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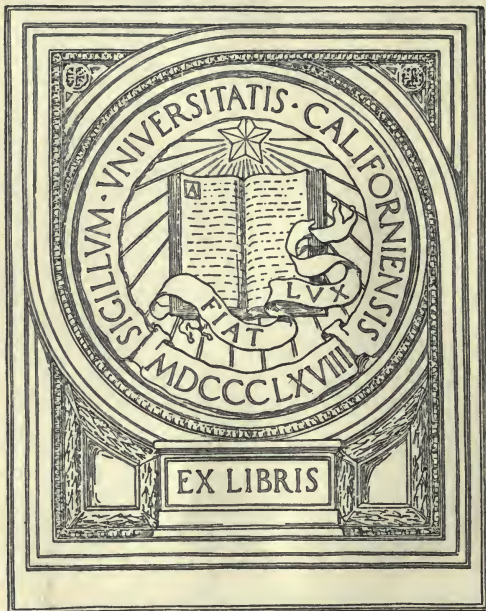
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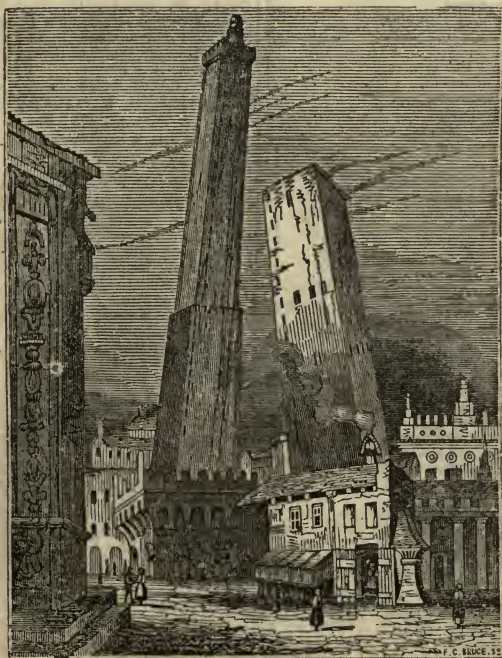
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THE
WONDERFUL BOOK.

BURNING MOUNTAINS.

VESUVIUS.—This mountain, the most celebrated of ancient and modern volcanoes, is situated in the south of Italy, about eight miles from Naples. It rises in a gentle swell, till it reaches an elevation of nearly 3700 feet above the level of the sea; commanding from its summit a most extensive and beautiful prospect, including Naples, with its bay, its promontories, and its islands, with the delightful scenery of Campagna Felice. To the west, the view loses itself in the immensity of the sea. To the east, it extends far into the interior, until bounded by the Apennines. The summit of the mountain is in the form of a cone, and consists of masses of burned earth, ashes, and sand, thrown out in the course of ages by the volcano. The crater is extensive, being nearly a mile and a half in circumference, but has not above 350 feet of depth or descent from the ridge. The total number of great eruptions on record is above thirty, reckoning from the celebrated one of A. D. 79, (for an account of which see Earthquakes). One of the latest, though not most formidable, took place in the end of the summer of 1819. The permanent effect of which has been to lower the height of the summit.

ETNA.—This mountain, as well known, and as highly celebrated by ancient and modern writers as the above, is situated in Sicily. Its height is above 11,000 feet. The ascent, like that of Vesuvius, is very gradual; the sides of the mountain exhibit extensive tracts under different temperatures, and which accordingly have been divided into three regions, called the fertile, the woody, and the barren. The approach of an eruption is indicated long before-

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land, by the emission of a pale smoke from the crater : this is followed after some time by clouds of black smoke, which gradually increase in volume. After the lapse of weeks, or perhaps of months, the lava begins to boil over the top of the crater, or to burst from some part of its sides. The interior commotion now ceases, and the lava flows slowly as a stream of liquid fire down the side of the mountain. It is pressed forward by fresh liquor continually issuing from the crater, and burns up every thing before it ; but the inhabitants have at times diverted or absorbed it by digging canals. The whole number of eruptions on record is thirty-one, of which not more than ten have issued from the highest crater. Those of 1669 and 1755, were particularly destructive ; and in the last, 1809, no less than twelve new openings appeared about half way down the mountain, which continued for several weeks to throw out lava that covered the adjacent lands to a depth of thirty or forty feet. Etna stands on the eastern part of Sicily, on the Val de Demona.

STROMBOLI.—This island, the most northerly of the Lipari islands, in the Mediterranean, has from time immemorial been remarkable for its volcanic eruptions, and is perhaps the only volcano whose fires are in a state of constant activity. Its mountain has two summits, one of great height, but its crater is on its side. The eruptions last for a few moments at a time, but recur at short intervals. The flames are seen by night at a great distance, and being of considerable service to navigators, have procured this island the name of the great Light-house of the Mediterranean. The matter thrown out consists of lava, ashes, and stones, and each eruption is attended with an explosive noise.

ST MICHAEL'S VOLCANO.—Captain Talliard, approaching the island of St Michael's in the Azores, on the 12th July, 1811, first observed in the horizon two or three columns of smoke rising from the sides of the mountain. On approaching nearer, a crater of a volcano was discovered, which continued to increase in size amidst volcanic discharges for several miles, till the island reached the height of eighty yards, and a circumference of about half a mile, after which it gradually diminished. In October, 1811, it had altogether disappeared, though smoke continued to rise from the sea as recently as February, 1812.

VOLCANOES OF JAPAN.—Japan is very remarkable for the great number of its burning mountains. Not far from Ferando is a small rocky island, which hath been burning and trembling for many centuries ; and in another small island opposite to Santzuma, is a volcano that has been burning for many ages. On the summit of a mountain, in the province of Figo, is a large cavern, formerly the mouth of a volcano, but the flame has ceased, probably for want of combustible matter. In the same province, near a religious structure called the temple of the " Jealous God of Aso," a perpetual flame issues from the top of a mountain. In the province of Tsickusen, is another burning mountain, where was formerly a coal-pit, which being set on fire by the carelessness of the workmen, has been burning ever since. Sometimes a black smoke, accompanied with a disagreeable stench, is observed to issue out of the top of a famous mountain called Fesi, in the province of Seruga. This mountain is said to be

nearly as high as the Peak of Teneriffe, but in shape and beauty is supposed to have no equal, and its top is covered with perpetual snow.

VOLCANOES OF THE AFRICAN ISLANDS.—The continent of Africa, so far as we are acquainted with it, appears to have been little afflicted with volcanic visitations at any time. But its different groups of islands exhibit strong and striking marks of this terrible scourge. These are chiefly to be traced in St Helena, among the Cape Verd and Fortunate Islands, or Canaries, and in the little Isle of Bourbon or Reunion.

VOLCANOES OF ICELAND.—**HECLA.**—This far-famed volcano is situated in the southern part of Iceland, near the coast; its base commencing about four miles from the sea. Its height is upwards of 5000 feet, and since its last great eruption in 1766, a visit to its top in summer is an affair of considerable difficulty. Though it has remained in a state of tranquillity for about half a century, the number and extent of its eruptions, according to the Icelandic chronicles, have been greater than those of almost any other volcano. The number of eruptions since the year 1004 being no less than twenty-two,—a state of activity however not improbable, when we consider the vast quantity of volcanic matter below the soil of Iceland, and even under the bottom of the adjacent sea, where small islands have at different times been raised by these great convulsions above the level of the water. Hecla is divided at the top into three parts, of which the middle is the highest. Lava is not found in the immediate neighbourhood of the craters, the soil consisting, as in other Icelandic mountains, of an accumulation of loose grit and ashes. Hot vapour issues from various small openings near the top of the mountain, and the thermometer, which in the air stands below the freezing point, will rise when set on the ground to 120 or even 150 degrees. Hecla has been twice visited, first by Sir Joseph Banks in 1772, and subsequently by Sir George Mackenzie in 1810. Besides Hecla, there are no less than thirty mountains, which still are or have been volcanoes at no distant date. Indeed the whole of Iceland is considered as having emerged from the sea by some violent convulsion of nature; and this opinion is supported by the circumstance, that no part of the earth that we are yet acquainted with, presents such a number of volcanic mountains, boiling springs, and such immense tracts of lava. A most dreadful eruption took place in 1783, among the Skedera mountains, and continued during the greater part of a year, and was so violent as to threaten the destruction of all the adjacent parts of the island. Fields and hamlets were buried under streams of lava, which flowed for a distance of sixty miles. The number of sheep and cattle that perished was very great, and vegetation was suspended by the quantity of stones and ashes that fell in different quarters, while even the fish were driven from various parts of the shore by the deleterious effects of the volcanic matter that fell into the sea.

A VISIT TO A VOLCANO.—A party, consisting of Lord Byron and some English sailors and American Missionaries, was formed in July 1825, to visit the great volcano of Kirauea, in the Island of

Hawaii (Owyhee). The following picturesque description of the expedition is by the Rev. C. S. Stewart.

The nearer we approached the more heavy the columns of smoke appeared, and roused to intensesness our curiosity to behold their origin. Under the influence of this excitement we hastened forward with rapid steps, regardless of the heat of a noon-day sun, and the fatigue of a walk of thirty-six miles, already accomplished. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, we came suddenly on the brink of a precipice, covered with shrubbery and trees, one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high. Descending this by a path almost perpendicular, we crossed a plain half a mile in width, enclosed, except in the direction we were going, by the cliff behind us, and found ourselves a second time on the top of a precipice four hundred feet high, also covered with bushes and trees. This, like the former, swept off to the right and left, enclosing in a semicircular form, a level space about a quarter of a mile broad, immediately beyond which lay the tremendous abyss of our search, emitting volumes of vapour and smoke; and labouring and groaning, as if in inexpressible agony, from the raging of the conflicting elements within its bosom. We stood but a moment to take this first distant glance, then hastily descended the almost perpendicular height, and crossed the plain to the very brink of the crater.

There are scenes to which description, and even painting, can do no justice; and in conveying any adequate impression of which they must ever fail. Of such, an elegant traveller rightly says, "the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the combined aspect may all be correctly given, but the mind of the reader will remain untouched by the emotions of admiration and sublimity which the eye witness experiences." That which here burst on our sight was emphatically of this kind; and to behold it without singular and deep emotion, would demand a familiarity with the more terrible phenomena of nature, which few have the opportunity of acquiring. Standing at an elevation of one thousand five hundred feet, we looked into a black and horrid gulf, not less than eight miles in circumference, so directly beneath us, that, in appearance, we might, by a single leap, have plunged into its lowest depth. The hideous immensity itself, independent of the many frightful images which it embraced, almost caused an involuntary closing of the eyes against it. But when to the sight was added the appalling effect of the various unnatural and fearful noises, the muttering and sighing, the groaning and blowing, the every agonized struggling of the mighty action within, as a whole, it was too horrible!

In one respect, this volcano differs from most others of which we have accounts: the crater, instead of being the truncated top of a mountain, distinguishable in every direction at a distance, is an immense chasm in an upland country, approached, not by ascending a cone, but by descending two vast terraces; and not visible from any point at a greater distance than half a mile, a circumstance which, no doubt, from the suddenness of the arrival, adds much to the effect of a first look from the brink. It is probable that it was originally a cone, but assumed its present aspect, it may be centuries ago, from the falling in of the whole summit. Of this the precipices we de-

scended, which entirely encircle the crater, in circumferences of fifteen and twenty miles, give strong evidence, they having unquestionably been formed by the sinking of the mountain, whose foundations had been undermined by the devouring flames beneath. In the same manner, one half of the present depth of the crater has, at no very remote period, been formed. About midway from the top, a ledge of lava, in some places only a few feet, but in others many rods wide, extends entirely round, at least as far as an examination has been made, forming a kind of gallery, to which you can descend in two or three places, and walk as far as the smoke, settling at the South end, will permit. This offset bears incontestable marks of having once been the level of the fiery flood now boiling in the bottom of the crater. A subduction of lava, by some subterraneous channel, has since taken place, and sunk the abyss many hundred feet, to its present depth.

The gulf below contains, probably, not less than sixty small conical craters, many of which are in constant action. The tops and sides of two or three of these are covered with sulphur, of mingled shades of yellow and green. With this exception, the ledge, and every thing below it, are of a dismal black. The upper cliffs on the Northern and Western sides, are perfectly perpendicular, and of a red colour, everywhere exhibiting the seared marks of former powerful ignition. Those on the Eastern side are less precipitous, and consist of entire banks of sulphur, of a delicate and beautiful yellow. The South end is wholly obscured by the smoke, which fills that part of the crater, and spreads widely over the surrounding horizon.

As the darkness of the night gathered round us, new and powerful effect was given to the scene. Fire after fire, which the glare of mid-day had entirely concealed, began to glimmer on the eye, with the first shades of evening; and, as the darkness increased, appeared in such rapid succession, as forcibly to remind me of the hasty lighting of the lamps of a city, on the sudden approach of a gloomy night. Two or three of the small craters nearest to us were in full action, every moment casting out stones, ashes and lava, with heavy detonations, while the irritated flames accompanying them, glared widely over the surrounding obscurity, against the sides of the ledge and upper cliffs, richly illuminating the volumes of smoke at the South end, and occasionally casting a bright reflection on the bosom of a passing cloud. The great seat of action, however, seemed to be at the Southern and Western end, where an exhibition of ever varying fireworks was presented, surpassing in beauty and sublimity all that the ingenuity of art ever devised. Rivers of fire were seen rolling in splendid coruscation among the labouring craters, and on one side was a whole lake, whose surface constantly flashed and sparkled with the agitation of contending currents.

Expressions of admiration and astonishment burst momentarily from our lips, and though greatly fatigued, it was near midnight before we gave ourselves to a sleep, often interrupted during the night to gaze on the sight with renewed wonder and surprise. As I laid myself down on my mat, fancying that the very ground which was my pillow, shook beneath my head, the silent musings of my

mind were, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

After an early breakfast, we prepared for a descent into the crater. One of the few places where this is practicable, was within a rod of the hut in which we lodged. For the first four hundred feet, the path was steep, and from the looseness of the stones and rocks on both sides, required caution in every movement. A slight touch was sufficient to detach these, and send them bounding downwards hundreds of feet, to the imminent danger of any one near them. The remaining distance of about the same number of feet was gradual and safe, the path having turned into the bed of an old channel of lava, which ran off in an inclined plane till it met the ledge before described, more than a quarter of a mile west of the place where we began the descent.

Previous to our descent we had provided ourselves with long canes and poles, by which we might test the soundness of any spot before stepping on it, and immediately on reaching the ledge we found the wisdom of the precaution. This offset is formed wholly of scoria and lava, mostly burned to a cinder, and everywhere intersected by deep crevices and chasms, from many of which light vapour and smoke were emitted, and from others a scalding steam. The general surface is a black, glossy incrustation; retaining perfectly the innumerable diversified tortuous configurations of the lava, as it originally cooled, and so brittle as to crack and break under us like ice: while the hollow reverberations of our footsteps beneath, sufficiently assured us of the unsubstantial character of the whole mass. In some places, by thrusting our sticks down with force, large pieces would break through, disclosing deep fissures and holes, apparently without bottom. These however were generally too small to appear dangerous. The width of this ledge is constantly diminishing in a greater or less degree, by the falling of large masses from its edges into the crater: and it is not improbable, that in some future convulsion of the mountain the whole structure may yet be plunged into the abyss below.

Leaving the sulphur banks on the Eastern side behind us, we directed our course along the northern part to the western cliffs. As we advanced, these became more and more perpendicular, till they presented nothing but the bare and upright face of an immense wall, from eight to ten hundred feet high, on whose surface huge stones and rocks hung, apparently so loosely as to threaten falling, at the agitation of a breath. In many places a white curling vapour issued from the sides and summit of the precipice; and in two or three places streams of clay-coloured lava, like small waterfalls, extending almost from the top to the bottom, had cooled evidently at a very recent period. At almost every step, something new attracted our attention, and by stopping sometimes to look up, not without a feeling of apprehension at the enormous masses above our heads, at others to gain, by a cautious approach to the brink of the gulf, a nearer glance at the equally frightful depth below; at one time turning aside to ascertain the heat of a column of steam, and at another to secure some unique or beautiful specimen; we occupied more than two hours in proceeding the same number of miles.

At that distance from our entrance on the ledge, we came to a pot on the western side where it widened many hundred feet, and terminated next the crater, not as in most other places perpendicularly, but in an immense heap of broken cakes and blocks of lava, loosely piled together as they had fallen in some convulsion of the mountain, and jutting off to the bottom in a frightful mass of ruin. Here, we had been informed, the descent into the depth of the crater could be most easily made; and by proceeding with great caution, testing well the safety of every step before committing our weight to it, and often stopping to select the course which seemed least hazardous, in the space of about twenty minutes, by a zigzag way we reached the bottom, without any accident of greater amount than a few scratches on the hands from the sharpness and roughness of the lava, by which we had occasionally supported ourselves.

I can compare the general aspect of the bottom of this crater, to nothing that will give a livelier image of it to your mind, than to the appearance the Otsego Lake would present, if the ice with which it is covered in the winter, were suddenly broken up by a heavy storm, and as suddenly frozen again, while large cakes and blocks were still toppling, and dashing, and heaping against each other, with the motion of the waves. Just so rough and distorted was the black mass under our feet, only a hundred-fold more terrific, independently of the innumerable cracks, fissures, deep chasms and holes, from which sulphureous vapour, steam, and smoke were exhaled, with a degree of heat that testified the near vicinity of fire.

We had not proceeded far, before our path was intersected by a chasm at least thirty feet wide, and of a greater depth than we could ascertain, at the nearest distance we dared approach. The only alternative was to return, or to follow its course till it terminated, or became narrow enough to be crossed. We chose the latter, but soon met with an equally formidable obstacle in a current of smoke, so highly impregnated with a suffocating gas, as not to allow of respiration. What a situation for a group of half a dozen men, totally unaware of the extent of peril to which they might be exposed! The lava on which we stood, was in many places so hot, that we could not hold, for a moment in our hands, the pieces we knocked off for specimens. On one side lay a gulf of unfathomable depth; on the other, an inaccessible pile of ruins, and immediately in front an oppressive and deadly vapour. While hesitating what to do, we perceived the smoke to be swept round occasionally, by an eddy of the air, in a direction opposite to that in which it most of the time settled, and watching an opportunity when our way was thus made clear, we held our breath, and ran as rapidly as the dangerous character of the path would permit, till we had gained a place beyond its ordinary course. We here, unexpectedly, found ourselves also delivered from the other impediment to our progress; for the chasm abruptly ran off in a direction far from that we wished to pursue.

At an inconsiderable distance from us, was one of the largest of the conical craters, whose laborious action had so greatly impressed our minds during the night, and we hastened to a nearer examination

of it : so prodigious an engine I never expect again to behold. On reaching its base, we judged it to be one hundred and fifty feet high, a huge, irregularly shapen inverted funnel of lava, covered with clefts, orifices, and tunnels, from which bodies of steam escaped with deafening explosion, while pale flames, ashes, stones, and lava, were propelled with equal force and noise from its ragged and yawning mouth. The whole formed so singularly terrific an object, that in order to secure a hasty sketch of it, I permitted the other gentleman to go a few yards nearer than I did, while I occupied myself with my pencil. Lord Byron and his servant ascended the cone several feet, but found the heat too great to remain longer than to detach with their sticks, a piece or two of recent lava, burning hot.

So highly was our admiration excited by the scene, that we forgot the danger to which we might be exposed, should any change take place in the currents of destructive gas, which exist, in a greater or less degree, in every part of the crater ; till Mr Davis warned us of the peril of our situation ; when, notwithstanding the desire we had of visiting a similar cone, covered with a beautiful incrustation of sulphur, at the distance from us of a few hundred yards only, we hastily took the speediest course from so dangerous a spot. The ascent to the ledge was not less difficult and frightful, than the descent had been, and for the last few yards, was almost perpendicular ; but we all succeeded in safely gaining its top, not far from the path, by which we had in the morning, descended the upper cliff.

We reached the hut about two o'clock, nearly exhausted from fatigue, thirst, and hunger ; and had immediate reason to congratulate ourselves on a most narrow escape from suffering an extreme danger, if not from death. For, on turning round, we perceived the whole chasm to be filled with thick sulphureous smoke ; and within half an hour, it was so completely choked with it, that not an object below us was visible. Even where we were, in the unconfined region above, the air became so oppressive, as to make us think seriously of a precipitate retreat. This continued to be the case for the greater part of the afternoon. A dead calm took place both within and without the crater, and from the diminution of noise, and the various signs of action, the volcano itself seemed to be resting from its labours.

The splendid illuminations of the preceding evening were again lighted up with the closing of the day ; and after enjoying their beauty for two or three hours with renewed delight, we early sought a repose which the fatigue of the morning had rendered most desirable. The chattering of the islanders around our cabins, and the occasional sound of voices in protracted conversation among our own number, had, however, scarcely ceased long enough to admit of sound sleep, when the volcano again began roaring and labouring with redoubled activity. The confusion of noises was prodigiously great. In addition to all we had before heard, there was an angry muttering from the very bowels of the abyss, accompanied, at intervals, by what appeared the desperate effort of some gigantic power, struggling for deliverance. These sounds were not fixed or confined to one place, but rolled from one end of the crater to the other : sometimes seeming to be immediately under us, when a sensible tremour of the ground on which we lay took place, and then again

ishing to the farthest end with incalculable velocity. The whole air was filled with the tumult; and those most soundly asleep were quickly roused by it to thorough wakefulness. Lord Byron sprang up in his cot, exclaiming, "We shall certainly have an eruption, which power must burst through every thing!" He had barely ceased speaking, when a dense column of heavy black smoke was seen rising from the crater, directly in front of us, the subterranean struggle ceased, and immediately after, flames burst from a large cone, near which we had been in the morning, and which then appeared to have been long inactive. Red hot stones, cinders, and ashes, were also propelled to a great height with immense violence; and shortly after the molten lava came boiling up, and flowed down the sides of the cone, and over the surrounding scoria, in two beautifully curved streams, glittering with indescribable brilliance.

At the same time a whole lake of fire opened in a more distant part. This could not have been less than two miles in circumference; and its action was more horribly sublime than any thing I ever imagined to exist, even in the ideal visions of unearthly things. Its surface had all the agitation of an ocean; billow after billow crossed its monstrous bosom in the air, and occasionally those from different directions met with such violence, as in the concussion to dash the fiery spray forty, and fifty feet high. It was at once the most splendidly beautiful, and dreadfully fearful, of spectacles: and irresistibly turned the thoughts to that lake of fire, from whence the smoke of torment ascendeth for ever and ever. No work of Him who laid the foundations of the earth, and who, by His almighty power still supports them, ever brought to my mind the more awful revelations of His word, with such overwhelming impression. Truly, "with God is terrible majesty"—"Let all the nations say unto God, how terrible art thou in Thy works."

Under the name of Pele, this volcano was one of the most distinguished and most feared of the former gods of Hawaii. Its terrific features are well suited to the character and abode of an unpropitious demon; and few works in nature would be more likely to impose thoughts of terror on the ignorant and superstitious, and from their destructive ravages, lead to sacrifices of propitiation and peace. It is now rapidly losing its power over the minds of the people: not one of the large number in our company, seemed to be at all apprehensive of it as a supernatural being.

After an almost sleepless night, we early turned our faces homeward, not without many "a lingering look behind;" even at the very entrance of our path. It was precisely six o'clock when the last of our party left the brink. Never was there a more delightful morning. The atmosphere was perfectly clear, and the air, with the thermometer at 56° Fahrenheit, pure and bracing. A splendid assemblage of strong and beautifully contrasted colours glowed around us. The bed of the crater still covered with the broad shadow of the eastern banks, was of jetty blackness. The reflection of the early sun added a deeper redness to the western cliffs: those opposite were of a bright yellow, while the body of smoke rising between them, hung in light drapery of pearly whiteness, against the deep azure of the southern sky. Mounaroa and Mounakea, in full view in the

west, were richly clothed in purple; and the long line of intervening forest, the level over which we were passing, and the precipice by which it is encircled, thickly covered with trees and shrubbery, exhibited an equally bright and lively green.

EARTHQUAKES.

THE Scriptures speak of several earthquakes;—one of the most remarkable is that which happened in the twenty-seventh year of Uzziah, king of Judah, about 783 B. C. There is mention made of this earthquake by the prophets Amos and Zechariah; and Josephus says, that it was so violent as to divide into halves a mountain which lay to the west of Jerusalem, and to remove one half of it 500 paces from its original site, insomuch that it closed up the highway, and covered the king's gardens.

The earliest and one of the most fatal eruptions of Vesuvius that is described in history, took place in the year 79, the first year of the reign of Titus. All Campania was alarmed by its violence, and the country was devastated in every direction to a very great distance. Numerous towns, with the whole of their inhabitants, were consumed, and, among the rest, the elegant cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum; the ruins of which, after having been utterly overwhelmed and lost for more than sixteen centuries, were at length traced out by accident, and have been recently explored to a considerable extent. The wreck of Herculaneum was discovered in 1739, and was rendered accessible in the course of the following year.

Pompeii had suffered severely from an earthquake sixteen years before the eruption of 79, but had been rebuilt and embellished with several stately edifices, especially with a magnificent theatre, in which the people were assembled to gaze upon the spectacle, when this tremendous visitation burst upon them, swallowing up the city by an earthquake, and overcovering its site to a considerable depth with the fiery materials that were thrown forth from the mouth of the crater. The cities of Puteoli and Cumæ were also greatly damaged, partly by the concussions, and partly by the burning ashes; which last, according to the concurrent assertion of ancient historians, extended to Africa, Egypt, and Syria, and at Rome turned the day suddenly into night, to the consternation of the inhabitants. It was during this eruption that the elder Pliny fell a victim to suffocation; the poet Cæsius Bassus, and his household, were consumed by the flames; and Agrippa, son of Claudius Felix, the well-known governor of Judea, and of Drusilla, daughter to Agrippa, the last king of the Jews, perished in his youth, as we are told by Josephus; though the passage of the writer to which he refers for a more particular account of his death is no longer extant.

Towards the end of autumn, in the eighteenth year of Trajan's reign, and the one hundred and fifteenth A. D., while the emperor was at Antioch in Syria, that city was almost entirely ruined by one of the most dreadful earthquakes mentioned in history. The city was

crowded with troops and strangers; come from all quarters, either out of curiosity, or upon business and embassies, so that there was scarcely a nation or province of the whole Roman empire, but what had a share in the calamity; and all the Roman world, says Dion Cassius, suffered in one city. The earthquake was preceded by violent claps of thunder, and a horrid noise under-ground. Then followed so terrible a shock, that several houses were overturned, and others tossed to and fro like ships on the sea; while the noise of the cracking and bursting of the timber, the falling of the houses, and a dismal and loud roaring under-ground, drowned the cries of the dismayed people. Those who happened to be in their houses were, for the most part, buried under the ruins; and such as were on the streets, were, by the violence of the shock, beat one against another, and most of them killed or dangerously wounded. As the earthquake continued with some small intermissions for several days and nights, many thousands perished, among whom were some persons of great distinction. Trajan himself was much hurt, but escaped through a window out of the house where he was. It is also said, that Mount Lison, which stood at a small distance from Antioch, bowed with its top and threatened to fall down on the city; that other mountains fell; that new rivers appeared, and that others that had flowed before, forsook their course and vanished.

In the year A. D. 358, a most dreadful earthquake was felt in Asia, Persia, and Macedon, which greatly damaged 150 cities, and utterly ruined that of Nicomedia, where it was so sudden and violent, that all the houses were overturned at once, and the inhabitants to a man buried in the ruins.

About the beginning of the reign of Constantine IV., frequent earthquakes happened, which were by far the most destructive that had been known for many ages. In Syria and Palestine, several cities were swallowed up, and others entirely ruined; and some, if credit may be given to Nicephorus, removed, without any considerable damage, to a great distance from their former sites. At the same time happened an extraordinary darkness, which lasted from the 4th August till the 1st October, there being no distinction during that time betwixt day and night.

Smyrna has frequently suffered from earthquakes, and the inhabitants have a tradition, that the last, which happened in 1688, and overthrew the greatest part of the city, swallowed up the castle and a great number of houses, together with 5000 of the inhabitants, and an immense quantity of merchandise, was the sixth earthquake of that kind, besides others less terrible and fatal; and they believe that a seventh will happen which will destroy the place. The earthquake of 1688, was in a few hours after followed by a violent fire, which consumed almost all that remained of the city, and obliged the inhabitants to retire to the island of Chios, whence they could scarcely be persuaded to return.

But in the year 1759, almost all Syria was destroyed by earthquakes, which were felt throughout an extent of 100 leagues in length, and nearly as many in breadth, forming a space of 10,000 square leagues, containing the chain of mountains of Libanus and Anti-Libanus, with a prodigious number of villages, the greatest part of

which were reduced to a heap of ruins. The first shock, which did no great damage, happened on the 10th June; but the second, which happened on the 30th October, did much mischief at Damascus, Tripoli, Seidon, Acre, and all along the coast of Syria. At Seidon, a great number of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins of their houses; and at Acre, the sea overflowed its bounds, and poured into the streets, though seven or eight feet above the level of the sea. The city of Saptot was entirely overthrown, and the greatest part of the inhabitants buried by the fall of their houses. All the minarets at Damascus were thrown down, and six thousand of the inhabitants perished. Several shocks were felt successively till the 25th of November, when they recommenced with such violence as overturned one-third of the city of Damascus, and buried great numbers of people in the ruins, according to some accounts not less than 20,000. This earthquake also did considerable damage at Tripoli, so that the Franks and many natives deserted the city, and continued many days in the fields. The famous Balbec, and an ancient stone castle built by the Romans, were entirely destroyed by these concussions.

The earthquake in Lisbon in 1755, was certainly the most horrible and extensive of modern times, nor have we any account of any thing that can be compared to it in ancient history. Its origin appears to have been under the Atlantic Ocean, the waves of which were shaken almost as violently as the land; its range extended over a part of both the hemispheres, and more or less affected Europe, Africa, and America, though it was in the south-western parts of Europe in which its violence and destruction were chiefly conspicuous, and especially in the city of Lisbon, which fell a victim to its fury. We shall give the following details in the order in which they are communicated in the abridgment of the Philosophical Transactions. The communication is from a Mr Wollfall, and is dated 1st November, 1755, from Lisbon.*

— Since the beginning of the year 1750, we have had much less rain than has ever been known in the memory of man, excepting the last spring. The summer has been cooler than usual, and for the last forty days, fine clear weather, but not remarkably so. On the 1st inst., (November 1755) about forty minutes past nine in the morning, was felt a most violent shock of an earthquake; it seemed to last about the tenth part of a minute, and then came down every church and convent in town, together with the king's palace, the magnificent opera-house adjoining to it; in short, there was not a large building in town that escaped. Of the dwelling-houses, there might be about one-fourth of them that tumbled, which, at a very moderate computation, occasioned the loss of 30,000 lives. The shocking sight of the dead bodies, and the shrieks and cries of those who were half buried in the ruins, are only known to those who were eye-witnesses; it far exceeds all description, for the fear and consternation was so great, that the most resolute person dared not stay a moment to remove a few stones off the friend he loved most, though many might

* This city also suffered by an earthquake in 1591; and since the above period in 1761, 1765, and 1772, though never with a ruin in any degree equal to that of 1755.

be saved by so doing; but nothing was thought of but self-preservation, getting into open places, or into the middle of streets, was the most probable security. Such as were in the upper stories of houses, were in general more fortunate than those that attempted to escape by the doors, for these were buried under the ruins with the greatest part of the foot passengers. Such as were in equipages escaped best, though their cattle and drivers suffered severely; but those lost in houses and the streets, are very unequal in number to those that were buried in the ruins of churches; for as it was a day of great devotion, (All Saints' day) and the time of celebrating mass, all the churches in the city were mostly crowded; and the number of churches here exceeds that of both London and Westminster, and as the steeples are built high, they mostly fell with the roof of the church, and the stones are so large that few escaped.

Two days after the first shock, orders were given to dig for the bodies, and a great many were taken up and recovered. I lodged in a house where there were thirty-eight inhabitants, and only four saved. In the city prison eight hundred were lost; twelve hundred in the general hospital; a great number of convents, of four hundred in each, lost; the Spanish ambassador, with thirty-five servants. It fortunately happened that the king and the royal family were at Belim, a palace about a league out of town. The palace in town tumbled the first shock, but the natives insist that the inquisition was the first building that fell down. The shock was felt all over the kingdom, but along the sea-side more particularly. Faro, St Ubals, and some of the large trading towns, are, if possible, in a worse situation than here, though the city of Oporto has quite escaped.

It is possible that the cause of all these misfortunes came from under the western ocean; for a captain of a ship, a very sensible man, told me, that he was fifty leagues off at sea—that the shock there was so violent as greatly to injure the deck of his ship; and occasioned him to think, that he had mistaken his reckoning, and struck upon a rock. Upon which they instantly hoisted out their long-boat to save themselves, but happily brought the ship, though much injured, into this harbour.

The shocks lasted between five and six minutes. The very first shock was extremely short, but the last was as quick as lightning succeeded by two others, which, in the general way of speaking, are mentioned altogether as one shock. About twelve o'clock we had a second shock. I was then on the *Terra do Paco*, or king's palace-yard, and had an opportunity of seeing the walls of several houses that were standing, open from top to bottom more than a quarter of a yard, yet close again so exactly as to have no signs of injury.

An eye-witness of the dreadful earthquake in Caraccas, gives the following account of that fearful occurrence.

On the 26th March, 1812, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the first commotion took place. The air was calm, the heat excessive,—nothing preceded or announced such a catastrophe. A shaking was first perceived, strong enough to set the bells of the churches a ringing. It lasted about six seconds, and was followed by an interval of ten

or twelve seconds, during which the earth exhibited an undulation similar to the motion of the sea in a calm. The crisis was then supposed to have passed, but immediately extraordinary subterranean noises were heard, and electrical discharges infinitely stronger than atmospheric thunder. The earth was agitated with a quickness which cannot be described, and seemed to boil like water when subjected to the heat of a very strong fire. There was then a perpendicular tumbling or *strepitus* for about three or four seconds, followed by agitations in an opposite direction, from north to south, and from east to west, for three or four seconds also. This short but awful period was sufficient to turn the whole city of Caraccas topsy-turvy, with upwards of thirty towns, and the country houses and numerous establishments spread over the surface of that delightful province! In an instant all was destroyed to an extent of 300 miles, and 80,000 inhabitants ceased to live, while thousands were dreadfully wounded.

The city of Caraccas, placed at the foot of the declivity of the highest mountain called La Silla, and on the margin of an immense plain, through which several rivers flowed, was considerably elevated above the level of the sea, and always enjoyed a cool and agreeable temperature. The 26th March (being Good Friday,) had collected all the inhabitants to the churches of the city, which were destroyed, thus serving for their tombs. The churches of La Trinidad and Alta Gracia, which were in the more immediate vicinity of the mountain, experienced most forcibly the effects of the extraordinary commotion; for although originally upwards of 150 feet high, no part of their ruins exceeded five or six feet in height; and some idea may be formed of the violence of the shock which overturned these stupendous edifices, when it is recollected, that they were supported by columns and pilasters exceeding thirty or forty feet in circumference, and of which scarcely a vestige remains.

A superb range of barracks, two stories high, capable of containing 4000 men, and serving as a depot for the artillery, shared the same ruin. A regiment of the line, in the act of marching to join in a religious procession, was almost wholly swallowed up, a few men only being left alive.

It is impossible to paint the terror and desolation which this catastrophe occasioned; disorder, confusion, despair, misery, and fanaticism were at their height. The people fled as well as they were able, prostrating themselves to supplicate heaven for mercy. Those who escaped death, mutilated or wounded, covered with dust, their clothes torn, and carrying in their arms their children, the sick and the wounded, presented a most heart-rending spectacle.

Three thousand wounded, of all ranks, were collected and placed at first on the banks of a river, under the shade of some trees; but they were absolutely in want of every thing, even the most indispensable articles. They were abandoned to the medicine of consolation, and were told, that they must submit to the decrees of Providence, and that every thing was for the best.

