambitious plotter, finding himself deserted by his faction, fled to France, where he eventually died.

The baptism of the royal infant, according to the ritual of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, was the first, according to Protestant baptismal rites, that had ever been administered to a prince in this island ; and Archbishop Spottiswoode thus narrates the ceremonial :—“The Countess of Marr, the governess of the infant prince, and the queen’s ladies, brought him from his nursery, and laid him in a state-bed, in the queen’s presence-chamber, from whence they carried him in procession, and delivered him to his nearest relative, the Duke of Lennox, by whom he was presented to the ambassador of his godmother Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Sussex. Lord Hume carried the prince’s ducal coronet of Rothsay, and Lord Semple the laver. The English ambassador, who represented Queen Elizabeth, the godmother, followed with the royal babe, whose train was supported by Lords Sinclair and Urquhart ; and four Scottish gentlemen of honourable lineage bore a canopy over him. When the procession arrived at the door, King James, who was seated there, arose and received the English ambassador, who delivered the babe to the Duke of Lennox, and seated himself in a stall decorated with velvet. The service was performed by the Bishop of Aberdeen. The Lord Lion proclaimed the titles of the prince ; gold and silver were thrown from the window among the populace, and then the heir of Scotland was brought back in procession to the state-bed in his mother’s chamber.”

After the ceremony the queen received in state the presents and congratulations of the foreign ambassadors who had assisted at the rite. Queen Elizabeth sent her “god-bairn” a cupboard of plate, and some massive cups of gold, which, according to an historian of the time, were soon “melted and spendit.” Holland presented to the infant prince a parchment, with the yearly pension of five thousand florins ; a sum of money which seems to have been sadly squandered.

The infancy of the prince was not permitted by the state policy of the times to be the care of his mother ; and the poor queen, who is described as being “most acutely alive to the instincts of maternity,” was accordingly separated from her child. He was placed under the care of his hereditary guardian the Earl of Marr, and for safety kept

in the royal fortress of Stirling. The old Countess of Marr, the king's former *gouvernante*, was, to the extreme grief of the queen, inducted into the same office for his son, the infant prince; and the mother was only permitted to see him occasionally. This wound to her maternal affections, however it was represented to her as a part and parcel of the law of Scotland, was the beginning of a series of sorrows and misunderstandings which greatly undermined the domestic peace of the royal pair; and when the queen found that the old countess and her son had gained the affections of the infant, she is said "to have hated them with all the vivacity of her nature," and to have earnestly pleaded with King James that she might not live separately from her child. To which appeal the king replied, "that it was a necessary precaution for the safety of the prince, as, if some faction got strong enough, the boy might be used against herself, as he (the king) had been turned against his unfortunate mother Mary."

Not satisfied with these political reasons, the queen pleaded that the matter might be referred to a council; but the king, finding that she had secretly influenced a large faction of members, who only cared for her wishes as they militated against the Earl of Marr, declined the proposition.

While the king was absent on a summer progress, the queen actually planned an expedition to Stirling Castle, in which she purposed to head an armed band, who were by force to remove the prince from the Earl of Marr; but the king, "discovering the plot, obliged the queen to travel in that direction with different attendants."

Anne of Denmark was subsequently permitted to see and caress her babe at frequent intervals; but, greatly to her chagrin, he was still to remain in the custody of the earl and his mother; and it was not until the birth of her second child, Elizabeth, that she became at all reconciled to her bereavement.

In 1603, when King James visited England to take possession of the throne, he left Prince Henry most sedulously guarded by a strong garrison at the fortress of Stirling, under the care of the Earl of Marr; and a letter is still extant, in which the royal parent gives much excellent counsel to his son, referring him to "a booke latelie prentid," as a code of laws for his future conduct. This was the 'Basilicon Doron,' or 'His Majesty's Instructions to his dearest son the Prince'—a book which has met with the approbation of Bacon, Locke, Hume, and Percy.

While under the guardianship of the Earl of Marr, Prince Henry enjoyed the advantages of an admirable classical education, from the assiduous care of Mr. (afterwards Sir) Adam Newton, a learned Scotchman, who had been himself educated in France; and, from being a zealous Protestant, confirmed in his pupil that high religious principle which subsequently so distinguished and governed every impulse and action of the prince.

When King James left Scotland to take possession of his new kingdom, his queen was appointed to follow him in twenty days; and during this period, having received a letter from her son, then about ten years of age, in which he bewails his separation from both his parents, and also expresses his ardent desire to see her, the queen—whose maternal feelings seem to have been sometimes perfectly uncontrollable—took advantage of the absence of the Earl of Marr to proceed with a strong

party of her nobles to Stirling Castle. Here she endeavoured to intimidate the Countess of Marr into delivering up her charge; but the firmness of the *gouvernante*, which had before been so often called into exertion, now sustained her into flatly refusing the demand; and though the excited feelings of the queen threw her into a transport of passionate tears, the lady continued firm, and the suffering mother was carried to the royal apartments in the castle, from whence she instantly despatched messengers to the king, and to the council at Holyrood. After several very stormy scenes and discussions, the Earl was commanded by the king to deliver up the prince, who, with his tutor, accompanied his royal mother to England.

The progress of the royal party ended on July 2, 1603, at Wintorsor Castle, where the king held a solemn Chapter of the Garter, when he made his son Prince Henry knight of the Order, half a century having elapsed since a king of England had held one of these high festivals. After the ceremony was over, "being presented in his robes to the queen, the noblemen present highly commended the prince for several of his quick witty answers, princely carriage, and reverend obeisance at the altar; all which appeared to them very strange, considering his tender age, and his being till then altogether unacquainted with the matter and circumstances of that solemnity." But the period in which their eldest son was created Prince of Wales is said to have been not only the proudest, but one of the happiest in the lives of the royal parents. The ceremony had been delayed till the noble-minded boy could himself enter into the historical interest of the scene—one celebrated not only with all the splendour of state pageantry, but heralded with all the "glory of poetry," being illustrated by Ben Jonson, the queen's favourite dramatist, in verses, which finely recapitulated the deeds of Henry Stuart's predecessors as Princes of Wales." The ceremony being mixed with a mask, in which the newly-created prince was represented as wakening and reviving the dying genius of chivalry. A few days after, he was introduced by his royal father to the assembled Houses of Parliament; and his solemn investiture took place June 4, 1610.

The courage and fearlessness of the gallant young prince are said to have been displayed from his earliest years. While but an infant, he wept much less than others of his age; and in case of accident, "though the severity of the pain might extort a tear or two, yet a smile soon followed, while he dissembled what he suffered." He willingly joined in all pleasures and diversions; but this, if practicable, always with persons older than himself, taking great delight in tossing the pike, or leaping, shooting with the bow, throwing the bar, vaulting, or some other exercise of the kind; in fact, he was never idle. "He showed himself, likewise, very good-natured to his dependants, supporting their interests against any persons whatever; and anything that he undertook for them or for others he pushed with such zeal as was sure to give success to it; for he exerted his whole strength to accomplish whatever he desired."

"How long," he once remarked, after being commended for a remarkable deed of courage and daring, "how long shall I continue to be a child, in your opinion?"

At another time, the following ready retort must certainly have completely posed his attendant. While travelling, his attention was attracted by a stack of corn, which struck him as similar in shape to



the top he used to play with. "That's a good top," said he. "Why do you not then play with it?" observed one of his suite. "Do you set it up for me, and I will," promptly replied the prince.

King James told him one day, "that it behoved him to apply diligently to his book, for that otherwise his brother Duke Charles, who seemed already to love his book, would be more meet for counsel and government; whereas he, not being learned, would be only fit for military affairs and the exercises of the body. He answered nothing, bearing, as he always did, a due respect to his majesty; but his governor soon after using the same speech as a persuasion to diligence, his highness asked him whether he really thought his brother would prove so good a scholar, and being answered that it was likely, "Then," quoth he, "will I make him Archbishop of Canterbury."

"From his childhood the prince took great interest in naval affairs; and when about ten years old, a small vessel was built for his amusement and instruction in the business of shipping and sailing. He also gave the strictest application to his own improvement in military exercises and the whole theory of war, taking great pleasure in conversing with men of skill and experience in war, both of his own country and foreigners, cultivating an intimate acquaintance with the latter, some of whom were among the most celebrated officers throughout Europe.

"When about fifteen, his highness—not only for his own recreation, but likewise from a laudable ambition of showing the world what might be expected from him, under the name of Mærides, Lord of the Isles (an ancient title due to the firstborn of Scotland)—did by some persons appointed for that purpose, in the Chamber of Presence, before the king and queen and whole court, deliver a challenge to all knights of Great Britain. His name in anagram making a word most worthy of such a knight as he was, Miles à Deo.

"On the appointed day, the great feat of arms was performed at the palace of Whitehall, in the presence of the king and queen, the ambassadors of Spain and Venice, and of all the peers and great ladies of the kingdom, with a multitude of others of inferior rank. His highness maintained the barriers against all adventurers, assisted only by six young noblemen. Against these challengers came six-and-fifty defendants, consisting of earls, barons, knights, and esquires. Every challenger fought with eight several defendants, two combats at two different weapons, push of pike and single sword. The prince himself gave and received thirty-two pushes of pike, and about three hundred and sixty strokes of swords, and performed his part very well and gracefully, and to the admiration of all spectators."

He collected in his court a number of young gentlemen, of the greatest spirit and courage, practised tilting, charging on horseback with pistols, and new pieces of ordnance were made under his direction, with which he learned to shoot level at a mark. Besides his proficiency in these warlike exercises, which were unfortunately more agreeable to his inclination than suited to his constitution, the prince also showed admirable tact and judgment in the way in which, by letter and persuasion, he acted the mediator between his royal parents. "The queen," says Miss Strickland, "retained her girlish petulance after she had been a matron for some years, and even when she was the mother of a son sixteen years of age. That son, the joy and pride of her heart, was consequently obliged sometimes to use a little playful management to

obtain peace in the circle of royal domesticity, where occasional outbreaks of temper on the part of her majesty produced at times considerable disgust. And the prince proved his careful abstinence from mischief-making by declining to repeat to his mother messages sent in a passion by his father, then suffering from paroxysms of gout."

The praises for wisdom and amiability of temper lavished by his country on this promising prince were by no means exaggerated; for what can be a higher proof of elevation of character than the temper and forbearance exercised in the domestic connexions of life, whether in the palace or the cottage?

In the government of his household, which comprised no less than five hundred persons, many of them young gentlemen of rank and fortune, the prince displayed no less judgment and discretion; and "though plenty and magnificence reigned, it was yet made to agree with the rules of frugality and moderation." Accounts of the expenditure were scrupulously kept, so that it should be within the bounds of the annual revenue; while a spare sum of some thousands was reserved in store for any emergency. By this prudent conduct he was enabled to repurchase lands belonging to his duchy of Cornwall.

The treasurer of his household, and subsequent historian, Sir Charles Cornwallis, tells us that in propriety of conduct he was a pattern to high and low; that he thought not fit to lose any hours of his life, but so bestowed them that they were not only profitable to himself, but worthy of imitation to others. "He so distributed the day, by dividing his hours into the service of God, to the apting himself to the office he was born unto, both in government civil and military, and to necessary exercises and recreations, as no part of it could be said to be in vain bestowed. To enable his knowledge in government civil he read history; the knowledge of things past, conducing much to resolution in things present, and to prevention of evils to come."

Possessed of a singular integrity of character, and a true kingly disposition, he certainly gave, in the administration of his affairs, important presage of what he might have become had it pleased God to permit him to wear the crown, of which he was so worthy; and one or two remarkable traits in his character will bear out the opinion. He was never known to condemn or censure any person unheard, and was so averse to even an appearance of oppression, that during the royal progresses he carefully enjoined that neither carriages nor provisions should be taken without full remuneration being made; and when enjoying the diversion of hawking or hunting before harvest was ended, he strictly forbade any one passing through the corn, himself leading the way by sweeping round, whatever might be the ardour of the sport. Such forbearance and just attention to the interests of those beneath him in rank, was, we must remember, far from being common at the period in which he lived; and it is worthy of note that at a time when licentiousness of manners reigned openly and unreprieved, his own conduct was regulated by the strictest rules of honour and propriety. He was never known to use an oath, or to take the name of God in vain; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his funeral sermon, mentioned in testimony of his strictness on this point that memorable answer of the prince when he was asked by one why he did not swear in play as well as others, "that he knew of no game worthy of an oath." The same kind of answer he gave on another occasion. "His highness being once hunting

the stag, it happened that the stag being spent, crossed the road, where a butcher and his dog were travelling. The dog having killed the stag, the huntsmen, when they came up, expressed great resentment, and endeavoured to incense the prince against the butcher. But the prince answered coolly, 'What if the butcher's dog killed the stag; how could the butcher help it?' They replied, that if his father had been so served, he would have sworn so as no man could have endured it. 'Away!' rejoined the prince; 'all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath.'

Osborne, the historian of the reign of King James, in detailing the estimable qualities of the prince, adds: "and (which was looked on as too great upbraiding the contrary proceedings of his father) in a reverence to piety and swearing himself, or keeping any who did, he came to be advanced beyond ordinary measure in the affections of them in the city, to whom he was not only pleasing in his carriage, but just in payments, so far that his credit outreached the king's both in the exchange and in the church. In this the son could not take so much felicity as the father did discontent, to find all the worth he imagined in himself wholly lost, in the hopes the people had of this young gentleman."

But the jealousy said to have been thus felt for his son by James I. should not be allowed to outweigh his admirable previous conduct as a father; for he had given Henry an education which was a model for princes, and that "not by lucky accidents, but with earnest intent, founded on proper principles;" and never did calumny more disgraceful work than when it insinuated that James was the instigator of harm to a son he had so cherished.

In the several proposals for marriage with the prince by foreign courts, the same feeling of jealousy, mingled with a mean desire for lucrative gain, is attributed to James.

As a wife for the prince, the Princesses of France, Spain, a daughter of the Duke of Florence, and a sister of the afterwards King of Bohemia, who married Elizabeth, sister of Prince Henry, were alternately subjects of treaty and consideration; and when the Infanta of Spain appeared to be the one the most likely to become his bride, Prince Henry is said to have declared, that if they persisted in marrying him to a Popish princess, he desired, "that at least the youngest of those proposed should be selected, as the more hope might be entertained of her conversion."

It was while a treaty was being carried on for the Princess of France that Henry was first attacked by symptoms of the fatal illness which so soon consigned him to the tomb. Like his ill-fated grandfather, he was a very handsome, "long lad," having attained the height of six feet before his seventeenth year; and as the personal prowess of the champion was in this age absolutely required in a prince, greater exertions had been made in the tilt-yard, and in other manly exercises, than suited the health of a rapidly-growing youth. Such exertions most probably hastened the symptoms of that fatal malady, consumption, a tendency to which had been for some time perceptible. His illness, aggravated by incautiously swimming in the Thames "after a full supper at Richmond," could not long be struggled against; while the unhealthy state of the season caused it soon to take the form of an intermittent fever, a disease for which no specifics were then known, and which consequently soon degenerated into the worst species of typhus.

On the 24th of October 1612, the royal family, with the princely

stranger Frederick, then on the eve of his marriage with Elizabeth, were to dine in great state with the lord mayor; but the prince became so much worse that he was compelled to take to his bed, and on the 29th became alarmingly ill. To the great terror of the populace, that phenomenon, a lunar rainbow occurred, lasted seven hours, and, to the excited minds of the spectators, appeared to span exactly that part of the palace where the royal sufferer lay. The most fatal results were foretold; and as such meteors seldom occur except during an unhealthy state of the atmosphere, the predictions were unhappily verified. From the virulence of the fever, infection was dreaded; and the royal family, with the exception of the father, were debarred from any communication with the invalid; and the poor queen is described as "remaining in a most pitiable state of wretchedness."

To alleviate her anxiety she sent to Sir Walter Raleigh for a specific which he had once in her own case prescribed with good effect. He had great faith himself in the nostrum; but he unfortunately remarked in the letter which accompanied it, "that it would cure all mortal maladies except poison." The queen instantly despatched the medicine to her son; and as it was a strong stimulant, it revived him for the moment, but could not long ward off his death, which followed in a very short time after. He expired just before midnight on the 5th of November, "the people at the time swarming round the palace, and commemorating in grotesque pageantry the anniversary of gunpowder plot."

When the fatal news reached the queen—then at her palace, Somerset House—she gave way to an overwhelming burst of grief, "exclaiming that her dear son had had foul play, and was the victim of some murderous poisoner;" and words thus uttered in the delirium of maternal agony were sufficient foundation on which to ground the frightful calumnies which spared not even the king in their construction.

The apparent apathy with which that monarch sustained so heavy a blow, and the singular commands issued, "that persons should not approach the royal presence in the garb of mourning, and that the approaching festivities of Christmas should not be suspended," certainly gave to the public in general plausible reasons for giving credence to the rumours that prevailed; while the grief universally felt for the loss of him, "the blossoms of whose youth had given such promise of future excellence," increased the feeling of indignation at the supposed treachery to which he had been a victim.

Numerous were the sermons, Latin orations, elegies from the pens of contemporary divines, professors, and poets, all eulogistic, and voluntary offerings to the memory of the beloved and regretted Prince Henry. The two universities also produced sermons on the melancholy event; but it is rather remarkable that among the poets of the day, Ben Jonson, who may be styled the poet-laureate of the court, was alone silent.

The household of the departed prince continued together until the end of December, when it was dismissed with a pathetic sermon, or address, by Hall, sometimes called the "English Seneca," ending in the following striking exhortation:—"Go in peace, and live as those that have lost such a master, and as those that serve a Master whom they cannot lose."

## THE CENTENARIAN.—No. II.

WILLIAM'S curiosity was greatly excited, and he was very much disappointed when three days in the following week had passed away without allusion from his father to their proposed visit. He began to be fearful that he had forgotten it, and he ventured to remind him of the engagement.

"William," replied Mr. Calvert, "our intended visit has not escaped my memory, but I looked upon it as a gratification, and no gratification ought to interfere with the necessary duties of our station; you had to prepare for your quarter's examination, I to arrange some public accounts, these done satisfactorily, and we will lose no further time."

William understood the implied command; and he set himself to work with all diligence and application; and, to his delight, the hour was at length named for their visit, the horses were saddled and brought to the door, and the road to — taken. They found Mr. Seagrave as well in health, and as calm and composed in manner, as usual. It was no easy matter, however, to gain the express object of their visit. Neither William nor Mr. Calvert felt they could ask for the promised story. It was therefore necessary to find the vibrating chord of his emotions, as he had said, and this could be effected only with delicacy and discrimination. Mr. Calvert made several attempts, but without success. Mr. Seagrave had evidently forgotten their former conversation; and the surface of his feelings was overspread with the chill film of apathy.

"Surely," said he, at length, "I had something particular to say to you; it has entirely slipped my memory; these vapouring images are one of the painful accompaniments of years like mine. Alas! mists obscure our mental visions all the days of our life: in youth we form them for ourselves, in age they are formed for us by infirmity."

"Mrs. Goodwin," continued he, addressing a respectable female, who at this moment had entered the room, "what was it that I bade you remind me of, when Mr. Calvert came?" Before she could reply, however, recollection had flashed on his mind, his eye became bright and his smile returned. "I remember it all now. Bring me the packet I desired you to put into my desk."

He looked at William. "We were talking of Sir Thomas, and the peculiar feeling that disturbed him. I promised you a story; it would be useless to attempt to tell it to you; I could no longer connect the circumstances of the past, though the sensations to which these gave birth, are, I believe, almost as strong as ever. We can outlive, I find, the powers of the mind, but not the more powerful emotions of the heart. In that respect I am young still. There are periods in my former life which, if I were now to recall them to memory, would affect me little less than they did when they occurred."

The expression of his countenance could not escape the notice and interest of his visitors.

"Do not distress yourself, sir," said Mr. Calvert, "neither I nor my son could feel any gratification in the recital of that which would give you pain."

William's countenance fell. He knew that his father had said only what was proper; but his disappointment was not lessened, because his better feeling was convinced.

"You are very good," said Mr. Seagrave; "the pain is past already, the pleasure, I trust, is to come from your gratification. It was an amusement in which I indulged some time ago, impelled, I hope, by a more rational desire to record the events of my long pilgrimage. I had forgotten the circumstance when we were talking last; nor did I remember it, till endeavouring to review the years gone by, in order to perform my promise to you, I found the task more difficult than I at first imagined. I was about to give it up in despair, when the recollection of my narrative flashed on my mind. There it is—to whom shall I give it? to you, William, or your father?"

"As you please," said Mr. Calvert, "it is the same thing."

"To you, not to me," replied Mr. Seagrave, quickly. "I remember now that the promise was made to you, William, was it not?"

"It was, sir," returned he.

"Then to you the fulfilment is due," said Mr. Seagrave; "the faithful observance of our word, even in trifles, is a duty we owe alike to ourselves and others, and the very soul of honour and success in all our undertakings."

William thanked him as he took the manuscript, which he carefully put into his pocket; and soon afterwards he and his father bade the venerable old man good morning.

Evening came, the manuscript was produced by William, and handed to his father, who, by motion, refused to take it.

"No," said he, "it is given in charge to you; read it aloud; your mother will like to know its contents as well as ourselves."

"But you will read it, papa, so much better than I," said William imploringly, "and give it so much more effect," and he looked at his mother.

"I quite agree with you, William," said Mrs. Calvert; "you, like most boys of your age, are not to be complimented in this respect. I regret it, and think the little attention paid at school to the art of reading, an art too, of no ordinary value, a great defect, injurious to an author, destructive of the improvement or pleasure of the hearer, and making that an irksome task to the reader which might otherwise be an agreeable recreation. But besides this, to read well, we must feel what we read, or the end of reading aloud to amuse others, or to make an impression on them, is lost; and, if I am not mistaken, we shall find much contained in that manuscript which your father only can convey instructively to us."

William knew the point was now settled. He removed his father's chair, adjusted the lights, took care that his mother's wants were anticipated, and having set a stool at her feet, as the concluding act of his attention, he placed himself in the seat he usually occupied. The next instant, however, he arose, hastily approached his mother, and in a whisper said, "Can you give me anything to do? I can listen so much better when I am employed. Have you any tape to wind?"

Mrs. Calvert smiled, as she opened the drawer of her work-table.

"Luckily for you," said she, "I have made a purchase this morning, and have laid in a stock."

William took the packet, and, thanking her with a look, reseated himself.

"Are you ready?" demanded Mr. Calvert.

"Quite, papa;" and the rolling of the tape, and the reading of the manuscript were commenced at the same moment.

“No eye, perhaps, may glance over this memoir till mine is closed for ever. It has been written in no spirit of vanity; it contains no narration of great events or splendid deeds performed, of success in life, singularly or meritoriously achieved. It is the simple record of the folly of human wishes, of extravagances, which, if not equally shared by my fellow-men, have been at least entertained by most.

“My father was a man of fortune and enterprise. He had a large family; but his ample means, and especially his precepts and example, laid the foundation of the success which attended every one of his sons. No one was more prosperous than myself, who was the eldest. As a West India merchant, I early amassed considerable wealth. I married a most amiable woman, a few years younger than myself, and our union was blessed with several lovely children. Life was full of happiness to me; I had no drawback to my felicity, but one which I framed for myself. I was naturally of a strong constitution, very healthy, and proverbially temperate; no one might naturally look forward to more years than I. But life, I felt, was uncertain, and the desire to live long (I do not say to attain to extreme old age, for I insensibly separated the two ideas in my mind; I desired life for the longer and uninterrupted enjoyment of my possessions, and for the exercise of that activity and enterprise in which I so much delighted, not for the mere retention of existence) became a paramount wish.

“By degrees this desire obtained complete possession of me; it occupied my mind night and day, and at length it actually formed the subject of my most earnest prayers. Yes, I dared to ask that of God, and to expose to his eye that craving of my heart, which I was ashamed to reveal even to my wife! At first, indeed, I ventured only indirectly to breathe my wishes; then, bolder and bolder grown, I vehemently urged my petition, and besought that some intimation might be vouchsafed to me that it was heard and granted. Oh! the patience of God! ‘His eyelids try the children of men.’—Oh! how, knowing the secrets of all hearts, must He often laugh to scorn their folly and their madness.

“No such answer, however, as I besought was granted me, and a feeling of despair began to arise in my mind. I recalled every dream each morning; I listened eagerly for every text each sabbath-day in the hope that I might be able to apply it to myself, and I opened my Bible not for instruction but for some sentence or word of private meaning, some message, in fact, which I alone was to comprehend, intended for me. In vain—there was neither voice, nor sound, nor sign granted me. Still I urged my prayer, my earnestness seeming to grow on my disappointment.

“At length a friend of mine called one morning at my office, desiring to see me alone. I was annoyed at the request, for I was much engaged at the time; but he had seen me and I could not deny myself; I called him into my private room and closed the door.

“‘No particular secrecy,’ said he, ‘is necessary, though my business is with you alone. I am desirous of your name in the deed of conveyance in the lifehold estate which I have just purchased. I know no life apparently so good as yours; and as it is of the utmost consequence to my young family to secure such a one, I hope you will not refuse my request.’

“As he spoke my heart throbbed, and a thrilling sensation amounting to pain affected my ears.

“‘You may be mistaken,’ said I, with some effort.

“I have no such fear,” replied he, smiling; ‘I saw Dr. Bland just now, and named the subject to him.’

“I hung upon his words with a sensation I cannot describe; my inward agitation was such that I could not ask what was the doctor’s opinion. My friend, however, spared me the necessity.

“‘If you could have made choice of old Parr,’ said the doctor, ‘you could not have done better. Seagrave is more likely to live till he is a hundred than, barring accidents, to die at fifty.’

“The feeling of that moment! it was almost overpowering; I laid my hand on the table near me for support; I heard, I believed, and I acted on my belief. The instant my friend withdrew I threw myself on my knees, and vehemently returned thanks for the mercy, as I presumptuously conceived, that had been granted to me. Reader, is a smile on your lip at my folly? It deserves contempt; but think, hast thou never uttered words to thy Maker the remembrance of which thou wouldst gladly blot from thy memory, and which now wake thy wonder and shame at thy temerity, extravagance, and foolishness? Despise me, and thou wilt condemn thyself.

“I was now perfectly happy; but every day I grew, unconsciously indeed, yet not the less certainly, more and more selfish. I lost my parents, and many of my earliest friends, including some of my brothers. I mourned their loss, it is true, but not as others mourned, or as I should have done under different impressions. Death did not affect me; the sight of it brought no useful lesson to my mind, was no check to the worldliness that was gaining possession of me. Encased in my own security, I felt above the casualties of life to which others were exposed, and I continued fearlessly to enjoy myself. My wife died; I had loved her much, and on her own account I lamented her; but I had other stores of comfort, and the first sorrow of separation over, I was reconciled to her loss.

“My sons had all grown to men’s estate, my daughters were married and had families. As years rolled on, the parents were removed, leaving a numerous progeny behind them. Their elders had been good and dutiful, and their children inherited their respect and affection for me. I knew no diminution of attention; I had every comfort I desired, and my health continued so uninterruptedly good that I had scarcely a warning that it could ever decline. I stood among my descendants like an oak in the forest, sheltering many under my shade, supporting the feeble, and indifferent to danger myself.

“I now passed for a wonderful man of my years, and as yet I had no cause to suspect, nor could I allow myself to entertain the thought, that I had erred in my desire to live long. With health and strength undiminished, I had always been the most active person in the firm. I had managed business as senior with my sons and grandsons, and my name was even now more than nominal, for I yet had a considerable interest in the concern, and still bore a share in the fatigues of it, though associated with my great-grandson. Gradually, however, I lessened my attendance, making business rather an amusement than an occupation, although my powers of mind were as clear almost as they had ever been.

“I had reached the age of ninety when so great a change had taken place around me, that I could not but be sensible of it. One by one my family had dropped off. I had married again and had had children by my second wife, but they all died early; I had now scarcely an immediate relative left. I might not have been sensibly affected by the circumstance, had I not found myself for some time past a sort of intruder among my



connexions; I was unwilling to admit the fact even to myself, but the truth forced itself upon me that I was in the way; that by many to whom my property would be very acceptable, my death would be considered as a desirable event. But even these I outlived, and of my own family there was only one remaining, except two very distant branches of the family whom I had never seen and who were living abroad. What, however, affected me still more was, that of all the friends whom I had loved in my manhood or had acquired in later times, not one was left. I had acquaintance, it was true, but they were much younger than myself, and I began to find that their views and mine were too dissimilar to make intercourse with them very agreeable.

"Then came, not the suspicion only, but the unmistakable certainty that I was sought for only through motives of interest; and I could read, under the evident unwillingness to contradict me, or in the pliancy with which others altered their avowed sentiments professedly to meet mine, they had no other meaning than to further their own expectations as to the disposal of my property: I could see that the anecdotes I had formerly repeated to the delight of my hearers now gave no satisfaction; my opinions were obsolete, my views behind the times, my wisdom puerile: in short, it was evident to me that if I was not met with ridicule, it was only because there was yet something about me which commanded respect, or that respect had become habitual.

"The difference which I had seen to exist between my partners' views and mine had, in fact, been the main actuating cause of my withdrawing myself from the firm; for I did not find my attendance a trouble to me, nor did I find any diminution of the interest I had ever taken in the prosperity of the house. I was as worldly as ever, but my way of conducting business and that of my partners' were totally different; commerce was altogether changed, and I had not been able to keep pace with its mutations. My views could not mould themselves to the times, and my experience became valueless. I had been disgusted with my partners, though I was still partial to my profession.

"I was unwilling to relinquish society; but it gave me no pleasure. I began to take little interest in public affairs, although I had formerly entered warmly into all political controversies; and I was annoyed when attempting to draw comparisons between past and present popular characters, I saw that my hearers could ill bear with my observations, and regarded them as childish; while I, despising their wisdom of a day, occasionally evinced an irritability at their remarks, which was afterwards painful and lowering to myself.

"I could still see to read perfectly, but new publications were not suited to my taste, perhaps were beyond my comprehension, and I found no pleasure in them. There was one book which neither generations nor years could have altered or impaired, but it had formed no part of my former study or delight, and I had yet to acquire a relish for the heavenly truths it contained. Shame! shame! I had neglected my God, and had cared little for His word after I had felt myself secure of this world, and had made it my home.

"Slowly but irresistibly the conviction came to me that I was alone. I closed my eyes more obstinately to the growing truth as it continued to force itself upon me; and as the awful fact obtruding itself that a man could live too long pressed on my mind, I the more pertinaciously refused to admit its possibility.

## ZOOPHYTES.

ZOOPHYTES adhering to shells or mingled with sea-weeds, forming a stony plant-like substance, have perhaps attracted the attention of the reader who has wandered on the sandy shore. This was a mass of the skeletons of zoophytes, or, it may be, of the living animals themselves.

The zoophyte is both one creature and many at the same time. The branched skeletons which you saw were hollow, and once a living marrow occupied their stem, branches and all. Upon these branches were small cells, in each of which once dwelt a polyp united to the vital thread that ran through the skeleton.

“And what is a polyp?” you ask. A tiny gelatinous creature, with an orifice for a mouth, fringed with silk-like arms to convey food into this minute aperture. These arms can be expanded beyond the polyp’s home, or folded up within it, as the little animal pleases. But when its food is caught and swallowed, the polyp is not allowed to appropriate all to itself, for there is a communication between its stomach and a cavity which permeates through the whole living pulp, and a current is always flowing in this cavity which visits the stomach of every polyp, and carries off a lion’s portion of the food undergoing digestion. Thus, like a good citizen, each individual in this compound creature contributes its share to the prosperity of the community.

And a beautiful sight it is to see a living zoophyte with its many cells filled with tiny creatures, now expanding their delicate white arms, and now suddenly withdrawing them into their little abodes. Sometimes the polyps wither, and their homes are left desolate; but soon a new occupant arrives, and the zoophyte is all life and activity again.

Zoophytes have two modes of increase. Buds sprout from different parts of the compound structure, and grow into branches containing cells, within which polyps are gradually formed. A pulpy mass enters the cells, and assumes the polyp form; a central cavity is scooped out for a stomach, and a number of tubercles bud and grow into a circle of tiny arms. The anterior part of the body within this ring lengthens into a perforated trunk, and the polyp is complete. This is one mode of increase.

But there is another and a wonderful method by which zoophytes are diffused. This plant-animal has two kinds of cells—one the ever-present polyp home; the other produced at certain times only, and called a vesicle or capsule. These vesicles are not so abundant on the zoophyte as the polyp cells. They are larger, and are frequently urn-shaped, and some are very beautiful.

The vesicles are seed-vessels, in which small spherical bodies are nurtured for the spread of the species. At the proper time these little spheres migrate from their abode, and sport nimbly through the water; but their bustle will soon be over, for shortly they will dispense with their little arms—cilia, as they are termed—and each will quietly sink down somewhere as a circular disk. From the centre of these disks a delicate stalk will gradually rise, and from this stalk a cell will develop itself for a polyp home, and so each of the young plant-animals will grow to a complete structure. Sometimes little leech-like creatures are produced instead of these bustling ciliated spherules; they are called planulæ, and

their metamorphosis into a perfect zoophyte is similar to the one which we have just described.

Bell corallines (*campanulariadae*) are especially beautiful members of the zoophyte race, and there is a very remarkable peculiarity in their reproduction. These zoophytes are generally small; and their contorted pedicles, crowned with beautifully-shaped crystal cups, may be found on sea-weed, or other marine substances. There is a common species which may be inspected by any one who will devote a little patience to the task. The rims of the transparent cups are prettily serrated, and the polyp casts its arms over this notched lip, for the cup is its home.

Laden vesicles of the *campanulariadae* contain a number of dark-centered circular specks of different sizes, crowded about a central line. After a time the outermost speck jerks itself towards the aperture of the vesicle, and struggles its way out into the surrounding water. But what is the pellucid hemispherical disk, with marginal arms and central trunk, which is jerking along before your eyes? It resembles a miniature jellyfish, and yet it is the child of a zoophyte: and the child never becomes like the parent, for it lives and dies in the image of a jellyfish. But, strange to say, it gives birth to ciliated ova, which in time become zoophytes, so that its offspring return again to their grandfather's form.

This is mysterious, and it gives scope to abundance of theory; but a better plan is carefully to verify these transformations, and to wait for their interpretation.

Some at least of the polyps are luminous. Their tiny cells glitter at night when they are agitated in water. A piece of weed, studded with forests of the delicate *Laomedea*, will kindle a mimic fire in every crystal dwelling if shaken in sea-water by night.

The *plumularia* is a zoophyte, resembling a very delicate plume of from two to three inches in length. A small leech was the root of this feathery form. Its plumules are all filled with cells inhabited by polyps with white embossed arms.

The *tubularia* consist of delicate tubes capped with polyp heads of gorgeous hues, so that a collection of these zoophytes resembles a flower-garden. These tubes are nearly filled with a "semifluid organic pulp," and the tinted head provides food for the zoophyte. A mass of these creatures with their long delicate arms bending over their bright-hued bodies sometimes greets the eye of the dredger in our seas; for there the genus is not a rare one.

Such are zoophytes; and a valuable lesson may be learned from these plant-like creatures; for a piece of sea-weed covered with them is surely an unobtrusive but striking witness of His power and goodness who has thus tenanted even a weed with a multitude of beautiful and happy beings.

#### THE FERN TRIBE.—No. VIII.

THE next family which we shall notice is the *Hymenophyllaceae*, which comprises only two genera, the first of which numbers but one solitary species—the beautiful *Trichomanes speciosum*; and the second, which is called *Hymenophyllum*, only two.

The structure of the *Hymenophyllaceae* is peculiar, the thecae being borne on a marginal receptacle, which rises from the edge of the frond

and stands out prominently between the pinnæ. In the first genus this receptacle is invested with a sort of bristle-like appendage, from whence its trivial name of Bristle Fern is derived. The second is devoid of such adjuncts.

The first named, *Trichomanes speciosum*, or the Bristle Fern, is a plant as beautiful as it is peculiar, and seems to partake of the botanical character of ferns, mosses, and seaweeds. In texture, and also in scent, it much resembles the latter, and with them it shares the quality of being capable of restoration to a life-like vigour from immersion in water, even after it has been for years perfectly dry and apparently dead. A friend kindly sent some fronds of this fern to the writer of this paper, which had been carried with her from place to place for some weeks, being kept when at rest entirely immersed in fresh water. They were quite as fresh when they reached their destination as when gathered, and bore a similar treatment for another month after their arrival, when it was thought desirable to dry them, lest they should eventually decay. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of their appearance as they lay beneath the water, their most vividly green pinnæ closely beset by the air-bubbles which continually encompassed every part of them; and when they were lifted into the air and sunlight, the heavy droop of their very thickly-clustered pinnæ rendered them very lovely objects.

The roots of *T. speciosum*, as well as the rhizoma, much resemble those of the common polypody. The rhizoma is black, tomentose, tough, and remarkably long. When the plant is very luxuriant, the rhizomata have been found many yards in length, forming a network over the surface of a rock to which the roots were slightly adhering. "The formation of the young frond takes place about May; the stem then gradually lengthens without much development of the circinate character of the frond till September, when a more rapid growth takes place: about November the full length of the stem is attained, but the pinnules are not perfectly formed, nor has the frond attained its full development until the autumn of the second year. No disposition to bear fruit is shown till the autumn of the third year, when the involucre appear, and the setæ and capsules attain maturity in October. It is very rarely that the seed attains maturity in this country. The capsules are formed within the involucre around the setæ, but do not attain sufficient ripeness and elasticity to burst and discharge the seeds." The form of the fronds is between lanceolate and triangular; they are pinnate, the pinnules deeply divided or pinnatifid. The fructification may be described as consisting of a cluster of small and nearly spherical capsules attached to the centre of a vein after its last division. At the point of attachment, the wing, or green part, partly loses its colour and semi-membranous appearance, and becomes whitish and more opaque, assuming a form something like that of a champagne glass round the cluster of capsules. The capsuliferous vein passes through this cup, and projects beyond it, sometimes exceeding it four times in length. Botanists call the cup an involucre, and the exerted bristle-like vein a receptacle.

The habitats of this fern are most romantic, and often beautiful. Mr. Andrews, who found it at Blackstones, in Glouin Caragh, writes:—"It was growing in a wild and romantic cave, the rocky walls of which had been for ages covered with a drapery of the overlapping fronds, hundreds of which, hanging gracefully down, formed a pendulous mass of the loveliest green, which contrasted strikingly with the sombre hue

of the Killarney plant; the rhizomata spread over the moist surface of the rock formed a reticulated and tenacious covering." Mr. Andrews and his friend left it in its beauty to delight others who might visit it but, alas! an after record tells us, "in September last a ruthless botanical pirate, who discovered the spot, tore the ferns from their retreat and fractured the hard surface of the rock, that not a vestige of the plant might again rear itself." Such conduct reminds us of the malignancy or folly, whichever it might be, of that young man who landed from his ship for the purpose of leading on a set of foolish young shipmates to the destruction of the noted Logan-stone in Cornwall. They succeeded in upsetting that wonderful relic of Druidism, and the ringleader at the same time in overturning all his own future prospects, as well as his existing credit; for Government interfered, made him replace the stone on its socket, which he did with the utmost labour and at great expense, though at last but imperfectly, as it has never after "logged" so well as before, and then dismissed him from the service. Man's works may be replaced, but not God's; and he who destroys even vegetable life can never again restore it.

The Bristle Fern is found only in Ireland, and never except in the close neighbourhood of waterfalls, or in dripping caves, or some other situation where it may be at all times kept wet. Newman says, "I have stood amid the roar of waters, gazing on hundreds of the dark-green fronds of this fern as they waved to and fro in the agitated air, and sparkled with myriads of sunlit drops." He speaks of finding it at Turk's Waterfall, near Killarney. "I found it to the left of the seat from whence tourists take the first view of the fall. About fifteen yards higher up the stream, the rocky bank on the left projects into the river. This projection is only to be approached by leaping from stone to stone along the bed of the torrent, which, in times of flood—as happened to be the case when I paid it this visit—is rather an exciting and ticklish operation: you are so close to the fall as to be covered by the spray, and the roar is almost deafening. Having reached the projection, the botanist must ascend it by means of the roots and branches—a feat very readily performed; and there is a little platform on the top where he can stand very comfortably, and while so standing he will find the rocky bank just on a level with his eyes, completely clothed with *Trichomanes*, the dark-green fronds hanging heavily down, dripping with wet, and, if the sun happens to shine, begemmed with sparkling drops. It is a beautiful sight, and well worth the wet stockings which, when the flood is on, form a necessary accompaniment of the expedition."

The next genus, *Hymenophyllum*, is, as we have said, formed of two species; one, the Tunbridge Filmy Fern (*H. Tunbridgense*), and the other, Wilson's Filmy Fern (*H. Wilsoni*). The roots and rhizomata of these are much alike; the fronds of both are circinate, appearing late in the summer, and remaining green through the winter, but becoming quite black in the early spring. They both frequent dripping rocks, wet stones, and waterfalls. The fronds of *H. Tunbridgense* consist of a branched series of veins, each being clothed with a membranous or filmy wing, as in *Trichomanes*; the branches, or pinnæ, are alternate, and each more or less subdivided, the pinnulæ being mostly in pairs. The margin of the wing is crenate and minutely spiny; the masses of theæ are in flat marginal receptacles, situated at the union of the pinnæ with the rachis; and these receptacles have a serrated external margin.

*H. Wilsoni* has a more erect habit than *Tunbridgense*, and the receptacle is very different, being elongate, swollen at the base, and its exterior margin perfectly without serratures. When the seed is ripe the receptacle opens at the top, and splitting down the middle remains widely gaping. Both these little ferns are at first sight, and to an inexperienced eye, more like some kinds of large mosses.

We have now closed our consideration of those ferns which are termed annulate, and nothing more remains than a little further examination of the structure and habits of those to which we have before alluded in illustration of the formation of the exanulate.



OSMUNDA REGALIS.

The beautiful *Osmunda regalis*, that "flower-crowned prince of English ferns," is the first among those which claim our attention. The structure of its curious spike of fruit has been already described; but we must say a few words of its general appearance and habit. The roots are strong and fibrous, the rhizoma tufted and very large, rising sometimes two feet above the ground, from which springs an immense mass of verdure, consisting of from six to twelve fronds, averaging six feet in height. These fronds appear early in May, and are at first of a reddish salmon-tinted hue, of a club-like form, and scarcely giving the idea of their being immature leaves. They grow and expand very rapidly, and die under the influence of the earliest frosts.

The *Osmunda* frequents boggy soil; and we have seen it forming an impervious hedge on a peat bank which formed the division between

one boggy field and another, presenting a most noble appearance, as its splendid fronds, some erect and others inclining to pendent, waved over the brook below. When Sir Walter Scott visited Killarney, where this fern abounds, he is said to have appeared unmoved by the scenery until he came within its range, when he exclaimed, "This is worth coming to see." It has a beautiful effect when reflected on the surface of the water; and when it grows on the margin of a rapid stream, which has suddenly risen above its usual height, and the long fronds of submerged Osmundas appear through the glittering waters as they rush along beneath the sunbeams, while other more steadfast fronds, which have withstood the force of the torrent, wave triumphantly in the air above it, has a most lovely appearance. The rhizoma, which runs so deeply into the ground as to be only extracted with great difficulty, has a whitish centre, or core, called by some old authors "the heart of Osmund the waterman." There is, no doubt, some legend connected with this name, but we have not been able to trace it.

The pretty little Moonwort (*Botrychium lunaria*), which was depicted in our former paper, is about four or five inches in height. Its roots and rhizoma differ from those of true ferns in that the former is stout, succulent, and brittle, the latter scarcely noticeable. We have already described its structure and fructification; but there is one peculiarity connected with this plant which is well worthy of notice. Within the stem of the growing frond, at its base, is inclosed the frond for the ensuing year; and again within this, and also at its base, that for the next following year. Newman says, "I find the frond for the ensuing year in every respect perfectly formed; indeed, exactly in the same state as it is found the following spring. That for the next following year is less perfectly formed; indeed, its component parts are not made out without some difficulty." Our old herbalist, Gerarde, tells us that "it has been used among the alchymists and witches to do wonders withal, who say that it will loose locks, and make the shoes fall from the feet of horses that graze where it doth growe, and hath been called of them Martagon." Culpeper also tells us that "alchymists say that this herb is peculiarly useful to them in making silver." It is reported that whatsoever horse casually treads upon this herb will lose his shoes; it is also said to have the virtue of unlocking their fetlocks; but whether these reports be fabulous or true, it is well known to the country people by the name of "unshoe horse." Many magical properties were ascribed to the Moonwort; but it was all-essential that it should be gathered under the light of a full moon; otherwise procured, the herb had no power. Culpeper says, "The moon owns this plant;" and Galen gives it as a sovereign remedy for the bite of a mad dog.

The roots and rhizoma of *Ophioglossum vulgare*, or adder's tongue, are much like those of the Moonwort. The frond rises in May, composed of the green half-canopy-like sheath, and the spike of bearded fruits contained in it. The spike is distinctly stalked, stoutest at the base (see Fig. in No. 1.), and tapering to the apex. It has no legendary uses of either a magical or medical nature, except that both ancients and moderns have made an ointment for wounds and green sores from its leaves, compounded with some unguent. It is a pretty little plant; but, where it abounds, a great annoyance to the farmers, as it often covers whole acres of ground and greatly injures the grass.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

**A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.**

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THE BLACK SEA.—No. II.



BULGARIAN SHEPHERDS.

DAY, meanwhile, followed day, and we remained indefinitely tied to the shores of Kilia, without daring to put to sea. I had made again and again every possible observation, celestial and terrestrial; M. Laurens, in half-a-score of sheets, had exhausted the small stock of picturesque objects the place presented, and we had nothing to do but to remain on the shore, with our arms crossed, and await with stoical resignation the moment of departure.



At last the wind dropped, and allowed us to launch the wretched boat, which cut such a sorry figure on the beach. Our Greeks, full of courage, gaily prepared to struggle against the heavy swell which yet lingered after the storm; and we set out in the hope of reaching before night Domous Dereh (the Valley of Hogs), the shore of which, unapproachable when the sea is in the least degree agitated, was distinctly in sight at the distance of an hour or two's sail. But just as we were at the very point of landing, the tempest, which had only lulled, resumed in full force. The waves, after a moment's indecision, changed to billows bristling with foam; a double night suddenly shrouded us, and what rendered our situation still more critical was the impossibility of returning to Kilia. There was no help for us but to make for Kara Bournou (the Black Cape), the only point accessible to boats. The boatmen, unable to make any further use either of sail or rudder, strove to lose sight of their danger by invocations addressed to Panaia (the Virgin Mary), for whom, like true sailors, they entertain a superstitious veneration. One of them fell on his knees at each shock of the boat, bidding adieu to his family, Buyuk Dereh and Sarrieri—villages of the Bosphorus—with such touching eloquence that his companions wept in sympathy. At times, Captain Yanko took his seat among the rowers, while I replaced him at the helm. As for M. Laurens, sea-sickness kept him stretched unconscious in the bottom of the boat. This situation lasted for several hours, becoming every minute more and more perilous, when all at once was heard a noise like a series of reports of artillery, and we found ourselves close to an immense black mass, which proved to be nothing else than the famous Kara-Bournou. The ill-omened reputation of this headland, the darkness, the deafening noise of the sea, and all the emotions we had already experienced renewed at once, gave to this moment something solemn. We doubled the cape, tossed by the waves like a straw. Had it not been for the skill and perfect knowledge of the localities possessed by Captain Yanko, our bark would have been undoubtedly crushed to pieces, so much did night add to the danger of the enterprise. But all turned out well, and the boat floated into a pretty little cove, illuminated by the rays of the moon struggling through a rent in the clouds.

There were already two vessels, belonging to charcoal-sellers, which had been weather-bound here for eight days. "Frenchmen!" cried some of them, hastily running up to our national flag, which they set eyes on for the first time; "Frenchmen! who but men of this nation would be such fools as to sport ~~thus~~ with the tempest. Allah! they are our friends and our guests." Such was the reception we met with from these good people. Immediately lending us a hand, they helped us to land—by no means an easy operation in the midst of sunken rocks and islets, which are here so numerous as to render this little harbour inaccessible to vessels of deep draught.

The table-land on the summit of Kara-Bournou is defended by some indifferent batteries manned by about sixty Turks. During the war of 1838 the Russians fired some shots at the village without condescending to make themselves masters of it. The garrison is so totally destitute of all resources as actually not to contain enough powder to fire the sunset-gun during the Ramazan; consequently, the commander and his company consider themselves as abandoned by Mohammed and all human beings.

Next day, seeing the impossibility of leaving, we pitched our tent as near as possible to our boat—a very necessary precaution with such neighbours as we were treated with—and made preparations for an encampment which was to last several days. On our right, stretched masses of limestone, rich in fossils, the summit of which was crowned by the village and some dilapidated windmills. On the left, towards the sea, stretched away high chalk cliffs, from above which picturesquely descended, as it were, a cataract of vegetation.

On the summit of the cape is a mean coffeehouse, kept by an old artilleryman named Ali Tchaous, the most perfect model one can imagine of Turkish good-nature and dignity. The divans of his establishment serve as sleeping-places to the first-comers. Unceasingly visited by the inhabitants of Kara-Bournou, he seems to be the good genius of the place. One of his tenants is a sort of phantom, who for many years has been consuming with fever; his appearance was terrible. We gave him a few doses of quinine, without, however, entertaining much hope of effecting a cure, so desperate did his state appear.

Beyond Kara-Bournou, a succession of little headlands, separated by beaches and sand-hills, loses itself towards the west in a horizon of mists. The inhabitants of this dreary district employ themselves in fishing and agriculture; but the sandy nature of the soil is only adapted for the cultivation of the vine.

At nightfall a Turkish vessel presented itself at the entrance of the bay, making, as it seemed to us, genuine signals of distress. Three times she hauled down and again hoisted her colours, as if beseeching our assistance. This manœuvre appeared to me so decisive that I prevailed on my Greeks to put to sea in order to rescue them from their apparently perilous situation. What, then, was my surprise when I saw the boat return almost immediately, having on board a female all in rags, and a wretched child wrapped in a piece of sailcloth, whilst the ship rapidly disappeared behind the cape. But I was yet more mortified than surprised when I found from Captain Yanko, who was fuming with passion, that the sole object of the signals was to land these two interesting persons. This was certainly outrageous conduct; but the vessel was a Turk, and in this sole capacity claimed the right of incommoding others to save herself trouble.

Several vessels took refuge in the bay, like a flock of scared birds seeking shelter. The anchorage was so confined that we found ourselves running foul of one another, without having the least power of helping ourselves.

The commander of the fort having intimated to us the position of some ruins, M. Laurens and I went in quest of them; and after an hour's walk we discovered at the entrance of a lake, near which were feeding a countless herd of magnificent buffaloes, a long line of walls, the architecture of which appeared to date from the beginning of the Lower Empire. To judge by the numerous ruins, these walls must have formed a considerable enclosure. At the present time they contain a vineyard. No inscription, however, appeared, and no other record of the past. I should have considered myself entitled to regret my long walk had it not been for the view of a lovely country to which it introduced me. Meadows, cultivated fields, numerous flocks, cottages on the borders of the lake, green copsewood, all enclosed in a limited amphitheatre, presented such a contrast to the black cape, with its

violent storms, that we remained a long time fascinated with this little paradise, so peaceful and secluded was it. We were obliged at last to tear ourselves away, and then our surprise commenced.

The line of walls, which seemed in my eyes to comprise all the ruins in the district, was nothing compared to what awaited us on the other side of the lake. A line of walls, flanked by three square towers of an imposing aspect, in spite of their dilapidated condition, unexpectedly excited our admiration. They extended for more than seven hundred paces; and the surrounding country was such as to add considerably to the picturesque effect.

The ruins of the square towers, which projected beyond the enclosure, were covered with an almost tropical vegetation (an extraordinary circumstance in this region), which gave them an inexpressible charm. Masses of laurels covered all the platform and the two slopes which led to them. To what era are they to be referred? It is difficult to say in the absence of all inscriptions and of any peculiar style of architecture. Their construction was very different from anything Turkish that we had seen; besides, they have an air of antiquity, which forbids their being assigned to the present dynasty.

From the time of the conquest of Constantinople no war of note has been described in the history of these countries. It is probable, therefore, that these ruins are to be traced back to the Lower Empire; and that this locality had been chosen for the site of a town at the time when the Ottoman Empire, establishing itself at Constantinople, found in the vicinity of its capital a savage and half-subdued population. Everything indicates that in the choice of this locality a defensive stronghold was what was principally aimed at. It is equally probable that an ancient Greek town existed in the neighbourhood. This was evident from a number of marble pillars which had been worked into the foundation of the outer wall. I counted as many as seven mutilated columns; and there are doubtless others, which the accumulation of rubbish prevented me from discovering. In different parts of the enclosure we had observed courses of brick, which recalled Genoese masonry. But it is questionable whether the Genoese ever thought of founding, in the interior of a country, a domicile so remote from their other possessions. Pliny speaks of a town called Devilton, situated on a lake, the position of which accords with that of these ruins. Arrian says nothing about it, as might be expected, for he only mentions the maritime towns. At the upper extremity of the lake is a village, entirely built of materials brought from these ruins. It bears the name of Tergos-Kalessy, and its inhabitants designate the lake and ruins Polani.

A fresh excursion brought us next day to a long, sandy shore, covered with the remains of wrecked vessels—some old, others quite recent. Hencoops, boxes of eggs, and casks of cheese, covered with tangled seaweed, lay among shattered spars, planks, and torn sails, presenting a pitiable sight. Everything intimated a recent shipwreck. Two of our boatmen completely stripped themselves, that they might carry in their clothes the most available of the spoiled provisions; and omelets were in fashion for a whole week after. What a catch for poor creatures who had no other provisions than black, half-rotten olives and a bundle of small salt fishes. They were blamed, however, for having appropriated what belonged to people who had been shipwrecked—this being superstitiously supposed to be followed by misfortune.

One needs to have one's nerves well strung to resist the influence of such a place, rendered yet more dispiriting by the sight of the Black Cape, which sent to us the din of the squalls eternally roaring about its base. Everything bore the impress of destruction and of the strife of the elements. Black and heavy clouds, rent at times by vivid lightning, and hurried along frantically by the blast, put the finishing stroke to this picture of blustering tempest, so complete that the imagination could add nothing to its horrors.

Penetrating into the country, we fell in with some Bulgarian shepherds, taking to Constantinople two immense flocks of goats and sheep. Armed to the teeth, they presented the appearance of bandits returning from plunder rather than peaceable shepherds quitting their pastures. All the population repaired to-day to a fountain, the waters of which were said to possess miraculous virtues. It was St. John the Baptist's day—a festival celebrated with great pomp in the Greek Church. Women, children, sailors, fishermen repaired to drink with devotion the water of the fountain, having first kissed with ardour a great image held by a priest to sanctify their act; they then had their names inscribed in a book, for which they paid a trifling sum, and returned to prostrate themselves before another image, to which they appeared to address fervent prayers. A wide green then became the scene of the amusements of the crowd, who, distributed into groups, showed themselves as ripe for pleasure as for devotion. Numerous vehicles, drawn by buffaloes, formed as it were a frame to the picturesque scene presented by this joyous Greek population, who betray their heathen origin even in their adorations of the Virgin.

We passed a fortnight at Kara-Bournon waiting for a fair wind. Some miles from this place I discovered fresh ruins crowning the summit of a cliff, and presenting, amidst a great deal of rubbish, a wall faced with rectangular stones, extending for five hundred paces, with a square, massive building at one of its extremities. These ruins have in Greek the name of Paleo-Pyrgos, and in Turkish that of Eski-Pougas. They are situated at the entrance of the road which leads to Adrianople by Silivry. They are beautifully situated, and command a view of the sea and of a range of hills traversed by valleys, covered with rich vegetation.

Among these valleys, that of Kalamitch contains a Greek village, composed of about fifty houses, surrounded by meadows and well-cultivated fields. The inhabitants employ themselves exclusively in burning charcoal and rearing cattle. At some distance we saw an immense number of vultures, some hovering over the sea, but the greater part perched on the crags. Many of them were crouching in holes excavated in regular tiers, and thrust out their long, naked necks as if to see us pass. In the water were swimming myriads of Medusas, resembling open flowers, cradled by the waves. The evening was so calm, and the horizon so magnificent, that all was in keeping with this strange and lovely sight.

We then passed in front of the Valley of Armen-Dévé, the appearance of which is enchanting. From this point the coast assumes a more imposing character: the hills change to mountains, the valleys to deep gorges, the little coves to wide gulfs. Enormous masses of gneiss project into the sea, and shelve high in air over the mariner's head. One of the points of Cape Machakah, which we doubled on our way

to Midiah, presents in the middle of its gigantic mass a large natural opening, visible several leagues from land.

All these rocks are covered below the water-mark with excellent shell-fish, said to be superior to any other; they are, however, nothing but pointed limpets.

Midiah is situated on a wide plateau, reaching to the sea on the east, and terminating in limestone cliffs, which are washed by a small river, forming, close to the town, an anchorage for such vessels as are able to pass the bar of sand at its mouth. The passage is scarcely more than three or four yards wide. With a strong northerly wind the sea washes not only over the bar, but over a sandbank also which lies between the river and the shore. Two rivers, the banks of which are much frequented by grey herons, singularly shy, bound the plateau, and lose themselves in the most delicious valleys that can be imagined. Rarely can one meet with a landscape fresher, more peaceful, or more harmonious, both in colouring and outline, than the northern valley, through which winds a glassy river, reflecting masses of verdure and the numerous flocks which feed on its banks: on each side rise little eminences, or shrubs; while rocks and herbage are associated in exquisite confusion and in endless variety. The ground then insensibly rises, and presents a range of hills thickly wooded; and finally, in the background, losing itself in a brilliant horizon, is detected the imposing chain of the Balkans, celebrated in antiquity under the name of Mount Hæmus.

To the east, between two valleys, is a narrow defile, commanded in bygone days by high walls, vestiges of which are yet in existence. These walls must have formed the enclosure of the town. The outline of them may be clearly traced above the slopes of the southern valley. Towards the south a long line of these walls, flanked by round towers, is in a perfect state of preservation, reaching to the cliffs, which rise above the anchorage. They are built partly of hewn and partly of rough stones. Towards the south-west are two brick towers in the Byzantine style; but they are in so dilapidated a condition that it is impossible to say whether they are round or octagonal. Although apparently belonging to the Lower Empire, these walls, judging from the diversity of the materials of which they are composed, must be referred to an earlier date. For instance, the foundations and walls themselves, up to a certain height, are of rectangular stones; then come courses of unhewn stone and bricks, laid in without order; and finally, in the middle of all this, portions of cut stone appear again, as if the walls had been rebuilt, after their first demolition, out of the materials of the primitive structure. But, however important they may be, these ruins cannot be compared with the crypts found in the neighbourhood of Midiah, and to which we devoted several days' serious attention. It was not without great trouble that M. Laurens succeeded in taking four views by torch-light, besides some most interesting details. Our difficulty was much increased by a swarm of blockheads, convinced, as usually happens in such cases, that our object was the discovery of hidden treasure. The entrance to these subterranean chambers is a long passage, or vestibule, having in the walls, on each side, openings which lead to other parts of the excavation, and terminating in a chapel, or piscina, with an arched entrance. The chapel is surmounted by four cupolas, and ornamented with four columns. The ground-floor is lower than that of the passage,

and is gained by two or three steps; in the centre is a spring, the water from which is received into a small stone basin.

On the left-hand side of the vestibule are the three gates of the temple, the proportions of which, though small, are regular. The nave is vaulted, and the chancel is approached by a semicircle of steps. The two aisles are not vaulted, but have a flat ceiling, and are divided from the nave by a colonnade, the cornice of which is decorated with carvings. A side gallery extends from the entrance-passage parallel to one side of the temple, and, turning at right angles, passes behind the chancel.

On the right-hand side of the vestibule is a hall, round which have been excavated seven chambers, which, from their form and from the difference of their dimensions, seem to have been destined to receive the bodies of persons of various ages. A smaller cell has been dug by the side of the Hall of Tombs; and near it is a rude grotto, in its natural condition, and presenting yet the appearance which the others no doubt wore before they were altered and enlarged by the hand of man.

The dimensions and workmanship of this temple indicate a period when architecture had preserved the beautiful simplicity of its forms, but when those of sculpture were already greatly adulterated. It was undoubtedly a Christian temple. The walls of the chapel in which the piscina is situated still bear the figure of the cross.

The limestone rock in which the temple is excavated is of a fine and even grain: it has preserved its primitive whiteness; and whatever its antiquity may be, the only marks of decay are the handiwork of man. He, not time, has mutilated the columns of the piscina, and thrown down three pillars of the vestibule without producing any effect on the vaults or arches. The only traces of the ravages of the universal destroyer are a long fissure in the rock, which forms the vault of the gallery, and an accumulation of earth, partly blocking up the entrance. These injuries are, without doubt, the effect of an earthquake, at which period, also, the excavation, perhaps, ceased to be resorted to. Its preservation, under any circumstances, would lead me to suppose that the entrance was for a long time blocked up by the fall of earth, and that so it escaped fresh mutilations, atmospheric influences, invasions, changes of religion, &c. Its situation, too, in so retired a spot must have helped to keep it out of sight.

The population of Midiah consists of five hundred Greeks and thirty Turks, whose miserable little mosque is banished, as it were, outside one of the town gates. By the side of the basin, washing the cliffs of Midiah, there is in the solid rock the entrance to a large subterraneous passage, which forms a communication between the little harbour and the upper part of the town. It is a genuine postern, ten feet wide, with its flight of steps cut in the rock.

The Greeks pretend that there formerly existed in this subterraneous chamber an immense reservoir of water and a store of provisions, which, being discovered by the Turks, led to the capture of the town. Another tradition goes back to a Russian invasion, long prior to that of the Turks. It would be curious enough if the memory of ravages committed in the eighth or tenth century by the Russians in these countries were yet preserved at Midiah. However this may be, it is incontestable that this town possessed in bygone days a great importance, as is evidenced by the extent of the ruins and excavations which surround it.

The walls of the only coffeehouse at Midiah are covered with fantastic sketches of ships, evincing the fondness of the Greeks for the sea and the arts. It is kept by a priest, whose ordinary occupation is mending nets and playing at backgammon. The Greek clergy resemble the Russian: the same ignorance, the same stupidity, the same filth.

C. A. J.

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THE CENTENARIAN.—No. III.

“ABOUT this time an event occurred which affected me in a very powerful degree. I have before observed, that I had very few immediate relatives left, the number was now reduced to one. He was a man of high and unblemished character, universally respected, and with justice; for he was eminently useful in public life, a generous friend, a most liberal benefactor to the poor, and a sincere Christian. In the midst of health and in the very prime of life he was suddenly arrested by the hand of death. On the first intimation of his danger I hastened to his bedside. I found him not only resigned to the will of God, but cheerful; I could almost say he was thankful. I wept, and words of regret and lamentation escaped me. He gently checked my grief.

“‘I humbly trust, dear sir,’ said he, ‘that my task is done; I have endeavoured to accomplish the end for which my Creator gave me breath, the setting forth of His glory, the good of my fellow-creatures, and the welfare of my own soul. If it was the will of God to grant me a longer life I should be grateful, but I have no particular wish to extend my present existence; for in faith I behold another and a better world, felicity of which the joys of this earth are but as faint shadows.’

“He was followed to the grave by a crowd of real and sincere mourners. Every one had something good or kind or honourable to relate of him; his loss left a blank in society; for a considerable time afterwards his name was never mentioned without a sigh, a tear, or a blessing on his memory.

“My mind was disturbed by poor Vincent’s words. I was uneasy, and certain misgivings distressed me; but I would not listen to the thoughts that strove to make themselves heard. What was I living for? What had I done, either to answer the end of my creation, or to cause my departure to be a source of genuine regret?

“As we were coming away from the grave, for I attended the funeral of this last of my relations, as I had done that of many before, I heard a person say, ‘Yes, but it is better to die too soon than to live too long.’ The speaker might not allude to me, he might not even have seen or noticed me; but there was a voice in my own heart which would have echoed the sentiment if I had permitted it. Oh! it is a painful state to live in habitual resistance to a conviction, which only becomes the more confirmed and powerful as we close our senses against its admission.

“For a little time after poor Vincent’s death unusual respect and tenderness were shown me. Persons felt for my lonely situation; and a regard to his memory made them, as they thought, sympathise with me, and endeavour by their attentions to supply what I had lost in him. But by degrees this passed away. Men again became absorbed in their own pursuits; and they argued, probably as I had frequently done in the days of youth and manhood, that the sense of grief is blunted

by old age, and that if feeling be keen for a time, it is only to make its duration the more transient. The idea formed a satisfactory excuse for what else might have seemed neglect; and as I had no particular claim on any person, so all at last seemed to forget me.

“For a while the connections of my late relative had continued to call on me occasionally; but these became less numerous. Some died, and others changed their residence, and I was a stranger in the place of my nativity. When I appeared in public, for it was my invariable custom to walk out once a day, few persons passed me without some mark of respect; but I began to notice a visible alteration even here. Many did not know me, and either passed me with indifference, or pushed rudely by me. Many more of those I encountered were strangers to me; and when I had returned a bow, I often strove in vain to recal the features of him who had shown me this politeness. Time was also that, when I appeared in the streets, the most profound reverence was shown me by the poor; the mechanic, the tradesman, the husbandman would not have thought of treading on the same pavement with me. Now a few old or middle-aged people would bend their heads to me; but by-and-by I was scarcely noticed, and the very children cared not to get out of my way.

“I was conscious of it all—I felt it all keenly—but my heart was not yet humbled sufficiently to draw the confession from me which my pride stifled.

“The domestics who had known me in my days of strength, many of whom had grown old in my service, were all dead; those who now waited on me, knew me only as I was, and I could see that they ridiculed my fancies; that they looked on me as a being of long-past generations, whom, though they might not dare to disobey him, they took little interest to please.

“Stronger and stronger grew the suspicion that I had asked in folly, and had been answered if not in severe displeasure, at least in the spirit of correction. I turned back to the past for enjoyment, for the present would not allow me to have anything in common with it. I had recourse to the hoarded correspondence of former years for companionship, and for a little while I was amused; but the feelings which these letters awoke, the contrast they presented of former activity, general estimation, and the flattering deference that had been paid to my judgment and opinions, with the neglect, perhaps the contempt, that was now shown to my sentiments, soon made me glad to return them to the drawers from which I had taken them; for I could not yet summon the resolution to destroy them.

“I had one treasure, however, yet spared me; one living tie as I felt it between myself and the past and present. This was my mother’s favourite tree, the tree under which she had often instructed me and my brothers and sisters; had sat to work, and had permitted us as a great indulgence to eat our supper in the warm evenings of summer. It was of the Acacia tribe, and had barely reached its maturity at the time I am speaking of. Long after her death it appeared in all its luxuriance. It was beautiful in itself, and as such I valued and admired it; but at that time its association with my mother’s memory was neither very strong nor very vivid. By degrees, however, it grew in my estimation from other causes, and as the circle of my friends and acquaintances grew narrower, this tree became more and more cherished by me.



"I had remarked its decreasing vigour for several springs; but when I first perceived the difference it gave me no great concern. Afterwards every symptom of decay that it exhibited called forth the most lively regret. I felt that I could not part with it without a severe pang. Sometimes I leaned my head upon its trunk; sometimes I wound my arm round it, and, as former recollections passed before me, I pressed my bosom more closely to it. I omitted nothing that art could devise to arrest the progress of decay, and I watched it with a miser's care.

"I flattered myself that it would yet last many years, but alas! a strong gale one night levelled it to the ground. When I walked into my garden as usual after I had taken my breakfast, I beheld it prostrate on the lawn! Smile not at my weakness, my folly. I wept over it. I wrung my hands as if I had lost the dearest friend I ever possessed, and knelt by its side. It had put forth but few leaves, and there was one short, solitary bunch of flowers on an upper branch. I gathered it, bathed it with my tears, kissed it, and placed it in my bosom. Many times in the day I drew it out from thence, and I laid it, wet with my tears, on my pillow at night.

"The fall of that tree was a salutary blow to me: a fit of sickness followed, my heart was softened, my pride and obstinacy shaken; but who may justly tell the burst of agony that followed the passionate avowal that at length broke from my lips, as the first day I was able to go to the window, and beheld the vacant space that was now presented on the lawn, I yielded myself to the correction that I could no longer resist. 'I am alone! alone in every sense,' I exclaimed, in the bitterness of my soul. 'Would God that I had died years ago! Oh, why, if I asked in ignorance or madness, why was I not answered in knowledge and in wisdom?' Alas! alas! I did not see that in perfect mercy and goodness I was heard, heard for my correction.

"The unhappiness that I experienced at this time was extreme. None, however, but those who, like me, have hardened themselves in conclusions which they have drawn, because desired, or like me, having obtained the object of their wishes, find their folly in their gratification; who, like me, have long chained down conviction, and professed to be deluded when delusion has ceased; who, like me, having clung to feelings, opinions and ideas that sober reason has silently but irresistibly shown to be fallacious—can understand the sufferings I was doomed to undergo.

"Thanks be to that mercy, however, which has never abandoned me, my cure has been made perfect. While acknowledging my own presumption, I have been brought to see and feel the goodness and forbearance of my Creator. Humbled as I am, and convinced of the sin I have been guilty of in desiring so passionately what I could not possibly know was agreeable to the will of my Maker, or if granted would prove a boon to me, I dare not offer one prayer for death when I recollect how many petitions I have urged for life. God, I own, is alone the judge of what is good for us; and to His holy will I have now learnt to submit. True, I sigh for release. True, the load of years, the burthen of increasing infirmities, weigh heavily upon me; and though I have attained an age far exceeding the usual term of man's existence, and am still in possession, to an extraordinary degree, of all my faculties, the night of life surrounds me with all its shadows; I long to depart and be at rest: but though wearisome days are appointed me, and I am full of tossings to and fro till the morning dawn; though I am tempted

to exclaim when I awake, 'Would God it were evening! and when evening arrives, Would God it were day!' I dare not give words to the wish, lest the beam in the wall should utter them, or a bird in the air should convey them to Heaven. May you, who chance to read this record of my folly and presumption, profit by the lesson it contains. Oh! learn from me that length of days is not happiness, nor the granting of any vehement and inordinate desire a subject for our own congratulations. He alone, with whom the future is present as the past, can be a judge of what is fittest for us; and whilst we acknowledge that He has only one view in His dealings with us, our ultimate good, let this be our prayer, this the guide of all our petitions, of our wishes and hopes—"Thy will be done."

Mr. Calvert ceased, and folding up the manuscript he remained silent. For some minutes no one attempted to speak. At length William, who, had laid his self-imposed task on his mother's worktable, and which exhibited by the soiled edges of the tape that it had not been executed at one attempt, addressed his father.

"Papa," said he, "shan't you be very glad when poor old Mr. Seagrave is dead?" then fearful that he had expressed himself improperly, he added, "It is quite clear that that is what he himself wishes very much, if he does not exactly say so."

"My dear boy," replied Mr. Calvert, "we must make better use of what we have read, than give expression to any such wish. In God's own good time Mr. Seagrave will, no doubt, be removed from a world which has long ceased to have any enjoyment for him; till that summons arrives, patience and submission to the Divine will are his duty and ours. It is enough for us, in the meantime, to know and feel that it is perfect wisdom and perfect goodness that withhold or grants our petitions, and disposes of every part of our existence. Mr. Seagrave is in his Maker's hands; and if it should be your lot and mine to attend his funeral, as in all probability it will be, let the recollection of what he has here recorded, deepen the impression that the awful ceremony is at all times calculated to give. Many on that occasion will doubtless say, 'The poor old gentleman is gone at last; well, he has lived a long day, and his death is a happy release,' and they will think no more of him, nor of that event which must happen alike to all. Be it ours to profit by the lesson he has so earnestly endeavoured to convey; let us inscribe upon our heart, as on a tablet to his memory, the result of his painful experience;—man knowing not what is good for himself all the days of his vain life, which he spendeth as a shadow, is safe only whilst he stays himself on the will of his Creator."

About six months after this Mr. Calvert received a message from Mr. Seagrave requesting him to lose no time in going to him, as he had been taken very ill. He obeyed the summons immediately. On reaching the house he was shown directly to Mr. Seagrave's bedchamber. The moment he entered the room, he saw that the hand of death was upon him. His eyes were closed, but he was not asleep; and the step of Mr. Calvert disturbed him. The latter approached the bedside.

"You are ill, sir," said he, very gently.

"God be thanked," answered Mr. Seagrave, "sick unto death! There is no mistaking this feeling, and I am happy."

"You do not suffer, then?" said Mr. Calvert.

"Oh! what are bodily pains, when the sweet hope of forgiveness,

the blessed prospect of release, of a longer and a better life than that which I once so madly desired, is before me? The body is weak, the mind yet strong."

"Have you any wish to express?" asked Mr. Calvert.

"None," replied he. "I am in the hands of my Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier; and though late, I have learned surely to have no wish but the will of my God."

He lay still for a few minutes, and again closed his eyes.

"Yes," said he, looking earnestly at Mr. Calvert. "I had: I have still one wish, one dread, and it is Nature's dread; I would not die alone among strangers, menials."

"I will not leave you," said he.

Mr. Seagrave smiled faintly.

"We may be selfish in life," said he; "we desire, we need, some pious drops in death."

Mr. Calvert sat down, and took the dying man's hands in his.

"What time of the day is it?" asked Mr. Seagrave.

"Evening," replied he; "the sun is setting, a fit and holy time to die."

"All times, all hours are fitting to die," said Mr. Seagrave quickly, "that our God summons us."

"But the setting of the sun," returned Mr. Calvert, "is a pledge of his rising again."

"My soul fleeth unto the Lord," said Mr. Seagrave distinctly; "before the morning watch I say, before the morning watch."—You and William have nearly the whole of my property. No pomp in my funeral to mock the old man's vain prayer.—'And now shall I sleep in the dust; ye shall seek me in the morning, but I shall not be.'"

All was still. Two hours elapsed, and no sound disturbed the silent hour of night. The clock struck, and Mr. Seagrave made a slight movement. Mr. Calvert instantly bent forward to look at him. A change had passed over his countenance. He tenderly placed his arm under the dying man's head, and gently raised him. He was yet sensible; Mr. Calvert saw that he was recognised, and he caught the words, "Merciful—thanks—than—"

The word remained unfinished, the spirit had fled. Tears trickled down the cheek of Mr. Calvert and fell upon that venerable face now calm in the beauty of death, as with a gentle touch he closed the eyes of the Centenarian.

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#### CURIOSITIES OF VEGETATION.

THE vegetation of our globe is a subject which affords endless materials for reflection and admiration. The moss which we heedlessly trample upon, and the towering forest tree, are alike stamped with the seal of an all-wise and all-powerful Creator. A brief account of a few of the remarkable phenomena of the vegetable kingdom may prove both useful and interesting to the reader; and, indeed, it *must* do so if perused in a proper spirit.

The reproduction and dispersion of plants are often performed in curious ways. The Cardamine impatiens throws its ripened seed to a considerable

distance when touched, as do the squirting cucumber, the geranium, the common broom, and others. The mangrove holds fast its berries till they send down long, thread-like roots into the mud below. Many plants send forth runners, and it is highly interesting to observe how these give out shoots at about equal distances, where the soil is favourable, whilst they push their way over hard or stony ground, refusing to put out a single bud until a genial spot is reached. The strawberry is a familiar instance. Other plants—as the bramble and honeysuckle—send out branches which bend downwards till their extremities touch the ground, where they take root, and give rise to new trees. Many leaves—as those of the orange—when they fall upon the ground take root and become new plants.

Cultivation produces surprising effects upon vegetable productions. Potatoes, when wild, are small, and scarcely eatable; carrots are not much thicker than a quill, and of a yellowish-white colour. The dahlia, on the other hand, has been curtailed of one-half of its natural height by culture. The trees of a valley, when removed to an elevated place, become slow of growth and smaller in size, but the timber is tougher and more durable than before. In like manner, when mountain trees are transplanted to a valley their timber becomes softer and less durable. The colours of flowers change by culture in many ways: a blue flower will change to white or red, but not to bright yellow; a bright yellow one will become white or red, but never blue. The ranunculus, originally of an intense yellow, changes into scarlet, red, purple, and almost any colour but blue. Sour crabs are metamorphosed by culture into sweet apples, sloes and plums. The wild rose has but one row of petals; the cultivated one, many. The wild anemone is scarcely an inch across; culture has reared specimens above six inches in diameter.

The *Adansonia*, or Baobab Tree, is the giant of the vegetable world. One has been seen with a trunk one hundred and four feet in circumference. The height of this tree is from fifty to sixty feet; the branches are of the same length; and when seen at a distance, the vast hemispherical cap of foliage of one of these trees almost resembles a forest. A full-grown *Adansonia*, with its deep-green leaves and large snowy blossoms, is a beautiful sight. It attains to a patriarchal age: perhaps some trees now living are more than two thousand years old.

The *Ficus indica*, or Banyan Tree, sends down fibrous roots from its wide-spreading horizontal branches to the ground beneath. These shoots are at first as flexible as hemp, and wave like ropes in the air. They take root in the ground, and serve as props to the ponderous branches, and as new trunks for the further extension of the tree. The full height of a Banyan tree is from sixty to eighty feet, and many of them cover not less than two acres.

The *Dracœna*, or Dragon Tree—another gigantic tropical plant—has ordinarily an erect trunk, of not more than twelve or fourteen feet in height, which divides into short branches, each terminating in an expanded tuft of pointed, sword-shaped leaves. One at Orotava, in Teneriffe, measured forty-five feet in circumference, and about fifty or sixty in height, in 1799. This venerable tree—supposed to have been one of the oldest inhabitants of our globe—was brought down by a tempest in 1822.

The Courbarils, of Brazil, are described by Von Martius as having trunks eighty-four feet in circumference at the bottom, and sixty feet where the boles become cylindrical. He says, “they looked more like living rocks than trees, for it was only on the pinnacle of their bare and naked bark

that foliage could be discovered, and that at such a distance from the eye that the forms of the leaves could not be made out."

There is a cypress at Chapultepec, in Mexico, which, if still standing, is said to have a trunk one hundred and seventeen feet ten inches in circumference; and the yew of Hedsor, in Buckinghamshire, has a diameter of about twenty-seven feet.

The Norfolk pine, or Kawri of the New Zealanders, attains a huge size. This majestic tree grows to the height of from one hundred and sixty to two hundred and twenty-eight feet. One is spoken of which measured seventy-five feet round the base.

Amongst gigantic flowers and leaves we have the *Victoria Regia*, a water lily, thus described by its discoverer:—"The leaf on its upper surface is a bright green in form, almost orbicular, except that on one side it is slightly bent in; its diameter measured from five to six feet. Around the whole margin extended a rim from three to five inches high, on the inside light green, on the outside, like the leaf's lower surface, of the brightest crimson. The calyx is four-leaved, each sepal upwards of seven inches in length, and three inches in breadth; at the base they are white, inside reddish brown, and prickly outside. The diameter of the calyx is from twelve to thirteen inches; on it rests the magnificent corolla, which, when fully developed, completely covers the calyx with its hundred petals. When it first opens it is white, with pink in the middle, which spreads over the whole flower the more it advances in age, and it is generally found the next day altogether of a pink colour: as if to enhance its beauty it is sweet-scented." One leaf measured six feet five inches in diameter, and its rim was five inches and a half in height; the flower was fifteen inches across. It was discovered in the river Berbice, in British Guiana.

The *Rafflesia Arnoldi* is still larger. This colossal parasite is a native of Sumatra, growing on a kind of vine, and having no true stem or leaves. The petals of the flower—discovered in 1818—were five in number, of a dull brick red, and covered with yellowish-white spots. They and the nectary were in few places less than a quarter of an inch thick, and in some places three-quarters of an inch. The flower measured a full yard across; the nectary was thought to be capable of holding twelve pints; and the weight of this prodigy was calculated to be fifteen pounds. It had the smell of tainted beef.

The flowers of the *Aristolochia*, of tropical America, are frequently from fifteen to sixteen inches across, and are used by the Indians as caps in play.

The *Magnolia grandiflora*, or Tulip Tree, of North America, bears flowers seven or eight inches in diameter. This superb tree has not unfrequently a straight trunk, ninety feet in height, with a fine pyramidal head of foliage and white blossoms.

The *Agave Americana*, when it is fully-grown, sends up its gigantic flower stem, which rises from thirty to forty feet high. The topmost, fifteen feet, of this stem often bears hundreds of greenish-white flowers, growing at the extremities of branches, symmetrically arranged around this huge stalk.

The Talipot Tree, peculiar to Ceylon and the Malabar coast, grows to a great height, and sends forth its branchless leaves from its summit. These leaves, when on the tree, are almost circular, and from thirty to forty feet in circumference, so that from eight to a dozen men can find shelter under one of them. They are of a dark-green colour when expanded, and can be

closed or opened like a fan. They are used as a shelter against rain and heat, as a covering for tents, as fans, and as paper. The flower shoots



TALIPOT TREE.

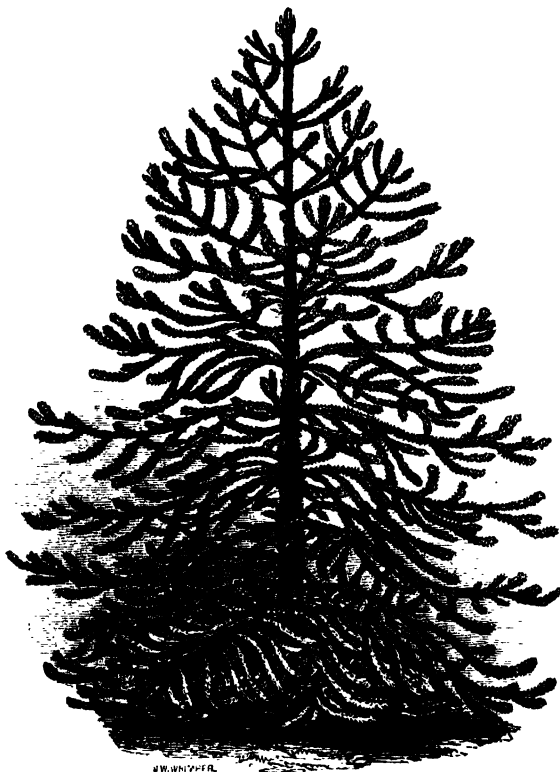
pyramidically above the leaves, and often adds thirty feet to the height of the tree. It is at first a cluster of bright yellow blossoms, of a pungent odour, and bursts from its hard enveloping rind with a sharp noise.

The *Erythroxylon coca* is a shrub from six to eight feet high, with numerous small white flowers, and greatly resembling a straight-growing blackthorn bush. The leaves are used by the inhabitants of Peru for their peculiar effects upon the nervous system. Masticating the coca-leaf, the Peruvian, when inveterately addicted to this indulgence, remains in the woods for two or three days together, heedless of night or of the tremendous storms that sweep over him. At length he returns home, pallid and trembling, until premature death closes his wretched career. The leaves are chewed with finely-powdered lime. The consumption of coca is universal in Peru.

The *Cerbera tanghin*, or Tanghien Tree, resembles a plum, and is used in Madagascar to detect criminals. Its fruit is a swift and deadly poison. It is used as follows:—The accused person eats as much boiled rice as possible, and then swallows three pieces of the skin of a fowl, without masticating them. A quantity of tanghien nut, mixed with the juice of bananas, is then administered. Curses are next denounced on the person undergoing the ordeal, if guilty. Rice water is given soon after in copious draughts till vomiting ensues, and then if the three pieces of skin are found the person accused is acquitted, but if they are not found he is condemned.

There is plenty of room for jugglery in this ordeal, and the administrators can make it fatal or not as they please.

The *Antiaris toxicaria*, or Upas Tree, of the Indian Archipelago, sometimes attains one hundred feet in height, and eighteen in circumference near the base. It is tolerably straight, and has a smoothish white bark. The fruit is velvety, and not unlike a purple plum. The tree is found in fertile spots, and is not avoided by animals as has been stated, for lizards and insects have been seen upon its trunk, and birds upon its branches. But in clearing grounds near this tree the inhabitants do not like to approach it because it produces a cutaneous eruption when newly felled. A man accidentally wounded in the elbow by an upas poisoned arrow, died in half an hour; the natives prepare the poison in a peculiar manner.



ARAUCARIA IMBRICATA.

The *Araucaria imbricata*, of the Patagonian Andes, is thus described by Poeppig:—"When we arrived at the first araucarias the sun had just set, still some time remained for their examination. What first struck our attention were the thick roots of these trees, which lie spread over the stony and nearly naked soil like gigantic serpents, two or three feet in thickness; they are clothed with the same rough bark as the lofty pillar-like trunks,

which are from fifty to a hundred feet in height. The crown of foliage occupies only about the upper quarter of the stem, and resembles a large depressed cone. The lower branches, eight or twelve in number, form a circle round the trunk: they diminish till there are but four or six in a ring, and are of a most regular formation, all spreading out horizontally and turned up at the tips. They are covered with leaves like scales, sharp pointed, above an inch broad, and of such a hard texture that it requires a sharp knife to cut them from the parent branch." "Its fruits, placed at the end of the boughs, are quite round, and about as big as a man's head, and consist of beautiful layers of scales that cover the seeds, which are the most important part of this truly noble tree." "A single fruit contains between two and three hundred kernels, and there are frequently twenty or thirty fruits on one tree; and as even a hearty eater among the Indians cannot (except he be deprived of every other kind of sustenance) consume more than two hundred nuts a day, it is easily seen that eighteen araucarias will maintain a single person for a whole year." Pöppig adds other interesting particulars respecting these valuable trees.

The *Stagmaria verniciflua*, or Varnish Tree, is a native of the Eastern Archipelago, and attains a considerable size. The leaves are smooth and shining, and the flowers white. A resin exudes from the bark, which blisters the skin; this resin soon becomes hard and black, and is sold at a high price for a varnish. It is said that this tree produces the famous Japan lacquer.

Trees yielding vegetable soap are found in the tropical parts both of the Old and New World. In the East Indies soap-berries are to be bought in every bazaar. The fleshy part of these berries is viscid, and assumes a shining semitransparent appearance in drying. They form a lather when rubbed with water. The bark and root of the plants yielding these berries possess similar properties.

The *Croton schiferum*, or Tallow Tree, is a native of China, and resembles a pear tree. The trunk is short and thick, the bark smooth, the leaves dark purple or bright red, and the blossoms yellow. The fruit is contained in a husk, which opens when this fruit is ripe, and discloses three white grains about as large as a nutmeg. These yield the vegetable tallow which, when properly prepared, makes excellent candles. There are also tallow-yielding trees in other countries.

The *Phytelephas macrocarpa*, or Vegetable Ivory Tree, is a South American palm. The fruit at first contains a clear insipid fluid, which afterwards becomes sweet and milky, and alters its taste as it hardens, till at length it becomes nearly as firm as ivory. Other trees furnish a similar substance in various countries.

The *Ficus elastica*, or Caoutchouc Tree, is a native of South America and India. It grows to a good size, has shining, pointed, oval leaves, and small inedible fruit. The milk which yields caoutchouc is obtained from incisions made through the bark of the trunk and branches. This juice separates into a firm elastic substance and a foetid liquid. The juice yields about one-third of its weight of caoutchouc. Other trees furnish a substance more or less like this.

The *Gutta Percha Tree* is widely scattered over the Indian Archipelago. It is from sixty to seventy feet in height, and from two to three feet in diameter on the average. The milky sap, which exudes from incisions made in the bark, is boiled to drive off the watery particles; but if a tree is only partially wounded and a small quantity of juice extracted, it may be



moulded in the hand, and will consolidate in a few minutes into gutta percha.



CAOUTCHOUC TREE.

The *Bassia*, or Butter Tree, has representatives in different countries.

The Sheah Tree, of Africa, greatly resembles the American oak. The kernel of its fruit, when boiled, yields a white firm butter, as fine flavoured as the best that can be obtained from the cow.

The Palo de Vacca, or Cow Tree, of South America, grows to a great size; one measured by Sir R. Ker Porter was more than twenty feet in circumference, at about five feet from the root. This trunk shot up branches to the height of sixty feet, and then sent out vast arms and luxuriant foliage. The whole height was then fully one hundred feet. Larger trees were visible at a distance. The leaves are leathery, and about ten inches long. When the trunk is pierced it yields an abundance of glutinous milk, tolerably thick, free from all acidity, and of an agreeable smell.

Another milk tree is found in Demerara. When first seen by the writer of the account from whom we draw our information, it had been recently felled, and its juice had completely whitened the water of a little rivulet across which it had fallen. On sticking a knife into the bark a copious stream of milk-like fluid immediately followed. It was thicker and richer than cow's milk, destitute of acidity, but left a slight feeling of clamminess on the lips.

The *Urania speciosa*, a native of Madagascar, is thus described by Backhouse in his 'Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa:—“Clumps of these trees, composed of several stems rising from the same root, are scattered over the country in all directions. The trunks, or more properly

root-stocks, which are about three feet in circumference, sometimes attain to thirty feet in height; but whether of this elevation or scarcely emerging above ground, they support grand crests of leaves of about four feet long and one foot wide, but often torn into comb-like shreds. The head is of a fan-like form, and the flowers, which are not striking for their beauty, are white, and produced from large horizontal green sheaths. The foot-stalks of the leaves, which are somewhat shorter than the leaves themselves, yield a copious supply of fresh water, very grateful to the traveller, on having their margin cut away near to the base, or forced from contact with those immediately above them, especially those about the middle of the series." "Probably the water may originate in the condensation of dew, and be collected and retained by the peculiar structure of the leaf; it has a slight taste of the tree, but is not disagreeable."

The *Nepenthes distillatoria*, or Pitcher Plant, which is common in Ceylon and other Eastern countries, has a pitcher-shaped bag attached to the foot-stalk of each leaf near the base. This curious appendage has a neatly-fitting lid, moveable on a fibrous hinge. By the contraction of this fibre the lid is lifted up, and dew or rain collected in the pitcher, which saturates the vessel. Then the lid descends and closes in the fluid so as to prevent evaporation, and as soon as the plant has drained off this supply the lid again opens. According to another account, the *Nepenthaeæ* have large hollow bodies in the place of leaves, furnished with a lid, and secreting water, form a peculiar glandular apparatus with which they are lined.

As instances of motion in plants, we may mention the folding of some flowers when the sun is absent, and the opening of others when he has departed. The white marigold closes its flowers when rain approaches; and the dwarf *celandrina* shuts up its crimson corolla at about four o'clock every afternoon.

The *Mimosa pudica* is so sensitive that Von Martius says that at Rio Janeiro the falling of horses' feet by the way sets whole masses of this plant in motion. The genus *Oxalis* possess the property, in a greater or less degree in different species, of folding their leaves when stimulated. The sundews have the surface of their leaves covered with long hairs, which secrete a viscous substance. If an insect settles upon the leaf it is impeded by this secretion, and before it can escape the hairs curve round and pin the animal down to the leaf. The stamens of the barberry, when touched with a pin, spring forward and make a bow to the stigma. The *oscillatoria*—common in ditches, ponds, and damp places—have animal-like movements when young; now twisting themselves into the shape of an S, then straightening themselves, twisting again and so on. The *Hedysarum gyrans*, of Bengal, has compound leaves; the end leaflet being larger and broader than the two side leaflets. The terminal leaflet moves under the influence of the sun's rays; the two lateral ones rise and fall alternately, so that when one is up the other is down. The movements of these side leaflets continue day and night, but the rapidity with which they take place varies.

There is an Australian plant which erects a column formed by the union of parts of its structure on the application of heat. The *Dionæa muscipula*, a native of Canada, has leaves with broad leaf-like stalks. These fleshy leaves are armed with strong sharp spines, three on the blade of each lobe of the leaf, and with a fringe of longer spines round their margins. When an insect comes in contact with the base of the central

spines the leaf closes, impaling the insect or entrapping it. The leaf remains shut up, having its spiny fringe firmly interlaced, until the body of the insect has wasted away.

Some plants are luminous, and the *Oictamnus albus* will inflame if a light is applied, so that the bush may be enveloped with flames without being consumed.

When plants are budding, heat is sensibly liberated: a piece of ice placed on a growing leaf-bud melts, when it would remain frozen in the open air; and it is found that the surface of growing plants is several degrees higher than the surrounding air.

Microscopic vegetation is found in truly amazing abundance: but this subject must be left for separate consideration. An account of some of the marvels of these minute plants will be found in the article on "The Curiosities of the Microscope," in the 'Home Friend.'

And now that our few and brief remarks are brought to a close, we hope that they will tend to direct the attention of our readers to an inexhaustible source of pure and refined pleasure—the study of nature—which is open to almost all.

"Not a plant, a leaf, a flower, but contains  
A folio volume. We may read, and read,  
And read again, and still find something new—  
Something to please, something to instruct,  
Even in the noisome weed."

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#### THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.



SOME of the central parts of North America are occupied by vast plains destitute of water, and almost of all vegetation but grass. They are called Prairies, from a French word signifying a meadow. The surface sometimes swells into a hill, called a prairie-bluff; but more frequently the horizon everywhere presents a perfectly straight line, and nothing is

seen to rise above it. "The traveller," says Catlin, "feels weak and overcome when night falls; and he stretches his exhausted limbs apparently on the same spot where he slept the night before, with the same prospect before and behind him, the same canopy over his head, and the same cheerless sea of green to start upon in the morning."

The vast crop of grass having ripened its seed, dies, and is converted by the heat of the sun and the wind into a dry and inflammable mass. In autumn, or early in the spring, it frequently catches fire, and the progress of the flames is not arrested, except by a river or by heavy rain. The prairie is sometimes set on fire accidentally by white men or by Indians; at other times it is done purposely, in order to get a fresh crop of grass for their horses, and also to enable them in the following-spring to travel with greater ease, by getting rid of the old grass, which entangles the feet of men and horses. The fire is comparatively harmless while it creeps along the elevated lands and prairie-bluffs, where the grass is short and thin. The feeble flame creeps slowly along, and both men and animals can leap easily over it and escape injury. At night it presents a beautiful appearance, the bluff itself being lost to view, and the chains of liquid fire, as it would seem, hanging in brilliant and sparkling festoons from the sky.

But in meadows, where the grass is seven or eight feet high, a fire is a sublime and terrific spectacle. The vast body of flame, urged by a strong wind, travels at a fearful rate, and often destroys parties of Indians who are overtaken by it; not that the fire travels as quickly as a horse at full speed, but that the high grass is filled with wild peavines, and other impediments, which often compel the rider to follow the zigzag track of the deer and the buffalo. This retards his progress, and he is soon overtaken by dense clouds of smoke, which terrify and bewilder the horse, so that he refuses to proceed. The suffocating smell of burning vegetable matter, the roar of the flames resembling that of a cataract, and the red glare of light as from some vast furnace, complete the awful character of the prairie-fire.

All animals flee before this fiery tempest. The screaming eagle, the swift-winged beetle and heath hen, the antelope, and the long-legged hare, all contend with the horse and his rider in the endeavour to gain some distant prairie-bluff—a small island rising above a sea of fire, where they can rest until the danger is over.

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## DAY-DREAMS OF CHEMISTRY.

THE origin of the science and the etymology of the name of alchemy are both shrouded in mystery. Egypt, Arabia, Greece, are all pointed at as birthplaces of this chimera. But we will commence our history with European alchemy, as introduced partly by the Moors and partly by the returning Crusaders.

Roger Bacon is the earliest authentic writer on European alchemy. He was born in 1214, in Somerset, and was a Franciscan friar. Bacon was charged with having made a brazen head, which gave oracular responses when consulted; and, after undergoing more than one imprisonment, he was at last poisoned by his fellow-monks.

He gives a receipt for the preparation of gunpowder, and in it he

designates charcoal "Iuruvopovicranutriet," possibly because he did not know what this ingredient was. The Chinese, however, appear to have been acquainted with gunpowder before the Christian era.

Bacon believed that fluid gold—that is gold dissolved—was the elixir of life; and told Pope Nicholas IV. that an old man found a golden phial containing a yellow liquor in Sicily, which he drank, supposing it to be dew, though we never heard of yellow dew before. He was then transformed into a healthy and accomplished youth, and served in the Sicilian court about eighty years. But though Bacon held the opinion that the inferior metals are convertible into gold, he did not pretend to have effected the transformation.

Albrecht Groot, or Albertus Magnus, is the next distinguished alchemist, for though born before Bacon, his appearance as an author is of a rather later date. He was appointed to the episcopate of Ratisbon. But his alchemical pursuits appear to have taken a practical turn, rather than a visionary one. Thomas Aquinas was a pupil of his, and wrote several treatises on alchemy.

Raymond Lully was born at Majorca in 1235. He is said to have studied under Roger Bacon. He travelled through various countries, preaching Christianity; and, according to one account, was stoned to death on the coast of Africa, in the midst of a sermon; but we are also told that he died in Majorca. He termed the spirit of wine aqua vitæ ardens, and declared it to be the elixir of life; and too many at the present day appear to incline to a similar opinion. His works abound in jargon.

Amaldus de Villa Nova was born in Provence, in about 1240, and educated in Spain. He had to decamp for predicting the death-day of Peter of Arragon. Amaldus was consulted by kings and popes, and declared that the world would be blown up in 1335. Gold and gold-water were, according to him, the best of all medicines.

Isaacus Hollandus, and his brother or son, come next in order, but there is nothing concerning them particularly worthy of mention.

Basil Valentine was born in 1394, and became a Benedictine monk. He held that the philosopher's stone is a compound of mercury, sulphur, and salt, and that it brings the inferior metals into a state of greater and greater purity, until at length they arrive at the condition of silver and gold. Antimony was an especial favourite with him.

Paracelsus—the prince of alchemists—was born near Zurich, in the early part of the sixteenth century. His real name was Theophrastus Bombastes. He died in a mean tavern, when only forty-eight years old. He seems to have dimly conceived a fifth element—an alcahest—which should be the philosopher's stone, the universal medicine, and the solvent which could dissolve all things. Paracelsus was a turbulent, overweening, and insolent quack; but he possessed great talents.

Here, properly speaking, the history of alchemy closes, for after Paracelsus, alchymists seem to have divided into two classes—the one foolish, antiquated theorists—the other painstaking experimentalists. The age was in advance of the former; and their chief employment seems to have been to compose mysterious nonsense into treatises, and ascribe them to some bygone chieftain of their science. They had powder of attraction which drew all after its possessor; the grand elixir which bestowed undying youth upon him who was pure and brave enough to quaff it; the philosophical stone and the philosopher's stone; the alcahest; and spirits so subtle, that if dropped from a phial, they never reach the ground.

Suns, moons, kings, queens, bridegrooms, brides, birds, dragons, lions, fountains, baths, waters of life, salts of wisdom, are favourite topics with these drivellers. These are the men who stirred crucibles with rods at whose extremity gold had been cunningly placed; and, lo, an aureous current glistened in the eyes of the duped on-looker. Nails, half iron half gold, and well cemented and lackered, astonished the greedy gaze of spectators with the sight of the precious metal extracted from plain iron! These impostors also secretly put fragments, filings, dust, oxides, amalgams, or salts of gold or silver, into their vessels to cheat their dupes.

The greater part of the alchemical treatises ordinarily met with were written in this period, and their authors generally stamped their base coin with the superscription of some old celebrity. Here is a favourable specimen of their ravings:—"All composed things are of a frail and perishing nature, and had at first but one only principle. In this all things under the cope of heaven were enclosed, and there they lay hid; which is thus to be understood, that all things proceeded out of one matter, and not every particular thing out of its own private matter by itself. This common matter of all things is the great mystery, which no certain essence or prefigured idea could comprehend. Nor could it comply with any property, it being altogether void of colour and elementary nature. The scope of this great mystery is as large as the firmament. And this great mystery is the mother of all the elements, the grandmother of all the stars, trees, and carnal creatures." We could mention more than one modern author of notoriety who appears to have copied his own fantastic style from the jargon of these dreamers.

And, strange to say, enthusiastic visionaries of an alchemical complexion are to be found in the middle of the nineteenth century. Mormonites, spirit-rappers, Southcottians, astrologers, alchemists, and fanatics of all hues: what a motley group in this enlightened age, as we complacently term it!

But we must close. Let us briefly recount the three dogmas and cherished visions of the true alchemists.

I. They believed in the transmutability of metals. Thales taught that water is the essence of all things. Wood, stone, iron, were all water changed into another form. Again the four elements, as they were termed—fire, earth, air, and water—were said to be the sole components in nature. Another theory was that mercury, sulphur, and arsenic were the universal substratum. The metals were all composed of two substances, mercury and sulphur, mixed in different proportions. Ideas resembling these have been entertained in modern times by clear-sighted philosophers. "Matter," says Davy, "may ultimately be found to be the same in essence, differing only in the arrangement of its particles; or two or three simple substances may produce all the varieties of compound bodies." If we mistake not, Newton threw out a similar hint.

II. They believed in an *alcahest*—a dissolver of all things. Lavoisier wondered that it never struck the alchemists that no vessel could contain this universal solvent. Fluorine seems to be this *alcahest*, or an approach to it. Two brothers, named Knox, are said to have been successful in their attempts to catch this orange-coloured gas in vessels of fluor spar, though it may not yet have been obtained in a pure state. Faraday has made experiments in this curious nook of the domain of chemistry.

III. European alchemists believed in the *elixir vitæ*—a medicine which

would heal all curable diseases, and lengthen human life far beyond its general duration. Ultimately, this theory merged into the idea of an elixir which conferred immortality upon those who took it. Even Francis Bacon and Descartes dreamed wonderfully absurd fantasies about the prolongation of life. The latter of them really fancied that he had lengthened our existence several hundred years.

Peter Woulfe, Price, and Bergmann believed the transmutation of metals to be possible. Strange to say, the last-named eminent chemist, when speaking of the many accounts of transmutation given by different writers, remarks that, "Although most of them are deceptive, and many uncertain, some bear such character and testimony that unless we reject all historical evidence, we must allow them entitled to confidence."

Thomson has endeavoured to discover the nature of the pretended philosopher's stone; and, after quoting an account given by one of the alchemists, he concludes that it was most probably an amalgam of gold—a convenient substance for imposition.

It is melancholy to study this page in the history of the human mind. Avarice and imposture peering over the crucible, whilst the furnace-glare gleams upon their sallow and care-wrinkled features, is a painful picture to gaze upon. What a striking exemplification of the inspired declarations—"They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts;" "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity, dispelled by the messengers of death"—does the history of alchemy unfold to our view! And yet the goodness and wisdom of God are ever extracting gold from dross—good from evil—the only and the true transmutation of what is base into what is useful; for even alchemists, "by their absurd pursuits, gradually formed a collection of facts which led ultimately to the establishment of scientific chemistry," even if they injured science, as some assert, by bringing it into disrepute.

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TORTOISES live to a great age. In the library at Lambeth Palace there is the shell of one of these animals, which was brought to that palace in the year 1633 by Archbishop Laud, and lived till the year 1753, when it was killed by the cold weather. A labourer in the garden having dug it up from its winter retreat, and neglecting to replace it, a frosty night killed it. Another was placed in the Bishop of London's garden at Fulham in 1628. This died a natural death in 1754. The ages of these tortoises were not known when they were first placed in these gardens.

JESSE.

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#### SEAWEEDS.

OH! call us not weeds, but flowers of the sea,  
 For lovely and gay, and bright-tinted are we;  
 Our blush is as deep as the rose of the bowers,  
 Then call us not weeds, we are ocean's gay flowers.

Not nursed like the plants of the summer's parterre,  
 Whose gales are but sighs of an evening air;  
 Our exquisite, fragile, and delicate forms  
 Are the prey of the ocean when vexed with his storms.

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NOTES OF A VISIT TO CYPRUS.—No. I.



LARNACCA.

It was a fine bright morning in the month of August, 1849, that the Tuscan brig 'Corriero di Cipro,' in which we had taken our passage from Tersous, hove in sight of the pretty-looking seaport town of Larnacca, in the island of Cyprus. Larnacca is situated nearly *vis à vis* to Beyrout; and with the assistance of the fresh land breeze, that had blown without intermission throughout the night from off the shores of Asia Minor, our passage had barely occupied fourteen hours when the anchor was down, the sails all furled, and the ship's boat alongside in readiness to



convey the captain and passengers on shore. There were a great number of vessels lying in the roadstead of Larnacca, which, though by no means a secure anchorage, nor yet holding out much inducement in the shape of traffic, is nevertheless the constant resort of French, Italian, and Greek vessels, that call here both on the voyage to and from Syria and the various European ports of the Mediterranean, for the purpose of replenishing or laying in a stock of provisions;—all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries, of life being procurable at absurdly-cheap prices in this beautiful and fertile, but neglected island.

As viewed from the shipping, Larnacca presents a very pretty aspect. Close by the water's edge, and for a considerable distance along the beach, is a line of brilliantly white, neatly-constructed houses, whose gaily-painted balconies, bright green window, and, in many instances, flagstaff-surmounted terraces, stand forth in bold relief to the thick green foliage of the gardens, situated on the higher ground immediately behind the seaport town. Beyond these, again, are a low range of dusky-looking, barren hillocks, and further on still the deep blue colour of the sky is gracefully outlined by the faint purplish-grey tinge of the higher mountains in the interior. Such was our first impression of this charming island, so celebrated by profane Greek historians and poets as the chosen abode of their favourite deity, the goddess Venus, and which in later years becomes of more enhancing value from the fact of its shores having been twice visited by the early apostles—first when Barnabas and Paul landed here, A. D. 44 (Acts xiii. 4); and secondly, when Barnabas came hither, accompanied by John, in about A. D. 53 (Acts xv. 39), just eighteen hundred years from the period we are now writing. Barnabas was considered the chief apostle and first Bishop of Cyprus; and it is here that he is said to have suffered martyrdom, having been stoned by the unbelieving Jews of Salamis.

On landing, we were first assailed by a number of quarantine guardians, all anxiously officious to inquire into our state of health, and to discover, had that been possible, a flaw in the bill of health, which might have enabled them to incarcerate us in the not very inviting or commodious lazaretto for a term not less than twelve days, to the no small emolument of the local authorities and themselves; and—setting aside the inconvenience, which is very great, owing to the heat of the weather, and the filthy and dilapidated condition of the quarantine establishment—to the peril of our health, if not of our lives. Absurd as the notion must appear, it is nevertheless a fact, that though by land there is an uninterrupted communication between Syria and Asia Minor, vessels coming from the latter country are admitted into free *pratique*, whereas vessels from Syria are considered as suspicious, and accordingly subjected to a vigorous quarantine. However, our bill of health was quite *en règle*. But we had no sooner set foot on shore than we fell into the clutches of the custom-house people, who annoyingly insisted—first on inspecting our teskeras, or Turkish passports, and then in tumbling everything out of our portmanteaus and carpet-bags, in search of imaginary goods supposed to have been smuggled. Being unsuccessful in the search, our clothes were unceremoniously bundled back into the boxes; and, to crown the farce, these gentlemen had the audacity to ask us for a *buxshish*, a demand which, very much to their disgust, we refused to comply with. We were then at liberty to proceed wherever our fancy led us: and now arose the difficulty where to find a lodgment; hotels there were none,

except some low Greek taverns which aspired to such a distinction, but which, besides being filthy in the extreme, were the hourly resort of the most notorious blacklegs and gamblers in the island. In this dilemma a tall cawass, armed with a silver-topped cane, presented himself, and begged of us, on the part of his master, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Cyprus, to *boierum*, i.e., to favour his master with our company; an invitation that we the more willingly accepted, as the sun's rays were beginning to glow intensely hot, and the refraction and glare from the calm sea on one side, and whitewashed houses on the other, was beyond endurance.

In following our guide we had leisure to observe that the Mina, or seaport town, of Larnacca consists simply of one long, narrow street, clean, and kept in excellent order, and lined on either side by a row of houses; the lower parts of most of which served as shops, warehouses, or taverns, whilst the upper stories were inhabited by the proprietors and their families.

There were two things which attracted our attention immediately on landing, and which speedily convinced us that, though only separated a few hours' sea voyage from the shores of Palestine and Syria, we were completely out of the range of not only the habits, manners, and customs of the people of those countries, but their very language had ceased to be heard. Not one word of Arabic could be understood by any individual we encountered. Turkish, and a kind of patois Greek, was all that could be spoken or understood; and even Italian, the *lingua franca* of Syria, was double Dutch to all the lower classes of the inhabitants. The next thing was carriages—real four-wheeled conveyances—with horses and harness to boot! Our servant Hanna had never seen such phenomena in his life; he had once heard say that his father's great-uncle had really known a celebrated pasha who drove up to the gates of Antioch in a very wonderful machine, called an araba, drawn by horses; but as he had never seen even the picture of such a thing, his conception fell very short of what the reality proved to be; and he could not resist the temptation of stopping and touching every vehicle that happened to be standing by the roadside, and of applauding the wonderful ingenuity of the *Eben Frangi*, who had first invented a carriage. We must confess, ourselves, that not having seen anything but horses, mules, and camels, for the last six years, we felt a wonderful inclination to jump into the first empty conveyance, and giving reins to the horse drive wherever the fancy led him.

Whilst admiring these signs of civilization, and reflecting on the sudden change that surrounded us, our guide stopped opposite to a massive gateway, the doors of which were thrown wide open, and in two minutes after we were ushered into the presence of our worthy and hospitable consul, Mr. Niven Kerr, who insisted on our taking up our abode at his house so long as we saw fit to remain at Larnacca.

The British consulate, and many of the other consular residences, are situated at the north-eastern extremity of the Mina, or the modern town of Larnacca; Larnacca Proper, or the real town, being full a mile further inland. Most of these buildings were of modern construction—some of them perfect palaces, both as regards size and beauty of structure. The house inhabited by the French consul was in particular a magnificent building; and nothing could have been more charming than his audience-hall, from the centre of which a species of alcove jettied out into the sea,

so much so, that in boisterous weather the white, cool spray came dashing through the open casements, and fell in crystal showers upon the marble slabs with which it was paved. Sitting here of a sultry summer's day, even when hardly a breath of air stirred or ruffled the calm bosom of the waters, the very motion of the waves themselves created a gentle atmosphere of their own, which made the heat supportable; and then the pleasant smell of the seashore; and the beauty of the panorama expanded to one's view; the clear blue sky; the deep blue ocean; the narrow neck of the promontory, thickly set with graceful palm-trees, stretching out into the sea, till its faint outline was lost in hazy distance; the white sails of vessels passing to and fro; and the great variety in shape and size of the vessels lying at anchor—all these were a pleasure and a pastime that only those know how to appreciate, who, like ourselves, found the sultry heat of midday so intense that to move one's hand to drive away a tormenting fly required an exertion; when reading, exercise, or sleep, were out of the question, and the lassitude experienced was so great that the only method of getting through the day was to stretch oneself at full length on a divan close by the window side, and gaze out upon the ocean. For a reflective mind there was plenty of food for occupation. Not a ripple on the sea, or the shadow of a cloud, but what had its peculiar merits and beauty, and could speak volumes about the wisdom of Him who created all things for some wise end.

From the foregoing the reader may readily conceive the climate of Larnacca is not the most salubrious; but its present unhealthiness may in a great measure be attributed to local miasma, occasioned by the salt marshes some few miles to the northward of the town, and which, during the great heats of July and August, emit noxious vapours that hover over the town, and are only dispersed when the land-winds are more than usually strong. Unfortunately during these two months the nights are stiflingly close; agues are very prevalent, and especially with European strangers. The simple intermittent fever, if in the least neglected, is too apt to take a malignant form; and a few hours of intense suffering terminates the patient's earthly career. A lamentable instance of this occurred in the case of the late highly-respected consul, Dr. Lilburn, whose short but useful career so endeared him to the natives of the island that they barely mention his name without evident signs of heartfelt sorrow. Himself a physician, he was careful to attend to the wants of and to succour the poor and afflicted. Yet, strange to say, warned—as he must necessarily have been, by the hourly calls for his professional aid—of the risk incurred by any undue exposure to so baneful a climate, he thoughtlessly neglected this warning, went out partridge-shooting on one of the hottest days of the season, and three days afterwards he was carried to that last, long home, “where the weary are at rest.”

Modern Larnacca was constructed to facilitate what, once promised to become a flourishing commerce, viz., the exportation of terra-ombra, which abounds in the island, to various ports of Europe; and there is little doubt but that this traffic would have materially benefited Cyprus in more than one respect. The love of gain, which lies latent in the breast of every Cypriot, only required an exciting stimulant to warm it into activity. Hundreds who squander their time away in the pursuit of vices and debauchery almost as iniquitous as the pastimes of their ancestors, the votaries of the goddess Venus, would be induced to devote attention to

the collection of this terra-ombra; and the great additional influx of vessels, necessarily increasing the demand for live-stock, wine, and other provisions, would act as an incentive to many to turn to some useful purpose the vast tracts of neglected country, the fertility of whose soil is such, and the supply of water so abundant, that little or no labour would be requisite for the production of a hundred species of vegetables, and many delicious fruits. Even as things are, and negligently though they be cared for, poultry is so abundant and cheap that the cost of a couple of young turkeys rarely exceeds a shilling; and for that amount chickens may be purchased by the dozen. But besides this, what a vast field of employment would have been thrown open to the islander when we remember the quantity of Syrian grain now consumed in Europe, and reflect that the fields of Cyprus, if cultivated, would alone suffice to load at her various seaports sufficient grain to supply all the markets of Great Britain and Ireland. In addition to all this, it is well known that cotton can be produced; countless flocks of sheep fed upon the plains and mountain sides, to furnish wool; and, as ruins over different parts of the island testify, the sugar-cane once attained such perfection in this island that the ruins of sugar-factories have been discovered in various parts, and alone testify of one single source of wealth, which, if carried out, would command a revenue more than amply sufficient to counterbalance the whole expenses of the island. And now the question naturally arises, "What prevented the successful carrying out of the terra-ombra scheme?" and the reply is simply this:—The quarantine establishment, and the impositions practised by the local authorities, who, hovering over the island like so many birds of prey, no sooner observed that there was a likelihood of terra-ombra being in great demand, than they established iniquitous duties and taxations, upon the ground, upon the conveyances that transported it, and finally extorted a dime from both the seller and the purchaser. This, in addition to the expenses incurred by quarantine dues, disheartened speculators, and so the thing was allowed to drop, and the authorities, like the old fable of the dog and the shadow, lost what little gain they possessed by grasping at too much.