Good Friday is, without doubt, the most imposing of the Catholic holidays. It is that which ought to enforce the most pious reflections; but at Caraccas, as in many other places, on this occasion the women were occupied in their dress, more anxious perhaps to

appear amiable in the sight of man than to worship the Supreme Being. But scarcely had they experienced the earthquake, when they said it was the thunder of heaven sent to punish the crimes of the world. Their elegant clothes were immediately laid aside—those who had it in their power, changed them for coarse garments, to show their penitence; sackcloth, cords, and chains were substituted for elegant fashions and seductive head-dresses. Many of the gentlemen, at the same time, forgot their gallantry for fanaticism; and, in order to appease the anger of heaven, they walked night and day in processions, the body entirely uncovered, with the exception of a large girdle, barefooted, and with long beards, a cord about their necks, to which was frequently attached a large stone, and on their shoulders they sometimes carried a wooden cross, 100 or 150 pounds in weight.

In the city, and throughout the country, there were processions day and night; every mountain was transformed into a colony, where the people, dying with hunger, implored the Divine mercy, embracing with groans the relics of their tutelary saints.

In the mean time, the shocks from the earthquake continued; every day and every hour some ruins fell, which had been only shaken by the first commotions. On the 5th April, at four in the afternoon, there was a shock so violent, that several mountains were rent asunder; many inclined from their centre of gravity, and enormous detached rocks were precipitated to the valleys.

From the above hour till nine o'clock next morning, the shocks were violent, and so frequent as to admit of an interval of about five minutes only between each; and during these intervals a rumbling subterraneous noise was heard, and the earth was continually agitated.

The succession of these phenomena was not interrupted in the month of December 1812, when the narrator left the place, and those were reckoned the most tranquil days in which there were only fifteen or twenty shocks! Every thing was destroyed; the ramparts of La Guayra, not less than twenty feet in thickness, were thrown down. As a natural consequence of the opening of the mountains, which are the great reservoirs of water, some rivers were obscured, others considerably increased. Many high mountains were rent across, and that called La Silla sunk more than sixty fathoms.



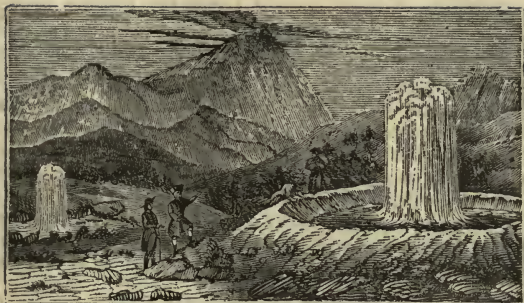
BOILING SPRINGS.

THE Geysers, or springs of boiling water in Iceland, rank among the most remarkable natural curiosities in the world. They are situated about thirty-six miles from mount Hecla, and about twelve miles in a north-east direction from the village of Skolholt. The steam ascending from the principal springs during their eruptions may be seen from a considerable distance. When the air is still, it rises perpendicularly like a column, to a great height, then spreads itself into clouds, which roll in successive masses over each other, till they are lost in the atmosphere. We perceived one of these columns when distant sixteen miles.

The springs mostly rise in a plain, between a river that winds through it, and the base of a range of low hills. Many, however, break out from the sides of the hills, and some very near their summits. They are all contained, to the number of one hundred or more, within a circle of two miles. The most remarkable spring rises nearly in the midst of the other springs, close to the hills. It is called Geyzer, the name probably in the old Scandinavian language for a fountain, from the verb *geysa*, signifying to *gush*, or to *rush forth*. The next most remarkable spring rises at a distance of one hundred and forty yards from it, on the same line, at the foot of the hills. We called it the New Geyzer, on account of its having but lately played so violently as at present.

There are others of consequence in the place, but none that approach to these in magnificence, or that, when compared with them, deserve much description. The generality of the springs are in every respect similar to those near Rykum, boiling in caldrons of three or four feet diameter, and some of them throwing their waters from time to time, by sudden jets, into the air. Many springs in this place, as in the other, boil through strata of coloured clay, by which they are rendered turbid. Here, however, the red clays are brighter, and in greater proportion to the clays of other colours. Here also, as in the valley of Rykum, are many small springs, which throw out sulphureous vapour, and near which the ground, and the channel of the water, are covered and lined with a thin coat of sulphur.

The basins of the two principal springs are of irregular forms, four, five, or six feet in diameter, and from some of them the water rushes out in all directions, from others obliquely. The eruptions are never of long duration, and the intervals are from fifteen to thirty minutes. The periods of both are exceedingly variable. One of the most remarkable of these springs threw out a great quantity of water; and from its continual noise, we named it the Roaring Geyzer. The eruptions of this fountain were incessant. The water darted out with fury every four or five minutes, and covered a great space of ground with the water it deposited. The jets were from thirty to forty feet in height. They were shivered into the finest particles of spray, and surrounded by great clouds of steam. The situation of this spring was eighty yards distant from the Geyzer, on the rise of the hill.



The celebrated fountain which has been distinguished by the appellation of Geyzer alone, from the pre-eminence it holds over all the natural phenomena of this kind in Iceland, rises through a perpendicular and cylindrical pipe or shaft, seventy feet in depth, and eight feet and a half in diameter, which opens into a basin or funnel measuring fifty-nine feet from one edge to the other. The basin is circular, and the sides of it, as well as those of the pipe, are polished quite smooth by the continual friction of the water, and they are both formed with such mathematical truth, as to appear constructed by art.

When our guides led us to the Geyzer, the basin was filled to within a few feet of its edge. The water was transparent as crystal; a slight steam only arose from it, and the surface was ruffled by but a few bubbles, which now and then came from the bottom of the pipe. We waited with anxiety for several minutes, expecting at every instant some interruption to its tranquillity. On a sudden, another spring immediately in front of the place on which we were standing, darted its waters above a hundred feet into the air with the velocity of an arrow, and the jets succeeding this first eruption were still higher. This was the spring already mentioned under the name of the New Geyzer.

While gazing in silence and wonder at this unexpected and beautiful display, we were alarmed by a sudden shock of the ground under our feet, accompanied with a hollow noise, not unlike the distant firing of cannon. Another shock soon followed, and we observed the water in the basin to be much agitated. The Icelanders hastily laid hold of us, and forced us to retreat some yards.

When the basin was nearly full, these occasional eruptions were generally announced by shocks of the ground. Immediately after the shocks, the whole body of water heaved exceedingly; a violent ebullition then took place, and large waves spread themselves in circles from the centre, through which the column forced its way. When the water had been quiet in the basin for some time, the thermometer placed in it stood at 180° only; but immediately after an eruption, it rose to 200° . We boiled a piece of salmon in it, which was exceedingly well tasted. Our cookery at Rykum had not been quite so successful.

Of the antiquity of these springs I can say nothing further than that they are mentioned as throwing up their waters to a great height, by Saxo Grammaticus, in the preface to his History of Denmark, which was written in the 12th century; but from the general appearance of the country, it is likely they have existed a great length of time.

SIGNS AND WONDERS IN THE HEAVENS.

PHANTASMAGORIA IN THE SKY.—Among the most remarkable and interesting of those celestial phenomena which have attracted the attention of the inhabitants of our planet, we shall mention, as first in importance as well as in dignity, the “signs from heaven,” which were understood to foretell the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and the distresses that were about to overwhelm the Jewish nation. To those who have read the works of Josephus (and who has not perused the pages of this interesting and faithful recorder of his country’s annals?) the wonderful appearances we allude to are well known. *Over the devoted city, for the space of nearly twelve months, the figure of a luminous sword was suspended—multitudes of armed men with chariots were seen in the clouds all round about the city, moving in regular order, and attacking one another with the greatest fury, while in the rays of the setting sun their weapons appeared to glitter in the most extraordinary manner.* These, and a number of other omens, are mentioned by Josephus, and corroborated by Tacitus, who in all probability had his information from some of the officers of Titus who were in the siege. This is the more probable, considering the fastidiousness of the celebrated historian regarding the truth of his statements, an instance of which occurs in the matter of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, when he writes to Pliny the Younger, who was a spectator of the catastrophe, to send him the particulars of his uncle’s death, with the details of the awful event, which he very scrupulously submits to the reader in the words of his learned correspondent. When we find the testimony of Josephus supported by one so guarded as to the accuracy of his statements as Tacitus, we may with justice regard the circumstance as conclusive of the fidelity of the Jewish historian.

JULIUM SIDUS.—In the forty-third year before the Christian era, a comet was seen by day, which was considered by the superstitious Romans as the metamorphosed soul of Julius Cæsar, who had been assassinated a short time before. It was observed for a few days, rising about five in the evening, and shining with uncommon brightness. It was called Julium Sidus, and, in commemoration of the prodigy, a star was placed at the head of Cæsar’s statue. The same comet is believed to have returned in the years 532, 1106, and 1680, and that its period is about 575 years. A celebrated cosmogonist considered this comet to be so closely connected with the destinies of our world, that it communicated a rotation to our planet at the creation by striking it obliquely, that it produced the deluge by enveloping the earth in its tail, and that it will ultimately wrap it in flames at the final consummation of all things.

PARHELIA, OR MOCK SUNS.—"On February 5, 1674, near Marienburg, in Prussia," says M. Hevelius, "I saw the sun in a sky everywhere serene enough, being yet some degrees above the horizon, shining very bright but giving out very long and reddish rays, forty or fifty degrees towards the zenith. Under the sun towards the horizon here hung a somewhat dilute small cloud, beneath which there appeared a *mock sun* of the same size, to sense, with the true sun, and under the same vertical, of a somewhat red colour. Soon after, the true sun more and more descending to the horizon towards the said cloud, the spurious sun beneath it, grew clearer and clearer, so as that the reddish colour in that apparent solar disk vanished and put gradually on the genuine solar light, till at length the upper sun passed into the counterfeit one, and so remained alone.

"Upon this appearance, there soon followed here an exceedingly intense and bitter frost, whereby the whole bay was frozen up from the town of Dantzic as far as Hela in the Baltic sea, and the bay was frozen so hard that with great safety people ran out into it with sledges and horses for several miles."

PARHELIA AT SUDBURY.—The appearance of Parhelia, or mock suns has been witnessed in various parts of the world. At Sudbury, in Suffolk, no less than three suns made their appearance in the firmament on the 28th August, 1698. They were seen by M. Petto, whose description of them will be found in the records of the *Phil. Trans.* 1699.

METEOR OF A FLAMING SWORD.—A strange meteor was seen at Leeds, on Holy Thursday, 1710, which the common people call a flaming sword. It appeared at a quarter past ten, and took its course from south to north. It was broad at one end and small at the other, which some said made it resemble a trumpet: it moved with the broad end foremost. The light from it was so sudden and bright that people were startled to see their own shadows when neither sun nor moon was visible. It was seen in the counties of Nottingham and Derby, as well as in those of York and Lancaster.

A DRAGON COMET.—Subienitz, a Polish writer, gives an account of a comet which came out from an opening in the heavens, having the resemblance of a dragon with blue feet and a head covered with snakes.

A MOST FRIGHTFUL COMET.—In the year 1527, about four in the morning, not only in the Palatinate of the Rhine, but nearly all over Europe, appeared, for the space of an hour and a quarter, a most horrible comet. It was very great, and of a bloody colour inclining to saffron. From the top of its train appeared a bended arm, in the hand whereof was a huge sword in the posture of striking. At the point of the sword was a star, from the star proceeded dusky rays, like a hairy tail; on the side of them other rays, like javelins, or lesser swords, as if imbued in blood, between which appeared human faces in the colour of blackish clouds, with rough hair and beards. All these moved with such terrible sparkling and brightness that many spectators swooned with fear.

A MOST BRILLIANT COMET.—In 1402, there appeared a comet remarkable for its brilliancy, so much so, that in March the light of the sun did not prevent its being visible at mid-day.

THE GLORY SEEN ON MOUNT RHEALT.—On the 13th of February, 1780, as John Haygarth, Esq., a man of science and a member of the Royal Society, was returning to Chester, he observed while ascending at Rhealt, the mountain which forms the eastern boundary of the vale of Cluyd, a most rare and curious phenomenon, the following description of which was transmitted to the Manchester Philosophical Society:—

“In the road above me,” says Mr Haygarth, “I was struck with the peculiar appearance of a very white shining cloud that lay remarkably close to the ground. The sun was nearly setting, but shone extremely bright; I walked up to the cloud and my shadow was projected into it. The head of my shadow was surrounded at some distance by a circle of various colours, whose centre appeared to be near the situation of the eye, and whose circumference extended to the shoulders. This circle was complete, except what the shadow of my body intercepted. It exhibited the most vivid colours, red being outermost. As far as can be recollected, all the colours appeared in the same order and proportion that the rainbow presents to our view. It resembled very exactly what in pictures is termed a *glory* around the head of our Saviour and of saints, not indeed that luminous radiance which is painted close to the head, but an arch of concentric colours, which is placed separate and distinct from it. As I walked forward, this glory approached or retired just as the inequality of the ground shortened or lengthened my shadow. The cloud being sometimes in a small valley below me, sometimes in the same level, or on higher ground, the apparition became extremely striking and singular.

“To add to the beauty of the scene, there appeared at a considerable distance to the right and left the arches of a white shining bow. These arches were in the form of, and broader than a rainbow, but were not completely joined into a semicircle above, on account of the shallowness of the cloud. When my chaise came up, I could observe no peculiar appearance round the shadows of the postilion, horses, or chaise; but the postilion was alarmed to an uncommon degree by this very singular apparition, which indeed might strike terror or delight in the beholder, according to the disposition of mind with which it was viewed.

“Several appearances have been described by philosophers in some respects resembling what I saw, but not exactly the same. The arch in size, situation, and colour was most exactly the *glory* represented in some pictures, and is manifestly the archetype whence it had been copied by a painter; and indeed such a phenomenon is well adapted to excite religious awe and reverence.”

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.—The following observations on that singular phenomenon called the Spectre of the Brocken, in Germany, is related by Monsieur J. L. Jordan, in the following words:—

“In the course of my repeated tours through the Hartz mountains in Germany, I ascended the Brocken twelve times; but I had the good fortune only twice, both times about Whitsuntide, to see that atmospheric phenomenon called the Spectre of the Brocken, which appeared to me worthy of particular attention, as it must, no doubt,

be observed on other high mountains, which have situations favourable for producing it.

“The first time I was deceived by this extraordinary phenomenon, I had clambered up to the summit of the Brocken very early in the morning, in order to wait there for the inexpressibly beautiful view of the sun rising in the east. The heavens were already decked with red; the sun was just appearing above the horizon in full majesty, and the most perfect serenity prevailed throughout the surrounding country, when the other Hartz mountains in the south-west, towards the Worm mountains, &c. lying under the Brocken, began to be covered by thick clouds. Ascending at that moment the granite rocks called the Teufels Kanzel, there appeared before me, though at a great distance, towards the Worm mountains and the Achtermannshöhe, the gigantic figure of a man, as if standing on a large pedestal. But scarcely had I discovered it when it began to disappear: the clouds sunk down speedily and expanded, and I saw the phenomenon no more.

“The second time, however, I saw the spectre somewhat more distinctly a little below the summit of the Brocken and near the Heinrichshöhe, as I was looking at the sun rising about four o’clock in the morning. The weather was rather tempestuous; the sky towards the level country was pretty clear, but the Hartz mountains had attracted several thick clouds which had been hovering around them, and which, beginning to settle on the Brocken, confined the prospect. In these clouds, soon after the rising of the sun, I saw my own shadow, of a monstrous size, move itself exactly as I moved, but I was soon enclosed in clouds and the phenomenon disappeared.

“It is impossible to see this phenomenon except when the sun is at such an altitude as to throw his rays upon the body in an horizontal direction; for if he is higher the shadow is thrown rather under the body than before. Having had an opportunity of discovering the whole secret of this phenomenon, I can give the following information to such of my readers as may be desirous of seeing it themselves. When the rising sun, and, according to analogy, the case will be the same as the setting sun, throws his rays over the Brocken, upon the body of a man who is standing opposite to fine light clouds floating around, or hovering past him, he needs only fix his eyes steadfastly upon them, and in all probability he will see the singular spectacle of his own shadow extending to the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles before him. This is one of the most agreeable phenomena I ever had an opportunity of remarking on the great observatory of Germany.”

FATA MORGANA.—The Friar Angelucci is the first that mentions, with any degree of accuracy, that striking phenomenon which occasionally appears in the straits of Messina, and is known by the name of Fata Morgana. He speaks of it in the following terms:—

“On the 15th August, 1643, as I stood at my window, I was surprised with a most wonderful delectable vision. The sea that washes the Sicilian shore swelled up and became, for ten miles in length, like a chain of dark mountains, while the waters near our Calabrian coast grew quite smooth, and in an instant appeared as one clear

polished mirror, reclining against the aforesaid ridge. On this glass was depicted, in *chiaro scuro*, a string of several thousands of pilasters, all equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment they lost half their height, and bent into arches, like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed on the top, and above it rose castles innumerable, all perfectly alike. These soon split into towers, which were shortly after lost in columns, and then windows, and at last ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees, even and similar.—This was the Fata Morgana which, for twenty-six years, I had thought a mere fable.”

To produce this pleasing deception, many circumstances must concur, which are not known to exist in any other situation. The spectator must stand with his back to the east, in an elevated spot behind the city, that he may command a view of the whole bay, beyond which the mountains of Messina rise like a wall and darken the background of the picture. The winds must be hushed, the surface quite smoothed, the tide at its height, and the waters pressed up by currents to great elevation in the middle of the channel. All these events coinciding, as soon as the sun surmounts the eastern hills behind Reggio, and rises high enough to form an arch of forty-five degrees in the water before the city, every object existing or moving at Reggio will be repeated a thousandfold upon this marine looking-glass; which, by its tremulous motion, is, as it were, cut into facets. Each image will pass rapidly off in succession as the day advances, and the stream carries down the wave on which it appeared. Thus the parts of this moving picture will vanish in the twinkling of an eye. Sometimes the air is at that time so impregnated with vapours, and undisturbed by winds, as to repeat objects in a kind of aerial screen, rising about thirty feet above the level of the sea. In cloudy weather, they are drawn on the surface of the water, bordered with fine prismatic colours.

THE AIR BALLOON.

No discovery has ever been made which drew after it a more general admiration, or excited more extravagant hopes of utility to man, than that of aerostation. It was no sooner announced, than already, in the imagination of many, countries were connected, and commercial intercourse maintained, with unheard of advantages; while philosophy was to receive vast treasures of new facts to extend her borders. How few of these great expectations, after a lapse of more than thirty years, have been realized! and how little has been added to the real knowledge or convenience of life, will be discovered from a review of the most interesting facts, that the various voyages which have been performed have brought to light. Let it at the same time be duly observed, that



he art is still in its infancy, and that the intimate, though not always soon discovered connection between one fact and one branch of knowledge and another, equally forbids us to consider in vain the exertions already made, or those which may yet be required, before any decisive advantages are derived from aerostation.

Among the circumstances observed by aeronauts during their voyages, when the apprehensions of their safety have ceased, nothing impresses them so strongly as the stillness that reigns around; with some few exceptions, they hear no wind, whatever may be its violence, nor perceive their motion, whatever may be its rapidity. To account for this, it must be considered that the air is, with respect to them, at rest, for they move at the same rate with it. It is also remarkable, that they never experience any sickness or giddiness. In one instance the aeronaut, after his descent, was affected with a temporary deafness, but the wet and cold which he had experienced would probably have had the same effect upon him in a terrestrial journey. Difficulty of respiration has ever been an object of notice. Of all methods of traveling, that in a balloon appears to people in general to be the most unsafe; but this is a conclusion drawn from a cursory view of the subject. The accidents which have happened, particularly those which have terminated fatally, are extremely few in number, and may be attributed to the want of precautions which are easily observed; we have seen that even a rent of fifty feet long in a Montgolfier produced no disaster. It should also not be omitted, that voyages have been performed in all weathers, and at all seasons of the year, and that lightning, which had been dreaded as a potent enemy, has never interposed; upon the whole, it appears probable, that a voyage in a balloon is not more likely to endanger the personal safety of an individual, than a voyage from England to Ireland on the sea.

The longest aeronautic excursion ever taken was that of five persons recently from London to Frankfort, in Germany, a distance of nearly 500 miles. The greatest height ever attained in this way, appears to have been by Morveau and Bertrand, who, from Dijon, ascended to the height of 13,000 feet.

The ascending power of a balloon is equal to the weight by which it is lighter than an equal bulk of common air. Every cubic foot of pure inflammable air may be considered equal to forty-three grainsavoirdupois, which is about one-fourteenth of the weight of common air. Hence, if the capacity of a balloon be such that it contains 12,000 cubical feet of this gas, its ascending power, after making allowance for impurities in the gas, may be estimated at 12,000 ounces; and therefore the aeronaut, with the boat and all other appendages, must weigh less than this. An inflammable air-balloon, twenty feet in diameter, will just suffice for a single person.

In a rarified air-balloon, or Montgolfier, the air cannot be expected to be above one-third lighter than common air; and a machine of this sort must therefore be in that proportion larger than the other when of equal ascending power.

To witness the flight of a large balloon, has an effect upon the mind as difficult to describe as it is impossible not to feel. So spacious a globe, with the magnificence of the decorations, excite

admiration; the apparently precarious situation of the adventurers raises apprehensions; a machine of such extraordinary dimensions, majestically making its way through a medium which is incapable of the supporting of cotton: impressions from all these sources combine to form a mingled sentiment of the deepest interest, unlike that produced by any other exhibition of art. Many have not been able to bear the spectacle without shedding tears, others have involuntarily lifted their suppliant hands to heaven, or fallen upon their knees; several have fainted, and at Lunardi's first ascent, a woman was so overcome by her feelings, that she died upon the spot.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.

THE DIVING-BELL.—The diving-bell is a machine so contrived, that the diver is safely conveyed to any reasonable depth under water, and may stay more or less time there as the bell is greater or less. It is most conveniently made in the form of a truncated cone, the smaller base being closed, and the larger open. It is to be poised with lead, and so suspended, that it may sink full of air with its open basis downwards, and as near as may be in a situation parallel to the horizon, so as to close with the surface of the water all at once.

Under this covercle the diver sitting sinks down with the included air to the depth desired; and if the cavity of the vessel can contain a tun of water, a single man may remain a full hour without much inconvenience, and at five or six fathoms deep. But the lower he goes still the more the included air contracts itself according to the weight of the water that compresses it, so that at thirty-three feet deep the bell becomes half full of water, the pressure of the incumbent water being then equal to that of the atmosphere; and at all other depths the space occupied by the compressed air in the upper part of its capacity, is to the space filled with water, as thirty-three feet in the depth of the surface of the water in the bell below the common surface of it. And this condensed air, being taken in with the breath, insinuates itself into all the cavities of the body, and has no ill effect, provided the bell be permitted to descend so slowly as to allow time for that purpose.

When the English, in 1588, dispersed the Spanish fleet, called the Invincible Armada, part of the ships went to the bottom, near the isle of Mull, on the western coast of Scotland; and some of these, according to the account of the Spanish prisoners, contained great riches. This information excited, from time to time, the avarice of speculators, and gave rise to several attempts to procure part of the lost treasures. In the year 1665, a person was so fortunate as to bring up some cannon, which, however, were not sufficient to defray the expenses. Of these attempts and the kind of diving-bell used in them, the reader will find an account in a work printed at Rotterdam, in 1669, and entitled, "*G. Sinclari Ars Nova et Magnæ Gravitatis et Levitatis.*" In the year 1680, William Phipps, a native of America, formed a project for searching and unloading a

rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola ; and represented his plan in such a plausible manner, that king Charles II. gave him a ship, and furnished him with everything necessary for the undertaking. He set sail in the year 1683 ; but, being unsuccessful, returned again in great poverty, though with a firm conviction of the possibility of his scheme. By a subscription, promoted chiefly by the duke of Albemarle, the son of the celebrated Monk, Phipps was enabled, in 1687, to try his fortune once more, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first all his labour proved fruitless ; but at last, when his patience was almost entirely exhausted, he was so lucky as to bring up, from the depth of six or seven fathoms, so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of L.200,000 sterling. Of this sum he himself got about L.16,000 ; others say L.20,000, and the duke L.90,000. After he came back some persons endeavoured to persuade the king to seize both the ship and the cargo, under a pretence that Phipps, when he solicited for his majesty's permission, had not given accurate information respecting the business. But the king answered, with much greatness of mind, that he knew Phipps to be an honest man, and that he and his friends should share the whole among them, had he returned with double the value. His majesty even conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, to show how much he was satisfied with his conduct. We know not the construction of Phipps' apparatus ; but of the old figures of a diving machine, that which approaches nearest to the diving-bell, is in a book on fortification, by Lorine, who describes a square box, bound round with iron, which is furnished with windows, and has a stool affixed to it for the diver. This ingenious contrivance appears, however, to be older than that Italian ; at least he does not pretend to be the inventor of it.

After various attempts at improvement on this machine by different people, succeeded Dr Halley, whose bell may be sufficiently understood from the following account. It was made of wood, containing about sixty cubic feet in its concavity, and was in the form of a truncated cone, whose diameter at the top was three feet, and at the bottom five. It was so loaded with lead that it would go down in a perpendicular direction, and no other. In the top was a window to let in light, and likewise a cock to let out the hot air that had been breathed ; and below, about a yard under the bell, was a stage suspended by three ropes, each of which was charged with about one hundred weight to keep it steady. To supply air, the bell had a couple of barrels so cased with lead as to sink when empty, each having a bung-hole on its lowest part to let in the water as the air in them condensed in their descent, and to let it out again when they were drawn up full from below. To a hole in the uppermost part of these was fixed a leathern trunk or box, long enough to fall below the bung-hole, and kept down by weight in such a way that the air in the upper part of the barrels could not escape, unless the lower ends of these boxes were lifted up. These air barrels were made to rise and fall like two buckets in a well ; by means of these barrels fresh air was continually supplied from above, and it was done with so much ease, that two men with less than half their strength could

perform all the labour required. By an additional contrivance, it was found practicable for a diver to go out of the engine to some distance from it, the air being conveyed to him in a continual stream by small flexible pipes.

Great improvements have been made in the diving-bell by Mr Walker, Mr Spalding, and several other mechanical gentlemen, yet it must be acknowledged that, with all these improvements, this very curious machine appears to have been outdone, in some respects, by an invention of the famous Cornelius Drebell, if all be true that we are told about it. He contrived not only a vessel to be raised under water, but also a liquor that would supply the want of fresh air. The vessel was made for king James I., and carried twelve rowers, besides the passengers. It was tried in the river Thames, and one of the persons who was in the vessel when the experiment was made, told it to another, who gave an account of it to the very curious Mr Boyle. As to the liquor, Mr Boyle assures us he discovered by a physician who married Drebell's daughter, that it was used, as occasion required, when the air in the submarine boat was clogged by the breath of the company, and rendered unfit for respiration, at which time, by unstopping a vessel full of this liquor, he could presently restore to the troubled air such a quantity of vital parts as made it useful again for a considerable time. The secret of this liquor Drebell would never disclose to more than one person, who communicated the preparation to Mr Boyle; but that gentleman seems to doubt whether the virtues of the liquor were so effectual as reported.

LIGHT HOUSES.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.—This enormous building has justly been classed among the wonders of ancient architecture. It was a vast structure of brass or statuary metal, erected in honour of Apollo, or the sun, the tutelar god of Rhodes, whose stride was fifty feet asunder, each foot being placed on a rock or pedestal of stone at this distance from each other, at the entrance into the haven. Its height, according to Pliny, was not less than 105 feet, or seventy cubits, and hence vessels of considerable burden were capable of passing between its legs. It is said to have been erected by the Rhodians with the money produced by the sale of the engines of war which Demetrius Poliorcetes employed in fruitlessly besieging the city for a twelvemonth, and which he gave to them upon his reconciliation. Pliny affirms it was commenced by Chares of Lindus, a disciple of Lysippus, and finished upon his death by Laches of the same town. It was thrown down by an earthquake sixty years after its erection.



THE PHAROS OF PTOLEMY.—The wonderful light-house named Pharos, from the island of Pharos on which it stood, was surrounded on all sides by water. It was a most magnificent tower consisting of several stories and galleries, with a lantern at the top. It was of a prodigious height, and its lantern burning continually, could be seen for many leagues at sea and along the coast. It was built for the benefit and direction of seafaring men by one of the Ptolemies, in the year of the world 3670, under the direction of the architect Gnidius, who consecrated “his work to the gods for the benefit of seafaring men.” How long this light-house stood is not very certain, but it was of such universal esteem, that we find the ancients calling all light-houses after it by the common name of Pharos.

EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.—This far-famed light-house is built on the Eddystone rocks, situated nearly SSW. from the middle of Plymouth sound, ascending to the true meridian, the distance being nearly fourteen miles from the port of Plymouth, and from the promontory called Ramhead about ten miles. These rocks are almost in a line, but somewhat within it, which joins the strait and the Lizard points, and as they lie nearly in the direction of vessels coasting up and down the channel, they were necessarily, before the establishment of light-houses, very dangerous and often fatal to ships under such circumstances. It is to be observed that the soundings of the sea from the south-westward towards the Eddystone are from eighty fathoms to forty, and everywhere till you come near the Eddystone the sea is full thirty fathoms in depth; so that all the heavy seas from the south-west come uncontrolled upon the Eddystone rocks, and break upon them with the utmost fury. Considering the exposed situation of these rocks and the dangers to which the commerce of Great Britain was subjected, it is not surprising that the most arduous efforts should be made to have them furnished with a light-house; but the difficulty was to find a person sufficiently hardy to engage in the undertaking. Such a man was first found in the person of Henry Winstenly, a gentleman of Essex, who commenced the undertaking in 1696, and in four years completed the arduous and dangerous operation. Mr Winstenly was so confident of the stability of his structure that he declared it to be his wish to be in it “during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens.” Alas! his wish was but too amply gratified, for while he was there with his workmen and light-keepers, the dreadful storm of 26th November, 1703, which spread such havoc and devastation along the British coasts, commenced in the night. Next morning, when the storm had abated, not a vestige of the light-house was to be seen, except some iron work which remained as a memorial of the violence of the storm. Neither Mr Winstenly nor any of his people were ever heard of.

In 1709, another light-house was built of wood, on a very different construction, by Mr John Reedyard, which lasted till 1755, when it was burned to the ground.

In April, 1757, this arduous undertaking was again commenced, under the superintendance of Mr Smeaton, who finished it in 1759, after overcoming difficulties of the most formidable character, and displaying a degree of ingenuity and perseverance almost beyond

conception. The building has four rooms, one over the other, and at the top a gallery and lantern. The stone floors are flat above, but concave beneath, and are kept from pressing against the sides of the building by a chain let into the walls. It is nearly eighty feet high, and since its completion has been assaulted by the fury of the elements without suffering the smallest injury. As our limits will not permit of our giving anything like a detail of the difficulties which obstructed the progress of this wonderful undertaking, we must refer the curious reader to the account of the work, published by Mr Smeaton himself, with which we have no doubt they will be highly gratified.

THE BELL-ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE.—The Bell-rock, in the German ocean, formerly called the Scape, and the Inch-cape, is a most dangerous reef, a sunken rock lying at the distance of eleven miles from the promontory called the Red-head in Forfarshire. The rock itself measures about 427 feet in length, 200 feet in breadth, and is about twelve feet under water at the ordinary height or perpendicular rise of spring tides. This rock is one of the most dangerous in point of situation to be met with on the coast of Great Britain, for while it lies in one of the most frequented estuaries or friths of the kingdom, it is much lower in the water than any rock on which similar buildings were erected, and the mariner could formerly have little or no warning of his danger when in its vicinity. This dangerous impediment to the navigation of the Frith of Forth is mentioned in the journal of the voyage of king James V., and tradition says, that the abbot of the ancient monastery of Aberbrothock succeeded in fixing a bell upon it in such a manner that it was rung by the impulse of the sea, to warn mariners of their impending danger. Tradition also says, that this apparatus was carried away by a Dutchman, who, to complete the story, was afterwards lost upon the rock with his ship and crew.

The Bell-rock light-house is a circular building measuring forty-two feet in diameter at the base, and thirteen feet at the top. The masonry is 100 feet in height, and, including the light-room, it measures about 115. Though the windows of the light-room are fully eighty-eight feet from the base, yet in storms the spray is driven so high, that it is dashed with much fury against the windows, which are all of plate glass, in such a manner as compels the keepers, for their own security, to shut the whole of the dead lights to windwards, and put on storm shutters, with which they are also provided. The light, which is from oil, owing to the aid of very ingeniously contrived reflectors, is seen at the distance of six or seven leagues when the atmosphere is clear. The light from the Bell-rock may be easily distinguished from all others from the circumstance of its showing alternately a bright and red-coloured light. The machinery required in the management of the light is also made available in tolling two large bells night and day during the continuance of foggy weather. As these bells weigh about twelve hundred weight each, they are heard at a considerable distance, and thus in thick and hazy weather to alarm and give warning to the mariner of his approach to the rock, when the light and light-house may be hid in the fog.

THE WONDERS OF IONA.

THOSE who would visit this far-famed spot with any thing like satisfaction must take means to have more time at their disposal than is usually allowed to passengers by steam-vessels on pleasure trips. Aware of the short time which visitors by steam are permitted to remain, I determined, if shelter of any kind could be had, to part from the vessel, and wait some other opportunity of returning. At that time, the present *manse* had not been erected, and almost the only chance of accommodation was in a small public house on the shore, kept by a decent, honest inquisitive personage named Donald M'Phail. To him I applied, and obtained the promise of a bed, provided I would not be *too* particular. For this stipulation there was certainly some little cause, for the rain, which fell in torrents during the night, came through the thatch, and after speedily inundating the floor above, to my no small annoyance found its way to the humble dormitory below. There was no help for it—"what could not be cured, had to be endured." Next night, half in jest, half in earnest, I applied to the landlord for the convenience of an umbrella on retiring to rest. This, however, was a luxury which honest Donald with a rueful countenance regretted was not to be had "in all the island." But as a true Highlander has always a word of consolation to throw in on an occasion of perplexity, he volunteered an assurance, that the night being clear, there was nothing to fear from rain.

In the eyes of the historian, the most interesting of the antiquities connected with Iona, is the cemetery of the Scottish kings. The foundations of the little chapels which enclosed the ashes of royalty, may still be viewed; and so recently as 1540, according to a personal survey made of the island by Donald Munroe, high dean of the isles, these chapels were entire, and had marble slabs built in their walls, containing the following inscriptions:—"Tumulus Regum Scotiæ."—"Tumulus Regum Hiberniæ."—"Tumulus Regum Norwegiæ." These buildings are stated on the above undoubted authority, to have contained the dust of forty-eight kings of Scotland, four of Ireland, and eight who had wielded the sceptre of Norway. For the Scottish kings, we have the respectable authority of Wyntoun, who preserves the epitaphs of about fifteen of them. Of the Irish kings, we have no reason to doubt, considering that the Irish claimed the far-famed saint, whose deeds gave sanctity to the island, as their countryman: and in regard to the Norwegians, though they are said at one time to have plundered the island and burned the cathedral, they seem afterwards to have become as much impressed with the belief of the sacred character of Iona, as their neighbours; for we find it recorded in the Norwegian annals, that in 1093 "Magnus, the king, touched with his fleet at the Holy Isles, and gave peace and freedom to all the men, and all the inhabitants. He locked up St Columba's church—he did not enter in, but locked the door, that no man might be so bold as to enter so holy a place." These royal chapels, alas! no longer exist in a complete

state. It is really painful to reflect on the paltry trifle which might have preserved such interesting mausoleums in their original perfection; and it may also form a subject of regret, that a family possessing domains of princely extent, should have so little of the *amor patriæ* in its composition, as to allow the only monuments of the ancient kings of the country, many of whom were its benefactors, to crumble piece-meal to the dust, without making a single effort to arrest the hand of the spoiler. Even the wall that formerly surrounded *Relig.-Oran* exists no longer; and the relics of heroic virtue and departed royalty, are recklessly abandoned to the hoofs of cattle, and the feet of every unclean and creeping thing. It is stated by various writers, that 360 richly carved crosses extended from the east to the west end of the island, most of which were erected by noble families, in accord with a belief, that if their bodies were covered with the earth of Iona, they would be sure of endless beatitude. The exterior of the cathedral, also, once exhibited a gorgeous array of monuments erected to the memory of the more wealthy among the ecclesiastics, many of whom expended large sums during their lives in the decoration of their tombs. Among the most conspicuous of those which still remain, is that of John M'Kinnon, abbot of Iona, who died, according to the inscription, in 1500. It is truly a rich and elegant piece of sculpture, and does credit to the state of the arts at that period. It is said, that the letters composing the inscription were originally run full of melted silver, which being always kept bright by frequent and careful cleaning, produced a most brilliant appearance, particularly when the rays of the sun fell upon it. The precious metal, however, was too great a temptation to escape the rude hands of the reformers. The monument in its dilapidated state, may be still seen near the site of the high altar. The interior of the cathedral consists of three grand divisions, forming a cross,—the arches are lofty, and finely executed; on the entablature of the columns is to be seen a variety of subjects, in *alto relievo*, of very superior workmanship. One of the most striking is a group consisting of three men, a woman, a cow, and a dog; one of the male figures is wielding an axe, apparently for the purpose of killing the cow, while the woman is holding up her hands as if imploring him to desist. This is said to be emblematical of ingratitude, and embodies the story of a poor old widow who had brought up for charity three orphan children, who, on coming to men's estate, stole a cow, the only means of support which their old benefactress possessed. So says tradition; but it is more probable, that if the figures have any meaning at all, they relate to some incident in the life of St Columba, who, it is asserted, would neither permit a woman nor a cow to be on the island. His reason for ejecting the cow was, that if cows were allowed, women must be had to take care of them; and where there were women, he said, there would always be mischief. On another part of the same column, is a figure having a human head, with a fool's cap on it; and one with a dragon's tail joined to an animal having the head of a fox and the wings of a goose. The two figures are said to typify the union of hypocrisy with sin. On another column are three griffins, with their necks entwined, and a knight with his lance couched under his dexter

arm, followed by a figure on foot carrying a pennon. On another column is Samson vanquishing the lion, with a representation of the angel driving our first parents out of paradise. The dress of the angel, it may be observed, is exactly that of the old islesmen. There are some others, such as the angel appearing to the Virgin—David playing to Saul—the decapitation of John the Baptist—the angel appearing to the shepherds, and one of an angel represented as weighing the souls of men in a balance, while the devil is very waggishly employed in endeavouring to get a *bargain*, by holding down the appointed scale with his claw.