But such is the natural indolence of the Cypriot Greek, that, though possessed of every facility to ward off such a calamity as a famine, it will hardly be credited when we state that, in 1845, when Syria suffered materially from such a visitation, though the islanders had ample time to plant out any grain that might have served as a substitute in the hour of need, or even have been supplied with seed potatoes from Tripoli, in Syria, they neglected all these precautions, and the result was that want came stalking in amongst them with his train-bearers, misery, disease, and death; and then, too late, they repented them of their folly. To such a pitch did the famine rage in the island, and so sore pressed were the people for means to purchase corn, when at length ships did arrive from that granary of the world, Egypt, that valuable horses, whose lowest cost might have been reckoned at 25*l.*, were sold or bartered for approximate valuations of from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 18*s.* The great stand-by of the Greeks during this dearth was that for which they have been celebrated from the earliest ages, that which barely any season fails to render them a grateful and abundant supply—we allude to the grape vines. From Alexandria in Egypt, on the one side, to the Turkish capital on the other, the whole intermediate coasts of Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor are entirely dependent upon Cyprus for their annual

supply of rackey, or, as it is there termed, mastica, from mastic being dissolved in the spirit. From some motive or other, no other place in the East can rival Cyprus in the manufacturing of this spirit: some peculiarity in the soil imparts to the grape that peculiar flavour to which the inhabitants of Turkey in Asia are so partial; and though these very identical vines have been uprooted bodily, and carried to other parts; and though they grew and flourished, and yielded fruit abundantly, there was no longer the same flavour in the grape. Hence also the wines of Cyprus have, through many ages, obtained a notoriety.

But in the whole island there are no finer caves than those situated under some of the houses at modern Larnacca. These caves existed long before the houses were constructed, buried deep under the sand. None but the owners there know their exact whereabouts; and this precaution was found necessary in former years, when the unsettled state of the Turkish empire gave free scope for the depredations of a horde of Greek and Ionian pirates, who, under the cloak of trade, carried on the most nefarious practices, making frequent descents upon the unoffending and unprotected islanders, and carrying off everything they could lay their hands upon, which in their estimation possessed the least intrinsic value. A wine vault was to them a treasure-trove; and the fine old golden-coloured camandaria of half-a-century's standing in wood was sure to fetch in any part of Europe ten times its weight in gold. Hence the necessity of the vaults being detached from the houses; and to these circumstances alone are the islanders to this day indebted for the fact of some of them being enabled to boast that they can produce from their vaults wine that has not seen the light of day for sixty years or more. This old camandaria is highly recommended by the faculty for invalids in a convalescent state; but both this and the common black wine of the island, as also the famous rackey, was a source of wealth to the starving inhabitants, who readily bartered it with the supercargoes of vessels laden with corn for bread to supply their every-day wants. Meanwhile, the annual silk crop had been neglected; and even the sesame seed, which had promised a rich harvest, and was a new source of wealth, freshly introduced into the island, even this was neglected by the starving tenants, who in hungry multitudes flocked down to the seaside, watching anxiously, like the prophet's servant of old, for some small cloud upon the skies, which might harbinger, if not a coming shower, some favourable breeze that might help the wind-bound corn-laden vessels to get into port, and so send them bread.

Of Larnacca Proper we shall treat in the next chapter.

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#### CURIOSITIES OF COMMERCIAL SPECULATION.

"THE hand of the diligent maketh rich," is the declaration of inspired Truth; and history and experience offer many and varied examples to illustrate this proverb. "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him," is another Scripture truth; and the following instances confirm it in a remarkable manner.

In the month of June 1695, the Scottish Parliament passed an Act to establish "a company trading to Africa and the Indies, with power to plant colonies, and build cities, towns, or forts, in places not in the possession of any other European power, with the consent of the natives." This

company was to be exempt from all duties and impositions for twenty-one years. The founder of the project was William Paterson, who, having been an adventurer among the West India Islands and on the American continent, had perceived the favourable position of the Isthmus of Darien as the seat of a great commercial city. The Darien scheme, sanctioned by Parliament, and regarded with favour in high quarters, as a means of drawing off the Scottish mind from the recent massacre of Glencoe, was now thrown open to subscribers. The whole country was soon in a ferment, and 400,000*l.* were immediately subscribed. To this sum England threw in 300,000*l.* in a few days, and the Dutch and Hamburgers added 200,000*l.* more. But the English merchants were seized with jealousy, and the two Houses of Parliament opposed the scheme. The result of this opposition was that Scotland was left to her own scanty resources for carrying it out. On the 26th of July 1698, five ships set sail from Leith, with twelve hundred men on board, amongst whom were three hundred youths of the first Scottish families. Many seamen and soldiers were found hid in the ships, and, when ordered ashore, they clung to the ropes and timbers, and implored to be taken. Thanks were publicly given in the churches of Edinburgh when the news of the formation of the colony arrived. The pulpit seems to have been a frequent place for declamation on this subject, and a professor of philosophy delivered an oration in favour of the settlement.

But this joy was soon over. The climate, and an illiberal order to the governors of British colonies prohibiting all intercourse with the colonists, proved fatal to the scheme.

The Spaniards, too, ultimately attacked the colonists. The project proved a total failure, although a second expedition was sent out from Scotland to the ill-fated spot. Paterson became lunatic, but recovered. It is touching to read of the walks of the poor settlers on the ground behind their fort to enjoy the mountain air, and think of their far-distant Scottish hills. "Darien," said Paterson, "the door of the seas, the key of the universe, will enable its possessors to become the legislators of both worlds, and the arbitrators of commerce. The settlers at Darien will acquire a nobler empire than Alexander or Cæsar without fatigue, expense, or danger, as well as without incurring the guilt and bloodshed with which conquerors are usually chargeable." How these extravagant expectations were realized we have already seen. But a deep stain of guilt remains upon the English merchants who frustrated a scheme which might have led to very beneficial results, despite the enthusiastic character of its leader.

In 1671, John Law—the prince of speculators—was born at Edinburgh. He was the son of a wealthy goldsmith and banker; and, after a wandering career as a gambler, he obtained leave to start a bank in Paris, which prospered greatly. The French Government then took possession of this establishment, and appointed Law its director-general. This transfer was made in 1718. But Law had already entered into other schemes, and ultimately he became the director of the royal bank, and of a colossal Trading Company of the Indies, as it was termed, which absorbed into itself nearly all the commerce of France. The two enterprises were united in 1720. A mania to possess shares in these schemes seized upon the French, and most surprising anecdotes are told of their feverish avidity to become participators in the wealth which appeared to be pouring in on all sides. A humpbacked man is said to have made a fortune of 150,000 livres by allowing the stockjobbers to use his hump as a writing-desk.

Princes, dukes, peers, bishops, and judges thronged the Scotch projector, and ladies were by no means the least persevering claimants for the coveted shares. One ordered her carriage to be overturned in the street, and, when Law flew to her assistance, she confessed her trick, and had her name entered as a purchaser of stock. Enormous fortunes were made in a few days. One night at the opera, a magnificently-attired female attracted great attention; a young lady whispered to her mother, "Why it is our cook, Mary." She was right—Mary had speculated, and become rich.

Wages and prices rose. Above three hundred thousand strangers are said to have been residing in Paris, in November 1719, many of whom lived in granaries and lofts; the golden harvest brought crowds of foreigners to reap or glean in the glittering fields. Velvet and gold clad the promenaders of the Parisian streets.

Law was now a demigod with the French; and, having professed the Roman Catholic religion in January 1720, he was appointed comptroller-general of the finances. The Academy of Sciences elected him an honorary member, and the poets vied in compliments to the saviour of France. The city of Edinburgh sent him a gold box containing its freedom. It is said that even the Prince of Wales, subsequently George II., was a secret dabbler in Law's stock.

The bubble was now at its full size, and, after a brief quiver, it burst. A drain of specie from the bank set in, and in a short time 500,000,000 livres had been sent out of France. Various edicts were passed to stop the run upon the bank; but, upon the 27th of May 1720, money payments ceased, and Law was dismissed from his office as minister of finance. He was compelled to have a guard to protect him in the streets, and at last he took refuge in the Palais Royal.

An abortive attempt was made to reinvigorate the Indian Company, but the scheme may be considered to have exploded when the bank stopped payment in specie.

Law obtained permission to leave France, where his life was in danger. After wandering about the Continent he came to England, and lived by gambling. He died at Venice, in 1729, in straitened circumstances. Thus closed the career of a projector whose schemes ruined thousands of families, and gave a shock to France which it felt for years.

In 1711, the Earl of Oxford laid the foundation of the celebrated South Sea scheme. A company of merchants undertook to pay 10,000,000*l.* of Government debt, and as compensation they were to receive various privileges, and amongst them was a monopoly of the commerce in the South Sea, or Pacific Ocean, as it is now termed. The scheme was to fill Britain with gold from Peru, Mexico, and other auriferous countries. But Spain was an obstacle in the way. However, this South Sea Company prospered as a monetary firm—for its commercial schemes fell to the ground—and competed successfully with the Bank of England in 1720, in a rival offer for the payment of the National Debt. This prosperous contract brought the company under the public gaze, and everybody wished to invest capital in so promising a speculation. It seemed as if the whole nation had commenced stockjobbing. As soon as the fever had reached its height, the chairman of the company and others sold their shares. The stock fell; and so great was the rage of the populace that the directors of the scheme were mobbed in the streets, and serious riots were apprehended.

Parliament took up the matter, and four members of the House of Commons were expelled for their share in the fraudulent scheme. The Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer resigned office, and was also expelled the House and committed to the Tower. His property was sentenced to be confiscated. That of the directors was to be treated in the same way, excepting a reserve allowed to each.

Contemporaneously with the South Sea scheme, many other projects floated for a time. One was for settling the island of Blanco and Sal Tartagus; one for a wheel for perpetual motion; one for importing walnut-trees from Virginia; one for converting quicksilver into a fine malleable metal; and one "for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is;" the artful sharper who started this last scheme received nearly one thousand deposits of 2*l.* per share in five hours, and the next day was over the Channel—and the money too.

About the year 1634, a speculative mania of a curious kind sprang up in Holland. The culture of tulips had arrived at a high state of perfection, and roots were exported to all parts of the world. In the year just mentioned this trade was carried on with feverish intensity in the Netherlands. A weight, termed a perit, was used to regulate the prices of the tulip roots. A new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete harness, together with 4,600 florins, was the bargained price for a root of the tulip called *Semper Augustus*. Those who could not give ready money offered houses, lands, cattle, and clothes. One individual gained more than 60,000 florins by this trade in four months. Noblemen, citizens, mechanics, seamen, farmers, turf-diggers, sweeps, footmen, maid-servants, old-clotheswomen, joined in the mania. The poorest sometimes won in a few months what enabled them to appear like noblemen. To explain this gambling, let us take an imaginary case. A nobleman bargains with a merchant for a tulip root, which is to be delivered in four months. The sum to be paid is 1,000 florins. At the time of delivery, the price of this species of tulip has risen to 1,400 florins, and as the nobleman never wished to have the root, the merchant pays him 400 florins, which the former had won by the speculation. If the price of this tulip had fallen to 900 florins in the four months, the nobleman would then have had to have paid the merchant 100 florins.

At last this trade suddenly declined. The sellers wished to deliver the roots to those who had bought without ever intending to receive them, and the purchasers would neither take the roots nor pay for them. Disputes thus arose, and the magistrates were appealed to. Ultimately, accommodating measures were taken, and the tulip fever ended.

In 1824-5, a joint-stock mania agitated this country; and in 1845-6, a railway fever seized upon us. Let us explain the nature of some of these baseless systems of speculation. An attorney and two or three accomplices draw up a scheme for a railway, with the names of certain individuals—the most respectable and best known that can be procured—for an interim committee. A public meeting is now got up: the scheme is pronounced good; a prospectus is put forth; and printed letters, with blanks, are sent to the sharebrokers for those who wish to purchase shares. We will suppose that the capital is put down at 100,000*l.*, in five thousand shares of 20*l.* each, with a deposit, or first payment, of 1*l.* per share.

Applications now pour in, and men, who could not raise 10*l.* will ask for one hundred shares. The committee meet to allot shares, and, after attempting to select individuals who will *hold*, they reserve a remainder for themselves. The letters of allotment are sent out, requesting the bearer to pay in his deposit of 1*l.* per share to a certain bank. But the receiver of



the allotment letter never meant to take the shares. He is what is termed a *stag*, and sells his allotment of twenty shares for the sum of five shillings to some one who wishes to dabble in the speculation secretly. Others wait for a few days to see if the stock is at a premium; if it is they pay their deposits, if it is not they throw their allotment letters into the fire. To prevent this, the committee appoint two sharebrokers to buy five hundred shares on the day upon which the letters are issued. They purchase in small lots, and at a premium of from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* per share. This artifice succeeds, for the share lists quote the price of the stock, and next day the holders hurry off to sell after they have paid their deposits. Buyers cannot be found, and the shares are speedily at a discount, unless the committee can keep up the credit of the stock. By various tricks they succeed in doing this.

Soon bankers' receipts are received in exchange for *scrip*—a kind of cheque which is generally a voucher for five shares. Those who receive this scrip bind themselves to pay up the value of the shares represented by it. The probability that the company will receive the sanction of Parliament is exaggerated in various ways. The stock oscillates, and the cautious ones take advantage of high prices. At last the bill is thrown out of Parliament, perhaps, and so the scheme summarily expires. Or a second call upon the shareholders for a deposit causes a panic, in which everybody wishes to sell and nobody is willing to buy, and down sink the shares in price, until ultimately hundreds of last holders are ruined. Other causes may bring about such a consummation.

Such trading as this is essentially gambling. To spread false rumours—to take advantage of another's ignorance—to help to blow up a bubble, and then to sell out when it is about to burst, and leave others to be ruined—are deeds which ought to be called robbery, rather than speculation.



## FASTS AND FESTIVALS, AS OBSERVED BY THE NATIVES OF THE HOLY LAND.—No. I.

### OBSERVANCE OF LENT BY THE GREEKS.

THE last day of the carnival is past, and the merry-making of the simple Greek peasantry inhabiting the beautiful valley of the Orontes is brought to a close. Young men of the village, arrayed in gay holiday attire, return from the fields where they have been merry-making and enjoying athletic games all the afternoon, and divest themselves, not only of their best suit of clothes, but of all thoughts of amusement and fun for forty days to come. Maidens who have danced the hours away to the music of their own voices, come back with downcast looks, and assume their coarsest apparel. The sun sets in the west behind a golden-fringed cloud, and the last substantial repast of the season is served—meats and fowls and savoury pillaufs: these and like Eastern dainties are set before the hungry peasantry, and they fall to with an appetite rendered still more keen from the certainty that for forty long days to come, in health or in sickness, they are restricted from tasting any dish of which flesh or butter or milk, or even eggs, form an ingredient. Nothing save fruits and vegetables, rice, olives, and olive-oil; these alone are considered admissible. Their ignorant priests, from their pulpits, urge on them this necessity; and the people, bigoted and superstitious, would rather die than deviate

from the injunction. Such is their perversion of the creed of a Christian! At length this substantial meal is ended, and—first going through the necessary ablutions, so requisite where fingers are used in lieu of knives and forks—the whole of the villagers repair *en masse* to the simple little rustic-looking chapel, erected on a mountain whose sides are covered with olive-trees; and there they pray and sing hymns, and listen to an oration from the old grey-bearded priest, who endeavours to explain to them, as far as in him lies, the motives for observing the approaching fast, why it was ordained, and to what ends it may serve; and then he sends them all away to their homes with a blessing.

The dawn of the first day of Lent breaks in the east, and the good woman of the house is up and stirring. Heretofore, her first care was to milk the cows, and visit the hen-roost in search of new-laid eggs; now she confines herself to carefully sweeping up the yard in front of the house and watering the flower-garden; and then she calls up her eldest daughter, bidding her make good speed in feeding the poultry and giving fodder to the cattle. This done, a small charcoal fire is lit in the kitchen, and on it the careful dame places the coffee to boil, so that it may be ready against the good man's awaking. The sun peeps over the dome of the little village church, and all the household are up and doing. The master of the house does not look so pleasant this morning as is his wont; he sits upon a stone in front of his house, and smokes his morning pipe, for this is not prohibited, and sips his small cup of coffee, for neither is this prohibited, being void of milk; and for want of better occupation he amuses himself by throwing small pebbles at his fowls, which will persist in rooting up his best parsley-bed. At length he gets up and yawns, and stretches himself, and then sighs, possibly at the thought that, however hunger may annoy him, he has no chance of getting anything to eat for a good long hour after midday. This done, he goes through his morning's ablution, and the faithful partner of his joys and sorrows brings him a suit of apparel, the very worst and the most ragged contained in his wardrobe. She, herself, who at other times passes as a pattern of tidy neatness in the village, being clad in veritable beggarly robes. The husband eyes these clothes askance; if he had his own will he would rather wear his second-best suit. But in these objections he would be speedily overruled by his loving partner; for in Syria none are more rigid observers of a fast than the women, and this is also the case in many Catholic countries in Europe. Clad in these unsightly robes, the crest-fallen husband takes up his pipe and his tobacco-pouch, and saunters forth into the village, to sit and smoke with his neighbours under some wide-spreading tree, close to the village coffehouse, from which at intervals they are supplied with small cups of intensely bitter coffee.

In this interval all the younger branches of the family have been roaring for their accustomed breakfast. Up to the age of three have their appetites been gratified on the spot, for they are exempt from the general restriction, and they accordingly feast upon fast-day food. Dried figs and raisins and bread, and such fruits as are in season, satisfy their rapacious appetites; those that are on the sliding scale above three years and up to eight, have their hunger only aggravated by watching the proceedings of their younger brethren. They have no idea, and cannot be brought to understand, why they should fast and the others feast; and the mother and the eldest daughter have enough to do

between them to argue with, and persuade, and threaten the two elder of the crying lot out of the inutility of their proceeding. Brother Hanna, who is ten years old, is held up as an example to them: "they ought to act more like men and women, because they are half-grown-up already." Such arguments, with a little coaxing, at length succeed; and the youngsters go forth and play, and almost forget their penitence, till occasionally reminded of it by a sharp twinge in the stomach. Not so the little one, that is just within the pale of fast-keeping: she cannot be brought to reason at any price; and though her sobs are occasionally hushed by direful threats held forth, so sure as ever she turns her little tear-bedimmed eyes towards the *débris* of her younger brother's morning repast, so surely does she burst out into a howl again; till at last, overcome by excessive infantine grief, she creeps into the house again, and drops off fast asleep. The young gormandizers have gone to sleep already. This grand victory having been obtained, the mother and the big sister bestir themselves, and commence active operations for the day. Whenever they are in want of a broom, or a mop, or a bucket, or any other necessary article of domestic economy that may have been forgotten in the room where the infant sleepers lie, stealthily and slipperless they creep in and out of the room; for to awaken one of the slumberers would be destruction to their forenoon plans. Oh! but the fowls will have a rich treat this morning, and so will the sparrows! The first thing to be done is to cleanse all the kitchen utensils from their impurities, and to scour out every platter, and every cup and spoon in the establishment. Here they come, mother and daughter, carrying out between them a huge caldron, in which last evening's pillauf was boiled. They hold it from them at arm's length, as though the very odour of the meat, and other rich ingredients boiled with the rice, were enough to contaminate them, and render them unfit to keep the fast. There is still enough left to satisfy two hungry ploughmen; but not one spoonful of it would any man in the village taste for all the wealth of the gold-diggings. The daughter fetches out a huge iron ladle, and scoops out the remnants of what she so carefully cooked for last evening's repast, and scatters it upon the ground for the especial behoof of the poultry. See how they come running and flying and screaming for joy, followed by the old majestic cock, who, though he doubtless entertains strange misgivings as to his arriving too late, is far too courteous and polite, and thinks a great deal too much of his dignity, to move at anything more rapid than a double quick-march time; besides, his gallantry will not permit of his being served before the ladies. In this respect he sets even his master a good example; for the peasant has no idea of anybody in his house (strangers always excepted) being served before himself.

More cooking utensils are brought forth and capsized, to the intense delight of the poultry; and then all these pots and pans, and cups and spoons, are ranged in a line, like so many patients infected with the plague or any other contagious disorder, and the mother and the big sister enact the part of quarantine guards. Shovelsful of sand and woodashes are thrown in and upon them, and then kettlesful of scalding water are poured over them. After this, the two set-to and scour them all out, till every pot and platter shines again, both inside and out. Then there is a scrubbing-match in the kitchen itself; and, this being effected, all the utensils are restored to their proper

places, and they are now considered fit for use, and free from all grease and impurity.

About this time the master of the house, urged on by the cravings of nature, ventures home again, to see how time progresses; but, catching a glimpse of the active operations being carried on by his wife and daughter, makes a precipitate retreat; and, filled with hunger and despair, wraps himself up in his meshlah (cloak), and falls fast asleep under the nearest tree. Now, and not till now, does the busy matron give a thought to what they are to have for dinner. Stores are ransacked in search of fast-time provisions: first, she fills a goodly-sized cup with olives, preserved in their own oil—the great stand-by of the Syrian Greeks during their fasts; then she ladles out a little pure oil, both to cook with and to eat in its raw state with bread; then some hot chilly pickles, a handful of onions, and a piece or two of garlic; after all, comes the staple commodity, the Arab staff of life—to wit, burghul, which is a composition, being wheat boiled, then dried in the sun, and then ground into grits. There, these constitute the principal ingredients of the midday dinner; but just as a relish there are a few dried figs and raisins, and, may be, a walnut or two. It is useless to look in the kitchen-garden for vegetables, for the season is yet too early for them; from the same motives it would be extravagant to hunt up the bazaars for fresh fruit: the apricot-trees are laden with promise, but even the earliest fruit will barely be fit to eat before Easter. Under these circumstances, the big sister is provided with a big basket, and she goes into the neighbouring fields in search of marsh-mallow and other herbs, known as *edib's* only to those whom necessity has taught to hunt for them; and yet some of these herbs are very palatable even to European palates, as we can testify from experience. On the present occasion, the fast being young, marsh-mallows are abundant; and so the daughter has not far to go before she returns with her large basket filled to the brim. During her absence the mother has been far from idle: the burghul has been boiled, the onions fried in oil, and, in short, all that is required to complete the repast is to cook these marsh-mallows; and this is very soon accomplished, for the water has been boiling ready for them, and a few minutes will suffice to render them fit for the fryingpan, and there they are fried with onions, garlic, oil, and a little lemon-juice. Go, now, and awake the good man, and tell him that at last his hunger may be appeased; the youngsters scamper in at the first call; the infantine slumberers awake; and, take my word for it, that it is a hungry party that assembles that day round the not very inviting fare, to which, however, they all do ample justice; for, after all, the best sauce is a right-down good appetite.

After dinner, the master of the house returns to his village friends, assembled at the village coffeehouse, and there he sits and smokes and idles the precious hours till nigh upon sundown. Not that he is by any means an opulent man, or can afford to waste time and labour; but that it has been a long-established usage in his country, and especially in his village, never to work upon the first three days of Lent, nor upon any other fasts or feasts during the year; and as the Greek kalends reckon a rather lengthy string of saints and martyrs, what with fasting for one and feasting for the other, there are at least a hundred and fifty days out of the year on which the Syrian Greek peasant is idle; and this is why they never advance in riches or understanding, and this is

why they will always remain impoverished, and the slaves of their own indolence, so long as enveloped in the dark folds of superstition.

But to return to our peasant and the coffeeshop. Sometimes there happens to be a man in the village who possesses the rare abilities of being able to read and write. Whenever such is the case, his services are put into immediate requisition; he is forced into the service, and being accommodated with the most comfortable seat under the shade of the fine old tree, he sits there and reads to them the marvellous tales of a truth:



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the history of Joseph and his captivity, and how he was sold to the merchants and carried into Egypt. As soon as the intelligence spreads in the village that there is a learned man reading under *the tree*, all the inhabitants of the village—men, women, and children—flock to hear him. To watch their earnest attention; to listen to the sighs and indignation of the women when the old scribe who is reading comes to that part where the wicked brothers deceived the poor brokenhearted old father with tattered and blood-stained coat of many colours; to hear their *affarems* (bravos) when the history comes to that part where Joseph is elevated to the highest honour; I say, to be a spectator of all this, would do a philanthropist's heart good, and be a subject fit for a painter.

But whilst we have been mingling with the crowd, and listening attentively to all that has been read, the good woman at home, and her active young daughter, have not had a second's respite from labour. All the linen worn during the carnival has to be routed out and tied up in a bundle, against to-morrow's washing; for they, too, are tainted

with the odour of dainty meats; and all this having been accomplished, there is yet the evening's meal to be prepared. There is not much variety in this meal to that of the forenoon; only the daughter, in lieu of gathering marsh-mallows for supper, goes a little further on to the river side, and brings home a goodly supply of water-cresses. These make a nice salad; and the wife, still more to please her hungry husband, compounds a favourite mixture to eat with his pillauf—onions and red chillies, and a little salt and lime-juice, all beat up together in a mortar. If you do not admire the flavour, you will at least admit that it is exceedingly strong, and productive of spontaneous tears. This latter mixture, with a little oil and bread, is all that many of the poorer classes of the peasantry subsist upon during the forty long days of their penitence.

The second Friday in Lent the Greeks are permitted to eat a particular species of fish, called by them the sepia, or ink-fish. To secure this booty they are out all Thursday night; some are successful, some catch none; but in the long-run it amounts to the same, for they are a simple-minded, generous people: and after the old priest with the grey beard has had his portion, the rest is divided, share and share alike.

Thus commences Lent with the Syrian Greeks inhabiting the valley of the Orontes; and thus it continues, with very little variation, until a week before Good Friday. If they are a superstitious people, they possess the merit of being an artless people, free from all craft and cunning; and though they remember not the words of Him who said, "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance" (Matt. vi. 16), it is from ignorance alone, and from no other motives, for all are acting alike.

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## SUBSTANCES USED AS FOOD.—No I.

### NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF FOOD.

It is important to know the real use of food before alluding to the various forms in which it is presented for our consumption. It is well known that in the absence of food life cannot be long sustained: but, probably, many persons are ignorant of the reasons which render food necessary to man and animals. Upon this subject there has existed a remarkable degree of obscurity until within a few years; and those whose duties consist in the investigation of subjects of this kind—chemists and physiologists—knew until lately but little of the nature of those substances which supply the means of life to animals, and which, if withdrawn, cause their death to ensue. The correct explanation of the value of different kinds of food, which connects itself with the same subject, is also of recent discovery. By careful experiments, which have been carried on both in the laboratory of the chemist, and have also been conducted upon the living body, a rational theory of the use of food has been constructed, and has already led to very important consequences in a medical point of view. It is our present purpose to attempt a simple account of the best-established views on this subject; and in so doing to enable the reader to form a clear and accurate idea of those uses for which the food which nature teaches us to be necessary is applied in the living being.

The uses of food are twofold. First, to supply the elements for the nutrition and building up of the body, which is in a constant state of

change and of decay; and, secondly, to keep up its temperature. Food, therefore, is either nourishing, as contributing materials which are added to the frame, or it is supporting, as furnishing elements for keeping up a constant supply of warmth throughout the body. It is difficult to say which of these functions is the most important, since they are inseparably associated together during life in warm-blooded creatures. No man or animal could long exist on food which served only to keep up the animal heat, or on that which serves only as contributing to the nutrition of the animal tissues. It will be shown further on, that an animal cannot live upon sugar, which is an element of food going to support the heat, nor upon gelatine (or jelly), which is one which directly goes to build up the structures of the body.

This twofold character of food shows that two great processes are connected with its consumption in the living animal. In order to give a simple view of these processes it may be said that food is either burnt in our bodies to keep us warm, or digested and appropriated to keep us growing, or at least in health. There is, therefore, an internal fire or source of heat in the animal frame, and a source of growth and strength. For one or other of these purposes all the food we consume is required. It does not much signify whether our diet be plain and simple, or costly and luxurious, these two kinds of elements are always extracted from it—food as fuel, and food as building material. The severe and simple diet of the hunter supplies to him—equally with the most rich and varied food of the monarch to him—the sources of heat and those of growth.

It requires a very little consideration to show that there exists in every warm-blooded animal, as in man himself, a constant source of warmth. The fact that without our using any effort of which we are sensible to keep the body warm, may, perhaps, account for the infrequency with which the inquiry suggests itself, why is this heat kept up?

The temperature at which our bodies are sustained is remarkably constant under many varieties of circumstance. This temperature is called, for the sake of convenience, the animal heat. The temperature of man ranges between  $97^{\circ}$  and  $100^{\circ}$ ; that of birds is considerably higher, having been observed to reach as high as  $112^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. The temperature of the human body is only slightly affected by external circumstances; and under the opposite conditions of a polar cold, or a tropical heat, the standard temperature is very slightly affected. In some diseases it appears to undergo a remarkable increase: thus it has been said that in a fearful spasmodic disease called 'Tetanus, the animal heat has been found to rise about  $12^{\circ}$  above the natural average. In Asiatic Cholera, on the contrary, it has been found to fall as much as  $20^{\circ}$  below the standard, so that the expirations of the unfortunate patient have felt almost cold. It is sufficient, however, for the purpose in hand, to consider the fact as established, that there exists in the living body a source of heat, and that the degree of this heat is in man on the average about  $97^{\circ}$  or  $98^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit.

The development of heat in the living body is singularly illustrated in the economy of bees. The insect in passing from its condition as a pupa, or nymph, to that of imago or perfect state, requires the fostering influence of a somewhat elevated temperature. The nurses in the hive are required to fulfil this task, and to keep the bodies of these tender little creatures warm until they are perfectly developed. This is effected in an interesting and curious manner. The nurse places itself over the

cell which contains the young insect, and begins to respire with energy. It continues in this position, increasing the number of its respirations until they are extremely rapid, and have been estimated to be as many as one hundred and thirty in a minute. The effect of this is that the nurse becomes extremely hot, and thus imparts to the cell on which she is placed the warmth of her own body. A thermometer, placed in a nest of humble bees in the midst of a group of nurses thus occupied, marked a temperature of 92°; that of the external air being 20° lower, or 72°. This circumstance not only clearly indicates the possession of a source of heat by the animal body, but also, in an interesting manner, directs our attention to the means by which it is sustained, namely, by the office of respiration, or breathing.

Some portion of the food has been already called fuel, from the fact of its being used in the body to generate heat. With almost equal justice the lungs may be considered as the furnace by which this fuel is burnt and consumed. These vastly-important organs exhibit, on carefully examining them, a structure eminently adapted to fulfil the purposes for which they are intended.

The essential phenomena of respiration are as follows:—By the action of the muscles of the chest, air is drawn into the lungs, and there penetrates to their remotest portions. The blood-vessels which enter these organs are characterized by a remarkable subdivision into minute vessels, the thin sides of which are almost in immediate contact with the air, and permit, consequently, the free escape of gases from them, and also the free absorption of gas into them. The current in these vessels is driven by the heart; and the blood, after being purified, is carried quickly back to the heart with as little loss as possible of its freshness, and is thence transmitted by arteries to every portion of the frame. Thus the entire function of breathing consists essentially of two parts, the ingress and egress of the air, and the circulation of the blood exposed to it. If we regard the air entering the lungs as the analogue of that supplying the draft of a furnace, that coming from them as the smoke of a furnace, and the elements of the blood as the fuel of the furnace, we have, then, a tolerably accurate idea of the process itself.

The gas which supports ordinary combustion, as that of a fire or a candle, is the oxygen of the air, and combustion is generally described as a process of chemical change, in which bodies, such as fuel, combine with oxygen under the influence of a high temperature. The combustion of a coal-fire is a strictly chemical process, the carbon and hydrogen of the coal unite with the oxygen of the air supplying the draft, and in this act emit a large amount of caloric, and also of light. The combustion that takes place in the wick of an ignited candle is precisely similar. Oxygen is absorbed, and heat and light are developed, while certain gases, carbonic acid and watery vapour, are given off. These facts were familiarly known long before the idea was conceived that a process of combustion exactly analogous to this was in constant progress in the living body. It is true, light is not emitted by the body, but a process of combustion is constantly taking place, in many other respects like that which goes on in a common fireplace.

We are now in a position to decide what elements of the food fulfil the first indication—that is, go to keep up the animal fire—and also what kinds of food are chiefly used in the body for this purpose. In every form of natural and artificial fuel, carbon and hydrogen are the



elements which supply man with heat, by their combination with atmospheric oxygen. The same is true also of the body. It is the carbon and hydrogen of our food which undergo combustion in respiration, and so produce the carbonic acid and watery vapour which are discoverable in expired air. Upon the union of these elements, therefore, much of the animal heat is dependent. Carbon and hydrogen are thus seen to form the chief constituents of the fuel of the living furnace. It is estimated that about ten cubic feet of carbonic acid gas are extricated from the lungs, in an average day, by a grown person.

Some of the elementary principles which are of use to us as food, chiefly in consequence of their acting as fuel to the process of combustion carried on in breathing, are of that chemical composition that they only yield carbon to the respiratory process; their other elements, hydrogen and oxygen, being in the proportion to form water, which is simply exhaled in the breath. Under this division must be placed sugar, starch, and gum, and also vinegar, or acetic acid. There are other substances used as food, which supply both carbon and hydrogen to the process of breathing, that is, as repeatedly explained, to the act of combustion. Among these are all fatty substances, and wine and spirituous liquors. The fatty substances, such as salad-oil, butter, &c., are as truly burnt in the body as they are in a lamp. Thus, then, it appears that all sugars, gums, starches, such as arrowroot, &c., wine, and ardent spirits, stand, in their relation to the body, in the same light as fuel to any common apparatus for producing artificial heat. Presuming that enough has been said to render this part of our considerations on the subject of food easily intelligible, we shall now shortly notice those portions of the food which are of use in promoting growth, and in repairing waste.

Those substances which are used by man as food, and which nature selects for the purpose of forming flesh and blood, and for the general nutrition of the body, contain a proportion of nitrogen in their composition. This element, nitrogen, not found in the other elements of food, is of great importance; and the nutritious properties of food very much depend upon the proportion of nitrogen which it contains. Among these must be reckoned the gluten, which forms a considerable portion of wheat, the caseine of milk, the albumen of eggs, and the fibrine of meat. These compounds are all decomposed by the process of digestion, and subsequently received into the blood, by which they are conveyed throughout the body to supply its waste, and to promote its growth and vigour. But there is another principle, which is familiar to the invalid under the form of jelly, called gelatine, which is received into the blood at once, without any preparation, and is applied, immediately, to the nutrition of gelatinous tissues in the body. This accounts for the value of this substance as a part of the diet of those whom disease has prostrated. Since it requires no vital effort in order to render it available as nutriment to the tissues, it necessarily leaves the rest of the materials of the blood to be applied to other purposes. The principal use of jelly is, therefore, that it saves up materials, which are thus left at liberty to be applied to the building up of other structures.

In order to set before the reader a simple view of the nature of food, we have permitted ourselves to adopt this division of its principles into, first, heat-producing, and, secondly, flesh and blood making; but in nature no such separation really exists. It is a merciful ordinance of the all-wise Creator, that we are not required to feed upon simple alimen-

tary principles, such as starch, gum, and vinegar, or gluten and caseine. The food of man and animals is always a compound aliment. Thus, with the gluten of wheat, a very large proportion of starch is always united in the flour which we convert into bread. And with the caseine of milk there is always a proportion of sugar and of oleaginous matter. There are, it is true, many substances, such as sugars and arrowroots, which are of importance as food, and are, nevertheless, simple alimentary principles; but life could not be sustained upon them, and animals have died of starvation with an abundance of such food before them. Bread, the almost universal food of man, is a compound aliment; that is, it contains some principles which go to feed the furnace of respiration, and others which form flesh and blood, and upon this substance life can be sustained for any period. The early food of man, milk, is likewise a compound aliment. In both these instances, the proportions in which the principles are united, evince the wisdom and care of that Great Being who regards the wants of the infant with the same tender adaptation of food to circumstances, as those of the adult.

The food of man may be divided into solid and liquid, and into animal and vegetable. The following classes of animals are described by Dr. Pereira as yielding solid food to man in this country:—\*

MAMMALIA.—The ox, sheep, deer, hog, hare, rabbit, &c.

AVES.—The common fowl, pigeon, pheasant, partridge, turkey, goose, duck, &c.

REPTILIA.—The green or edible turtle.

PISCES.—Mackerel, salmon, herring, sprat, whitebait, cod, haddock, flat fish, eel, &c.

MOLLUSCA.—The oyster, mussel, cockle, scallop, periwinkle, limpet, and whelk.

CRUSTACEA.—The lobster, crab, prawn, and shrimp.

The alimentary principles, exclusive of water and salts, obtained from solid animal foods, are fibrine, albumen, caseine, gelatine, and fat.

The sources of solid food from the vegetable kingdom are, by the same authority, said to be about twenty natural orders of Exogenous plants, five of Endogenous, and three of Cryptogamous plants. The chief alimentary principles derived from these plants, exclusive of water and saline substances, are fibrine, albumen, caseine, gluten, oil, sugar, starch, gum, a substance called pectine, and certain organic acids.

The liquid foods or drinks of man are extremely varied in their nature and composition, but may almost all be arranged under the following heads; and in this we shall again follow the authority of Dr. Pereira:—

1. Mucilaginous, farinaceous, or saccharine drinks; as toast-water, gruel, mucilage, &c.
2. Aromatic, or astringent drinks; as tea, coffee, chicory, cocoa, and chocolate.
3. Acidulous drinks; as lemonade, ginger-beer, &c.
4. Animal broths; as beef-tea, mutton-broth, &c.
5. Emulsive drinks; as milk, &c.
6. Alcoholic drinks; as beer, wine, ardent spirits, &c.

In addition to these solid and liquid substances used as food, man has been taught by nature, or has learned by experience, the value and importance of certain seasoning agents or condiments. These are either saline, acidulous, oily, saccharine, or aromatic: they are not merely of

\* Pereira, 'Materia Medica,' vol. i. p. 63.

use in gratifying the taste, but are also more or less necessary as adjuncts to ordinary food, in order to the sustenance of health. Those ingredients of this class which are of sufficient importance will come again under our notice.

THE FERN TRIBE.—No. IX.

THE HORSETAIL.



THE HORSETAIL.

THERE is a rather limited but very singular, and, in most instances, beautiful class of plants, which are placed by some botanists as introductory to the true ferns, and by others as leading from them to the club mosses, and other lower branches of flowerless plants. We shall place them in the latter position, and proceed to examine the order Equisetaceæ, which comprises within its limits ten species of what are commonly called Equisetums, or horsetails. Newman describes them as “semi-aquatic plants, composed of tough fibrous roots, or jointed, hollow, cylindrical, subterranean rhizoma; and erect, jointed, cylindrical, leafless stems, which are generally furnished at each joint with a whorl of jointed, hollow, angular, leafless branches. The fructification is produced in terminal spikes on catkins; and these are either borne at the head of the usual stem, or on separate, earlier, shorter, stouter, and more succulent stems, which decay immediately after the escape of the seeds.” This order (Equisetaceæ) contains but one genus, named, after the order, Equisetum.

We give this scientific description, as it is important to our purpose to furnish the student with correct definitions; but it may not be amiss to add old Gerarde's more graphic, and, consequently, more attractive description of the first species of this genus, which may be taken as a type of the tribe:—"Great horsetail riseth up with a round stalke, hollow within like a reed, a cubit high, compact as it were, of many small pieces, one put into the end of another, sometimes of a reddish colour, very rough, and set at every joint with many stiff, rush-like leaves, or rough bristles, which maketh the whole plant to resemble the taile of a horse, whereof it took his name; on the top of the stalke do stand, instead of floures, clustered and thick catkins, not unlike to the first shoots of sparage,"—sparage being the old name for asparagus.

The ten species of *Equisetum* which grow in England are:—1. *E. hyemale*, the rough horsetail, or Dutch rush; 2. *E. Mackaii*, or Mackay's horsetail; 3. *E. variegatum*, the variegated horsetail; 4. *E. palustre*, the marsh horsetail; 5. *E. fluviatile*, the water horsetail; 6. *E. limosum*; 7. *E. sylvaticum*, wood horsetail; 8. *E. umbrosum*, the shady equisetum; 9. *E. telmateia*, the great horsetail; 10. *E. arvense*, the corn-field horsetail.

This order of plants, although in many places several of the species are very abundantly distributed, and there is no district of England where some or other of them may not be found, is, nevertheless, one of which less notice is taken, both by botanists and florists, than of most other tribes. It is allied to the N. order *Filices*; yet it stands forth as distinct, both in structure and appearance, from that and all other orders as it is well possible for it to do. Those who have lived much in the country, and have been in the habit of groping about at springtide in the hedge-rows and meads, by the water-courses, whence the winter floods have now somewhat retired, and in the low pasture lanes which of late were half under water, cannot, however, have failed to observe these plants under both their aspects, which are, indeed, as dissimilar as if, instead of being the fertile and sterile spikes of the same plant, they were members of wholly different families. Go to such grounds as I have before described, in April or May, and you will probably find, starting up from the bare ground, some perfectly-erect, pale-brown, or buff-tinted stalks, bearing on their summits dense spikes, or catkins, composed of many angular, stalked scales. These scales, if examined under the microscope, will be found to bear at the under part from four to seven oblong cells, each containing many minute seeds. The stalk on which this catkin is placed is succulent and bitter; jointed like the bamboo, and each joint furnished with a toothed sheath. The colouring of the stem, which in some species is tinged with soft green, the size of the catkin, and the denticulations of the sheaths at the articulations of the stalks, vary in the different species; but one general character pervades all, with the exception of two or three, in which the fertile stalk is branched, and one or two, in which the catkin is very dark in colour. At the time when our rambles find these strange-looking things, they may, if they observe closely, find a few massive heads of some plant, which are just beginning to force their way up through the mould, which will prove to be the first rudiments of some of the sterile spikes; but, with the exception of these, the banks will exhibit little besides the usual low herbage and grass which commonly adorn them through the winter. Delighted with the curious things they have found, we may fancy our friends returning to visit the spot in July. What will be their surprise to find a

perfect forest of tall, bristly spikes, more like a bottle-brush than anything else to which we can compare them, filling up the low ground which had been flooded in the spring, clothing the hedge and the bank, and overhanging the brook, so as to conceal its channel from sight! These clustering spikes seem to have no end. Our friends go into the adjoining field, where were found the smaller catkins, and there in all directions are spikes of a smaller kind, and in some respects different, being about their due proportion to the size of the catkins which had preceded them, but as numerous as the larger ones in the water-course, and so scattered among the grass as to greatly injure the farmer's crop of hay. These great and beautiful spikes, both the larger and the smaller kinds, are all the barren spikes of different species of the same plants, as those whose fertile spikes were displayed in the form of catkins in April; the usual course of this tribe of plants being to produce their fruit some weeks before the leafy or barren branches come into existence.

It will not be necessary to give a detailed account of each species of this family; but there are some of them which require a little specific notice.

The first named, *E. hyemale*, or the Dutch rush, presents a different appearance from those which we have described. It grows from two to three feet in height, is devoid of the bristly branches, or leaves, which are found generally on the *Equisetaceæ*, only now and then throwing out a single one from the joint. It is divided into about fourteen joints, each of which is furnished with a striated, toothed sheath. The stems between the articulations are hollow, the joints themselves solid. In this species the catkin is borne on the summit of the leafy stem, and does not form a separate plant, as in the instances before named. The stems of this plant have for centuries been used for giving the final polish to wood, bone, and even metal; and for this purpose it is still freely imported from Holland, where it grows more abundantly than with us. In Northumberland it is said to be used by servants for scouring their milk-tubs and other household utensils. Sir H. Davy detected in the stem of this plant an extraordinary quantity of siliceous matter; and it is this quality which gives it its value as an article of commerce. The siliceous matter appears in the form of minute crystals arranged with beautiful and perfect regularity. It is said by botanists that the quantity of siliceous matter is great, and the particles so closely set, that the whole of the vegetable matter may be removed by maceration without destroying the form of the plant. The catkin in this species is small and dark coloured.

Of the two next species, *E. Mackaii* and *E. variegatum*, we need but say that they so much resemble *E. hyemale*, which we have above described, as to have been usually considered as mere varieties from them. *E. palustre* is one of those which we have named as bearing its catkin on the apex of its leafy stem. The stem is perfectly erect, and grows to a height of about fifteen inches; it is deeply furrowed and finely granulated. Like all other *Equisetums* it is jointed, and its articulations encircled by toothed sheaths: these sheaths are larger in circumference than the stem, and in consequence stand out from it. The teeth with which it is edged are eight in number, acute, wedge-shaped, tufted with black, and with nearly transparent membranous edges. At the summit of the stem is a long, narrow catkin, which, when mature, stands on a stalk of about its own length. At first the scales of this catkin are crowded together, and form a black mass; but as they mature, the scales separate and turn

brown; they then discharge their seeds, perish, and fade off, leaving the stem and branches in full vigour. This kind is found in marshy grounds.

The next species which presents itself to us, *E. fluviatile*, is another of those formed as the preceding, with its point on the summit of the branching stem. This is universally distributed, and usually occurs in ponds and ditches, a portion of the stem being immersed in water. The stem is erect, and often more than three feet in height, including the part which stands beneath the water. The submerged part is smooth, the whole stem striated and pointed; the sheaths, which are a quarter of an inch in depth, are green, and clasp the stem, which is also green, very closely. The teeth (from sixteen to twenty in number) are separate and sharp pointed, and of a dark brown or black. The portion of the stem above the water is furnished with whorls of ascending branches, commonly called leaves, which rise from the articulations below the sheaths; and on its point is borne a short, ovate, gibbous catkin, composed of scales, often more than one hundred in number, at first quite black, but, as they separate by the ripening of the catkin, a common receptacle of ivory whiteness is disclosed. This species of *Equisetum*, as is indeed the case with the whole tribe, are said to possess medicinal properties. Linnæus says that it is a good food for cows and rein-deer; and in the 'Journal of a Naturalist' we learn that it is a favourite food with the water rat. The author says: "A large, stagnant piece of water in an inland county, with which I was intimately acquainted, and which I frequently visited for many years of my life, was one summer suddenly infested with an astonishing number of the short-tailed water-rat (*Arvicola amphibia*), none of which had previously existed there. Its vegetation was the common product of such places, excepting that the larger portion of it was densely covered with its usual crop, the smooth horsetail (*E. fluviatile*). This constituted the food of the creatures; and the noise they made by their champing it we could distinctly hear in the evening at many yards' distance."

The loveliest of all this pretty group of plants next claims our notice, the Wood Horsetail (*E. sylvaticum*). This seems to form a sort of link between those which throw up their catkins on a separate bare stem, producing at a later season the leafy barren stalks, and those which exhibit both fruit and branches on the same stem; for the wood horsetail sends up its catkins in April, on separate, earlier stems than those which usually bear the branches, and are barren; yet these fertile stems also display branches when mature, and not unfrequently whilst the beautiful catkin is still in vigour on its apex. It is a little plant of at most about a foot high; the stem is of the most delicate pinkish hue, tinged with a soft green, and set off by the rich black pointing of the teeth of the sheath. From each of the three or four upper joints springs a whorl of delicate-green pointed branches, which droop like a sort of canopy round the stem, their emerald hue and graceful curve giving to the plant a most attractive appearance; and its elongate catkin, which crowns the summit, shows the same greenish-pink tinting as the stem, with the addition of the rich colouring of the pale-brown scales. The barren stems, which arise almost simultaneously with the fertile, are more slender, the whorls of branches much closer together, and the branches much longer and more numerous—the whole having a weaker and more drooping appearance, and the colour of both stems and branches being less clearer and vivid than that of the fertile spike. This kind grows in moist woods.

The Shady Horsetail, *E. umbrosum*, is rare, and has only been found in a few localities in Scotland and Ireland, and not at all in England. The fertile stems are from four to six inches high, of a pale-whitish green, the sheaths large, loose, and nearly white, with a brown ring at the base of the teeth, the catkin terminal, oval, and of a pale brown. The barren stem is about eighteen inches high, and branched, somewhat like the last described.

The Great Horsetail, *E. telmateia*, is the curious and beautiful kind, with the general description of which this paper opened; and the next succeeding, *E. arvense*, is the smaller species, which we have spoken of as likely to be mixed with it, and in the adjoining pasture-ground. We have, therefore, little more to say of either of these species, except to point attention to the great beauty of the barren stem of the former, which grows sometimes to a height of from four feet and a half to five feet. It is at the base from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, and tapers to a point at the summit. The stem is perfectly smooth, the colour of the part between the sheaths of the upper portion white, just tinged with green; but towards the base of the stem an intense black. The sheaths are, at the stoutest parts of the stems, fully an inch and a half in length, striped and finished at the upper edge with a row of slender, thread-like, black teeth: the sheaths are pale green. Each of the joints is furnished with a whorl of slender branches; those towards the summit of the stem being eight or nine inches long, those in each whorl becoming shorter as they draw nearer the base of the stem, until they are scarcely visible.

The exclusively fertile stems (for in this and the preceding species there are not only barren and fertile stems, but those which partake of both natures) come up, as I have said, in April. They are eight or nine inches in length; the catkin, which is very thick, occupying about a fourth or rather more of its length. The sheaths, which nearly cover the stem, are large and loose, at the base pale brown, but darker towards the summit, and edged with from thirty to forty thread-like teeth.

The other species, *E. arvense*, or the corn-field horsetail, is much smaller, and its catkin very pretty, being slender, of a delicate brown, and raised on a footstalk; the stem, a light sort of salmon colour, or brownish, and tinged with rosy red; the scales are very regularly arranged, and shed, when ripe, abundance of seed of a beautiful green colour. The branches of the barren stems are feeble, and scattered in growth, and the whole plant of a dull glaucous green, and much less beautiful than any of its congeners.

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BUT pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
 Or like the snowfall in the river,  
 A moment white, then melts for ever;  
 Or like the borealis race,  
 That flit ere you can point their place;  
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
 Evanishing amid the storm.

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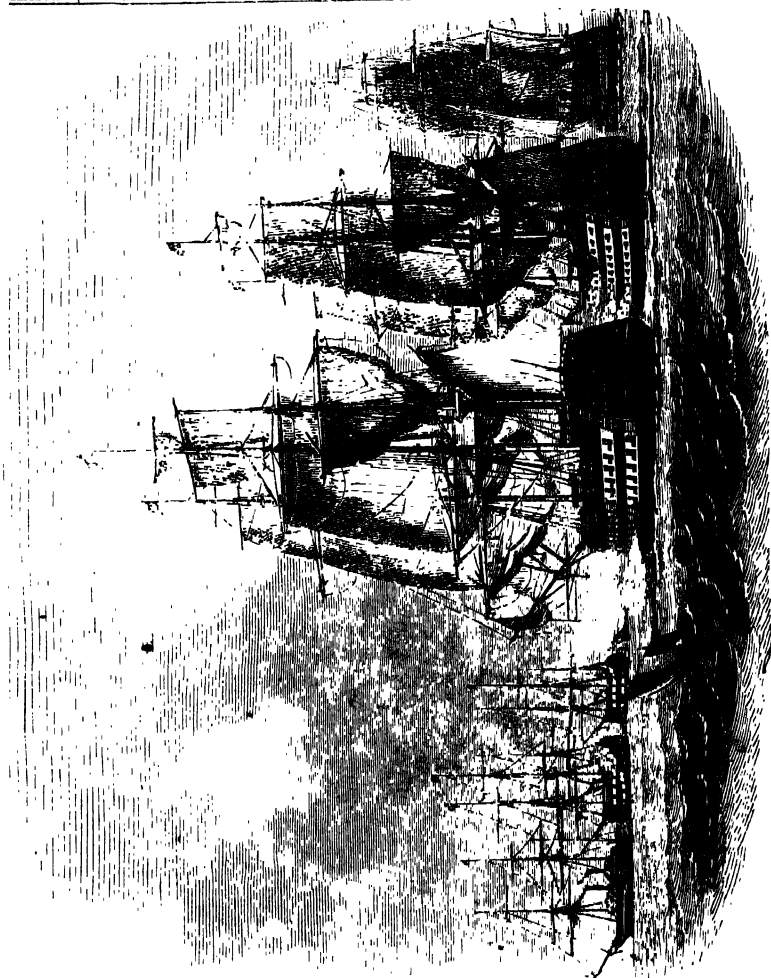
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THE FLEET AT SPITHEAD.



## REVIEW OF THE FLEET AT SPITHEAD.

“DOUBLE journey tickets to Portsmouth by the South-Western Railway, available from Wednesday, August 11th, till the following Saturday.”

This notice was decisive, even if I had entertained any doubt before as to the method by which I should proceed to Portsmouth; so, accompanied by a young friend, who, like myself, had been born within the sound of breakers, I left London for the scene of the naval review on the afternoon of the Wednesday. A very large number of persons apparently preferred incurring a little extra expense to the cheap and uncomfortable “excursion-train;” hence we left the Waterloo Station after time, lost time on the road, and were very much behind time when we reached our destination.

We found Portsmouth in a high fever. What would have been the state of feeling there on the eve of Nelson’s last weighing anchor in a British port, if the result of Trafalgar had been anticipated, it is impossible to say; but, certainly, there was no such gathering then: no trains, no omnibuses, no cabs, and, we may add, no mimicry of war, but bitter partings, many; misgivings, not a few; and though no one, perhaps, doubted that, with God’s blessing, victory would be ours, there was certainty that the laurels would be sprinkled with blood. Not so, however, on the present occasion. England was about to make a display of her naval strength, with no intention of “using it like a giant,” but in her desire of putting forth the most cogent of all possible arguments in favour of peace.

We quickly transferred our seats from the railway carriages to the outside of an omnibus, and in a few minutes found ourselves at Portsmouth Pier, which, as well as all the streets we had traversed, the Battery, and every place of public resort, was thronged with visitors. Before we had been in the town half an hour we had, with remarkably good fortune, secured tickets for one of the steam-boats which convey the mail from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight, at a high price certainly—“a guinea each;” but our experience of naval tactics having assured us that so large a fleet as was then anchored at Spithead could not properly manœuvre within a reasonable distance of the land, we determined to take ship at any cost. But not only had we provided for the next day, but, with yet greater good fortune, we had secured berths for the intervening night—real beds in real rooms, and at a moderate price, too. Tea was quickly despatched, and we proceeded to take a survey of the scene of to-morrow’s evolutions. The evening was calm and pleasant; our boat glided slowly towards the fleet; we looked with melancholy interest towards the spot where

—“Kempfenfelt went down  
With his eight hundred men;”

and, scarcely behind that, the “Victory,” which was pointed out to us in the harbour, was not eager, like a chained lion, to take part in the coming fray.

Certainly, no mere human structure wears the semblance of life in an equal degree with a well-appointed ship—not even a power-loom, with its discriminating fingers and perpetual action. The loom, after all, is but the accurate application of a mechanical power; but the ship possesses, or at least has the credit of possessing, consciousness and volition. We always talk of a ship as a living thing, and ascribe to her (not it) living

acts. She rides at anchor; she walks the waters; she reposes on the bosom of the deep; she hoists her sails; but, if she be British, she never strikes her colours.

The fleet lay anchored in two lines at Spithead, too distant for critical examination, but still very remarkable; for, steamers though they were, without exception, they had all the appearance of sailing vessels: lofty, tapering spars, cordage all "ataunt," and no paddles, no smoke, and no conspicuous funnels; though, when the eye searched for the latter, they were sufficiently evident.

We had not seen salt-water for some months; so, though the sea was perfectly still, and we were only in a wherry, we enjoyed our petty voyage greatly, and landed on the beach near Southsea Castle. Having traversed the esplanade described in No. 64, and the common that skirts it on the seaside, we fixed on a place for a swim next morning, and returned to our lodgings, congratulating ourselves that we neither had to pay five shillings for the privilege of passing the night on a Windsor chair, as many did, nor to put up with a gratuitous lodging in the streets.

Our host, an intelligent, superannuated shipwright, entertained us with stories of bygone days, when he earned ten shillings a day in the dockyard; of the visit paid to Portsmouth by the Allied Sovereigns, &c.; winding up the whole with the charitable hope "that we might never again hear of an angry shot being fired."

Thursday, the 12th of August 1853, is a day which tens of thousands will remember as one in which they saw and took part in a portion of the history of England; nor, to the best of my belief, is there any day noted in our naval records, however illustrious it may be, which was not memorable also for disaster either to ourselves or our foes; and, even until the day was past, it was scarcely to be anticipated that, although no harm was meditated against any living creature, so vast a multitude could assemble and separate without some terrible casualty. Yet, by God's blessing, no fatality occurred at sea; and though a deplorable accident took place on land, it was entirely unconnected with the review of the fleet, but resulted from the reckless carelessness of a sportsman, who must needs select a day, great in the annals of his country, to exhibit his prowess in shooting gulls.