In the chancel is a stone on which is carved a knight on horseback, followed by a figure on foot, playing the *claroach*, or harp: this is supposed to represent *Easghan-a-chin-bhig*, or Hugh of the Little Head, a chief of the Lochbuy M'Leans, who is still considered a very mysterious personage in the superstitions of the West Highlands. He is said to make his appearance on the approaching death of any belonging to his family. On these momentous occasions, *Easghan-a-chin-bhig* is generally seen mounted on a little goblin horse, with which he gallops past the house of the doomed M'Lean. If there should happen to be no one abroad to receive the warning, he is said to be so condescending as to protrude his little head, which it seems is no larger than a China orange, either over the top of the door, or through some aperture where it may be seen.

The south end of the island is rocky and precipitous, from whence is seen the Ross in Mull, a wild dreary district, full of crags, many of which being surrounded with water, form islets extremely dangerous to those unacquainted with the coast. Beyond these islets, the ocean extends its blue expanse without interruption, except from a few rocky islands in the distance, among which the waves may be seen breaking and rising like streams of light upon the horizon; and more westerly is a ridge of rocks, round which, on the least swell of the sea, the waves are seen roaring and dashing upwards with fearful sublimity.

Further on you descend from a barrier of rocks to a fine sandy bay, where the tide of the western ocean comes in. There the scene is truly sublime. Well might these solitudes have been selected as the abode of the anchorite. What grand, what lofty aspirations of soul must he have felt when pouring forth the emotions of his heart to his Creator, amidst a scene of such varied and impressive magnificence, where silence reigns undisturbed, save by the voice of the elements! What countless ages must have elapsed before the ocean could have worked through these adamantine rocks, such wonderful receptacles for her tides! Looking seaward, scarce a single rock intervenes to break the force of the mighty waters. On they come, rolling in all their strength, dashing their mighty waves over crags that erst appeared far beyond their reach. How the foaming surge is boiling and working its fearful way through those dark inlets overhung with sea-weeds, which are driven about incessantly, appearing and disappearing as the weltering billows recede or advance upon them. Now the impetuous waves hurry in foam and fury up the rocks, anon with unabated force they return in snowy cascades to

their old retreat in the ocean. This, however, is a scene which the transient visitor has no opportunity of beholding.

The west of the island is also craggy, but contains many patches of pasture and arable land. On reaching the top of a high rock, and expecting to see from it a continuation of the same barren rock, the writer was agreeably deceived with the prospect of a fine piece of rich pasture land, over which were scattered about 150 well-favoured cows, and milking a number of these were seen, what might be deemed the flower of the maids of the "Holy Isles," some of whom were chanting Gaelic songs, whose simple and plaintive melody borne upwards by the breeze, fell upon the ear with a pleasing melancholy peculiar to themselves; they seemed to breathe "the wail of wo-worn maids for lovers lost at sea."

On the same side of the island is situated *Port-na-Curach*, the spot where St Columba and eighteen of his companions landed from Ireland. The length, breadth, and figure of the *curach*, or boat in which they crossed, is still preserved in a mound, having a small cairn of stones at each end. At a little distance from the beach, stand about 160 *tors*, or piles of small stones, in the form of cones; near the centre stands one much higher than the others; these are said by the natives to have been erected as penances done by ecclesiastical delinquents, who, according to tradition, crawled on all fours in performing the operation. Dr M'Culloch, however, pronounces them to have been thrown up by the sea. If this be the case, they certainly are entitled to hold the first place among the wonders of the world, for such extraordinary marine productions have never before been discovered.

Much has been said about missions having been sent out from Iona in early ages for the purpose of extending the Christian faith among the tribes of Britain. These statements some of our modern historians are too much in the habit of treating as not entitled to any degree of credit. Independent of what the venerable Bede, who wrote in the early part of the seventh century, says respecting Columba and his missionary travels, there is proof to be found in the Norwegian annals, as well as in the chronicles of Iceland, of the bishops of Iona extending their labours even beyond the limits of Britain and her isles. The curious reader will perhaps feel some interest in perusing the following extracts from the writings of Landnamabok. This author, in giving an account of the peopling of Iceland by the Norwegians, says, "Before Iceland was inhabited by the Norwegians, there were men whom they called *Papa*, who professed the Christian religion, and were believed to have come west by sea. There were found there books in the Irish language that were left by them, and pastoral staves, and there are yet found many things that seem to indicate that they came from the west. There were found in Papay eastward, and in Papyli, some English books. At that time intercourse between these lands by sea is reported to have been frequent." The Norwegians are supposed to have taken possession of Iceland in the ninth century. The following is the Icelandic account of the establishment of Christianity in that country, which is certainly curious, from the reference it has to the Aen practice of fitting out a mission for the propagation of the

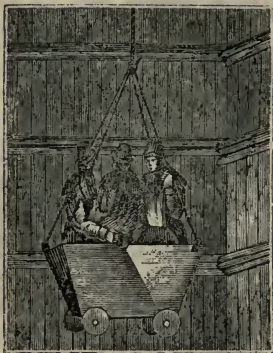
gospel. The passage is given as translated from the original. "Orlygr was the son of Rappa, the son of Bramar Bund, he was brought up with Patrick, bishop of the Western Isles. He was anxious to go to Iceland, and solicited Patrick his foster-father that he would give him somewhat with him. The bishop gave him wood for building a church, a plenarium, a piece of gold, and consecrated earth, that he might place under the pillars of his church, to serve in place of consecration; and he was to dedicate the church to St Columba. Farther, Bishop Patrick said to him, 'When thou landest, choose thy residence only there where thou shalt see from the sea three mountains, and a bay in the middle of these mountains, and a valley between each mountain. Thou shalt steer thy ship to the most southerly of these mountains. There is a wood, and on the sunny side of the mountain is a place where there are no trees, thou wilt find three standing stones; there build thy church and erect thy dwelling house.'"

Orlygr put to sea with his companions. A storm came on while his vessel was nearing land, which drove the adventurers from their course. Orlygr made a vow to his foster-father, Bishop Patrick, that he would call the first place he landed at by his name. A little after he saw land, and came upon the western part of the island,—he brought his ship into Orlygr's haven, and in obedience to his vow, called the bay that extends from it Patrick's Bay. "In the ensuing spring," continues the chronicle, "Orlygr made ready his ship, and carrying all he had with him, sailed west to Bora, and came south to Faxeas (Faroe Isles). There he knew the mountains that were mentioned to him,—there the metal bell fell out of the ship and struck the ground. He then sailed into the bay with his people, and landed where it is now called Sandvik and Kialarnesi, and there was lying the bell among the sea-ware or weed"

THE QUICKSILVER MINES OF IDRIA.

THE STORY OF COUNT ALBERTI.—In order that the reader may have a proper understanding of the hard fate to which this unfortunate nobleman was condemned, we shall give the following brief description of the quicksilver mines at Idria:—In these doleful subterranean abodes, thousands have been condemned to reside, shut out from all hope of ever seeing the cheerful light of the sun, and compelled to toil out a miserable existence, under the whips of imperious and irresponsible taskmasters. Let the reader imagine a small aperture in the side of a mountain, of about five yards in width. This is the mouth of the mine, down this you are let in a kind of bucket for more than a hundred fathoms, the prospect growing wider, and more gloomy, as you descend. At length, after swinging in awful suspense for some time in this precarious situation, you reach the bottom, and tread on the ground. The gloomy and frightful solitude around you, is made dimly visible by the feeble glimmer of lamps disposed here and there, so that the wretched inhabi-

tants of these "regions of sorrow," whose eyes are accustomed



to this melancholy substitute for light, can manage to find their way from one part to another. "Such wretches," says Mr Everard, a gentleman who visited these doleful shades, "my eyes never beheld. The blackness of their visages, only serves to cover a horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they in general consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expense, but they seldom consume much provision, as they lose their appetite in a short time, and commonly expire in about two years, from a total

contraction of all the joints of the body.

"In this horrid mansion, I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accosted by a voice behind me, calling me by my name, and inquiring after my health, with the most cordial affection. I turned, and saw a creature, all black and hideous, who approached me with the most piteous accent, demanding, 'Ah! Mr Everard, don't you know me?' Good God! what was my surprise, when, through the veil of his wretchedness, I discerned my old and dear friend Alberti! Yes, Count Alberti, once one of the gayest and most agreeable persons at the court of Vienna, at once the example of the men, and the favourite of the fair sex; often have I heard his name repeated, as one of the few who did honour to the present age, as possessed of generosity and pity, in the highest degree; and one, who valued fortune only so far as it enabled him to alleviate the distresses of mankind. I flew to him with affection, and after a tear of condolence, asked him how he came there. To this he replied, that having fought a duel with an Austrian general of infantry, against the Emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the forests of Istria, where he was first taken, and afterwards sheltered by banditti, who had infested that quarter. With these he had lived for nine months, till by a close investing of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate resistance, in which the greater part of them were killed, he was taken, and carried to Vienna, in order to be broken on the wheel. However, upon arriving at the capital, he was quickly known, and several of his associates in captivity, bearing testimony to his innocence of the crimes laid to the charge of the banditti, his punishment of the rack was changed into perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idria, a punishment, in my opinion, a thousand times worse than death."

"As Alberti," continued Mr Everard, "was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, whose appearance was

uch as to prove her to belong to the upper ranks of society, and to have known better fortune. The dreadful situation of the place had not been able to destroy her beauty, and even in this scene of wretchedness she seemed to have charms to grace the most brilliant assembly. This lady was, in fact, daughter of the head of one of the first families in Germany. She had been devoted to Alberti, and having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon, without effect, had at last resolved to share his miseries. With him, she accordingly descended into these mansions of despair, whence few of the living return: with him she is contented to live and to toil, forgetting the gayeties of life, despising the splendours of opulence, and enjoying the consciousness of her own constancy."

Thus far we have related the romantic history of Alberti, as given by Mr Everard, the sequel of which, however, is communicated by that gentleman, in a second letter to a friend. "My last letter to you," he says, "was expressive, perhaps too much so, of the gloomy state of my mind. I own that the deplorable situation of the worthy man described in it, was enough to add double horrors to the hideous mansion in which I found him. At present, I have the happiness of informing you, that I have since witnessed the most affecting scene I ever beheld. Nine days after I had written my last letter to you, a person came post from Vienna, to the little village, near the mouth of the great shaft—he was soon followed by a second, and a third. Their first inquiry was after the unfortunate count, and I happening to overhear the demand, gave them the best information. Two of these were the brother and cousin of the lady—the third was an intimate friend and fellow soldier of the Count's. They came with his *pardon*, which had been procured by the general with whom the duel had been fought, and who had perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them, with the expedition of joy, down to his dreary abode, and presented to him his friends, and informed him of the change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened his grief-worn countenance, or to picture the emotion shown by the young lady, on seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's freedom. I could not, without a tear, behold this worthy couple taking leave of the wretched companions of their toil. To one he left his mattock, to another his working clothes, to a third, his little household utensils. We soon emerged from the mine, when he once more beheld the light of the sun, that he had despaired of ever seeing again. A post chaise and four, took them, the next morning toward Vienna; where, I am since informed, by a letter from himself, the empress has taken him into favour—his fortune and rank have been restored, and he and his fair partner, have now the pleasing satisfaction of feeling happiness with a double relish, as they once knew what it was to be miserable."

We may add, that on the above story, is founded the very interesting little dramatic piece, entitled "The Mine."

STORIES ABOUT CROCODILES.

THE most favourable season for catching the crocodile is the winter, when the animal usually sleeps on sandbanks to enjoy the sun; or during the spring, after pairing-time, when the female regularly watches the sand islands, where she has buried her eggs. The hunter spies out the place, and on the south side of it (that is, to the leeward) he makes a hole in the sand by throwing up the earth at the side on which he expects the crocodile. There he hides himself, and if the crocodile does not observe him, it comes to the usual place, and soon falls asleep in the sun. Then the huntsman darts his harpoon with all his might at the heart. To succeed, the iron end ought to penetrate at least to the depth of four inches, in order that the barb may be fast. The wounded crocodile flies to the water, and the huntsman to his canoe, with which a companion hastens to his assistance. A piece of wood fastened to the harpoon by a long cord swims on the water, or shows the direction in which the crocodile is moving. The huntsmen, by pulling at this rope, draws the beast to the surface of the water, where it is soon pierced by a second harpoon.

The dexterity consists in plying the spear with sufficient strength to pierce through the coat of mail which protects the crocodile, who does not remain inactive after he is wounded, but gives violent blows with his tail, and tries to bite asunder the harpoon rope. To prevent this, the rope is made of thirty different thin lines, placed side by side, and tied together at intervals of every two feet, so that some of the lines get entangled and fastened in the hollows of the animal's teeth. Very frequently the harpoons, through the pulling, break off the crocodile's body, and it escapes. If I had not seen the fact with my own eyes, I would hardly have believed that two men could draw out of the water a crocodile fourteen feet long, fasten his muzzle, tie his legs over his back, and finally kill the beast by plunging a sharp weapon into his neck, and dividing the spinal nerve. The iron part of the harpoon, which is used by the huntsmen, is a span long; towards the point it is formed like a penknife, being sharp at one end and on one side. There is a strong barb immediately following the edge, and at the other end is a projecting piece to which the rope is fastened. This iron is put on a wooden shaft, eight feet long.

The flesh and fat of the crocodile are eaten by the Berbers, among whom they pass for a dainty bit. Both parts, however, have a kind of musk smell, so strong, that I could never eat crocodile's flesh without vomiting afterwards. The four musk glands of the crocodiles are a great part of the profit which results from the capture, as the Berbers will give as much as two dollars apiece for the four glands, which they use as a perfumed unguent for the air.

When Herodotus was in Egypt about 450 years before the Christian era, the following was the way in which this formidable reptile was taken prisoner:—

“There are many ways of catching crocodiles in Egypt, but the following seems to me best worth relating. The huntsman puts a

chine of pork as a bait on a hook, and lets it down into the river. In the mean time he takes his station on the bank, holding a young pig, which he beats in order to make it squeak out. The crocodile, on hearing this, makes towards the sound; but, meeting with the bait in his way, he swallows it. Then the men begin to pull, and after he is fairly hauled out on dry land, the first thing the huntsman does is to plaster the crocodile's eyes up with mud. If he can succeed in doing this, there is no difficulty in managing the beast; otherwise it is a very troublesome affair."

The different treatment which this monster received in different parts of ancient Egypt is curious, and not very easily accounted for. In the southern parts, near the cataracts, the crocodile was an article of food, but probably only with a particular caste, as in Dengola at the present day. In other parts, as in Thebes, and near the great lake Mæris (now Keroun), it was fashionable to have a pet crocodile, which was fed daintily, and with great respect. "They put," says Herodotus, "pendents of glass and gold in their ears, and rings round their forelegs; they also give them a regular allowance of bread and meat, and take all possible care of them while alive. When they are dead, the Egyptians embalm them and put them in sacred sepulchres." Fortunately for the credit of Herodotus, a mummy of a crocodile has been found with his ears pierced for pendants, which fact is particularly mentioned by M. Geoffrey.

Strabo tells an odd story of a crocodile which he saw when he visited Egypt somewhat more than 400 years after the visit of Herodotus. "In this district they honour the crocodile very much, and they have a sacred one which lives by itself in the lake, and is quite tame to the priests. He is called Sachus, and is fed with bread, and meat, and wine, which he gets from strangers who come to see him. Our host, who was a person of importance in the place, accompanied us to the lake, taking with him from table a small cake, some roasted meat, and a little cup full of some sweet liquor. We found the crocodile lying on the margin of the lake. The priests went up to him, and while some opened his mouth, others crammed into it, first the cake, then the meat, and last of all poured the drink down his throat. The crocodile after this treat jumped into the lake and swam over to the other side."

STORIES ABOUT TIGERS

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM A TIGER.—A party of Europeans, consisting of some Indigo planters and the officers of a native regiment stationed in the neighbourhood, went into the jungles for the purpose of shooting tigers. They had not proceeded far before they roused an immense tigress, which boldly charged the elephants on which they were seated. A female elephant in the direct point of attack, one that had been lately purchased and was hitherto untried, scared by the approaching enemy, turned suddenly round to fly from the field of battle. It was in vain that the *mohaut* or driver exerted all his skill to make her face the tigress, by which she was instantly

attacked. The active creature therefore sprung upon her back, and seizing the person in the howdah by the thigh, speedily brought him to the ground, then throwing him quite stunned by the fall over his shoulders, just as a fox carries a goose, she started off to the jungle. Every rifle was pointed at her, but no one dared to fire in consequence of the exposed position in which the unfortunate captive lay on her back. She went through the jungle-grass much quicker than the elephants could do, so that the party soon lost sight of her; yet they were enabled to trace her by the track of blood, and with a forlorn hope they resolved to follow and see if it were possible to save their friend from being devoured by the ferocious brute. As they proceeded the traces became fainter and fainter, until at length, bewildered in the heart of the jungle, they were about to give up the search in despair, when suddenly they beheld the objects of their pursuit, and, to their infinite astonishment, the tigress was lying dead upon the long jungle-grass, with her teeth still fast in the limb of their unfortunate companion, who, though still alive and sensible, was unable from loss of blood to extricate himself from the tremendous jaws of his foe. To relieve his leg from the creature's mouth they found to be impossible without first cutting off her head. This was immediately done, and the jaws being separated, the fangs were drawn out of the wounds. As one of the party providentially happened to be a surgeon, the patient was properly attended to; and the party had the great felicity of returning with their friend rescued from his most perilous situation. He was taken to the nearest Bungalow, and by the aid there afforded, he was in a short time enabled to see his friends, and explain the means by which he had mastered his captor.

For some time after the animal seized him, it appeared he had continued insensible, being stunned by the fall, and rendered faint by loss of blood as well as by the excruciating pain which her fangs inflicted. When he came to himself he discovered he was lying on the back of the tigress, which was trotting along at a smart pace through the jungle, whilst at times his face and hands received the most violent scratches from the thorns and bushes through which she dragged him. He gave himself up as lost, considering that not the least glimpse of hope remained; and consequently he determined to lie quietly on his back and wait the issue of his career. It suddenly struck him that he had a pair of pistols in his girdle with which he might possibly yet destroy his captor. After several attempts, he at length succeeded in drawing one of them from the belt, and directed it at the creature's head. He fired, but the only effect it seemed to produce was, that after giving him an angry shake, her fangs met more closely in his flesh, and she seemed to quicken her speed. The agonizing pain thus occasioned made him faint again; however, on recovering a little, he determined to try what another shot would do in a different direction. Drawing forth his only remaining pistol, and pointing the muzzle under the blade bone of the shoulder in the direction of the heart, he once more fired, and a moment after the tigress fell dead, without either howl or struggle, on the spot where he was found by his friends.

TIGER FIGHTS IN JAVA.—The combats which give most satisfaction in Java are those between large and ferocious animals. That between a royal tiger and a buffalo is preferred to any other. The buffalo and the tiger are introduced into a cage made of strong bamboos, and about ten feet in diameter. Their first rencounter in this contracted place is most terrible. The buffalo is always the assailant, and thrusts the tiger with fearful violence against the bars of the cage, endeavouring to crush him to death, while the tiger attempts to spring upon the head or back of his adversary. After the first shock, a parrying fight is usually maintained, until one of the animals is enabled to seize an advantage. The advantage is usually with the buffalo in the first onset; but if he does not then kill or maim his adversary, the situation of the tiger much improves from his superior agility.

According to Stavorinus, the two animals are sometimes transported to a large plain, when an enclosure is formed by a fourfold line of Javanese armed with pikes. When all is ready, men appointed to the work proceed to excite the rage of the poor animals, before they are suffered to quit their respective cages. The buffalo is excited by a sort of nettle, the pricking of which is so unsupportable as to irritate the most quiet disposition to a perfect fever of rage. While they are thus dealing with the buffalo, other men provoke the tiger by pricking him with pointed sticks, by surrounding him with smoke (a thing he hates), and by throwing boiling water upon him.

The Javanese, whose perilous office it is to let the excited animals forth from their cages, are not allowed to leave the place after they have done this, until they have several times saluted the prince, who then makes a sign for them to withdraw into the ranks with the other guards. They must even then move off slowly, and are not permitted to run; but we do not suppose this is any thing cruel to the men, in this regulation, as running would be more likely than a slow motion to draw the attention of the animals toward them.

It was customary not long since to make criminals condemned to death fight with tigers. The bodies of these unfortunate men were rubbed with *curcuma*, they were clothed with a short yellow jacket, and armed with a poniard, after which they were left exposed in the arena. The following singular circumstance happened to a man condemned to be devoured by tigers. When the poor fellow was thrown into the ditch in which the tigers were, he had the good fortune to fall astride upon the back of the largest of them, and from which the most mischief was to be apprehended. The animal at this unlooked-for event exhibited much astonishment and alarm: he did not himself attempt to injure the man, and none of the others dared attack him in this situation. This incident, however, did not save the poor wretch's life, for the prince (the great tiger of tigers) gave orders that he should be killed.

In 1812, two men were exposed to wild beasts by order of the Sultan of Yogyukerta. Each of them was furnished with a poniard, the point of which had been blunted; and a cage was opened from which a tiger bounded forth. One of the criminals was almost immediately cut in pieces, but the other maintained the fight with

his blunt dagger for nearly two hours, and at last killed his adversary. At present, these cruel amusements are on the decline, having been abolished by stipulation in various treaties made with Europeans.

SPORTS OF THE COURT OF COORG.—One of the amusements intended to be exhibited in compliment to us by the Rajah of Coorg was a real set-to between a tiger and a bear. The match, however, even to the animals themselves, appeared so preposterous, that they both declared off, and no device of the keepers could bring them to the scratch. They were soundly beaten, and forced upon each other, but all would not do; the creatures, naturally fierce, seemed on this occasion as if bound over to keep the peace; at last a bright idea appeared to have struck the royal mind. “Tie them together!” cried the Rajah, and immediately the rope that was fixed to the collar of the tiger was fastened to the bellyband of the bear. This was a connexion which neither of the parties most interested seemed to relish, and of course the *bands* were loudly forbid by both. The bear growled and the tiger roared in a manner that plainly showed the union was not likely to be a harmonious one. The Rajah laughed outright, and clapped his hands in ecstasy at his joke, as he saw the creatures tumbling about the arena. Nothing is so infectious as the laugh of royalty; the example of his majesty was soon followed by the courtiers and guards, who loudly applauded the conceit. In this they were joined by the soldiers, till the whole place resounded with shouts of merriment, mingled with the roar of the tiger and the growl of the bear. The former, however, was the most discomposed by the uproar that was going forward: his eyes sparkled and his tail lashed his flanks in a manner truly ominous. All at once, as if indignant at being made the subject of laughter, he made a flying leap right through one of the low windows of what the Rajah styled his English drawing-room, crushing to pieces everything that came in his way, till his destructive progress was arrested by the weight of the unfortunate bear, who was suspended midway between the window-sill, like the sign of the golden fleece over a mercer’s door. The tiger was no longer visible; but we could hear him smashing away and taking ample vengeance on the furniture for the insult he had received. The Rajah seemed to think this kind of sport expensive, and his people were therefore sent in to secure the tiger, a task of no little danger. He was however led off. The rope by which he was fastened to the bear being cut, this formidable growler dropped to the ground, whence he immediately rose, shook himself, and set off grumbling to his den.—*Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*

A GINGEK TIGER SLAYER.—The morning after our arrival, it was signified to us that there was a large royal tiger in a nullah near the town. This was soon confirmed by the appearance of a native who was preparing to attack it single-handed. The man was short, not robust, but compactly made, sinewy and active, having a countenance remarkable for its expression of calm determination. He was entirely naked above the hips, below which he simply wore coarse linen trousers reaching about half way down thigh. He was armed with a ponderous knife, the blade of which was exceedingly

wide and thick, with an edge almost as keen as a razor. On the left arm he bore a small conical shield, about eighteen inches in diameter, covered with hide, and studded with brass, having a point of the same metal projecting from the boss. My companions and myself walked with this intrepid little Hindoo to the lair of the sleeping foe. We were the less apprehensive of any personal danger, knowing that the tiger is a very cowardly animal, and seldom makes an open attack; and further, that it always prefers attacking a native to a European. We soon reached the nullah, and discovered the beautiful beast at the extremity basking in the sun. Its proportions were prodigious. I have never seen one larger. The nullah was narrow, but the bottom tolerably free from inequalities, so that the area was more than usually favourable for the operations of the undaunted tiger slayer. As soon as we reached the spot, the man boldly leaped into the hollow, at the same time uttering a shrill cry, in order to arouse his enemy from its slumbers. Upon seeing its resolute aggressor slowly advance, the animal raised itself upon its fore legs with a terrific howl. As the little Hindoo continued to approach, which he did slowly, and with his dark eyes keenly fixed upon the face of his formidable foe, the tiger rose to its full height, and began to lash his sides furiously with its tail, yet it evidently appeared to be in a state of embarrassment. Still the man advanced deliberately, but undauntedly; the uneasiness and rage of the incited beast increased with every step; at length it crouched, evidently with a determination to make its terrific spring. The man suddenly stopped, when the tiger paused, and, uttering a horrible noise between a snarl and howl, made one step forward, and sprang towards its victim, who instantly bent his body, received the animal's paws upon his shield, dashed the knife into its body, and fell under, but almost entirely beyond the extremities of his wounded enemy. The creature turned upon its back; the little Hindoo regained his feet in an instant, striking the prostrate tiger with astonishing quickness and precision, a desperate blow upon the throat, which completely severed the windpipe, at the same moment springing, with the quickness of thought, beyond the reach of the monster's claws. The tiger died almost immediately. When assured that it was positively past doing any more mischief—for it had done much in its time—we descended into the nullah. The gash in the animal's body was terrific. The lower region of the heart had been wounded, and the intestines cut through. By way of a trophy, the victor deliberately skinned the dead enemy, which he soon accomplished and with great dexterity, and then returned, in the pride of power, with the token of victory upon his shoulders. He obtained from us two or three pagodas, which he considered a most liberal reward for his bravery.

A FIGHT OF WILD BEASTS.—Some years ago, the following singular fight took place at Berlin. A trooper's horse and a bull were turned out; and soon after were let loose a lion, a tiger, a bear, and a wolf, all kept hungry for the occasion. The tiger crawled along upon the ground like a cat, and first jumped upon the bull's back, which soon brought the bull down, and then the great scramble began, the beasts tearing the bull to pieces, and likewise one

another. The wolf and the tiger were first dispatched. The lion and the bear had a long contest. The lion with his teeth and his claws wounded the bear in several places, but could not penetrate much farther than the skin. The bear, somehow or other, took the lion at a disadvantage, got him within his grasp, and gave him such a squeeze as forced the breath out of his body. The bear then ferociously attacked the trooper's horse, which was grazing all this while at a little distance, and paying little attention to what was going on; but on the approach of the bear, the horse gave him such a salute with his hind legs on the ribs as rendered him tenfold more furious. On returning to the attack, he was met by a second kick on the head, which broke both his jaws, and laid him dead on the ground. Thus, contrary to all expectations, the trooper's horse, without receiving a single scratch, remained master of this field of singular and ferocious combatants.

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF THE POLAR BEAR.

THE sagacity of the polar bear is well known to whale fishers, who find the greatest difficulty in entrapping him, though he fearlessly approaches their vessels. The following curious example proves this animal to possess little less intelligence than under similar circumstances would have been displayed by the human race:—

“A seal lying on the middle of a piece of ice, with a hole just before it, was marked out by a bear for its prey, and secured by the artifice of diving under the ice and making its way to the hole by which the seal was prepared to retreat. The seal, however, observed its approach and plunged into the water; but the bear instantly sprung upon it, and reappeared in about a minute with the seal in its mouth.

“The captain of one of the whalers being anxious to procure a bear without wounding the skin, made trial of the stratagem of laying the noose of a rope in the snow, and placing a piece of krenge within it. A bear ranging the neighbouring ice was soon enticed to the spot by the smell of the burning meat. He perceived the bait, approached and seized it in his mouth; but his foot at the same moment, by a jerk of the rope, being entangled in the noose, he pushed it off with the adjoining paw, and deliberately retired. After having eaten the piece he carried away with him, he returned; the noose with another piece of krenge being then replaced, he pushed the rope aside, and again walked off triumphantly with the krenge. A third time the noose was laid, but, excited to caution by the evident observation of the bear, the sailors buried the rope beneath the snow, and laid the bait in a deep hole dug in the centre. The bear once more approached, and the sailors were assured of their success. But bruin, more knowing than they expected, after snuffing about the place a few moments scraped away the snow with his paw, threw the rope aside, and again escaped with his prize.”

VEGETABLE SERPENT.

ACCORDING to some Italian journals, a new organized being has been discovered in the interior of Africa, which seems to form an intermediate link between vegetable and animal life. This singular production of nature has the shape of a spotted serpent. It drags itself along on the ground, and instead of a head has a flower, shaped like a bell, which contains a vicious liquor. Flies and other insects, attracted by the smell of this juice, enter into the flower, when they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes and remains shut until the prisoners are bruised and transformed into chyle. The indigestible portions, such as the head and wings, are thrown out by two lower spiral openings. The vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white and soft flesh, and instead of a bony skeleton, a cartilaginous frame filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it delicious food.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM A BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

THE boa-constictor, like other serpents, spends most of its life coiled up in a state of stupor. Requiring food only at long intervals, it is seldom excited to a state of activity, except by the cravings of hunger. When it lies dormant, which is generally the case after feeding, it falls an easy victim to those who attempt its destruction: but when its energies are called forth by hunger, the gigantic reptile assumes a formidable activity, and becomes a dangerous opponent. When in wait for prey, it usually attaches itself to the trunk or branches of a tree, in a situation likely to be visited by quadrupeds for the sake of pasture or water. In this posture it swings about as if it were a branch or pendant of the tree, until some unhappy animal approaches, when it suddenly relinquishes its hold and seizes its victim, round which it rapidly coils itself in spiral folds, crushing it almost instantly to death. This being effected, the boa addresses himself to the task of swallowing his prey, which he greatly facilitates by first lubricating the carcase with his saliva: he then begins at the head and slowly effects his purpose, the bones of his victim being already crushed in his horrid embrace, and the body reduced to a comparatively soft mass. Though the inferior animals form the greater part of their prey, yet men have not always been exempt from their attacks, of which the following anecdote, from the "Oriental Annual," forms a striking example:—

"A few years ago, the captain of a country ship, while passing the Sundubunds, sent a boat into one of the creeks to obtain some fresh fruits, which are now cultivated by the few miserable inhabitants of this inhospitable region. Having reached the shore, the crew moored the boat under a bank, and left one of their party to take care of her. During their absence, the lascar who remained in charge of the boat, overcome by heat, lay down under the seat, and fell asleep.

Whilst he was in this happy state of unconsciousness, an enormous boa-constrictor emerged from the jungle and reached the boat. It had already coiled its huge body round the sleeper, and was just preparing to crush him to death, when his companions fortunately returned. Instantly attacking the monster, they severed a portion of its tail, which so disabled it that it no longer retained the power of doing mischief. The snake was then easily dispatched, and found to measure sixty-two feet and some inches in length.

“In Brazil,” a certain writer gravely tells us, “an opinion prevails, that he who has been bit by the boa-constrictor has nothing to fear from any other snake.” We think it would be *rather singular if he had*.

THE MONKEY PREACHER.

THE size of the animal is that of a fox, with black shining eyes, short round ears, and round head; hair on the body shining black, long, yet so close that the animal appears quite smooth; feet and end of the tail brown; tail very long, and always twisted at the end.

Singular as the name *preacher*, applied to a species of monkey, may appear, their history is no less so, and were it not supported by good authority, it would seem to be quite fabulous. Several other authors corroborate the evidence of Margrave, a writer of the first authority, and a most able naturalist, who resided long in the Brazils, where these creatures abound. He speaks from his own knowledge, and tells us that morning and evening they assemble in the woods, that one mounts on a higher branch while the rest seat themselves beneath, that when he perceives them all seated he begins as if it were to harangue, and sets up so loud and sharp a howl that a person at a distance would think a hundred joined in the cry. The rest, however, keep the most profound silence till he stops and gives a signal with his hand; then in an instant the whole assembly join in chorus till he commands silence by another signal which they obey in a moment. Then the orator resumes his discourse, and finishes his address, when the assembly breaks up. Their clamour is the most disagreeable and tremendous that can be imagined. These monkeys are very fierce, quite untamable, and bite dreadfully; though not carnivorous they create terror by their frightful voice and ferocious aspect. The female is of the same colour as the male, and differs from him only in being smaller. The females carry their young on their back, and leap with them from branch to branch, and from tree to tree; the young embrace with their hands and arms the body of the mother, and remain firmly fixed so long as she is in motion. When she wants to suckle she takes the young in her paws and presents the breast to it like a human wet-nurse. There is no method of obtaining a young one but by killing the mother, for she never abandons it. When she is killed, it falls from her and may be seized.

As they feed only on fruits, pot-herbs, grain, and some kind of insects, their flesh is reckoned not bad eating. It resembles mutton, or the flesh of a hare. One of them is a meal sufficient for six persons. They are the most common game, and the most agreeable to the taste of the Amazon Indians; they roast one part and boil the other. "We lived upon them," says a French writer, "all the time we remained there, because we could procure no other food, and the hunters supplied us daily with as many as we could eat. I went to see this species of hunting, and was surprised at the sagacity of these animals not only in distinguishing those that make war upon them, but also in defending themselves, and providing for their safety when attacked. When we approached they all assembled in a body, uttered loud and frightful cries, and threw at us dried branches which they brake off from the trees. I likewise remarked that they never abandon one another, that they leap from tree to tree with incredible agility, and fling themselves headlong from branch to branch without ever falling to the ground, because before reaching the earth they always catch hold of a branch either with their hands or tail: so that if not shot dead at once they cannot be seized, for even when mortally wounded they remain fixed to the trees where they often die, and fall not off till corrupted. Fifteen or sixteen of them are frequently shot before three or four of them can be got at. What is singular, as soon as one is wounded the rest collect about him, and put their fingers into the wound, as if they meant to sound it, and when it discharges much blood, some of them keep the wound shut, while others make a mash of leaves and dexterously close the aperture. This operation I have often observed with much wonder." "After I shot one," says Dampier, "and broke a leg or an arm, I have often pitied the poor creature, to see it look at and handle the wounded limb, and turn it about from side to side." When the savages shoot them with arrows, they extract the arrow out of their bodies, with their own hands like human creatures. When these creatures are embarrassed they assist each other in passing a brook or getting from one tree to another.

 WONDERFUL BUILDINGS.