We thought Portsmouth full on the previous evening; so that, when the morning trains brought fresh crowds from London and elsewhere, it was overflowing with visitors, who poured in an uninterrupted tide through the principal streets to the batteries, the esplanade, and every spot of ground which commanded a view of the harbour; while from the pier numerous packet-boats conveyed dense masses of would-be spectators—destined, alas! to be disappointed—to the Isle of Wight.

At ten o'clock we forced our way through the throng, and were glad to find ourselves on board the mail-packet-boat called "Her Majesty." Early though we were, we were far from being among the first on board, many persons having slept there, and many more having preferred to embark by the help of a boat, at a cost of five shillings a-head, before she came alongside the pier. We stationed ourselves at the bow; in a few minutes our complement, two hundred, were all on board, and we found ourselves under way. Our boat was said to be the fastest and most manageable on the station, and such it turned out; for in an incredibly short space of time we were in the midst of the fleet, gazing up with admiration at the marine castles that appeared far too massive to be borne up by a watery founda-

tion, or to be impelled by the agency of an invisible screw. The vessels were moored in the following order:—

| PORT, OR LEE DIVISION.             |                     | STARBOARD, OR WEATHER DIVISION. |                               |  |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|--|
| Magicienne, 16,<br>repeating ship. | Agamemnon, 91 guns. | (2 cables<br>apart)             | Duke of Wellington, 131 guns. |  |
|                                    | Hogue, 60.          | At 1 cable<br>apart.            | Blenheim, 60.                 |  |
|                                    | Ajax, 58.           |                                 | Edinburgh, 58.                |  |
|                                    | Arrogant, 46.       |                                 | Imperieuse, 51.               |  |
|                                    | Tribune, 30.        |                                 | Amphion, 34.                  |  |
|                                    | Desperate, 8.       |                                 | Hightflyer, 21.               |  |
|                                    | Sidon, 22.          |                                 | Terrible, 21.                 |  |
|                                    | Encounter, 14.      |                                 | Odin, 16.                     |  |
|                                    | Vesuvius, 6.        |                                 | Leopard, 12.                  |  |
|                                    |                     |                                 |                               |  |

The "Duke of Wellington" carried the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Cochrane; the "Agamemnon" that of Rear-Admiral Corry.

The captain of our tiny craft skilfully placed us a short distance astern of the "Duke of Wellington," where we spent an exciting half-hour in watching the arrival of other steamers bearing the nobility of England, members of the House of Commons, the foreign ambassadors, and many more laden with humble spectators like ourselves. But few sailing-boats were near us; in the distance, however, the sea was everywhere dotted with the snowy canvas of yachts, availing themselves of a fresh north-east breeze to gain the scene of the coming naval engagement; for as steam was blowing off from every funnel in the fleet, it was very clear that no time would be lost after the arrival of the Queen.

Our eyes often wandered towards the landing-place at Cowes, but failed in their effort to be the first to gather the intelligence of Her Majesty's approach. Suddenly our ears received unmistakable warning in the report of a gun, followed instantaneously by a peal of artillery, which ran along the fleet with deafening noise; and when the smoke had cleared away, the royal standard, at the main of a small steamer in the distance, associated with a red flag bearing a large anchor at the fore, announced the approach of the "Victoria and Albert" steam-yacht, with its royal burden, attended by one or more of the Lords of the Admiralty. On came the graceful vessel, slowly and carefully, as if with the double object of allowing Her Majesty full opportunity to witness the loyalty of her subjects and of steering clear of any smaller craft. Never, perhaps, was the Queen more loudly or more heartily cheered. Popular as she deserves to be, and is everywhere, as Queen of a sea-girt land and governing a nautical people, she claimed especial homage when holding her court in the English Channel, and most freely was that homage paid. As the royal yacht neared the fleet, two Prussian vessels, which were riding at anchor hard by, manned their yards and saluted the standard of their old ally.

So judiciously had our position been taken that the Court passed between us and the "Duke of Wellington," and the yacht having hove-to, we had the pleasure of seeing Her Majesty taking a survey of the animated scene with much apparent gratification. The two young princes, in the habit of sailors—white trousers, blue jackets, and glazed hats—skipped merrily about the deck. A boat was put off from the "Fairy," taking to the royal yacht the Crown Prince of Prussia; and shortly afterwards, carpets having been laid down the companion-steps of the latter, the

Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert and a number of naval and military officers, went on board the "Duke of Wellington." Instantly the royal standard was displayed on the mast-head of the "Duke," and again a salute of twenty-one guns thundered along the double line. A short pause ensued while Her Majesty inspected the noble ship, broken at last by volleys of enthusiastic cheers as she stepped out of a stern-cabin window on the gallery. Shortly afterwards she returned to the "Victoria and Albert;" at a quarter past twelve she stood out for sea, and having hoisted a signal to the fleet to follow, the whole armament majestically moved forwards.

"It is impossible," says the 'Times' reporter, "to convey any suitable idea of the effect which this stately procession presented. A procession it was, as ceremonious and precise as any could desire to see; the number of huge ships at stated intervals, and the broad avenue of clear water between the two divisions, still pressing on the mind the marvels of that mechanical agency by which such order and power are combined in one display on 'the inconstant deep.' The ships kept in splendid line on their way out to sea, showing proudly their long rows of port-holes, and by their stern, uncanvassed rig, to which the smoke of their chimneys added an additional feature of sullen pomp, holding every intruding craft at a respectful distance. To soften the grandeur of the spectacle by a feature which might appeal to the gentler sympathies of all, the Queen, in her royal yacht, led the squadron to sea. Occupying a central position between the 'Duke' on the starboard, and the 'Agamemnon' on the port-side, but slightly in advance of both, Her Majesty and the Royal family, with their illustrious visitors, had an uninterrupted and perfect view of the marine pageant. They saw not only an unrivalled fleet, the fully-developed expression of our maritime power, but an amazing number of attendant yachts and steamers, with which the sea swarmed as far as the eye could reach. In no other country of the world, and at no previous period even in this, could such a spectacle have been got together. Thousands upon thousands of spectators from Culver Cliff, and the other high grounds of the Isle of Wight in that direction, watched the great pageant as it moved out into the Channel."

For my own part I could not divest myself of the (I allow) grotesque idea that Britannia had been, by a magician's wand, summoned to life from some ancient coin of the realm, and was exercising her vocation of "ruling the waves."

About this time we descried the supposed enemy's fleet, consisting of three line-of-battle ships under press of sail, hull-down in the distance. Our swift little vessel was nearly in a line with the royal yacht, though, perhaps, distant more than a mile. This position she kept until long after we had passed the Nab Lighthouse, and when we next looked back at the fleet it was no longer advancing in double column, but had formed into line, evidently with the object of presenting as broad a front as possible to the enemy, and of preventing his escape. Our captain judiciously held on his course straight for the sailing squadron, and as we approached it we were much struck by the contrast between the picturesque swelling canvas of the old men-of-war, and the naked spars and smoking chimneys of the new. This being the centre of operations, it was needless to go further; so we hove-to, and watched with intense interest the coming struggle. We were so close to the "Prince Regent" that we could distinctly hear, and the men-of-war's-men on board our craft could interpret, the signal of

the boatswain's whistle. The firing, we supposed, would begin from the steam squadron; we were, consequently, not a little startled by a sudden shot from our nearest neighbour, followed, after a few seconds, by another, and then broadside after broadside opened from every ship in the pursuing squadron, answered with equal spirit by the chase. Wreathing smoke soon hid the sailing vessels from our sight, and every steamer seemed to suffer a partial eclipse as the smoke enveloped its hull and lower part of the rigging. As the smoke ascended, some loomed as through a mist, and some totally disappeared. When the "war-cloud" had swept away from the sailing vessels, they were observed to be hauling down their colours; the topsails were shot away, the yards hung as if crippled by the enemy's fire, and the unfortunate ships evidently had lost the power of running from the victorious fleet now closing on them at full speed.

To avoid all risk of a hostile encounter, our captain had prudently dropped astern of the sailing squadron, so that when the signal was made for the united fleet to make all speed for port we were some way behind. A short time, however, was enough to put us alongside the "Queen," sailing-ship. Indeed, we were scarcely thirty yards from her when, to our intense horror, we heard the cry raised on her deck of "A man overboard!" As quick as lightning a life-buoy was dropped from the stern, followed by another. Our captain turned his vessel's head to lend assistance, but before his services could be available a boat, thoroughly manned and officered, had been lowered from the lee side of the "Queen," and was rapidly making for the head of a man who was calmly clinging to a third life-buoy, only a few yards from the ship. It was most gratifying to have such evidence that smartness on board a man-of-war embraces the means of saving as well as of destroying life; for had I not witnessed the occurrence I could not have believed it possible for a man to fall overboard and be picked up in so short a space of time. So thought all our crew and passengers, who, by a general impulse, testified their gratification by a hearty round of cheers. The unlucky wight, it seemed, had fallen over from the rigging of the "Prince Regent," and had been picked up by a boat from the "Queen," which followed in her wake.

We had left the sailing squadron far behind, and had outstripped many of the men-of-war steamers before we reached Spithead; but arrangements had already been made for exhibiting another specimen of naval daring, and again we had to congratulate ourselves on the judicious management of our captain.

Two steam-frigates were detached from the squadron, and were anchored about a mile from shore off Southsea Castle. The Admiral then made signal for the boats of the squadron to attack an enemy to leeward.

The utmost activity prevailed among the vessels of the attacking squadron, which were now anchored at the moorings they had left in the morning, in a line from Spithead all along the coast of the Isle of Wight. The rapidity with which the huge launches were cleared away, raised over the side, and lowered into the water, must have surprised those who had not witnessed the admirable perfection to which the boat service of the country has been brought. In a few minutes each vessel had its launch floating by its side, a carronade (a short, serviceable gun, of heavy metal) on its slide in the bow, and then poured into her its stream of seamen, marines, and marine artillery. With twenty-four oars, double-banked, the marines seated aft, the officer in command standing bolt-up in the stern-sheets with the yoke lines in his hand, and the jack floating from the tall

flagstaff in the stern, each boat was a beautiful object in itself, and formed an engine of war, so to speak, by no means despicable, having all the appliances of attack, defence, and retreat, concentrated in a very small compass. A few minutes more, and the words "give way" sent from the sides of the squadron a flotilla of enormous force and power. The boats might be seen advancing with great velocity from the line of ships, swept along by the long powerful pull of the stalwart oarsmen, and converging as they advanced in two divisions—one for each of the devoted enemy. The royal yacht moved slowly up towards the steamers, and all the immense multitude of yachts and tenders, wherries, steam-vessels, great and small, swarmed astern of her, or dodged about here and there to find an opening in the thronged masses of hull and spar and rigging, through which this exciting portion of the spectacle could be witnessed.

Thanks to our gallant commander, he had posted us where, without either obstructing the view from the royal yacht, or annoying its occupants with our smoke, we had an uninterrupted prospect of the whole manœuvre.

The launches drew rapidly ahead, and as soon as the leading boat had cleared the vessels of the spectators, a flash from the bows of the "Vulture," followed by a gush of white smoke, showed that the fight had commenced. In an instant more the line of boats vomited forth a flood of fire and smoke. The carronades of the launches, served with great quickness, sounded a rolling bass of thunder to the smart sharp rattle of the musketry; and the irregular nature of the firing, at one time bursting into a simultaneous roar as the metal of boats and ships spoke in awful unison together, and now subsiding into the discharge of a single gun, diversified the tumult of the uproar. And now one could understand the formidable character of a boat attack, for as the flotilla drew near the broadsides of the men-of-war and got into range, they divided and steered away, so that one division made for the bows and the other for the sterns of the ships at bay, thus escaping to a great extent the fire of the strongest portion of their batteries, and assailing them in their weakest points. The smoke blew away to leeward in advance of the boats, but as they drew nearer to the steamers it became so dense that they were altogether enveloped in it, and nothing could be seen; but the wreaths of the snowy vapour rising in pile on pile, and hiding from view the animated work which it seemed as if anxious to conceal. The heavier metal of the frigates was heard at frequent intervals through the din of the carronades and firelocks, and at length the rapid rattling volleys of the marines on board, delivering their fire as the launches drew up alongside to board, were distinctly audible. Still more launches kept coming from the fleet, and opened fire as they formed their divisions, the marines all loading and firing as if for life, and the sailors pulling with the regularity of machinery, till a loud ringing cheer—such a joyous burst of exultation that one might imagine the gallant fellows had won a new Trafalgar—proclaimed that the issue of the battle was decided. The bulwarks of the steamers were suddenly seen thronged with the successful boarders brandishing their cutlasses in triumph; the remaining boats now desisted from the attack and withdrew to their several ships.

This manœuvre was attended by a singular instance of the coolness and nerve of the British sailor. A seaman belonging to one of the attacked steamers had been sent aloft just as the action commenced to clear the ship's pennant, which had become entangled in the rigging. When first I descried him I fancied that some novel signal in the human form had been

hoisted to the main-top but as, at intervals, the smoke became less dense, I discovered that this fancied signal was a real man, balancing himself on his chest on the truck (or button-like projection which terminates the mast-head); and there was Jack, with his legs sprawling in the air, indifferent alike to the roar of the carronades and the booming of the heavier guns in his own ship, pulling up and unentangling the strip of bunting, as composedly as my readers would unravel a skein of silk by their own firesides. In what way he effected his descent I could not see, for when the smoke had cleared away the mast had lost its fearless occupant.

As the wind slowly rolled the clouds to leeward of the flotilla, bringing into view boat after boat and the hulls of the steamers, the *coup d'ail* was one which no language can convey, for it was instinct with motion, teeming with energetic life. The boats were returning to their respective ships, from which the signal of recal had been hoisted, or with oars aloft were lying-to off the late "enemy;" on the white beach at Southsea, as far as the eye could reach, thousands of people were gathered in full enjoyment of the spectacle; every mound—every hillock—the ramparts of the fortifications—the tops of houses—any and every place, in fact, from which a view of Spithead could be had, were black with a swarm of human beings.

Another royal salute, passing along the anchored fleet and taken up by the battery on shore, terminated the mimicry of war for the day. May God grant that the wise precautions taken by our rulers may render unnecessary any recurrence to its realities!

C. A. J.

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#### OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.



THE GOLDFINCH.

SOME very sweet singers, as well as very pretty and interesting birds, are found in the finch tribe. No one accustomed to the country, will fail at once to recal some of them, as the goldfinch, the chaffinch, the linnnet, and others, as among their favourites; while no tribe is more remarkable for

the compactness and beauty of their nests. Many a rambler among our spring green woods will agree with Hurdis—

“ I love to see the little goldfinch pluck  
The groundsel's feather'd seed, and twit and twit ;  
And then in bower of apple-blossoms perch'd,  
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.”

A sweet and merry songster is the Goldfinch\* (*Carduelis elegans*), a docile gentle bird, delighting the eye both by its brilliant plumage and graceful motion, while the strain, if not so rich and varied as some others, is not deficient in melody. When summer is not yet come, and only an occasional gleam of sunshine makes us dream of spring, while leaves are scarcely opening, and flowers are few, the song of the goldfinch is heard from the orchard tree, and all the neighbourhood echoes to its long-continued strain. But when the joyous month of May is in its glory of leaves, and the trees are white or rose-tinted with their blossoms, the song is richer and fuller in its tone, and salutes the ear of him who goes at dawn of day to his labours, and cheers him when again he seeks his home at evening. One grieves, while listening to its happy tones, to think that when autumn comes the birdcatcher may make our favourite a captive. It is not prized as a cage-bird so much for its song, as for its docility in learning various little accomplishments. Some of the birds, when taken, are destined to mope and die in cages, longing for that pure air and liberty for which they are fitted ; but some will live, and apparently enjoy life, even when deprived of all which would seem to make life an enjoyment to a bird. The goldfinch has more sociability and less of rivalry than some other species, and will thrive best if its captivity is shared with companions. If a mirror is placed in its cage it will go and look at itself in the glass, take the hemp-seeds, one by one, and eat before it ; not, it would seem, from motives of personal admiration, but from the idea that it was enjoying its meal in company. It may be made to acquire a great precision in its movements, and to perform a variety of little feats. Thus it will learn to draw water in a small bucket, to fire tiny cannons, and to counterfeit death exactly at the proper moment. Bingley in his ‘ Animal Biography,’ gives an account of some acts of this kind. Some years ago, he tells us, the Sieur Roman exhibited in this country the wonderful performances of several goldfinches, linnets, and canaries. One appeared to be dead, and was held up by the tail or claw without exhibiting any signs of life. A second stood on its head, with its claws in the air : a third imitated a Dutch milkmaid, going to market with pails on its shoulders. A fourth mimicked a Venetian girl, looking out of a window. A fifth represented a soldier, on guard as a sentinel. The sixth was a cannoneer, wore a cap on its head, held a firelock in its claw, and discharged a small cannon. Then it acted as if it had been wounded, while another bird wheeled it away in a little barrow, as if conveying it to an hospital ; after which it flew away before all the assembled party. One bird turned a small windmill ; and another little creature had been trained to stand in the midst of fireworks, and exhibit no signs of fear while they were exploding all around it.

\* The Goldfinch is five inches in length. Crown and pole black, descending in a half collar ; face crimson ; sides of head and neck white ; back dusky-brown ; wings and tail black, tipped with white ; wing crossed by a broad band of yellow ; under parts dull whitish-brown ; beak whitish ; feet flesh-colour.



It is truly wonderful to see how so volatile a creature as a bird can thus be made to subdue, for a time, its natural impulses, which, after all, must still remain unchanged, and must subject the poor bird to great misery. Perhaps cruelty may not, in all cases, be practised by those who thus discipline the birds, yet it is hardly possible to conceive that so much can be effected without it. Many who now sit, admiring spectators of similar performances, would turn away with sickening sensations of horror, could they discern the means used in teaching them. Every kind-hearted person would surely discourage exhibitions of this sort, did they know the processes which are employed, at least by some of those who thus train birds. Various writers who have witnessed these public performances have recorded the different deeds of severity by means of which the goldfinches were awed into docility and skill by their teachers. It is sad to think that the creatures which God made to minister to the finer sensibilities of our nature, should be turned, by cruel man, into victims of agony, to give an hour's amusement to the thoughtless.

It is pleasing to turn from instances in which the natural intelligence of the goldfinch has been thus directed, to one exhibited by this bird in its untaught condition. "It was very early in the spring of 1837," says a writer in the 'Magazine of Natural History,' "that a bird had been lost from a cage, which was still hanging up, with the door open, in the passage entrance to the back court of a gentleman's house in Exmouth, when a goldfinch was one morning found feeding in it, and the door was closed upon it; but on inspection, as it appeared to be a female, it was very shortly after restored to liberty. In the space, however, of about two hours it returned, and entered the cage, when it was again shut in, and again liberated; and these visits were repeated daily, for a considerable time. She was then missing for some few days, but then returned, accompanied by a male bird; she entered the cage, and fed as usual; but her companion, after perching on the outside of the cage, retired to a neighbouring tree, until she joined him. They then quitted, and were no more thought of; but at the end of seven or eight weeks she again made her appearance, and accompanied, not by her former companion, but by four young ones, when she again entered the cage and fed as usual; but as she could not induce her brood, for such they were presumed to be, to follow her example, she finally went off with them, and has not since that time again made her appearance."

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#### ADVERSITY.

SWEET are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

SHAKSPEARE.

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#### FEASTING.

THE turnpike-road to people's hearts, I find,  
Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind.

## PALMS.



**PALMS**—"the princes of the vegetable world" of Linnæus, "the stateliest of all vegetable forms" of Humboldt—have always been reckoned amongst the fairest of the children of Flora. Notwithstanding their affinity, palms present remarkable variations of aspect. Some—as the dwarf palm of Spain—only raise themselves a few feet above the ground; others—as the wax palm of the Andes—tower to the height of a lofty church spire. Rumphius asserts that some of the ratan palms (calami) attain the length of one thousand two hundred or one thousand eight hundred feet, so that these creepers are probably the longest of vegetable productions. Some are corpulent, others slender as a reed; some spindle-shaped, and others send up a stem not more than six or seven inches in diameter, to a height of one or even two hundred feet.

In some palms the base of the trunk is raised above the ground by an arched mound of roots; in others the roots coil round the bottom of the stem in a roll. Again, the stems are grooved with rings or spirals, smooth and coated with a siliceous covering, densely bristled, scaly, prickly, and often covered with a matted dress of foreign verdure. Their feather or fanlike leaves are too well known to need description; but there are some diversities in their foliage which we will notice. The *Caryota urens* has V-shaped leaves, and sometimes the fan leaf of a palm has concentric blue and yellow stripes in its centre. The leaves generally point upwards; sometimes, however, they are nearly horizontal or pendent; those of the talipot palm, often more than eleven feet long and sixteen feet broad, have been frequently described.

The flower-buds invariably spring from that part of the stem lying

immediately below the leaves. Their enveloping *spathe* sometimes makes a sharp report when it bursts; and so vast is the number of flowers in some species, that the seje palm has been estimated to bear more than two hundred thousand in each cluster, and thrice this number on every separate plant.

The fruit of the palm varies considerably, both in form, size, and colour; the oval, half-golden coloured, and half-purplish red fruit of the pirijao is the most beautiful. Single trees bear an enormous produce; the oil palm produces from six to eight hundred fruits, varying from the size of a pigeon's egg to that of a hen.

Palms are endogens, and trees of this class die ultimately of strangulation, when the woody fibre has so accumulated at the circumference of their trunks as to render further expansion impossible. But palms that were thus dying have been reinvigorated by splitting their stems and relieving the compressed vessels.

The true palm climate, according to Humboldt, has a mean annual temperature of from  $78^{\circ}$  to  $81\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ; but in Europe the date-palm and the dwarf coast-palm push as far north as  $44^{\circ}$ . In Asia, the former of these species has its northern limit at Smyrna; but when we look for a central palm boundary in this continent, we come upon the almost unexamined flora of Thibet. In Japan, however, two species are met with between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels of latitude. The most northerly American species is the *Chamærops palmetto*, which extends as far as  $34^{\circ}$ .

Southwards, palms advance to  $34^{\circ}$  in Australia, and one was seen by Banks in New Zealand in latitude  $38^{\circ}$ . One species reaches Port Natal in Africa, and in South America the limits appear to be  $31^{\circ}$  or  $35^{\circ}$ . Strange to say, Humboldt met with palms flourishing amidst nuts and oaks on the tropical Andes, in a climate whose mean temperature was scarcely  $57^{\circ}$ . Caldas even found three species in the Parana de Guanacos, near Quito, close to the limits of perpetual snow.

Von Martius calculates the total number of different palms at not less than a thousand; at present 440 species have been described, including Griffith's East Indian species. Central Africa will probably soon add to our stores of knowledge upon this subject. A passage from Humboldt will give us a curious insight into some of the difficulties of a naturalist in studying the natural history of the palm tribe:—"In the month of January the stems of the *Palma real*, our *Oreodoxa resia*, were covered with snow-white blossoms, in all the most frequented thoroughfares of the Havannah, and in the immediate vicinity of the city; but although we offered, for several days running, a couple of pistoles to every negro boy we met in the streets of Regla and Guanavacoa for a single spadix of the hermaphrodite blossoms, it was in vain; for in the tropics no free man will ever undertake any labour attended by fatigue, unless he is compelled to do so by imperative necessity."

We will now state some particulars relating to the most remarkable individuals of the palm tribe. Burckhardt was told that more than a hundred kinds of date palms grow around Medina; and with one of the commonest varieties Mohammed is said to have performed a miracle by planting a kernel, which immediately took root, and in five minutes was a full-grown and fruit-laden tree. But another palm outdid this by hailing the prophet with a loud "Salaam aleikoom," as he passed under it. In Medina there are shops solely for the sale of date-stones, and beggars are employed in the main streets in gathering up those which have been

cast away; their chief use is as food for camels, cows, and sheep. Pollen is applied to the female flowers when they are bursting from their sheaths, to secure the ripening of the fruit. An instance is related in which an invading army cut down the male date palms of a whole province; but the inhabitants had previously stored pollen in close vessels, so that they were enabled to avert the intended destruction of their date crop. The trees are often given as a dowry to the father of a bride. Boats made entirely of the leaves of the date palm are used on the Tigris. To obtain the sap it is said that the head of the tree is cut off, and a hollow scooped out in the top of the stem. From this hollow three or four quarts of juice may be obtained daily for some time, but in about six weeks or two months the supply ceases altogether.

The Elais Guineensis, or palm oil, is becoming an important article of commerce. More than 400,000 hundredweights of palm oil are now annually imported, the value of which is upwards of 600,000*l*. This oil is used in the manufacture of soap, as a lubricator for machinery, and especially in the making of candles, for which purpose it is likely to supersede tallow. The benefit of this commerce to Western Africa is especially cheering to the philanthropist who is labouring for the suppression of the slave-trade.

The doum palm (*Hyphæne Thebaica*) is one of the few palms that have branched stems. The hard kernels of its fruit are made into rosary beads.

The Cocoa-nut Tree (*Cocœ nucifera*) has been so often described that we need only add a few particulars which may be new to the reader. It was computed that not less than ten millions of cocoa-nut trees were growing on the south-western coast of Ceylon, between Dondra Head and Calpentyn, in 1813. When the nuts are planted on the mainland of South America, or in the missions of the Orinoco, at a distance from the sea, Humboldt tells us that as much as half a bushel of salt is thrown into the hole that receives the nut. A few years ago it was computed that 600,000 nuts were imported every year into England alone; and the 'coir,' or husk, in which the nut is enveloped, is now a considerable article of our commerce. The oil of this palm is largely used for the manufacture of candles.

The *Corypha umbraculifera*, or talipat palm, is another oft-described tree. Bennett brought home a leaf thirty-six feet in circumference. Some of the books made from these leaves in Sir A. Johnstone's collection are thought to be more than five hundred years old; and there are two invaluable specimens of these primitive books in the library of the Royal Asiatic Society.

*Areca catechu*, the *areæ* or *betel* palm, whose prepared nut is so universally chewed in the East Indies, is said by Roxburgh to be the most beautiful of Indian palms. Many ships laden with its nuts sail annually from the ports of Sumatra, Malacca, Siam, and Cochin China.

Royle relates a common but curious phenomenon relating to the *Borassus flabelliformis*, or Palmyra palm, in his 'Illustrations of Himalayan Botany.' The seed of the banian, dropped perhaps by birds on the moist summit of this palm, germinates and sends down shoots, which take root and in time completely encase the palm, whose head, peering above the banian trunk, is then all that is visible. On the banks of the Rio Guama, Martius saw many palms thus confined in the trunks of the creepers which are so abundant in that region.

The fruit of the *Arenga saccharifera*, whose trunk is almost covered

with coarse black horsehair-like fibres, was the base of the "infernal water" which the Moluccans used to pour upon their enemies. This fruit severely inflames the mouths of those who chew it. The hair-like fibres are thought to be the "vegetable bristles" now extensively imported for the manufacture of brooms.

The *Lodoiaea Sechellarum* is confined to two or three islands lying to the north of Madagascar, and all attempts to transplant this palm have failed. Its curious nuts were thrown upon the Maldives centuries before the islands from whence they came had been discovered, and it was then believed that the tree which bore them grew at the bottom of the ocean. Vishnoo was said to have broken off these nuts, and to have set them floating, as a remedy for all the ills of mankind; and the botanists and physicians of old times seem to have had some faith in the latter part of this story. The form of these two-lobed nuts is very peculiar; it is said that five-lobed specimens have been met with. It is strange that burying the nut prevents its germination, which readily takes place if it is allowed to lie on the surface. Seven or eight years elapse before the fruit is ripened.

The *Ceroxylon Andicola*, or wax palm, has a ring-marked trunk, and the spaces between these rings are coated with wax two inches in thickness. The *Coryphera cerifera*, a Brazilian palm, exudes wax from the surface of its leaves.

The huts of the Guaranés, built aloft on the stumps of the *Mauritia flexuosa*, or suspended hammockwise from its stems, have been often described. We infer from Humboldt that this practice is now abandoned. This palm is the sago-tree of America.

The *Iriartea ventricosa*, another South American palm, springs from an arched mound of roots five or six feet in height. The stem, eighty feet in height, is spindle-shaped and twice as thick in its ventricose part as in those portions above and below it.

The *Phytelephas macrocarpa* furnishes the vegetable ivory of commerce, which is obtained from the nuts of this palm. If a very thin slice of a nut be placed under the microscope, it is found to be traversed by a great number of tubes, all placed in the same direction and fringed at one end, whilst numerous short branches extend from their sides. These tubes are thought to contain oil.

Here we close our scanty remarks upon living palms. A few observations upon those of past eras will conclude the subject.

The fossilized trunks, leaves, and fruits of this tribe of plants have been met with in the coal-strata; those of England have supplied leaves of three species of pinnate-leaved palms and one of a fan-leaved species.

The fruits, called *Trigonocarpum næggerathi*, are usually three or six sided oblong bodies, not more than an inch in length. They are probably the kernels of the fruit. Count Stenberg states that palms existed during the new red-sandstone period, but they appear to be absent from the oolite and lias. Mantell found the stems of a curious palm-like plant in the Wealden strata of Tilgate Forest. Palms abound in the tertiary strata. The fruits of no less than thirteen species of a palm (*Nepadites*) are found in the London clay, where various kinds of cocoa-nuts are also met with.

A volume might easily be written on this interesting tribe of plants: the splendid work of Martius may be profitably consulted by those who can gain access to it.

## CURIOSITIES OF ORGANIC LIFE.—No. I.

LIFE is a mystery which philosophy cannot unravel. "The life of all flesh is the blood thereof," is the declaration of inspired writ. The meaning of this, perhaps, is, that the vital principle of every organic body—or at the least of every animal—is in its blood, sanies, or juice, as the case may be.

Blood, therefore, is a living fluid. It separates into two substances when its vitality has departed, or perhaps as it is departing. One serum is essentially albumen, and is generally of a yellowish hue, with a frequent tinge of green. The other, the crassamentum, or clot, consists of two layers which blend the one into the other. The outer layer, or *fibrin*, as it is termed, is a yellowish-white skin of interlaced fibres. Beneath this fibrin lies a red mass of minute corpuscles, which vary in appearance in the blood of different animals. Besides these red corpuscles, pale globules of fibrin are also visible under the microscope, which cohere with the red particles when blood coagulates, but which remain separate in fluid blood. From the fibrin the muscles and general tissues of the body appear to be formed, whilst the red corpuscles are thought to be bearers of oxygen to the various parts of the system, so that the heat of the body is kept up by them.

We will now describe the process by which food is converted into blood in the human system. Suppose then that a meal has been taken, and that it is now undergoing digestion. The pale-pink lining membrane of the stomach has become of a bright-red hue, and a clear colourless fluid is distilling from innumerable lucid points upon the food. The stomach has also altered its form into that of an hourglass, one of whose bulbs is much larger than the other. By a peculiar vermicular motion of the stomach, the dissolved food is transmitted from the larger of these bulbs to the smaller, and it is now what is called *chyme*. Passing onwards from the stomach, the chyme enters the duodenum, which mingles its mucous secretion with this transformed food. The pancreatic juice and the bile mix too with the chyme, which now gradually separates into two portions, chyle and refuse. Both are worked onwards by the peristaltic motion of the intestines: the chyle is absorbed by myriads of vessels called lacteals, and after undergoing further changes, it is poured into what is termed the thoracic duct. After undergoing further admixture, this commingled fluid is discharged into the venous blood already in circulation. It then passes into the right cavities of the heart, and is driven thence into the lungs, where it finally becomes arterial blood. Propelled by the contraction of the lungs, this blood passes to the left side of the heart, to be sent through all the arteries of the system. From the arteries it passes into the veins, and is by them again transferred to the right cavities of the heart, to run the same course through the body as before.

When the dark venous blood enters the lungs, it is gorged with carbonic acid. With this deleterious ingredient, oxygen from the inspired atmospheric air unites, and a gas is in consequence breathed out of the system, which frees the blood from its carbon and leaves it of a bright-red hue. This is arterial blood. It is estimated that about eleven ounces of carbon are thrown off from the lungs in an entire day—more than is contained in six pounds of beef. It is difficult to account for the production of so copious a discharge as this.

Dr. Crawford supposes that this union of carbon with oxygen maintains *animal heat*, but this theory is disputed. "It is exceedingly probable," says Prout, "that though the evolution of carbonic acid gas may be one of the means possessed by the animal economy for generating heat, there are yet other means, the nature of which at present is quite unknown."

A portion of the inspired oxygen is retained in the blood, which unites in the arterial capillaries with carbon received into the blood during its circulation, and heat is generated by this union.

The power of the body to sustain heat is remarkable; a temperature of 260° or even more can be endured without much difficulty in a medium of heated air, but in aqueous vapour a heat of more than 130° is intolerable for more than half an hour, though Dr. Southwood Smith states that the Finland peasants can bear it at a temperature of 167° for this period. A water-bath of the heat of 113° cannot be borne for more than ten minutes. Dr. Fordyce found that, in a heated medium, the body soon rose to a temperature of 100°, but exposure to 211° did not increase this. Dr. Blagden, speaking of his experiments made in conjunction with Dr. Fordyce, observes: "Wherever we breathed on a thermometer the quicksilver sank several degrees. Every expiration, particularly if made with any degree of violence, gave a very pleasant impression of coolness to our nostrils, scorched just before by the hot air rushing against them when we inspired."

Again, in another experiment, the reverse of those just alluded to, the temperature of the human body fell rapidly from 98° to 88° in water at 44°; but at the end of thirteen minutes it had rallied and risen again to 96°.

The heads of snakes and tortoises may be cut off, and yet the animals will live and crawl about for days; and it is probable that the head of a decapitated man retains its consciousness for a few moments after it is severed from the body. Tortoises, whose brain has been removed, have crawled about until they have appeared to die of cold or inanition, and the skin has healed over the empty skull. Whether such apparently cruel experiments, however, are legitimate may be doubted.

Irritability is another property singularly apparent in some bodies. Thus the stimulus of light prompts the beautiful sea-anemones to expand their many-hued tentacles, whilst a passing cloud obscuring the sun's rays drives them into their outer covering.

It is curious how some organized bodies repair the injuries which they undergo. In some lizards the tail is so brittle that it snaps off with a gentle touch. A new tail, however, soon appears, marked by a swelling at its base, where the fresh growth commenced. Lobsters and crabs reproduce their limbs in a similar manner, and spiders are probably endowed with this power of restoration. If sea-anemones are cut asunder, longitudinally or transversely, each part will become a separate animal; and if sea-stars are torn into pieces, each piece produces a distinct specimen of this oyster-killing creature.

Sleep is another curious phenomenon of organic life. Dr. Reid states that he dreamed of falling into the hands of savages, and being scalped by them, when the dressing applied to a blister-sore on his head had become so ruffled as to occasion considerable discomfort. An officer in the Louisburgh expedition, in 1758, could be made to dream about anything by whispering in his ear, especially if this was to be done by a familiar voice. On one occasion, finding him asleep, his companions made him believe that he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to swim. At once he imitated the motions

of a swimmer. He was then told that a shark was in pursuit of him, and urged to dive for his life. He did so, and with such violence as to throw himself upon the floor and to bruise himself severely. Strange to say he had no remembrance of these dreams on awaking, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue. Here is another curious instance: a gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, tried, sentenced to death, and led out to be shot. A gun was fired after the usual forms had been gone through, and he was awakened by the report. He then found that a noise in an adjoining apartment had both caused the dream and roused him from sleep. Horse-couriers and soldiers have slept for hours on horseback, and foot-soldiers have even slumbered as they have marched. Violin-players have been seen to go on playing after they had fallen asleep through fatigue. Fish sleep although they cannot close their eyes.

The hibernation of animals presents some curious facts for our notice. Man himself, in polar regions, may almost be termed a hibernating animal, slumbering as he does through a great part of his winter. Mammalia generally hibernate in solitude, but marmots and hamsters pass their winter-sleep in companies. Bats, too, associate in clusters, suspended by their hinder claws; but their hibernation is imperfect, for a warm winter's day awakens them to activity. Dormice, too, awake on days of unusual warmth, and eat of their stored-up nuts or grain; but the hedgehog passes its winter in undisturbed repose. Beavers retreat to their huts, and feed during the cold season upon their pre-gathered stores. Bats and dormice have been seen to die immediately after one or two awakenings from their sleep of hibernation. If exposed to excessive cold, a hibernating animal will revive and probably die.

Birds are not known to hibernate, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary. In cold and temperate climes all terrestrial reptiles, and as far as their habits are known, all amphibians, pass the winter in torpor. Snakes often hibernate in companies; and our frogs, toads, newts, and other amphibians, congregate in mud at the bottom of water. Spallanzani kept frogs, newts, and snakes in a state of torpidity for three years and a half in an icehouse: they revived readily in a warm atmosphere. In Somersetshire, hibernating eels are dug out of mud in heaps, betrayed by the hoar-frost, which does not lie over them as it does elsewhere. Shelled snails retire within their abodes, and spread layers of mucus over the entrances, which harden into firm curtains. Most, if not all of our fresh-water mollusks bury themselves in mud during the winter, where they probably become torpid. Little or nothing is known regarding the hibernation of marine mollusks. Spiders, scorpions, centipedes, woodlice, millepedes, houseflies, bees, wasps, molecrickets, ants, and many other insects, hibernate—some in companies, others in a solitary retreat. The pupæ of the cabbage-butterfly have been frozen into a hard substance, and yet, when thawed, they became butterflies in the usual way. Spiders, frozen so hard as to bound like peas from the floor, have revived under the influence of warmth; and the same holds true of fish, which have been converted into an icy mass, and yet have been restored to activity by warmth.

The vegetable kingdom, also, may be said to hibernate. What but hibernation can we term the winter's sleep of a tulip bulb? How analogous is the motionless or languidly-circulating winter sap of a tree, to the imperceptible or slow pulsations of the heart of a hibernating animal!



## WILD FLOWERS.

COMMON IVY. (*Hedera Helix*.)

FEW besides the naturalist consider of how much value this plant is both to the songsters of our woodland, and to the insect world. Among its boughs the blackbird and the thrush can find a shelter for their nests ere bush or tree has a green leaf on its branch, and many a shivering bird retreats thither from the cold blasts of spring and autumn. It is when the hips and haws and other wild fruits have perished, that the ivy berries ripen; and as no frost injures them, they are, during winter and the early months of spring, the chief food of the missel-thrush, the wood pigeons, and many other birds. The green flowers are useful too; for, blooming in October and November, when blossoms are scarce, they furnish a provision to millions of insects, which else must perish; and the latest of our brilliant-winged creatures, the red admiral and the peacock butterflies, yet hover over them on sunny days, sipping thence the nectar by which they are fed.

There are different opinions as to whether the ivy injures trees. When the woody stems are hard and strong, it seems most probable that they must do so, yet some botanists think with Calder Campbell, who pleads for the beautiful plant:—

“ Oh, falsely they accuse me,  
 Who say I seek to check  
 The growing sapling's flourishing:—  
 I better love to deck

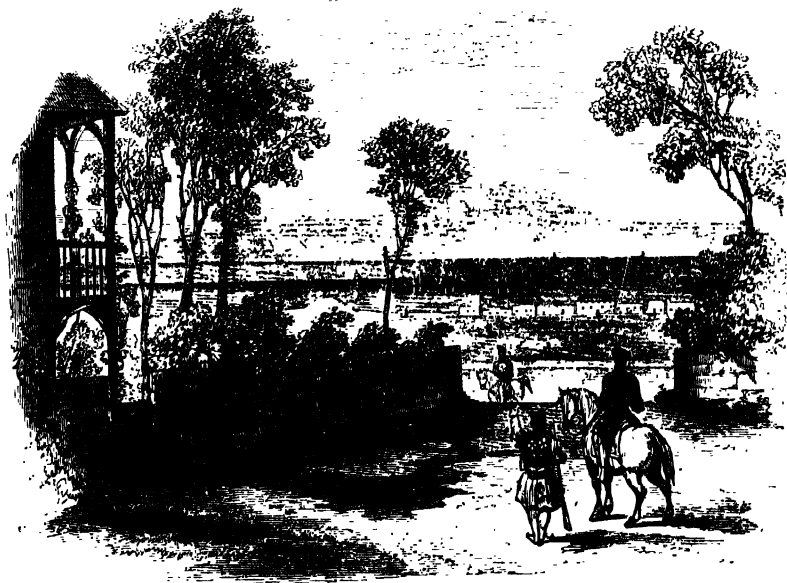
The dead or dying branches  
 With all my living leaves.  
 'Tis for the old and wither'd tree  
 The ivy garlands weaves."

Sheep are fond of the ivy. The soft wood of its stem is used for giving a smooth edge to knives, and the Highlanders make an ointment from its leaves. Among the ancients they formed the poet's crown and the Bacchanalian wreath, and were supposed to prevent intoxication. In the Idylls of Theocritus our ivy is alluded to, but Virgil tells of the golden ivy. There is little doubt that the plant of the poet was the yellow-berried species now so rare (*Hedera chrysocarpum*).

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A VISIT TO CYPRUS—No. II.

LARNACCA PROPER.



VIEW NEAR MINA.

A MILE and a half's pleasant ride over a slightly-elevated country brought us from the Mina, or Modern Larnacca, to Larnacca Proper. There was nothing that struck the eye much *en route*; no signs of pleasant cultivation, or that wild profusion and abundance of nature which forms so striking a feature all over the north of Syria. A few stunted mulberry-trees; a few blades of grass here and there; the ruins of a deserted temple raised to some of the many saints patronized by the inhabitants—and this was all, if we may except, besides, a couple of hungry-looking peasants, and a few stray oxen strikingly illustrative of Pharaoh's lean kine.

Turning round, however, upon our saddles before we entered the town of Larnacca, a very different and a very pleasing spectacle revealed itself. The sun, punctual to the minute, was rising from his golden couch, like a giant refreshed with wine, strong and ready to run his daily course. Beneath us lay the still slumbering houses of the modern Larnacca, the white walls looking of a mild purple aspect, as the uncertain light of morning reflected the golden tinges of the early dawn, through the placid, blue waters of the ocean. The sea was at rest; the lazy ships, like great leviathans asleep, nodded drowsily to one another, as the scarce-perceptible swell rolled smoothly in from the Mediterranean; and there was a gentle zephyr that crept stealthily along the earth and sea, whispering love and folly to one, sipping the nectar from the flowers of the former—so warm his breath, that scarcely shall the careful bee, early though he rise from his myrtle couch, find wherewithal to lay by a hoarded store of exquisite sweetness. Now rose the lark joyously, and mounted up high and high and higher still; and the more he rose the better he breathed the purer air of heaven, and more joyously tuned his quivering throat, carolling and calling all nature forth to welcome day.

To our right, a far way off, indistinctly visible, rose the distant, storm-capped peaks of some lofty cape; to the left, in misty haze, the snowy heights of the Taurus range. The white sails of a coming ship flapped lazily to the morning air; the first hot messengers of day spread their golden mantles upon the earth and sea, or floated brightly in the air thereon, and our horses' footsteps found an echo from many a deserted, ghostly ruin by which we rode whilst threading the not over-cleanly streets of the old town of Larnacca.

"*Nous y sommes,*" said a Frenchman of our party; and so we were. We had arrived at the threshold of a friend's house; and so, alighting, entered. Now, breakfast having been duly despatched, let us hie forth and see what like the houses—how the people live—whether their lot be happy, and so on.

The streets of Larnacca Proper consist of a series of capacious garden-houses, each one surrounded by an extensive walled-in enclosure, and most of them in a sadly-dilapidated condition. This partly arises from excessive poverty, partly from indolence and neglect—those two characteristics of the Cypriote character—and in some instances from a fear lest the display of riches might prove an irresistible allurement to the local authorities, and consequently a stumbling-block to the welfare and happiness of the luckless proprietors. Such amongst the native residents as set these fears at nought are either themselves consular agents, or else in some way connected with European consulates.

As we stroll along the streets we are occasionally favoured by a peep through an open door into the courtyards of some of the houses. The vast fabric to our right-hand side, whose tottering arches and domes threaten utter destruction to the hapless inmates, was once the abode of wealth and rank. All that remains at the present day is the name and the bare walls of the mansion. Two very pretty daughters, and a few younger children, are seated under the shade of a magnificent vine: their dress is scant and sadly in need of a laundress; their feet are slipperless; and if absolute hunger be not depicted upon their countenances, it is because they have allayed the cravings of nature by such fare as the unripe grapes and hard rye bread have afforded them. Such diet, superadded to their innate love of indolence, renders them totally unfit for work or play

The elder ones lounge about in the sunshine, in hopeless expectation that something extraordinary will turn up—some wonderful knight-errant alight at their door from his foaming steed and offer his hand and fortune to the eldest of the two daughters; or that some benevolent old gentleman, struck by the appearance of the family, and the general symptoms of universal decay, will some day marshal in a troop of masons, bricklayers, carpenters, labourers, and so on, and having repaired the mansion to its pristine glory and significance, signify his attachment for the family interests by shooting himself off-hand, and leaving all his goods and chattels for their especial behoof and benefit. Such are the daydreams of many Orientals: pinched by want and sufferings, they bear up against all pain and privation, revelling in the confidential presentiment that they were born to be excessively lucky, and further confident that they have only to sit at home idle, when good luck, weary of waiting for them so long, will knock loudly some fine morning at the door, or let himself in at the window. So they wait on from month to month, and from year to year, till the shadow falls heavily from the oldest tree across the threshold of the ruined house, and then there comes a knock, not loud, but muffled and low. A few rags are shaking from a string tied from tree to tree, as the cool evening breeze sweeps by refreshingly over the parched-up earth; and the owner of these rags has been long waiting for a change of vesture—something often pictured in the fondness of imagination—very gay and very fine indeed. At length the change has come; not, perhaps, exactly what was expected, although sooner or later come it must: the old garments are all laid by; a snow-white robe and a wooden couch, and the heavy falling of earth grates portentously upon the ear.

“To live in hope, and die in despair,” is the motto of the poor in Larnacca; and the slight sketch we have endeavoured to draw of the hopes and sufferings of one poor family may be relied upon as a type of all the other Greek families in Larnacca.

Now turn we to our left and contemplate the goodly mansion and fat contentment that dwells smilingly within. The foundations of the house and walls, as we may guess by their appearance, are comparatively very ancient indeed; but the house itself is modern—the bricks have been newly baked—the green paint on the windows and the balcony is barely dry, and the whitewash on the walls yet humid. In the courtyard we see evident symptoms of care and attention: the marble slabs round the corridor are freshly hewn; the earth freshly mown, and various newly-blown flowers, sweet in scent and pleasant to the eye, have been plentifully planted in the parterres, not with much attention to taste or elegance, but with a strange mixture of convenience with the dignified; thus, for instance, six rose-bushes are planted at regular intervals round a circular bed of onions, whilst as many marigolds keep sentry over some radishes. Lettuces and mint are manfully protected by a score or two of fierce-looking sunflowers, and the whole garden is fenced in with a trellis-work of split canes, over and through which grow French beans, sweet-peas, jessamine, cucumbers, water-melons, carnations, and a few shoots of garlic. So much for the flourishing appearance of the garden. Then the gardener himself is not one whit behind. You can guess, by one look at his sleek, oily face and portly bearing, that he suffers from that complaint which his constitution is well inured to—viz., a plethora of much good living and little work. His dress is gay in the extreme;

and to better set off the blue and white and scarlet and brown of his jacket and trousers, and cap and sash and shoes, and his face, he has decorated his person, rather after an original fashion, with the various flowers of his master's garden: thus, for instance, a marigold graces each ear, much in the same way as a clerk in London carries his pen; his bosom is a forest of mignonettes and geraniums; the folds of his sash are highly perfumed with newly-culled roses; and, at a loss what to do so as to carry about, as part and parcel of himself, specimens of the fruits of his daily labour, he is even constrained to display a small nosegay attached to each of the gay red garters that condense his loose-flowing, Grecian trousers just under the knee, and cause them to terminate in tight cotton stockings and red morocco shoes. Such of the rest of the servants as we can catch a glimpse of appear all tidy and sleek. But there is a bustle in the courtyard, and two men with silver-headed canes take their station at the doorway. These are the janizaries, or consular cawasses; and the master of the house, though a native of the island, is the representative of some foreign power; and if the dignity of a nation can be supported by a consequential strut, or its honour represented by corpulence, then, most assuredly, has the nation been happy in its choice of its present able representative. Even the poor neighbours opposite, though they have seen him pass to and fro regularly twice a-day for the last four years, cannot resist the temptation of having a peep at the balios, as all consuls are called by the Turks. The great man, preceded by his insignia of office, struts confidently towards the Mina, for there is his commercial office, and, with very few exceptions, all the consuls are merchants and all the merchants consuls; so that there are but two extremes in Larnacca—the very poor and very miserable portion, and the (for Cyprus) very affluent and well-to-do and contented, jolly portion; and the former is as dependent upon the latter for the veriest necessaries of life, as ever was serf in the Russian dominions upon the nod and significant will of the autocrat barons.

There is an intermediate class, however, which we must not overlook—these are the priests, Greek and Roman Catholic, who mainly, if not entirely, subsist by the assistance they squeeze out of their poorer parishioners (miserable and poverty-stricken though they be), and upon what the wealthier class deem fit from time to time to confer upon them. There is no class in Cyprus more prone to crime than these very priests; none that seem to have retained with greater avidity and cunning the relics of every infamy practised by the ancient inhabitants of the island. Honour is a word unregistered in their catalogue of human requisites; charity not to be found in their vocabulary; extreme artfulness; excesses on the sly in every vile practice. How can it be imagined, with such examples, such patterns to follow through life, that the unfortunate natives should be anything but the deceitful, immoral people they are, or that their education, such as it is, should tend only to inflame an ambition to outrival each other in the most abominable deceits and iniquities?—and yet these people are not wholly wanting in those sentiments of gratitude and affection which, if properly nurtured, might be turned to good account indeed. In support of this I may instance the universal sorrow expressed for the loss of Dr. Lilburn, to which reference has already been made.

Is it not a deplorable fact, then, reader, that so fair a country, and a people professing the name of Christ, should be left without instruction? The two great missionary countries of the world, England and America,

seem to have entirely overlooked the unhappy condition of this pleasant island; whilst the Pope's emissaries are busy and at work, sowing cautiously upon the soil, already fertile in ignorance, deceit, and superstition. But should a mission be undertaken to this island, it must be borne in mind that an indispensable requisite for the missionaries employed is a long-suffering forbearance, no rash launching out into a system of conversion, no holding forth doctrines so wholly at variance with the belief, the views and inclinations of the people and the priests: these would utterly and for ever annihilate their hopes of success, and hinder them from affording to coming generations the only gift in their power—an education which must eventually open their eyes to the follies and wickednesses that surround them, and be the sure means, under God's blessing, of bringing them to salvation. The missionary fitted for Cyprus should, therefore, in the first instance, be a physician; then one a little skilled in chemistry, a few of the effects of which would be amusing and attractive to both old and young. Offer to teach them this and other attractive sciences, they will undergo any amount of labour to overcome the task; but to understand it well they must necessarily be enabled to read the English language perfectly. This perfection attained, a natural thirst for information will lead them to peruse every other book in your library, and to pause and meditate upon their contents. We have seen so much of Orientals, especially the Greeks, that we feel persuaded that this, and this alone, is the course which, if steadfastly persevered in, will ultimately result in the uprooting of all superstition.

We trust we may be pardoned, for the cause's sake, if we have deviated from the strict line of narrative; and so we return again to the streets of Larnacca. There is an abundance of fruit-trees in Larnacca, and no lack of white mulberries. Apples, apricots, quinces, and figs grow to stately proportions, and yield a plentiful crop; and so hardy is the nature of some of these, that they seem best to thrive growing out of the cracks and fissures of old ruined walls, and from heaps of rubbish and stones, wholly dependent upon the periodical rains and the heavy night dew for that nurturing care which the indolent hand of man here denies them. But we must not forget the grape-vines, which are numerous, and of twenty different qualities. If the energies of the Cypriots are directed into any one particular channel, it certainly tends towards the culture of the grape and the pomegranate—the two great staple commodities from which they derive many of the necessaries, and most of the luxuries of a Cypriot life.

There is little doubt but that the suburbs of the town, and, indeed, the surrounding country for many miles, might be advantageously planted out with mulberries; and such lands as were not suited to the culture of this valuable tree be devoted to the raising of the sessame—a modern introduction into the island, and the oily seeds of which are in great demand all over the European continent. Apart from the wealth derivable from such an undertaking, I am of opinion that the climate would be materially benefited by the increase of vegetation. But it requires others than the present careless inhabitants to set the example, and stimulate them to industry by ocular proofs of the wealth easily obtainable, and at the cost of but little labour or trouble, from the naturally fertile but neglected soil.

There are but very few Turks resident at Larnacca, and most of these, strange to say, are intermarried with Greek families—a custom

unheard of in other parts of the Ottoman dominions, and one which seems to have crept in by stealth, winked at by the bishops and priests, and encouraged by the natives as a species of safeguard to themselves and coreligionists on any fanatical movements taking place in the island, and for which none have been more noted than the Turks inhabiting Cyprus.

At present the poorer classes in Larnacca confine their speculations to wine and poultry—the two great stand-bys in time of need, and which ever find a ready market amongst the numerous shipping frequenting the port. Neither require much attention: the vine grows almost spontaneously, and the chickens run about wild in the streets, as do also turkeys, geese, ducks, and—a marvellous sight in Turkey—little miserable-looking, skinny pigs. This in a country virtually under the Sultan's sway is a perfect enigma to all strangers; but the facts of the case are simply thus—that by far the greater mass of the population inhabiting the island are Christians, chiefly of the Greek Church. Many of them are influential members of the *medjlis*, or local council, which directs the affairs of the island; and hence the swinish fraternity enjoy peculiar protection, though trotting about and snuffing up the dust under the very noses of devout followers of the Prophet.

There are at Larnacca two resident physicians, besides several other so-called doctors—quacks of the first water. The doctor of the quarantine is a Frenchman, in the pay of the Turkish Government, and resides at the Mina; the other, Dr. Valsamaichey, is a private practitioner, a native of the island, but educated in France; and between the two, when autumn arrives, and the fruit-trees are loaded with unripe fruit, they have enough occupation to keep them stirring from early dawn till late at night. The gravedigger, too, has a busy time of it, and the priests and the Roman Catholic padres are reaping a harvest that well repays them for the slackness in trade during the early portion of the year.

We mounted our horses at sundown, and cantered back to the Mina. Arriving there, all was bustle and confusion, for on the morrow we were to leave for Limersole and the ancient Paphos. Horses and guides had to be procured; portmanteaus to be packed; so that it was well-nigh upon midnight before we retired to our sleeping-apartments, though, alas! not to sleep. The night was cool and pleasant enough, and slumber pressed on the eyelids heavily; but then it was a glorious moonlight night, and, owing to this, some owlish young men, love-smitten and restless, wandered about from street to street, giving vent to their emotions in the most lamentable love-ditties and serenades, accompanied by flutes, guitars, fiddles, cornepeans, and the discordant howlings of jackals. Finally, we sank into a peaceful slumber, and these murderers of sleep slunk home; but, alas! it was but for a brief interval; some saint had looked in with the early peep of day, and so all the bells in all the chapels and churches were set a-ringing—a privilege exclusively enjoyed by the people of Cyprus, and prohibited elsewhere in Turkey; and as one huge bell, belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, was only divided from our bedroom by a thin lath-and-plaster partition, we had nothing for it but to turn out again, heavy and oppressed for want of sleep, and but little fitted to undertake the long day's ride before us. Nevertheless, we got the start of the sun; and, before his fiery orb was reflected in the waves, we were jogging peacefully onwards towards the distant Limersole.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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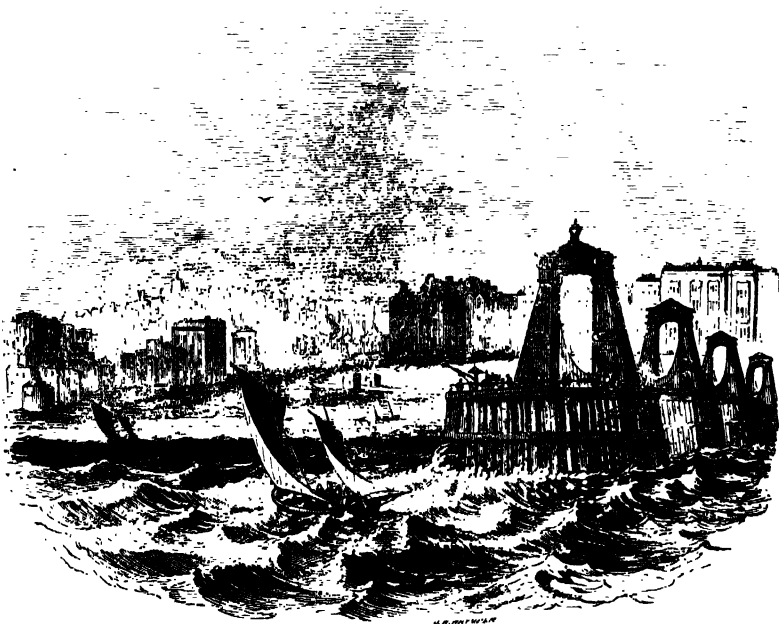
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BRIGHTON.