LEANING TOWERS.—It has been found by experiment, that most lofty buildings of any antiquity are slightly inclined from the perpendicular. The Monument, near London Bridge, is one of many instances; but the towers at Bologna and Pisa, in Italy, and at Caerphilly, Bridgenorth, and Corfe Castle, in our own country, are the most remarkable. We are indebted to that elegant periodical work, the *LANDSCAPE ANNUAL*, for the beautiful view of those at Bologna, which is presented in our vignette. They were probably erected by private families, for the purposes of defence in the desperate feuds and civil wars which so long desolated Italy, and rendered buildings such as these of the utmost importance to their possessors. The small republics of Lombardy were continually at war with each other, or with the emperors of Germany; every city was divided

into the two furious factions of Guelfs and Ghibellines (or the parties of the pope and the emperor); and every street, and frequently every family, was "divided against itself" by the quarrels of the nobles,—the Montagues and Capulets of their day;—and every man's house was indeed his castle, but in a very different sense from that which, thanks to our reformed politics, free institutions, and advanced state of civilization, these words now convey to English ears. The taller of the two, that of the Asinelli, was built A. D. 1109; its height has been variously stated at 350, 377, and 307 feet, and its inclination at a few inches, and at three feet and a half. It has no external beauty, but rewards the traveller for a tedious ascent of 500 steps by an extensive view, which includes the neighbouring cities of Imola, Ferrara, and Modena. The tower of the Garisendi or Garissuidi, is immortalized by Dante's simile, who compares it to the stooping giant Antæus; its height is 140 or 150 feet, and it deviates seven or eight feet from the perpendicular. The wood work and masonry incline from the horizon, which fact strongly corroborates the opinion of Montfaucon, the antiquary, of the correctness of which there can hardly be a doubt. He says its inclination was "caused by the slipping of the earth; some went to ruin when it slipped, as the ground on the inclined side was not so firm, which may be said of the other towers that lean; that for the bells of St Mary Zibenica, at Venice, leans, and at Ravenna, and between Ferrara and Venice, and in other places, numerous instances may be found." Of the leaning towers of Italy, this tower is second only to that of Pisa, in the greatness of its deviation from the perpendicular, but is inferior in this point to that of Caerphilly Castle, whilst in height the tower of the Asinelli soars far above all its competitors in Italy and England.

LEANING TOWER OF PISA.—This celebrated piece of architecture stands at the end of the cathedral, and consists of eight stories formed of arches supported by pillars divided by cornices. The elevation of the whole is about 180 feet. The form and proportions of the tower are graceful, and its materials, being of the finest marble, add to its beauty; but its grand distinction, which alone gives it so much celebrity, is a defect which disparages the work, though it may enhance the skill of the architect, and by its novelty forcibly arrest the attention. We allude to its inclination, which exceeds fourteen feet from the perpendicular. Many ascribe this architectural phenomenon to design, and this is now the generally received opinion, in consequence of which the tower is regarded as one of the greatest curiosities of art in existence.

PORCELAIN TOWERS.—Without the gates of several cities in China there are lofty towers erected, which seem chiefly designed for ornament, and for taking a view of the adjacent country. The most remarkable of these towers is that of Nankin, called the porcelain tower, from its being entirely covered with porcelain tiles beautifully painted. It is of an octangular figure, contains nine stories, and is about 200 feet high, being raised on a very solid base of brickwork. The wall at the bottom is at least twelve feet thick; and the building gradually diminishes to the top, which is terminated by a sort of spire or pyramid, having a large golden ball or pine apple on its sum-

mit. It is surrounded by a balustrade of rough marble, and has one stair of twelve steps to the first floor, from whence one may ascend to the ninth story by very narrow and incommodious stairs, each step being ten inches deep. Between every story there is a kind of pent-house or shed on the outside of the tower, and at each corner are hung little bells, which, being agitated by the wind, make a pleasant jingling. Each story is formed by large pieces of timber and boards laid across them. The ceilings of the rooms are adorned with paintings; and the light is admitted through windows made of grates and lattices of wire. There are likewise many niches in the wall, filled with Chinese idols; and the variety of ornaments that embellish the whole, render it one of the most beautiful structures in the empire. It has now stood about 350 years, and yet appears to have suffered but little from the corroding tooth of time.

THE CITIES OF CHINA are formed on a regular plan, which is square whenever the situation and nature of the ground will admit. They are all enclosed by high walls, with large gates of more strength than beauty. Towers, which vary in elevation, but which are sometimes eight or nine stories high, and in form sometimes round, but more commonly hexagonal or octagonal, are built at regular distances; and, when practicable, a wide ditch, filled with water, surrounds the whole. The streets are in straight lines; the principal of them are about thirty feet wide, but the houses are meanly built, having rarely more than one story above the ground-floor; so that the width of the streets, though not too much for the thronging population and bustle of a Chinese town, conduces but little to beauty or effect. The shops are adorned with silks, porcelain, and japaned wares, the most brilliant of which are hung outside the door to attract customers, and (the practice being universal) give the main-streets a gay and somewhat of a theatrical appearance. A large board is suspended from the front of each shop; it is either gilt or painted with some bright colour and varnished, or some fanciful sign, with the names of the principal articles sold in the shop inscribed upon it. These showy sign boards, placed at equal distances on both sides the streets, give the whole extent the appearance of a long colonnade, rather curious than beautiful.

WONDERFUL SHOWERS.

SHOWER OF FISHES.—On Wednesday before Easter, anno 1666, a pasture field at Cranstead, near Wrotham, in Kent, about two acres, which is far from any part of the sea or branch of it, and a place where are no fish-ponds but a scarcity of water, was all overspread with little fishes, conceived to be rained down, there having been at that time a great tempest of thunder and rain; the fishes were about the length of a man's little finger, and judged by all who saw them to be young whittings. Many of them were taken up, and showed to several persons. The field belonged to one Ware, a yeoman, who was at that Easter Sessions one of the grand inquest and who

carried some of them to the sessions at Maidstone in Kent, and showed them, among others, to Mr Lake, a bencher of the Middle Temple, who had one of them, and brought it to London. The truth of it was averred by many that saw the fishes lie scattered all over that field. There were none in the other fields adjoining: the quantity of them was estimated to be about a bushel. It is probable that these fishes were absorbed from the surface of the water by the electric suction of a waterspout; or brushed off by the violence of a hurricane. The phenomenon, though surprising, has occurred in various countries; and occasionally in situations far more remote from the coast than that before us.

SHOWER OF BUTTER.—Having very diligently inquired concerning a very odd phenomenon which was observed in many parts of Munster and Leinster, the best account I can collect of it is as follows: for a good part of last winter and spring, there fell in several places a kind of thick dew, which the country people called butter, from the consistency and colour of it, being soft, clammy, and of a dark yellow; it fell always in the night, and chiefly in moorish low grounds, on the top of the grass, and often on the thatch of cabins. It was seldom observed on the same places twice: it commonly lay on the earth for near a fortnight without changing its colour; but then dried and turned black. Cattle fed in the fields where it lay indifferently, as in other fields. It fell in lumps, often as large as the end of one's finger, very thin and scatteringly; it had a strong ill scent, somewhat like the smell of churchyards or graves; and indeed we had during most of that season very stinking fogs, some sediment of which might probably occasion this stinking dew, though I will by no means pretend to offer that as a reason of it: I cannot find that it was kept long, or that it bred any worms or insects; yet the superstitious country people, who had scald or sore heads, rubbed them with this substance, and said it healed them.—*Phil. Tran.* 1596.

FALL OF WONDERFUL HAIL-STONES.—In the ensuing section we shall select a few well accredited accounts of hailstones of great bulk and weight. The largest of which we have any notice is recorded by Gilbert, but from newspaper authority only. It fell in Hungary in 1803, and was so heavy that eight men were incapable of lifting it. In the Pyrenees, several of twenty-three ounces avoirdupois are well known to have fallen in 1784; a paper written by the abbe Maury was read before the Royal Society, Nov. 22, 1798, in which he announces the fall of hailstones or pieces of ice in Germany, from half an inch diameter to eight pounds weight.

July 17, 1666, about ten in the forenoon, there fell a violent storm of hail about the coast towns of Suffolk. The hail was small near Yarmouth; but at Seckford-hall, one hailstone was found by measure to be nine inches about; one at Melton eight inches about; at Snape-bridge twelve inches round. A lady of Friston Hall, putting one of them into a balance, found it to weigh 12 oz. 6 dr. Several persons of good credit in Aldborough affirmed that some hailstones were full as large as turkeys' eggs. A carter had his head broken by them through a stiff felt hat; in some places his head bled, in others bumps arose; the horses were so pelted that they

hurried away his cart beyond all command. The hailstones seemed all white, smooth without, shining within.

There fell in the city of Lisle, May 25, 1686, hailstones which weighed from a quarter of a pound to a pound weight and more. One among the rest was observed to contain a dark brown matter in the middle, and being thrown into the fire, it gave a very great report. Others were transparent, which melted before the fire immediately. This storm passed over the citadel and town, and left not a whole glass in the windows on the windward side. The trees were broken, and some beat down, and the partridges and hares killed in abundance.

At Hitchin, on Tuesday May 4, 1767, about nine in the morning, it began to lighten and thunder extremely, with some great showers between. It continued till about two in the afternoon, when on a sudden a black cloud arose in the S. W. the wind being E. and blowing hard; then fell a sharp shower with some hailstones, which measured seven or eight inches about. But the extremity of the storm fell about Offley, where a young man was killed and one of his eyes struck out of his head; his body was all over black with the bruises; another person nearer to Offley escaped with his life, but much bruised. In the house of Sir John Spencer, 7000 quarries of glass were broken, and great damage done to all the neighbouring houses thereabouts. The hail fell in such vast quantities and so big that it tore up the ground, split large oaks and other trees in great numbers; it cut down vast fields of rye as with a scythe, and destroyed several hundred acres of wheat, barley, &c., insomuch that they ploughed it up, and sowed it with oats: the tempest was such when it fell, that in four poles of land, from the hills near us, it carried away all the staple of the land, leaving nothing but the chalk. I was walking in my garden, which is very small, about thirty yards square, and before I could get out, it took me to my knees, and was through my house before I could get in, which was in the space of a minute, and went through all like a sea, carrying all wooden things like boats on the water, the greatest part of the town being under this misfortune. The size of the hailstones is almost incredible; they have been measured from one to thirteen and fourteen inches about. Their figures various, some oval, others round, others pointed, some flat.

FALL OF RED SNOW.—On St Joseph's day, on the mountains called Le Lange, at Genoa, there fell on the white snow that lay there before, a great quantity of red, or if you please, of bloody snow; from which, being squeezed, there came a water of the same colour.

When M. de Saussure explored mount Breven for the first time, in the year 1760, he found in several places on a declivity snow still remaining, and was not a little surprised to see the surface of it in various parts tinged with a very lively red colour. This colour was brightest in the middle of such spots as had their centres more depressed than the edges, or where different plains covered with snow seemed to be joined to each other. When he examined this snow more closely, he remarked that its redness proceeded from a very fine powder mixed with it, and which had penetrated to the depth of

two or three inches. M. de Saussure took a tumbler full of this snow, as he had no other vessel with him, and held it in his hand till the snow melted, when he soon saw the red dust deposit itself at the bottom. On account of its great specific gravity, M. de Saussure treated this red powder as an earth; but his experiments seem to prove that this powder was a vegetable substance, and probably the farina of some flower. He communicated his discovery to M. Bonnet, who advised him to examine the powder with a microscope, in order to see whether it exhibited the appearance of the farina of flowers. He did so with the greatest care and the best glasses, but he could not discover the least regularity in its form.

SHOWER OF ASHES.—December 6, 1631, riding at anchor in the gulf of Volo, about ten o'clock that night, it began to rain sand or ashes, and continued till two o'clock the next morning. It was about two inches thick on the deck, so that we threw it overboard with shovels, as we did snow the day before. The quantity of a bushel we brought home and presented to several friends, especially to the masters of the Trinity House. There was no wind stirring when these ashes fell; and they not only fell in the places where we were, but likewise in other parts, as on ships that were coming from St John d'Acre to our port, though at that time a hundred leagues from us. We compared the ashes together, and found them both alike.

SHOWER OF SALT-WATER.—We live in Sussex, ten miles from the sea in a direct line, and yet cannot persuade the country people but that the sea water was blown thus far, or that during the tempest the rain was salt; for all the twigs of the trees the day after were white and tasted very salt, as I am informed almost by every body, though I did not taste them time enough myself, nor observe it; and that not only upon this hill where we live facing the sea, but in all other places within fourteen or fifteen miles of the sea, as well in the valleys, between which and the sea are several very high hills, as on the hills themselves.

I have just received an account from a clergyman, an intelligent person, at Lewes, in Sussex, not only that the storm made great desolations thereabouts, but also an odd circumstance was occasioned by it, namely, that a physician, travelling soon after the storm to Tisehyrst, about twenty miles from Lewes, and as far from the sea, as he rode he plucked some tops of hedges, and chewing them he found them salt. Some ladies of Lewes hearing this, tasted some grapes that were still on the vines, and they also had the same relish. The grass on the downs in his parish was so salt that the sheep in the morning would not feed till hunger compelled them, and afterwards, as the shepherds report, drank copiously.

AN AVALANCHE.

ONE of the most minute and extraordinary accounts which have yet been published of the fearful destruction produced by falling masses of incumbent snow from the summits of lofty mountains occurs in

the following article of the Philosophical Transactions, communicated by professor Bruni, of Turin, to Henry Baker, Esq., F.R.S. of the date of March 19, 1755; and is supported by the official testimony of the Intendant of the town and province of Cuneo.

In the neighbourhood of Demonte, in the upper valley of Stura, on the left hand, about a league and a half distant from the road leading to the castle of Demonte, towards the middle of the mountain, there were some houses in a place called Bergemoletto, which on the 19th of March, in the morning (there being then a great deal of snow), were entirely overwhelmed and ruined by two vast bodies of snow that tumbled down from the upper mountain. All the inhabitants were then in their houses, except one Joseph Rochia, a man of about fifty, who with his son, a lad of fifteen, were on the roof of his house endeavouring to clear away the snow which had fallen without any intermission for three preceding days. Whence perceiving a mass of snow tumbling down towards them from the mountain above, they had just time to get down and flee, when, looking back, they perceived the houses were all buried under the snow. Thus twenty-two persons were buried under this vast mass, which was sixty English feet in height, insomuch that many men, who were ordered to give them all possible assistance, despaired of being able to do them the least service.

After five days, Joseph Rochia having recovered of his fright, and being able to work, got upon the snow with his son and two brothers of his wife's, to try if they could find the exact place under which his house and stable were buried; but though many openings were made in the snow, they could not find the desired place. However the month of April proving very hot, the snow beginning to soften, and indeed a great deal of it melted, this unfortunate man was again encouraged to use his best endeavours to recover the effects he had in the house, and to bury the remains of his family. He therefore made new openings in the snow, and threw earth into them, which helps to melt the snow and ice. On the 24th of April the snow was greatly diminished, and he conceived better hopes of finding out his house by breaking the ice, which was six feet thick, with iron bars, and observing the snow to be soft underneath the ice, he thrust down a long pole, and thought it touched the ground; but the evening coming on he proceeded no further.

His wife's brothers, who lived at Demonte, went with Joseph and his neighbours to work upon the snow, where they made another opening, which led them to the house they searched for; but finding no dead bodies in its ruins, they sought for the stable, which was about 240 feet distant, and having found it, they heard a cry of "Help, my dear brother." Being greatly surprised as well as encouraged by these words, they laboured with all diligence till they had made a large opening, through which the brothers and husband immediately went down, where they found still alive the wife about forty-five, the sister about thirty-five, and a daughter about thirteen years old. These women they raised on their shoulders to men above, who drew them up, as it were, from the grave, and carried them to a neighbouring house; they were unable to walk, and so wasted that they appeared like mere shadows. They were imme-

diately put to bed, and nourishments administered. Some days after the intendant came to see them, and found the wife still unable to rise from her bed or use her feet from the intense cold she had endured, and the uneasiness of the posture she had been in. The sister, whose legs had been bathed with hot wine, could walk with some difficulty; and the daughter needed no further remedies, being quite recovered.

On the intendant's interrogating the women, they told him that their appetite was not yet returned; that the little food they had eaten (excepting broths and gruels) lay heavy on their stomachs, and that the moderate use of wine had done them great good: they also gave him the account that follows: that on the morning of the 19th of March they were in the stable with a boy six years old, and a girl about thirteen: in the same stable were six goats, one of which having brought forth two dead kids the evening before, they went to carry her a small vessel full of gruel: there were also an ass and five or six fowls. They were sheltering themselves in a warm corner of the stable, till the church bell should ring, intending to attend the service.

That the wife wanting to go out of the stable to kindle a fire in the house for her husband, who was then clearing away the snow from the top, she perceived a mass of snow breaking down towards the east, on which she went back into the stable and shut the door. In less than three minutes they heard the roof break over their heads, and part of the ceiling of the stable. The sister advised her to get into the rack and manger, which she did. The ass was tied to the manger, but got loose by kicking and struggling, and though it did not break the manger, it threw down the little vessel, which the sister took up, and used afterwards to hold the melted snow, which served them to drink.

Very fortunately the manger was under the main prop of the stable, and resisted the weight of the snow. Their first care was to know what they had to eat: the sister said she had in her pocket fifteen white chestnuts: the children said they had breakfasted, and should want no more that day. They remembered there were thirty or forty loaves in a place near the stable, and endeavoured to get at them, but were not able, by reason of the vast quantity of snow. On this they called out for help as loudly as they possibly could, but were heard by nobody. The sister came again to the manger, after she had tried in vain to come at the loaves, and gave two chestnuts to the wife, also eating two herself, and then drank some snow water. All this while the ass was very restless and continued kicking, and the goats bleated very much, but soon after they heard no more of them. Two of the goats however were left alive, and were near the manger; they felt them very carefully, and knew by so doing that one of them was big, and would kid about the middle of April; the other gave milk with which they preserved their lives. The women affirmed that during all the time they were thus buried they saw not one ray of light; yet for about twenty days they had some notion of night and day; for when the fowls crowed, they imagined it was break of day; but at last the fowls died.

The second day, being very hungry, they ate all the remaining

chestnuts, and drank what milk the goat yielded, which for the first days was near a quart a day, but the quantity decreased gradually. The third day, being very hungry, they again endeavoured to get to the place where the loaves were near the stable, but they could not penetrate to it through the snow. They then resolved to take all possible care to feed the goats, as very fortunately over the ceiling of the stable, and just above the manger, there was a hayloft, with a hole through which the hay was put down into the rack. This opening was near the sister, who pulled down the hay and gave it to the goats as long as she could reach it, which when she could no longer do, the goats climbed upon her shoulders, and reached it themselves.

On the sixth day the boy sickened, complaining of most violent pains in the stomach, and his illness continued six days, on the last of which he desired his mother, who all this time had held him in her lap, to lay him at his length in the manger, where he soon after died. In the mean time the quantity of milk given by the goat diminished daily, and the fowls being dead, they could no more distinguish night and day; but according to their calculation the time was near when the other goat should kid, which as they computed would happen about the middle of April; which at length happened accordingly. They killed the kid to save the milk for their own subsistence. Whenever they called this goat it would come and lick their faces and hands, and gave them every day a quart of milk.

They say during all this time hunger gave them but little uneasiness, except on the first five or six days: that their greatest pain was from the extreme coldness of the melted snow water, which fell on them, and from the stench of the dead ass, dead goats, fowls, from lice, &c., but more than all from the very uneasy posture they were obliged to continue in: for though the place in which they were buried was twelve English feet long, eight wide, and five high, the manger in which they sat squatting against the wall was no more than three feet four inches broad.

PRESTERS OR WATERSPOUTS.

AUGUST 27, 1701, being on the coast of Barbary, to the north-ward of the town of Bona, upwards of ten leagues distance at sea, about seven o'clock at night, soon after sunset, there appeared in the north-east which was directly up the gulf of Lyons from us, great and continued flashes of lightning, one after another, with hardly any intermission, and this, without thunder, it continued till the next morning; the flashes of lightning sometimes representing the sudden appearance of a star, and at other times of a flaming sword, and again of a silver cord stretched along the clouds, or as the irregular rents of a phial from top to bottom. About eight next morning we had thundering, with a continuation of lightning of the kind and appearance as before, all from the north-east or nearly so.

About nine the same morning there fell down from the clouds,

which looked black, lowering, and as it were heavy with rain, in the north-east three water spouts ; that in the middle, being the greatest, seemed as large as the mast of a ship, and I judged it to be at least a league and a half distant from us ; so that in itself it was doubtless larger than three masts. The other two were not half the size. All of them were black, like the cloud from whence they fell ; and smooth, without any knot or irregularity ; only at first falling, some fell perpendicularly down, and some obliquely, and all of them smaller at the lower end than above, representing a sword ; sometimes also one of them would bend and become straight again, and also sometimes became smaller and again increase its bulk ; sometimes it would disappear, and immediately fall down again ; at other times it became extenuated to the smallness of a rope, and again became gross as before.

There was always a great boiling and flying up of the sea, as in a jet d'eau, or water-work ; or this rising of the water had the appearance of a chimney smoking in a calm day. Some yards above the surface of the sea, the water stood like a pillar, and then spread itself, and was dissipated like smoke : and the sword-like spout from the clouds either came down to the very middle of this pillar, as if it had been joined with it, as the largest pillar, which fell perpendicularly down, always did from the beginning to the end ; or else it pointed to this column of water, at some distance, either in a perpendicular or oblique line, as did the two other lesser ones. There were three or four spouts more, which appeared at the same time in the same quarter of the heavens ; but not like the three former, either for bulk or duration : these last appeared and disappeared several times during the continuance of these three aforesaid.

It was hardly distinguishable whether the sword-like spout fell first down from the cloud, or the pillar of water rose first from the sea ; both appearing opposite to each other all of a sudden : only I observed of one of them, that the water boiled up from the sea to a great height, without the least appearance of a spout pointing to it, either perpendicularly or obliquely ; and here the water of the sea never came together in the form of a pillar, but rose up scatteredly, the sea boiling furiously round the place. The wind being then north-east, the said boiling advanced towards the south-west as a flitting or moving bush on the surface of the sea, and at last ceased. This shows that the boiling or flying up of the water of the sea may begin before the spout from the cloud appears ; and indeed, if there be any small matter of priority between these two appearances, the boiling or throwing up of the sea-water has it, which first begins to boil, and then forms itself into a pillar of water, especially on the lower part.

WONDERFUL MEN.

LONG LIVERS.—THOMAS PARR was born at Winnington, in Shropshire, in 1488. When eighty years old, he married his first wife,

by whom, in the course of thirty-two years, he had but two children, both of whom were short-lived. When entering upon his hundred and twentieth year, he became enamoured of Catherine Milton, whom he married, and had children by her. Towards the close of his life he was taken by the earl of Arundel to Westminster, where the change of air and diet not agreeing with him, he died in about two months, aged 152 years, after witnessing the reigns of ten kings and queens.—ROBERT PARR, great-grandson to the foregoing patriarch, was born in the same county, and died in 1757, aged 124 years. It is remarkable that the father of Robert lived 109, and his grandfather 113 years.—HENRY JENKINS, was born in Bolton, Yorkshire. Being produced as a witness at the assizes to prove the right of way over a man's ground, he swore to nearly 150 years' memory, referring to a period when he said he perfectly well remembered a road over the ground in question. Being cautioned by the judge as to what he swore, because there were two men in court upwards of eighty years each, who swore they remembered no such road, he replied that those men were "boys to him;" upon which the judge asked the two men how old they took Jenkins to be. They answered that they knew him very well, but not his age, because he was a very old man when they were boys. On another occasion, being questioned as to his age, he said he was then about one hundred and sixty-two or three. He was asked what kings he remembered; he said Henry VIII. What public occurrence was longest in his memory? He said the fight at Floddenfield. Whether the king was there? He said no; the king was in France, and the earl of Surrey was general. What was his age then? He said twelve years. On looking into an old record it was found that the battle of Flodden was 152 years before; that Surrey was indeed general; and that the king was at Tournay at the time. Jenkins was a poor man, and could neither read nor write. There were several men in the same parish reputed to be 100 years old, who all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him. This wonderful man died on the 8th December, 1670, at Ellerton-upon-Swale, at the amazing age of 169 years.—THOMAS CARN. The most remarkable instance of longevity which we have yet met with in British history is that of Thomas Carn, who, according to the parish register of St Leonard, Shoreditch, died the 28th of January, 1588, at the astonishing age of two hundred and seven years. The truth of this wonderful fact may be established by a reference to the above register.—PETER CZARTAN, a Greek, was born in the year 1539, and died on the 5th January, 1724, aged one hundred and eighty-four years. A few days before his death he walked supported by a stick to the post-house at Rofrosh, to ask alms from the passengers. His eyes were exceedingly red, and the hair of his head and beard of a greenish colour, like mouldy bread. He could then see a little, and some of his teeth were still remaining.

THE HONEST THIEF.—I was lately in company with a good friar, eighty years of age, from whom I had the following story:—

About forty years ago, he was sent for to a highwayman to prepare him for death. The magistrates shut him up in a small chapel with the malefactor; and while he was making every effort to excite

him to repentance, he perceived the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. "My dear friend," said he, "do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before your almighty Judge? what can divert your attention from an affair of such importance?" "True, father," returned the malefactor, "but I cannot divest myself of the idea that you have it in your power to save my life." "How can I possibly effect that?" rejoined the friar, "and even supposing I could, ought I to venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity of repeating your crime?" "If that be all that prevents you," replied the malefactor, "you may rely on my word. I have beheld the rack too near, again to expose myself to its torments." The friar yielded to the impulse of compassion; and it only remained to contrive the manner of his escape. The chapel where they were was lighted by one small window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground. "You have only," said the criminal, "to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall; and if you will get upon it, I can reach the top by the help of your shoulders." The friar consented to this manœuvre, and assisted the man to escape. Having replaced the altar, which was portable, he then seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the officer and executioner, who began to grow impatient, entered the chapel, and asked what was become of the criminal. "He must have been an angel," replied he, coolly, "for, by the faith of a priest, he went out through that window." The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he was laughing at him and contemning the judges. They repaired to the chapel, where our goodman was sitting, who, pointing to the window, assured them upon his conscience that the malefactor flew out of it, and that, supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that moreover, if he was a criminal, which he could not suspect after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at the goodman's *sang froid*, and, after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away. Twenty years after, the friar, travelling over the Ardennes, lost his way just as the day was closing. A kind of peasant accosted him, and, after examining him very attentively, asked him whither he was going, and told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one. "If you will follow me," he added, "I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety." The friar was much embarrassed; the curiosity visible on the man's countenance excited his suspicions; but considering that if he had a bad design towards him, it was impossible to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration; he perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned, and as they entered, the man who was the proprietor of it told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer. While supper was preparing, the countryman re-entered, followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed: "My children, pour out your grateful thanks to this good friar: had it not been for him you would not have been here, nor I neither; he saved my life." The friar in-

stantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognized the thief whose escape he had favoured. The whole family loaded him with caresses and kindness; and when he was alone with him, he inquired how he came to be so well provided for. "I kept my word with you," said the thief, "and resolved to lead a good life in future. I begged my way hither, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm. Gaining his favour by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavours. I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me. I shall now die content, since I have seen and am able to testify my gratitude towards my deliverer." The friar told him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered him by the use to which he devoted the life he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompense; but could not refuse to stay some days with the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This man then obliged him to make use of one of his horses to finish his journey, and never quitted him till he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those mountainous parts.

—*Madame du Mortier.*

THE WONDERFUL QUACK, MARTIN VAN BUCHELL.—This eccentric character was born in Germany, and figured in London as a quack doctor towards the close of last century.



He rode about town in the singular garb in which he is exhibited in the annexed wood-cut, mounted on a little spotted horse, as great an oddity both in temper and appearance as himself. He was often to be seen on Sunday afternoons in Hyde Park, when he formed a most striking and amusing contrast to the gay equestrians of the metropolis. He was seldom seen without a crowd of spectators behind him, attracted by his long beard and the other

striking peculiarities that marked his appearance. On the death of his wife he embalmed her body with great care, and kept it locked up in his house. This was not from affection, as our fair readers may be apt to suppose, but for the selfish object of keeping possession of her property, as, from the wording of her marriage contract, all property belonging to her was to pass to her relations on the *day of her interment*—a day which our cunning quack managed to put off as long as he remained above ground.

JEDEDIAH BUXTON, THE WONDERFUL CALCULATOR.—This singular person, though but a poor illiterate English peasant who could neither read nor write, possessed such wonderful powers of mental combination that no question in arithmetic, however intricate, appeared beyond his ability to solve. Problems of the most abstruse nature were proposed to him by men of science, in order to test the astonishing powers of his mind, all of which he answered with accuracy and apparent ease in such a short space of time as astonished all witnesses. His answers were uniformly correct to a fraction. As a sample of the questions which were sometimes propounded to him

we may mention the following : How many barleycorns would reach eight miles ? In a minute and a half, he answered 1,520,640 barleycorns. Supposing the distance between London and York to be 204 miles, how many times will a coach-wheel turn round in that space, allowing the circumference of the wheel to be six yards ? In thirteen minutes he answered, 59,840 times.

In making his calculations the reader may have some idea of the difficulties he had to encounter, when we inform him that poor Buxton knew nothing of the established rules of arithmetic ; the mental process, therefore, by which he arrived at his result was entirely his own. This wonderful genius died in 1778, at the age of seventy.

HOPKINS THE WITCH FINDER.—This infamous character earned for himself a degree of notoriety that will make his name familiarly odious to the ear of the people of this country as long as the superstitious belief in witchcraft that disgraced the reigns of James I. and his successor Charles, is held in remembrance. This person, who pretended to extraordinary powers in the art of detecting those who were guilty of sorcery, being allowed a handsome reward for each of his convictions, perambulated the country as the accredited agent of government, and arrested the persons of such old and helpless females as had any mark on their bodies, which, in the estimation of this interested minion of a weak and superstitious court, was evidence of a connexion with the powers of darkness. The number of victims which this mercenary villain immolated at the shrine of maunmon became at last appalling even to the flatterers of the royal author of "Demonology," and the avaricious motives of Hopkins becoming every day more apparent, he became suspected by his employers, and at last drew upon himself that punishment which his crimes so well merited.

GODWIN THE AUTHOR.—This remarkable man died lately in London at the advanced age of eighty-one. For the last fifty years of his life he had distinguished himself by his literary productions, which acquired for him no small degree of celebrity. His well-known work on "Political Justice" created a powerful impression on the public mind, and attracted perhaps more attention than any publication of the time, its doctrines on morals and politics being alike novel and striking. His success is not surprising when we consider that Mr Godwin possessed most of the qualities required to form a great writer, particularly the power of addressing the mind of his reader with such earnestness as to be irresistible. In nearly all the departments of literature our author figured with success. As a novelist his "Caleb Williams" secured him a high standing among writers of fiction, and he continued a favourite with the public until he passed the seventieth year of his age. In person



Mr Godwin was rather under the middle size, well made, and possessed of so excellent a constitution, that he was a stranger to all kinds of disease till within a short time of his death. Like many men of enthusiastic minds, he was a warm admirer of the first French revolution, and, as a consequence, drew upon himself a degree of obloquy which proved very injurious to him in his profession of bookseller, reformers at that period being little less obnoxious than Frenchmen. Mr Godwin's first wife was the celebrated Mary Wollstonecroft, authoress of a "Vindication of the Rights of Women." It is a singular circumstance, that although nearly forty years had elapsed since the death of Mrs Godwin, her coffin was found on the day of her husband's funeral to be still in a state of entire preservation. Mr Godwin was buried in the same grave.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.—We have described, in a subsequent section, those wonderful productions of nature, giants or *tall* men, and dwarfs or *short* men. We have in the present section to notice two different examples of human extravaganza, in Daniel Lambert the mountain of fat, and Claude Ambroise Seurat the living skeleton. We question whether among all the giants and dwarfs that ever really existed, two individuals, could be chosen who should stand in greater contrast to one another than do these recent illustrations of substance and shadow.



Daniel Lambert.—This extraordinary person was born in the city of Leicester in the year 1770. His father was keeper of the prison in that town. The habits of young Lambert were not in any respect different from those of other young persons till the age of fourteen. He was at a very early age strongly attached to those exercises and amusements which are comprehended under the denominations of field sports, racing, cocking, and fishing. He always possessed great muscular power, and at the age of nineteen could lift great weights, and carry five hundred weight with ease. It was at this age that he began to grow corpulent. Soon after, he succeeded his father as keeper of the prison in Leicester, and it was within a year after he entered upon this confined and sedentary life that his bulk received the greatest and most rapid increase. He still, however, retained sufficient agility to kick to the height of seven feet, stand-

ing on one foot. The people of Leicester, however, considered this to be by no means an extraordinary feat. Daniel continued in this situation till the year 1805, by which time he had acquired the wonderful weight of 704 lbs. The fame of his uncommon corpulence spread over the country, and excited in an intense degree the curiosity of the people; and though he abhorred the very idea of exhibiting himself, he found so much difficulty in avoiding the schemes devised by those who desired to see so extraordinary a phenomenon, that he at length wisely strove to overcome his repugnance, and to accept the profits of an exhibition, since he was constrained to endure its inconveniences.

In the year 1806, therefore, he removed to London in a vehicle built for his conveyance, no ordinary carriage being sufficient to contain him; and fixing his residence in Piccadilly, his apartments immediately became a place of fashionable resort, innumerable visitors being called by curiosity to behold to what an immense magnitude the human figure is capable of obtaining. Among the most remarkable of the persons whom curiosity brought to see him was count Borulowski the celebrated Polish dwarf, who had acquired an ample fortune by exhibiting his own person. The great contrast of these figures—the largest and smallest men of the age—afforded high entertainment to the spectators, and seemed to realize the fabled history of the inhabitants of Lilliput and Brobdingnag, particularly when Lambert rose for the purpose of affording the diminutive count a full view of his prodigious dimensions. In the course of conversation Lambert asked what quantity of cloth the count required for a coat, and how many he thought his would make him. “Not many,” answered Borulowski; “I take goot large piece cloth myself—almost tree quarters of yard.” At this rate one of the Englishman’s sleeves was sufficient for the purpose. The count felt one of Lambert’s legs. “Ah! mine Got!” he exclaimed, “it is all flesh and blood. I feel de warm. No deception! I am pleased; for I did hear it was deception.” Lambert asked if his lady was alive. “No, she is dead! and (putting his finger significantly to his nose) I am not *very* sorry, for ven I did affront her, she put me on de mantle-shelf for punishment.”

From 1806 till 1809 he was engaged in visiting the principal country towns, where thousands beheld his astonishing bulk with admiration. He died at Stamford in 1809, at which period he weighed 739 lbs., or nearly 53 stone. He measured three feet one inch round the leg, and nine feet four inches round the body. His coffin was six feet four inches long, four feet four inches wide, and two feet four inches deep. It was built on two axle-trees and four cog-wheels, and the wall of the house in which he died was taken down to admit of his removal. He was then drawn to the churchyard, and rolled down an inclined plane into his grave.

Claude Ambroise Seurat, the Anatomie Vivante, or Living Skeleton.—This wonderful individual was born at Troyes in France, in the year 1797, and was exhibited in London in the year 1825. When a baby he was of the customary form, but as he grew in stature, his frame gradually wasted away; and when he had attained his full height, he had dwindled to the skeleton form presented by our

engraving, appearing like one permitted to come again from "that bourne whence no traveller returns." His appearance was that of a person almost entirely devoid of muscular substance, and conveyed to the mind the idea of a being composed of bones, cellular substance, and skin only. The latter was of a dry parchment-like appearance. The ribs could be clearly separated and counted one by one, and handled like so many pieces of cane; and, together with the skin which covered them, more resembled the hoops and outer coverings of a small balloon than any thing in the ordinary course of nature. His height was five feet seven inches. The circumference of his body round the loins was one foot nine inches. His weight was seventy-eight lbs. The arm from the elbow to the shoulder appeared quite destitute of muscle; it could be easily spanned by the forefinger and thumb, and had much the appearance of an ivory German flute. He had an extraordinary depression in the chest, the convex part of which was turned inwards instead of outwards, while the nobler organs, the heart, liver, &c., seemed to maintain life by the gentle exercise of their wonted functions in a lower region. His waist was like that of a wasp. He was very weak, could not stoop, but could lift a weight of twelve pounds from a chair. The pulsations of his heart were regular, and it never palpitated. His food did not exceed four ounces a day. He had never been ill nor taken medicine, nor seemed apprehensive of sickness or death. The most surprising thing respecting this person was that so frail a being should be able to exist, and that all the functions necessary for the continuance of life should be regularly and effectively performed, and so as to secure a reasonable degree of health, strength, and spirits.