THIS modern town comprises ten times as many inhabitants as the capital of the county, the city of Chichester, and is by far the largest and most important place on the southern coast, eastward, from Portsmouth to the Thames. The resident population of Brighton and Hove is estimated at between sixty and seventy thousand, and in the season, when the place is full of visitors, at nearly one hundred thousand; and yet it has neither port, manufactures, nor trade, beyond what is consumed in the place. It depends entirely on visitors.



Brighton has no pretension to antiquity. The parish church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of fishermen, was not more than about three hundred years old. It is now being rebuilt, all except the tower, so that even this bit of antiquity has almost disappeared.

The history of the town is very meagre, and the little known of it does not possess much interest. Whatever pretensions Brighton has are of a modern character. It is, however, a very healthy place: situated on the margin of the British Channel, and being within an hour's ride by railway from London, it may be regarded as almost a suburb of the mighty metropolis of the British empire. In fact, a person may leave London and reach Brighton in less time than he could go from Blackwall to the railway station at Paddington. It is its contiguity to London, and the facility with which Brighton can be reached, that constitute the real springs of its prosperity.

The borough of Brighton is coextensive with the parish of the same name. The geologist will see at a glance that the site is well adapted for a large town. On the east of Brighton commence a series of hills, or downs, which extend, hill and dale, to Eastbourne. On the west side of the town the sand is flat, though not low, slightly undulating till you reach "Highdown Hill," behind Worthing, a distance of twelve or thirteen miles. This is the character of the country on the seaside. Behind, on the north, all along the coast, rise ranges of hills, covered with a fine turf, or furze (gorse), but devoid of trees, except here and there near villages, gentlemen's houses, or farmhouses.

The borough or parish of Brighton is small, and is nearly covered with houses and edifices. The parish commences at the west side of the wall of the gasworks at Black Rock—so called from some large rocks which formerly stood here, and extends close to the seaside, by the toll-house at the western entrance, at the bottom of Western Street. Here the parish of Hove commences, where so many fine houses, squares, streets, terraces, churches, chapels, &c., have been built of late years that it has become a formidable rival to Brighton itself. The town of Brighton extends, inland, only about a mile; and on this, the north side, two main roads branch off, one to Lewes (eight miles), and the other is the old coach-road to London.

Till about sixty or seventy years ago the whole of Brighton stood on the west side of a well-known place called the Steine (a Saxon term). It was, in fact, a common, on which all the tenants of the manors (there are three of the latter) had the right to turn in sheep to graze at certain times of the year. This common land, or "tenantry down," extended from the seaside nearly to the northern boundaries of the parish. The tenure of land in Brighton, as all along this coast, was very peculiar in former times; but the land of late years fell into few hands. Few tenants of the manors were left; and some years ago the lords of the manor gave to the inhabitants for ever all the land or common extending from the coast to the boundaries of the parish, and about a hundred and fifty acres on the race-hill, as places of amusement and recreation. So that Brighton possesses what few towns do—a series of places, as the French would call them, or steines, or enclosures as the inhabitants term them, throughout the centre of the town. These flats of ground have been enclosed within iron railings, planted with trees, flowers, and shrubs. They are kept in excellent order, and form one of the chief ornaments of the place.

It was the fashion, a hundred years ago, for persons of quality to go to

Bath, &c., to drink the waters; but the benefits of sea-bathing do not seem at that period to have been much known or duly appreciated. Dr. Russell, a resident physician of Brighton—a man of genius, experience, and capacity—was among the first to point out the advantages of sea-bathing, and especially at Brighton, where the water is pure, being uncontaminated by the refuse from harbours, marshes, sewers, or shipping. The place was brought under the cognizance of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., but when he first visited Brighton is unknown. He became, however, attached to the then “little fishing-town,” as well he might. It was then a real quiet little place, close to the sea, with fine downs on the north, and fields and meadows on the east. He selected a spot by the side of the Steine, or common, on which he built a small house, the windows of which commanded a view of the British Channel, whilst beneath the beautifully-turfed Steine was spread forth, and the undulating down rose on every side, except the west, by the coast. As soon as Royalty had taken up its abode, even temporarily, visitors of high rank, from curiosity or for sea-bathing, began to pour into the town in summer and autumn. In the seasons, beds were so scarce that a guinea has been paid to sleep a few hours in one. It is easy to conceive that with such inducements building new houses commenced vigorously, and the town has gone on being enlarged till it has reached its present magnitude. George IV. enlarged his house from time to time, till it was converted into a palace; and on the death of his successor, William IV., it became Crown property, but it was recently sold by the Crown to the inhabitants for 53,000*l.* The property is exceedingly valuable, and so much of it has been let on ground-leases, and in other ways, as to pay the interest of the capital and form a sinking fund; so that in the end the palace, or Pavilion as it is now called, will not only cost the inhabitants nothing, but it will produce an income above all reprisal.

The palace—though it is said that it cost a million of money—was not built in good taste or style, nor was it, as a royal residence, even commodious; and after going over it, no person can be surprised that it was abandoned by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. With the exception of two large rooms, the domes of which, with some drawbacks, are exceedingly beautiful, the rest of the apartments are small, low-pitched, and inconveniently situated. The large rooms, however, are well adapted for public purposes, such as concerts, balls, lectures, public meetings, &c., for which they are constantly used. The stables are the finest part of the property. A portion of them is covered over with a glass dome of immense magnitude, and it is projected to turn this fine place some day into hot sea-water and medicinal baths.

Part of a large riding-school, as large as Exeter Hall, is at present used as an equestrian circus.

The town at present extends east from the Steine to Kemp Town at Black Rock, a distance of about a mile. Kemp Town (so called after the late Thomas Read Kemp, who sat in Parliament first for Arundel and then Lewes) is a remarkable place. It consists chiefly of a large Square, and below it, nearer the sea, there is an enclosed space, or garden, called the Crescent. The houses of both the Square and the Crescent are large and handsome edifices, and are inhabited by persons of rank and distinction. In front of Kemp Town, terraces on a magnificent scale have been formed, overlooking the sea. They are tastefully laid out with broad gravelled walks encircling plots of turfed ground reaching to the beach. Between these terraces and the front wings of the crescent of Kemp Town

there is a broad carriage-road which runs from the eastern entrance of Brighton, down to the seaside to the Steine, in the centre of the town, sloping gradually all the way. At Kemp Town this road, with broad pavements on each side, is forty or fifty feet above the level of the sea, but when it reaches the Steine it is only a few feet above that level. From the Steine, after a few interruptions by old buildings, this road continues in a straight line along the cliffs, above the beach, to the western extremity of the town to Hove, where again broad, beautiful terraces are laid out reaching down to the beach. The whole length of this wide road, extending from Hove to Kemp Town, is fenced against the encroachments of the sea by an immensely-thick concrete wall, erected at a cost exceeding 100,000*l.* This sea-wall—erected on novel principles, and with materials at once cheap and enduring—has since been extensively imitated at other places. The beach along this coast always travels from west to east.\* To check the beach in its course, “groyues,” formed of planked piles, have been erected at intervals on the shore along the whole front of the town. The beach, on the west side of these “groyues,” lodges and trends backwards; and thus a barrier is formed against the sea, so that it can never injure the sea-wall or the town, as long as these “groyues” remain. In front of this sea-wall and the road behind it, as they descend from Kemp Town to the Steine, the Chain Pier projects to a considerable distance into the sea. In appearance it is a light, elegant fabric, and forms a beautiful promenade; but as regards shipping of any kind it is utterly useless. It was built by a company, at the suggestion of Captain Sir Samuel Brown, R.N., at an expense of about 20,000*l.*

Most of the streets in the old part of Brighton are narrow; some of them crooked, like North Street; the houses forming them are, for the most part, small and inelegant. The principal trading streets are—St. James’s Street, on the east side of the Steine; North Street, Western Road, the Queen’s Road, the north end of which is the railway terminus; West Street, where the houses remain in which Charles II. was concealed, and that in which Dr. Samuel Johnson resided, several of his letters to Mrs. Thrale being written from this place, in which a lady now resides, named Hargraves, nearly one hundred years old; and East Street, nearly in the centre of the town.

The law at Brighton is administered by county magistrates, appointed, through the lord lieutenant of the county, by the Crown. The local affairs are managed by one hundred and twelve commissioners, elected by all inhabitants rated at 20*l.* a-year. The poor laws are administered by a board of directors and guardians. These occupy a portion of the palace, or Pavilion. The magistrates and commissioners sit (separately of course) in the Town Hall—a large edifice, beneath which there are cells for the temporary detention of persons taken into custody, built, with its approaches, at a cost of between 50,000*l.* and 60,000*l.* It was built in a style to imitate the Temple of Minerva, which stood on a hill at Athens, which was in keeping with its site and all around it; but the imitation in Brighton is a failure, as it is neither well suited by the site nor for the purposes for which it was intended. It contains only one good room, which is well proportioned, and excellently adapted for concerts, for which it is frequently used. All the other apartments are

\* The flood-tide runs many hours longer up channel than the ebb-tide does down channel.

small and inconvenient ; and the assembly room, as the large one is sometimes called, can only be reached by three flights of stone stairs, and the vestibule in which they commence is small, badly proportioned, cold, and open to draughts of wind.

Brighton forms part of the hundred of Wells-bourne (from a stream in the vicinity), corrupted into Whalesbone. The high constable of this hundred is the chief officer of Brighton, the town of itself having no chief officer of the Crown.

Brighton has no public library, no public picture-gallery, no public museum, nor any literary or scientific institution established by public funds. But it has three institutions supported by private subscriptions:—1st. The Albion Library and Scientific Institution. 2nd. The Athenæum, formed and supported chiefly by the young men of the middle classes. 3rd. The Mechanics' Institution, held in a mean place in a lane: but none of these institutions are in a very flourishing condition.

Brighton is a lay rectory ; but as there is very little land used for agricultural purposes in the parish, the great tithes yield only a trifle. The income of the vicar is derived chiefly from surplice fees. There is only one parish church, St. Nicholas ; St. Peter's, however, a small but very handsome Gothic church—situated on part of the common, of which we formerly spoke, at the north part of the town, built by Mr. Barry—is a district church. Besides these two churches there are a number of chapels of ease. They are supplied with perpetual curates, nominated by, or subject to the approval of the vicar. Thirty years ago, the majority of the inhabitants were Dissenters, consisting of congregations of Independents (an old endowed party), the late Selina Countess of Huntingdon's connection, Baptists, High Calvinists (of the late W. Huntingdon, Riding-house Lane, London), a few Wesleyans, fewer Quakers, Jews, and Unitarians. At that time the clergy of Brighton had only the old parish church and the Chapel Royal—a chapel of ease. St. James's Chapel was then built ; then St. Peter's Church ; and these were followed by the erection of St. Mary's, St. James's, St. George's, near Kemp Town ; and since then a large church in the English Gothic style has been built in West Street ; another among the poor on Carlton Hill, St. John's Church ; another in a poor neighbourhood, All Souls' Church ; and another at Kemp Town, St. Mary's Church, built at the expense of the Marquis of Bristol. More recently a church has been built, All Saints, near the Railway Terminus. A new chapel, St. Andrew's, has also been built at Hove, and a very handsome small Gothic church is now being erected in that parish (Preston-cum-Hove). A chapel in the time of William IV. was formed near the Palace, out of a large room of the Castle Tavern. When the Palace was sold, the materials of this chapel were pulled down, conveyed near the vicarage, and re-erected by subscription. It is one of the prettiest chapels in the town. Christ Church, Montpelier Road, was also built within these few years. Brighton is, therefore, now well supplied with churches and chapels of the Church of England.

On the north side of Kemp Town stands the County Hospital, a large, noble building, supported chiefly by public subscriptions. It is in contemplation to erect a chapel adjoining the establishment. In the Queen's Road is the Dispensary, a large, handsome edifice (supported by voluntary contributions), and the Eye Infirmary, a small edifice in the Grecian style (also supported by voluntary contributions). There is also an establishment for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and orphans ; none of them

endowed, and all requiring larger edifices than have yet been devoted to them.

Large National Schools for boys and girls have been erected in Church Street; and there is a small school endowed by one Swan Downer, an old inhabitant of Brighton, who made his own fortune by honest, laborious industry, and died some sixty or seventy years ago.

The town is abundantly supplied with professors and teachers of languages, music, &c.; and perhaps there is no town in the kingdom where there are so many private schools, some of them of known eminence.

In Brighton there is a provision market and a corn market (held at an inn, the King and Queen); but neither demand more than being barely mentioned.

Brighton abounds with physicians and gentlemen of the medical profession, as might be expected at a place so resorted to as Brighton for the restoration of health.

The town is well lighted, well paved, and tolerably well drained, but there is room enough for great improvement in the last respect; but, though it may not seem so at the first thought, it is a difficult place to drain well. All the land slopes towards the sea, and nothing can be easier than to carry the drains, as they have been to a considerable extent, in the same direction; but there is a great objection to convey the refuse of the town into the sea, as it is calculated to render the water impure and damage it for bathing.

A stranger might wander over a large portion of Brighton and be struck with admiration at its handsome squares, steines, enclosures, and fine edifices along the cliffs, its spacious rides, drives, and promenades, terraces, &c., but the intelligent observer will not be satisfied with all this. He will seek out the dwellings in the streets, and lanes, and alleys, of the poor and laborious classes, and here—in this fine town of Brighton—he may soon discover enough to make the heart sick. Brighton has its dark spots as well as other places, and in them as rough a mass of heathenism as may be found in any non-manufacturing town in the kingdom. Drunkenness is a prevalent vice; and in consequence of the provisions of the Metropolitan Police Act not being extended to Brighton, fouler language is to be heard almost constantly in the crowded streets, like North Street, than is usually heard in the worst streets of London. The magistrates and police can do scarcely anything at present to eradicate these abominations from the lips of the most abandoned characters with which Brighton abounds. The clergy labour almost in vain to reclaim these classes, many of which set decency and modesty at defiance. The “beer-shops” and public-houses are very numerous, and always full: whilst the magistrates sit many hours every day, and the police are constantly engaged in checking vice and crime. The inhabitants are under great obligations to them, and to the untiring efforts of the clergy to improve, as far as they have the power, the religious and moral feelings of the humbler classes.

Brighton is also exceedingly well supplied with hotels. Some of them—the Bedford, Albion, Bristol, Old Ship, &c.—resemble palaces. The Bedford and Albion vie in appearance and magnitude with the club-houses in Pall Mall.

The town-rates in Brighton, though vast public improvements have been made, are not heavy. The poor-rates are considerable, but they have been somewhat reduced within the last year or two. The rents of shops and

houses for business are very high; but good handsome private residences can be obtained in good situations on easier terms than in London or its vicinity.

The workhouse is an ugly, ill-constructed, huge building, on the crest of the hill behind the parish church. It is proposed to pull it down, sell the ground, and build two new ones on the race-hill—one as a house of industry for the young, the other for the reception of the destitute.

The fishery of Brighton has been decaying for many years. From some unknown cause fish is said to have almost abandoned this coast except for trawling, that is for nets dragged along the ground, under the sea, for soles and other flat fish. Brighton is chiefly supplied with fish from London. What few regular fishermen there are left now go in boats cast off Yarmouth, or west off Plymouth, and return to their families in winter; and most of them—so improvident are their habits—throw themselves and families on the parochial funds till the season comes round for them to be employed in fishing again. Few (if any) of these men now possess boats of their own, but are employed by others in what is termed the “sharing system,” which is destructive to all discipline or regularity.

The Downs, in the vicinage of Brighton, are well adopted for harrier-hunting; and great numbers—ladies as well as gentlemen—engage in that sport during the season. Foxhounds are kept in the county, but at a considerable distance from London.

Brighton is a place for amusement and relaxation. There is a small theatre, with as good a company as in most provincial towns, but generally it is but indifferently attended. Concerts, many of them first-rate, are very frequent, and always well conducted. There is never a day in the autumn but amusements of some kind are going on, sometimes two or three of a day, such as panoramas, exhibitions, lectures, concerts, promenade concerts and musical entertainments.

The chief charm of the town is, however, the réunion of families, parties, and friends in private circles. Here, while living at a cheaper rate than in London, they have the same facility to meet and form private select circles.

Brighton, when viewed at night at sea, makes a very imposing appearance. Hundreds of gas-lamps glitter along the line of cliff—upwards of two miles in extent—and the whole town looks as if illuminated. It has often cheered the passenger on board ship, passing up the Channel on his return from foreign lands to Old England—it has often been the last object seen by the emigrant as he bids adieu to, perhaps for ever, his native country.

S. S.

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## PLAINS—THE LLANOS OF THE ORINOCO.

IN different parts of our globe are to be found immense plains, stretching their sea-like surfaces far beyond the traveller's gaze, which formed at some long-past era the bottom of vast seas. These tracts of level country are designated by various names—heaths, steppes, deserts, savannas, prairies, llanos, selvas, pampas—and they differ greatly in their physical characteristics. Some of their peculiarities we propose now to detail, and in particular to delineate one of them—the llanos of the Orinoco.

The European heaths, extending from the extremity of Jutland to the mouth of the Scheldt, claim no particular notice. They are hilly, and

of very small extent when compared with the vast plains of other continents.

The Asiatic steppes are the largest in the world: sometimes hilly, and intersected by mountain-chains, they extend over a lineal space of several thousand miles. The more luxuriant portions of these plains are decorated with blossoming shrubs, and inhabited by pastoral tribes. Flowering plants attain an extraordinary height. In traversing the pathless parts of some of these plains in the low Tartar vehicles, it is necessary to rise on one's feet to see what course is to be taken through the dense vegetation. Some steppes are clothed with grass; others with juicy evergreens; and many shine with brilliant tufts of salt lying like snow upon the clayey soil.

The African deserts, with their island oases, cover a space nearly three times greater than that of the adjoining Mediterranean. Dew and rain are untasted luxuries in these barren wastes; and vegetation strikes no root in the burning sand, nor can man here find a home, capable as he is of adapting himself to almost any clime. Ostriches and gazelles troop over this arid region. Periodically men are found daring enough to voyage in these sandy seas with the camel—the *ship of the desert* of eastern poetry—as their indispensable companion.

The savannahs and prairies of North America lie chiefly to the west of the Mississippi, and are of three kinds—the *heath*, or *bushy*, which are covered with small shrubs, grape-vines, and other plants; *dry*, or *rolling*, generally destitute of water, and almost of all vegetation but grass; *alluvial*, or *wet* prairies, covered with tall, rank grass, and abounding in pools left by the floods of the rainy season.

The *selvas*, or wooded portion of the great plain of the Amazon, consist of primeval forest, and cover about seven hundred and nineteen thousand square miles. The whole plain has a surface of two million three hundred and forty thousand square miles.

The pampas, or plains, of the central and southern parts of South America, are so vast that on the north they are bounded by tropical vegetation, whilst on the south they are almost covered with unmelted ice. Herds of wild dogs are found on these pampas, living in communities in subterranean holes. They are the descendants of tame progenitors, but are now so ferocious that they often attack man.

The llanos of the Orinoco cover an area of two hundred and fifty-six thousand miles; and, as their name intimates, are situated in the northern part of South America. The surface of these plains is so level that in many parts not a single point, one foot above the surrounding plain, appears in an area of about four hundred and eighty square miles. Here and there broken strata of floetz rise abruptly to the height of two or three feet, and cover an area of more than three thousand square miles. Hence the small rivers of the llanos have their source. No shrub is to be seen; and in some places there is not even a solitary palm visible. Agoutis, somewhat resembling hares; small spotted antelopes; armadilloes, in their coats of mail; herds of chiguire, hunted on land by the jaguar, and in water by the crocodile; elegantly-striped *viverræ*, whose fœtid odour taints the atmosphere; the great maneless lion; the variegated and powerful jaguar, and many other creatures, are met with upon the dreary llanos. The fan palm, scattered here and there, affords subsistence to the natives, who, it is said, formerly built huts on platforms resting on the trunks of felled palm-trees, and also suspended hammocks from

stem to stem, formed of the leaf-stalk of the fan palm. Thus in the rainy season, when the ground was covered with water, they were enabled to live above the flood. The damp flooring bore their fires, which appeared curiously suspended in the air to the traveller as he passed by in the night.

Towns have now arisen on the banks of the llanos; rivers, and countless herds of horses, mules, and oxen roam uncontrolled over the plains.

The fiery tropical sun cracks the parched ground, as if an earthquake had riven the earth; sand-spouts, shaped like a funnel, sweep along the surface; the crocodile and the boa constrictor lie locked in sleep, and buried in the scorched soil; the mirage stretches its deceptive form before the thirsting traveller; oxen rush bellowing by, and horses scour the plain, snuffing the air with extended necks to discover the longed-for pool; the mule knocks off the prickles of a globular plant with his forefeet, and carefully sips the watery pulp; but in doing so he not unfrequently lames himself by the thorny covering of this vegetable bottle.

But after a long season of drought a change begins to make its appearance. The cloudless deep-blue sky puts on a lighter tint; a cloud appears on the southern horizon; vapours assemble and cover the heavens, and thunder heralds in the welcome rain. Almost instantaneously, the ground becomes clothed with a leafy covering; horses and oxen roam joyously along, and the jaguar springs through the concealing grass upon his prey.

On the banks of a morass, the moistened ground rises slowly; with a loud noise it is dashed aloft into the air, and a huge water-snake, or an iron-coated crocodile, comes forth from his subterranean resting-place.

The water accumulates and floods the previously-scorched llanos. The cattle swim about, cropping the grass which appears above the seething flood. Many animals are drowned, many are devoured by the merciless crocodiles. Large vessels sail for miles over the llanos.

The electric eel, too, is found here, whose powerful shock is sufficient to prostrate large animals. A line of road had once to be changed, because so many horses were killed by these eels in fording a rivulet where they abounded. The angler dreads lest a shock should travel to him along his line. The mode of capture of these creatures is perhaps already known; but we will relate it. Mules and horses are driven into the swamp containing them, which is surrounded by Indians armed with staves. Excited by this commotion, the eels dart about, and pass their shocks through the maddened animals, numbers of whom are brought down, whilst others vainly rush towards the shore, to be driven back by the Indians. At length the eels become exhausted; long rest and food are requisite to renew the galvanic power which they have lavished. They timidly come to the brink of the morass, terrified by the trampling animals, and are wounded by harpoons, and dragged to land by non-conducting poles of wood.

On the south, impenetrable forests gird the llanos, echoing with the roar of rivers rushing along their rock-contracted beds. The jaguar and the dismally-howling apes (seventy or eighty being often perched on one tree) increase the forest din. On the river sand-banks may be seen the crocodile, with open mouth and motionless body; a flamingo is perched upon its head, and the rest of its scaly form is covered with aquatic birds. The variegated boa, lashed by the tail to the trunk of a tree, rests in concealment near the bank, waiting for its prey; anon, swiftly uncoiling, it seizes its victim as it fords the stream, and swallows it down its dilating



throat. At other times it may be seen swimming in the forest rivers with its head above the waters like a dog.

Different tribes inhabit these regions—some little elevated above the animals around them, and dependent upon ants, gums, and even earth, for their subsistence; others possessed of many of the comforts of civilized life. Colossal figures, graven on the rocks, and representing crocodiles, tigers, domestic utensils, astronomical signs, and other subjects, attest the former existence of civilization in these wilds.

Nor are ferocious tigers and crocodiles the only bloodthirsty creatures here. Man, too, is a wild beast, and drinks the blood of his conquered foe, or inflicts a fatal scratch with a poisoned thumb-nail. Others efface with trembling hand the footprints which they have made on the sandy shore.

At midnight, a chorus of voices echoes through these dense forests. The plaintive cry of the howling monkeys; the shrill tones of the sapaçons; the grunting of the striped nocturnal apes; the roar of the tiger, pursuing its terrified prey amidst the branches of the trees, and the cries of birds, disturb the weary traveller. Violent storms of rain, or of thunder and lightning, raise a still louder commotion amongst the denizens of these grand forests.

Here we pause in our attempt to convey to the mind's eye a picture of the South American plains. Nature reigns here in gorgeous apparel; but, alas! man presents a miserable contrast to the brilliant scene around him. He is a ruin amidst the life and animation of his native woods—an instructive warning to those who believe in the sufficient power of humanity to raise and refine itself. Surrounded by scenes seemingly so well adapted to elevate and purify, man is here a savage—the prey of his own passions, and of the brute violence of his fellow-men. The conclusion is obvious. Christianity, and Christianity only, is the parent of true civilization; and it is the duty of every man to endeavour to extend its blessings to those who are destitute of them. J. E. J.

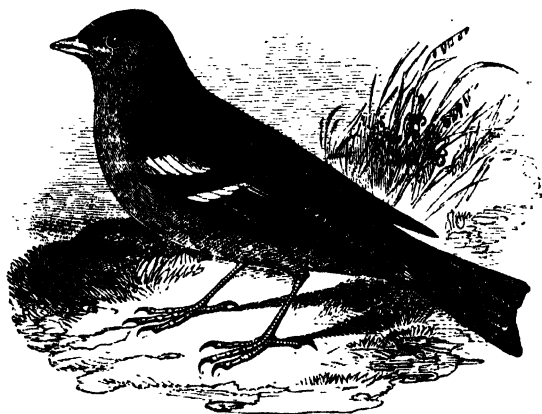
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#### OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.

EVERY resident in the country must know the Chaffinch,\* whose lively call-note, and varied strain, may be heard as soon as those of the blackbird, and while the chilling winds of February are resounding through the leafless trees. Now it perches on the wall, picking out the seeds from that little white-flowered plant the whitlow grass, which grows in such numbers there; now it is away to the roadside, to peck at the young buds and seeds of the groundsel or chickweed, which may be seen already offering their green buds and small blossoms; or it hunts among the young green blade of the corn-field, for the ivy-leaved speedwell, whose blue flowers are even, in early spring, already passing into seed. The author of the 'Journal of a Naturalist' says, too, that the chaffinches will completely defoliate the spikes or whorls of the common red archangel, or dead nettle, which is one of our earliest-blooming plants, and is to be seen, late in February and during the next two months, under every hedge. "At this season," our author says, "they may be seen with their little mouths quite full of the

\* The Chaffinch is six inches in length. Head and neck dark grey; back chestnut; wings black with two bands of white; the quills edged with pale brown; tail black, the outer feathers partly white; face, ear-coverts, and whole under parts reddish-brown, brightest on the breast; beak blue; feet brown. The female has all the colours more subdued, and more nearly uniform.

green seeds of this nettle." He adds too that they are, at the same period, sad plunderers of the kitchen garden, drawing up most dexterously young turnips and radishes as soon as they make their appearance though after



THE CHAFFINCH.

this time all depredations cease, and the rest of their days are spent in sportive innocence. They are among the birds too which peck at our crocuses and polyanthuses, and spoil their beauty. But though the full-grown birds delight chiefly in a vegetable diet, it must not be forgotten that the young are fed almost wholly upon insects; and as the chaffinches have large and hungry broods, these birds are very valuable in gathering them from the trees and bushes. Selby remarks of the chaffinch, that in summer it feeds most upon insects and larvæ, and that he has witnessed its assiduity, during the autumn, in devouring the females of a large species of aphid, which infests the trunks and stronger branches of the larch, and some other kinds of fir. A writer in Loudon's Magazine confirms this statement. "In the early part of last summer," he says, "our attention was attracted by a chaffinch, which, as we sat in our room, we observed to pay repeated visits to a broom bush, immediately in front of our window. The bird remained a considerable time in the bush at each visit, and appeared exceedingly busy about something, hopping from spray to spray. We suspected that the object of plunder was the soft young seeds of the broom, which, at that time, was much in the same state as peas are in when fit to gather. Upon examination, however, we found every part whole and untouched; but the bush was covered with aphides, and these we ascertained, not the soft seeds, were what attracted the chaffinch. Whether the bird devoured the aphides itself, while in the bush, or, as we rather suspect, carried them off for the purpose of feeding the young brood, we cannot say; but an immense number of aphides must have been destroyed during its repeated visits." •

Thus it is with several other of our small birds. They injure our flowers and buds, and we forget how much we owe to them, on the other hand, for their destruction of the insect race. The great Creator has ordained that

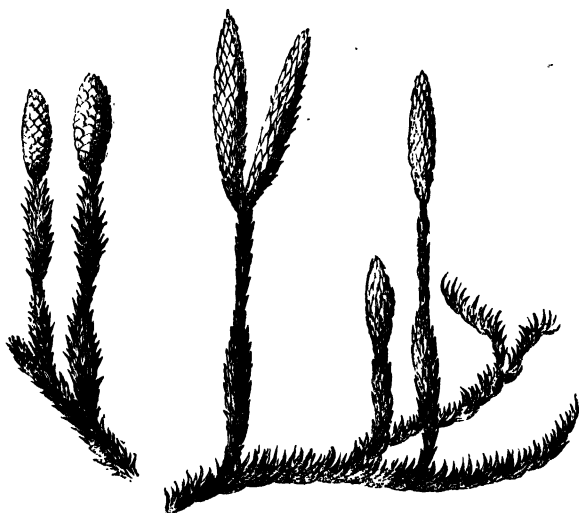
one living creature should prey upon another ; and were one link wanting in the chain, which thus binds them as to a common destiny, the results would be more terrible than we can conceive. It is well known that the foliage and young fruit of orchards and gardens have greatly suffered from the habit of destroying those small birds, which would else have prevented the increase of insects. Mr. Curtis, the author of several valuable botanical works, paid great attention to this subject. He was the owner of large orchards, and so convinced was he, by long observation, of the utility of the small birds, that he would not permit one of his servants to scare them away. Rooks, jays, and even sparrows, are valuable in destroying various insects and their larvæ. The flycatcher, though it deserves its Kentish name of cherry-sucker, yet is perpetually snapping at insects on the wing. The swallow tribe even leave the fruits and buds untouched, and destroy myriads of insects ; and the titmice and other birds peer into the crevices on the barks of trees, or among the mosses and grasses, and carry off the creeping things by thousands. We have only to consider how immense is the number of insects, even in our own land, where they are far less numerous than in tropical countries, and we shall estimate better the instrumentality of the birds. Messrs. Kirby and Spence, after instituting a comparison between the number of British insects with that of British flowering plants, conclude, that on the average there are more than six species of insect to each species of vegetable. "If," say they, "we reckon the flowering vegetables of the globe in round numbers at one hundred thousand species, the number of insects would amount to six hundred thousand. If we say four hundred thousand we shall perhaps not be very wide of the truth." If such is the number of species, that of individuals must be countless as the grains of sand or the drops of ocean.

Were it not for the aid of birds in effecting the destruction of these beautiful but often destructive creatures, the very air would become insupportable from their numbers, and the earth would be made barren by their devastations. Not only would they give pain to man and the lower animals by their stings, or annoy our ears by a perpetual hum, but our very food would be rendered disgusting by their eggs. In the hotter climates, where they are permitted to increase in larger proportion than the birds which feed on them, they become an annoyance which is almost insupportable ; and were it not in those lands that birds are found to lessen their numbers, the locusts and others of the tribe would soon leave the earth without a remnant of green ; and the mosquitos and other insects would, in time, even exterminate man from the face of the earth.

The chaffinch is one of the handsomest of our song birds, and one of the most common birds too. We are all ready to admit that its song is sweet and varied, and even its call-note of "twink, twink," is not unmusical. Yet English ears are not delighted with the music as are those of Germany. The Germans have marked with the greatest accuracy all the niceties of the strain ; and if the bird finishes it by the word "fink," the birdcatchers prize it more highly for what they call its amen. No price is thought too high for the purchase of a well-trained chaffinch ; and as the inhabitants of Thuringia will sometimes give a cow in exchange for a bird distinguished for its song, a common proverb is in use, "Such a chaffinch is worth a cow." Artisans have been known to go ninety miles from home to take with birdlime one of these birds, reputed for its song ; and a common workman will give a louis d'or (sixteen shillings) for a good singer.

## THE FERN TRIBE.—No. X.

## THE CLUB-MOSSES.



COMMON CLUB-MOSSES.

IMMEDIATELY succeeding the Equisetaceæ in the scale of vegetation is a small tribe called Lycopodineæ, or Club-Mosses: these are also in some parts of England named Snake-Mosses, from the manner in which they creep about the ground, interweaving their scaly stems, and matting the surface of half-drained bogs, moors, and heaths. These plants much resemble mosses of a gigantic character; they have a tough, persistent stem, thickly set with stiff short leaves, and bear their capsules sessile, in the axils of the leaves, which are usually narrow and taper-pointed, and without any veins. Lindley says, "When about to reproduce themselves, they emit from the ends of their branches, which are usually forked like the veins in a fern leaf, a slender shoot, of a paler colour than the remainder, and terminated by a yellowish, thickened, oblong, or club-shaped head. Among the hair-pointed heads of the leaf lie, one in the bosom of every leaf, pale yellow cases, opening by two or three valves, and containing either a powdery substance or a few large grains or spores. These are all the means such plants have of propagating themselves; and it is uncertain what the exact difference is in the purposes to which the powder and the spores are severally destined. The latter, no doubt, grow like seeds, but it is not quite certain that the powder grows also." The name of this tribe is derived from two Greek words signifying a wolf and a foot, from its supposed resemblance to a wolf's claw.

There are but six species of this genus in Great Britain, and only one of them, *Lycopodium clavatum*, can be said to be common, and that only in the mountainous regions of our land: this is the largest species, and

sometimes grows to a size of between three and four feet in length; but although the Club-Moss is now seldom found exceeding these dimensions, those preserved among the fossil flora of our coalfields are of colossal stature, far beyond anything which the present order of things exhibits to us.

The six species of which I have spoken are:—*L. clavatum*, the common club-moss; *L. annotinum*, the interrupted club-moss; *L. alpinum*, the savin-leaved club-moss; *L. inundatum*, or marsh club-moss; *L. selaginoides*, the prickly club-moss; *L. selago*, the fin club-moss. These have all more or less of beauty and interest connected with them, but we shall confine our remarks chiefly to the first-named and commonest kind, *L. clavatum*.

Our favourite old herbalist Gerarde, whom we so often quote, says: "There is another kind of mosse which I have not elsewhere found than upon Hampstead Heath, neere unto a little cottage, growing close upon the ground amongst bushes and brakes, which I have showed unto divers surgeons of London, that have walked thither with me for their further knowledge in simples, who have gathered this kind of mosse, whereof some have made them hatbands, girdles, and also bands to tie such things as they have before gathered, for the which purpose it most fitly served. Some pieces whereof are six or eight feet long, consisting, as it were, of many hairy leaves, set upon a tough string, very close couched, and compact together, from which is also sent forth certaine other little branches like the first. In sundrie places there be sent down certaine fine little strings, which serve instead of roots, wherewith it is fastened to the upper part of the earth, and taketh hold likewise upon such things as grow next unto it. There spring also from the branches bare and naked stalkes, on which growe certaine canes, as it were, like the catkins or blowings of the hasell tree, in shape like a little club, on the reed mace, saving that it is much lesser, and of a yellowish-white colour, very well resembling the claw of a wolfe, whereof it tooke his name, which knobby catkins are altogether barren, and bringe forth neither seed nor flower."

Those "divers surgeons" would look rather strange if they were seen entering London in the present day with their hatbands and girdles, and might remind us of fauns and satyrs; as Linnæus says, the sight of the boys in Lapland, whom he saw with their heads decorated with chaplets of it, the double spikes projecting on all sides, did him. Newman tells us of a lady who had a ball dress ornamented with the graceful festoons of this plant, the effect of which must have been very elegant as well as uncommon. The same author gives us a quotation from the 'Itinerary' of Olearius, which describes a singular use of the seeds of the *Lycopodium*; it is as follows:—"We saw at a distance some flames rise suddenly in the air, and as suddenly disappear, and we supposed them to be produced by the Russian plaun, which is much used for this purpose." (We should inform our readers that our author writes from the town of Ardebil, in Prussia.) "The plaun, to explain more fully, is nothing more than a yellow dust, which is beaten out of the *Muscus terrestris*. The moss is called in herbals 'beer-cap,' or 'devil's-claw,' and grows commonly in fir and birch woods, and also on waste lands; I have frequently met with it in the Russian and Livonian woods. It throws out twiu cones, which, when ripe in August, are collected in large quantities, and dried in furnaces; the powder is then beaten out and sold by the pound. I bought several ox-bladders' full, and brought them home with me. Its other uses are in green wounds, recent bruises, and for chafed children, inasmuch as it is of a healing and drying nature; and it is, moreover, used by the Russians

in the Chaldaic fire above spoken of. The powder is placed in a tin case, of elongate conical form, about half an ell in length, or sometimes shorter; this is taken in the hand, and a burning light or torch is placed at the aperture. The case is then waved about in the air, so that the plaun flows through the aperture and then ignites, producing a bright flame; when the motion is rapidly repeated, so that one flame follows another, it produces a very extraordinary effect. Fine fun may be made in company if a tobacco-pipe be secretly filled with this plaun, and held to the light and blown into. A strong flame, suddenly and unexpectedly to those sitting around, proceeds from it, and that it may produce a great noise they mix it with powdered birch leaves. The plaun powder has the property of igniting only when it is dusted through a flame in the air, and not otherwise, even if a light or torch be placed in it, or it be cast on live coals. In case the plaun is not to be obtained, finely-powdered, sweet-scented gum or resin will answer the purpose, and this, besides the amusement, produces a pleasant smell. The plaun has no particular smell, and produces no smoke." That this powder has highly inflammable qualities seems undoubted; and Sir J. E. Smith says that it is still used on the stage in Germany for producing artificial lightning. Another property has been recounted by some writers, that of repelling water; and Newman says that if a quantity of it is scattered on water, so as to cover its surface, the finger may be partially immersed without being wetted, and that in consequence of this property a manufacture has been made and advertised "the patent *Lycopodium* waterproof cloth." Whether there is really any of this powder used in its fabrication or not may, however, be considered a very doubtful point. This plant was formerly considered of high medicinal uses, but it no longer holds a place in the English Pharmacopœia: but it has its important uses; one is said to be that of restoring injured wine, whence the German's "weingrein:" but another, perhaps more justly ascribed to it, is that its roots, which are tough, wiry, and tortuous in their growth, serve so to bind the surface of the soil on lofty and exposed mountains as to secure it from crumbling and wasting away, which, from the wear of the elements it would otherwise be liable to do, so that the growth of this humble plant may be considered as one more among the many illustrations afforded us by nature of the preservative arrangements which God's providence has provided by raising up in the very soil thus exposed a means of its preservation and of repair. It also acts very beneficially in sheltering the roots of plants from the effects of heat, and preserving the moisture which is necessary to their existence. Mr. Ward, in his interesting work on the 'Growth of Plants in closely-glazed Cases,' tells us, as elucidatory of some statements with regard to the importance of moisture to the life of plants, of an instance where the *Rhododendron Dalhousie* annually appeared on a bank in a garden situated in the Himalaya. Being much exposed to heat, this plant never became established, the young seedlings always perishing, until there sprang up an abundance of our *Lycopodium clavatum*, *Marchantia*, and a *Selaginella*, which retained such a constant supply of moisture that the *rhododendron* from that time flourished and bloomed in perfection.

The other species of club-moss which we have named differs materially from this and from each other in size and in some other points; but the general characteristics of all are alike, and none of them seems invested with any property peculiar to itself except the last on our list, the Fin Club-moss. This is said to have cathartic and emetic qualities, and to be used for such purposes in the Highlands of Scotland, as also in Sweden. It is also

used in the Isle of Raasay, near Skye, for fixing the colours in dyeing woollen cloths.

The Interrupted Club-moss is peculiar, from its sending out long branches which annually increase in length, the growth of each year being very decidedly marked by the altered length and direction of the leaves, so as to give it an almost jointed appearance: from this marking of its yearly growth it derives its specific name, *annotinum*.

The savin-leaved species sends out clusters of branches, each of which is tipped by a capsule, so as to have a densely-tufted appearance, and its leaves are of a bluer tint than those of either of its congeners.

The Marsh Club-moss throws up a solitary spike, and is small and insignificant; and the Prickly is distinguished by its serrated and jagged leaves and roundish capsules; whilst the Fin Club-moss is so peculiar and complicated in its mode of fructification that we must waive all description of it, and refer our readers to other and more elaborated descriptions of the Lycopodineæ.

There are two other separate families, each of which contains but one species—to which we must slightly allude, as they close up the link between the ferns and mosses—and these are the Isoetæ, or quillworts, and the Marsileaceæ, or pillworts.

The former of these, *Isoetes lacustris*, grows at the bottoms of mountain lakes, beneath deep still waters. Its roots, which are about three or five inches long, and spring from a tuber about the size of a hazel nut, are flexible, tubular, and semipellucid. Newman says that he considers the tuber to be analogous to the tufted rhizoma in a fern; it is somewhat bilobed, and covered with a dark spongy coating, but internally pure white, with a small nearly pellucid centre, from which the leaves seem to spring. The leaves are sessile, and rise from the crown of the tuber, very broad at the base, and furnished with membranous margins, which clasp the inner leaves much in the same manner as the scales of a lily bulb. As the leaves rise they become cylindrical, inclining to quadrangular, and terminate in a sharp point. There are longitudinal divisions in the interior of the leaves, and these are subdivided by transverse ones, which, showing through the cuticle, make the leaf appear jointed. The leaves, which are very brittle, preserve the same appearance throughout the year. The fructification is very curious; it consists of capsules, about the size of swan shot, placed singly at the base of each leaf, in the very substance of which they are imbedded, only a very small part of the capsule being visible through a circular aperture in the anterior face of the leaf. The capsules are hard and membranous, and some of them contain rough white seeds, filled with transparent and oily fluid, which they retain even for years, whilst others are filled with seeds of a very much smaller size, so small as to be scarcely superior to the pollen granules in flowering plants. Some of the seeds when mature are floated off, probably on decayed fragments of the leaf on which they grew, and germinate at a distance from the parent plant; but the greater part germinate *in situ*, and throw up most dense tufts of slender leaves of a vivid and very delicate green. This curious plant abounds in our northern lakes, and is found at West-water, Derwent-water, &c., also at Llanberis, and other Welsh, Scotch, and Irish stations, but is unknown in the south of England.

Its congener, *Pilularia globulifera*, the pillwort, or pepper-grass, grows on the margins of ponds and swamps: it is distributed throughout England and Wales, yet though widely distributed, it is but sparingly

scattered. The roots are flexible, slender, and slightly branched, hollow, and longitudinally divided: they spring from a hollow creeping rhizoma, generally three or four in a cluster, and at distances from each other of about one-third of an inch. Immediately above each cluster of roots rises an equal number of erect, slender, smooth, pointed, thread-like leaves, which, like the roots and rhizomata, are hollow. Like ferns, these leaves make their first appearance in a circinate, or rolled-up form.

The capsule is placed on a short stalk in the axils of the leaves; it grows to about the size of a peppercorn (whence its name of pepper-grass); the form is that of a sphere, slightly elongated at its apex, and densely clothed with hair. When mature it opens at the point, and divides into four parts, each of which continues attached at its base to the common foot-stalk: within these divisions are contained the parts of fructification. In September and October, according to Jussieu, the seeds may be seen floating and germinating on the surface of the water.

We have now concluded the list of plants which are ranked amongst ferns and their allies, and it may not be considered out of place to remark, before we pass on to their humbler congeners, the lichens and mosses, to how many uses the different species of these plants, so low as they are in the scale of vegetation, are applied. The rhizoma of several species of fern contains so much starch as to make them serviceable as articles of diet, the *Pteris aquilina* being eaten by the natives of Van Diemen's Land and other countries when roasted as bread, and is also readily fed on by pigs and other cattle, besides being used in tanning. Starch is made from the rhizomata of many ferns, and the quantity of alkali they contain make them very valuable to the soap and glass makers, besides fitting them for manure. Many species have medicinal qualities. Amongst the *Equisetaceæ* we find some which are important articles of commerce, on account of the siliceous matter contained in their stems; and in the class last reviewed, the club-mosses, we also find some medicinal properties, and in the commonest kind, the "vegetable brimstone" as it is called, an inflammable property which makes its spores a valuable article of sale; and, as we have before noticed, it is exceedingly useful in binding the soil in exposed situations, as well as in preserving the roots of other plants from the influence of too great heat. Thus in the structure of even His least works, our God leaves not himself without witness of His power and skill, and of His goodness and love to man.

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THE RESCUE.—No. I.

WHO has not in the course of his life acknowledged Christmas, even apart from its holy associations, to be a season of joy, of social happiness, of such gratifications as are peculiar to itself! But connect these household delights with a due and thankful remembrance of the universal blessing to mankind it commemorates, and there is no part of the year richer in actual enjoyment, nor one which is more fondly treasured in remembrance—one more sacred to affection.

The red berries of the holly were showing bright on the snow-sprinkled boughs, and the grass, crisp with the hoar-frost, which gemmed every twig and blade, betrayed every foot that had pressed it, when two youths, with cheeks glowing with health, and cleared by the keen air, reached the door of a respectable house in the village of Denton.



"It is here that I am going to call," said William Merton, the elder of the two.

His companion, Frederick Hargrave, looked surprised.

"Here!" exclaimed he, "your friends live here?"

There was no time for a reply. William, springing on the step, struck the door with his cane; and not waiting for the sharp "Come in" which would have doubtless followed, he laid his hand on the latch and entered without hesitation. An exclamation of joy at once burst from the lips of a good-humoured but plain-looking female.

"How do?" cried William, hastening towards her, and shaking her cordially by the hand. "Are you quite well, Mrs. Stretton?"

"Quite well," replied she, "and all the better for the sight of you. I declare I was just talking of you. I knew the holidays could not be far off, and—"

"That I would not lose any time in coming to see you," said William, briskly; "you were quite right. I have not been at home above an hour."

"Bless your dear heart," cried she, "it's just like you: but have you had anything to eat? I have got some nice new bread, just drawn out of the oven, and some beautiful new butter that has not been churned two hours. My neighbour here, Mrs. Jenkins," and she pointed to a farmer's wife, who had risen from her chair, and stood doubtful whether to show herself or steal away, "has this minute brought it as a Christmas present. Will you have a crust?"

"That I will, and with pleasure," returned he, "and so will you, won't you, Frederick? Mrs. Stretton, this is a friend of mine, the greatest friend I have at Eton."

"Then I am sure he is welcome, as welcome as yourself," returned she; "a chair, neighbour, please, for the young gentleman; here's one for you, Mr. William."

He instantly placed himself at the table, and motioned to Frederick to follow his example, at the same time desiring Mrs. Jenkins not to go away on his account, as he should not be able to stay long.

"And how is Mr. Stretton?" inquired he; "quite well, I hope, and as busy as ever?"

"He turned up Tiger yesterday," replied she, "to be ready for you. He was very busy, but he must have been busy indeed if he had not found time to attend to your concerns. He is looking out for you, you may depend, if he has time to look at all."

"I must run to speak to him before I begin to eat," cried William, laying down his knife; "go on, Frederick, I won't be a moment; I shall find him at the forge as usual, I sup—"

"No, you will not," exclaimed a robust, powerful man, with a remarkable open and manly countenance, meeting him at the door; "I caught a glimpse of you just as I was giving that awkward beast of Simpson's his leg again; and though I did not grudge my old lass the first speak of you, I saw no reason why she should have you all to herself."

"How well you look!" said William, grasping the swarthy hand of the smith in his.

"And you, too," returned he, casting his eyes with admiration over him; "why, you have grown nights and days, too; fine colt, fine horse before long, or I am no judge."

He stood gazing on the youth with increasing approbation, while Frederick's astonishment at his companion's "friends" grew every moment

greater. Questions were quickly asked on each side, and as quickly answered. One interest seemed to influence the party, and, strange as it appeared, one bond of affection evidently united each to the other.

"And how do the spectacles fit?" asked William.

"As if they were made for me," replied Mrs. Stretton; "very different from the others; and I can see with them, ay, as I used once to see without."

"I am glad of that," said he; "I was very particular as to the directions I gave about them; I don't think I forgot to name a single thing you wished."

"They can't do better," exclaimed she, "I can read anything now; not that I wanted these or any other glasses to read the beautiful Bible you gave my husband."

"She may say that," cried Stretton, "almost a blind woman might see that print; I am sure you have been thanked almost as often as we have looked into it, and that is every night since we had it."

William smiled: "I am happy to hear it," said he.

"Happy at what?" asked Stretton; "that we read the Bible every night, or that we can see to read it?"

"Both," returned William, "for both are comforts to you."

"But the Greek!" said he, with a knowing look, "how is that going on? I suppose you are quite master of it now, and can make it out as easy as I can the County Chronicle?"

William laughed. "Not quite so easy as that," replied he, "but it does not give me a great deal of trouble."

"And you, young gentleman, said Stretton, turning to Frederick, "you have to learn Greek and Latin and all those outlandish things, I dare say; but you shall have something better to do here than pore over books. I wish I had known you had been coming; Mr. William's friends, you see, are my friends; love me, love my dog."

Frederick was not only proud, but totally unaccustomed to any society but that of his equals; and though it would be asserting too much to say that he was offended at Stretton's manner, or familiarity as he felt it, he was certainly by no means pleased. He made no observation, however, but continued to eat in silence, while the other continued looking at William.

"I have got such a pair of skates for you! I picked them out of three or four dozen; they'll fit you like a glove, I know"—he took them from the shelf and presented them—"now try them on." He looked again at Frederick. "How I wish I had a pair for you, too!"

"I am obliged to you," said he; "but they would be of no use to me—I can't skate."

"No!" returned Stretton, "then we must make you: it is no use coming into the country in the winter, if you can't share our winter sports. Well, Mr. William, are the skates on?"

"Almost," answered he. "Now look, Mr. Stretton; see how well they fit. They are just such a pair as I was wishing for."

"How glad am I!" said she, "my husband was so pleased when he brought them home; he would have been sadly disappointed if they had not suited you."

"And what am I to pay for them?" asked William.

"Pay for them!" repeated Stretton; "you don't think I meant to be paid for them, I hope?"

William smiled. "I don't think I do," replied he; "at all events this is my first Christmas present, which is another reason for my being pleased at receiving it—so thank you very much. But now, Frederick, we must go. What a hole we have made in your loaf, Mr. Stretton; I am almost ashamed!"

"There's no shame when there's no sin," cried she.

"To be sure not," interrupted her husband; "and the sin and the shame would be if we either of us thought much of what you had eaten."

"Perhaps not," said William: "but tell me, how are you getting on with your lawsuit?"

"Pretty well," replied Stretton; "I hope it will be decided at the Lent Assizes. The witness, on whose evidence everything in my case depends, is returned from America, after we all thought he was dead, and is come to settle here again."

"How fortunate!" said William, pulling up his glove, which did not now present a wrinkle; "it would be a serious thing to you, would it not, if you were to lose your suit?"

"I believe it would," replied he; "it would be no less than my ruin. The fruit of twenty years' hard labour, with the little sum my poor old father left me, would be kicked down at a blow, and gone for ever. It is the most fortunate thing in the world that Morris is come to life, for so he is to us."

William and his companion were now standing. "I must go now," said the former; "good-bye, Mrs. Stretton. I have got some excellent tea for you—Twining's best. I know it is the right sort, for I called there myself as I passed through the city. I would have brought it myself, but it was in my carpet-bag, and that had been taken up-stairs; but you shall have it. Come, Frederick, we must be off—" and he seized the skates as he spoke.

"And so must I be off," exclaimed Stretton; "I have no business to be here los—no! I won't say losing my time, since I have been talking with you. But stay, you must not carry those skates yourself, one of my boys shall bring them up in the evening."

William, however, persisted in carrying the skates, and again shaking hands cordially with both Mr. and Mrs. Stretton, he left the house.

Scarcely had the door closed, when Mrs. Jenkins, who had retired to the farther part of the room whilst the young gentlemen were eating, came hastily forward, looking, as she professed, the picture of astonishment.

"Why! goodness me, Mrs. Stretton," exclaimed she, "that surely must be, tall as he is grown, Sir Richard's eldest son! I am all surprise."

"At what?" demanded she. "Oh! I suppose at his being so familiar with us. No wonder. I recollect, now, that you have not lived very long in this place; but sit down, and have a crust of bread, too."

Mrs. Jenkins thanked her, and without waiting for a second invitation helped herself.

"Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Stretton, "I don't wonder at your being surprised to see how he behaves to us—and it is always so; if he were our own son he could not treat us better, nor could we love him more. But there is always a reason for everything, or leastways there ought to be; and there is a reason for this. Did you never hear talk of the great fire that there was at the hall some ten years ago?"

"No," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "I can't say I have."

"Ay, so it is!" cried she; "that's always the way. Nothing lasts

long in people's mind, if they have not reaped some benefit from the business, or had some share in it; and not always then. There is little cause to be proud of any act, good or brave as it may be, and little to be built on the praises bestowed on it at the time, though never so loud and in everybody's mouth; a new thing will always put out an old one, or the old one dies away of itself. If it is not a pleasant thought that man soonest forgets what God remembers, and longest remembers what God mercifully wipes out of His memory, yet it has its use, for it may check our vanity, and be a warning to us to be humble."

"Very true, Mrs. Stretton," returned the other; "a good turn done to a person is often as soon covered over in the mind as a child's steps in the sand by the seashore; a hasty word, or a trifling injury on the other hand, often makes so deep a print that the full tide can scarce wash it out."

"Not where people are really and truly Christians," said Mrs. Stretton; "it is a sad thing to say, but there's no denying it—it is easy to be ungrateful, and hard to forgive, which to my mind just proves that what our Saviour taught does not only come from God, but the very power to profit by his teaching also. No one, you may be sure, can so conquer his nature as to be always humble enough to remember a kindness, or to pardon a wrong but by some means stronger than his nature; and what can that be but the special grace of God?"

"I don't dispute it," said Mrs. Jenkins; and she was wise not to attempt it. Well would it be if many, esteeming themselves infinitely her superiors, were to follow her example. Silence is many times wisdom, and never more so than on subjects which we either do not comprehend, or have given ourselves no concern or trouble to acquaint ourselves with. "With your leave," continued she, "I will come nearer the fire. The permission was readily granted; fresh fuel was supplied, and Mrs. Stretton being again "settled," her visitor expressed a desire to learn the particulars of the calamity to which allusion had been made.

Mrs. Stretton had never an aversion to talk, and especially on a subject which interested her so deeply as the present. She prefaced her narration, however, by saying she was obliged to be very particular, for fear that in telling it so often she should make variations that might at least puzzle herself to remember whether things were so or not.

"It was in November 18—, two days after Gunpowder Plot," she began, "Sir Richard and his lady were gone on a visit a few miles distant for a few days, leaving Master William and his sister, then a baby in arms, at the hall. November has many dull days in it, as you know, but the day on which the fire happened was more so than usual. I am not one to be moved much by things of that sort—"

"Oh! you have always been too comfortable to give way to them," interrupted Mrs. Jenkins. "Kind words and looks, and a home that everywhere tells of 'well-to-do,' leaves few crevices in the heart for fancies to creep into and worry."

"It may be so," said Mrs. Stretton, "but that's not to my purpose now. Well, as I was saying, that day was the dullest of all the dull days I had ever seen in November. There was such a weight in the air, and such a stillness, that one's own breathing was at times almost startling. Sometimes a hollow moan would come up sighing among the trees, then a sudden gust of wind would rush through the boughs, scattering the remaining leaves in showers, or whirl those that were already on the ground

to a height almost out of sight. I was glad to close the shutters and take my work by the fire. I happened to be alone, my husband for a wonder being at the Crane. But nothing would do. I was as sad as if some calamity had happened to me. At length I heard his step, and right glad at his coming I ran to the door, and opened it for him. 'What! did you think me long?' said he. 'I wanted you to come home very much,' said I. 'And why?' said he; 'is anything the matter?' 'Nothing at all,' said I, 'only I feel so sad. I do think some misfortune is hanging over us.' 'Nonsense!' said he; 'I gave you credit for being wiser. Weather like this, and some little disorder within, would make any one sad, without any such fancy as yours—ay! or in the face of the greatest good that was about to befall us.' 'But don't you think,' said I, 'one might have a feeling of something about —' 'I think no such thing,' said he, 'or if I did, I would not encourage it. Put your trust in God's good providence is my maxim.' 'Yes,' said I, 'but don't you think He might show His providence this way, by warning us now, or —' 'We know nothing about it,' said he, 'nor is it any business of ours to be over-curious in such matters. When God intends to be heard, you may be sure He will make us hear and understand too. It is enough for us, in the meanwhile, to commit all to Him, and wait His good time in everything.' 'But if I should think different from you,' said I, 'and believe that such feelings have a meaning?' 'Then act upon what you believe,' said he, 'not in making yourself weak in the fear of evil, but strengthening yourself in the power of Him who alone can permit it; conclude that there is something for you to do; be active, rather than sit still and suffer. Whilst, however, I believe, as I really do, that God orders all things in heaven and earth, and that for our good, and am sure He will make His will known at the right time, and at the right time only, I shall never be troubling myself to search for what it is not in my power to find out, or, finding out, be able to prevent. Give me the Bible, and we will finish the chapter we began last night.'"

"How I envy you!" sighed Mrs. Jenkins, "*we* never read."