We shall conclude by noticing the most striking points of dissimilarity between Lambert and Seurat:—

	Lambert.	Seurat.
Weight	739 lbs.	78 lbs.
Circumference of the body	112 inches	21 inches.
————— arms	000 inches	5 inches.
————— leg	37 inches.	0 inches.

GIANTS.

XERXES I., KING OF PERSIA.—Though this monarch neither was renowned for wisdom nor bravery, yet, among the many millions of men who followed him to the invasion of Greece, not one man was equal to him in stature or personal appearance. His exact height is not given to us, but it must have been greatly above the common standard, though, perhaps, not equal to that ascribed to some individuals. Beauty and stature appear to have been the only gifts with which nature had endowed this mighty monarch.

ORESTES.—In compliance with the commands of the oracle, search was made in the fifty-eighth Olympiad, for the body of Orestes, which was found at Tagæ, by the Spartans. It measured seven cubits, or upwards of ten feet. But the most remarkable instance recorded by the

ancients, is the following, which appears to refer more to the "world before the flood," than to any thing pertaining to the present state of our planet, although the stupendous size of the Mammoth, and remains of other *non-descript* animals lately discovered in America, seem to indicate the former existence of animals, not out of proportion to the following specimen of an Antediluvian man. "We find it left," says the author, from whom we quote, "in the monuments and writings of the ancients, as a most received truth, that in the Cretan war, the rivers and waters rose to an uncommon height, and made sundry breaches in the earth. When the floods were gone, in a great cleft occasioned by the fall of the earth, there was found the carcass of a man of the length of thirty and three cubits, or near *forty-two feet!*" Lucius Flaccus, the then Legate, and Metelus himself, allured by the novelty of the report, went on purpose to the place, to take a view of it, and there saw that which, upon hearsay, they had imagined was a fable.

MAXIMINUS.—The Roman emperor was invested with the purple by the soldiers, almost solely on account of his great stature, and surpassing strength. He was eight feet and a half in height, a Thracian by birth, grossly illiterate and boorish in his manners, which, joined to his barbarous and cruel disposition, made him an object of hatred to all. He used the bracelets of his wife as a ring for his thumb, and his shoe was longer by a foot than that of any other man. He delighted in giving proofs of his amazing strength, as well as of the enormous quantity of victuals he could devour.

JOVIANUS.—This was another of the gigantic masters of the Roman world. His character, however, was not so detestable as that of Maximinus. He was of a pleasant countenance, and of a vast stature, so much so, that no royal robe made for ordinary monarchs would fit him.

IDUSIO AND SECUNDELLA.—In the reign of Augustus, two persons named Idusio and Secundella were living in Rome, each of whom measured ten feet high. Their bodies after their death, instead of being burned, according to custom, were carefully preserved for the inspection of the curious in a sepulchre within the Sallustian Gardens.

ELEAZAR THE JEW.—This stupendous specimen of the human race was sent among other presents to Rome along with Darius the son of Artabanus. He measured seven cubits, or ten feet two inches, and was considered as the walking wonder of the capital.

AN ARABIAN GIANT.—In the reign of Claudius, there was brought out of Arabia a man of prodigious height, who, on being measured at Rome, was found to be nine feet nine inches high, a stature at that time unequalled in the world.

AN ENGLISH GIANT.—Here we have the measurement of a giant that can be depended upon. William Evans, porter to king Charles I., was seven feet six inches high. On one occasion he danced in a masque at court, in the course of which he drew from his pocket little Geoffrey the king's dwarf, to the infinite amusement of those present.

PATAGONIANS—TALL MEN OF THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.—According to a letter written by Mr Charles Clerk, an officer belonging to

the squadron of Commodore Byron, to Dr Matty, secretary to the Royal Society, a race of remarkably tall men was discovered, in 1764, inhabiting the country in the neighbourhood of the above straits. When first seen some of them were on horseback and some on foot, and they appeared to the crew of the *Dolphin*, on board of which Mr Clerk held a command, as of usual stature. Being invited to land, Mr Clerk, along with others, went ashore under the orders of the commodore, when they soon found themselves in the midst of nearly 500 men, women, and children. Some of the former seemed fully nine feet high, remarkably strong, and well proportioned. In order that we might not be deceived as to their extraordinary height, Commodore Byron, who measures nearly six feet, stood beside those we measured, and he could just reach the top of their heads. None present appeared to be less than eight feet, and their women were in proportion. These people are first mentioned by Magellan in 1519, who avers that one of his middle-sized men only reached to the waist of one of these huge savages who came on board of his vessel. Having provided him with abundance to eat and drink, he enjoyed himself for a long time, but happening to peep in a mirror that was given him, he was so terrified that he could not be easily recovered from his fright. The Patagonians, as these stupendous barbarians are called, are next mentioned by Sir Francis Drake. Their stature, however, is not particularly noticed; it is only said that they were a comely strong-bodied people. Sir Thomas Cavendish calls them a wild rude sort of creatures of a gigantic race.

PYGMIES.

FROM the extravagancies of nature in one direction, we now proceed to exhibit her vagaries in another—from the exalted region of GIANTS we descend to the little dominion of DWARFS. Like the immortal Gulliver, we visit both Brobdingnag and Lilliput.

Among the earliest notices of pygmies is that of Ctesias, an author who flourished in the days of Cyrus, son of Darius and Parysatis, to the latter of whom he was physician. His *History of India* contains the following relation, which, it must be admitted, is a little apocryphal:—

In the middle of India, there are black men called Pygmies, who use the same language as the other Indians, but are very little, the tallest of them being but two cubits, and most of them but a cubit and a half high. Their hair is extremely long, reaching in most instances below their knees, and their beards are larger than those of any other men. This answers a very good purpose, for no sooner are their beards fully grown, than they give up the use of clothes. The hair of their head falls behind a good deal lower than their knees, and that of their beard comes down before pretty nearly to their feet. Gracefully and thickly they spread their hair all over their body, gird themselves in a becoming manner,—and are dressed. Their noses are flat, and they are no great beauties. The animals

of that country have a good relation in size to the people. Their sheep are like lambs, their oxen and asses scarce so big as rams, and their mules and horses and all their other cattle not bigger. Three thousand men of these pygmies attend the king of India, for they are excellent archers. They are a very just people, and are regulated by laws like the other Indians. Hunting is practised by them in a peculiar manner. They chase hares and foxes, not with dogs, but with ravens, kites, crows, and eagles.

The travels of Nonnosus, who was despatched on an embassy into Ethiopia, by the emperor Justinian, give us a somewhat different account of these pygmies. When Nonnosus came to the farthest of the islands in his voyage from Phersa, he fell in with some creatures in human shape, very short in stature, of a black colour, and thickly covered with hair all over their bodies. The women were still smaller, and they had little children with them. The adults of both sexes wore a very narrow skin by way of apron. They showed no symptom of wildness or ferocity, but had a human voice, speaking nevertheless a tongue unknown not only to the voyagers, but to all the neighbours who lived around them. Their food was oysters and such fish as happened to be cast on shore. They seemed timid, and were as much frightened at the sight of the strange men as men themselves are at wild beasts.

We have very great respect for the authority of Nonnosus, but we nevertheless cannot but perceive that his description applies far better to monkeys than to men; and we are much of opinion that if his "creatures in human shape" could be examined in proper trim, well dressed and well powdered, they would appear very much like the principal character in Mr Landseer's excellent picture of the "Travelled Monkey."

Aristotle states that about the sources of the Nile "there dwell pygmies, whose existence is not a fable; for they are, in truth, a kind of men of small stature, whose horses also are small, and they live after the manner of the Troglodytes." What sort of a manner this was is explained by another ancient worthy, Herodotus, by whom we are assured that the Ethiopian Troglodytes were the swiftest among men; that they fed on serpents, lizards, and other reptiles, and spoke a language that had no community with that of any other people, inasmuch as it resembled the screeching of night-owls. The Troglodytes moreover, as their name implies, were dwellers in holes under ground, which is very natural and proper, on the supposition that they were monkeys. The troglodytic habits of the colony of monkeys, established at Gibraltar, are very familiarly known, and popular belief still considers St Michael's cave, their favourite place of refuge, to be the entrance of a tunnel communicating with Africa under the bed of the Mediterranean.

To Herodotus also we are indebted for a tradition which fixes the real existence of a race of miniature men in the heart of the Lybian Desert. Five young Nasamonians, who had determined to explore that unknown region, penetrated through its sands far westward, till they arrived at a spot bearing some trees, the fruit of which they plucked and ate. While thus agreeably employed, they were surrounded and overpowered by a legion of little folks, of less stature

than middle-sized men. Neither conquerors nor conquered could comprehend each other's speech. The little men carried the Nasamonians through large marshes to a city, inhabited by pygmies such as themselves, as black and as beautiful. Close by that city, a large river flowed from east to west, in which crocodiles were found. The Nasamonians were in deep trouble, and shed more tears than even the crocodiles. But it happened after a time that they fortunately escaped, and returned to their own country, and we have it upon their quintuple authority, that the aforesaid little men were all great conjurors. Herodotus, be it observed, only tells this tale upon hearsay, and does not vouch for its truth.

The next pygmean legend we find is in the Natural History of Pliny, who, among the multitude of strange monsters with which he has tenanted the "utmost marches of India, beyond the Ganges," has not forgotten the pygmies. The marvellous men of this naturalist seem to belong to the most oriental regions of Fable. We are told in the sober seriousness of natural-historical narration of—

The *Monoscelli*, who, having but one leg apiece, nevertheless hop wondrous swiftly :

The *Sciopodes*, who, in the hottest season of summer, lie along on their backs, and defend themselves with their feet against the sun's heat :

A Western nameless nation, who are without heads on their necks, and carry eyes in their shoulders :

The *Satyrs*, which sometimes run on all fours, and sometimes graciously walk on two legs :

The *Choromandæ*, a savage and wild people, who have no distinct voice nor speech, "but instead thereof they keep a horrible gnashing noise ; rough they are and hairie all over their bodies, eyes they have, red like the houlets, and toothed they be like dogs."

The *Struthopodes*, or sparrow-footed women :

The *Syrictæ*, who, instead of noses, have only two small holes, and who crawl and creep with legs and feet after the manner of snakes :

The *Astomes*, a tribe that have no mouth, who "live onely by the aire, and smelling to sweet odours which they draw in at their nose-thrills ; no meat nor drink they take, onely pleasant savours from divers and sundrie roots, floures, and wild fruits growing in the woods they entertain."

When saturated with astonishment at these many extraordinary fashions of humanity, we come at last to the Pygmies :—"Higher in the countrey, and above these, even in the edge and skirts of the mountaines, the *Pygmæi Spythami* are reported to bee ; called they are so, for that they are but a cubite or three spaunes high, that is to say, three times nine inches. The clime wherein they dwell is very wholesome, the aire healthie, and ever like to the temperature of the spring, by reason that the mountaines are on the north side of them, and beare off all cold blasts. And these pretie people Homer also hath reported to be much troubled and annoied by cranes. The speech goeth, that in the spring time they set out, all of them, in battell array, mounted upon the backe of rammes and goates, armed with bowes and arrowes, and so downe to the sea-side they

march, where they make foule work among the egges and young cranelings newly hatched, which they destroy without all pitie. Thus for three moneths this their journey and expedition continueth, and then they make an end of their valiant service; for otherwise, if they should continue any longer, they were never able to withstande the new flights of this fowle growne to some strengthe or bignesse. As for their houses and cottages, made they are of clay and mud, foules feathers, and birdes egge shels. Howbeit, Aristotle writeth, that these Pygmæans live in holes and hollow caves under the ground."

So much for Pliny, of whom it must be admitted by all that his belief was most capacious.

Strabo peremptorily rejects all faith in the existence of Pygmies, and attributes the invention of the tradition to the poetical genius of Hesiod. But he admits that, in the extreme parts of the globe, severity of climate and penury of condition may contribute to stint the ordinary growth of animals; and that probably on that account, imagination has coined to itself a pigmy race of man.

However, there have not been wanting authors who have in modern times espoused the cause of the Pygmies. Paulus Jovius places them beyond Lapland, in a region shrouded by perpetual darkness; and he assures us that they are very timid, about the size of children of ten years of age, and that they gabble and chatter very much like apes.

An Arab writer states that in one of his voyages he was driven by stress of weather to an island inhabited by Pygmies, who detained him as their prisoner. He was surprised at first at observing that most of them had lost an eye; but the mystery was cleared up when he found them arming to repel a flock of cranes, who, for the most part in the bloody battle that ensued, picked at their foes' eyes. The Arabian prisoner asked for a stick, and with very little trouble to himself, chased away the invaders, an achievement which obtained him immortal military honour, and—a thing he valued more highly still—his liberty.

To account for this alleged everlasting warfare between the cranes and the Pygmies, who seem to have been what modern politicians call "natural enemies" to each other, we must take a peep into the book of poetical mythology. We there find, that once upon a time, the Pygmies, not having the fear of Diana and Juno before their eyes, most indiscreetly deified a woman of extraordinary beauty named Gerano. The lady being of high rank and of rather aristocratic propensities, appears to have had little notion of bearing her blushing honours meekly, but, on the contrary, affected to transfer to herself the worship which her countrymen had been in the habit of paying to the aforesaid two goddesses. Now, this was a most flagrant case of presumption and impiety on both sides, and in order to punish it, Juno, as acting partner of the firm of Juno and Diana, transformed Gerano into an unsightly bird, and created between it and the Pygmies an inveterate hostility.

Such are the testimonies and authorities in favour of the existence of Pygmies, and it strikes us that by none has their value been more correctly estimated than by Larcher, in his Commentary on Ctesias.

“Behold,” says he, “what great authorities there are to prove the existence of Pygmies. But there is a still greater authority than any of these. *It is the voyage into Lilliput of Captain Lemuel Gulliver.*”

The sources of the fabulous relations concerning Pygmies has been traced with great diligence and apparently with equal truth by Dr Edward Tyson, physician to bedlam, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. His work is entitled “Orang Outang sive Homo Silvestris, or the Anatomy of a Pygmy compared with that of a Monkey, an Ape, and a Man; to which is added a philosophical essay concerning the Pygmies, the Cynocephali, the Satyrs, and the Sphinges of the ancients, wherein it will appear that they are all Apes or Monkeys, and not, as formerly pretended, Men.—1619.” In this treatise there are numerous anatomical figures of an orang outang dissected by the author, who states his belief that a skeleton placed in the museum at Dresden with the inscription of *the true pygmy*, is nothing more than an orang outang.

It is, indeed, unquestionable, that the existence of a nation of Pygmies is fabulous, and that wherever individuals of dwarfish stature have appeared, they are to be considered only as exceptions to the ordinary rule of nature. In rude times, bad taste, which was sufficiently common among people of high rank, retained unhappy monsters of this sort as part of the pageantry of a court establishment. They have, however, long ceased to disgrace the presence chambers of European princes, and are probably now restricted to the enhancement of the barbarian splendour of the orientlists. We borrow Sir Paul Rycaut’s amusing description of the qualifications which ensured the favouritism of a dwarf in the seraglio of the Ottoman Porte:—“The dwarfs lodge with the pages till they have learnt how to behave gracefully and respectfully in the presence of the Sultan. If there is among them one happy enough to have come into the world deaf and dumb, he is an object of much greater esteem. A man—a pigmy in size, deaf, dumb, and a eunuch, is held to be a *chef d’œuvre* of humanity, a being whom nature and art have combined to make the most perfect creature in the world!”

Geofrey Hudson.—The name and adventures of this little hero, a dwarf in the service of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., are commonly known. He was sufficiently small to be served up by the duke of Buckingham at table in a cold pie. Another anecdote of Hudson, which perhaps is less known, is more amusing, but we do not pretend to vouch for its truth. He is said to have been sewed into a catskin, and to have lain unmolested for some time in the corner of a room in which a party of gossips were junketting. One of them at length offered the supposed cat a morsel of cheese, and was astonished by



hearing the animal deliberately reply, “*If Rutterkin were hungry, Rutterkin could help himself.*” Hudson, after uttering these words, discreetly withdrew unharmed; but the old lady, who was supposed to harbour this *familiar*, narrowly escaped with her life, in consequence of an imputation of witchcraft. Hudson’s extreme height was three feet nine inches. He was born in Rutlandshire, whence Fuller quaintly calls him “the least man of the least county in England.”

Joseph Boruwlaski, the Polish Dwarf of our own days, offers an almost singular instance of surprising symmetry in an unnaturally diminutive stature. His autobiography states that he was only eight inches long at his birth, and that he gained his extreme height of thirty-nine inches at thirty years of age. One of his sisters, who died at twenty, was no more than twenty-eight inches high, but admirably proportioned. Of his brothers, one was only three inches taller than himself, another was no less than six feet four inches in height.

Nicholas Feny.—In the year 1746, the Academy of Sciences gave an account of the strange history of a young child, called Nicholas Feny, who, when born, was not quite nine inches long, and weighed but twelve ounces, and, at the age of five, was fully formed without having attained to a greater height than twenty-two inches. This singularity made the child’s fortune, for it gained the patronage of the king of Poland, who gave him the name of Bebe, and supported him in his palace. Bebe was born at Plaisnes, a principality of Salins, in Vosges. His parents were both of hale constitutions and of moderate stature. At the time he was christened he was so small that they carried him to church on a plate overspread with tow of flax; and the inside of a wooden shoe afforded him ample accommodation as a cradle. His mother could not suckle him in consequence of the smallness of his mouth, and he was in consequence suckled by a goat, which became much attached to him.

Till the age of fifteen Bebe had his organs free and his whole diminutive figure very exactly and agreeably formed. He was then twenty-nine inches high. His intellects were of the lowest order, and, except in the faculty of speech, very little exceeded those of a dog. He was with much difficulty taught to dance, but till the last he could only accomplish his steps by watching the motions of his teachers. Once in the fields he entered a meadow, when the grass overtopped his head, and thinking he had been lost in a wood, he cried out for help. This unfortunate specimen of our race died in 1764, with all the appearance of old age, in his twenty-third year. For some days before his death his ideas became more defined, and his understanding improved, so that he could repeat any short piece of instruction that was addressed to him. He never reached more than thirty-three inches in height. His skeleton, which is still preserved, is considered by men of science as a great curiosity.

Conopas.—History has preserved to us the name of Conopas, the dwarf of Julia, the daughter of Augustus, who was two feet nine inches high. Among the Romans the passion for dwarfs was at one time so great that they became an article of commerce, and many at Rome kept a regular assortment of these human curiosities for sale;

may, so far was the spirit of commercial enterprise carried, that many in the capital attempted to drive the foreign importers from the market by introducing dwarfs of home *manufacture*. For this purpose those engaged in the trade, and in the spirit of rivalry, in order to supply the increasing demand, adopted the barbarous practice of confining little children in wooden boxes. This practice, however, produced not dwarfs, but a deformed set of little men, who, among those who were ignorant of the process they were subjected to, were prized from their superior deformity. That the demand for dwarfs was at one time considerable may be inferred from the circumstance, that many of the Roman nobility had companies of them, whom they trained and kept as gladiators. This degraded taste of the citizens of Rome continued till the reign of Alexander Severus, who, viewing the matter in its proper light, banished dwarfs and all such abortions whether male or female from his court. His example was followed, and dwarfs and dwarf merchants soon ceased to disgrace the streets and festivals of the "immortal city."

Miss Crachami.—The skeleton of a female child who was exhibited in London, where she died in 1824, aged ten years, is preserved in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. It measures only twenty inches in length.

Master Billy Buckle and his dog Snap.—This is perhaps the most singular pair of oddities to be found about any of the inns or stable yards of the country, numerous as are the eccentrics who flourish in merry England. Master Buckle in his shoes stands fully three feet eight inches high, while the snout of his dog Snap, when turned up significantly, reaches exactly to the crown of his hat. The best understanding, or rather we should say the sincerest friendship, appears to exist between these fellow-creatures; and if Snap could only be taught to smoke a cigar with the ale which he has learned to sip in reasonable quantities, the two would be quite inseparable; as it is, the one is seldom seen without the other. Master Buckle has received so much attention from the commercial gentlemen who frequent the house that he has become rather an *up-ish* sort of little fellow, and walks all his inches with an air of no small importance. He is not one of your deformed dwarfs, but a well made tidy-looking mannikin, with a sharp black ogler, over which he can drop his eyelash with an expression of jockey shrewdness that might do for a Newmarket blackey. As he lays out his chance-money in articles of dress, he makes a pretty smart appearance, so much so, that his friend Snap seems to regard him with that sort of dog reverence which these sagacious animals usually pay to gentlemen. Indeed at times one would almost suppose that Snap actually felt proud of his natty little master. Buckle's principal business about the inn and stable-yard is to keep a sort of general look-out upon all comers and goers, or, as the other servants have it, to "go about the premises with his master's eye in his head;" and to do him justice, he is a very zealous *Employee*, having taken extraordinary pains to make even his friend Snap useful to the concern, and instructed him to be a kind of assistant or deputy *inspector* under himself. For this purpose he has taught him, among other things, to keep his eye when on duty

in an opposite direction from his own, so therefore when Master Buckle happens to be on the look-out in front, Snap is invariably keeping watch in the rear. Thus Master Buckle is a sort of eye to his master in his absence, and Snap acts the part of eye, as it were, in Master Buckle's shoulder, guarding in this manner the property of their employer in front and rear at the same time. The following representation of this singular pair of overseers, in the act of taking observations, was sketched by a traveller on the mail while the other passengers were taking breakfast, and its fidelity must be acknowledged by all whose attention has been drawn towards the unique originals.

And now, having safely conducted the reader through the regions of earth, air, water, and sky—among the wonders of nature and the marvels of art—amid giants and dwarfs—among ferocious animals—over ground reeling from earthquakes—under skies filled with signs and omens—to the deep caves of the ocean—above the circumambient clouds—from the burning mountains of Italy even to the green sward and to the comfortable inns of merry England, there we leave him, and here ends THE WONDERFUL BOOK.



THE
ANECDOTE BOOK;
OR, CIRCLE OF WIT.

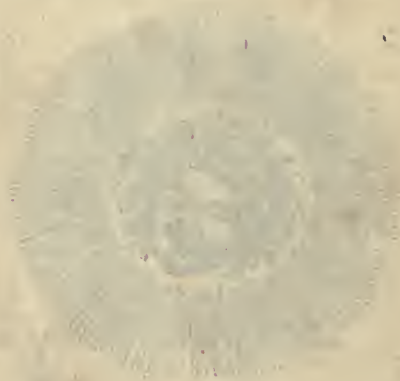
A Choice Collection of Anecdotes and Jests,
EMBRACING THE
SERIOUS, THE PATHETIC, AND THE FACETIOUS



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309
LECTURE NOTES
BY
J. J. THORNTON



THE
ANECDOTE BOOK;

OR

CIRCLE OF WIT.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.—When this chieftain was on his death-bed, a gentleman whom he had reason to consider as an enemy came to see him. On being requested to admit the visitor to his bed-side, he said, “No enemy shall see Rob Roy in the posture of defeat. Raise me up; put on my clothes, buckle on my arms, then admit him.” He was obeyed: the guest was received with cold civility by the dying man, and in a short time departed. “Now,” said Rob Roy—“now help me to bed, and call in the piper.” The piper appeared; Rob Roy shook hands with him, and desired him to play “Cha tuile mi tuileadh,” and not to cease while he continued to breathe. He soon expired, with the “voice of war” pealing around him.

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.—The sailing master of a vessel belonging to a port on the east coast of Scotland, was, on a voyage to the Mediterranean, captured by the Algerines, and detained in slavery for eleven years; five of these employed at hard labour, with a bullet 11lbs. weight fettered to one of his ankles, till happily released from so painful a situation in consequence of the celebrated chastisement inflicted on these barbarians by Admiral Lord Exmouth. Returning to his native town, disguised in tattered apparel, a toil-worn countenance, &c., he learned that his wife, after passing ten years in supposed widowhood (ship, cargo, and crew, being conjectured to have perished at sea,) had married a second husband, and, that a son, left apprentice to the bookbinding business, kept a book-selling and stationery shop, in which he was assisted by a daughter. The liberated captive sought out and entered the shop, and on pretence of being recommended to a bed, invited himself home with them in the evening, and there found his Jean and her new husband enjoying himself round the domestic hearth. After some circumlocution and preparing the way, he inquired (naming his wife) if such a woman still lived in the place, for if she did, he had some intelligence of her husband to communicate. This question, under the present circumstances of the family, rather alarmed than pleased, and caused the stranger to be looked upon with suspicion, as meaning to impose on them. At length, assuming the well-known look and tone of undiminished affection, he appealed to his Jean if she did not recognise him under all his concealment. The appeal was not made in vain; the recognition was on both sides tender and affecting. On being asked to which of the two husbands she chose to attach herself, the “wife of the two husbands” emphatically

exclaimed that Willie (the first husband) had been the betrothed of her youth—her first love, and the parent of her children; and now that he was, as it were, restored to her from the dead, her choice was to be his for life and death. The second husband having had it put in his option, by the real gude-man, to appropriate what he could justly claim, acted extremely honourably, choosing nothing but a gold watch he himself had presented to the supposed widow when he wedded her; and on its being restored left the house, town, and that district of the country, never since having been either seen or heard of. The prominent actor in this little drama has now a vessel of his own, and is occasionally in the habit, in pursuance of his marine occupation, of visiting the port of Perth, and tells the tale of his romantic adventures as it really occurred, with original simplicity

SEVERE REBUKE.—A French field-marshal, who had attained that rank by court favour, not by valour, received from a lady the present of a drum, with this inscription, *Made to be beaten*.

The same *hero*, going one evening to the opera, forcibly took possession of the box of a respectable Abbé, who for this outrage brought a suit, in a court of honour, established for such cases under the old government. The Abbé thus addressed the court:—"I come not here to complain of Admiral Suffrein, who took so many ships in the East Indies; I come not to complain of Count de Grasse, who fought so nobly in the West; I come not to complain of the Duke de Crebillon, who took Minorca; but I come to complain of the Marshal B——, who *took my box* at the Opera, and *never took any thing else*." The court paid him the high compliment of refusing his suit, declaring that he had himself inflicted sufficient punishment.

MISS WILBERFORCE.—When Mr Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother—on which she was saluted with a cry of "*Miss Wilberforce for ever!*"—when she pleasantly observed, "I thank you, gentlemen—but I cannot agree with you—for really I do not wish to be *Miss Wilberforce for ever!*"

PROFESSOR PORSON.—Porson was once travelling in a stage-coach, when a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was amusing the ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too, roused our slumbering professor from a kind of dog-sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there." "Oh, sir," replied our tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles too; but I suspect, sir, that it is some time since *you* were at college." The professor applying his hand to his great-coat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he would be kind enough to show

him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, "Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." "Then perhaps, sir," said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as find it for me in that little book." The young Oxonian returned again to his task, but with no better success, muttering however to himself, "*Curse me if ever I quote Greek again in a coach.*" The tittering of the ladies informed him that he was got into a hobble. At last, "Bless me, sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now, yes, yes, I perfectly remember, that the passage is in Æschylus. The inexorable Professor returned again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished Freshman vociferated, "Stop the coach—holloah, coachman, let me out I say, instantly—let me out! there's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket; let me out, I say—let me out; he must be Porson or the Devil!"

THE ARTIST AND THE COUNTRYMAN.—The following laughable story, though the circumstance happened some time ago, is not, we believe, generally known. It will afford some amusement to the lovers of fun. At the time when the disclosure of the atrocities of the monsters Burke and Hare painfully engrossed the public attention, an artist residing in the immediate neighbourhood of Soho-square had occasion to advertise for a man-servant, who, in addition to the usual requisites, "honesty and sobriety," was to be "from the country." One morning a raw country lad presented himself as a candidate for the vacant situation, and was shown into the artist's painting-room. Our readers of course know that this apartment in an artist's house is in general very gloomy, the light being admitted only through a small portion of the upper part of one window, whilst all the other casements, if there be any, are kept perfectly closed. Upon being left alone in this dark room, (for the artist, whom we shall call Mr W., was not present), some feelings of uneasiness began to steal upon the countryman's mind, whose vague and incipient apprehensions were not diminished by a closer observation of the apartment. The first object that arrested his attention was the easel, which unluckily happened at this time to have no canvass upon it to denote its use, and which to his excited imagination appeared an instrument of torture. Carrying his investigation further, he perceived in a corner of the room a canvass cloth spread over an object which from its form evidently could be nothing but a human body. This was what artists call a lay-figure—a perfect representation of the human figure, which they employ as a model when it may be inconvenient or unnecessary to procure a living model. It now occurred to the poor fellow that he had been decoyed into the house for the purpose of being "Burked," and that the canvass cloth covered the body of some wretched victim who had just been murdered and not yet removed. Filled with this horrid idea, he endeavoured to open the door by which he had entered, but found it fastened. He then crept softly to another door, which was glazed, and covered with a curtain. Drawing the curtain aside he beheld a

spectacle which seemed to offer the verification of his worst fears. He saw Mr W. in the ante-room, holding in his hand a large knife, covered with blood, as he thought, and a dish full of the vital stream standing by him. Mr W. was mixing up *lake*, and the knife he used was a palette-knife. When the countryman recovered from the momentary stupor into which this horrid spectacle had thrown him, he determined to attempt his escape from a place which he conceived to be no better than a human slaughterhouse. Watching, therefore, the opportunity when Mr W.'s back was turned, he opened the door suddenly, rushed out, struck the artist a blow on the head, which brought him to the ground, and then, passing out by another door, made his way down stairs with all the speed in his power. Mr W., who happens to be deaf, as well as to labour under an impediment in speaking, was not aware of the proximity of the countryman until he felt the blow which knocked him down. In falling, he broke the plate containing the colour, which became smeared over his hands and clothes. Mr W. conceiving that the man had been robbing him, pursued him instantly down stairs, and overtook him in the passage, where a struggle ensued between them. The countryman, who supposed that his life depended upon his exertions at that moment, put forth all his energies, and having overcome the artist, he ran out into the street screaming "Burke" and "murder." In the scuffle some of the crimson from Mr W.'s person was communicated to that of the countryman, and gave some colour to the dreadful cries which he uttered. Of course a mob soon followed at his heels, until, overpowered by terror and exhaustion, he sank down in Soho-square. At this moment the artist ran up, and was about to seize him. The sight of his tormentor "steeped in the colours of his trade," and his knife "unmannerly breeched in gore," threw the poor bumpkin into fresh agonies. He appealed to the by-standers for protection against the artist, who, he said, was in the habit of killing a dozen men every day, and now wished to dispatch him. Appearances were against the artist. He was immediately seized, and cries of "Burke him!" resounded on all sides. Some of the crowd, in the height of their indignation, proposed to sacrifice him on the spot with his own knife; but others, more knowing, thought it better that, for the sake of example, he should undergo the ceremony of trial previous to execution;—his death, however, with or without law, was a thing determined on. Nothing can be imagined greater than the astonishment of the artist at being taken into custody under such extraordinary circumstances, and unfortunately being, as before stated, afflicted with an impediment in his speech, his abortive attempts at explanation were looked upon as so many proofs of his guilt. He was being dragged off to Bow-street, when some of his neighbours interfered on his behalf, and endeavoured to explain the mistake. With considerable difficulty the mob was persuaded to carry the artist to his own house; but it was not till a deputation from the crowd had inspected the premises, and tasted the colour, to satisfy themselves that it was not blood, that he was set at liberty.

DOING BUSINESS IN SCOTLAND.—It is not as in England, where, when an article is offered for sale, it is immediately purchased, or

at once rejected as being too dear, but here there is a long haggling and cheapening of every article successively offered. The relation of my transactions with a man will serve to show the general mode of doing business.—He bids me call again, which I do several times without doing anything. He wishes to be the *last* I do with, but *all* cannot be *last*, and *all* have wished to be *so*. After a few days I get him to proceed to business : he objects to the price of the article I offer—he will not buy—I try to induce him, but do not offer to make any reduction. Says he, “ You are over dear, sir ; I can buy the same gudes ten per cent. lower : if ye like to tak aff ten per cent. I’ll tak some of these.” I tell him that a reduction in price is quite out of the question, and put my sample of the article aside ; but the Scotchman wants it—“ Weel, sir, it’s a terrible price, but as I am oot o’t at present, I’ll just tak a little till I can be supplied cheaper, but ye maun tak aff five per cent.”—“ But, sir,” said I, “ would you not think me an unconscionable knave to ask ten or even five per cent. more than I intended to take ?” He laughs at me—“ Hoot, hoot, man, do ye expect to get what you ask ? Gude Lord, an’ I was able to get half what I ask, I would soon be rich. Come, come, I will gi’e ye within twa an’ a half o’ your ain price, and gude faith, man, ye’ll be weel paid.” I tell him that I never make any reduction from the price I first demand, and that an adherence to the rule saves much trouble to both parties. “ Weel, weel,” says he, “ since you maun hae it a’ your ain way, I maun e’en tak the article ; but really I think you are over keen.” So much for buying and selling : then comes the settlement.—“ Hoo muckle discoont do you tak aff, sir ?”—“ Discount ! You cannot expect it ; the account has been standing a twelvemonth.”—“ Indeed, but I do expect discoont—pay siller without discoont ! na, na, sir, that’s nae the way here, ye maun deduct five per cent.” I tell him that I allow no discount : “ Weel, sir, then I’ll gi’e ye nae money.” Rather than go without a settlement, I at last agree to take off two and a half per cent. from the amount, which is accordingly deducted. “ I have ten shillings doon against ye for short measure, and fifteen shillings for damages.” “ Indeed ! these are heavy deductions ; but if you say that you shall lose to that amount, I suppose I must allow it.”—“ Ou, ay, sir, it’s a’ right ; eight shillings and fourpence for pack-sheet, and thirteen shillings for carriage and postage.” These last items astonish me : “ What, sir,” says I, “ are we to pay all the charges in your business ?” But if I do not allow these to be taken off, he will not pay his account ; so I acquiesce, resolving within myself that since these unfair deductions are made at settlement, it would be quite fair to charge an additional price to cover the extortion. I now congratulate myself on having concluded my business with the man, but am disappointed. “ Hae ye a stawmpe ?” asks he. “ A stamp ! for what ?”—“ Just to draw ye a bill,” replies he. “ A bill ! my good sir ; I took off two and a half per cent. on the faith of being paid in cash.” But he tells me it is the custom of the place to pay in bills, and sits down and draws me a bill at three months after date, payable at his own shop. “ And what can I do with this ?”—“ Ou, ye may tak it to Sir William, and he’ll discoont it for ye, on paying him three months’ interest.”—“ And what can I do with his notes ?”—“ He’ll

gi'e ye a bill on London at forty-five days."—"So, sir, after allowing twelve months' credit, and two and a half per cent. discount, and exorbitant charges which you have no claim on us to pay, I must be content with a bill which we are not to cash for four months and a half."—"Weel-a-weel, it's a' right; and, noo, sir," says he, "if you are gawin' to your inn, I'll gang wi' ye and tak a glass o' wine."

CUSTOMERS OF A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—"Five changes a day!" said the bookseller, describing his customers with quaint humour and shrewd brevity;—"ay, and come for the sixth at night. I say, read a book to the end indeed. They begin with the end, return to the title, skip preface, jump to middle, dash again to end, and away for another vol. ! As to my folio and quarto gentry, Master Dugdale, Domine Chillingworth, Gaffer Clarendon, and such like odd Grecians, they don't come home for half a year; great bodies move slowly."—"In the name of nonsense," says one customer, "why do you send me such trumpery as this? Buffon's History, Harris's Hermes, Hume's Sketches, British Zoology! Here! bring them in, if you can, Thomas; they have almost broke down my coach."... "Really, sir," exclaims another customer, sailing stately into the shop, two lazy liverymen behind, all be-book'd—"Really, sir, it is insulting; your people will be troubling me with these contemptible things;—*Children of Nature, Filial Piety, Misfortunes of Love!*" (All this time her servants were unloading.)—"How often must I tell you there never were more than three or four of these things written since the beginning of the world worth a rational woman's reading, and they are now as old as the poles; and if you will persist in vexing my nature with such trumpery, I positively must take my name out of your books. You know I study only metaphysics—Let me have Priestley on Necessity, Mandeville's Fable of the Bees; and you may throw in some nonsense for the servants." Then fluttered out of their carriage a bevy of young things.—"These," said the bookseller "only read a volume or two in a week; toilette students, who just run over a letter or chapter at hair-dressing time: my books come home so powdered, so pomatumed, so perfumed, my old dons and ladies declare they are worse than the strong waters, snuff blots, and brandy stains of my metaphysicians. O! but I must not forget to mention my *whisperers*, most of whom send confidentials; or such as venture themselves, hem, cough, blush, stammer, and so forth—have I got this? could I get that? for, for, for—"a friend in the country!" Others desire me to make a parcel two-penny post list—ready money—own price—no questions asked—to be called for—cash in hand—and all in the way of *snug*. Thus I dispose of my good things—sometimes tucked between muslins, cambrics, silks, satins, or rolled in a bundle, then thrown into a coach by some of my fair smugglers; the old ones, meanwhile, mams and dads, never the wiser. Last enter what I call my *consumers*—lasses, young and old, who run over a novel of three, four, or five volumes, faster than book-men can put them into boards; three sets a day; morning vol. noon vol. and night vol. Pretty caterpillars, as I call them, because they devour my leaves. Devilish troublesome, though; but write as much as they read, corresponding misses, and so make it up to me

in stationery. As to the *rational* readers and writers, there must be a sprinkling of your high prizers; but they don't go-much out. I keep most of my wise ones to myself—such as Master Gibbon, Domine Robertson, Old Verulam, and bold Sir Isaac."

WOMEN.—Francis I. of France was the first monarch who introduced ladies at his court. He said, in a style of true gallantry—that a drawing-room without ladies, was like the year without the spring; or rather, like the spring without flowers.

At no time of life should a man give up the thoughts of enjoying the society of women. "In youth," says Lord Bacon, "women are our mistresses, at a riper age our companions, in old age our nurses, and in all ages our friends."

Fontenelle being one day asked by a lord in waiting, at Versailles, what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied, "A clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them."

THE STAFFORDSHIRE COLLIERIES.—Many anecdotes might be collected to show the great difficulty of discovering a person in the collieries without being in possession of his nickname. The following was received from a respectable attorney:—During his clerkship he was sent to serve some legal process on a man whose name and address were given to him with legal accuracy. He traversed the village to which he had been directed from end to end without success, and after spending many hours in the search was about to abandon it in despair, when a young woman who had witnessed his labours kindly undertook to make inquiries for him, and began to hail her friends for that purpose. "Oi say, Bullyed, does thee know a man neamed Adam Green?" The Bull-head was shaken in sign of ignorance. "Loy-a-bed, does thee?" Lie-a-bed's opportunities of making acquaintance had been rather limited, and she could not resolve the difficulty. Stumpy (a man with a wooden leg), Cowskin, Spindleshanks, Corkeye, Pigtail, and Yellowbelly, were severally invoked, but in vain, and the querist fell into a *brown study*, in which she remained for some time. At length, however, her eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her companions on the shoulder she exclaimed triumphantly, "Dash my wig! whoy he means my feyther!" and then, turning to the gentleman, she added, "You should ha' ax'd for Ould Blackbird!"

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—Sir Isaac Newton, one evening in winter, feeling it extremely cold, instinctively drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a fire had been recently lighted. By degrees the fire being completely kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense, and rung his bell with unusual violence. John was not at hand; he at last made his appearance, by the time Sir Isaac was almost literally roasted. "Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" exclaimed Sir Isaac, in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable and placid philosopher; "remove the grate, ere I am burned to death!" "Please your honour, might you not rather *draw back*

your chair?" said John, a little waggishly. "Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, smiling, "I never thought of that."

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—A corporal of the lifeguards of Frederick the Great, who had a great deal of vanity, but at the same time was a brave fellow, wore a watch-chain, to which he affixed a musket-bullet, instead of a watch, which he was unable to buy. The king being inclined one day to rally him, said, "A propos, corporal, you must have been very frugal to buy a watch: it is six o'clock by mine: tell me what it is by yours?" The soldier, who guessed the king's intention, instantly drew the bullet from his fob, and said, "Sire, my watch neither marks five nor six o'clock; but it tells me every moment that it is my duty to die for your majesty." "Here, my friend," said the king, quite affected, "take this watch, that you may be able to tell the hour also." And gave him his watch, which was adorned with brilliants.

SCOTCH OFFICER AND PLAYER.—Mr Bensley, before he went on the stage, was a captain in the army. One day he met a Scotch officer who had been in the same regiment. The latter was happy to meet an old messmate; but his Scotch blood made him *ashamed* to be seen with a player. He therefore hurried Mr Bensley into an unfrequented coffee-house, where he asked him very seriously, "Hoo could you disgrace the corps by turning play-actor?" Mr Bensley replied, "that he by no means considered it in that light; that, on the contrary, a respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in the best manner, and kept the company of the best people."—"And what, maun," said Sawney, "do you get by this business of yours?"—"I now," answered Mr B. "get about a thousand a year."—"A thousand a year!" exclaimed the astonished Scotchman; "*hae you ony vacancies in your corps?*"

CAPTAIN TROWBRIDGE.—A curious scene occurred on board the *Sans Pareille*, on the morning of the 1st of June (Lord Howe's action). Captain Trowbridge, who had been recently taken in the *Castor* with his convoy, bound to Newfoundland, was a prisoner on board the French ship above named, where Rear-Admiral Nieully had his flag flying. After Lord Howe had obtained his position, and had drawn his fleet into a line parallel to that of the enemy, he brought to, and made the signal to go to breakfast. Trowbridge knew the purport of the signal, and telling it to the French Admiral, they took advantage of the time allowed them for the same repast. Trowbridge (whose appetite never forsook him on these occasions) was helping himself to a large slice from a brown loaf, when the French captain observed to him by an interpreter (for Trowbridge would never learn their language), that the English admiral showed no disposition to fight, and he was certain did not intend it.—"What!" said the English hero, dropping his loaf, and laying his hand almost too emphatically on the Frenchman's shoulder, while he looked him furiously in the face, "not fight!—stop till they have had their breakfasts—I know John Bull d—d well, and when his belly is full you will get it." In a few minutes after this the fleet

bore up to engage. Trowbridge was sent into the boatswain's store-room, where for a length of time he leaned against the foremast, and amused himself in pouring forth every invective against the French and the man appointed to guard him. Suddenly he felt the vibration of the mast, and heard it fall over the side; when grasping the astonished Frenchman with both his hands, he began to jump and caper with all the gestures of a maniac. The *Sans Pareille* soon after surrendered, and Trowbridge assisted in setting her to rights, and taking her into port.

EMERY.—One evening, when Pizarro was announced at the play; there was considerable delay in commencing, in consequence of one of the performers being absent; the audience became impatient, when John Kemble (Rolla) came forward, and delivered himself to this effect: “Ladies and Gentlemen, at the request of the *principal* performers in the play of this evening, I am to inform you that the person absent is *Mr Emery*.” The house received this explanation without any disapprobation or otherwise.—(Emery at that period, although a very pathetic actor, had not arrived at the summit of excellence, and on this evening the part of the Sentinel was given to him.) Scarcely had Mr Kemble quitted the stage, when, dressed in a great coat, dirty boots, and a face red with haste and wet with perspiration—on rushed the culprit. Emery stayed some moments before the audience, apparently much agitated, and at length delivered himself to this effect: “Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the first time I have ever had to appear before you as an apologist. As I have been the sole cause of the delay in your entertainment, allow me shortly to offer my excuse, when I am sure I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant audience. Ladies, (for you I must particularly address,) my wife!” and here the poor fellow's feelings almost overcame him, “my wife was but an hour since brought to bed, and I——(thunders of applause interrupted the apology,) “and I ran for the doctor.” “You've said enough!” exclaimed a thousand tongues. “I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew she was safe.” “Bravo, Emery, you've said enough!” was re-echoed from all parts of the house. Emery was completely overpowered; and after making another ineffectual attempt to proceed, retired, having first placed his hand on his heart, and bowed gratefully to all parts of the house. The play proceeded without interruption; but it appeared Emery had not forgotten his obligation to Kemble, for in that scene before the prison-scene in which Rolla tries to corrupt the sentinel by money, the following strange interruption occurred in the dialogue:

Rolla.—“Have you a wife?”

Sentinel.—“I have.”

Rolla.—“Children?”

“Sentinel.—“I had two this morning—I have *three now*.”

Loud applause followed this retaliation, which continued so long that the entire effect of this scene was lost; and Mr Kemble, after waiting some time in awkward confusion, terminated it by abruptly rushing into the prison.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—The late Dr Stukely says, that one day, by appointment, visiting Sir Isaac Newton, the servant told him he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there : but as it was near dinner-time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. After a time dinner was brought in—a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour passed, and Sir Isaac did not appear. The doctor ate the fowl, and covering up the empty dish, bid them dress their master another. Before that was ready the great man came down : he apologized for his delay, and added, “ give me but leave to take my short dinner, and I shall be at your service ; I am fatigued and faint.” Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and without any emotion turned about to Stukely with a smile : “ See,” said he, “ what we studious people are : I forgot I had dined.”

CHARLES V.—When Cortez returned to Spain, he was coolly received by the emperor, Charles V. One day he suddenly presented himself to that monarch. “ Who are you ?” said the emperor haughtily. “ The man,” said Cortez, as haughtily, “ who has given you more provinces than your ancestors left you cities.”

THE LATE LORD VISCOUNT SACKVILLE.—This nobleman was not more distinguished for his abilities than for his amiable disposition. Of this his domestics felt the comfort, living with him rather as humble friends than as menial servants. His lordship one day entering his house in Pall Mall, observed a large basket of vegetables standing in the hall, and inquired of the porter to whom they belonged, and from whence they came ? Old John immediately replied, “ They are ours, my lord, from our country-house.”—“ Very well,” rejoined the peer. At that instant a carriage stopped at the door, and Lord George, turning round, asked what coach it was. “ Ours,” said honest John. And are the children in it *ours* too ?” said his lordship, laughing. “ Most certainly, my lord,” replied John, with the utmost gravity, and immediately ran to lift them out.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—A few days ago Lowndes, the theatrical bookseller, presented a cheque at the banking-house of Sir W. Curtis and Co. and upon the cashier putting the usual question, “ How will you have it ?” replied, “ *Cold, without sugar.*”

MISTRESS AND SERVANT.—A lady the other day meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired—“ Well, Mary, where do you live now ?” “ Please, ma’am, I don’t live nowhere now,” rejoined the girl ; “ I am married !”

UNIVERSALITY OF TAXATION.—Taxes upon every article which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot ; taxes upon every thing which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, and taste ; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion ; taxes on every thing on earth, and the waters under the earth ; on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home ; taxes on the raw materials ; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man ; taxes on the sauce which pampers man’s appetite,

and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbands of the bride; at bed and board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a road taxed; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon which has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his Chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of an hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.—When the Royal Hotel at Birmingham was kept by Mr Styles, a gentleman, who occupied during his stay in the town a suite of apartments in the house, sent for his host, and requested him to take him to some warehouse where he might purchase a few wire-fenders. Mr Styles accompanied him to the shop of Mr Busby, wire-drawer, in that town, who, from the plain dress and manners of the stranger, took him for a homely farmer of humble circumstances. Some fenders were shown, at a price which appeared to Mr Busby suitable for such a customer. He, however, inquired for others of a finer make, which were accordingly produced; these, too, failed to please, and an article of the very best quality was inquired for. “I will tell thee what,” said Busby, “old chap! thou’lt excuse me, but the price of even these will dip pretty deep into thy pocket.” “Well, Mr Wiseman,” said the purchaser, “I’ll endeavour to find money to pay for them—and I want the very best you manufacture.” They were shown and accepted. “But,” said the vender, “I must either have security, old gentleman, or the money, before they leave my shop.” “Send them, when packed up,” said the stranger, “to Mr Styles’s, and they will be paid for on delivery.” This was agreed upon, and Busby, turning familiarly to the stranger, said, “Now, old chap, a glass of good ale would be no bad thing; will’t have a glass?” “With all my heart, Sir,” was the reply. Busby led the way to the kitchen, which he thought the most suitable apartment for the humble guest, and they there discussed the contents of a flowing can of home-brewed. After some chat, the wire-worker said, “I say, old chap! thou knowest something about pigs, dost not? won’t come and see my little runts?” Without waiting for a reply, he conducted the stranger to his yard, where they saw and admired the pigs, and other *et ceteras* of domestic economy. Mr Busby and the stranger then parted. At the appointed time Busby appeared at the bar of the Royal Hotel with the fenders.—“Well, Styles!” was his salute, “where is the old farmer chap?” “Show Mr Busby up,” said the innkeeper. Mr Busby was somewhat startled on being ushered up the great staircase; at the top of which he was encountered by two

servants in splendid liveries. "This room, sir," said one of them, as he opened the door, and hurried in the bewildered man of wire—introducing him as "Mr Busby, your grace!" Hearing the words "your grace," and finding himself in a rich apartment occupied by the "old chap" himself, with a full sense of the familiarity he had used to the great unknown, he was about to leave the room in confusion; but his grace rose from his chair, saluted him with cordiality, forced him to take a seat on the opposite side of the fire; produced a bottle of excellent wine, and filling him a glass, said, "Come, Mr Busby, I admire your caution and your frankness; and as I drank ale with you in the morning, you must now drink wine with me." The kindness of his grace's manner, and the generosity of the liquor, soon dispelled the bashfulness of the wire-drawer; and it was not till they had finished the second bottle that Mr Busby, after receiving his money for the fenders, rose and took his leave, highly gratified by his interview with the jolly DUKE OF NORFOLK.

SCOTCH AND IRISH OFFICERS.—As two military officers of the sister countries of Ireland and Scotland were passing along Piccadilly, their attention was arrested by a pretty girl at work with her needle, behind the counter of a *Magazin des Modes*. The Hibernian instantly proposed to go into the shop, and purchase some trifle by way of excuse for obtaining a nearer inspection of the fair damsel. "Hoot awa', man," said the equally curious but more economical Scot, "there's nae occasion to throw awa' siller; let's gang in, and ask change o' twa sixpences for a shilling."

SCOTCHMAN AND HIGHWAYMAN.—A Scotch pedestrian attacked by three highwaymen defended himself with great courage and obstinacy, but was at last overpowered, and his pockets rifled. The robbers expected, from the extraordinary resistance they had experienced, to lay their hands on some rich booty; but were not a little surprised to discover, that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending, at the hazard of his life, consisted of no more than a crooked sixpence. "The deuce is in him," said one of the rogues, "if he had had eighteence, I suppose he would have killed the whole of us."

TOASTS.—When Lord Stair was ambassador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ministers were constantly invited, not excepting the ambassador of France, with whose nation we were then on the point of breaking. In return, the Abbé de Ville, the French ambassador, as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors upon the like occasions. The Abbé was a man of vivacity, and fond of punning. Agreeable to this humour, he one day proposed a health in these terms: "The *Rising Sun*, my master," alluding to the device and motto of Louis XIV.; which was pledged by the whole company. It came then to the Baron de Reisback's turn to give a toast; and he, to countenance the Abbé, proposed the *Moon*, in compliment to the empress queen; which was greatly applauded. The turn then came to the Earl of Stair, on whom all eyes were fastened; but that nobleman, whose

presence of mind never forsook him, drank his master, King William, by the name of *Joshua, the son of Nun, who made the Sun and Moon stand still.*

PROMPT ANSWER.—Chateauf, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII., when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, “I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is?”—“My lord,” replied the boy, “I will give you two oranges, if you will tell me where he is not.”

PRINCE HENRY AND CHIEF JUSTICE GASCOIGNE.—A favourite servant of King Henry V. when Prince of Wales, was indicted for a misdemeanor; and, notwithstanding the interest he exerted in his behalf, was convicted and condemned. The prince was so incensed at the issue of the trial, that, forgetting his own dignity, and the respect due to the administration of justice, he rushed into court, and commanded that his servant should be unfettered and set at liberty. The Chief Justice, Sir W. Gascoigne, mildly reminded the prince of the reverence which was due to the ancient laws of the kingdom; and advised him, if he had any hope of exempting the culprit from the rigour of his sentence, to apply for the gracious pardon of the king, his father, a course of proceeding which would be no derogation to either law or justice. The prince, far from being appeased by this discreet answer, hastily turned towards the prisoner, and was attempting to take him by force out of the hands of the officers, when the chief justice, roused by so flagrant a contempt of authority, commanded the prince on his allegiance instantly to leave the prisoner and quit the court. Henry, all in a fury, stepped up to the judgment-seat, with the intention, as every one thought, of doing some personal violence to the chief justice; but he quickly stopped short, awed by the majestic sternness which frowned from the brow of the judge as he thus addressed him: “Sir, remember yourself. I keep here the place of the king, your sovereign lord and father, to whom you owe double allegiance. In his name, therefore, I charge you to desist from your disobedience and unlawful enterprise, and henceforth give a better example to those who shall hereafter be your own subjects. And now, for the contempt and disobedience you have shown, I commit you to the prison of the King’s Bench, there to remain until the pleasure of the king, your father, be known.”

Henry, by this time sensible of the insult he had offered the laws of his country, suffered himself to be quietly conducted to gaol by the officers of justice. His father, Henry IV., was no sooner informed of this transaction, than he exclaimed in a transport of joy, “Happy is the king who has a magistrate possessed of courage to execute the laws, and still more happy in having a son who will submit to the punishment inflicted for offending them.”

The prince himself, when he came to be king, speaking of Sir William Gascoigne, said, “I shall ever hold him worthy of his place, and of my favour, and I wish that all my judges may possess the like undaunted courage, to punish offenders of what rank soever.”

Explan

SHEPHERD'S DOG.—A shepherd who inhabited one of those valleys or glens which intersect the Grampian mountains, in one of his excursions to look after his flock, happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant of three years old. This is not an unusual practice among the Highlanders, who accustom their children from the earliest infancy to endure the rigours of the climate. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day to night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours, he discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was near his own cottage. To renew the search that night, was equally fruitless and dangerous; he was therefore compelled to go home, although he had lost both his child and his dog, who had attended him faithfully for many years. Next morning, by break of day, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog which he had lost the day before had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed his search for his child, and still, on returning home disappointed in the evening, he found that the dog had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of this strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers that frequent the Grampian mountains. Down one of those rugged, and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared by entering into a cave, the mouth of which was almost level with the torrent. The shepherd, with difficulty, followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him; while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complaisance! From the situation in which the child was found, it appeared that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave. The dog by means of his scent had traced him to the spot; and afterwards prevented him from starving, by

giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for food; and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

LOGAN THE INDIAN.—The following is a beautiful specimen of Indian eloquence, and in simple pathos may justly vie with the orations of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, or those of the most celebrated orators of ancient or modern times.

Logan was a distinguished Indian chief of the Mingoe tribe, and the faithful friend of the whites, until Colonel Cresap treacherously murdered his wife and children, in revenge for an outrage committed by a party of the Shawanee Indians, in the year 1744, on an inhabitant of Virginia. Logan immediately joined the enemies of the British, and fought against them with desperate valour. The British prevailed in the decisive battle fought at the mouth of the great Kankaway, against the united forces of the Shawanee, Delaware, and Mingoe Indians: they sued for peace: Logan disdained to appear amongst the suppliants, but sent the following speech to Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, explanatory of his enmity against the whites:—

“ I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, ‘ Logan is the friend of white men.’ I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!”

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.—As the late beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was one day stepping out of her carriage, a dustman, who was accidentally standing by, and was about to regale himself with his accustomed whiff of tobacco, caught a glance of her countenance, and instantly exclaimed, “ Love and bless you, my lady, let me light my pipe in your eye!” It is said the Duchess was so delighted with this compliment, that she frequently afterwards checked the strain of adulation which was so constantly offered to her charms, by saying, “ Oh! after the dustman’s compliment, all others are insipid.”

THE SHEPHERD’S DOG.—The celebrated shepherd poet, James Hogg, had a dog named Sirrah, who was for many years his sole companion in those mountain solitudes where, far from the haunts of men, he nursed that imagination which has since burst forth with

such splendour on the world. "He was," quoth the shepherd, "beyond all comparison the best dog I ever saw. He was of a surly, unsocial temper, disdained all flattery, and refused to be caressed; but his attention to his master's commands and interests, will never again be equalled by any of the canine race. The first time that I saw him, a drover was leading him in a rope; he was hungry and lean, and far from being a beautiful cur, for he was almost all over black, and had a grim face, striped with dark brown. The man had bought him of a boy for three shillings, somewhere on the border, and doubtless had fed him very ill on his journey. I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his face, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn situation; so I gave the drover a guinea for him, and appropriated the captive to myself. I believe there never was a guinea so well laid out; at least I am satisfied I never laid out one to so good a purpose. He was scarcely then a year old, and knew so little of herding, that he had never turned a sheep in his life: but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions. He would try every way deliberately till he found out what I wanted him to do; and when I once made him understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it again. Well as I knew him, he often astonished me, for when hard pressed in accomplishing the task that he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that bespoke a great share of the reasoning faculty."

Mr Hogg goes on to narrate the following among other remarkable exploits, in illustration of Sirrah's sagacity. About seven hundred lambs, which were once under his care at weaning time, broke up at midnight and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the shepherd and an assistant lad could do to keep them together. "Sirrah," cried the shepherd, in great affliction, "my man, they're a' awa." The night was so dark that he did not see Sirrah; but the faithful animal had heard his master's words—words such as of all others were sure to set him most on the alert; and without more ado he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock. Meanwhile the shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their power to recover their lost charge; they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around, but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. "It was the most extraordinary circumstance," says the shepherd, "that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing for it, (day having dawned,) but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up; and, when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs which Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got

all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can further say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

FOUR BON VIVANTS.—Theo. Cibber, in company with three other bon vivants, made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth; a second, a glass eye; a third, a cork leg; but the fourth had nothing particular, except a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post-coach, and while at the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed at every baiting-place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast, they were all to squint; and as the countrymen stood gaping round when they first alighted, "Od rot it," cried one, "how that man squints!"—"Why, dom thee," said a second, "here be another squinting fellow!" The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted, for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner, they appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea, they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the Ship at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter, "Here, you fellow, take out my teeth."—"Teeth, sir!" said the man. "Ay, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and they'll all come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed than a second called out, "Here, you, take out my eye!"—"Lord, sir," said the waiter, "Your eye!"—"Yes, my eye. Come here, you stupid dog; pull up that eyelid, and it will come out as easy as possible." This done, the third cried out, "Here, you rascal, take off my leg!" This he did with less reluctance, being before apprized that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the frightened waiter was surveying with rueful countenance the eye, teeth, and leg, lying on the table, cried out, in a frightful hollow voice, "Come here, sir, take off my head!" Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room, and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

EQUANIMITY.—Some time ago a woollen-draper resided in Cornhill, of whom it was said, that he never was out of temper in his life; and further, that it was out of the power of any one to effect it. A party taking their punch at *Toms'* one day, the circumstance was named, when one of the party offered to bet a *rump and dozen*, that he would not only disturb his equanimity, but put him in a downright passion. The bet was readily taken, and the following day was fixed upon to

decide the wager. Having ascertained the hour that this "good-natured man" *dined*, the proposer of the bet, accompanied by the acceptor of it, proceeded to the woollen-draper's shop. On inquiring for the master, they were informed he was at his dinner, "but that if the gentlemen wanted him on particular business," the shopman said, "he would inform him." The gentlemen replied "they did so:" it was announced to him, and forthwith the "good-natured man" made his appearance with a most complaisant smile. The proposer of the bet addressing him by name, said he was recommended to him to purchase some cloth, that he wished to see an assortment, as he had not exactly determined either on colour or quantity. Accordingly several pieces were presented to his notice. One, however, was too dark, another was too light, the texture of a third was too coarse, of a fourth it was too fine; at last, however, after having kept the draper from his dinner about an hour, and having given him all the trouble he possibly could (the tradesman's good-nature never having once given way), he said he would determine upon that, pointing to a piece. "How much, sir," asked the draper, "would you like to take?"—"Why, sir," replied the purchaser, looking at the draper steadfastly, "I only want a *shilling's worth!*" The draper, still with a smile on his countenance, and with all the *sang froid* imaginable, put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a shilling, placed it on the cloth, and with his scissors cut a piece the exact size of the shilling, wrapt it in a piece of paper, presented it to the gentleman, took his money, and, smiling, thanked him! The gentlemen, no longer able to contain themselves, expressed their surprise, informed the "good-natured man" of their motives for having thus acted, and invited him to dine with them the next day; and having promised so to do, they wished him good day, and left his shop wrapt in astonishment.

CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.—In the time of this eminent judge a riot happened in London, arising out of a wicked practice then very common, of kidnapping young persons of both sexes, and sending them to the plantations. Information having gone abroad that there was a house in Holborn which served as a lock-up place for the persons so ensnared till an opportunity could be found of shipping them off, the enraged populace assembled in great numbers, and were going to pull it down. Notice of the tumult being sent to Whitehall, a party of the guards were commanded to march to the spot; but an officer was first sent to the lord chief justice, to acquaint him with the state of matters, and to request that he would send some of his officers along with the soldiers, in order to give a countenance to their interference.

The officer having delivered his message, Lord Chief Justice Holt said to him, "Suppose the populace should not disperse at your appearance, what are you to do then?"—"Sir," answered the officer, "we have orders to fire upon them."—"Have you, sir?" replied his lordship, "then take notice of what I say; if there be one man killed, and you are tried before me, I will take care that you and every soldier of your party shall be hanged. Sir," continued he, "go back to those who sent you, and acquaint them that no officer

of mine shall attend soldiers : and let them know, at the same time, that the laws of this kingdom are not to be executed by the sword ; these matters belong to the civil power, and you have nothing to do with them."

The lord chief justice then went himself in person, accompanied by his tipstaffs and a few constables, to the scene of the disturbance ; and by his reasonable expostulations with the mob, succeeded without the least violence in making them all disperse quietly.

TIGER IN HIS DEN.—While the British army was lying at Agoada, near Goa, in the East Indies, in 1809, a report was one morning brought to the cantonments that a large Cheetur had been seen on the rocks near the sea. About nine o'clock a number of horses and men assembled at the spot where it was said to have been seen, when, after some search the animal was discovered to be in the recess of an immense rock ; dogs were sent in, in the hope of starting him, but without effect, having returned with several wounds.

Finding it impossible to dislodge the animal by such means, Lieutenant Evan Davies, of the 7th regiment, attempted to enter the den, but was obliged to return, finding the passage extremely narrow and dark. He attempted it however a second time, with a pick-axe in his hand, with which he removed some obstructions that were in the way. Having proceeded a few yards, he heard a noise, which he conceived to be that of the animal. He then returned, and communicated with Lieutenant Threw, of the artillery, who also went in the same distance, and was of a similar opinion. What course to pursue was doubtful ; some proposed blowing up the rock, others smoking him out. At length a port fire was tied to the end of a bamboo, and introduced into a small crevice which led towards the den. Lieut. Davies went on his hands and knees down the narrow passage which led to it, and by the light of his torch he was enabled to discover the animal. Having returned, he said he could kill him with a pistol : which being procured, he again entered the cave and fired, but without success, owing to the awkward situation in which he was placed, with his left hand only at liberty. He next went in with a musket and bayonet, and wounded the animal in the loins ; but he was obliged to retreat as quick as the narrow passage would allow, the tiger having rushed forward and forced the musket back towards the mouth of the den. Lieut. Davies next procured a rifle, with which he again forced his way into the cave, and taking a deliberate aim at the tiger's head, fired, and put an end to his existence. The gallant officer afterwards fastened a strong rope round the neck of the tiger, by which he was dragged out, to the no small satisfaction of a numerous crowd of spectators. The animal measured seven feet in length.

CAPTURE OF THE CHESAPEAKE.—The national vanity of the Americans never received a rebuke more severe or merited, than in the engagement between the Shannon and the Chesapeake. This action was fought off Boston, and was witnessed by thousands of the inhabitants ; and so confident were those good citizens of the success

of their countrymen, that a supper was ordered, to welcome them on their victory, to which the captured British officers were to be invited, no doubt to give additional grace to the triumph.

The commander of the Shannon, Captain Broke, had long been anxious to engage the Chesapeake, although she was superior in tonnage, number of guns, weight of metal, and complement of men. Accordingly, while lying off Boston, in June 1813, Captain Broke sent a challenge to Captain Lawrence, of the Chesapeake, to meet "ship to ship, to try the fortune of their respective flags." The letter was written in a very gentlemanly style, with great candour and spirit; it concluded in the true spirit of a British sailor, anxious only for a battle, "Choose your terms, but let us meet."

Before the challenge reached the Chesapeake, she was observed to be under way. She came down upon the Shannon's quarters with three ensigns flying. She had also flying at the fore a large flag, inscribed with these words: "free trade and sailors' rights;" upon a supposition that this favourite American motto might paralyze the efforts, or damp the energy of the Shannon's men. The vessels were soon in action: the shot of the Shannon was very destructive. After ten minutes' fighting, Captain Broke perceived that the Chesapeake's quarter-deck division were deserting their guns: he instantly called, "Board!" and, accompanied by the first lieutenant and twenty men, sprang upon the Chesapeake's quarter-deck. Here not an officer or man was to be seen: upon her gangways about twenty Americans made a slight resistance. These were instantly driven towards the fore-castle, where a few endeavoured to get down the fore hatchway, but, in their eagerness, prevented each other; a few fled over the bows and reached the main-deck, and the remainder laid down their arms. The Chesapeake's fore-top was now stormed by Midshipman Smith and his top men, about five in number, who either destroyed or drove on deck all the Americans there stationed. This gallant young officer had deliberately passed along the Shannon's foreyard which was braced up to the Chesapeake's, also braced up, and thence into her top.

After those on the fore-castle had submitted, Captain Broke ordered one of his men to stand sentry over them, and sent most of the others aft, where the conflict was still going on. He was in the act of giving them orders to answer the fire from the Chesapeake's main-top, when three treacherous Americans, seeing they were superior to the British then near them, had armed themselves afresh. Captain Broke parried the middle fellow's pike, and wounded him in the face; but instantly received from the man on the pikeman's right, a blow with the butt-end of a musket, which bared his skull, and stunned him. Determined to finish the British commander, the third man cut him down with his broad sword, and at that very instant was himself cut down by one of the Shannon's seamen. Captain Broke and his treacherous foe now lay side by side, each, although nearly powerless, struggling to regain his sword, when a marine dispatched the American with his bayonet. Captain Broke was severely wounded by this affair, and while a seaman was tying a handkerchief round his commander's head, he called out, (pointing aft) "There, sir, there goes up the old ensign over the Yankee colours." The

captain saw it hoisting, and was instantly led to the quarter-deck, where he seated himself upon one of the carronade slides.

Even after the British colours were flying on board the Chesapeake, some of her men kept firing up the main hatchway, and killed a British marine. It was then, and not till then, that Lieutenant Falkoner, who was sitting on the booms, very properly directed three or four muskets that were ready, to be fired down. Captain Broke told him to summon them to surrender, if they desired quarter. He did so, and they replied, "We surrender," and all hostility ceased. Between the discharge of the first gun and the period of Captain Broke's boarding, eleven minutes only elapsed, and in four minutes more the Chesapeake was completely his.

ORIGIN OF THE PROVERB, "*The Grey Mare the Better Horse.*"—A gentleman of a certain county in England having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, resolved to part with her. Accordingly, he went to her father, and told him he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him "why he should be more disquieted than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the married state." The young gentleman desired to be excused: he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled, and as, most certainly, no man who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method. However, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it: I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I will put a basket containing one hundred eggs, and if, in passing through the country, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your wife as no worse than your neighbour's. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected: our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry; at the

next he met with some thing of the same kind ; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone ; when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county : he knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house, was told by the servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady with great complaisance desired him to seat himself, and said, if his business was very urgent she would awake her husband to let him know it, but had much rather not disturb him. " Why really, madam," said he, " my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me : you will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed unpolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question ; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, to desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he governs you?"—" Indeed, sir," replied the lady, " this question is somewhat odd ; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of their duty, I shall make no scruple to say that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things ; but if a woman's word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me ; for here he comes."

The gentleman at that moment entered the room ; and after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour ; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most ; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle ; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them, but madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. " What !" said she, " and will you not take her then ? But I say you shall ; *for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse.*" " Well, my dear," replied the husband, " if it must be so——" " You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, " and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife."

LORD CHESTERFIELD.—When Lord Chesterfield was in administration, he proposed a person to his late majesty as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the king himself was determined should be filled by another. The council, however, resolved not to indulge the king, for fear of a dangerous precedent. It was Lord Chesterfield's business to present the grant of office for the king's signature. Not to incense his majesty, by asking him abruptly, he with accents of great humility, begged to know with whose name his majesty would be pleased to have the blanks filled up ? " With the *devil's!*" replied the king, in a paroxysm of rage. " And shall the instrument," said the earl, coolly, " run as usual, *Our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor?*" a repartee at which the king laughed heartily, and with great good humour signed the grant.

COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.—The clergyman of a village, a few miles south of Newcastle, which is almost entirely surrounded by colliers, being one day engaged in examining his parishioners on the principles of the Christian religion, and finding them extremely deficient in their knowledge of these divine truths, felt it his duty to display, in pretty strong terms, the punishment that awaited the wicked in a future world; observing, that they would be cast into a state of utter darkness, “where there would be weeping and wailing, and *gnashing* of teeth.”—“Let them gnash that have teeth,” cries an old woman from a corner of the church; “for my part, I have had none these thirty years.”

DR BUSBY AND SCHOOL BOY.—A scholar of Dr Busby went into a parlour where the Doctor had laid down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, took it up, and said aloud, “I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let him declare it.” The Doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was said, and going into the school, ordered the boy who had eaten his grapes to be taken up, or, as it is called, *horsed* on another boy’s back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried aloud, as the delinquent had done, “I publish the banns between my rod and this boy’s breech; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let him declare it.”—“I forbid the banns,” cried the boy. “Why so?” said the Doctor. “Because the parties are not agreed,” replied the boy. Which answer so pleased the Doctor, who liked to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

FIGHTING QUAKER.—In the late American war, a New York trader was chased by a small French privateer, and having four guns, with plenty of small arms, it was agreed to stand a brush with the enemy, rather than be taken prisoners. Among several other passengers was an athletic quaker, who, though he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking backwards and forwards on the deck, without any apparent fear, the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. At length the vessels having approached close to each other, a disposition to board was manifested by the French, which was very soon put in execution; and the quaker being on the look-out, unexpectedly sprung towards the first man that jumped on board, and grappling him forcibly by the collar, coolly said, “Friend, thou hast no business here;” at the same time hoisting him over the ship’s side.

CLOWN AND THE GEESE.—In the beginning of July, 1818, a gentleman on his way by water from Westminster to Blackfriars’ bridge, felt his curiosity excited by observing the craft which line the river on both sides crowded with spectators, gazing with anxious eyes at some object on the surface of the water. Upon advancing a little nearer to the object of curiosity, he beheld a human being seated in a washing-tub, floating with the tide under the pilotage of six geese

yoked to the aquatic vehicle, and proceeding with all the grave composure of a civic voyager to Westminster. Whenever the geese were inclined to deviate, he observed they were gently guided by the aid of a stick into the right course again. On inquiring into the cause of this exhibition, he found that the person thus launched upon so perilous an enterprise was Usher, the professional grimacer of the Cobourg theatre, whose aquatic feats of this description had acquired him much celebrity, and who on this occasion had laid a wager of ten guineas to perform a voyage from Blackfriars to Westminster in the frail bark which we have just described.