"What! not the Bible?" returned Mrs. Stretton.

"No!" replied she, "neither the Bible nor anything else."

"The more's the pity," said Mrs. Stretton, warmly; "let any married pair that have followed the custom as I and my husband have, say whether it has not been a blessing to them; comfort in sorrow, joy in happiness, a sweetener of temper, and a stay to virtue, cementing affection, and smoothing the rugged paths that man and wife must tread, be their condition what it may. If you love your husband, or love yourself; if you would do well to yourselves, or to your children, manage in some way or other to get this custom into your family."

"My husband will never consent to it," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"Let no wife despair in a good cause," returned Mrs. Stretton; "there is more to be feared from not making the attempt than from failing in it. Set about it in a right way, and if you do not succeed, at least you will have no cause to repent of what you have done."

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**MARRIAGE** is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.

## SAND-STORMS.



IN the hot sandy deserts of Arabia, Africa, and other places the wind from particular quarters is rendered hot and dry in passing over the heated surface of the sandy waste; and when violent, it raises the sand in clouds sufficient to darken the air, or forms it into columns which move about like water-spouts in the desert. Such a storm is called *Simoom* in Arabia, and *Sirocco* in Africa. The Arabs are said to perceive its approach by a sulphureous smell, and an unusual redness in the quarter whence it comes. The sky, usually serene and cloudless, becomes overcast; the whole atmosphere appears to be on fire; the dust and sand are carried high into the air, which assumes a reddish, or bluish, or yellowish tint, according to the nature and colour of the ground from which the dust arises. The yellow, however, always more or less prevails. In a stormy simoom, witnessed by Burckhardt, he says that a pretty correct idea of the appearance of the air may be formed, in looking through a glass of a light-yellow colour. During these storms the heat is very oppressive. Burckhardt has seen the thermometer stand at 121° in the shade; and such is the dryness of the air, that water sprinkled on the ground is dried up in a few minutes. The most disagreeable effect of this hot air on man is, that it stops perspiration, dries up the palate, and produces great restlessness.

When a sand-storm overtakes travellers in the open desert, they sometimes lie flat on the ground until it passes over, as these storms always move at a certain height in the atmosphere. The camels and other animals also bow down their heads, and bury their nostrils in the sand. The danger is said to be greatest when the wind blows in squalls, which raise up so much sand that it is impossible to see to the distance of a few yards. "In these cases, the traveller generally lies down on the lee side of his camel; but as the desert is soon blown up to the level of its body, both are obliged frequently to rise and replace them-

selves in a new position, in order to avoid being entirely covered. In many instances, however, from weariness, faintness, or sleepiness, occasioned by the great heat, and often from a feeling of despair, both men and animals remain on the ground, and in twenty minutes they are buried under a loaf of sand." The simoom usually lasts three days, but if it exceed that time it becomes insupportable. In its less violent degree, it will blow for hours with little force, although with oppressive heat.

There is no doubt that the dangers of these storms have been greatly exaggerated. The experienced traveller Burckhardt, who seldom relates anything but of his own knowledge, describes the most tremendous hurricane of the desert he ever witnessed. He says, "A dark-blue cloud first appeared, extending to about 25° above the horizon; as it approached nearer, and increased in height, it assumed an ash-grey colour, with a tint of yellow, striking every person in the caravan, who had not been accustomed to such phenomena, with amazement at its magnificent and terrific appearance. As the cloud approached still nearer, the yellow tinge became more general, while the horizon presented the brightest azure. At last, it burst upon us in its rapid course, and involved us in darkness and confusion: nothing could be distinguished at the distance of five or six feet; our eyes were filled with dust; our temporary sheds were blown down at the very first gust, and many of the more firmly-fixed tents followed; the largest withstood for a time the force of the blast, but were at last obliged to yield, and the whole camp was levelled to the ground. In the mean time, the terrified camels arose, broke the cords by which they were fastened, and endeavoured to escape from the destruction which appeared to threaten them."

Mr. Buckingham describes one of these sand-storms, as commencing with a dull red mist, not unlike the sunrise skies of northern climates; and soon afterwards forming large columns of sand and dust, which were whirled up into the air, and carried along in a body over the plain with a slow and stately motion. "One of these, apparently from eighty to a hundred feet in diameter, was certainly of sufficient force, by its constant whirling motion, to throw both men and animals off their legs; so that if crossing a crowded caravan, and broken by the interruption of its course, the danger of suffocation to those buried beneath its fall would be very great."

Such are the sand-storms of the desert, which, in some respects, resemble the snow-storms or *Tourmentes* of the Swiss Alps. "They consist of furious and tempestuous winds, somewhat of the nature of a whirlwind, which occur on the summit ridges and elevated gorges of the Alps, either accompanied by snow, or filling the air with that recently fallen, while the flakes are still dry, tossing them about like powder or dust. In an instant the atmosphere is filled with snow; earth, sky, mountain, abyss, and landmark of every kind, are obliterated from view, as though a curtain were let down on all sides of the wanderer. All trace of path, or of the footsteps of preceding travellers, are at once effaced, and the poles planted to mark the direction of the road are frequently overturned. In some places, the gusts sweep the rock bare of snow, heaping it up in others, perhaps across the path, to a height of twenty feet or more, barring all passage, and driving the wayfarer to despair. At every step he fears to plunge into an abyss, or sink over head in the snow. Large parties of men and animals have been overwhelmed by the snow-wreaths on the St. Gothard, where they sometimes attain a height of forty or fifty feet."

THE  
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A VISIT TO CYPRUS.—No. III.



LIMERSOLE.

WEARILY we plodded along under the broiling heat of a midday sun. Our umbrellas were rendered entirely useless, from the circumstance of violent gusts of wind occasionally eddying up from the sea-side, and sweeping by



with such destructive force as to threaten not only utterly to annihilate these protectors from heat, but actually to unhorse us if we ventured to hold on to the bent whalebones; we had therefore no resource left us but to shut them up and brave the sun's fierce rays as best we could. The first place we passed was an aqueduct of very great extent, and which had doubtless originally served for the transport of excellent water from the neighbourhood of ancient Paphos into the low lands, where its want is so acutely felt, and where its presence would be an additional incitive to agricultural pursuits. This aqueduct has long since fallen into ruins, and been utterly neglected; but, with a very trifling expense, it could be rebuilt and rendered serviceable, and any other than the present inhabitants would long since have accomplished this feat. For four hours we rode over a pleasant plain, in a very partial state of cultivation, but abounding with wild flowers and game of several descriptions. If it had not been for the excessive heat of the day, and the great glare thrown up from the parched earth, we might have enjoyed our ride exceedingly. To our left, varying in distance from a mile and a half to two miles from us, according to the formation of the coast, were the cool-looking blue waters of the Mediterranean; whilst to our right a long defile of mountains presented a very variegated aspect as the shadows of fleeting clouds rested for a while on the golden-tinged leaves of the countless cypress trees, and clothed all around in brown obscurity. The tints and shades over ocean and plain were also beautiful in the extreme; and not the least pleasurable sensation in the glare of that noontide heat was to watch the dark ripple of the coming sea-breeze upon the deep-blue surface of the waters—see how it sported with the ready-spread sails of long-becalmed boats and vessels, which, regardless of the helmsman's care, were drifting slowly to-and-fro as the tide set them—and, best of all, to bare our shirt collars and bosoms to its welcome and balmy breath, as after long-protracted promises it finally swept past us, laden with all the balmy freshness and health of the distant ocean. As the sea-breeze increased, our languid frames gained fresh energies, and, setting spurs to our willing steeds, we cantered merrily over the plain, the wind whistling by us like so many rifle-shot; and by half-past 11 A.M., we arrived at the village of Mazatos, situated on an agreeable declivity at the foot of one of the lesser mountains of a continuous chain that extends from Nicosia to the south-eastermost extremity of the island. Mazatos was but a miserable village, inhabited entirely by Greek peasantry, under the supervision of a duly-appointed kekiah. The inhabitants subsist chiefly upon the produce of their vines, and rear a few silkworms, which supply a small portion of silk annually that is bartered or sold to the Italian and French shipmasters frequenting the port of Larnacca. Sesame-seed was being planted for the first time, and, as the results proved, answered their most sanguine expectations. The villagers were hospitable and civil, and the trees furnished ample shade to prove a pleasant resting-place for the brief hour that we sojourned here. Fruit was plentiful and good, and so was wine, but we could neither for love nor money procure any milk. Strange to say that, though fish must be abundant in the many inlets and small bays within twenty minutes' walk of Mazatos, and though the natives are oftentimes subjected to rigorous fasts in which, at intervals, fish is permitted as a luxurious indulgence, not one of the natives had in his possession either a fishing-line or a net; vegetables were plentiful, and every house was well stocked with poultry, which they eagerly sold to us at ridiculously cheap prices. The old kekiah

complained sadly of the heavy taxations levied by the local government, and of the inadequate means at his disposal to meet them. But though the soil was rich and inviting, and though they had almost certain prospects of handsome profits accruing, the natives listlessly preferred poverty, their pipes, and the shades of their much-loved cypress-trees, to any golden realities which entailed the necessity of a little labour and fatigue. At about an hour after midday we mounted again, and pursued our course in a S.W. direction; very soon the road diverged towards the west, and we entered upon an extensive and fertile country, to which our Greek guide gave the name of *Laconicos*, said to have been so called from a race of people of that name that in former ages dwelt in these parts. Here was a rich tract of country utterly desolate! the soil replete with spontaneous vegetation, wild flowers and brambles, and the base of the mountains thickly set with dark cypress-trees; but not a human being or a hut to be met with. Occasionally a frightened jackal yelled forth his astonishment at the sudden and unexpected apparition of men, and then scoured over the plain with lightning speed. We had brought our guns with us partly for protection's sake, though that appeared little needed in so perfect a wilderness, and partly because we had been truthfully informed that there was excellent shooting by the way. So long as the sun continued high above the horizon we were too much intent upon the best means of securing our aching heads from the fierce heat of his almost vertical rays. Partridges flew up on all sides; hares scampered across our pathway; wild doves and pigeons flew overhead in legions; but still the guns hung listlessly over our backs, and we urged our weary steeds onward, anxious to reach some shady spot or pleasant spring where we might rest a while in the shade, and slake a thirst which had now become almost insupportable. We presently crossed two little streams, situated about an hour's distance apart from each other, and the muddy, nauseous water that these afforded was even rejected by our thirsty animals, though they alleviated our sufferings in a great measure by enabling us to rinse out our parched-up mouths, and moisten the sun-split lips. Two hours after this, and as the sun was sinking low in the west, we sighted the banks of the famed river *St. Helena*, so called in honour of the mother of the emperor Constantine, who landed at the mouth of this river on her return from the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Here we bivouacked for the night; tent we had none, neither was there any house to afford us a shelter; but our famous Cyprus *capotes* were an ample protection from the dew, and the surrounding country afforded brushwood and fuel, with which we heaped up little bonfires all around our encampment, not so much for warmth's sake as to serve as a protection against wild beasts, and that more insidious enemy the viper, with which this part of the country was reported to abound. Be this as it may, fatigue and exercise caused us to sleep as soundly as any prince pillowed on down; and the next morning the bright morning star and the early song of the lark awoke us to the gratifying sensation of having slept soundly and safely throughout the night long. Before starting for *Limersole* we strayed along the bankside of the river; the dew was yet heavy upon the ground, and the earth in many places so thickly overgrown with brushwood that we could with difficulty disentangle ourselves and our guns from the brambles. Vipers, doubtless, were plentiful, though we met with none, but then our heavy, thick shooting-boots set their venom at defiance. After a while we came upon the haunts of game; the small swamps near the banks swarmed with

wild waterfowl, and the thicker brushwood was well peopled with partridges, quails and hares. The result of an hour's sport told wonderfully upon our game-bags; and when we mounted and pursued our way towards Limersole, we had the satisfaction of knowing that however inhospitable or poverty-stricken the inhabitants might chance to prove, we were at least independent of them for that day's dinner. The sun rose with a highly-inflamed complexion, and only condescended to shine upon the earth for a few brief minutes, speedily enveloping himself with portentous clouds which were scudding overhead towards the north-east; the sea, too, broke heavily upon the cliffs and shingles of the coast, and the loud echo of the clamorous voice of the waves fell upon the ear ominously. There was evidently a gale brewing in some quarter, and we knew not how soon or from whence it would burst forth in fury; so we hurried along our horses to the utmost stretch of their walking capacities—galloping, cantering, or even trotting was out of the question over a road where every second stone was loose and slippery. As we advanced the day became more gloomy, and the wind freshened apace: setting aside the fear of getting a thorough soaking, there was something so exhilarating and buoyant in the cool atmosphere that we were full of mirth and spirits, and rode on with grateful hearts towards that Great Benefactor who had fixed the changes and the seasons for the comfort and happiness of his creatures. No one knows how to appreciate a gloomy day save those who have resided in hot eastern climes, where the perpetual glare and sunshine dazzles the eye and makes the brow ache, and long again for the cloudy days and showers of the monsoon, or, as in Cyprus, the winter. To us this day had especial charms. Ever and anon, as we reached an elevated point, we paused a few moments to gaze on the grand, the sublime, landscape and sea-view to the left: angrily buffeting with obstinate black rocks, white with foaming rage, high up in the air sprung the scattered surge of the surf; further on still, and the ocean was tossed with restless billows—the blue sea of yesterday was dark and sullen, variegated ever and anon by the white-crested wave which burst in contact with the wind. Far as the eye could reach in the dim horizon all was dark blackness, and it was difficult to define where the sight was bounded as regards the sea, or where the heavy black bank of clouds commenced that girt the horizon round with the lightning's bands of the coming storm. Then in the centre of this vast waste of angry waters, like frightened birds, vessels and boats were scudding before the breeze—every available sail set and spread out like wings to carry them one hour sooner, were it possible, to the wished-for haven; now rising on the crested wave, now falling in the sunken deep hollow; now rolling heavily from side to side, now darting forward with lightning-speed; then checked abruptly by the overpowering volume of some huge wave that scatters its foam high above the topmost masts, and staggering beneath the blow, like a man smitten even unto death. Brave ship! she rights again, and flies onward with a greater speed. Heaven guide her safely to the wished-for port. We look to our right, and the dark mountain tops—dark with the foliage of countless trees, look white in comparison to the heavy black sky beyond and above them, as the trees wave and bend beneath the fierce gusts that outride the gale; their white branches glitter in the air like warriors' lances, and they moan incessantly; the tall grass bends to the sighing breeze; the brambles are denuded of leaves and dried twigs, which are whipt up high into the air and so disappear in a cloud of dust; and midst the universal moaning of nature the distant voice of the thunder is heard

growling discontentedly like a bloodhound held in chains, which yearns to be set free that it may sweep unimpeded on its dreadful way. These notes are notes of warning to us, however, so we speed on again, and after about five hours' ride we reach the river *Mithante* (or *Amathante*), whose turbid waters are swollen, and the shadow of the storm hangs heavily upon the foliage that clusters around her banks. Crossing this river we set our horses to their utmost speed, for the road was now better, and a few heavy drops of rain that fell as big as half-crown pieces upon the earth, warned us that there was no time to be lost; and it was just four o'clock by the muezzin's call when we galloped into the village of Limersole, and descended at the aga's house, who was governor of this district. It is well that we arrived when we did, for in about half an hour afterwards a most frightful gale set in, and lasted without a moment's intermission till about two hours after midnight; but of this, more anon. Our game-bag was placed at the aga's disposal, and he forthwith sent it to the ladies of his harem, to be cooked for our evening repast. We found the governor a courteous, well-bred gentleman, a native of Stamboul; he did everything in his power to render us comfortable for the night, and we, being exhausted and hungry, did most ample justice to the good things he set before us. After dinner, coffee and pipes were introduced, and amidst the deafening roar of heaven's artillery and the fury of the wind and rain, we sat down easily on the governor's divan and made keif. Limersole is a considerable town for Cyprus, and contained nearly three thousand inhabitants, of whom at least two thousand were Turks. Olives, mulberries, and figs were abundant, and the inhabitants had with some success introduced the sessame seed. Of course grape-vines were numerous. Silk and olive oil, however, and a small quantity of cotton, constituted the staple commodities of commerce. The women, both Turkish and Greek, went about with their faces uncovered, and conversed freely with us; and the governor's daughter, a fine strapping girl of fifteen, who at that age in other parts of Turkey would have been closely confined within the precincts of the harem, sat down by our side and entered freely into conversation in the presence of her father and other Moslem guests. The governor and his daughter were highly delighted with some paintings we showed them of those parts of the island which we had already visited, and which they instantly recognised. This intelligent man informed us, that in the vicinity of Paphos there still existed ruins of what had once been sugar-factories, an evident proof that the cane had once been cultivated to some extent on the island, and a surety of its success were it to be introduced there again. He argued that from calculations he had made of the available land in the immediate vicinity of Limersole, which from its moistness was best adapted to the growth of the sugar-cane, he could with facility plant from eighty to a hundred thousand canes, and for the matter of that, the water in the neighbourhood was so plentiful and so easily supplied, that the whole country might be advantageously laid out as *sugar land*—*urd el sucre*, to use his own words. His tenure was too uncertain and his means inadequate, or else he himself would have set an example well worthy of imitation. There is one great advantage, and that is, that at the proper season a few boat-loads of canes fit for planting out might be brought over from the Antioch district, in from twenty-four to thirty hours. At Limersole, as elsewhere in Cyprus, vegetables, fruit, and poultry were abundant and cheap; but it possesses a decided superiority over Larnacca with regard to climate: of this the appearance of

the natives bore ample evidence. The mild clear atmosphere is in some measure attributable to the frequent thunder-storms that clarify the atmosphere; and Cape St. Andrias may with truth be called the Cape of Thunder-storms, for barely a week passes but what you see the lightning darting its jagged prongs into the dark sides of the lofty cape. When we retired for the night the gale raged at its utmost fury, and the last thing we heard or saw as we laid our weary heads upon the welcome pillow, was the deafening crash of a peal of thunder, and a flood of light that seemed to have set the world in a blaze. Next day we awoke to the music of many sweet songsters, and the sun shone serenely over the spring aspect, whilst the gentle breath of morning seemed to murmur comfort to herb and tree, for the rough usage they had received from her violent sister the furious storm. A full-blown rose, with the dew yet hanging from its petals, forced its way through the trellis-work of the window, and seemed to blush at our indolent laziness in letting the precious hours flit by in sleep; so we jumped up, and then came a messenger with a heavy face and sad tidings—a Greek ship had been driven ashore during the night, and was become a perfect wreck. We accompanied the governor to the scene of the disaster that guards might be set to protect the wreck and the crew from plunder. It was a lovely morning: the sea, as though ashamed of his boisterous hilarity yesterday, barely threw a ripple upon the beach; whilst a few naked rocks, yet damp with spray, reflected the sun's rays in splendour. Further on was the hull of a dismasted vessel, and on the beach, carrying things to-and-fro, pipe in mouth, some mending old sails, some singing snatches of lively ditties, was the rescued crew of that very ship. Last night their hearts ached with fear and trembling, and fervently they prayed to see that sun again whose cheering rays now soothes them in their toil; and they, alas! like many others, have already forgot the Hand that stilled the tempest in the hour of need.

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#### CURIOSITIES OF ORGANIC LIFE.—No. II.

ANIMALS and plants are also subject to a summer sleep in the hot and dry seasons of some tropical climates. "Sometimes," so the aborigines relate, says Humboldt, "on the margin of the swamps the moistened clay is seen to blister and rise slowly in a kind of mound, then with a violent noise, like the outbreak of a small volcano, the heaped-up earth is cast high into the air. The beholder, acquainted with the meaning of this spectacle, flies, for he knows there will issue forth a gigantic watersnake or a scaly crocodile, awakened from a torpid state by the first fall of rain." Quadrupeds are seized with lassitude, birds fly into the dense forest, and not an insect is visible. At length the rain comes down, and suddenly the scene changes into one of life and animation.

The teurec—a kind of hedgehog—of Madagascar and the Mauritius, becomes dormant, and tortoises and serpents lie torpid and motionless in the parched and hardened soil.

Those curious animals the *Lepidosirens*, which appear to be a connecting link between the amphibia and fishes, afford another instance of æstivation. One species is a native of the Amazon, another of the Gambia. Sir W. Jardine, speaking of the latter, says: "Fish taken in the summer of 1835, on the shore of Macarthy's Island, about 350 miles up the river Gambia, were found about eighteen inches below the surface

of the ground, which during nine months of the year is perfectly dry and hard, the remaining three months it is under water. When dug out of ground and put into water, the fish immediately unfold themselves and commence swimming about." Probably the other species becomes torpid also.

Migration is another curiosity of organic life. Our island is favourably situated for observing this phenomenon, serving as it does as a winter home to birds from the arctic regions, and a summer home to our visitors from warmer climes. So powerful is the instinct for migration, that aviary birds strive to escape when their time for departure arrives, although they are well fed and protected from cold. Some birds which are migratory in more northern latitudes than ours, may be considered as stationary here, and others which migrate from us are permanent dwellers in more southern climes. The redbreast wings its way to the south in autumn from northern Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, whilst it is stationary in our island, in France, and in southern Europe generally. The nightingale annually visits northern Germany, and even Sweden; and yet, strange to say, is seldom seen in Yorkshire, Wales, or Devonshire, and never apparently in Ireland. Dotterels leave Scotland at the end of August, but linger about our southern shores even to the beginning of November.

Migratory birds rest on their journey, and many travel during the night. M. Prolong says: "I have observed, as Adanson also has, that our swallows and our wagtails arrive in the torrid zone eight or ten days after the period of their departure from our climates."

But birds are not the only animals that migrate. Some arctic seals are migratory. Two species quit the Greenland coast twice in the year; once in March to return in June, and the second time in July to return in September. Probably all seals perform migration in a greater or less degree.

The migratory tours of fish are perhaps much less extensive than has been supposed. The mackerel has been thought to make long voyages of migration at different seasons of the year; but Yarrel attacks this erroneous idea. The salmon migrates from sea to river water; but it never travels far from the mouth of its native stream in its ocean wanderings. The time at which the salmon quits the ocean, and ascends any particular river, is materially influenced by the temperature of its waters. Some rivers teem with salmon a considerable time before others. In autumn, or in the beginning of the winter, the fish take their station in the estuary of their adopted river, and advance and retreat with the tide. After some time they pass upwards beyond the reach of its ebb and flow. Darting onwards, with arrowy speed, they bound over cascades and other obstructions, frequently leaping an elevation of eight or ten feet, and repeating their spring if baffled the first time. After depositing their spawn in September, October, and November, they retrace their course to the sea. The young fry follow their parents in March, April, and May.

The fancied migration of the herring has been described with minute, but totally erroneous, details. The journey of the great army of herrings from the Arctic Seas; its division into two parts, one visiting our eastern and the other our western coasts, and the subdivision of the western wing at the north of Ireland, have been all marked out. But this is fiction. The only migration of the herring is from deep to shoal water, and the reverse. The herring never visits the Arctic Seas.

In summer, the lapwing frequents heaths, morasses, and other similar places; but in autumn it assembles in flocks, which direct their flight to the lowlands and marshes near the mouths of our chief rivers: here we have migration on a small scale. The kingfisher also migrates from our inland rivers to the sea-coast in winter. The lemming, a sort of rat, quits its over-populated haunts in northern Europe, in great bands, once or twice in fifteen or twenty years. Some travel westwards, and frost after frost rushes into the western ocean and perishes; others are drowned in the gulf of Bothnia. They are said to march in lines about three feet asunder, and nothing stays their course. We are told that they gnaw through corn and haystacks, and their track is a scene of desolation.

The reindeer herds in companies in the north of Europe and Asia, which migrate from the woods to the mountains and back again. Even the domesticated animal performs similar tours. Dr. Richardson describes two varieties of North American reindeer which migrate in different directions. The woodland caribou, or reindeer, travels to the southward in the spring; the barren-ground caribou spends the summer on the coasts of the Arctic Sea, and in winter retires to the woods.

The migratory movements of the North American bison do not appear to be regular. The swarming of bees, ants, and locusts are well-known instances of irregular migration.

The sand-crab of the coasts of America and the Antilles lives in a burrow, above the water-mark, during the summer. Here it remains in the daytime, but sallies forth in the evening in search of food. Companies of these crabs march inland towards the end of October, and hibernate in a deeply-excavated hole.

Land-crabs—which are found in the Old and New World and in Australasia—“pass the greatest part of their life on land, hiding in burrows, whence they issue forth in the evening. Some take up their abode in graveyards. Once a year, when they would lay their eggs, they assemble in numerous troops, and take the shortest course to the sea, without being deterred by any obstacles which they may meet with on the road. After the deposition of the eggs, they return in a state of great debility.”

Again, animals are either congregating, gregarious, social, or solitary. Congregating animals associate involuntary, as locusts, oysters, mussels. Gregarious animals associate voluntarily; but each individual provides for itself only, as the wild sheep, the antelope, the rook. Social animals congregate together, and jointly labour for their mutual benefit, as the honey-bee, the ant, the South African weaver bird, the beaver. Solitary animals are those which go in pairs, as the lion, the tiger.

Here we bring our brief account to a close. The subject might easily be extended to volumes; for the organic world abounds with curious and striking proofs of His goodness, wisdom, and power, of whom it is written, “of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen.”

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The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long  
That it had its head bit off by its young.

## WILD FLOWERS.

VIPER'S BUGLOSS. (*Echium Vulgare*.)

AMONG the flowers which beautify our waste places, this plant is not only one of the most striking from its height, but one of the most beautiful in shape and hue. We never find it on the rich grassy meadow-land, or among the lovely wild flowers which border our streams, or rise beneath the shadow of the trees. But on the heap of chalk, or sand, or gravel, accumulated by the wayside; on the sandy soil of the neglected field; on the beach, where, among the stones, a little earth can find room to gather; on the old wall, or the majestic cliff, there it raises its rich spire of blossoms. Its proper season of flowering is in June and July; but the author has often gathered it even in December, not rising to its usual height, but with the rich purple of its blossoms, and the bright-red tint of their long stamens, as beautiful as ever. The plant is usually about two feet high; but in places where it flourishes best, as in the sandy fields of Cambridgeshire and on the chalky cliffs of Dover, it is sometimes more than three feet in height, and the blossoms extend half-way down the stem. The colour of the fully-expanded flowers is of a deep blue, but the young buds are of a full rose colour, and occasionally the blossoms are found, as at Cobham, in Kent, of a pure white. The whole plant is very rough to



the touch. Its scientific and English names are significant of the long-cherished notion, that it was an effectual remedy for the bite of the viper,—a notion derived from its spotted stem, and its seed, which somewhat resembles the head of that animal, and was thus deemed to have some mysterious connexion with it.

Though our Viper's Bugloss is an herbaceous plant, many of the species are much larger, and several found at the Cape of Good Hope are shrubs. The various kinds grow abundantly throughout Europe, from the cold Siberia, where they enliven the dreary lands, to the warm latitudes of the south, where flowers are bright and numerous. They are, however, less frequent in the equinoctial parts of the world. Some very handsome species are commonly cultivated in our gardens.

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#### THE RESCUE.—No. II.

Mrs. JENKINS shook her head, and Mrs. Stretton continued.

“But, as I was saying, we finished the chapter, and then, having said our prayers, we went to bed. My husband, who was very tired, was soon fast asleep; but, somehow or other, I could not close my eyes. I lay listening, for what I could not tell, and sometimes started as Stretton gave a heavier snore than usual. I heard the clock strike eleven—twelve; I then sank into a doze, betwixt sleeping and waking; I heard a bell strike—this roused me—I listened—sat up, and, as all was still, I fancied the clock had struck one. Suddenly stroke after stroke followed, quick and loud; I sprang out of bed, ran to the window which looked towards the Hall, and saw—I shudder now to think of it—volumes of smoke and flame covering it.

“It was the alarm bell that I had heard. I flew back to the bed, shook Stretton with all my strength, for he was so sound asleep that it was some minutes before I could wake him thoroughly, and make him comprehend what was the matter. We instantly threw on our clothes, and with all speed hastened to the Hall. I shall never forget it. At the east wing flames were issuing from every front window; people were already running to and fro, screaming for aid, which nobody gave. All was confusion, for there was no one of sufficient authority to order the movements of those who were willing to assist, or to command the services of those less inclined to be useful, so that many did as much mischief, through zeal ill-directed, as others in not attempting to do anything.

“The children! the children!” screamed I; ‘where are they? are they safe?’

“No one could answer me. I knew the nursery was in that wing, and it appeared to me that the fire was most violent in the very direction in which it was situated. The wind was now blowing fresh, and the whole building, they said, would be lost. I thought nothing of this; I cared for nothing but the children. I shrieked for my husband—ran here and there looking for him. ‘Thomas! Thomas!’ cried I, as soon as I saw him, ‘the children! the children! the dear babes—’

“‘What of them?’ said he, turning as pale as a sheet; ‘they are safe, ain’t they?’

“‘I don’t know! I don’t know!’ screamed I; ‘nobody knows anything about them.’

“Look! look!” cried many voices at once.

“I did look; and oh! what a sight met my eyes! At the top staircase window was that dear little William, in his nightgown, the picture of terror, his arms stretched out, leaning out as forward as he could, the flames pouring out of the windows above and around him, and licking the very wall under him. I clapped my hands before my eyes; I heard his cries; I looked again; I saw his agony, and I was almost frantic. ‘Throw yourself out, throw yourself out!’ roared many. ‘He will be killed that way,’ cried I; ‘Stretton! Stretton!’ and I called as loud as I could, but he was gone. ‘Save him! save him!’ cried I to the men near me.

“How are we to save him?” returned many, gruffly; and they stood still, gazing on.

“I tried to force my way nearer, but for what purpose I could not say, when, all of a sudden, I saw my husband, a ladder in hand, rushing towards the wall.

“‘Are you mad?’ cried one.

“‘You’ll lose your life,’ cried another; and some tried to hold him back.

“He paid no attention to any of them, but continued to force his way through them, and was now close to the wall.

“‘Stop your husband!’ cried many; ‘he’s lost if he attempts to go up.’

“I could not stop him; my fears for the poor child pleaded too strongly for that. My husband, I knew, was as brave as a lion, and powerful as he was active. I bade God prosper him, but I shut my eyes as the shouts and cries of the crowd increased. Once only did I dare to open them; the little fellow’s arms were now stretched to the very utmost, and he was leaning so far out of the window that the slightest thing would have made him lose his balance, and thrown him headlong to the ground. Stretton seemed in a burning mass; the flames wrapped the staves of the ladder on which he was standing. He, too, was at arm’s length, trying to catch hold of the child—he was above his reach. ‘Don’t be afraid,’ cried he, ‘stretch a little more—now throw yourself to me.’

“In a moment a darkness came over me; I neither saw nor heard; when a loud cry arose: ‘He has caught him! they are safe! they are safe!’ I had sunk on the shoulder of a neighbour, for we stood too thick for me to fall to the ground. Recollection returned in an instant, my husband called me loudly. The crowd gave way as I pressed forward.

“‘Take the child,’ said he, throwing him into my arms, ‘run home with him, put him to bed, for he is drenched with water, and quakes with terror.’

“‘And you,’ cried I, as I huddled the child over with my gown, ‘are you hurt?’

“‘Never mind me,’ said he, ‘make way for her,’ and he pushed back many who were pressing upon us.

“‘But you must mind him,’ said one of our neighbours, ‘his arm is shockingly scorched, and his leg, too, I expect.’

“‘Come home,’ I cried, ‘come home,’ and I tried to hold him.

“‘Not till I know the baby is safe,’ returned he.

“‘She *is* safe,’ said one of the servants, who had just joined us; ‘she was removed at the first alarm; she and her nurse are at the further end of the Hall. How Master William was forgotten, or how he got to the window, I can’t imagine.’

“ ‘And it would do no good if you could,’ said Stretton; ‘one thought beforehand is worth a thousand afterwards. Among so many of you one would have believed that your master’s son would not have been forgotten; but go home, Nancy, go as fast as you can, and I shall take no harm; there’s plenty yet to do. When it’s all over you may look for me, but not till then;’ and as he spoke he hallooed to the men, and was out of sight in a minute.

“ I waited for no more, but ran home as fast as I was able—for the dear child was heavy, and I trembled more for joy, I suppose, than I had done from fear. I wrapped him in flannel, put him into our warm bed, made a fire in the kitchen, and set on some water, that I might give him a little tea, and then laid down by him. The poor little fellow was so terrified, and shook so fearfully, that it was a good while before I could in any way calm him. At length he fell into an uneasy sleep, in which he sometimes started almost convulsively, and at others talked, in broken sentences, of the flames. I longed to go to my husband, yet I could not leave the child. I shall never forget what I suffered; I fancied all sorts of terrible things; and if I had not been afraid that Thomas would have been angry with me, I do not think I could have remained in the house.

“ The longest hour has an end: as daylight was beginning to dawn Stretton returned. The fire had been extinguished; and though a good deal of damage had been sustained, no lives were lost, and the greater part of the furniture was preserved. My husband was in great pain; not only were his hand and arm very much scorched, but one of his ankles severely burned, so that he was lame for many days after. He was standing by the bedside when the dear child began to move. Poor little thing, he started, and then opened his eyes wildly. He was at first quite bewildered, and trembled all over. He looked earnestly at my husband, and then, as if all he owed him came clear to his mind, he threw his arms round his neck and began to cry. We cried with him; yes, my Thomas cried like a child, though he has often said since that was the happiest moment of all the years that had gone before or have passed since. From that time the dear boy has been as fond of us as we are of him. I could tell you a thousand pretty tales of his affection; I treasure them all in my heart and mind, only bringing them out of their storehouse as a treat, when Stretton and I are alone.”

“ I should think it answered your purpose well—it was a lucky fire for you,” said Mrs. Jenkins, when she found that the narrative was at an end; “ Sir Richard must have rewarded you both very handsomely, no doubt.”

Mrs. Stretton coloured deeply.

“ It answered all the purpose we expected or wished for. Sir Richard thanked my husband as a father only could have found words to thank him.”

“ Was that all?” exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, contemptuously. “ He could not have done less, however. What, not gave you anything?”

“ Yes,” replied Mrs. Stretton, warmly, “ he did, and something, too, on which we can set no price. He gave my husband, as a mark, he said, of his esteem, a beautiful silver tankard with an inscription upon it, which Stretton values more than the tankard itself, handsome as it is. He understood him too well, and was too noble-hearted to offer a reward to a man who desired no favour from any one, and whose labour made him independent; no, Sir Richard treats him in a way which is as honourable to the one as to the other. Neither forgets his place, but each is respected and valued as he deserves. If Master William loves us, Sir Richard

and his lady look upon us and treat us in a different way from what they do any other persons of our sort. Little miss, too, often comes to see me, and I am proud to say we are never forgotten where we can be remembered with propriety by them or with comfort to us."

"Well, give me the solid," said Mrs. Jenkins; "I have no notion of sparing them who can afford to pay a good round sum of money."

"It would have been an affront, would have been felt almost as an insult by my husband," returned Mrs. Stretton; "as he would never have sold his life for money, so neither would he have been pleased that another should think to purchase it with money, and so show that he considered the hazard of that life recompensed by the gifts of a few pounds."

"As you like," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "all to their notions for me; but you will at least allow that it was a lucky thing for the child that such a man as your husband was at hand."

"It was something more than lucky," said she earnestly; "such escapes from death or danger are the work of God."

"So they may," returned the other; "but where would the child have been but for Stretton?"

"He was an instrument in the hand of God," replied she.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, "do you mean to say that there was no merit in your husband? that any man might have done what he did, and that his courage and strength must go for nothing?"

"I say no such thing," said Mrs. Stretton; "there is wisdom in all that God does or orders. He chooses His instruments, and he chooses, of course, those who are proper for the task He gives them; these He protects and blesses with His aid. He does for them at such times what they of themselves could not do; but He leaves them to do all they are able to perform, and expects them to exert themselves, while they depend upon Him as earnestly as if they depended only on their own strength and skill for success."

"All very good," replied Mrs. Jenkins; "but you must not try to persuade me that they who hazard their lives for others are to look for no reward, and that they who have been benefited by such hazards are not bound to show proof of their gratitude."

"To be sure I don't," said she, "you mistake me; we are not to do good to others that good to ourselves may come from it; but a just and honest reward is what no right-minded person will either disdain or refuse. Recompense is sweet to every one, and to none more so than to him who knows he deserves it; to such, however, reward is a something to come after which he does not think of, and not that which first set him in motion, and in the midst of his daring, is uppermost in his mind. I agree, too, entirely with you that it is our bounden duty to recompense those who have done us good, and to give open proof of our gratitude."

"I dare say," returned Mrs. Jenkins, "that you see your own meaning; we generally do, but I can't say that I see it. Sir Richard, to my mind, ought to have made you a present of untold gold."

"Sir Richard has given us what we value more than gold," answered Mrs. Stretton, "he never neglects to serve us whenever he has the opportunity; but it is never directly, as one may say, to make us feel it as a return to us; his kindness comes as a matter of course, whilst his and his lady's behaviour to us sets us upon no level with them, but makes us happy in the respect we feel for ourselves. If Sir Richard had offered us money, as you say, it would have been just as if he had said, 'I don't

choose to be under an obligation to you, take this, and let me forget what you have done for me;’ you may smile, but take my word for it I am right. It is a proof of a proud heart, rather than of a grateful one, when, impatient under an act of kindness, we try to get rid of the sense of it by a reward greater than the act merits, or which the situation of those who showed it makes unnecessary or out of place.”

Mrs. Jenkins had made up her mind, however, like many other persons, not to be convinced by anything that Mrs. Stretton said; and the latter was not sorry to change the subject, or to see her opponent depart.

Frederick, in the meantime, had expressed to William his unfeigned surprise at what he had heard and seen in Stretton’s house—a surprise which had exceeded that even of Mrs. Jenkins. William simply accounted for his conduct by relating the circumstances just recorded, and declaring his affection for the worthy pair, to whom he owed so much.

“That is all very right and very natural,” said Frederick, when William had ceased; “I can quite understand how deeply you must feel indebted to them, and how wrong it would be to neglect or slight them; but I must confess I do not see why you should be on such very familiar terms with them.”

“In plain terms,” replied William, “your pride is a little shocked, but there is no need that it should be. It is a cold gratitude, Frederick, that stays to measure words and looks because the parties are not of the same grade in society. Situated as Stretton and his wife are, the manner, if not the degree of affection that displeases you, is more acceptable to them than anything else I could offer, and I will never be ashamed to show what I feel when I know the feeling to be just. Some day or other, however, I hope an opportunity may be afforded me of giving some more substantial proof of my gratitude and regard than it has hitherto been in my power to show them—not to reward them, but really to gratify myself. I am sorry, though, to have annoyed you in—

“Pray say no more,” exclaimed Frederick, quickly, not waiting for the completion of the sentence, “you are right and I am wrong; my pride was hurt, I own it, and I felt I could not behave as you did; but indeed I do not think that it is our dispositions that are so different, as the manner in which we have been brought up. Living in large cities contracts, I am sure, our feelings and ideas. We Londoners are proud—not from nature, I believe, but from circumstance. We do not come in contact with persons of an inferior rank sufficiently, if at all, to correct and enlarge our views; you who live in the country mix with every one; you form a much more correct notion of others than we do, and without losing the respect that you owe to yourselves you are more ready than we to give to others the respect due to them; you consider those neighbours whom we look upon as inferiors, and whilst many interests divide us, one feeling seems to bind you all together.”

“But, Fred,” said William, looking archly at him, “is this quite your own?”

“Not exactly,” replied he, slightly colouring; “I saw the difference between your manner, and, perhaps, Sir Richard’s too, when I was last here, and what ours would be to ordinary persons, and I named it to my father. But be fair. If I give you credit for finding I was speaking with more wisdom than belongs to me, give me credit for making that wisdom to bear at the moment I wanted it.”

William laughed. "I own," said he, "I like the country a great deal the better of the two."

"And I the town," replied Frederick.

"It is my turn now," said William, "to mount the professor's chair. Do you recollect Dr. Milner's remarks on this very subject in his parting speech? 'The diversity of tastes, whether shown in the choice of our professional pursuits or inclinations,' said he, 'is a strong proof among many of our Creator's mercy, wisdom, and providence; an active source of private and public good; a silent but unmistakable evidence of a superintending Deity.' But hark! there is the gamekeeper's gun; let us see whether my father will let us go out with him."

They now walked briskly across the park, the conversation turned from grave to gay; and by the time they had reached the Hall little was remembered but the pleasure they anticipated from the permission they hoped to obtain.

A sharp frost had now fairly set in; William's skates were in constant requisition, and practice soon made him an expert and swift skater. Frederick was not naturally so active as his companion, but he was pleased with the novelty of the exercise; and, though he could not keep pace with William, or imitate his evolutions, he was always to be seen on the ice with him. They were one morning several miles up the river, which was there skirted for some distance by the main road, when their attention was attracted by the furious pace at which a man on horseback was riding. Scarcely, however, had he passed them, when, owing probably to the slippery state of the road, the horse fell violently to the ground, throwing his rider over his head. The accident was also perceived by some persons in a little public-house hard by, and by the time that William had disencumbered himself of his skates, and reached the spot, they had raised the man from the ground. He was evidently much hurt, but was not insensible.

"Don't mind me," said he, "my master's brother has met with an accident, and nearly torn his arm off with the thrashing-machine. He will bleed to death if he has not immediate assistance. Let some one mount my horse and go for the doctor with all speed."

He would have been promptly obeyed, but the horse was found to have lamed himself severely. Nor was this the only misfortune. The road was so slippery, that as the only animal in the stable was not, they said, turned up, it was impossible for any one to ride fast. The fact had no sooner reached the ear of William, than leaving the men to debate the point, he hastened back to the river, and putting on his skates with the utmost despatch he summoned all his strength, and, fleet almost as the wind, he reached in a very short time the surgery of the first medical man in the town. He told his errand, and requested the immediate aid of Mr. Hartopp, whom he happily found at home.

"I will follow your example," said that gentleman, "and skate down to the farm. Are you too tired to return with me?"

William declared he was not; and bearing part of such apparatus as Mr. Hartopp thought likely to be requisite, he kept pace with him, and both quickly reached the house where the wounded man lay. William was naturally a courageous boy, and possessed of much nerve, but these qualities had never been tested in the manner in which they were on this occasion. The arm of the sufferer was so much lacerated that Mr. Hartopp considered it expedient to resort immediately to amputation.

William was almost his only assistant; and his conduct drew from Mr. Hartopp, when the operation was over, the warmest encomiums.

"If the man recovers," said he, "and there is no present reason to fear his not doing well, you will be under Providence the means of saving his life. Had the frightful hæmorrhage which followed the accident been suffered to continue only a few minutes longer, nothing could have prevented death. It was lucky for him that both you and I are good skaters. I am glad for his sake that we were with him so expeditiously, and heartily glad for Stretton's sake; for it would have been a most serious thing to him just now if this poor fellow had lost his life."

"Why?" asked William; "what has he to do with Stretton? he is no relation of his, is he?"

"Are you not aware," replied he, "that it is on this very man's evidence that all Stretton's hopes depend of a favourable issue to his lawsuit? I really thought this was the cause of your earnestness and activity."

William's heart beat quickly, and a brighter colour than was already glowing on his cheek overspread his countenance.

"No," replied he, "I knew nothing about it; but how glad am I that I—" he checked himself, for he was as modest as he was grateful and amiable.

Mr. Hartopp smiled.

"I understand you," said he, "you are glad that you have been able to repay, you would say, a part of the obligation you owe that worthy man who saved your life. Ay, beautiful truly are the ways of Providence, and certain indeed it is that in almost every instance that which we sow we ultimately in one way or other reap. There is a chain in the hands of Providence, which, though unseen, and often operating unsuspected by those most nearly interested in the unfoldings of its coil, continues to link one event with another, making that which is apparently only a natural consequence from certain visible causes—a proof that all things are under the direction of an Almighty Being, of a Being who so cares for His creatures, and so favourably regards the good deed done by one human creature to the other, that He will not allow a recompense entirely to fail even in this life, and often appoints him who has received the benefit to be the instrument of that recompense to his benefactor."

William heard him in silence but with happiness; nor did he afterwards meet with any drawback to his gratification. Morris recovered under the skilful management of Mr. Hartopp; and the affectionate youth had the delight of being greeted on his return from Eton at Easter by Stretton with the welcome salutation—

"Well, Mr. William, we have gained the lawsuit, and to whom do we owe it? Why to you, for being so active as you were in saving the life of Morris, and to your good father, Sir Richard, in putting my cause into the hands of the best counsel on the circuit. My old wife here shed as many tears when I came home and told her all about it as would have cooled a bar of iron. I shed no tears, as you may believe, but I thanked God from the bottom of my heart, that in doing my duty to you in the prime of my manhood I had secured comfort and ease for myself in my old age."



## SUBSTANCES USED AS FOOD.—No. II.

We have endeavoured to reduce the solid and liquid food of men to some sort of order; and it will be found that all articles of consumption for this purpose, among civilized people, resolve themselves into one or other of these classes. But there occur instances of whole tribes of savage people subsisting on—at least, using as food—substances which cannot be brought under any of these classes. The animal and vegetable kingdoms, until lately, were regarded as the exclusive sources of the food of man: it was not considered that any mineral substance whatever was of use in this respect. There can be no question that this is an error, and that some of the mineral substances which enter into the composition of our ordinary provisions, such as salt (chloride of sodium), the earthy phosphates, &c., are as strictly necessary to us as food, as is the gelatine of muscles or bones: in fact, if it be considered from what we are to derive those mineral substances, which are so abundantly found in bones, teeth, and even in the blood itself, it will be evident that they must come from our food: such substances are consequently a part of the proper food of man. They differ from the food obtained from the animal and vegetable worlds in the fact that they are generally combined, and are not used by themselves as food. Thus, for the growth and nourishment of the bony skeleton, we do not eat the phosphates and carbonates of lime and magnesia, which form their solid parts, but we obtain these substances out of our ordinary food, with which they are generally united.

It is, however, a very singular fact, that there are tribes of Indians who actually eat earth as food; and we shall here proceed to give the substance of Humboldt's observations on this subject,\* which will be found to contain some very singular facts on this subject. "It is currently reported," he observes, "throughout the coasts of Cumana, New Barcelona, and Caracas, that there are men, living on the banks of the Orinoco, who eat earth." On the 6th of June 1800, on Humboldt's return from the Rio Negro, when he descended the Orinoco in thirty-six days, he spent the day at a station inhabited by the Otomacs. Their little village, which is called La Concepcion de Urmana, is very picturesquely built against a granite rock. It is situated in  $7^{\circ} 8' 3''$  north latitude, and in  $67^{\circ} 18'$  west longitude. The earth which the Otomacs eat is described as an unctuous, almost tasteless clay, true potters' earth, of a yellowish-grey colour. The latter appears to be due to the presence of a small portion of oxide of iron.

The preparation of this unnatural kind of food is made with some care. The earth is carefully picked, being found on the shores of the great rivers Orinoco and Meta. When found, it is kneaded into balls, which are from four to six inches in diameter. These are then baked before a slow fire, until their crust or outer surface becomes of a reddish colour. It is stated that the earth has different kinds of flavour, and is selected by the palate almost as carefully as our more dainty provisions. Before the balls are eaten, they are moistened with water.

The Otomacs do not, however, constantly live on this kind of food. The circumstances which appear to lead them to its adoption are the

\* Humboldt.—'Views of Nature,' p. 142.



following. When the waters of the rivers Orinoco and Meta are low, they then live on fish and turtles. They are said to kill the former with arrows, shooting the fish as they rise to the surface of the water, with great skill and dexterity: but when the periodical swelling of the river takes place, fishing is then stopped, for it is as difficult to fish in deep river-water as in the deep sea. It is during these intervals, which last from two to three months, that the Otomacs are observed to devour an enormous quantity of earth. In their huts are considerable stores of these clay-balls, piled up in pyramidal heaps.

Humboldt was informed by an intelligent missionary, who resided amongst them, that an Indian would consume from three-quarters of a pound to a pound and a quarter of this food daily. It appears, in fact, to constitute their chief support during the rainy season; but, whenever they can procure them, they also devour small fish, lizards, and the roots of a fern. This does not, however, arise from any dislike to the clay, for even during the dry season, when an abundance of fish can be obtained, they are said still to partake of a portion of their earth-balls,—by way of a dessert, after their regular meals.

The observations which Humboldt makes on this remarkable selection of human food, are very deserving of consideration. The simple facts are, therefore, as follows:—"The Indians undoubtedly consume large quantities of clay without injuring their health; they regard this earth as a nutritious article of food, that is to say, they feel that it will satisfy their hunger for a long time. This property they ascribe exclusively to the clay, and not to the other articles of food which they contrive to procure from time to time in addition to it. If an Otomac be asked what are his winter provisions—the term winter, in the torrid parts of South America, implying the rainy season,—he will point to the heaps of clay in his hut. These simple facts do not, however, by any means, decide the questions—whether clay can actually be a nutritious substance? whether earth can be assimilated in the human body? whether they only serve as ballast, or merely distend the walls of the stomach, and thus satisfy the cravings of hunger? These are questions which I cannot venture to decide."

Various theories have been offered to account for this phenomenon, of a whole tribe of men subsisting, apparently, almost entirely upon earth as their food. Some have indeed affirmed that the Otomacs mix up flour and fatty matters with their earth; but this statement has been met with a positive denial of the fact by those who have been conversant with their habits. Some of the earth has been chemically investigated by M. Vauquelin, and it is stated by him to have no such ingredients in its composition. It has been ingeniously conjectured, by others, that this earth contains the *débris* of animalcules, the constituents of which may account for its use as an article of food. It appears, in fact, very difficult to believe that the earth can be simply a mineral substance or pure clay, for it is irrational to suppose for a moment that life could be sustained by the consumption of a substance, the chemical analysis of which shows that it is incapable of affording any material for the use of the living body,—and this is the true function of all food, properly so called. It would, therefore, seem not improbable, that mixed, or in some manner united, with this earth, there must exist some of those alimentary principles spoken of in a previous page, which serve to build up the body, or to sustain the animal heat. It will, however, appear,

from what has yet to be adduced, that careful analysis, in other cases, has not given to this last supposition the support we might have anticipated.

The Otomacs are by no means singular in their propensities for devouring earth. Inquiry has shown that the practice prevails among many other tribes, more or less extensively, and in a very remarkable manner in the tropics. It is said to be often necessary even to shut up children, in order to prevent their running into the open air to devour earth after recent rain. It has been stated by Humboldt, and also by Gilj, that the women who are engaged on the river Magdalena, in the small village of Banco, in burning earthenware pots, continually fill their mouths with large lumps of clay. At San Rojja, an Indian child was observed, which, according to the statement of its mother, would hardly eat anything but earth.

It is a remarkable fact, that the Negroes of Guinea are also in the habit of eating a yellowish kind of earth, called *caouac*. Even when carried as slaves to the West Indies, this habit continues, and they there endeavour to procure some similar species of food, maintaining that the eating of earth is perfectly harmless in their African homes. It is found, however, that the *caouac* of the American Islands has a deleterious influence on the health of those who partake of it. Its use was consequently forbidden in the West Indies; yet, it is stated, that notwithstanding this prohibition, a species of reddish-yellow earth was sold secretly in the market of Martinique in the year 1751. A traveller of that period affirms, that the flavour of the earth eaten by these Negroes in their native land is most agreeable to them, and that no punishment can prevent them from devouring it.

In Java, the same practice prevails. Humboldt quotes a statement of Labillardière, who affirms that small square reddish cakes are publicly sold in their villages. The natives call these cakes *tarra ampo* (*tarrah* signifies earth, in Malay and Javanese). On examining these cakes more closely, Labillardière found them to consist of a reddish clay, and they were intended for eating. In 1847, some edible clay was sent from Samarang to Berlin, for the purpose of analysis. It was in the form of rolled tubes, like cinnamon, and was examined by Ehrenberg, the great microscopical observer. It was found to be a fresh-water formation, deposited in tertiary limestone, and composed mostly of microscopical animalcules. It has been stated by Labillardière that the natives of New Caledonia, to appease their hunger, eat lumps of a friable kind of soap-stone, in which Vauquelin detected a certain quantity of copper. In Popayan, and many parts of Peru, a kind of calcareous earth is sold in the streets, as an article of food for the Indians, together with the cocoa.

The facts thus collected, and here given, on the high authority of Humboldt, are certainly very curious, but appear, at present, not to admit of a rational explanation. The concluding remarks of this eminent traveller are as follows:—"We thus find that the practice of eating earth is common throughout the whole of the torrid zone, among the indolent races who inhabit the most beautiful and fruitful regions of the earth. But accounts have also come from the north, through Berzelius and Retzius, from which we learn, that, in the most remote parts of Sweden, hundreds of cartloads of earth, containing infusoria, are annually consumed by the country people as bread-meal, more from fancy (like the smoking of tobacco) than from necessity. In some parts of

Finland, a similar kind of earth is mixed with the bread. It consists of empty shells of animalcules, so small and soft that they break between the teeth without any perceptible noise, filling the stomach, without yielding any actual nourishment. Chronicles and archives often make mention, during times of war, of the employment as food of infusorial earth, which is spoken of under the indefinite and general term of "mountain-meal." Such, for instance, was the case in the Thirty Years' War, in Pomerania, at Muskau in the Lausitz, and Kleiken in the Dessau territory; and, subsequently, in 1718 and 1733, at the fortress of Wittenberg."

It must be acknowledged, that a true solution to the facts thus given by Humboldt is yet to be desired. But it may be reasonably conjectured that whatever amount of material for the building-up of the muscles and formation of blood could be obtained from such aliment as that here alluded to, must have been derived from the presence of some organic matters in union with the mineral substance devoured.\* It must not be forgotten, too, that some of the mineral substances eaten are actually demanded by the body for its nutrition and support, and, to a trifling extent, indeed, the substances adverted to form a direct food. Doubtless their principal value lies in their serving to distend the walls of the stomach, and thus to allay the distress occasioned by hunger, for the gastric juice is poured out upon any material of sufficient bulk which the stomach may contain, and the production of that secretion would seem to appease, for a time, the agonizing cravings of hunger.

Among the lower animals, instances of feeding upon earth are not infrequent. The earthworm and some others are known to swallow earth: the *Spatangus* and *Arenicola*, animals low in the scale of organized creation, fill their stomachs with sand. In all such cases, the true food is probably not the mineral substance devoured, but some organic matter intermixed therewith.

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#### CURIOSITIES OF GEOLOGY.

MYRIADS of ages ago this globe, now teeming with life and beauty, was probably a burning and fluid mass. As this intensely-heated body grew gradually cooler, a rugged crust, it may be, formed upon its surface. At first, we may imagine, no living thing existed in this fiery world, because, so far as we know, neither animal nor vegetable life can be maintained in boiling water. As the cooling of this heated mass went on, granite was gradually formed; and by its disintegration, strata of gneiss and other rocks were deposited, so that at the end of our first period the earth would present alternations of land and water, but would be without a lichen or a moss to cover its bare and rocky surface. Let it be distinctly remembered, however, that this is hypothesis—a theory to explain geological phenomena.

But at length He in whose care this desolate globe had been from its

\* Recent investigation has demonstrated the correctness of the opinion expressed in the text. Some of the earth-food of Lapland has been analysed with care, and found to contain a large portion of organic matter from the *exuvie* of infusorial animals. By incineration such earth loses 20 per cent. in weight.

creation, gladdened it by the presence of living beings, and amongst the earliest of these seem to have been the Graptolites. These fossils were once apparently the horny skeletons of animals—compound creatures, consisting of a vast number of polyps attached to a central body, but each possessing a stomach and arms of its own, and an independent existence which could be destroyed without killing the entire animal.

Polyps, then, appear to have been the first-created beings on our globe; and it is astonishing how much has been added by minute creatures of this species to the solid matter of the earth. They have piled up a barrier reef, four hundred miles in length, on the shores of New Caledonia; and on the north-eastern coast of Australia they have erected a monument of what may be done by persevering, though puny efforts, which is one thousand miles long. These reefs average, perhaps, a quarter of a mile in breadth and one hundred and fifty feet in depth, and have been built, be it remembered, amidst the stormy waves of the deep.

Another of the earliest groups of animals is the Crinoids, lily-shaped creatures, as their name indicates. Many of them resemble a cup-shaped flower on the top of a stem: in some species there is wonderful complexity of structure.

One form was that of a small orange attached to a slender stem. The animal had no arms; and this globular head was covered with stony plates, whose number was sometimes indefinite. There was an orifice on the upper surface of the stony case which served as a mouth; an adjacent one was for the expulsion of undigested food; and a third, near to these, for the laying of eggs. The mouth was furnished with a proboscis, covered also with plates, and the egg orifice was provided with a little pyramid made up of valves. What a curious sight would be the bed of a sea covered with these tulip animals, waving in the currents, and spreading about their arms in quest of prey! The wheel-like bones of the stalks of crinoids are strung as beads in some places.

Trilobites are another primary race of animals. Their heads were defended with a large semicircular, or crescent-shaped shield, and their bodies and tails with plates, which moved readily upon one another. On their heads were a pair of large conical protuberances, nearly covered with eyes, so that they could see in all directions without moving. Hence it is inferred that at this early period the general conditions of light and of the atmosphere were not materially different from what they now are.