SKELETON OF THE WRECK.—While Sir Michael Seymour was in the command of the Amethyst frigate, and cruizing in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant ship drove past. Her deck was just above water, her lower mast alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board; but there was a caboose on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvass and tarpauling, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale; but Sir Michael, listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to be put about, and sent off a boat, with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving, whom the help of his fellow man might save from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the drifting mass; and while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object, resembling in appearance a bundle of clothes, was observed to roll out of the caboose, against the lee shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boat-hook they managed to get hold of it, and hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so wasted away, as scarcely to be felt within the ample clothes, which had once fitted it in a state of health and strength. The boat's crew hastened back to the Amethyst with this miserable remnant of mortality; and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of fourteen years of age was able to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck, it showed for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of remaining life; it tried to move, and next moment muttered, in a hollow, sepulchral tone, "There is another man." The instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered the boat to shove off again to the wreck. The sea having now become somewhat smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding the wreck; and on looking into the caboose, they found two other human bodies, wasted like the one they had saved, to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk-up posture, a hand of one resting on a tin pot, in which there was about a gill of water; and a hand of the other reaching to the deck, as if to regain a bit of raw salt beef, of the size of a walnut, which had dropped from its nerveless grasp. Unfortunate men! they had starved on their scanty store, till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their mouths! The boat's crew having completed their melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company en-

grossed by the efforts made to preserve the generous skeleton, who seemed to have just life enough left to breathe the remembrance that there was still "another man," his companion in suffering, to be saved. Capt. S. committed him to the special charge of the surgeon, who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest, to achieve the noble object of creating anew, as it were, a fellow creature, whom famine had stripped of almost every living energy. For three weeks he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand every five or ten minutes, and at the end of three weeks more, the "skeleton of the wreck" was seen walking on the deck of the Amethyst; and, to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high!

HENRY IV.—Henry IV., king of France, always made his children call him papa or father, and not the usual ceremonious title of "Sir," or "your Majesty." He used frequently to join in their amusements; and one day, as he was going on all-fours with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassador entered his apartment suddenly, and surprised him in this attitude. The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, "Monsieur l'ambassadeur, have you any children?" "Yes, Sire," replied he. "Very well then," said the king, "I shall finish my race round my chamber."

DONALD MACPHERSON.—Every one has heard of the brave Macpherson, who with his trusty *ferrara* mowed down whole ranks of the Gallic foe, in that memorable battle where the immortal Wolfe expired in the arms of victory! His captain, who had marked the incredible valour of the gallant Caledonian, saw him, after the fate of the glorious day was decided, set himself down by a heap of Frenchmen slain by his valiant arm, wipe the dust and sweat from his sun-burnt brow, and refresh himself with a hearty pinch from his snuff-mill. The king, on the regiment's return to Britain, expressed a desire to see this brave old highlander, who being introduced by his captain, his majesty presented his hand to Donald to kiss; honest Donald, unacquainted with the ceremonial of courts, and thinking the king asked him for a pinch of snuff, clapped his horn into the monarch's fist, accompanied by a hearty squeeze. The king laughed heartily, accepted of a pinch, made Donald a lieutenant, and gave him half-pay for life.

RICH AND THE HACKNEY COACHMAN.—As the late Mr Rich, whose abilities as a harlequin are universally known, was one evening returning home from the playhouse in a hackney coach, he ordered the coachman to drive him to the Sun, then a famous tavern in Clare Market. Just as the coach passed one of the windows of the tavern, Rich, who perceived it open, dexterously threw himself out of the coach window into the room. The coachman, who saw nothing of this transaction, drew up, descended from his box, opened the coach door, and let down the step; then, taking off his hat, he waited for some time, expecting his fare to alight; but at length looking into the coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a

few hearty curses on the rascal who had bilked him, remounted his box, turned about, and was returning to the stand; when Rich, who had watched his opportunity, threw himself into the coach, looked out, asked the fellow where the devil he was driving, and desired him to turn about. The coachman, almost petrified with fear, instantly obeyed, and once more drew up to the door of the tavern. Rich now got out; and after reproaching the fellow with stupidity, tendered him his money. "No, God bless your honour," said the coachman, "my master has ordered me to take no money to-night." "Pshaw!" said Rich, "your master's a fool; here's a shilling for yourself." "No, no," said the coachman, who by that time had remounted his box, "that won't do: I know you too well, for all your shoes—and so, Mr Devil, for once you're outwitted!"

WOMEN.—"I have always remarked," says the celebrated traveller Ledyard, "that women in all countries are civil, obliging, tender, and humane. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark; through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland; rude and churlish Finland; unprincipled Russia; and the widespread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

LORD NELSON.—The whole life of this extraordinary man was one continued blaze of heroic enterprise; he was ever panting after deeds of surpassing daring; he was never at ease but in the midst of the battle and in the tempest; he seemed to have no joy but in the mightiest of dangers: he made a sort of child's play of probabilities, and with a giant's strength wrestled with impossibility itself.

From the despatches and letters of Nelson which are extant, a perfect text-work for the philosopher of enterprise might be formed. The many noble impulses, many aspiring resolves, in which they abound—all so pure, so patriotic, so worthy of the dignity of our nature—present lessons which no commentary could exhaust, nor lapse of time depreciate.

"Oh! how I long," said he in a letter to his wife, while yet only a captain in that navy which he was destined to lead to so many unrivalled triumphs, "to be an admiral, and in the command of an English fleet! I should soon either do much, or be ruined. Mine is not a disposition for tame measures."

In the partial engagement to which Admiral Hotham brought the French fleet in April 1795, Nelson went on board the admiral's ship as soon as the firing grew slack in the van, and the *Ca Ira* and *Censeur* had struck, when he proposed to the admiral to leave his two crippled ships, the two prizes, and four frigates, to themselves, and *pursue the enemy*. The admiral, however, much cooler than

his captain, observed, "we must be contented; we have done very well."—"Now," says Nelson, in a letter in which this interview is related, "had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been *possible* to have got at her, I could never have called it *well done*."

The broad principle on which Nelson acted through the whole course of his professional career, and which all naval men ought to keep ever present in their memories, is thus emphatically laid down in another letter, which he wrote to Count Mocenigo, at Corfu:—"In sea affairs nothing is impossible, and nothing improbable!"

A presentiment of his future renown was always the predominant passion of his soul. "One day or other," said he, when writing to his wife, 2d of August 1796, "I will have a gazette for myself; I feel that such an opportunity will be given me. *I cannot if I am in the field of glory be kept out of sight.*"

When it was resolved to withdraw our fleet from the Mediterranean, in consequence of the expected junction of the French and Spanish squadrons, the feelings of Nelson were much irritated at the idea of such a retreat; and in another letter to his wife he thus poured them forth: "We are all preparing to leave the Mediterranean. They at home do not know what this fleet is capable of performing—*anything and everything.* Much as I shall rejoice to see England, I lament our present order in sackcloth and ashes, so dishonourable is it to the dignity of England, *whose fleets are equal to meet the world in arms.*"

A genius of the towering order of Nelson's was fitted to prosper only when left to itself. As his actions were beyond those of ordinary men, so were his notions of what *could* and *ought* to be acted. His mind created for itself opportunities of distinction, in what to others were situations of forlornness and despair. We find accordingly, that on the first occasion in which he signalized himself on a grand scale, he was, though in a subordinate command, the entire architect of his own glory. A great opportunity presented itself to him; and at the hazard of incurring the greatest penalty which a breach of discipline can entail, he had the noble daring to seize it. On the 14th of February 1797, the signal was flying for the whole fleet to *tack* in succession; when it came to Nelson's turn, as commodore of the rear division, to obey the order, he saw at once, that by doing so the whole advantage of cutting the enemy's line would be lost; without hesitation, therefore, he resolved to disregard the signal; he ordered his ship to be *wore*, and the other ships of his division following the example of their leader, eight of the enemy's ships were thus cut off, forced to come to an engagement, and four of them captured.

A similar thing occurred in the action off Copenhagen, 1st of April 1801. Before victory had declared itself in favour of the British, and when to retire would have been discomfiture and disgrace, Admiral Parker made the signal (No. 39) for the engagement to *cease*. When the signal was reported to Nelson, then walking on deck, he continued his walk, and appeared to take no notice of it. The lieutenant meeting his lordship at the next turn, asked "Whether he should repeat it?" Lord Nelson answered "No; acknow-

ledge it." On the officer returning to the poop, his lordship called after him, "Is not 16 (signal for close action, which had been flying from the beginning) still hoisted?" The lieutenant answered in the affirmative. Lord Nelson said, "Mind you keep it so!" He now walked the deck considerably agitated, which was always known by his moving the stump of his right arm. After a turn or two, he said to Captain Foote, in a quick manner, "Do you know what's shown on board the commander-in-chief? No. 39!" On Captain F.'s asking what that meant, Nelson answered, "Why, to leave off action. Leave off action!" he repeated, "No, never while an enemy's flag is flying." He also observed to Captain Foley, "I have only one eye. I have a right to be blind sometimes." And then with an archness peculiar to his character, putting the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal."

Immediately before the last great engagement, in which God gave us victory, but Nelson died, he asked Captain Blackwood "What he should consider as a victory?" Captain B. answered, "That considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the proximity of the land, he thought that if fourteen ships were captured, it would be a glorious result." Nelson replied, "I shall not, Blackwood, be satisfied with anything short of twenty."—"I was walking with him," continued Captain Blackwood, "on the poop, when he said, 'I'll now amuse the fleet with a signal:' and he asked me, 'If I did not think there was one yet wanting?'" I answered, "I thought the whole of the fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about, and to vie with each other who should first get nearest to the Victory or Royal Sovereign." These words were scarcely uttered, when his last well-known signal was made, "*England expects every man to do his duty!*"

THE PIGS AND THE SILVER SPOON.—The Earl of P—— kept a number of swine at his seat in Wiltshire, and crossing the yard one day, he was surprised to see the pigs gathered round one trough, and making a great noise. Curiosity prompted him to see what was the cause, and on looking into the trough he perceived a large silver spoon. Just at this crisis a servant maid came out, and began to abuse the pigs for crying so. "Well they may," said his lordship, "when they have got but one *silver spoon* among them."

SENSIBILITY.—A lady, who made pretensions to the most refined feelings, went to her butcher to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices. "How," said she, "can you be so barbarous as to put innocent little lambs to death?"—"Why not, madam," said the butcher, "you would not eat them alive, would you?"

SIR JOHN PURCELL.—In the year 1811 the house of Sir John Purcell, of Highfort, in Ireland, was attacked by a desperate gang of robbers, who forced the windows of the parlour adjoining to the room in which he had just retired to rest. They appeared to him to be about fourteen in number. He immediately got out of bed, and his first determination being to make resistance, it was with no

small mortification that he reflected upon the unarmed condition in which he was placed, being destitute of a single weapon of the ordinary sort. It happily occurred to him, that having supped in the bed-chamber on that night, a knife had been left behind by accident, and he instantly proceeded to grope in the dark for this weapon, which fortunately he found before the door leading from the parlour into the chamber that had been broken open. While he stood in calm but resolute expectation that the progress of the robbers would soon lead them to his bedchamber, he heard the furniture which had been placed against a nailed-up door, expeditiously displaced, and immediately afterwards the door was burst open. The moon shone with great brightness, and when this door was thrown open, the light streaming in through three large windows in the parlour, afforded Sir John a view that might have made an intrepid spirit not a little apprehensive. His bedroom was darkened to excess, in consequence of the shutters of the windows, as well as the curtains, being closed; and thus, while he stood enveloped in darkness, he saw standing before him, by the brightness of the moonlight, a body of men all armed, and of those who were in the van of the gang, he observed that a few were blackened. Armed only with this case-knife, and aided only by a dauntless heart, he took his station by the side of the door, and in a moment after, one of the villains entered from the parlour into the dark room. Instantly upon advancing, Sir John plunged the knife into the robber's body, who, upon receiving this thrust, reeled back into the parlour, crying out blasphemously that he was killed. Shortly after another advanced, who was received in a similar manner, and who also staggered back into the parlour, crying out that he was wounded. A voice from the outside gave orders to fire into the dark room, upon which a man stepped forward with a short gun in his hand. As this fellow stood in the act to fire, Sir John had the amazing coolness to look at his intended murderer, and without betraying any audible emotion whatever that might point out the exact spot where he was standing, he calmly calculated his own safety, from the shot which was preparing for him. He saw that the contents of the piece were likely to pass close to his breast without menacing him with at least any serious wound; and in this state of firm and manly expectation he stood, without flinching, until the piece was fired, and its contents harmlessly lodged in the wall.

As soon as the robber fired, Sir John made a pass at him with his knife, and wounded him in the arm, which he repeated again in a moment with similar effect; and, as the others had done, the villain upon being wounded, retired, exclaiming that he was wounded. The robbers immediately rushed forward from the parlour into the dark room, and then it was that Sir John's mind recognised the deepest sense of danger, not to be oppressed by it, however, but to surmount it. He thought all chance of preserving his own life was over, and he resolved to sell that life still dearer to his intended murderers than even what they had already paid for the attempt to deprive him of it. He did not lose a moment after the villains had entered the room to act with the determination he had adopted; he struck at the fourth fellow with his knife, and wounded him, and at the same instant he received a blow on the head, and found himself grappled with.

He shortened his hold of the knife, and stabbed at the fellow with whom he found himself engaged. The floor being slippery, Sir John and his adversary both fell; and, while they were on the ground, Sir John, thinking that his thrusts with the knife, though made with all his force, did not seem to produce the decisive effect which they had in the beginning of the conflict, examined the point of his weapon with his finger, and found that the blade of it had been bent near the point. As he lay struggling on the ground, he endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to straighten the curvature in the knife; but while one hand was employed in this attempt, he perceived that the grasp of his adversary was losing its constraint and pressure, and in a moment or two after he found himself wholly released from it: the limbs of the robber were in fact unnerved by death. Sir John found that this fellow had a sword in his hand, and this he immediately seized, and gave him several blows with it. At length the robbers, finding so many of their party had been killed or wounded, employed themselves in removing the bodies, and Sir John took this opportunity of retiring into a place a little apart from the house, where he remained for a short time. They dragged their companions into the parlour, and having placed chairs with the backs upwards, by means of those they lifted the bodies out of the windows, and afterwards took them away. When the robbers retired, Sir John returned to the house, and called up a man-servant from his bed, who, during this long and bloody conflict had not appeared, and consequently received from his master warm and loud upbraidings for his cowardice. Sir John then placed his daughter-in-law and grandchild, who were his only inmates, in places of safety, and took such precautions as circumstances pointed out till the daylight appeared. It appeared in evidence on the trial of one of the robbers, that there were nine in number, all of whom were armed, and that two of them were killed, and three severely wounded, in the conflict.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.—When his grace the Duke of Bedford negotiated a peace with France, he signed the preliminaries with the French minister, Choiseul, and stipulated no farther for the East India Company than he was advised by the Court of Directors. A gentleman, a Dutch Jew, of great abilities and respectable character, hearing this, wrote a letter to the duke, informing him that the English East India Company had materially neglected their own interest, as their chief conquests were made *subsequent* to the period at which they had fixed their claim of sovereignty; and if these *latter* conquests were to be restored, an immense annual revenue would necessarily be taken from England. The duke, struck with the force of the fact, yet greatly embarrassed how to act, as preliminaries were actually signed, repaired to the French minister, and addressed him thus:—"My lord, I have committed a great mistake in signing the preliminaries, as the affair of the India possessions must be carried down to the last conquest in Asia." To this Choiseul replied, "Your grace astonishes me: I thought I had been treating with the minister of a great nation, and not with a student in politics, who does not consider the validity of written engagements." The duke replied, "Your reproach, my lord, is just; but I will not add

treachery to negligence, nor deliberately betray my country because I have unaccountably neglected her interests in a single circumstance; therefore, unless your lordship agrees to cede the latter conquests in India, I shall return home in twelve hours, and submit the fate of my head to an English parliament." Choiseul, struck with the intrepidity of the duke, yielded the point, and Britain now enjoys above half a million annually, through the firmness of a man whom it was once even patriotism to calumniate. On the termination of the affair to his satisfaction, his grace gave the Dutch gentleman the warmest recommendation to the English East India Company, who conferred upon him a pension of £500 annually, for the important service which he had rendered.

CHESTER IN AN UPROAR.—About the time of Buonaparte's departure for St Helena, a respectably dressed man caused a number of handbills to be distributed through Chester, in which he informed the public, that a great number of genteel families had embarked at Plymouth, and would certainly proceed with the British regiment appointed to accompany the ex-emperor to St Helena; he added farther, that the island being dreadfully infested with rats, his Majesty's ministers had determined that it should be forthwith effectually cleared of those noxious animals. To facilitate this important purpose, he had been deputed to purchase as many cats and thriving kittens as could possibly be procured for money in a short space of time; and therefore he publicly offered in his handbills 16s. for every athletic full-grown tom-cat; 10s. for every adult female puss; and half-a-crown for every thriving vigorous kitten that could swill milk, pursue a ball of thread, or fasten its young fangs in a dying mouse. On the evening of the third day after this advertisement had been distributed, the people of Chester were astonished with an irruption of a multitude of old women, boys and girls, in their streets, all of whom carried on their shoulders either a bag or a basket, which appeared to contain some restless animal.

Every road, every lane was thronged with this comical procession, and the wondering spectators of the scene were involuntarily compelled to remember the old riddle about St Ives :

“ As I was going to St Ives,
I met fifty old wives ;
Every wife had fifty sacks,
Every sack had fifty cats,
Every cat had fifty kittens,
Kittens, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to St Ives ?”

Before night a congregation of nearly 3000 cats was collected in Chester. The happy bearers of these sweet-voiced creatures proceeded all (as directed by the advertisement) towards one street with their delectable burdens. Here they became closely wedged together. A vocal concert soon ensued. The women screamed; the cats squalled; the boys and girls shrieked treble, and the dogs of the street howled bass, so that it soon became difficult for the nicest ear to ascertain whether the canine, the feline, or the human

tones were predominant. Some of the cat-bearing ladies, whose dispositions were not of the most placid nature, finding themselves annoyed by their neighbours, soon cast down their burdens, and began to box. A battle royal ensued. The cats sounded the war-whoop with might and main. Meanwhile the boys of the town, who seemed mightily to relish the sport, were actually employed in opening the mouths of the deserted sacks, and liberating the cats from their forlorn situation. The enraged animals bounded immediately on the shoulders and heads of the combatants, and ran spitting, squalling, and clawing, along the undulating sea of skulls, towards the walls of the houses of the good people of Chester. The citizens, attracted by the noise, had opened their windows to gaze at the fun. The cats, rushing with the rapidity of lightning up the pillars, and then across the balustrades and galleries, for which the town is so famous, leaped slap-dash through the open windows into the apartments. Never since the days of the celebrated Hugh Lupus were the drawing-rooms of Chester filled with such a crowd of unwelcome guests. Now were heard the crashes of broken china; the howling of affrighted dogs; the cries of distressed damsels, and the groans of well-fed citizens. All Chester was soon in arms; and dire were the deeds of vengeance executed on the feline race. Next morning about five hundred dead bodies were seen floating on the river Dee, where they had been ignominiously thrown by their two-legged victors. The rest of the invading host having evacuated the town, dispersed in the utmost confusion to their respective homes.

PATRICK HENRY.—When Patrick Henry, who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American revolution, introduced his celebrated resolution on the Stamp Act into the House of Burgesses of Virginia (May, 1765), he exclaimed, when descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, “Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles I. his Cromwell; and George III.”—“Treason!” cried the speaker; “treason, treason!” echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye flashing with fire, continued, “*may profit by their example.* If this be treason, make the most of it.”

HIGHWAYMAN AND SAILOR.—One of the Dover stages, on its way to London, was stopped by a single highwayman, who was informed by the coachman there were no passengers inside, and only one in the basket, and he was a sailor. The robber then proceeded to exercise his employment on the tar; when waking him out of his sleep, Jack demanded what he wanted; to which the son of plunder replied, “Your money.” “You shan’t have it,” said Jack. “No!” replied the robber: “then I’ll blow your brains out.” “Blow away, then, you land-lubber,” cried Jack, squirting the tobacco juice out of his mouth, “I may as well go to London without brains as without money: drive on, coachman.”

SEEING A CORONATION.—A sad mistake was once made at court

by the beautiful and celebrated duchess of Hamilton. Shortly before the death of George II., and whilst he was greatly indisposed, Miss Gunning, upon becoming duchess of Hamilton, was presented to his majesty. The king, who was particularly pleased with the natural elegance and artlessness of her manner, indulged in a long conversation with her grace. In the course of this *tête-à-tête* his majesty asked her if she had seen this, and if she had seen that; and how she liked this, and how she liked the other. "Oh!" said the duchess, with great animation, "I have seen every thing! There is only one thing in this world I wish to see, and I do long so much to see that!" The curiosity of the monarch was so greatly excited to know what this wonderful thing she was so anxious to see was, that he eagerly asked her what it was? "A coronation," replied the thoughtless duchess—nor was she at all conscious of the mistake she had made, till the king took her hand with a sigh, and with a melancholy expression replied, "I apprehend you have not long to wait; you will soon have your wish." Her grace was overwhelmed with confusion.

THE LATE COUNTESS OF EXETER.—This amiable woman, whose virtues lately gave a lustre to the title of countess of Exeter, and who died in 1797, lamented by all who knew her, rose to her rank and title by a singular train of circumstances.

When the late marquis was a minor, he married, at an early age, a lady, from whom he was divorced in 1791. After the separation had taken place, the earl, his uncle, advised him to retire into the country, and live as a private gentleman. Mr Cecil accordingly bent his course into a remote part of Shropshire; and fixing his residence at an inn, in a little rural village, he amused himself there for some months, passing by the name of Jones. As he had plenty of money, and was extremely liberal to all about him, some persons in the neighbourhood, conceiving a notion that he had not come honestly by his riches, grew suspicious of him, and shunned his company. They took him for an Indian nabob; and as he passed along he often heard the rustics exclaim, "There goes the London gentleman." Taking a dislike to his situation at the inn, he sought out a farm house, where he might board and lodge; several families had refused to take him in, because he was "too fine a gentleman, and they could not understand how he came by his money." At length he found a situation which answered his purpose; and in consideration of his liberal offers, and the knowledge of his possessing money, a farmer fitted up a room for him. Here he continued to reside for about two years, going to London twice in the year, and returning with such money as he had occasion for. When he departed, the country people thought he was going to gather in his rents, and became more assured of this from his always returning with plenty of cash.

Time hanging heavy on his hands, he purchased some land, on which he intended to build a house; but, for the reasons mentioned, neither stone mason nor carpenter would undertake the job. He did not condescend to contradict the reports of the villagers; but offering to pay so much money beforehand, the tradesmen, after

some grave consultation together, agreed to finish his work; this was done accordingly, and every person was paid to the full extent of his demands.

The farmer at whose cottage his lordship resided had a daughter, about seventeen years of age, whose rustic beauties threw at an infinite distance all that his lordship had ever beheld in the circle of fashion.

Although this charming maid was placed in a humble lot of life, his lordship perceived that her beauty would adorn, and her virtue shed a lustre on, the most elevated situation. One day, when the farmer returned from his plough, Mr Cecil frankly told them that he liked their daughter Sarah, and would marry her if they would give their consent. "Marry our daughter!" exclaimed Mrs Hoggins, "what! to a fine gentleman! No, indeed!" "Yes, marry her," said the husband; "he shall marry her, for she likes him—has he not house and land too, and plenty of money to keep her?" In fine, the matter was arranged, and Mr Cecil married this charming rustic. Masters of every kind were now procured; and in twelve months Mrs Cecil became an accomplished woman, to the envy of the country girls around, and to the astonishment of the villagers, who now began to be reconciled to the supposed too fine a gentleman.

It was not long before news arrived of his uncle's death, in Dec. 1793, when he found it necessary to repair to town. He accordingly set out, taking his wife with him, as on a tour of pleasure; and on his journey called at the seats of several noblemen, where, to the utter astonishment of his wife, he was welcomed in the most friendly manner. At last they arrived at Burleigh, in Northamptonshire, the beautiful patrimonial seat of his lordship; and on approaching the house, he asked, with an air of unconcern, whether she would like to be at home there; on which she exclaimed, "That it exceeded all she had seen, and was the only similar place on which she could desire to reside." "Then," said he, "*it is yours*;" and on making his appearance in front of the house he was instantly recognised, and received with acclamations of joy by the family and domestics. As soon as he had settled his affairs, he returned into Shropshire, discovered his rank to his wife's father and mother, put them into the house he had built there, and settled on them an income of £700 per annum. He afterwards took the countess with him to London, introduced her to the fashionable world, where she was respected, admired, adored, until her death, which happened on the 18th of January, 1797, after giving birth to a son on the 1st. Besides an inconsolable husband, she left two sons and a daughter, heirs to the family honours.

LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN.—A baronet in the west of Scotland, whose convivial habits were well known to all who had the happiness of his acquaintance, on one occasion, when in want of a servant, was applied to by a man highly recommended for probity, good temper, &c. but who had the candour to acknowledge that he was "fond of his glass," in which he sometimes unhappily indulged. The baronet was altogether so much pleased with the appearance of the fellow,

that notwithstanding his predilection for the mountain dew, he agreed to hire him for six months, on the condition that he should never get drunk on the same night with himself. To this stipulation he agreed, and, at the term, entered into the service of Sir J——. After twelve weeks had nearly elapsed, during which he conducted himself to the satisfaction of every member of the family, he one day came up to his master, and respectfully addressed him thus:—"I am come to tell your honour that I am obliged to leave your service." "For what?" replied Sir J——. "Why, sir," rejoined the valet, "you will remember that I agreed to become your servant on the express understanding that I was never to get fou on the same day with your honour: I have now been nearly three months in your service, and during all that time I have not had it in my power to take an extra glass." Sir J—— was so much pleased with the honest simplicity of the fellow, that he forthwith ordered the butler to give him three bottles of whisky, with instructions that he might have to himself as many days to enjoy them.

COOKERY-BOOK.—"Has that cookery-book any *pictures*?" said Miss C. to a bookseller. "No, Miss, none," was the answer. "Why!" exclaimed the witty and beautiful young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if they give us no *plates*?"

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—At the English Opera-house last summer, a gentleman fell suddenly in love with a young lady, who sat with her mother and sister a few seats from him: tearing a blank leaf out of his pocket-book, he wrote with a pencil, "May I inquire if your affections are engaged?" and handed it to her, which she showed to her mother. Shortly afterwards she wrote underneath his question, "I believe I may venture to say *they are not*; but why do you ask?" and returned him the paper. The gentleman then wrote on another leaf—"I love you dearly; I am single; I have £1000 a year; I am not in debt; I have a good house; and I only want a good wife to make me completely happy—will you be mine? if you will, I promise (and with every intention of keeping my word) to be an affectionate, indulgent, and faithful husband to you; and what more can I say?" The young lady was so much pleased with the declaration that they immediately became acquainted, and in the course of four months afterwards he led her to the hymeneal altar.

HEIDEGGER.—The late facetious Duke of Montagu gave an entertainment at the Devil Tavern, Temple Bar, to several noblemen and gentlemen; selecting the most convivial, and a few hard-drinkers. Heidegger the Swiss, who was so long the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of the metropolis, was invited; and, in a few hours after dinner, was so much inebriated, that he was carried out of the room, and laid insensible upon a bed. A profound sleep ensued, when an artist was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaster of Paris. From this a mask was made; and a few days before the next masquerade at the King's Theatre, a species of entertainment which had risen into great repute under the superintendence

of Heidegger, the Duke of Montagu made application to Heidegger's valet-de-chambre, to know what suit of clothes he was likely to wear; and then procuring a similar dress, and a person of the same stature, he gave him his instructions how to act. The masquerade was honoured by the presence of the king. As soon as his majesty was seated, being always known to the conductor of the entertainment, though concealed by his dress from the company, Heidegger ordered the music to play "God save the king;" but his back was no sooner turned, than the false Heidegger ordered them to strike up "O'er the water to Charlie." The whole company were instantly thunderstruck; and all the courtiers not in the plot were in the most stupid consternation. Heidegger flew to the music gallery in a most violent rage, and accused the musicians of drunkenness, or of being set on by some secret enemy to ruin him. The king and his immediate attendants laughed immoderately. While Heidegger stood in the gallery, "God save the king" was the tune; but when, after setting matters to right, he retired to one of the dancing-rooms, to observe if decorum was kept by the company, the counterfeit stepping forward, and placing himself upon the floor of the theatre, just in front of the music gallery, called out in a most audible voice, imitating Heidegger, "Blockheads! did I not tell you this moment to play 'O'er the water to Charlie?'" A pause ensued: the musicians, who knew his character, thought him in their turn either drunk or mad; but, as he continued his vociferation, "Charlie" was played again. At this repetition of the supposed affront, some of the officers of the guard were for ascending the gallery, and kicking the musicians out; but the late Duke of Cumberland, who relished the mal-à-propos amazingly, interposed. The company were thrown into great confusion. "Shame! shame!" resounded from all parts; and Heidegger once more flew in a violent rage to that part of the theatre facing the gallery. Here the Duke of Montagu, artfully addressing him, told him that the king was in a violent passion; that his best way was to go instantly and make an apology; and afterwards to discharge the musicians, who were to a certainty mad. Almost at the same instant the Duke ordered the false Heidegger to do the same. The scene now became truly comic in the circle before the king. Heidegger had no sooner made a genteel apology for the insolence of his musicians, than the false Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive tone, cried out, "Indeed, sire, it was not my fault, but that devil's in my likeness." Poor Heidegger turned round, stared, staggered, grew pale, and could not utter a word. The Duke then whispered into his ear the sum of his plot; the counterfeit was ordered to take off his mask, and here the frolic ended.

Heidegger's countenance was particularly displeasing, from an unusual harshness of features. Hogarth has introduced it into more than one of his prints. Heidegger was however the first to joke upon his own ugliness; and he once laid a wager with the Earl of Chesterfield that, within a certain given time, his lordship would not be able to procure so hideous a face in all London. After a laborious search, a woman was found whose features were at first sight thought stranger than Heidegger's; but, upon clapping her head-

dress upon Heidegger, he was unanimously allowed to have won the wager.

FEMALE SPIRIT.—Not long since a couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the church-door; the gentleman then stopped his intended bride, and thus unexpectedly addressed her:—"My dear Eliza, during our courtship I have told you most of my mind, but I have not told you the whole: when we are married I shall insist upon three things." "What are they?" asked the lady. "In the first place," said the bridegroom, "I shall sleep alone, I shall eat alone, and find fault when there is no occasion: can you submit to these conditions?"—"O yes, sir, very easily," was the reply; "for if you sleep alone, I shall not—if you eat alone, I shall eat first—and, as to your finding fault without occasion, that I think may be prevented, for I will take care you shall never want occasion." They then immediately proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony was performed.

SPANISH NAMES.—The love of long christian names by the Spaniards has frequently been an object of ridicule. A Spaniard on his travels arrived in the night at a little village in France, in which there was but one hotel. As it was almost midnight, he knocked at the door a long while without hearing any one stir. At length the host, putting his head out of the chamber window, asked who was there. The Spaniard replied, "Don Juan Pedro, Hernandez, Rodriguez, Alvarez de Villa-nova, Count de Malafra, Cavellero de Santiagog d'Alcantara."—"Mercy on me!" said the host, as he shut the window, "I have but two spare beds, and do you ask me lodging for a score?"

CLERICAL WIT.—An old gentleman of eighty-four having taken to the altar a young damsel of about sixteen, the clergyman said to him—"The font is at the other end of the church."—"What do I want with the font?" said the old gentleman. "Oh! I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit, "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."

DR ARNE.—The writer of this article having, many years ago, accompanied the Doctor to Cannons, the seat of the late Duke of Chandos, to assist at the performance of an oratorio in the chapel of Whitechurch, such was the throng of company that no provisions were to be procured at the Duke's house. On going to the Chandos' Arms, in the town of Edgware, we made our way into the kitchen, where we found nothing but a solitary leg of mutton on the spit. This the waiter informed me was bespoke by a party of gentlemen. The Doctor (rubbing his elbow—his usual manner,) says to me, "I'll have that mutton—give me a fiddle-string." He took the fiddle-string, cut it in pieces, and privately sprinkling it over the mutton, walked out of the kitchen. Then waiting very patiently till the waiter had served it up, he heard one of the gentlemen exclaim—"Waiter! this meat is full of maggots, take it away." This was what the Doctor expected, who was on the watch.—"Here, give it

me."—"O, sir," said the waiter, "you can't eat it—'tis full of maggots."—"O, never mind," cries the Doctor, "fiddlers have strong stomachs." So bearing it away, and scraping off the fiddle-strings, we made a hearty dinner of the apparently maggoty mutton.

LAUGHTER NO PROOF OF A MERRY HEART.—That laughter is by no means an unequivocal symptom of a merry heart, there is a remarkable anecdote of Carlini, the drollest buffoon ever known on the Italian stage at Paris. A French physician being consulted by a person who was subject to the most gloomy fits of melancholy, advised his patient to mix in scenes of gaiety, and, particularly, to frequent the Italian theatre: "And," said he, "if Carlini does not dispel your gloomy complaint, your case must be desperate indeed!"—"Alas, sir," replied the patient, "I myself am Carlini, but while I divert all Paris with mirth, and make them almost die with laughter, I am myself actually dying with chagrin and melancholy!" Immoderate laughter, like the immoderate use of strong cordials, gives only a temporary appearance of cheerfulness, which is soon terminated by an increased depression of spirits.

LORD CAMELFORD.—This nobleman entering one evening a coffee-house in Conduit-street, meanly attired, as he often was, he sat down to peruse the papers of the day. Soon after came in a *dashing fellow*, a *first-rate blood*, who threw himself into the opposite seat of the same box with him, and in a most consequential tone bawled out, "Waiter! bring me a pint of Madeira and a couple of wax candles, and put them into the next box." He then drew to himself Lord Camelford's candles, and set himself to read. His lordship glanced a look of indignation, but, exerting his optics a little more, continued to decipher his paper. The waiter soon re-appeared, and announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out in a mimic tone, "Waiter! bring me a pair of snuffers." These were quickly brought, when his lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the box in which the gentleman was seated, snuffed out both the candles, and leisurely returned to his seat. Boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared out, "Waiter! waiter! waiter! who the devil is this fellow that dares thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?"—"Lord Camelford, sir," said the waiter. "Who? Lord Camelford!" returned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible; horror-struck at the recollection of his own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence; "Lord Camelford! What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his score, and actually stole away without daring to taste his Madeira.

DR WATTS.—It was so natural for Dr Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One

day when he was about to put his threat into execution, the child burst into tears, and on his knees said,

“Pray, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make.”

IGNORANCE OF FEAR.—A child of one of the crew of his majesty's ship *Peacock*, during the action with the United States vessel, *Hornet*, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball took off both the hind legs of the goat, when seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, “Now I've caught you.”

SHENSTONE.—Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreat in company with his *Delia* (her real name was *Wilmot*) when a man rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and *Delia* fainted. “Money,” said the robber, “is not worth struggling for; you cannot be poorer than I am.”—“Unhappy man!” exclaimed Shenstone, throwing his purse to him, “take it, and fly as quick as possible.” The man did so, threw his pistol in the water, and instantly disappeared. Shenstone ordered his foot-boy to follow the robber, and observe where he went. In two hours the boy returned, and informed his master that he followed him to *Halesowen*, where he lived; that he went to the door of his house, and peeping through the key-hole, saw the man throw the purse on the ground, and say to his wife, “Take the dear-bought price of my honesty;” then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, “I have ruined my soul to keep you from starving;” and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone, on hearing this, lost no time in inquiring the man's character, and found that he was a labourer oppressed by want, and a numerous family, but had the reputation of being honest and industrious. Shenstone went to his house; the poor man fell at his feet, and implored mercy. The poet took him home with him, and provided him with employment.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.—The late Lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and wished on a particular occasion to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the headache, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood was given. “I have no objection; and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me!” “A propos,” said Lord Chesterfield, after the operation, “do you go to the House to-day?” Lord R—— answered, “I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you who have considered it, which side will you be of?” The earl, having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment: he carried him to the House, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say that

few of his friends had done as much as he, having literally bled for the good of his country.

EXAMINATION AT BOW-STREET.—A prisoner being brought up to Bow-street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate: “How do you live?”—“Pretty well, sir; generally a joint and pudding at dinner!”—“I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?”—“I beg your worship’s pardon; sometimes at the baker’s, and sometimes at the chandler’s shop.”—“You may be as witty as you please, sir; but I mean simply to ask you, how do you do?”—“Tolerably well, I thank your worship; I hope your worship is well.”