But the graptolites, the corals, the encrinites, and the trilobites, were not the only inhabitants of the primæval waters. Contemporary with them were two, if not three, singular tribes of the great family of the mollusca. Could we have seen the seas of this long-bygone era, these animals would have been flitting before our eyes with sudden jerks, or swimming freely and gracefully along with their long and slender or short and pear-shaped shells. But their forms were various.

We now come to a period when fishes made their appearance in our waters. Three genera require especial attention. The *Cephalaspis* has been compared to the crescent-shaped blade of a saddlemaker's knife, the body being the handle. A plate of firmly-soldered and enamelled bone appears to have protected its head, and the whole body was covered with scales. Its length was perhaps never more than about seven inches.

The *Pterichthys* may be compared in size and appearance to a small doll without a head, and with one of its legs cut off, whilst the other is placed under the centre of the body to represent the tail of the animal.

It was not more than a few inches or a foot in length, and was defended by plates of enamelled bone on its head and body.

The *Coccosteus*, another plated fish, had berry-like tubercles upon its bony scales. In the latter part of this period we meet with the *Holoptychius*, with a covering of large, rounded, and deeply-wrinkled scales. The body of one specimen measures thirty inches by more than twelve, without the tail. A row of pointed and closely-set teeth armed the lips, and another row of teeth, twenty times the size of these, was situated within the outer one.

We now come to the time when vegetation made its appearance on the land; for though the subject is involved in much obscurity, it appears probable that a marine flora had already appeared. In truth, it may be that both land and aquatic plants existed, but now vegetation became luxuriant. Amongst these plants are calamites, resembling the common jointed reed called mare's-tail, but with a stem that was sometimes more than a foot in diameter, which bore branches and leaves of corresponding size—tree ferns of great height; lepidodendra, with scarred and lofty stems and delicate feathery fronds; sigillaria, whose bare and fluted trunk bore a noble head of palm-like foliage; stignaria, which were, perhaps, the roots of the last-named trees, and which are so abundant that in South Wales the coalfields seem almost always to rest upon them as a foundation; and trees, overtopping the rest of the forest by more than a hundred feet, with tier upon tier of gradually-shortened branches, and pointed and pear-like leaves. A lepidodendron, found in the Jarrow coalfield, was thirteen and a half feet wide at the base, and thirty-nine feet high, exclusive of the branches which were entire; and an araucaria, in Craig-leith quarry, was three feet in diameter and twenty feet long.

The *Megalichthys*, one of the fishes characteristic of this period, had teeth, some of which have been found measuring four inches in length and nearly two inches in breadth at the base; whilst its body was covered with scales, sometimes five inches in diameter.

In the next period we meet with the lily encrinite, which belonged to the group of crinoids already described. This animal had nearly thirty thousand separate pieces of bone in its skeleton. Large five-toed footmarks are met with imprinted on stone, which are assigned to the *Cheirotherium*, a huge frog, as large as a rhinoceros, with short fore extremities. But the existence of such an animal is doubtful.

The *Pentacrinite*—another crinoid—has been computed to have contained not less than one hundred and fifty thousand separate bones in its skeleton.

We now meet with *Ammonites*, resembling the nautilus; and *Belemnites*, cuttle-fishes, whose fossils are metamorphosed by ignorance into petrified snakes, thunderbolts, devil's toenails, and other things. The *Icthyosaurus*, a huge fish, sometimes from thirty to forty feet long, with a smooth skin, a jaw six feet long, and an enormous eye, whose socket was nearly five feet in circumference. With this eye, and a breathing hole above the surface, this formidable animal might have been seen floating by, in primæval seas, the *Plesiosaurus*, a black slimy-skinned creature, sixteen or twenty feet in length, or perhaps twice this length in some instances, with a long serpent-like neck, and four large and powerful paddles, almost like hands, which, probably, enabled it to waddle along on land.

In the next period we meet with the *Cetiosaurus*, which rivals the largest whales in size; *Ammonites* and *Belemnites* of gigantic dimensions;

the *Megalosaurus*, a huge crocodile, probably thirty feet in length, mounted on long and massive legs; the *Ptexodactyl*, a flying reptile, with a long snout and neck and large eyes, and sometimes as large as a cormorant. This curious creature could walk, swim, or fly apparently, and had a bare or scaly body. The *Iguanodon*, probably about thirty feet long and twelve or fifteen feet high, or more than from one to four feet higher than the tallest elephant, with a huge body of perhaps twelve feet in length.

In the next period occur the *Mosasaurus*, a gigantic lizard, whose solid and firmly-fixed jaw-teeth were renewed by young ones, which pressed against and gradually wasted away the old teeth, and in due time replaced them; and the *Polyptychodon*, whose solid thighbone measures nearly four feet in length.

We now come to fishes with a mast-like fin rising behind their heads, to a height much greater than the length of their bodies, and a sail extending from this mast to the tail, whilst they had two slender fins nearly as long as this on their bellies; another fish, the height of whose body and fins together was thrice the entire length of the grotesque creature.

In the following period we meet with the *Dinotherium*, whose length was nearly twenty feet, and its body huge and barrel-shaped, but near the ground, although the vast pillars which formed its legs are thought to have been nearly ten feet. Its lower jaw was furnished with two long tusks curved downwards, with which it perhaps dug or raked up vegetable food by day, and anchored itself by night to the banks of the lake in which it probably dwelt. In the year 1799, a Tangusian fisherman discovered a very perfect specimen of an extinct animal, but at first he did not know what it was. In 1806 the spot was visited by an officer of the Russian Court, who describes the remains as those of a huge mammoth, nine feet four inches in height and sixteen feet four inches in length, with curved tusks nine feet six inches long. The skin was so heavy that it required ten persons to carry it; one of the ears, well preserved, was furnished with a tuft of hairs. These animals had a long-maned neck, and the skin, of which only three-fourths appears to have been rescued, was of a dark grey colour, covered with reddish wool and black hairs. After clearing the ground, upwards of thirty-six pounds of hair were collected, which had been trodden in by wild beasts while devouring the flesh.

Specimens of an extinct elk are said to have horns with an expanse of sixteen feet. The *Dinormis*, a bird much larger than an ostrich, is a New Zealand fossil; and South America sends us the *Megatherium*, a huge sloth, nineteen feet long and nearly six feet wide across the loins. Its height was not more than nine feet. Resting on its hind legs and on its powerful tail, this animal is believed to have grasped trees with its fore-legs, and to have wrested them down that it might browse upon their foliage. Associated with this immense sloth was the *Glyptodon*, a colossal armadillo, resembling a tortoise and nearly as large as a horse.

Here we pause, for we are approaching what are geologically speaking modern eras. And let it be remembered that fossils which we have assigned to different periods may, nevertheless, be found in earlier or later epochs. But they have been mentioned under that era in which they appear to have been specially developed, or to which they give a distinguishing character.

Geology has been dragged by crude theorists into opposition with Christianity, but the cobwebs which they have spun are brushed away by

the hand of true philosophy. We know full well that none of the works of God belie His word; and all that the Christian need to do is to wait till the beams of truth dissipate the fogs which a false and hasty philosophy may at any time spread around him.

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THE SEASONS.

I.

So forth issued the seasons of the year.  
 First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers,  
 That freshly budded, and new blooms did bear,  
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,  
 That sweetly sing to call forth paramours;  
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear;  
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)  
 A gilt engraven morion he did wear,  
 That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

II.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight  
 In a thin silken cassock, coloured green,  
 That was unlined all, to be more light;  
 And on his head a garland well beseen  
 He wore, from which, as he had chafed been,  
 The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore  
 A bow and shafts, as he in forest green  
 Had hunted late the leopard or the boar,  
 And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated sore.

III.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,  
 As though he joyed in his plenteous store,  
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad  
 That he had banish'd hunger, which to-fore  
 Had by the belly oft him pinched sore;  
 Upon his head a wreath, that was enroll'd  
 With ears of corn of every sort, he bore;  
 And in his hand a sickle he did hold.  
 To reap the ripen'd fruits the which the earth had yold.

IV.

Lastly, came Winter, clothed all in frieze,  
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;  
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze;  
 And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill,  
 As from a limbeck, did adown distill:  
 In his right hand a tipped staff he held,  
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still:  
 For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,  
 That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to wield.

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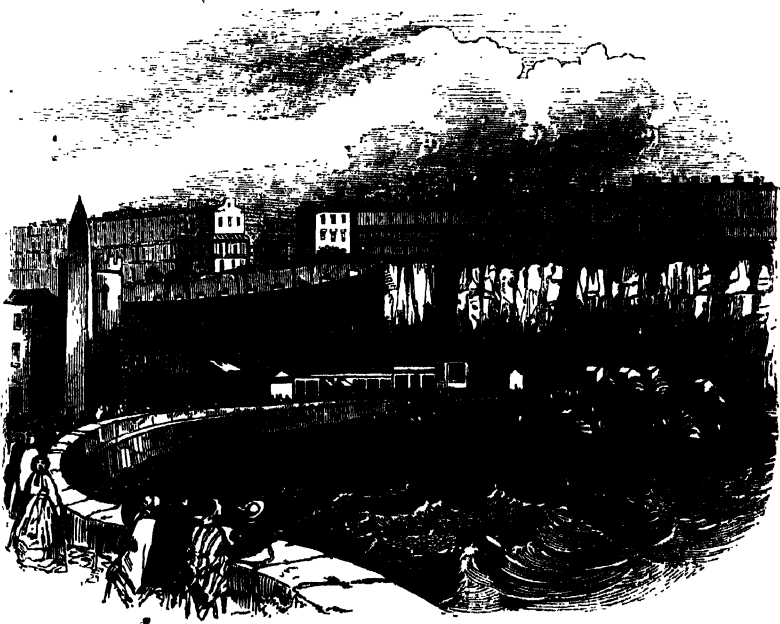
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RAMSGATE AND BROADSTAIRS.



“With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea!  
I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades  
And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain  
So boundless, or so beautiful, as thine.”

CAMPBELL.

RAMSGATE, formerly an insignificant fishing hamlet belonging to the parish of St. Lawrence, is situated about five miles from Margate, in a



valley opening to the south-east, commanding a delightful prospect of the Downs and the English Channel, with a view, in favourable weather, of the coast of France between Calais and Boulogne. Separated from St. Lawrence's parish by Act of Parliament in 1826; it is now a parish of itself, a seaport, a market-town, and a member in the Cinque Port liberty of Sandwich.

During the reign of King Edward the Confessor, five seaport towns on the south-eastern coast of England, nearest to the French coast, were incorporated by a peculiar charter, under the denomination of the "Cinque Ports," or "Five Ports." These were Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Hastings; the burghers of which, on consideration of certain services to be performed by their shipping at sea, &c., were exonerated from such contributions and burdens as other towns had generally to bear; and this appears to have been the origin of the privileges of the Cinque Ports, now no longer of practical value to the nation, whatever they may be to the townsmen themselves.

In or about the reign of Henry III., two other towns were added to the list, Winchelsea and Rye; and also a number of other towns, considered as "members," or dependents of the other seven. Of the latter, as we have stated, Ramsgate is one. Its history is quite unimportant; for though it was a place of some trading importance in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, its present consequence in that respect dates almost entirely from the improvements made in its harbour about the middle of the last century; and which, though at first intended only for ships of 300 tons burden, has been since so much enlarged as to be now capable of receiving those of 500 tons.

It is formed by an eastern and western pier, the former nearly 3000, the latter 1500 feet in length, and both 26 feet wide. The entrance between them is 240 feet wide, and the harbour contains an area of nearly fifty acres. As a harbour of refuge, this stupendous work has been found of immense importance, for as many as four hundred vessels have at one time been here sheltered. A lighthouse stands at the head of the west pier, and a small fort is fixed at the head of the east.

The construction of this important work gave, as we have remarked, a great impetus to the commerce of Ramsgate. The coasting trade is now considerable; much coal is imported; and shipbuilding, with ropemaking and dependent branches of industry, is largely carried on. Markets are held on Wednesdays and Saturdays, which are not only supplied by the farmers of Thanet, but vessels come over to attend them from the French coast.

To defray the expenses of the harbour, certain dues are collected from British vessels passing it to and from foreign parts; and coasters which do not contribute to similar establishments in the ports to which they belong—namely Dover, Lyme Regis, Melcombe Regis, Weymouth, and Great Yarmouth—pay an annual rate; foreign vessels also, if entering or passing the harbour, and bound to or touching at an English port, are liable to the payment of dues.

Near the spot where the eastern pier springs from the beach, an obelisk is erected in commemoration of the visit of George IV. to Ramsgate, when that town was chosen by His Majesty as the place of embarkation and relanding on the journey to and from Hanover. The king arrived there on the outward journey on the 24th September 1821; slept at the house of Sir William Curtis, near the esplanade which overlooks the

harbour; proceeded to the pier in the morning, and in the midst of a large concourse of visitors embarked in his yacht and proceeded out into the Channel. On the return voyage, His Majesty landed at Ramsgate on the 8th of November, and proceeded thence to London.

The obelisk erected to commemorate these royal visits, and constructed by private subscription, is of granite. The proportions are those of the larger of the two obelisks at the entrance of Thebes, in Upper Egypt, and two-thirds of the size; the height being fifty feet.

The rise of the town of Ramsgate into importance as a watering-place is comparatively recent; but all the newer part of its buildings, from their elevated site on the cliffs, command an extensive sea-view, and are now become a very popular resort. Like that of Dover, the town is situated at a point where the chalk cliffs are perforated by a natural valley, or hollow, called in the Isle of Thanet "a gate," or a "stair." In both towns the older parts are built in this natural depression; while the newer portions, consisting of handsome terraces, streets, crescents, and villas, occupy the higher ground on either side. Stretching along the cliff westward of the harbour, and elevated considerably above the level of the sea, a fine esplanade is connected with the pier by means of a substantial flight of stone steps, ninety-two in number, and which, in 1826, took the place of an ingenious old wooden ladder, called Jacob's Ladder, built to shorten the journey of the workmen employed on the Western Head. The esplanade, which commands a beautiful sea-view, is carried on as far as Pegwell Bay, a singular hollow or bend in the coast, between Ramsgate and Sandwich, the sea at low water running out nearly two miles, leaving a fine sea-beach between it and the land. A pretty old hamlet overhangs the cliffs, and recently a stately row of marine villas has been built above it.

Pegwell, it is well known, enjoys an unrivalled reputation for shrimps; and the amusement of eating them, and watching the patient shrimp-catchers over the widely-extending shoals of the bay, is a very popular mode of recreation among the Ramsgate visitors.

No place has, indeed, for a very considerable period, been so noted for its shrimps and prawns, which, either fresh or potted, have long been brought in great quantities to the London market. For the benefit of our younger readers we will add, that the prawn (*Palæman serratus*) is not only distinguished from the shrimp (*Crangon vulgaris*) in size, beauty, and flavour, but that it differs from the shrimp in having two front pairs of lobster-like feet, cleft at the extremity, and a stiff, sharp-curved, and sword-like horn on the forehead, cut into teeth on each edge. Prawns are eagerly sought for by fishermen, who catch them either in osier baskets, similar to those employed for lobsters, or in a kind of net called "putting-nets." These nets, well known to all frequenters of the seaside, are from five to six feet in width, flat at the bottom, and are pushed along in the shallow water by a man, who walks behind. Prawns generally inhabit sandy bottoms near the coast, but some are found both at the mouths of rivers and far up them. In warm climates they attain to a considerable size—such as the *P. carcinus* of the Ganges and the Indian seas, which attains to nearly a foot in length; and the *P. jamaicensis* of the Antilles, which is from ten to twelve inches long. Both shrimps and prawns are extremely nutritious, a quality of which Captain Sir James Ross gives striking evidence, when he tells us that one species of shrimp, inhabiting the Northern Ocean, constitutes the principal food of the vast shoals of

salmon that resort hither in the months of July and August, and upon which the natives of Boothia in great measure depend for the winter store of provisions; while the shrimp is also the chief food of the whale, and a means by which such a prodigious quantity of fat is produced in the body of that immense animal.

The fishermen in the little hamlet of Pegwell are well repaid for their labours, by the number of fish in which the bay abounds; and of those caught here, the grey mullet is held in great estimation.

The bathing accommodation at Ramsgate is excellent; and on a fine sandy shore to the south of the pier the machines ply, sometimes fifty at a time. There are also rooms for warm and cold bathing. Vapour, tubular, shower, and douche baths may be had at all hours and at various prices.

We may here remark that the *cold* bath is water at a temperature below 85 degrees; from 85 to 95 degrees it is usually called a *tepid* bath; and from 95 to 98 degrees it is a *warm* bath. When the water exceeds 98 degrees, it is a *hot* bath, which is seldom used above 105 degrees. From 100 degrees to 130 is the *vapour* bath, which degree could not be endured in the condensed state of water. The *tepid* and warm baths are sedative in their effects; the *hot* bath is stimulant; the *vapour* bath yet more stimulant, and, acting with greater power than water in its liquid form, will sometimes succeed in producing the desired effects when warm-bathing may have failed, though no course of either kind ought to be undertaken without the advice and express sanction of a regular medical practitioner.

Some of the public buildings at Ramsgate are handsome edifices; that of St. George's Church, erected in 1827, has a tower 130 feet high. The Church of St. Lawrence is of Norman date, almost as ancient as Minster Church—the mother-church, to which it was once but a chapel. It is nearly six hundred years since the then Archbishop of Canterbury made St. Lawrence's a parochial church.

The whole of the Isle of Thanet possesses, as we have before remarked, great historical interest for the antiquarian; and in visiting its watering-places, the walks may be extended to many spots well worthy the notice they seldom fail to attract.

The visitor should go across the little island to Richborough, to Reculver, to Minster, and to Monkton. At Minster he will stand on ground first trodden by Christian feet, and entering its fine old church will find himself in what is generally considered to be the oldest Christian church in England, with the exception only of St. Martin's of Canterbury. The tower is dilapidated, its old steeple gone, but the interior has been lately restored. The village in which it stands has many picturesque old cottages and houses; and there are the massive fragments of St. Mildred's Priory. These are now part of a private dwelling. A pleasant walk of about a mile and a half leads to Monkton, the church of which, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, is another most ancient Christian edifice once united to an ancient Priory, of which some faint traces may still be observed in the farmhouse and farmyard close by.

The village of St. Nicholas-at-Wade, about a mile from Monkton, has also an interesting old church, which is well kept up. This, which was once a chapel to the more magnificent structure at Reculver, contains some beautiful sepulchral brasses.

From London Ramsgate is distant seventy-one miles by road and

ninety-seven by railway. The opening of the latter, promised to add to the commerce of Ramsgate, by rendering it a chief station for steamers to Ostend and other continental ports; a promise which has hardly yet been fulfilled. When favoured by the wind and tide, the steam-boat voyage is pleasant enough; but to reach Ramsgate by water you have to double the North Foreland, and if the wind is fresh, and the sea at all rough, it is rather a formidable voyage for the unpractised landsman.

A pleasant walk of about two miles from Ramsgate brings us to Broadstairs, anciently "Bradiston," a little town which has, within a brief period, become a thriving and fashionable bathing-place. It is much more retired than either Margate or Ramsgate, and hence is frequented by those who would avoid the gaiety and bustle of those more-frequented resorts. A wooden pier is said to have been built here about the time of Henry VIII., probably by the Culmer family, who fortified the gate, or way, leading down to the shore, by an arched portal, defended by a portcullis, &c., as a barrier against the crews of privateers. The arch, called York Gate, still remains, as well as some ruins of an ancient chapel once containing an image of the Virgin, called "Our Lady of Broadstairs," and held in such veneration that the ships, as they sailed by this place, used to lower their topsails to salute it.

The old pier, swept away by the storm which destroyed that of Margate in 1808, has been replaced by a sort of embankment secured by timber, and forming a pleasant marine walk. New streets, terraces, and detached villas have, within the last thirty years, sprung up, converting the hamlet into a town; but the principal business here—excepting in the summer season, when visitors, for the advantages of seabathing, are numerous—is shipbuilding. It had once a considerable trade in the Iceland fishery, but this was entirely destroyed by the late war; and at any other period than the bathing season, the place presents but a desolate and uninhabited appearance.

The ancient parish church of St. Peter's stands upon a rising ground, and though but small, is picturesque in appearance. Like the other churches in the vicinity, it is built of flints covered with rough-cast, the cones, windows, and doors being cased with ashlar stone, and the porch more decorated than the other parts. The tower is remarkable, on account of a crack on the east and western sides, from the top nearly to the bottom, open one inch at the ground and two at the summit. The fissure is now filled up with stones and mortar, and is said to have been occasioned by the shock of an earthquake which happened in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—a statement which receives confirmation from Camden, who speaks of "a very severe visitation of the kind as having happened in the county."

Broadstairs has a handsome chapel of ease, as well as Dissenting places of worship. It has also good hotels and lodging-houses; and with some occupation, and with pursuits requiring quiet, the visitor may pass his time very pleasantly in the salubrious air of this miniature port.

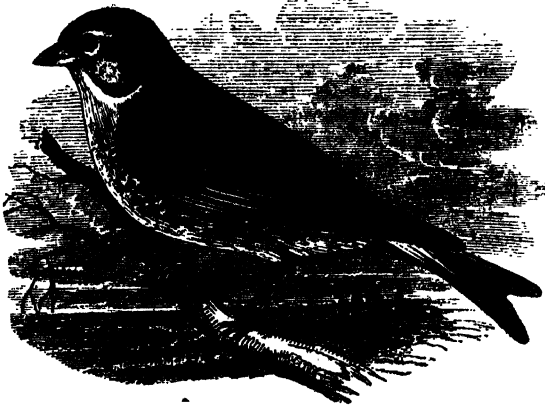
Chandos Place, occupying an elevated perch on the bold, commanding cliffs, affords an agreeable lodging and a most extensive sea prospect. A little beyond it, is a detached portion of the cliff, through which the sea has washed a large aperture, and we are informed by Lewis, "that after a great deal of rain or frost has occasioned a fall of the cliff, many brass coins of the Roman emperors are found," a fact which induced that historian

to conjecture that the Romans might have occupied a landing station at Broadstairs, although there is no appearance to warrant the supposition. The sea, in fact, has considerably encroached on this, as on other parts of the island, even within the memory of man. In the reign of Henry VIII., we are told by Leland that Reculver was more than a quarter of a mile from the sea; but now the tower of the church which occupied the site of Ethelbert's palace, and probably of the more ancient fort, and was dedicated to St. Mary, stands upon the verge of the cliff, and is known among sailors as a landmark by the name of the "Two Sisters." When the Roman legions were here encamped, it stood far away from the dashing of the northern tide, which for many generations has invaded the land with irresistible power.

As successive portions have fallen, the bare sides have presented human bones, coins, fragments of pottery, and tessellated pavements, which told "that man had been here with his comforts and luxuries around him, long before Ethelbert was laid beneath the floor of the Saxon church, upon whose ruins the sister spires of the Norman rose, themselves to be a ruin, now preserved only as a seamark."

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#### OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.



THE LINNET.

THE walk among the yellow gorse of the heath is made delightful by the song and movements of the linnets there. As our old poet Michael Drayton sings:—

"And now the mirthful quires with their full open throats,  
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,  
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air,  
Seems all composed of songs about them everywhere."

The common Linnet\* (*Linota cannabina*) is *La Linotte* of the French writers, and bears the pretty Scottish names of Lintie and Lintwhite. Burns, when in despairing mood, says—

“ In vain to me the cowslips blaw ;  
 In vain to me the violets spring ;  
 In vain to me in glen or shaw  
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.”

The bird is sometimes called the greater redpole, the rose linnet, and the grey or brown linnet. The latter names differ as to the colour of the bird ; and the variations of the plumage of the linnet at different seasons of the year have occupied much attention among ornithologists, and were, until fully ascertained, the cause of some confusion of species. Thus the male birds of the first year have none of the red colour on the head which is to be seen on the older birds, but the plumage is dashed with black, and the breast is very slightly tinged with red, because the feathers are reddish-grey at the base and reddish-white at the edge. Thus the bird, in this condition, is the grey linnet. But our grey linnet sings and thrives, and by the time he is three years old his dress is altogether changed, and he, at least during spring, merits the name of greater redpole, for the forehead is of rich crimson hue, though the remainder of the head plumage is of reddish-ash colour, with only a few black feathers at the top. The upper part of the neck is now reddish-white, the plumage of the back of a fine rich brown, the throat is of yellow-white, with dashes of reddish-grey, the sides of the breast of rich crimson, while the greater portion of the under part of the bird is of reddish-white: our bird is no longer the grey linnet.

But the autumn moulting brings a third change, and our little bird has less of crimson and more of white tints on the head and breast, till winter restores the rich colours to the plumage. In summer, too, the female linnet, with her more sober brown hues, is often mistaken for the male bird, and thus arose the name of brown linnet. Birds reared in the house never, according to Bechstein, acquire the fine red hue on the neck and breast common to the wild linnet, but remain grey like the male birds of one year old: on the other hand, older birds, which, when first brought into the house have the red plumage, lose their beautiful colours at their first moulting, and remaining grey like the young bird, are for the rest of their days grey linnets.

But though this bird thus loses in captivity some of its gay tints, yet the common linnet is in as great request, as a cage bird, as the gayer gold finch, or beautiful bullfinch; and many birdcatchers are engaged in taking the linnets. This is a sweet and gentle bird, of a very loving character, and perfectly distinguishing from all others the person who tends it. It will perch on the finger and caress it, and even seem by its looks to express affection. Like many of our small singing birds, it can well imitate the strains of others, and can even sing a song so like that of the nightingale, that many would believe it to be sung by the bird of night itself. In doing this, our linnet quite loses its own natural song, thus evincing an excellent memory, since those only in whom this faculty is retentive, will entirely

\* The Common Linnet is five inches and three quarters in length. Head and neck greyish-brown, the feathers of the crown tipped with red; back and wing-coverts chestnut; wing-quills and tail black edged with white; under parts light brown; breast bright red; beak lead colour; feet brown. In winter the red of the crown and breast disappears, and the latter is streaked with brown. The female also wants the red hue at all times.

abandon their own natural song for that of another bird. The Hon. Daines Barrington, who has recorded many experiments which he made with singing birds, mentions a linnet which was taken from the nest when only two or three days old, which even learned to talk. "It belonged," he says, "to Mr. Matthews, an apothecary at Kensington, and from a want of other sounds to imitate, almost articulated the words 'pretty boy,' as well as some other short sentences. I hear the bird myself repeat the words 'pretty boy,' and Mr. Matthews assured me that he had neither the note nor call of any bird whatsoever."

How sweet is the song of the wild linnet in the early morning, while the gradually-opening flowers are yet wet with dew, and the gossamer-threads are among the grass, and the open downs are bright with the butterfly-like flowers of the gorse and furze! As we walk over the heath, we listen for one moment to a solitary song, but hardly have we paused to listen more fully, than a whole chorus of linnets seems to have been awakened by the strain, and sing to us both long and loud their gentle concerts. A little cloud comes over the blue sky, and the pattering rain-drops drive us to the nearest tree for shelter. The loud song ceases; but scarcely has the cloud poured forth its last drops, than again the linnets twitter among the bushes, and again they are singing, as if rejoicing in the freshened air. Could we linger there till evening, those songs would still be heard, save in the almost universal silence of Nature at the summer noonday. Nor when the gorse has lost its flowers, and the shrub has nothing to show, save its long dark-green boughs and black seed-vessels, has the linnet sung its latest song. A gleam of sunshine from a blue sky wakens the glad heart of the linnet in autumn, and sometimes even on a winter's day, and those sweet wild notes are again heard, though the strain is weaker and more plaintive, and seems more accordant with the melancholy tones of the wind, which are now bringing down the leaves at every gust, than with all the joyous influences which unite with the clear and brilliant song of April.

The linnet lives in great harmony and friendship with its fellows, claiming no little spot, like the robin or nightingale, as its own peculiar domain, but sharing the sun and shower, the flowers and fruits, with any winged creature that comes thither. It eats the seeds of the thistle, rag-worts, and any other of the compound flowers which in autumn are so numerous; and picks the seed out of the seed-vessels of the little scarlet pimpernel, or the starry stitchwort, hunting out this food with its companions, so merrily and good-temperedly, that they form a great contrast to some companies of birds which we see contesting every seed or worm found by another, as if it had been unfairly taken from its own meal. It is probably because of the number of flax-seeds consumed by this bird, that the linnet received its names. Thus *Linota*, *Linaria*, *La Linotte*, and our English linnet, may all have been derived from *Linum*, flax.

This bird builds among the furze or brambles, and its nest is made of mosses and grass-stalks, intermingled with wool, and lined with feathers and hairs; the eggs are of bluish-white, speckled with purplish-red. The parent birds show much affection for their young, the male linnet cheering his mate with a continual song, and uttering a cry so plaintive, on any apparent danger, that none but the thoughtless or hard-hearted could persist in an intrusion. Any danger to the nest and its contents will agitate the linnet most violently. It will flit from bush to bush, then disappear; then return again, quite tremulous with emotion. Sometimes, when the birds are greatly alarmed, during the period of incubation, they

will both fly from the nest, and remain absent for an hour; but never after the young are hatched will the mother-bird forsake her family so long as it requires her care.

The common linnet remains with us all the year, frequenting in summer, not only the heath-lands, but those which lie near woods, or thick hedges, where the furze is plentiful. When winter approaches, these birds wander in flocks over the fields, and then become the ready prey of the birdcatcher. They live longer in captivity than most other birds, and Sonnini mentions one, which, after living forty years, was at last killed by an accident. Of this bird, that writer says that it was a sweet and docile little creature, that it would call the persons of the house by name, and would whistle perfectly six tunes, learned from the bird-organ. It is very generally distributed, not only over our own land, but throughout Europe.

The linnet delights to dabble in the clear stream; and, indeed, has been said to be the cleanliest of all birds. Beautiful as birds are, yet few persons are aware how very cleanly they are generally in their habits. No ruffled plume escapes their attention, and no sooner is any soil contracted by the plumage, than the bird is actively engaged in trimming it. Even young nestlings scarcely open their eyes to the light before they begin to trim the down, which as yet takes the place of feathers; and their little heads are turned round, and their bills busy in making every scrap lie smoothly on the surface; while a young bird will sometimes, after arranging its own plumes, endeavour to set to rights those of the nestling near it. Some birds, like the larks, roll in the dust, and cleanse their plumage by pulverizing; and many young birds have so great a desire for washing, that when in confinement, and unable after the ablution to exercise or dry themselves among the leaves, they perish by cold. The impulse for washing when checked during captivity, seems to render the bird almost mad. The Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert remarks on this subject:—"It is very injurious to a nightingale to wash in the winter, and it is fatal to it to do so often; yet the moment a pan of water is put into its cage, it rushes into the water and soaks itself, and then stands shivering, the very image of chilliness and despair; yet it will eagerly repeat the operation, if allowed to do so, every day till it dies. Young whinchats, sedge-warblers, wood-wrens, yellow wrens, &c., as soon as they can feed themselves, if offered water in a cage, wash with similar avidity; yet, if the temperature be much under seventy degrees, and the sun not shining, it is sure to kill them." The wild birds which can at all times seek out the stream, probably know better at what seasons to bathe; and, at any rate, they can fly and hop about till warmth and reaction are procured, and can rub themselves quickly among the leaves, and remove some of the moisture very easily. The writer referred to remarks, "I think the desire of washing belongs most strongly to the birds which migrate to hotter climates in winter; that of dusting to those which remain with us; a substitution wise, as are all the dispensations of the Creator; for if the little wren in winter were to wash in cold water instead of dusting, it must perish with the chill."

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REVENGE has no foresight.

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## MARK DUNTHORN.

"Fools make a mock of sin," whilst the forbearance of God, which is mercifully intended to lead them to repentance, yet endureth. Nevertheless, the punishment due to it, though long delayed, will assuredly be inflicted in the end, and the insulted majesty of an Almighty Being will be at length avenged. "Though hand join in hand," the wicked shall not escape, nor the scorner and blasphemer elude the wrath of an offended Deity. "There is no peace for the wicked," saith our God.

"Come, mother, does the pot boil?" cried Mark Dunthorn, as he put his head into his cottage door. "That's right; I see you have a good fire."

"And where's the use of a fire and a pot full of boiling water, when there's nothing to cook?" replied the old woman. "That stingy brute's hedges—old Finden's, I mean—have felt the benefit of my afternoon's stroll, as you told me; but the blaze under the pot and the bubbling of the water in it do little, if there is nothing else within, towards filling an empty stomach."

As his mother spoke thus, Mark had shut the door cautiously, and having approached the table by which she sat, he drew up his smock frock, and brought out a fine young fowl from his bosom.

"There!" exclaimed he, exultingly, "isn't it a beauty? I have had my eyes on the brood it belonged to this many a day, but the right time to catch one did not come till to-night. But come at last it did. The whole brood had got into the road just as I was passing along; in the twinkling of an eye I managed to knock this over, and would have done another if I had not seen some one coming. But never mind; enough is as good as a feast; we'll have the other another time—it will be grown a little larger then. Now let's set to work, and get it ready, and a good appetite to us both."

The old woman immediately began to stir herself; she brought out the knives and plates, and then went to the cupboard for bread.

"We won't have this bit of stale bread which the new squire's cook put in my basket this morning; the bit of bacon is well enough. The housemaid gave me sixpence (they know nobody in the village yet, and I hope it will be a good while before they do), and with this I bought a nice new cottage loaf as I came down the street, and sent little Tom Clarke to get us a sup of beer, as I did not like to go myself. I was sure you wouldn't come home empty-handed."

"Empty-breasted, you mean," said Mark. "I often hide in my cupboard here" (laying his hand on his chest) "a great deal more than people give me credit for."

He laughed as he spoke, and his mother joined him. Mark in this instance told truth. He did indeed often thus hide what the mere passing observer did not suspect; but the thought probably never struck him, or if it did, it gave him no concern, that there was an eye beholding him which no artifice could blind—one who, knowing the most hidden secrets of the heart, detects under its deepest folds the springs that actuate its every impulse. He was safe from the observation of his fellow-man, and he cared for nothing more.

The supper was ended as it had been begun, with commendations on

their own activity and boldness, and with ridicule at the want of vigilance on the part of others, and both lay down to sleep without one thought of that Almighty Being whose laws they had broken, and whose service they habitually forsook.

Mark had been frequently committed to the House of Correction, and once he had narrowly escaped a conviction that would have led to fourteen years' transportation. It was capital luck, he thought, and such luck, as he boasted of to his mother, could have happened to no one but himself. Nor was the old woman's character better than his own. No one employed either of them when he could obtain the assistance of others; and when any one was compelled to avail himself of their services, a degree of watchfulness was so plainly exercised over them, that any others would have felt their situation intolerable and disgraceful. This, however, had no other effect upon them than to make them more cunning, and more determined that those who thus suspected them should pay, as they said, for their suspicions.

The inside of a church was never seen either by mother or son. There was a Bible somewhere in the cottage, but neither could tell where; nor was a prayer ever known to have sanctified their lips. They lived, in short, without God in the world, though, alas! His name was oftener uttered by them than by most others. It was in vain that Mr. Manley, the good minister of the parish, sought to make any impression on them. The old woman had no time to go to a place of worship, nor clothes fit to go in, if ever she had leisure. Besides she could say her prayers quite as well at home as she could do anywhere else; and she was too deaf to catch, to any good purpose, what was preached or read. Once a year, indeed, she was to be seen near the vestry door, for a sum of money was given away on St. Thomas's day to a few poor widows; and though she had almost invariably found herself superseded by others, she never failed to mingle with the crowd to prefer her claim, though for the sake of the gossip, or to indulge with other rejected candidates in abuse of the churchwardens and trustees of the charity.

Whilst Mark pilfered from every one's grounds or farmyards whatever he was able, his mother pursued her course of petty theft wherever she could exercise it. They therefore did not in reality fare amiss, though their cottage exhibited every mark of poverty, and their apparel was mean and shabby in the extreme. When Mark was gone, as the gaoler facetiously called it, "to have his hair cut," or as he himself termed it, "to get a good lodging in hard times for nothing," she never "took on," as many of her neighbours thought they should do in like circumstances; her eye was unused to tears; and provided she could manage to shift pretty well for herself, his absence gave her no pain, and she showed no symptoms of impatience for his return. But when, however, he did come back, a laugh at his punishment was enjoyed by both, and each hardened the other in a contempt of all human laws, and in the forgetfulness that there is a Judge who surely though silently takes account of all that passes against the day of final judgment.

Yet the father of Mark was a very respectable, hardworking man, and Mark himself, as a boy, had given the fairest promise of becoming a useful and efficient servant. He had very early entered the service of a gentleman in the village, where his conduct continued to give the highest satisfaction so long as his father lived. At his death, unhappily, he was left entirely under the control of his mother, who herself had been restricted

from many evil habits by the fear of her husband. Sad to relate, she soon became the tempter of her son. At first he resisted her solicitations to bring her home something; "any trifle," she said, "would be acceptable; it could not be missed, and it was his duty to assist his poor mother, now a widow, and obliged to depend only on herself."

At length Mark yielded; the first step passed, the rest followed as a matter of course: the temptation that once overcomes us soon makes us its slave, and though for a time we may struggle against a chain which we feel galling, it is but rare that we are able to break it, and regain our liberty. Detection did not immediately follow—it had been well if it had; but principle was gone and a habit of evil was formed. When Mark first took food to his mother, even she could not prevail upon him to taste it; but in a few weeks' time the mother and son might be seen sharing the booty together, and promising each other a repetition of the indulgence.

But the day of discovery arrived, and Mark was dismissed that service with disgrace which he ought to have quitted with honour and benefit to himself. There was no publicity given to the cause of his leaving his place; but it was in vain to seek a similar when no character could be given him from his last. He therefore hired himself to a stable-keeper, then became an agriculturist, or assistant gardener—anything in short that could promise him support for a time, till at last his character, as before stated, became notoriously bad.

It was in the month of February, two years after the scene which has been previously related, took place, when old Mrs. Dunthorn, who had gone out in the evening for the purpose, as usual, of making depredations on the hedges of the farmers, caught so severe a cold, that not only was the use of her limbs endangered, but her life also. Heedless as they had ever been of Mr. Manley's exhortations, and insolent even as they had occasionally shown themselves, they made no scruple on the present occasion to send to the vicarage for some wine, or a little gin. The request was answered only by a message from Mr. Manley that he would call and see what was wanted, a promise which was immediately fulfilled.

The old woman would gladly have avoided his presence had she been able to move. Mark, however, quickly made his escape through the back-door to his great satisfaction, as he afterwards assured his mother, when, having watched Mr. Manley's departure, he re-entered the cottage.

"And what did he give you?" said he; "is't fit to drink, let's see?" and he took up a mug from the table.

"He gave me little enough of what could do me good," replied she, "but plenty of that which costs him nothing; but poor folks have no wants, and no feeling, I suppose. I told him he need not trouble himself to come again to me, and I hope he'll understand me."

Mr. Manley perfectly understood her; but he nevertheless did come again and again to see her, but not for the sole purpose of bringing her what he considered as useful to her body. A higher and a holier feeling of charity led him, in spite of all discouragement, to her bedside. For some time he could make no impression upon her, and it is more than probable, if she had not been unwilling to lose the nourishment he brought her, she would have plainly, if not insolently, declined his visits. As she grew worse, however, and it began to appear pretty evident that there was little chance of recovery, her indifference and dislike gave way under the alarm that seized her, and terror, the terror of an awakened conscience, if

not of true penitence, drew from her lips expressions that had hitherto been strangers to them.

"Oh! Mark," cried she, as he one evening approached her bed, "I must die, I must die;" and she began to wail piteously.

"And so must we all," replied he, negligently; "there's no shirking that."

"I know it, I know it," said she, "but what's to come after death?"

"What neither you nor I can tell anything about," returned he, carelessly. "I wish Mr. Manley would not come here filling your head with such fancies."

"They are no fancies," cried she, earnestly; "I feel what he says to be truth, and so will you one of these days."

"And when, I should like to know?" asked he.

"When, like me," replied she, "you lie—"

"I understand what you mean," said he, "when, like you, he has got me on my back,—that's not yet, and won't be for a good while, I hope."

"That's more than you know, Mark," returned she, "no, don't go away. Listen to me. I have been very wicked. I have done many bad things and so have you."

"And whose fault is that?" said he, "who have I to thank but you, mother? I am only what you taught me to be."

"Don't say so, don't say so!" almost screamed she; "I can't bear it—don't reproach me!" and she held up her hands piteously to him.

"I don't reproach you," replied he; "why should I? where is the wrong of it after all? If you and I had had enough to eat like other people, we might have been as honest and good, as they call it, as they—or put them who are crammed to the full in our places, they would most likely have been what we are,—not the most respectable in the world."

"Oh, Mark! Mark!" cried she, "it's no use talking so. Try to be a better man—you have a chance—oh, what would I now give to have lived a better life! If I could bring back the years that are gone, I would not do as I have done."

"So you said when you were bad five years ago, and like to die," replied Mark, "and what did all that come to? Was there any difference in you after you had got well? None, that I saw or any one else, I believe, mother. All this comes of your lying there, and fancying, as the doctor and Mr. Manley tell you, to suit their own ends, that you are going to die. Once on your legs again and you will be like me, and I like you. I have done your teaching and your example no discredit, and I shan't for the time to come. No wry faces. You'll get well again—no fear of that—and then you'll laugh as you did before, to think how silly you had been to listen to all that Mr. Manley had said to you."

But the unhappy woman did not get well again, nor was time given her to make repentance sure. Neither was she able, much and earnestly as she desired it, to make any impression on her son, and she died, as all may dread to die, amidst many fears, and without one well-grounded hope of acceptance, save in that mercy to which no one may presume to set limits.

The actual death of his mother, as might be expected, made no improvement in Mark. He expressed no grief on the occasion, and if he felt any, it was only because he experienced some inconvenience in consequence, and found his home even less agreeable than it had been. In a short time afterwards he was again committed to the House of Correction, and on returning to the village again picked up a living as he was able.

The spring had now fully advanced. For some little time past, Mark had appeared to have made some steps towards reformation. He sought employment as an assistant to Mr. Manley's gardener; and that good man would not deny his petition.

"I admit," said he, in reply to a remonstrance from one of his family on the subject, "that nobody would allow Mark Dunthorn to come on their grounds; but it is for that very reason that I permit him. Though all the parish shut their doors, and not unjustly or unwisely perhaps, on him, the minister of that parish may not, I conceive, turn a deaf ear to a penitent, though he has only the word of that penitent to take in trust. It is better that I should be imposed upon than that I should quench the feeble flame which my holy Master during his ministry delighted to fan and cherish. Mark, as you say, is a good-for-nothing fellow, or at least has hitherto proved himself as such; but while there is life there is hope, spiritually as bodily, and stranger things have happened than the complete reformation of a character bad as his."

The high trees in the vicarage grounds had long been a favourite resort of the rooks; the colony had been so long in possession of them that the right of inheritance had ceased to be a contested point. Mr. Manley himself particularly favoured them, they were scrupulously protected by his order, and though they paid no greater respect to him than to any one else, they never incurred his displeasure. They had lately taken a fancy to build in a very large but ancient walnut-tree, many of the boughs of which were greatly decayed. Mark pointed this out to Mr. Manley, suggesting at the same time, the expediency of cutting away the dead wood. He had done this, he said, with very good effect in a neighbouring garden the year before, and the old tree was putting out fresh shoots and looking almost young again.

Mr. Manley made no objection to the trial, he only expressly forbade any attempt to touch the tree till the rooks had ceased to build, and then only under his own instruction and superintendence. Mark ventured to suggest that no time could be so proper as the present, that there was no need to disturb the rooks, and that delay would hazard the success of the experiment. Mr. Manley was firm, however, in his determination, and peremptorily commanded him to obey the orders he had already received. Mark touched his hat with a "To be sure, sir," and Mr. Manley left him.

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#### DRESS.

WE sacrifice to dress till household joys  
 And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry  
 And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,  
 And introduces hunger, frost, and woe  
 Where peace and hospitality might reign.

COWPER.

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## CHILL.\*

ONE cold wintry night in the year 1840, a cutter, with the first governor of New Zealand on board, on his way to examine other parts of this district, entered the "Waitemata," and left a boat and party to obtain soundings along the shores of the harbour. Daybreak revealed a dreary prospect over waste land and vacant water, without sign or sound of living being, except the boatmen, who were seated round a fire they had kindled on the rocks. The dawn of a morning, in the year 1850, disclosed a very different prospect—fields, gardens, churches, colleges, and numerous neat dwelling-houses extending over the land, some stately ships, and a multitude of coasting vessels enlivening the waters, whilst the hum of an awakened population replaced the desolation and silence of the former scene. We took a parting glance at these changes, which, momentarily overlooking the interval of time, seemed like the effect of a dissolving view, or the beautiful transformations of the diorama.

Whilst running out of the Gulf before a brisk fair wind which speedily took us out of sight of New Zealand, our minds were occupied with grateful thoughts of the valued friends left behind us, whose kindness at parting filled our hearts with cheerful anticipations of a return to our adopted country.

On the Pacific we had strong north-westerly winds with which we steered to the south-eastward, and soon reached forty-two degrees south. In that latitude we continued standing to the eastward until we had reached the one hundred and twentieth degree of west longitude. The weather was somewhat boisterous and cold, but not unpleasant. In one hundred degrees west we encountered the strong southerly wind which prevails along the coast of South America, and with it steered a straight course for Valparaiso. The ship, being one of the Aberdeen-bow construction, sailed so fast that we saw the land on the twenty-seventh day after leaving Auckland, a passage which is seldom made in less than six weeks. Our letters were in time for the steamer which sails from Valparaiso for Panama on the 26th of each month, and, as the mails are forwarded from thence by the West India packets, letters from New Zealand would be received in England in about eighty days from the time of their being despatched. This period includes several days which they had to remain at the consul's office in Valparaiso prior to the sailing of the steamer.

When the Andes mountains are not shrouded in clouds or mists they can be seen from seaward; but as they are at a considerable distance inland, the effect of their stupendous height produced far less impression on my mind than the view of Mount Egmont in New Zealand, the mountains of Sumatra, or other lofty peaks which are nearer the coast than the Cordilleras. There are few traces of cultivation near the bay of Valparaiso, and a small signal-mast on the bare hills is the only indication of a port. But, on drawing nearer, a lighthouse of moderate elevation is seen marking the western point of the bay, and after passing it, a crowd of vessels of many nations comes in view. The water being deep close to the shore, and the wind always blowing from the land in summer, they are huddled together almost as if in a dock; but in the winter season, when the bay is

\* From a paper read by D. Rough, Esq., harbour-master at the port of Auckland.

visited by northerly gales, the vessels are moored with greater precaution, and their heads to seaward.

Like the town of Wellington in New Zealand, Valparaiso lies along the shore at the base of a semicircular range of hills, wanting, however, the green woods, deep glens, and picturesque clearings and gardens which distinguish the well-watered lands of that colony; for though the town of Valparaiso is in point of extent and commercial importance beyond any comparison with so recently-established a place as Wellington, yet, with the exception of a few houses and gardens constructed and maintained at great expense, the country around it is barren and desolate. Possibly when first occupied by the Spaniards, the ravines may have been adorned with trees and verdure, which led them to give it the name it bears (Vale of Paradise), but at present it has not the least claim to such an appellation.

The streets under the steep hills are narrow but well paved. The houses, which are constructed chiefly of wood, unburnt bricks, and plaster, have a very showy appearance. The basement stories are generally used as shops and warehouses, above which there is an open gallery or verandah in front of the apartments in the upper stories, which are the dwellings of the respectable class of a society that comprises some wealthy native families, consuls, and merchants from all the mercantile nations of Europe and America. At the eastern side of the town there is an enlarged space between the hills and the beach, where the streets are wider, and a neat piazza or square has been formed. That part is called the Almendral, and is considered to be the most aristocratic quarter of Valparaiso. The shops, cafés, and magazins des modes, are mostly kept by French men and women, many of whom resort to South America to seek their fortunes. The labouring classes, who form the bulk of a population amounting to about forty thousand souls, live in cottages built upon the hills, and stuck against the steep sides of the ravines: these dwellings rising above one another have a very singular appearance, and if made to occupy a plain would cover a very considerable space of ground.

The landing-place is a spacious wooden jetty in front of the Custom-house, which is near the centre of the town, and being surmounted with a tower and clock has a neat appearance. The duties on imported articles are levied by a tariff, the rate of which amounts to about twenty-five or thirty per cent. on the values; on spirits and tobacco very much more. One of the churches in the town has a very imposing appearance, and is ornamented internally like other places of Roman Catholic worship, though in a somewhat tawdry style, and very inferior to the sacred edifices of the capital of Chili.

The old Spanish custom of burying in the churches is strictly prohibited; and at Valparaiso, as at Santiago, there are well-laid-out cemeteries, where I saw several monuments and sculptured figures in marble of great beauty, which the wealthier families had procured from Europe to place over the tombs of their deceased relations. The Protestant place of interment is also kept in excellent and tasteful order.

The established religion of the Republic is Roman Catholic, and no other is tolerated; but an English schoolhouse has been allowed, in which divine service is held regularly by the respected consular chaplain, and a Presbyterian free chapel has been opened in one of the offices in the town. The minister is an American gentleman, also editor of a newspaper; he is aided in this undertaking by a society in the United States.

The municipality has a good revenue, derived from the local taxation, rents of properties, and some imposts on articles brought into town, with which an armed and mounted police, night watchmen, and a jail are maintained, besides giving support to male and female hospitals, and free schools for adults and children of both sexes, improving the streets, and other duties which are performed under the superintendence of the provincial governor with the sanction of the elective authorities. The theatre is large and elegantly fitted up. Having been kindly invited to a seat in a box, I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing an Italian opera, "La Figlia del Regimento," very creditably performed. The Chilian and European ladies were elegantly dressed, and looked to great advantage both at the opera and at a great ball to which also I had the honour of receiving an invitation: being generally wealthy they spare no expense in procuring personal decoration of the latest Parisian fashions. The want of pleasant walks beyond the town, and the clouds of dust, or rather showers of gravel, which are carried about by the winds that usually blow strong during the day, render Valparaiso anything but agreeable to a stranger or an idler; it is, however, a place of very great commercial importance, on account of the extensive transactions which take place in importing European manufactures and exporting valuable ores, metal, saltpetre, wool, and other productions of the country.

The risks to which property is liable in South America from the want of stability and power in the various governments to protect foreign merchants, induce the British, French, and United States Cabinets to maintain small squadrons of ships-of-war on the coast. Though Chili is by far the most secure and respectable of these republics, yet, for various reasons, Valparaiso is, during summer, the head-quarters of the English Admiral. Her Majesty's ship "Asia," of eighty-four guns, was lying there at the time of our visit, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Hornby, who, with his amiable family, resided on shore, much respected by the inhabitants. The naval officers complained of the little attention which was paid to them by the English merchants—a complaint which they seldom have occasion to make in other parts of the world, English residents abroad being usually very ready to offer hospitalities to officers in the naval service of their country.

The usual conveyance by which the journey is made from Valparaiso to Santiago, the seat of government, is a kind of cabriolet drawn by two and sometimes three horses abreast; the postilion rides on one of them, and an assistant drives a troop of horses for relays some distance in advance. The country through which the road passes is not particularly interesting: the villages and cottages by the wayside are by no means remarkable for picturesque beauty, but the groupings of men (dressed in gaily-coloured ponchos), of horses, cattle, droves of mules and huge waggons, were to us novel and amusing. The plants and wild flowers were quite new to me; an aromatic flowering thorn perfumes the air, and the fields are enlivened by gay-coloured composites, cactæ, and beautiful bulbous flowers.

The female peasants are neatly dressed in cotton gowns of European manufacture, and have generally a very modest and pleasing demeanour; they are brunettes, and have soft dark eyes that give an intellectual expression to the plainest features. We frequently observed little knots of children by the wayside whose appearance strikingly resembled those of Murillo's unrivalled pictures.

The Spanish engineer who constructed the road from the city to



the port took no pains to find a pass by which to carry his lines through two ranges of high hills, which lie between the Andes and the coast, but led the highway right over these formidable barriers, and so it remains to this day. The manner in which such a road is made available for carriages and heavy waggons is certainly very remarkable. A zigzag or serpentine of numerous windings is cut in the face of the acclivities; and although in looking from the plain one vehicle near the summit appears to be right over the head of another beginning the ascent far below, yet the cuttings are so carefully made, and the inclination so easy, that our horses went nearly the whole way at a gallop. In descending, strangers are apt to be much alarmed, as at each elbow or angle of the serpentine the horses seem to be going over the brink of the terrible cliffs, and in truth the least want of attention on the part of the postilion might occasion such a fearful catastrophe, for they drive down hill at brisk trot, and, with the best management in turning sharp, the wheels are often within a foot or two of the edge of the precipice.

From the summit of the range of hills nearest to the capital, a magnificent view is obtained. From thence the Andes are seen in all their grandeur, rising like a gigantic wall from the wide and populous plain, in the midst of which the city of Santiago lies encompassed by fertile fields, gardens, and vineyards, watered by several streams issuing from these mountains.

This old Spanish city is in appearance and arrangement totally different from Valparaiso. From a piazza or great square in the centre numerous streets diverge and continue in straight lines towards the open country, when they terminate in roads availed by tall poplar trees: these long streets are crossed and connected by shorter streets and lanes, all paved with rough boulder stones from the bed of the river. The old palace of the Spanish Presidents, now converted into public offices and prisons, forms one side of the piazza, and the great cathedral forms another. In the centre is a fountain and a group of figures in marble, from which men and horses carry water to all parts of the city. The principal shops and places of business are in the vicinity of the square; the buildings in the long streets being chiefly dwelling-houses, in which the proprietors of mines and estates, officers of the Government, dignitaries of the church, and the principal families of Chili reside. These dwellings have outwardly a poor appearance, but are really spacious and elegantly furnished. A large door opens from the street into a paved court, the centre of which is planted with trees and flowers. The apartments of the buildings that form these quadrangles open upon corridors which are carried along the front of each story.

The churches are very numerous, and frequently a long dead wall may be seen connected with a chapel, and taking up the greater part of a street. These walls are the enclosures of monasteries or nunneries, such institutions being maintained with all the rigour of the Romish Ecclesiastical law, and communication with the nuns as strictly prohibited as in the days of old Spain. Judging from the trees which hang over the walls, I believe that these religious prisons contain beautiful gardens, but no natural or artificial beauties can long continue to please those who cannot venture beyond them; and though the idea of leading a life of devotional retirement may possess charms for the imagination at a distance, I confess that the sight of these walls filled our minds with sadness and pity for the poor young creatures shut up for ever within their gloomy enclosures. The church is

very wealthy and powerful, its chief authority in Chili is the archbishop who resides at Santiago. The secular clergy have a very dignified appearance, and are said to be men of great piety. The numerous monks and friars of various orders are not so well spoken of. The cathedral and other churches are large edifices, adorned with splendid altars and shrines, inferior paintings, and images, in the usual style of places devoted to the Romish worship. To judge from their regular attendance at morning and evening service, the Chilian females are very devout.

During my morning walks I used generally to enter some church, and always found a concourse of ladies and female domestics at a very early hour kneeling before the altars attired in black dresses and graceful mantillas, always worn on such occasions. Although I endeavoured as little as possible to disturb their devotions, yet I frequently observed the mantilla put a little aside and a keen glance of curiosity cast at the heretical stranger. The great organ in the cathedral is a fine one, but the music generally is very indifferent.

As I could not procure any statistics of the amount of crime in the republic, I am unable to say how far the church has influence in preserving morality amongst the Chilians; but I can freely state that I do not recollect having previously visited any city, where I saw so much outward decorum of manners and conduct as at Santiago. There was nothing to offend or alarm one; thieves and rogues no doubt abound, as in other populous places, but they are kept in check by an excellent police, and nowhere did I see any of the drunkenness and gross immorality which I have seen in the streets of towns elsewhere whose inhabitants are considered to be far in advance of the Chilians. I was very agreeably surprised at finding a printed notice on the walls of churches, to the effect that schools were open in various quarters of the city, for the reception of male and female adults, who would receive education in the elementary branches, free of any charge, beyond that of one shilling per month for light during the evening hours. Besides these municipal schools in every province of Chili, there are at Santiago a great national institute, a military academy, a school of design, and a naval school at Valparaiso.

The institute or college is a fine building in three divisions, capable of receiving about one thousand students, who come to it from all parts of the republic. Those who reside within the walls pay about 30*l.* per annum, whilst those who attend the classes pay little or nothing. The power of admitting youths to these benefits devolves upon the rector, who admits all that are found qualified by previous elementary study, without regard to their nationality or rank. By his direction I was conducted over the whole establishment, I found the classrooms, refectories, dormitories, dressing-rooms, and exercising courts, in excellent order. The library is as yet deficient; but there is a national library in the city containing fifteen thousand volumes, and a museum containing many valuable specimens of ores and minerals. As the army consists only of two or three regiments and some companies of artillery, the number of military students is limited. They are paid by the Government during the period of their studies, and are obliged in return to give the benefit of their acquirements to the service of the State for a certain number of years. As the institutions of Chili are generally formed after those of the former French republic, there is more of a military spirit in the people, and more of its pomp and ceremony to be met with, than in the great North American commonwealth. A militia is enrolled in the town, and the Sunday mornings are devoted to a

display of uniforms, martial exercises and music. It must be remembered that the Chilians fought determinedly and bravely against the forces of old Spain; and the freedom of their country from grinding despotism was gained by the sacrifice of its finest youth of all ranks, who perished in the bloody battles fought on the plains at the foot of the Andes. The only enemies with whom the Chilian troops have to contend in the present day, are the Araucano Indians on the southern frontier, a race that maintains the same ferocity of character and determined opposition to foreign control as in the days when Valdivia, and the early Spanish adventurers in Chili, were driven by their furious attacks to seek shelter in the Castle of Santiago. The Romish church has, I believe, sent missionaries amongst these wild tribes, but, as far as I could learn, without producing much civilizing effect upon their habits and character.

In addition to the charitable relief which the church provides for the poor, excellent hospitals for the indigent sick are maintained at the public expense, and at Santiago there is an orphan asylum and foundling hospital where all children are freely received and given out to nurse or board until otherwise provided for. I was present at the monthly inspection by the commissioners; and as the nurses came forward in their turns to show their young charges and receive their wages, several ladies were ready to choose and adopt such of the children as they fancied, for this benevolent practice is enjoined by the church and followed by many pious people.

As the revenues derived from customs, transfers of property, auction dues, and profits on coinage, &c., considerably exceed the current expenditure, the Government of Chili has thus the means of aiding and supporting public institutions for the improvement of the country, facilitating communication, and paying off national debts incurred during the revolution. The estates of adherents to Spain, which were confiscated at that time, have been restored to the original owners or their heirs, and the more recent possessors repaid from the public treasury. The people generally have great confidence in the Government, though it is not without opposition from a party in the country against whom very vigorous proceedings had been instituted, the executive being empowered by the legislature to suspend the usual forms of law, and to imprison and banish summarily all persons found machinating against public rule and tranquillity.\* The freedom of the press is restrained within moderate bounds: newspapers are not subjected to regular censorship, but the writers of articles against private persons are tried by a special jury, and not allowed to allege any justification for bringing them before the public; but when the party assailed happens to be in public office the writer may clear himself by proving the truth of his assertions—if he fails to establish such proof, he is liable to be fined or imprisoned, according to the injury supposed to be caused by his publications.

All other trials are conducted before courts of judges or magistrates as the case may be, without juries, and the delay and uncertainties of law proceedings, are complained of in Chili as in other countries.

The President appoints or suspends the officers of Government. The governors of provinces are responsible to him, and provincial officers are responsible to their immediate governors. For his acts the President is

\* Since our visit to Chili the party in question became so powerful that the Government was obliged to raise forces and take the field against them. As far as I can learn they have been put down and tranquillity has been restored to the republic.

held accountable to Congress, consisting of two houses of senators, and representatives from all parts of the republic.

In private life the Chilians seem to enjoy much happiness: they are amiable, and extremely courteous in manners and deportment. Through the introduction of a gentleman who had formerly visited New Zealand we received some very polite attentions from one or two families at Santiago, and to every public institution which I wished to visit, admission was obtained without trouble, and the most considerate care taken to impart the information I sought. The principal place of fashionable resort is a wide and beautiful street, of great length, that intersects the city; it is planted with four lines of stately poplars, which leave a smooth promenade in the centre. On Sunday evenings this fine walk is filled with elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, pacing up and down, or sitting in groups on the neat granite seats which are placed under the tall trees. The perspective view seems at one end to be closed by the snow-capped Cordilleras, and at the other by a range of hills towards the coast. A mountain stream, confined within an artificial channel, runs along the side avenues, and a fountain throws up its clear waters in the middle of the promenade. Altogether the Alameda de la Canada is a great ornament to the city, and forms a charming scene, which cannot soon pass from the memory of a visitor to Santiago.

On the north side of the city the river Maypocho rushes on its course from the mountains to the sea; it is crossed by means of a substantial bridge of brickwork, and another for foot passengers farther up: along the town side there is a parapet wall of brick, several miles in length, which serves to keep the river within due bounds, and forms also a pleasant walk for the inhabitants.

The President resides in a handsome building, which the Spaniards erected for a mint; the rear of it alone being sufficient for this purpose. The state reception-room is elegantly furnished with rich meubles in gold and crimson velvet procured in France. There is a theatre of smaller size than that of Valparaiso; and during my visit, Herz, the great German pianist and composer, was delighting the fashionable world of Santiago with his brilliant playing. The Chilians are very musical, and in every house we found excellent pianos; but in vain did I ask for one of the touching *Canciones Nacionales*, or the enlivening *Bolero* airs, to which I listened with delight when I visited Manilla. The young ladies whom we met could sing nothing but Italian operatic airs, which are very captivating when executed with all the skill and taste of a prima donna; but, in a private drawing-room, simple melodies, sung with feeling, are preferable to any scientific display of the most elaborate composition. The guitar, too, is banished from refined society in Chili, but still used by the lower classes as an accompaniment to their monotonous ditties.

We never tired gazing at the stupendous mountains, which could be seen from the windows of the hotel where we lodged. Very often they are enshrouded by thick clouds, at other times their snowy summits alone are seen, shining brightly in the sunlight, and sometimes, but not often, they are entirely free from clouds or mist, and are seen standing out in bold relief and most impressive grandeur from the clear sky. The picture they present is at the same time animated and softened by the beautiful lights and shadows which fall upon the projecting spurs or receding gorges of the enormous mass. I longed to be amongst the glens, or climbing the awful heights by which the road crosses to the town of Mendoza, on the

farther side of the chain; but as circumstances rendered this impossible, all I could do was to reach the foot of the nearest mountains at a short distance from the city. Our kind friend Don Xavier took us to the country villa of a gentleman of great taste and poetical genius, who had formed a charming retreat at the very base of the Andes, and adorned it in a style which we might have looked for in Italy, but scarcely would have expected in South America. The enclosed grounds are planted with fruit trees interspread with numerous flowers and shrubs; amongst which secluded walks wind toward an elevation which commands a fine view of the wide valley and luxuriant vega or plain of Santiago. A clear mountain stream passes through the midst of the sloping and terraced garden: in its course it is made to form cascades, and a deep blue pool or basin, from which three fountains spring and scatter their waters in graceful jets. A temple, in memory of the proprietor's father, is built over the first cascade, just beyond a neat parterre, and copies of some of the finest statues in Florence and Rome are set up at various remarkable points within the grounds; graceful weeping willows hang over the stream, and its course is marked by a wide avenue of poplar trees. In looking over the garden from the hall of the residence, the steep mountain forms the background of the romantic spot, which is frequently the resort of gay pic-nic parties from the city, and is indeed most admirably situated for the enjoyments of music and friendly intercourse. Whilst we were taking our repast a large eagle flew over our heads, returning to his nest amongst the mountains: these birds are very destructive to the poultry in the neighbourhood, and it was with difficulty the major-domo could provide us with the common dish of the country, a kind of well-peppered chicken stew, of which the Chilians appeared to be extremely fond. We had also the pleasure of visiting the country residence of a rich old gentleman, whose grounds were laid out as vineyards of great extent. The house contained a suite of well-furnished and richly-carpeted rooms on the ground-floor, offices, baths, wine-presses, and extensive stores for the produce of the estate, together with a neatly ornamented chapel communicating with the main buildings.

These Haciendas, or estates of Chili, produce abundance of excellent flour and herds of fine cattle and horses. The arts of cultivation are, however, in a very rude and backward state, which the Government is endeavouring to improve by means of recently-established botanic gardens and model farms.

The natives are accustomed at an early age to the management of stock: they are most fearless riders, and soon bring the wildest cattle under control. I had an opportunity of witnessing their dexterity on the occasion of bringing in a large herd, which were driven towards an enclosure. At its gate several wild animals refused to enter, and bounded off in various directions; instantly the mounted herdsmen were after them, and the long lasso, which is always at the saddle bow, was thrown with unerring aim over the horns of the great beasts, that were thus suddenly brought to a stand, by the horses of the drivers planting their hoofs firmly into the ground; sometimes the furious brutes made at the drivers, who galloped off until others came up, and by dexterously throwing their lassos on the ground, so as to catch the legs of the bullocks, suddenly brought them headlong to the earth, and then compelled them to return to the gate of the court-yard, keeping the refractory in check by means of two or more tightly-strained lassos which prevented their moving in any direction but the right one.

The Chilians are lamentably deficient in knowledge of the arts; and consequently depend upon importations of manufactured articles from other countries, or employ at a high rate carpenters, blacksmiths, coachmakers, and other European workmen who have established themselves in Chili. The Government holds out every encouragement to immigration, and has succeeded, by giving small grants of land, in inducing several German families to settle in the southern province. Every facility is given to commercial enterprise and advancement. One railway has already been constructed between the mining districts of Copiapo and the coast, and others are projected; in fact, whilst Peru and other states to the northward are kept down by political divisions and misgovernment, the republic of Chili seems to be advancing to a most respectable position among nations; and if not distracted by internal division (of which, however, there was a little indication at the time of our visit), it may soon rise to a high degree of wealth and importance, containing, as it does, such mighty resources in its rich mines, pastures, and fertile fields.

Before sailing from Valparaiso we experienced a severe shock of an earthquake. Early one morning I observed the inhabitants rushing distractedly from their houses into the street, with looks of consternation and alarm. I soon began to feel the earth reel, and had to steady myself with my walking-stick until the ground settled again with a horrible trembling motion that made the walls of the houses creak and the furniture rattle loudly. But, the danger past, the pale faces around me began to resume their colour again, and jokes and laughter were excited at the strange costumes in which several persons had hurried from their bedrooms at that early hour. That shock was considered to be unusually severe, and soon after a fire broke out which consumed many houses and much valuable property.

In little more than three weeks from the time of our sailing from Valparaiso, we made the land to the westward of Cape Horn, and ran along shore with a strong south-westerly wind. It being then midsummer (January) the weather was mild for those regions, the thermometer showing forty-four degrees of heat in the mornings and evenings, and at noon about fifty degrees. The interior of Terra del Fuego is mountainous, and the coast elevated into fantastically-shaped hills. The cape itself is an enormous crag, apparently of porphyritic rock, seamed and worn by the power of the elements in that stormy clime, yet boldly facing the lashing waves and furious blasts of the Southern Ocean. We passed within a short distance of its base, and gazed with great interest and delight on that noble-looking termination of a mighty continent, which we soon left far astern, and were glad to bear away through the Atlantic, towards the genial climate and sunny skies of the tropics.

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THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows,  
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;  
When next the summer breeze comes by  
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

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## THE FAIRIES. (1658.)

COME, follow, follow me,  
 You, fairy elves that be ;  
 Which circle on the green,  
 Come, follow Mab, your queen :  
 Hand in hand let's dance around,  
 For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their nest ;  
 Unheard and unespied  
 Through keyholes we do glide :  
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul  
 With platter, dish, or bowl,  
 Upstairs we nimbly creep,  
 And find the sluts asleep :  
 There we pinch their arms and eyes,  
 None escapes nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
 And from uncleanness kept,  
 We praise the household maid,  
 And duly is she paid :  
 For we used before we go  
 To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head  
 Our-table cloth we spread ;  
 A grain of rye or wheat  
 Is manchet which we eat.  
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
 In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
 With unctuous fat of snails  
 Between two cockles stew'd,  
 Is meat that's easily chew'd.  
 Tails of worms and marrow of mice,  
 Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
 Serve us for our minstrelsy ;  
 Grace said, we dance a while,  
 And so the time beguile :  
 And if the moon doth hide her head,  
 The glowworm lights us home to bed.

On drops of dewy grass  
 So nimbly do we pass ;  
 The young and tender stalk,  
 Ne'er bends when we do walk :  
 Yet in the morning may be seen,  
 Where we, the night before, have been.

ANONYMOUS.

THE  
**HOME FRIEND;**

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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A VISIT TO CYPRUS.—No. IV.



PAPHOS.

THE late storm had cooled the atmosphere, and rendered travelling most agreeable, as we took leave of our worthy Turkish host, and, mounting, pursued our way towards the town of the once-famed Paphos, the site of the temple of Paphia, or Venus. The sun shone as mildly on the refreshed earth as his rays, two days since, had been powerfully disagreeable; songsters, innumerable, chanted from the boughs of trees and twigs of thickly-set bushes that lined our pathway, and we hastened over the same track doubtless pursued by Paul and Barnabas when the



eyes of Sergius Paulus received light, and the sorcerer Elymas was struck with blindness.

After an hour and a half's smart riding we passed through the modern village of Callassi, or Collossi, and waded through a somewhat shallow stream, where the district of Limersole terminates. There was much more appearance of cultivation in these parts than any we had heretofore passed through: to our left was the prominent land of Cape de Gotta, indeed, the environs of Callassi were one vast extent of delicious orchards, vineyards, and mulberry plantations, with abundance of water, oozing from purling streams, in every direction. The ruins of an aqueduct and an old tower were pointed out to us by our guides, and travellers who had preceded us in their researches in these little-frequented parts attribute both to the handiwork of the Knights Templars.

After fording through the river we passed the village of Episcopi; pleasantly situated at the foot of a minor range of hills, which project far out into the sea, and form one of those many bluff headlands which is the leading feature of the sea-girt coasts of this island. The village itself is situated in a declivity, sufficiently elevated to command a charming prospect of the plains, which were all sown with wheat, as also of the orchards, plantations, and mulberry tracts that surround it. The summit of the hills were crowned with groups of graceful olive trees, whilst lower down, and right to the bases of the mountains, cypress and mountain oak flourished in wild luxuriance. Here, also, the greater portion of the population were Turks, men possessed of greater energy and spirit than their lethargic and indolent Greek neighbours. The country yields a small supply of cotton, and terra-ombra was said to be abundant.

Here the sheik of the village pointed out to us several interesting ruins, some of which, he persisted, were the remnants of once-celebrated sugar-factories established on this spot; others, again, were said to have served as storehouses or granaries; and one or two had evidently once served as Christian churches, for every niche was marked with a cross, and there were remnants of what appeared to have been fresco paintings. Whether sugar was really manufactured here or not it is difficult to ascertain, but it is certain that the village before us once boasted of very great opulence; and it is almost as certain that, were proper measures adopted, the rich and fertile soil, the congenial climate, and the abundant supply of very excellent water, are ingredients that would speedily constitute a wealthy province, and Episcopi might yet vie for wealth and commerce with any other town under the Sultan's jurisdiction.

Quitting Episcopi we commenced to cross over the mountains, which apparently here intersect the island, dividing with a rocky barrier the western from the eastern shores. The roads were abominable, and rendered slippery and dangerous by the late heavy fall of rain. The mountains here were entirely calcareous, terminating towards the sea in deep and almost perpendicular fissures, the soil being level and barren on inclined plains of rock. Under these circumstances we deemed it most prudent to dismount, and precede our horses; for had they gone before us, a false step, or a slip on their part, would have crushed us to death. As it was, one of our party met with a most severe accident, which tended well-nigh to lame him for life: leaning for support on his reversed fowling-piece, at a most critical part, where the polished rock was as smooth and shining as a looking-glass, the barrel slipped between his legs, and coming

in sharp contact with his right foot, the shock was so great as to precipitate him on his face, with such force that blood gushed from his deeply-cut forehead, and he was lifted up to all appearances lifeless and insensible. Luckily a flask of brandy was at hand, which we poured into the wound, which we then stuffed up with common gun-wadding, and bound a silk handkerchief round his head. When he came to his senses again, he found his leg had been so much injured by the blow that he was obliged to be lifted into his saddle, and it was many weeks before he recovered the right use of the limb. Shortly after this *contretemps* we were happy to find ourselves once more on a delightful level plain, though still on the mountains: the grateful odour of many wild herbs, that grew in profusion around us, was mingled with the cool breeze of evening. Wild oak and cypresses and mastic vied with each other in height and strength and beauty. From our elevated position we saw the sun set in cloudless glory; and a few minutes afterwards we arrived at the village of St. Thomas, where we bivouacked for the night.

Next morning the lark was fast asleep when our faithful courier roused us to partake of our early coffee, that most refreshing and delightful of all beverages to the eastern traveller. The horses were saddled, and everything ready for a start by the time the dawn had fairly appeared; and we were shaking the heavy dew from our huge straw hats, which, in passing under the foliage of wet trees, had amassed a pretty considerable quantity of damp, very much about the same time that the lark shook the dew-drop from her wing: thus, for once in our lives, classing ourselves amongst the list of early birds.

But who can describe how gloriously beautiful the first half hour of early morning is in these mild and delightful climes? The wonderful handiwork of the Great Master of the Universe was everywhere and in everything. Did we look to the east, there is a rich crimson drapery, fringed with gold, and the vesture of the morning sky is variegated with purple, green, rose-colour, fawn, and fifty other delicate tints, which the mind of man can barely conceive, much less hope to imitate. Above these, again, the light fleecy clouds are a splendid composition of silver, gold, and crystal-like pearl, veiling the clear blue azure canopy, like a fine network spread over a resplendent mirror.

To the west, the dark clouds of night are nestling to rest on the tranquil waves of the distant horizon; the last star has grown dim and imperceptible in the increasing light of day; the ocean is lighted up as a brilliant lamp; flowers open to the day, and the earth around us teems with the bountiful gifts of the Creator. Is there a breath that we breathe, or the note of a bird that we listen to, that does not distinctly proclaim the riches that undeserving men possess, and but too often abuse, during their pilgrimage upon earth?

Soon after passing St. Thomas, we passed through the rather-considerable town of Latunsko, chiefly inhabited by Turks; many of whom, we were informed, were married to Greek wives. The natives appeared to be a fine, healthy, robust, and industrious people, and we encountered several of these hardy mountaineers going forth to their daily labours, most of whom stopped and saluted us civilly as we passed. This village occupies a central position on this defile of mountains, and commands an extensive prospect, extending to Cape de Gotta to the southward.

Soon after quitting Latunsko we commenced our descent down a deep ravine, whose sides were in many places perfectly perpendicular, and on

arriving at the bottom, we dismounted to partake of our frugal morning repast, and to enable the horses to drink deeply from the pleasant water that flowed from a fountain in the centre of the ravine. The scenery about here was bold and striking; and, seated under the shade of an old ruined wall, we sketched the small illustration that accompanies this. Endless flights of doves and wild pigeons hovered over this spot, and cooed mournfully to their mates, as though sadly alarmed by our intrusion. Doubtless, up the perpendicular calcareous rocky side there were many niches and crannies well adapted for the security of their nests, as even the wily vipers could not by any possibility approach some of the projecting pinnacles, which at moments were swarming with quarrelsome blue pigeons, who fought and tussled with each other till both were hurled over the ledge locked firmly together by claws and beaks, till the sensation of mutual danger made both combatants desist, and fly off again before their bodies reached the earth. Leaving this ravine we passed Taluktoura, formerly a place of some considerable importance, situated on the pleasant sloping sides of a mountain, encompassed on three sides by well-cultivated valleys. The village was small and miserable, but much of the grounds, and many of the gardens and vineyards up the hillside, were the property of Turks, residing at Latunsko, who rode here and back on their donkeys every day in the week, to superintend the work of their peasants, or to set the shoulder to the wheel themselves.

About three hours after leaving Taluktoura we bade adieu to these mountains, and, descending rapidly, arrived at the banks of a river, close to where it empties itself into the sea; and here, halting for a short while, we dismounted and went down to the beach, strolling along the sea-sand in search of shells, or any curiosity the waves might chance to turn up for our inspection—the sea-coast running towards W.N.W. We sent for our horses, and fording the river close by the sea where it was shallowest, we followed the sea-shore till a sudden rocky barrier impeded our progress further in this direction, and then we struck off N.N.W., arriving soon afterwards at a ruined old castle, picturesquely situated on the summit of a high hill, which, we were informed, was a débris of the ancient Kuklia, or Conclia. This castle commanded an extensive prospect on all sides, with a very extensive view of the ocean.

Here, at the quiet mid-day hour, we reposed awhile under the friendly shade of Cyprus, and inhaled the first breath of the delicious seabreeze that was only then setting in. Our guides, stretched upon the bare ground, were soon wrapped in deep slumber; and the only noises that interrupted the intense silence and solitude of that hour were the occasional rustlings occasioned by one ugly bloodsucker in pursuit of another, or the twitterings of the pretty little beccafico, or fig-eater, which at this season begin to accumulate in the island, and which, in a month or so later, would afford a rich pastime to the sportsman; who, Cockney-like, seated under a tree with a diminutive gun, not much larger than a child's toy, will pick off these birds by dozens at a time. Their flesh is considered a very great delicacy, and certainly, when fresh and stewed with vine leaves, they are not to be despised; but they are most surprisingly fat, and not contented with their natural greasy tendency, the still more greasy Greeks, after half roasting them, preserve them in oil, and so use them as dainties all the year round. We must confess that though we have travelled a good deal in our lives, and seen a good many rare sights, we never remember, before meeting with it in Cyprus, to have seen bottles of pickled birds set upon a dinner table as a luxury.

In the neighbourhood of this place there are a few miserable huts which aspire to be called a village, and the natives of which subsist almost entirely during the summer months on wild marsh-mallow vegetables and fruits, a diet which, nevertheless, appeared in no measure to detract from their health or activity. This place is supposed by some to have been the ancient Cythera. The surrounding country is by nature well adapted for the conveniences and comfort of man; but it has been almost entirely depopulated, owing to the civil schisms that have periodically rent the island, the bad system of government, and the poverty and indolence of the inhabitants.

Mounting again, we crossed over a bridge built across a deep stream by the Turks, but which, at the time of our passage, was in a dilapidated and dangerous condition; and shortly after passed by three villages, Dhamé, Akshai, and Kulloon, all within half-an-hour's ride of each other.

At sunset we reached the supposed site of the once-celebrated garden of Venus; and, as the weather was remarkably mild, we preferred bivouacking in the open air for the night to entering into any of the houses of the neighbouring village of Iroskepos, or Jeroschipos, though some of the inhabitants, both Turks and Greeks, were solicitous of our company. But the black, smoky appearance of the houses argued ominously of fleas, if nothing worse; so we preferred our capote to their carpets, and civilly declined their pressing invitations; at the same time fully recompensing them for their trouble by speculating largely in fowls, eggs, &c., and, what was a great luxury in Cyprus, a fine large bowl of fresh milk from the goats. At the village there were a few native consular agents, who sported their flags to honour our arrival.

We had a fine moon to help us in our survey of this singular place, so linked with profane tradition. Of water there was an abundant supply in every direction, and several caves, hewn out of the rocky barriers that fenced in the ground to seaward, and defended it from the fiercer winter gales; but, save a few bulbs, nothing but brambles, thistles, thorns, and donkeys, now flourished in the garden: the site, however, is an admirable one for the purposes to which it is said to have been devoted. The earth, rising in platforms, supported on rocky shelves, each partition of which seemed to possess a different soil, so that the fruits and flowers of many countries might be here congregated, and, doubtless, with a little attention, thrive admirably. Then, again, the most picturesque arbours and grottoes might be formed in every direction, and a few lofty trees, well planted, cast a pleasant shadow during the hotter hours of the day and variegate the scene; but this, we fear, is an undertaking too gigantic for the most enlightened of the present inhabitants of Cyprus.

Next morning we mounted, and soon cantered up to the modern Paffa, the seaport town of ancient Paphos. The place abounded with ruins, and must once have been of considerable extent; but the ruined walls, of what were once doubtless magnificent buildings, now only serve as poultry-yards, or miserable kitchen-gardens, and the whole of the inhabitants might be launched out to sea in an ordinary ship's long-boat without endangering their safety. On the point of the cliff is a strong tower, with a few guns and flagstaff and a minaret; and here a few ill-paid and worse-fed soldiers are kept in garrison, to astonish any sea-coming foes by their valiant exploits.

We then proceeded to the ancient Paphos, the site of God's mercy to the Roman centurion, distant about twenty minutes' ride. Here was a number

of detached rocks, hewn out for habitations either for the living or the dead, it is hard to say which; though one of these rooms afforded us a pleasant shelter from the heat and the heavy dews of night during the two days we remained amongst the ruins.

The situation of ancient Paphos must have been delightful. Hewn out and built upon solid rocks, the waves of the Mediterranean have through centuries combated, but vainly, for the mastery; and the cool spray of the angry surge, flying high up in the air, falls discontentedly into the bosom of its mother ocean, unable—owing to the long ledge of rocks in front—to surmount the pinnacle upon which we are seated, as we gaze thoughtfully upon the cloudless horizon. A few ships are sailing to and fro in the distance, and an Arab sponge-fisher's boat ventures close within shore in search of submarine treasures. The old port has long since been blocked up, and nothing but death and destruction await the hapless bark that is caught by the winter gale close to this shore. But, hark! in the still hour of mid-day we hear faintly the distant cry of the Muezzin call; the sponge-fishers prostrate themselves towards Mecca—and the darkness that fell upon Elymas the sorcerer, alas! still reigns in the land.

As the accident that our companion had the misfortune to meet with rendered riding laborious and painful, we came to the decision of sending back our servants and guides by land to Larnacca, and engaging a passage on board of a native boat then lying at Paffa, or Baffa. We went on board, and, tripping the anchor, set sail for the seaport town of Famogosta.

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#### MARK DUNTHORN.—No. II

It happened to be Passion-week, and the bells were then ringing for church. As Mr. Manley was going out of the gate, the thought suddenly struck him that Mark's anxiety to commence operations on the walnut-tree had reference to the young rooks, which were now at an age to make them a desirable prey. He instantly returned a few paces, and calling loudly to Mark, who was digging in a neighbouring border, he reiterated the order he had just before given him; and seeing the gardener at a little distance, he said, "Simpson, you hear what I have said about the walnut-tree; mind that I am obeyed."

Simpson heard and would punctually have followed his master's injunctions if he had remained in that part of the garden, but his business called him unfortunately to another spot out of sight of the walnut-tree. The wished-for opportunity now presented itself. Mark looked around, not a creature was near him. Slipping on the loose outer coat (the wide pockets of which he had often found very convenient) that he had taken off, he quickly ascended the tree.

"Caw! caw!" cried he, imitating the rooks, which, alarmed at his approach, began to fly about in all directions. "Ay, ay, you may say caw, my fine fellows, you shan't caw much longer; go you into my pocket, and you, you are still enough now; and now for you"—his attention being attracted by the heads of some young rooks peeping over a large nest at a little distance. He beat off the old birds who hovered over them, clamorous with affright, and stretching out his arm at full length, he stepped upon another bough. In his eagerness to obtain his prey, he had forgotten to notice whether the

branch was decayed or not ; in an instant it gave way under his weight, and he was precipitated to the ground.

The crash, the shriek, the groan that followed aroused the attention of the servants in the house, and of a labourer who was in the adjoining field ; they all ran to the spot. There lay Mark writhing with pain ; he had endeavoured to rise but was unable, and it was evident to all that he was very much injured, although no bones appeared to be broken.

One of the maids ran to the church, fearful that when the service was concluded, her master might not return home, but go as was his frequent practice to visit some sick person. She waited at the gate for a few minutes, and perceiving Mr. Manley leaving the church she hastened to him, and informed him of what had happened. More shocked perhaps than surprised at her intelligence, he proceeded with all speed to the wretched man, whom he found extended on a shutter, which the labourers were raising between them, with an intent to bear him to his own abode. The colour for an instant flashed into his pale cheek, and fresh drops of perspiration suffused his whole countenance when he recognised Mr. Manley.

“O, Mark !” exclaimed the latter, himself turning pale at the spectacle before him, “this comes of disobeying my orders.”

Mark groaned, and seemed in such excruciating agony that Mr. Manley forbore to say another word, but bidding the men “go on,” he walked by their side, judiciously and kindly directing their movements, and accompanied them to the cottage. He secured the attendance of Mr. Thompson, the medical man, resident at —, by the way, so that no time was lost for the relief of the sufferer. On examination it was found that the spine was so seriously injured, and that such other hurts had been received, that the most fatal consequences might be apprehended. All was done for him that the case rendered possible. He was given in charge to a poor widow who lived near him, and his immediate wants were supplied from the vicarage.

In the evening, Mr. Manley and Mr. Thompson again met at the cottage. Mark was exceedingly impatient under his sufferings, and in truth they were very severe. Mr. Manley found it impossible to hold any conversation with him ; Mark was as unable now as he had formerly been unwilling to attend to him.

“It is a sad case,” observed Mr. Manley to the doctor, as they left the cottage ; “the poor wretch will die, and give no sign, I fear, or proof either of faith or penitence.”

“He will die, certainly,” returned Mr. Thompson, “but not at present — he may lie some little time. You have now, to use his own words, got him fairly on his back ; and if we can manage to give him some degree of ease, he may yet, under treatment and instruction like yours, be brought to a better state of mind. You and I have met at sickbeds where our patient’s case was almost as hopeless, both to you and me, as Mark’s, yet you have often succeeded in obtaining your end, whilst my skill has been of no avail.”

“It is a great pity,” said Mr. Manley, “that so many of your fraternity should so much dislike our attendance as they do. However, I trust that the prejudice against our ministry is wearing away, and that medical men do not so often think, as formerly, that our words counteract their medicines — and are more inclined to allow that a man may be restored at the same time both in body and soul. It seems a most shocking thing to me that a

person should be permitted to go out of this world with every sin upon his head unrepented of, because his minister is forbidden, in the fear of shortening existence, to speak the necessary words of salvation, to rouse the stray sheep of his fold to a timely sense of his danger."

"There is discretion to be used in these cases as in all others," replied Mr. Thompson. "It is the part and the duty of the medical man to save life if it be possible; and where success depends, humanly speaking, on his patient's mind being kept perfectly calm, he must consider only the animal safety, if I may so express myself, of the being intrusted to him. When he has done his part, the clergyman may properly step in and complete the good work. If the latter interpose prematurely, the chance of all parties is lost; and a man is hurried unfit into eternity, who, judiciously treated, might have been a living monument of God's mercy—an attestation of the Divine goodness in his generation."

"Then you limit your restriction to extreme cases?" said Mr. Manley.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Thompson; "where death is inevitable, it would be cruelty, in my estimation, to withhold any benefit that might result from the attendance of the clergyman; and I hold it moreover to be the duty of friends and relatives to summon him to the sick man's bed. So also in cases of lingering disease, the kind and judicious cares of the minister are valuable in every respect. A mind at peace, and resting in humble confidence in God, is a wonderful help to the medical man, and half the sick man's cure."

"The sick are not, however, so much inclined to think so as I could wish to see," said Mr. Manley. "We are generally sent for only when our attendance is too late to effect much good; and to many our uninvited appearance is looked upon as an intrusion, or regarded as a death-warrant. Indeed so little encouragement do we receive, that it is only a sense of duty to our Divine Master that can compel us to urge those offers upon others which should be sought for by themselves, and prized as their highest privilege and comfort."

"You must admit, however," said Mr. Thompson, "that there is a better feeling in this respect, as in many others, gaining ground amongst us."

"I see it, and see it most thankfully," returned Mr. Manley. "Every age, properly speaking, is a degenerate age; but though vice may yet unhappily abound, the present is not the worst on record: on the contrary, if we compare it with many generations that have preceded it, we shall find abundant cause of gratitude and hope, and feel that in every ray of improvement around us, there is light, and life, and joy, shed on our own path."

The gentlemen now parted; the duty of the day was not yet completed, and its close, though it found them fatigued, found them also happy in the consciousness that they had fulfilled, to their ability, their respective tasks.

Mark was now in a very distressing state. His sufferings were extreme, and frequently rendered him quite incapable of giving his attention to Mr. Manley, who was unremitting in his kindness to him. When, however, he was able to listen to him, he showed not only great anxiety as to the future, but great eagerness to avail himself of Mr. Manley's instructions.

"Ah! sir," said he, one day, "I little thought when I used to say it would be time enough to think of these things when you had got me on my back, how soon I should be brought to it. I, that was so strong, and

so active, and so young, just in my prime, who would have thought but that I might have lived for years and years to come? And now the doctor tells me, and I am afraid he says the truth, that I shall never leave the bed alive. I wish, with all my heart, I had lived a better life, but perhaps it is not too late now; if I could but get well again I would be such a different man; and who knows after all, doctors are not always right, and nothing is impossible, you say, to God."

"Don't attempt to delude yourself with any such ideas," said Mr. Manley, earnestly; "nothing indeed is impossible to Him who is all-powerful; but we may assure ourselves that He will not alter the ordinary course of His providence, and work miracles for those who habitually despise His commands, and neglect the simplest means of grace appointed by Him, whilst health and strength and instruction were afforded them. The wisest and the only safe plan that you can now follow is to make use of the opportunity still granted you, and to endeavour with all your heart to return to your offended Maker in true penitence, and with sincere sorrow for your sins."

"But is it of any use?" said Mark, casting an imploring and piteous look at Mr. Manley. "How do I know that God will have mercy and pardon me?"

"You know it from His holy word," replied Mr. Manley, "and from the assurance of our blessed Saviour himself."

Mark fixed his eyes upon him, as though he would devour the words he was about to speak; and though the severity of his bodily pain forced large drops to stand on his brow and lips, he suppressed all utterance of his anguish.

"By the mouth of His holy prophet God declares, 'when the wicked man turneth from the wickedness he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive,' and He elsewhere expressly affirms that 'He will abundantly pardon.' And what says our Lord and Saviour himself—words of more comfort than heaven itself has ever offered, or earth before heard? 'Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"Go on, please, sir," said Mark, "I like to hear you."

"I rejoice to hear it," returned Mr. Manley. "Take it as a sure word of comfort, and a stay to your soul, that God does not delight in executing vengeance, but in showing mercy and pity. If you are penitent enough to claim His compassion, have no fear but that He is ready to forgive, and able to save you to the uttermost."

"And do you think I am penitent enough?" asked Mark.

"That is a question, which neither I nor any man can answer," replied he; "the only proof of penitence by which we can form a judgment is amendment of life. It is one thing to be sorry for sin, whilst smarting under its punishment, and another to resist it when we have the power to be guilty of it again."

"That's only too true," said Mark, "I know that of myself; my old mother made a great talk about being penitent and so forth, when she had that bad illness some years ago, but when she got well, how then did it go with her? Did she keep to her words then? Not she; we had many a good laugh together at what had before frightened her, and most likely it would have been just the same if she had got over her last illness."

"Perhaps so," answered Mr. Manley; "but we are not to judge one



another; nor is any one at liberty to speak ill of the dead, who can no longer defend themselves."

It was not, however, till many conversations had passed between him and Mr. Manley, that Mark could be brought to speak of his mother as his good minister desired. He had been prone to excuse himself by attributing all blame to her. But at length, to Mr. Manley's great satisfaction, he thus expressed himself, after having related some circumstances which had passed between them:—

"No, sir, no," said he, "she was not a good mother nor a good woman; but I wish I had never reproached her, and that on her deathbed, for her way of bringing me up. If she was to blame, so was I; and so is every one who has done as I have. It's not the want of knowing better, but the desire to do ill, that leads most persons to do wrong. Make me believe that any man can lie, and swear, and thieve, and not feel that he ought not to do such things, and be ignorant that they are forbidden! No, no, the fault don't lie there; no one would do such things if he had not a liking for them; others may tempt him, but he first tempts himself."

"You are right," said Mr. Manley, "the root of sin is in our own corrupt nature. We are prone to evil from our birth, and he who takes no pains to resist and to overcome the evil in him, when the means are given him for the purpose, must charge himself with the sin, and receive as his just due the punishment of it."

"Shall I tell you," said Mark, "what has been the cause of my doing such bad things as I have? It is neither more nor less than this, I did not believe that God took notice of what we did, and would trouble Himself to watch such a one as me. You have said, and the chaplain at the jail has often said, 'God's eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.' I did not credit a word of it; but it was strange, wasn't it, sir, that I should just meet my deathblow in the very act of stealing? I had planned taking your birds for many days before, and had got a man to buy them of me, and sell them again at — market, so that neither of us might be found out."

"There is nothing strange in the fact, that He who has given laws to his creatures," returned Mr. Manley, "should be careful to watch how they are obeyed. How in the day of judgment could a just verdict be pronounced, if there was no previous witness of our conduct?—your own sad experience of what takes place in our own courts of justice, may show the reasonableness of this. I can readily imagine how early, and how anxiously too, not only you, but many others also, have deluded yourselves with this belief, that you were not noticed by God; but what folly!—He that made the eye, has assuredly an eye upon all; He that formed the ear, hears, without doubt, all we utter; and before Him, as our Creator, the thoughts of all hearts lie naked and exposed. None, you may rely upon it, are too mean for His vigilance; none are so great or so powerful as to elude His knowledge or escape His vengeance."

The mention of the day of judgment had a striking effect upon Mark, and for some days his mind was in a distressing state, between terror and hope. Mr. Manley was constantly with him, as anxious to inspire a well-grounded confidence in the mercy of God, through an Almighty Saviour, as the sufferer was to receive it. He remained with him to the very last, at the entreaty of the dying man, whose consciousness never deserted him.

"Thank you, sir," said he, a short time before his death, "you have

been very kind to me, and I hope your care has not been quite thrown away upon me. I trust all to God, for I have a worse and worse opinion of myself every hour I live. I think, I hope I am penitent; but God alone knows the truth. My heart misgives me, but I cry to my Saviour and say, 'Lord be merciful to me a sinner! Help, Lord, or I perish!'

He wept for some minutes, nor did Mr. Manley attempt to check him; he was much affected also, and he inwardly and fervently prayed for the sufferer.

Mark now recovered himself. "I wish," said he, "I had some trifle to give you, sir, as a sort of remembrance, not of me, but of my thankfulness to you (his eyes wandered round the almost empty chamber); there's the little glass I used to shave by—do take it, and sometimes think of poor Mark."

Again he wept. Mr. Manley spoke kindly to him, and put the glass into his great-coat pocket, to Mark's great satisfaction. Life was rapidly on the ebb: Mr. Manley and the nurse knelt down, and the former commenced reading the commendatory prayer, but before he had ended, Mark knew little of what was passing; a groan, a shudder, and then a start, and in a few minutes afterwards he had ceased to breathe.

Mr. Manley left the cottage for his own home full of serious thought. As he passed down the road he was obliged to diverge from the path, in order to avoid a tree which had been felled and lay in the way. The train of thought to which the sight gave rise was natural.

"There is hope in a tree," sighed he, "when it is cut down that it will sprout again, but man giveth up the ghost and where is he?" Who may answer that awful question? The Christian alone may breathe his hope and say—in the bosom of his Father and his God, if faith in the Redeemer's blood has effaced the handwriting of his iniquity, and the tear of true penitence blotted out the remembrance of his sins.

"But let the wicked beware," continued he, pursuing the train of his thoughts. "A deathbed repentance is at best uncertain and unsatisfactory; most painful to them who take an interest in the penitent, and most dangerous to himself. Unhappy son of an unhappy mother! unhappy, not because of poverty or of any extraordinary visitation of Providence, but from a course of irreligion and guilt. She too is gone to her last account, professedly contrite; but doubts, like thick mists obscuring the bright face of day, hang over that grave which the rays of Christian hope should illumine. Ah! little can the multitude comprehend, on such occasions, the painful feelings of him who is the appointed watcher over the souls of Christ's flock. Alas! many ridicule our office, more still fancy our ministry a life of ease only, or indolent enjoyment; and no wonder, they who care not for their own immortal interests can form little conception how powerfully others can care for them, or understand how heavy a responsibility rests with him whose task is to awaken others to a sense of their obligations, and to show how accountable they are for their actions amidst determined insensibility and sloth."

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It is true, although it is mortifying to man's vanity, and ought to teach the wisest humility, that many of the most valuable discoveries have been the result of chance rather than of meditation, of accident rather than design.

## OUR NATIVE SONGSTERS.



THE BULLFINCH.

IN the course of April and May, we may hear in our woodlands or gardens or shrubberies, the low piping notes of the Bullfinch\* (*Pyrrhula vulgaris*). The song is not a very melodious one, neither can it be heard at any great distance; yet the bird must have a musical ear, and a good memory. No bird has so great a facility as this for learning music; and it can be taught to whistle to the tunes of a German flute, and will often add to them a few little graces from its natural song. Some bullfinches can be trained to sing two or three different airs, never at all mingling one with the other; but much skill and patience are requisite in thus educating it. A bird so accomplished is very expensive, and as much as four or five pounds is sometimes given for a well-trained bullfinch. At Hesse and Fulda, little schools are formed for the purpose of teaching the birds, and these supply Germany, Holland, and England with these musicians. "No school," says Dr. Stanley, "can be more diligently attended by its master, and no scholars more effectually trained to their own calling, than a seminary of bullfinches. As a general rule, they are formed into classes of about six each, and kept in a dark room, when food and music are administered at the same time; so that when the meal is ended, if the birds feel disposed to tune up, they are naturally inclined to copy the sounds which are so familiar to them. As soon as they begin to imitate a few notes, the light is admitted into the room, which still further exhilarates their spirits, and inclines them to sing." In some of these schools the birds are not allowed either light or food till they begin to sing. After being thus taught in

\* The Bullfinch is about six inches in length. Crown of the head deep black; neck, shoulders, and back bluish grey; rump white; wings and tail black, the former crossed by a broad band of white; beak, face, and chin black; sides of the neck, throat, breast, and belly brick-red; lower parts white; feet purplish-brown. The colours of the female are as usual less pure and distinct.

classes, each bullfinch is made the sole charge of a boy, who plays his organ from morning till night, while the superintendent of the bird-school goes his rounds, regularly, to watch the progress of teacher and pupils. It seems singular to those unused to birds, to find that the bullfinches fully understand the scoldings or praises which they receive from this class-master, and which are distributed according to their deserts. This training process is continued for nine months, by which time the bird has become so accustomed to the airs which it has to perform, as to sing them without mistake. Sometimes during the moulting season, however, the poor little songster's memory fails, and all the trouble bestowed on its education becomes perfectly useless. Some birds are taught by these methods to whistle three distinct airs; but there are few that can do more than execute a simple air, with perhaps some few notes as a prelude.

But besides these acquired songs, the bullfinch has many winning ways in captivity, and seems well to comprehend the wishes of its possessor. The writer once was accustomed to see a bullfinch, which would usually sing at the bidding of its mistress, unless strangers were in the room, when it would persist in silence. Sometimes, after a great deal of coaxing, the bird would begin; but it seemed to have a mischievous pleasure in making the audience wait, and would, after uttering the prelude, again relapse into silence. When in very obstinate moods, it would require from its mistress some further inducement than mere caresses and persuasions before commencing; but on her fetching some little branch of a tree, or even a straw, or piece of thread, the bird would whistle its air sweetly and loudly, then pause and peck the hand of its mistress as if to claim its reward. Buffon says that tame bullfinches which have escaped from the aviary, and lived for a year at liberty in the woods, have been known to return to the mistress who had petted them, and never again to leave her; while others, when forced to leave their master, have pined and died of grief. A bullfinch, too, which was much attached to its owner, was subject to frightful dreams, under the influence of which it would fall from its perch, and dash itself against its cage. But no sooner did it hear the soothing tones which its master would address to it, than it returned to its perch and to its sleep in confidence and happiness. Bechstein says that a bullfinch may be trusted to go awhile to the woods, and come back again; and that, especially if its mate be left behind, the affectionate bird will assuredly return. If unkindly treated, or roughly handled, it will die suddenly, or fall into fits. Sir William Parsons records a most remarkable instance of its attachment. He had one of these birds which he had taught to whistle "God save the King." He went abroad, leaving this bird in the care of his sister, and on his return, was told that his bullfinch was very ill. With feelings of sorrow, Sir William went up to the cage, opened the door, put in his hand, addressed the bird in the usual endearing manner, when it opened its eyes feebly, shook its feathers, by a great effort reached the outstretched finger of its master, feebly piped "God save the King," and expired.

The bullfinch is no favourite with the gardeners, for it destroys many early buds of our fruit-trees, stripping the apples, pears, plums, gooseberries, and cherries of the gardens; and then going away to the sloe bushes, and doing sad havoc in the hedges. Its strong bill also enables it to get at the seeds which lie in the cones of the fir, and in the beech mast, and it eats corn, flax-seed, and the seeds of the nettles. It cannot be pleaded in behalf of this, as of some other birds, that it selects for its food such buds as have a worm enclosed within their folds; for it is the bud

itself which is the delight of the bullfinch, and thus in winter and early spring it is sadly destructive to fruit lands. A writer in the 'Magazine of Natural History' says:—"Witnessing, a few springs since, the havoc made by a number of bullfinches on two thriving young codlin-trees, that for several years had blossomed and borne profusely, and had, at that time, every appearance of health, my curiosity was excited on this subject, and I then saw opened the crops of two of these depredators. They were wholly filled with the vegetable matter on which the birds had been feeding, and which did not appear to contain insects of any kind. Since that time the codlin-trees have never grown with so much vigour as they did previously, many branches being so entirely stripped of buds that they never recovered. This spring the trial was repeated; and when the trees were in a more advanced state—in fact, just as the leaves were beginning to expand, and the blossom-buds to make their appearance—a culprit bullfinch was killed in the very act, an unswallowed morsel yet remaining in his bill, to bear witness against him. This was a single flower-bud, with all its parts yet entire; but those buds with which its crop, the passage thence to the gizzard, and the gizzard itself, were completely filled, appeared to consist only of the future fruit with the stamens and pistils attached to it, but stripped of calyx and petals and of its internal covering. The antlers, large in comparison with the rest, and nearly as large as they would have been had the flower been suffered to open, were even in that state curiously and beautifully apparent; and on a careful examination beneath a microscope, no vestige of anything like disease or insects could be discovered. Beneath the trees themselves, the ground was thickly strewed with the parts of the flowers rejected by these nice and accurate dissectors, which parts invariably consisted of the calyx and petals yet remaining attached together. It appears to me that the buds are destroyed for the sake of the interior parts of the fruit and flowers, by these enemies to trees of the *Prunus* and *Pyrus* kinds; as cowslips and primroses are by the other birds, for the purpose of devouring their minute and yet imperfect seeds." A pair of bullfinches have been known also to strip a considerable-sized plum-tree of every bud in the course of two days. Bishop Mant notices its feeding on the fruits:—

" Deep in the thorns' entangled maze,  
Or where the fruit-trees' thickening sprays  
Yield a secure and close retreat,  
The dusky bullfinch plans her seat.  
There, where you see the cluster'd boughs  
Put forth the opening bud, her spouse,  
With mantle grey and jet-like head,  
And flaming breast of crimson red,  
Is perch'd with hard and hawk-like beak,  
Intent the embryo food to seek;  
Nor ceases from his pleasing toil,  
The orchard's budding hope to spoil,  
Unless, with quick and timid glance  
Of his dark eye, your dread advance  
He notice, and your search evade,  
Hid in the thicket's pathless shade."

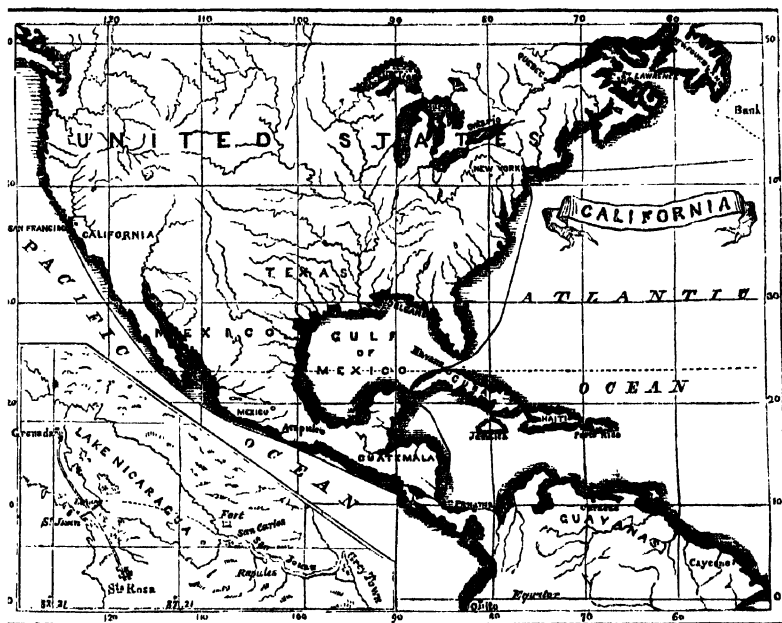
The shyness of the bullfinch renders it little seen, and it would often escape notice, but for the soft plaintive whistle with which it calls its companions, or the low short twitter which it makes while feeding. Yet it is a

common bird in the wooded districts of our land, coming also into orchards and gardens. It is a widely-spread species, and frequent in most of the northern countries of Europe, only occurring in Southern Europe as a bird of passage. It is especially common in the mountainous forests of Germany. With us it resides all the year.

ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA AND THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

The following extract from a letter addressed by M. H. Not, architect, to the editor of a French journal, may perhaps be not uninteresting to our readers:—

“I have just returned from San Francisco by the route of the Isthmus and Lake of Nicaragua, and the directions which I herewith send you may, I think, be useful and interesting to your readers. If you think well, I should wish you to publish herewith the subjoined map, which compre-



hends not merely the route in question, but also the United States, Mexico, &c., and may, therefore, help to illustrate in some measure the great question of the day, viz., the union of the two oceans by means of a canal.

“Two routes are already open to traffic; the third that of Tehuantepec, is as yet merely a project. I will proceed to detail my views of the advantages and disadvantages of the two former.

“The Isthmus of Panama possesses the great recommendation of having

been long known, and of being furnished with well-organized arrangements for travelling; therefore I would advise ladies in particular to adopt this route, at least for the present, although the road must be confessed to be the more dangerous of the two.

“By the Isthmus of Nicaragua, on the other hand, three or four days may be gained, but the line of route is not yet well organized; nevertheless, the competition between this line and that of Panama is already great, in consequence of the charges on the former being less than on the latter. There is no danger attending the journey of five leagues on mules, the roads being good the whole way.

“Our own voyage by this route had, however, some few drawbacks. We left San Francisco on the 1st of October, in the steamer ‘Independent’ (which was on her last voyage, her engines not being powerful enough); and we did not reach San Juan-du-Sur until the 17th, having, meantime, put into Acapulco for coals. This little town is the only port at which travellers, who have taken the land route through Mexico, can embark on the Pacific. Being in only sixteen degrees north latitude, the heat is very great there, and fever prevails almost constantly. A short time after our being there, an earthquake destroyed several houses in this port. Two frightful storms attacked our vessel before our arrival at San Juan-du-Sur, and formed a magnificent spectacle, the lightning appearing to flash from ten different points of the heavens at once; after which we were almost inundated by torrents of rain, such as are never seen except between the tropics.

“On our arrival in port the company did not trouble themselves about our debarkation, which was effected by means of boats belonging to the natives, which came alongside to meet us. At the time of our going on shore the sea ran very high, so that these little barks found it difficult to keep near the ladder of the steamer, even when fastened with cramp-irons. The result was, that many trunks fell into the sea, and, amongst others, one belonging to M. Delâtre, our indefatigable naturalist and artist, who was returning from California with a valuable collection. Happily this trunk was immediately regained, for it would have been a serious loss to science. Once safe on board your boat, you are brought near the shore, but not near enough to land dry-footed; so you are obliged to get upon a man’s back to be carried ashore. The company ought to remedy these inconveniences.

“Opposite the place where we landed, we saw four or five hundred mules and some horses, in waiting for travellers. The company’s office is close by, whither we went to book our luggage, in readiness for the journey of five leagues on land. The cost of transport was thirteen sous (sixpence halfpenny) per American pound, and this is paid as a part of one’s fare. All the other incidental expenses of crossing the isthmus are in like manner chargeable to the traveller. After a good breakfast we set out on our route. It was noon; it had rained for several successive days, and the road, in many places very marshy, was certainly bad enough. In some places our horses fell, but very gently; this we found they were in the habit of doing, taking care not to hurt themselves. At five o’clock we arrived at the village of La Vierge, on the shores of Lake Nicaragua. The road which we had traversed is extremely picturesque; the scenery always rendered beautiful by the perpetual verdure, being enlivened by tropical birds, and by splendid blue butterflies as large as small birds.

“After remaining four days in this village, where rain fell in torrents during several hours of every day, we welcomed the arrival of the steam-

boat which was to enable us to continue our journey, and which conveyed hither nearly four hundred passengers bound for California. Immediately upon their leaving the vessel we took their places, and the same evening, at nine o'clock, we set out. The steamboat stopped at an island in the middle of the lake to take in her stock of wood, coal being as yet unknown here. The night being very dark, we made but slow progress. At ten o'clock in the morning we arrived at the extremity of the lake and the opening into the river, which extends its course from hence to the Atlantic. On the shores of the lake, near the embouchure of the river, are a few small houses covered with thatch, which form the beginning of a village named San Carlos. The banks of the river are lined with magnificent trees, lianas everywhere clinging to them, the weight of which makes them droop over the river, where they have the appearance of wishing to form a vast cradle.

"We continued our route until one o'clock, when, the river being no longer deep enough for our vessel, we were obliged to exchange it for another, which came close up to the side of the former for the transfer of passengers and luggage. In this new conveyance we travelled four or five leagues, when we arrived at the rapids, which are impassable to steamers. Here, therefore, we made another change, and after a five minutes' walk on a beautiful road, came to some American public-houses, near which we found two little steamboats, in which passengers are stowed away like sheep in a fold. Much yet remains to be done by the company in order to render this part of the voyage as comfortable as it might be. After passing three hours in this village, where parroquets and monkeys seem to be as much at home in every house as the inhabitants themselves, we at last re-embarked on board one of the above-mentioned little steamers, which took us as far as the sea by three o'clock in the morning. We there went on board the American steamer 'Prometheus,' bound for New York, and at seven o'clock in the morning a gun fired as the signal for our departure.

"After three days' sailing we came in sight of the Island of Cuba, and on the morning of the 27th of October we arrived at Havanna, where we landed and entered the town, after having complied with the customary forms; the first of which is to pay a toll of five francs (four shillings and twopence). The town is ancient, and built in the Spanish style; with magnificent promenades, in which palms, roses, and tropical trees take the place of our limes and chestnuts, giving the walks a charming aspect. At four o'clock we re-embarked, and continued our route towards New York, where we arrived on the morning of the 2nd of November, after a voyage of thirty-one days, which, but for delays, we might well have achieved in twenty-six days. From New York to France by steamer takes about twelve days, on the average; therefore it may be reckoned that the voyage from San Francisco to Paris is to be accomplished in thirty-eight days. The Government of the United States has in contemplation a railway across the country from the Missouri to San Francisco, by which (and this great people are pretty sure to carry it out) not more than from twenty to twenty-four days would be occupied by this very journey."





## ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

A LITTLE instrument has recently been figured in 'L'illustration' (the French 'Illustrated News'), in structure most simple, and very easy to be operated with, to which the name *zoomagnetoscope* has been given—a long word, signifying "that by which animal magnetism may be observed." It is made as follows:—Cut off from a common bottle-cork a slice about half an inch thick, and into the centre stick a common sewing-needle, in such a way that when the cork is laid on the table the needle may be erect and have its point upwards. Take a strip of very thin paper—silver or tissue paper—two inches long, and a quarter of an inch wide; fold it accurately in the middle, and having opened it so that one half may be perpendicular to the other, balance it on the point of the needle. Figure 1 represents the instrument of its proper size. To experiment with it, curve the hand into a hollow form, resting the top of the thumb on the top of the middle finger. Rest the hand, supported by the little

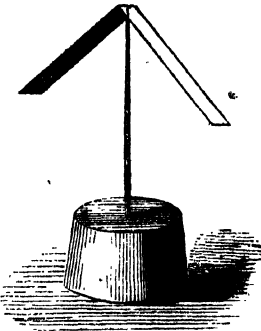


Fig. 1.

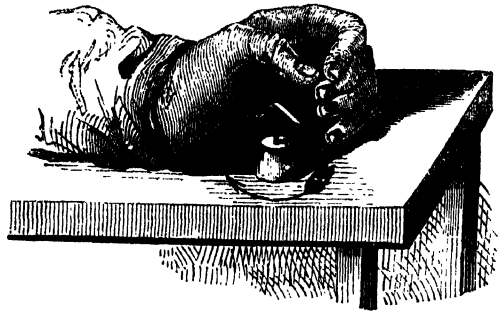


Fig. 2.

finger, on the table, so that the needle may be in the centre of the hollow, taking care that room be left for the paper to revolve without touching the hand. Immediately the sheet of paper will begin to oscillate from side to side; but in the course of a few seconds it will be found to revolve with greater or less rapidity from left to right, if the operation be performed with the right hand; from right to left if with the left hand. This is very curious; but what has animal magnetism to do with it? Nothing! The true explanation of the phenomenon is, that the air near the wrist, heated by the warmth of the hand, is rarified, and, by the universal law of nature, endeavours to ascend. In its way through the chimney formed by the fingers it encounters the wings of the strip of paper, and turns them round, first one and then the other, pretty much in the same way as the wind sets in motion the sails of a windmill. Figure 2 represents the instrument in action.

C. A. J.

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