ESCAPE OF LAVALETTE.—M. Lavalette had been condemned, for his adherence to the cause of Bonaparte, to suffer death. The eve of the day of execution, the 24th of December, had already arrived, and all hopes of saving him had been abandoned, except by one heroic woman alone. Madame Lavalette’s health had been very seriously impaired by her previous sufferings, and for several weeks preceding, in order to avoid the movements of her carriage, she had used a sedan chair. About half-past three in the afternoon of the 23d, she arrived at the Conciergerie, seated as usual in this chair, and clothed in a furred riding coat of red merino, with a large black hat and feathers on her head. She was accompanied by her daughter, a young lady about twelve years of age, and an elderly woman, attached to Lavalette’s service, of the name of Dutoit. The chair was ordered to wait for her at the gate of the Conciergerie. At five o’clock, Jacques Eberles, one of the wicket keepers of the Conciergerie, who had been specially appointed by the keeper of the prison to the guard and service of Lavalette, took his dinner to him, of which Madame and Mlle. Lavalette and the widow Dutoit partook. After dinner, which lasted an hour, Eberle served up coffee, and left Lavalette’s apartment, with orders not to return till he was rung for. Towards seven o’clock the bell rang. Roquette, the gaoler, was at that moment near the fireplace of the hall with Eberle, to whom he immediately gave orders to go into Lavalette’s chamber. Roquette heard him open the door which led to that chamber, and immediately after he saw three persons, dressed in female attire, advance, who were followed by Eberle. The person whom he took to be Madame Lavalette was attired in a dress exactly the same as she was, in every particular, and, to all outward appearance, no one could have imagined but that he saw that lady herself passing before him. A white handkerchief covered the face of this person, who seemed to be sobbing heavily; while Mademoiselle Lavalette, who walked by her side, uttered the most lamentable cries. Every thing presented the spectacle of a family given up to the feelings of a last adieu. The keeper melted, and, deceived by the disguise and scanty light of two lamps, had not the power, as he afterwards said, to take away the handkerchief which concealed the features of the principal individual in the group: and, instead of performing his duty, presented his hand to the person (as he had been used to do to Madame Lavalette), whom he

conducted, along with the other two persons, to the last wicket. Eberle then stepped forward, and ran to call Madame Lavalette's chair. It came instantly: the feigned Madame Lavalette stepped into it, and was slowly carried forward, followed by Mademoiselle Lavalette and the widow Dutoit.

When they had reached the Quay-des-Orfevres, they stopped; Lavalette came out of the chair, and in an instant disappeared. Soon after the keeper, Roquette, entered the chamber of Lavalette, where he saw no one, but heard some one stirring behind a screen which formed part of the furniture of the apartment. He concluded it was Lavalette, and withdrew without speaking. After a few minutes he returned a second time, and called; no one answered. He began to fear some mischief, advanced beyond the screen, and there saw—Madame Lavalette! "*Il est parti!*" she tremulously ejaculated. "Ah! Madame," exclaimed Roquette, "you have deceived me." He wished to run out to give the alarm, but Madame L. caught hold of him by the coat-sleeve. "Stay, Monsieur Roquette, stay." "No, Madame; this is not to be borne." A struggle ensued, in which the coat was torn; but Roquette at last forced himself away, and gave the alarm. Lavalette, after having escaped from the Conciergerie, was still far from being out of danger. He had to get out of Paris—out of France, and a more difficult achievement is not easy to conceive; for the moment his escape was discovered, nothing could exceed the activity with which he was sought after by the agents of government. Bills describing his person with the greatest exactness were quickly distributed all over France; and there was not a postmaster, postillion, or *gen-d'arme* on any of the roads who had not one of them in his pocket. Lavalette sought the means of escape, not among those of his own countrymen whom he knew to be attached to the cause for which he was persecuted, nor even to those whom affection or gratitude bound to his family, but among those strangers whose presence, as conquerors, on his native soil, he had so much cause to lament. He had heard that to a truly British heart the pleadings of humanity were never made in vain; and he was now to make the experiment, in his own person, of the truth of the eulogium. On the 2d or 3d of January, he sent a person with an unsigned letter to Mr Michael Bruce, an English gentleman resident at Paris, in which, after extolling the goodness of his heart, the writer said he was induced, by the confidence which he inspired, to disclose to him a great secret—that Lavalette was still in Paris; adding, that he (Bruce) alone could save him, and requesting him to send a letter to a certain place, stating whether he would embark in the generous design. Mr Bruce was touched with commiseration; he spoke on this subject to two other countrymen, Sir Robert Wilson and Captain Hutchinson; and the result was, that the whole three joined in a determination to afford the unfortunate fugitive every assistance in their power to complete his escape. The particulars of the scheme which they devised for this purpose, it would exceed our limits to detail; suffice it to say, that it was crowned with perfect success. Lavalette was conveyed in perfect safety into a neutral territory, where he lived in quiet obscurity until the fury of the party

persecution which exiled him having exhausted itself, we have seen him restored, by a free pardon, to his country, his family, and his friends.

It was a gratifying thing to observe, that the tribute due to the conjugal heroism of Madame Lavalette was universally paid, both in France and throughout Europe; even party animosity, which was daily calling for the execution of the husband, did justice to the wife. When the heads of the different departments were each vindicating themselves to the king from any share in the blame of the escape, his majesty coolly replied, "I do not see that any body has done their duty except Madame Lavalette."

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—The late Earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular, thought of an expedient to prevent the exhortations and importunities of those about him. This was to feign himself deaf; and under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer, not by what was really said to him, but by what he desired to have said. Among other servants was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed. My lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant."—"I say," replied the lady, "that he is continually drunk, and desire that he may be turned off."—"Ay," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child, and as you say, a trifle of wages should not part us." John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde Park: she was not much hurt; but when she came home, she began to rattle the earl. "Here," said she, "is that beast John so drunk that he can scarcely stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged, may break our necks."—"Ay," says my lord, "is poor John sick? Alas! I am sorry for him."—"I am complaining," says my lady, "that he is drunk, and has overturned me."—"Ay," answered his lordship, "to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice." My lady finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord having ordered John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these words: "John, you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well you shall be taken care of in my family; my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice." John, being thus dismissed, was taken to bed, where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woful plight, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reason upon which it was commenced. He had no remedy, however, but to submit, for he would rather have incurred as many more blisters than lose his place. My lord sent very formally twice a day to know how he was, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's recovery,

whom he directed to be fed only with water gruel, and to have no company but an old nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said "that he was extremely glad to hear that the fever had left him, and desired to see him." When John came in, "Well, John," says he, "I hope this bout is over."—"Ah, my lord," says John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again."—"Ay, ay," says my lord, "you are right, nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see it, though perhaps you should not complain, and I promise you shall always have the same advice, and the same attendance that you have had now."—"God bless your lordship," says John, "I hope there will be no need."—"So do I too," said his lordship, "but as long as you do your duty to me, never fear I shall do mine to you."

PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT.—In the year 1704, several persons who claimed to be freemen of the borough of Aylesbury were refused the privilege of voting at an election for a member of parliament, and brought an action against the returning officer for the penalties which the law imposes in such cases. The House of Commons, conceiving this appeal to the courts to be an evasion of their privileges, passed an order declaring it to be penal in either judge, or counsel, or attorney, to assist at their trial. The lord chief justice (Holt) and several lawyers were, notwithstanding, bold enough to disregard this order, and proceeded with this action in due course. The House, extremely offended at this contempt of their order, sent the serjeant-at-arms to command the judge to appear before them: but this resolute administrator of the laws refused to stir from his seat. On this the Commons sent a second message by their speaker, attended by a great many of their members. After the speaker had delivered his message, his lordship replied to him in the following memorable words: "Go back to your chair, Mr Speaker, within these five minutes, or you may depend on it I'll send you to Newgate. You speak of *your* authority! But I tell you I sit here as an interpreter of the laws, and a distributor of justice; and were the whole house of Commons in your belly, I would not stir one foot." The speaker was prudent enough to withdraw, and the house with equal prudence let the matter drop.

GEORGE III.—During the royal residence at Cheltenham, it was remarked by the keepers of several turnpike gates, that his majesty in his short excursions paid no toll. The right of his majesty to pass toll-free happening to become the subject of conversation in a large company at Worcester, Robert Sleath, an honest, blunt fellow, and keeper of Barban gate, argued that his majesty, in his private capacity, was liable to the toll, declaring at the same time that though he respected his sovereign, if ever he came to Barban gate, he should not pass till the toll was paid. A short time after, honest Robert's resolution was put to the test; for his majesty, in his route to Worcester, came to Barban gate. On the arrival of the first horseman that preceded the royal carriage, Robert having previously

locked the gate, stood with the keys in his hands, and demanded the toll. The equerry, in an accent of perturbed impatience, said, "Open the gates immediately, for his majesty is at hand." "I know that," replied Robert; "but his majesty is not at the head of an army, and must pay the toll." The servant remonstrated with threats and indignation, but Robert was not to be frightened; he heard him with placid indifference, till his majesty's carriage came in sight.

The attendant was now reduced to the necessity of having recourse to polite entreaty, assuring Robert that the person who followed his majesty's carriage would pay the regular demand. On this assurance the gate was opened, and the whole cavalcade, accompanied by an immense crowd, passed; but Robert received not one penny. Sleath, however, was aware that his majesty would return to Cheltenham the following day, and must pass the gate again. Accordingly, having heard that the royal equipage was approaching, he locked the gate, and took his station as before. The same equerry preceded the carriage, and began again to remonstrate, but honest Sleath swore roundly that no one should pass till he had received the toll for both days. The royal attendant, perceiving that verbal means were not likely to prevail, paid Sleath about twenty-seven shillings, threatening to crush him with the weight of legal vengeance; but Robert pocketed the money, and was never called to an account for his conduct.

DAVID GARRICK.—He was the most natural and chaste actor that ever trod the stage. His abilities to represent, were only equalled by the genius of Shakspeare to delineate, all the diversified characters of the drama. His conversation displayed much of the spirit and brilliancy with which he wrote and performed on the stage.

The expression of his eyes, and the flexibility of his features, are well known to have given him the most extraordinary advantages in the representation of various characters. He sometimes availed himself of these natural assistances, to produce a ludicrous scene among his friends. He frequently visited Mr Rigby, at Misley Thorn, in Essex. Mr Rigby one day inquired of his servant what company was arrived. The servant said Lord M—— was come, and had brought with him a short gentleman with very bright eyes, meaning Mr Garrick. "Why have I not the pleasure of seeing them here?" said Mr Rigby. "I don't know," said the servant, "how long it will be before my lord can make his appearance; for the case is this: the barber came to shave his lordship; and just as he had shaved half his lordship's face, the short gentleman with the bright eyes began to read the newspaper to him; but he read it in such a droll way, and made so many odd faces, that my lord laughed, and the barber laughed, and when I went into the room I could not help laughing too: so that, sir, if you don't send for the short gentleman, his lordship must appear at dinner with one side of the face smooth, and the other with a beard of two days' growth."

Garrick was on a visit at Hagley, when news came that a company of players were going to perform at Birmingham. Lord Lyttleton

said to Garrick, "They will hear you are in the neighbourhood, and will ask you to write an address to the Birmingham audience." "Suppose then," said Garrick, without the least hesitation, "I begin thus :

Ye sons of iron, copper, brass, and steel,
Who have not heads to think, nor hearts to feel——"

"Oh," cried his lordship, "if you begin thus, they will hiss the players off the stage, and pull the house down." "My lord," said Garrick, "what is the use of an address, if it does not come home to the *business* and *bosoms* of the audience?"

A MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN IN THE PLAGUE.—In the village of Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young and then the old, of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a labourer, and mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighbouring family—moved by the fondest love for her children—and determined not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the resolution of leaving her home and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender, that she involuntarily stopped. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little head out of the window: and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered—and amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears—she reached the house of those who were to bury her—she recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more. "But," added Barbara, "nothing can equal the heart of a mother. You remember that sublime speech of a poor woman, on hearing her parish priest relate the history of Abraham: "Oh! God certainly would not have required such a sacrifice of a mother!"

DEAN SWIFT AND MRS O'REILLY.—When Swift was at Quilca, a country seat of Dr Sheridan's, he went one Sunday to a church at the distance of more than two hours' ride. The clergyman of the parish invited him to dinner, but Swift excused himself by saying, it was too far to ride home after it—"No, I shall dine with my neighbour Reilly at Virgini, which is half way home." Reilly, who was what is called there a gentleman farmer, was proud of the honour,

and immediately dispatched a messenger to his wife, to prepare for the reception of so extraordinary a guest. She dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on his new suit and his silver-laced hat. When the lady was introduced to the dean, he saluted her with the same respect as if she had been a duchess, making several congees down to the ground, and then handed her with great formality to her seat. After some high-flown compliments, he addressed his host—"Mr Reilly! I suppose you have a considerable estate here—let us go and look over your demesne."—"Estate!" says Reilly, "not a foot of land belongs to me, or any of my generation: I have a pretty good lease here, indeed, from Lord Fingal, but he threatens he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come."—"Well—but when am I to see Mrs Reilly?"—"Why, don't you see her there before you?"—"That Mrs Reilly? Impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and as such would never dress herself out in silks, and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No: Mrs Reilly, the farmer's wife, would never wear anything better than plain stuff, with other things suitable to it."—Mrs Reilly happened to be a woman of sound sense, and taking the hint, immediately withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlour in her common apparel. Swift saluted her in the most friendly manner, taking her by the hand, and saying, "I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs Reilly; this husband of yours would fain have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so." He then laid hold of young master's fine laced hat, ripped off the lace with his pen-knife, and folding it up in several papers, thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burned, he wrapped it up in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket. The family, as may be supposed, were put into no small confusion at this strange proceeding; but they dared not show that they took umbrage at it, as the presence of Swift struck every one with awe who was not well acquainted with him. He soon, however, resumed his good humour, and entertained them with many pleasantries to their taste, for no man knew better than he how to adapt his conversation to all classes of people with whom he conversed. They soon recovered their spirits, and spent the remainder of the day very cheerfully. When he was taking his leave, he said, "I do not intend to rob you, Mrs Reilly; I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me: there is your son's hat-lace; I have only changed the form of it to a much better one. So God bless you, and thank you for your entertainment." When he was gone, Mrs Reilly (upon opening the paper) found four guineas enclosed in it, together with the burnt lace. While he staid in the country, he kept an eye upon them, and found that his lessons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their vanities, and lived in a way more becoming their situation in life. In consequence of this, one of the first things he did on his return to Dublin, was to pay a visit to Lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's lease.

REV. SAMUEL AYS COUGH.—Dr Ayscough one day, according to the rules of his office, as assistant librarian to the British Museum, attended through that grand magazine of curiosities a party of ladies

and a gentleman, all of whom except one lady, were disposed to be highly pleased with what they saw ; and really would have been so, if this capricious fair one had not continually damped their gratification with such exclamations as these :—“ Oh, trumpery !—come along—Lord, I see nothing worth looking at.” This lady being the handsomest of the group, Mr A. (who, though an old bachelor, was a great admirer of beauty) at first fixed upon her as his temporary favourite, but soon had reason to transfer his particular attentions to another, less handsome, but more amiable. On her continuing a similar strain of exclamations, uttered with correspondent looks and demeanour, he turned towards her and said, “ My sweet young lady, what pains you kindly take to prevent that fine face of your’s from killing half the beaux in London !” and then directed his conversation, explanatory of the different objects before them, to the rest of the party. So much influence, however, had she over her companions, that beaten as the round was to the doctor, she caused him to finish it considerably sooner than was either pleasant to his mind, or convenient to the state and ponderosity of his body. While in the last room, just before he made his parting bow, addressing himself to her, with that suavity of manner which was so peculiar to him, he smilingly said, “ Why, what a cross little puss you are !—nothing pleases you. Here are ten thousand curious and valuable things, brought at a vast expense from all parts of the world, and you turn up your nose at the whole of them. Do you think, with these airs, that that pretty face will ever get you a husband ? Not if he knows you half an hour first. Almost every day of my life, and especially when attending ladies through these rooms, I regret being an old bachelor : for I see so many charming, good-tempered women, that I reproach myself for not trying to persuade one of them to bless me with their company. But I can’t fall in love with you, and I’ll honestly tell you, I shall pity the man that does ; for I’m sure that you’ll plague him out of his life.” During this singular valedictory speech (delivered with such pleasantry that even the reprov’d could not take offence at it,) the gentleman who was of the party looked now at the speaker and then at the lady, with considerable emotion, but said nothing ; while she called up no small portion of lightning into a fine pair of dark eyes, and some transient flashes of it into her cheeks ; and then with her friends (who affably wished their candid *cicerone* a good morning) withdrew. Somewhat more than a year afterwards, on going the same round again, the doctor was particularly pleased with one lady of the party ; and that one being the prettiest, he contrived, according to his wonted custom (as a sailor would say) soon “ to near her.” Respectfully inquisitive respecting every object which time allowed her to notice, she asked a number of questions ; and most willingly

“ He taught his lovely fair one all he knew ;”

while, in the most engaging manner, she drew the attention of her friends to many curiosities which they would otherwise have passed by unobserved. In short, as good Bishop Rundle says, she “ being disposed to be pleased with everything, everything conspired to please her.” Nor was less pleased her worthy and benevolent guide ;

who, while she was contemplating the rare beauties of nature, was contemplating not only the charms of her person, but also those of her mind. At length, "the wonders ended," he was about to make his best bow, when the fascinating fair one, with an arch smile, (looking him askew in the face,) asked him whether he remembered her? "No, ma'am," said he, "but I shall not easily forget you." Then linking her arm in that of a gentleman who was of the party, she asked in the same engaging manner, whether he remembered him? To which he replied, "that he thought he did; but the gentleman looked better than when he saw him before."—"Now, sir," said she, "don't you recollect once, in this very room, giving a lady, who was pleased with nothing, and displeased with everything, a smart lecture for her caprice and ill-temper?"—"Yes, ma'am, I do."—"Well, sir, I am that lady; or, I should rather say, I was; for you have been the means, in the hands of Divine Providence, of making me a totally different being to what I then was; and I am now come to thank you for it. Your half-in-jest and half-in-earnest mode of reproof caused me to know myself; and was of far more use than all that had been done before in correcting a spoilt temper. After we had left you," continued she, "Good God! said I to myself, if I appear thus unamiable to a stranger, how must I appear to my friends; especially to those who are destined to live constantly with me! You asked me, sir, if I expected ever to get a husband: I then had one—this gentleman—who was present at your just reproof: and I dare say he will join with me in thanking you for giving it so frankly and successfully." The husband then cordially repeated his acknowledgments to him, for having been instrumental in contributing so largely to their mutual felicity—"a felicity," said he, "which (should anything lead you, sir, into the neighbourhood of ——) you will gratify extremely both myself and my wife, if you will call and witness." Then leaving his address, and he and his lady shaking Dr A. by the hand, they departed. Here, surely, was a heroic triumph over temper; and, as the wise king observes, "greater" does this sensible and candid woman seem "in ruling her spirit, than he that taketh a city."

THE CAVE OF DEATH.—In the early part of the French revolution, the prisons of Lyons were filled with thousands of unhappy victims. Seventy-two prisoners who were condemned were thrown into the Cave of Death on the 9th of December, there to wait the execution of their sentence. This could not be the next day, because it was the Decadi. One of the prisoners, of the name of Porral, only twenty-two years of age, of a bold and ardent spirit, profited of this interval to devise a plan of escape. His sisters having by means of a very large bribe, obtained access to this abode of horror, began to weep around him. "It is not now time to weep," said he, "it is the moment to arm ourselves with resolution and activity, and endeavour to find some way by which we can elude our menaced fate. Bring me files, a chisel, a turnscrew, and other instruments; bring wine in abundance; bring a poniard, that, if reduced to extremity, we may not perish without the means of defence. By this grate,

which looks into the *Rue Lafond*, you can give me these things ; I will be in waiting there the whole day to receive them.

The sisters retired, and in the course of the day, at different visits, brought a variety of tools, twelve fowls, and about sixty bottles of wine. Porral communicated his project to four others, bold and active like himself, and the whole business was arranged. The evening arrived ; a general supper was proposed—the last they should ever eat. The prisoners supped well, and exhorted each other to meet their fate the next morning with heroism. The wine was briskly circulated, till the company were laid fast asleep.

At eleven o'clock the associates began their labours ; one of them was placed as a sentinel near the door of the cave, armed with a poniard, ready to dispatch the turnkey, if at his visit, at two o'clock in the morning, he should appear to suspect anything ; the others, pulling off their coats, began to make their researches.

At the extremity of the second cave they found a huge door, and on this they began their operations. It was of oak and double-barred : by degrees the hinges gave way to the file, and the door was no longer held by them ; but still they could not force it open ; it was held by something on the other side. A hole was made in it with a chisel, and looking through they perceived it was tied by a very strong rope to a post at a distance. This was a terrible moment ! They endeavoured in vain to cut the rope with the chisel or file, but they could not reach it. A piece of wax candle, however, was procured, and being lighted and tied to the end of a stick, they thrust it through the hole in the door, and burnt the cord asunder. The door was then opened, and the adventurers proceeded forward.

They now found themselves in another vault, in the midst of which was a large slab of stone, which seemed laid there for some particular purpose. They struck upon it and found it was hollow. This gave them hopes that it was placed to cover the entrance of some subterraneous passage ; perhaps it might be one that led to the Rhone. They succeeded in removing the stone, and found to their inexpressible transport, that it was indeed a subterraneous passage, and doubted not that here they should find an issue. They then tied their handkerchiefs together, and one of them, named Labatre, taking hold of the end with one hand, and carrying a light in the other, descended to explore the place. Alas ! their hopes were in a moment blasted ; instead of finding any passage by which they could escape, he found this was an old well, dried up and heaped with rubbish. Labatre returned with a heavy heart : some other means must be sought.

A door at the extremity of the cave now appeared their only resource. On this they set to work with the same ardour, and succeeded in forcing it open. But this led only to another vault, which served as a depôt for confiscated effects and merchandise. Among other things was a large trunk full of shirts. They profited of this discovery, to make an exchange of linen ; and instead of the clean ones which they took, they left their own, which they had worn for many weeks. Two doors beside that at which they had entered, now offered themselves to their choice. They had begun to attack one ; but they had scarcely applied the file, when they were alarmed

by the barking of a dog behind. A general consternation seized the party; the work was stopped in an instant: perhaps the door led into the apartments of the gaoler. This idea recalled to their minds that it was now near two o'clock, the time of his visit. One of the party returned towards the Cave of Death, to see whether all was safe; and it was agreed to suspend their labours till his return. They had need of some moments of rest, and they took advantage of them, to fortify themselves for the rest of their work, by taking some wine.

When the scout returned, he said, that on his arrival at the Cave of Death, he shuddered with horror, to find the turnkey there already. The man, however, who had been left as sentinel, had engaged him to drink with him, and the scout joining the party, they plied him so well, that he at last reeled off without much examining the cave, and was in all probability laid fast asleep for the rest of the night. This was very consolatory news.

Quitting the door at which they heard the dog bark, they applied themselves to the other. They found here folding doors, one of which they opened, and found themselves in a long dark passage. At the end they perceived another door; but, listening, they heard voices: it in fact led to the guard-house, where several soldiers in the national uniform were assembled. This was indeed a terrible stroke. Had they then got so far, only to meet with a worse obstacle than any they had yet encountered? Must all their labours prove then at length fruitless?

One only resource now remained, and this was a door which they had passed on the side of the passage, and which they had not attempted, because they conceived it must lead to the great court of the Hotel de Ville, and they would rather have found some other exit; but

“ All desperate hazards courage do create,
As he plays frankly who has the least estate;
Presence of mind, and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success.”

In fact, having forced the door, it appeared they were not mistaken—that they were at the bottom of a staircase which led into the court. It was now half-past four o'clock; the morning was dark and cold, while rain and snow were falling in abundance. The associates embraced each other with transport, and were preparing to mount the staircase, when Porral cried out, “ What are you about? if we attempt to go out at present all is over with us. The gate is now shut, and if any one is perceived in the court, the alarm will instantly be given, and all will be discovered. After having had the courage to penetrate thus far, let us have resolution to wait a while. At eight o'clock the gate will be opened, and the passage through the court free. We can then steal out by degrees, and mingling with the numbers that are constantly passing and repassing, we can go away without being perceived. It is not till ten o'clock the prisoners are summoned to execution, between eight and ten there will be time enough for all of us to get away. We will return to the cave, and when the time of departure arrives, each of us five will inform two others of the means of escape offered. We shall then be fifteen, and going out three at a time, we shall pass unobserved. Let the last

three, as they set off, inform fifteen others, and thus in succession we may all escape." This plan appeared judicious and safe; it was unanimously agreed to; and the associates, returning to the cave, made choice of those who should first be informed of what they had done.

Montellier, a notary, and Baron de Chaffoy, to whom the means of escape were offered, refused to avail themselves of them; the former from a confidence of a pardon, as he had been mistaken for his brother; and the latter, although in the flower of his age, declared all his ties in the world were broken, and that life had nothing now to offer which could make him desirous of prolonging it. They were both guillotined the next morning.

The fate of the fifteen who fled was very dissimilar, and the escape of the rest was prevented by the imprudence of one of them. The last of the fifteen, who, on quitting the cave, was, according to the plan arranged, privately to apprize fifteen others, instead of doing so cried aloud, "the passage is open; let him that can, escape." This excited a great movement among the prisoners. They arose in an instant, doubting whether what they heard could be true, or whether he who uttered these words was not mad. The noise they made alarmed the sentinel without; he called to the turnkeys; they hastened immediately to the cave, perceived what had been done, and, closing up the door by which the prisoners had escaped, placed a strong guard before it. Nesple, who had excited this movement, was, with three others, taken and executed. Another of the fugitives took refuge in the house of a friend in an obscure street; but he was discovered, brought back, and guillotined.

It was not thus with Porral, the original author of the plan. He was the first that came forth from the cave. As he passed the sentinel in the court, he addressed him, "My good friend, it rains and snows very hard; were I in your place, I would not remain out of doors in such villanous weather, but would go to the fire in the guard-room." The sentinel thanked him, and, following his advice, the coast was left more clear for the prisoners. Porral took refuge in the house of one who was considered a good patriot, and escaped the observation of a party of the commissaries who entered the house. As soon as they were gone, he began to think of making his way out of the city as fast as possible. When he arrived at the Place Belle-Cour, he found parties of the gendarmerie dispersed everywhere. Porral went to a house, and, making known who he was, entreated an asylum. The inhabitants were women, timid to excess; but the desire of saving an innocent person rendered them courageous. They conducted him into a garret, and concealed him behind some planks standing up in a corner. The gens-d'armes arrived; they searched the house; they came into the garret where Porral was concealed. Here they found a large cask, the top of which was fastened down by a padlock. They asked for the key; the women went down stairs for it. While they were gone, one of the gens-d'armes leaned against the planks, while a second said, "Twould be droll enough if we were to find one of the fugitives in this cask." "More likely plate or money," said a third, "for it seems very heavy." The key at length arrived; the cask was unlocked, and was found to be full

of salt. The gens-d'armes swore at the disappointment, visited the roof of the house, and then retired. In the evening Porral, dressed in women's clothes, with a basket on his head and another under his arm, passed the bridge of La Guillotiere, and quitted the city.

Gabriel, another of the fugitives, concealed himself among the bushes in the marshes of the Trevaux Perrache, where he was nearly frozen to death, but he got away to a place of safety.

The young Couchoux, who was one of the five that had opened the way for his escape, made choice of his father, who was nearly eighty years of age, as one of the fifteen; but the poor old man's legs were swollen, and he was scarcely able to walk. "Fly, fly, my son!" said he, "if thou hast the opportunity; fly this instant! I command it as an act of duty; but it is impossible that I should fly with thee. I have lived long enough—my troubles will soon be finished; and death will be deprived of its sting, if I can know that thou art in safety." His son assured him that he would not quit the prison without him, and that his persisting in his refusal would only end in the destruction of both. The father, overcome by his dutiful affections, yielded, and supported by his son, made his way to the bottom of the staircase; but to ascend it was out of his power; he could just drag his legs along the ground, but to lift them up was impossible. His son, though low in stature, and not strong, took him up in his arms; the desire of saving his father gave him strength, and he carried him to the top of the stairs. His filial piety was rewarded, and both escaped.

DR RADCLIFFE.—The doctor was remarkable for a sudden thought in extraordinary cases; he was once sent for into the country to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsy; and the doctor soon perceived that no application, internal or external, would be of any service; upon which he desired the lady of the house to order the cook to make a large hasty-pudding; and when it was done, to let his own servant bring it up. While the cook was about it, he took his own man aside, and instructed him what he was to do. In a short time the man brought up the pudding in great order, and set it on the table, in full view of the patient. "Come, John," said he, "you love hasty-pudding, eat some along with me, for I believe you came out without your breakfast." Both began with their spoons, but John's spoon going twice to his master's once, the doctor took occasion to quarrel with him, and dabbed a spoonful of hot pudding in his face; John resented it, and threw another at his master. This, to appearance, put the doctor in a passion; and quitting his spoon, he took the pudding up by handfuls, and threw it at his man; who battled him again in the same manner, till they were both in a woful pickle. The patient, who had a full view of the skirmish, was so tickled at the fancy, that he burst into a fit of laughter, which broke the quinsy, and cured him. The doctor and his man were well rewarded.

DEAN SWIFT AND THE SHOEMAKER.—A shoemaker of Dublin had a longing desire to work for Dean Swift: he was recommended by Mr James Swift, the banker, and Mr Sican, a merchant. The dean

gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding, "When shall I have them?" "On Saturday next," said the shoemaker. "I hate disappointments," said the dean, "nor would I have you disappoint others; set your own time, and keep to it." "I thank your reverence," said Bamerick, for that was his name; "I desire no longer time than Saturday next, when you will be sure to have them without fail."

They parted, and the boots were finished to the time; but, through the hurry of business, Mr Bamerick forgot to carry them home till Monday evening. When the dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he said, "Mr Bamerick, you have answered the commendation of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was to have been at Sir Arthur Acheson's, in the county of Armagh, on this day." "Indeed, and indeed, sir," said Bamerick, "the boots were finished to the time, but I forgot to bring them home."

The dean gave him one of his stern looks; and after a pause, asked him whether he understood gardening as well as boot-making? Bamerick answered, "No, sir; but I have seen some very fine gardens in England." "Come," said the dean, in a good-humoured tone, "I will show you improvements I have made in the deanery garden."

They walked through the garden to the further end, when the dean started, as if recollecting something, "I must step in," said he, "stay here till I come back; then he ran out of the garden, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Bamerick walked about till it grew dark, and not seeing the dean, he at last ventured to follow him, but found the door locked; he knocked and called several times to no purpose; he perceived himself confined between high walls, the night dark and cold, in the month of March. However, he had not the least suspicion of his being intentionally confined.

The deanery servants went to bed at the usual hour, and the dean remained in his study till two o'clock in the morning. He then went into the hall, and drew the charge out of a blunderbuss and other fire-arms, then returned and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his servants. "Robert," said he, "I have been much disturbed with noise on the garden side; I fear some robbers have broke in; give me a lanthorn, and call up Saunders." Then the dean took the lanthorn, and staid by the arms until the men came. "Arm yourselves," said he, "and follow me." He led them into the garden, where the light soon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach the dean roared out, "There's the robber, shoot him, shoot him." Saunders presented, and Bamerick, terrified to death, fell on his knees and begged his life. The dean held the lanthorn up to the man's face, and gravely said, "Mercy on us! Mr Bamerick, how came you here?" "Lord, sir," said Bamerick, "don't you remember you left me here in the evening!" "Ah! friend," said the Dean, "I forgot it, as you did the boots;" then turning round to Robert, who was butler, he said, "Give the man some warm wine, and see him safe home."

SURPRISE.—The dangerous effects of surprise are well exemplified in Dumont's Narrative of his Return from Slavery at Algiers to France, after Lord Exmouth's expedition.

He was accompanied by a friend, and on their approach towards home they were attacked by thieves, who, he says, "robbed both Etienne and myself, not only of our money, but the two parcels containing our wearing apparel. Fortunately, on proceeding to the next village, the inhabitants took a little pity on us; and what with the assistance we received there, as well as in one or two other towns along the road, we managed to arrive at Lyons in tolerably good spirits.

"Having passed a part of the day in looking at the principal streets and buildings in the above city, Etienne conducted me to his parents, who kept an inn. He entered without making himself known, and ordered supper for two persons. On serving the soup and bouilli, Etienne called for a roast fowl; upon which his mother, examining us more attentively, observed, 'You are travellers, I perceive, and perhaps not aware that provisions are dear.' My companion, with his hat slouched, and turning his back to the old lady, replied, 'that is of no consequence to you, madam; give what is ordered, and we'll pay for it.' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' rejoined his mother, 'I am wrong; but I did not exactly know the state of your purse.' This short dialogue was followed by the fowl being brought in.

"We continued to eat very slowly, in order to wait for the night's closing in, when Etienne asked whether we could have beds? 'No,' answered the mother, 'all my beds are occupied.' 'And this young lady,' replied he, pointing to his sister who served at table, 'has she got a bed?' 'How! if my children have not beds, who is to have them?' 'Then am I not your son?' exclaimed Etienne, raising his voice, and discovering his countenance. At these words, and this movement of the stranger, the poor woman seemed to feel a violent oppression, turned pale, and fell senseless on the floor; the daughter instantly ran to inform her father, who was in the next coffee-house.

"Etienne flew to the assistance of his poor mother; the servants cried aloud, and I could not help weeping with them. The father came in soon after; but Madame Etienne was no more! Her daughter took the event so much to heart, that she immediately retired to bed, and never left it again, having died after an illness of two days. The father, distracted by this double loss, sustained by the recovery of his son, could not support it, and only survived eight days!

"Finally, Etienne, the cause of this sad tragedy, was seized with a raging fever, for his health had never been properly restored, and followed the fate of his parents in a week after the death of his father. I saw them all perish, and never left the bed of my comrade, who received all the attentions I could bestow, and even died in my arms. This was one of the most dreadful trials that had overtaken me in life. What a picture for one who was on the point of looking after his own family, after an absence of more than thirty-seven years! I had also formed the plan of taking them by

surprise, before this catastrophe occurred, and sending a letter in which my adventures were to be given under a feigned name ; but I was soon cured of this whim by the frightful calamity that befell the unfortunatè family of Etienne."

CAPTURE OF A SHARK.—A large shark having approached somewhat near the stern of the ship, the deep sea lead-line was brought aft, and a regular shark-hook fastened to it. This hook was about a foot or fifteen inches in length, and from the barb to the opposite stem it might be about five or six inches across ; a strong chain being attached to the hook, about two feet in length, to prevent the fish when taking the bait from biting the line in two. On this hook was fixed a piece of pork, weighing from three to four pounds, which was lowered overboard, and suffered to drift from the ship ; great care having been taken to coil the line so as to be free for running when the fish should seize the bait. A very few minutes had elapsed before that beautiful and devoted little creature, the pilot fish, approached the pork, swam round and round it several times, appeared both above and below it, seeming to examine it with great attention, then darting off, rejoined its mighty companion, who had remained stationary about one hundred yards astern. No sooner did the pilot fish rejoin the shark, than the stately monster rapidly advanced, and turning partly on his back, struck at and received the bait within his ponderous jaws, making off with the most astonishing rapidity to a considerable distance, then stopping and resting quietly on the top of the water. This was the moment to secure him ; first gathering in the slack line, the shark was hooked by a violent jerk ; the difficult part now was to play and weaken so powerful an antagonist, and bring him safe on board. This was managed by three or four men gradually drawing on the line, and bringing the fish by degrees nearer the ship ; but not easily effected, as their strength was no match for that of the monster when it was exerted, and several times they were under the necessity of slackening the line, for fear the shark should snap it. At length, with great caution, the fish was brought so near as to enable one of the officers to fire his rifle with effect ; the ball perforated the back of the neck of the shark ; the line was immediately let go ; and it was quite necessary to do so, as the monster darted away with the rapidity of lightning, striking the water with his enormous tail until it foamed. This manœuvre was repeated ; the fish becoming weak, offered less resistance. Three men being now ready with muskets, fired together ; the balls lodged in the head. The shark was for a short time stunned, and remained motionless on the water ; no time was lost in passing a running bowline knot over the standing part of the line, which was slipped over and drawn firmly round the shark's head ; this enabled the crew to drag their prey on deck from the water by main force. The faithful pilot fish had never deserted his companion, but kept swimming about him, exhibiting the greatest uneasiness throughout the struggle, and appeared to be endeavouring to join him even in this extremity ; but when the huge form was hauled over the stern of the ship, then, and not until then, did the beautiful little faithful fish abandon his gigantic friend, and seek refuge in the deep. Some of

our people thought the shark was dead, but they had speedy proof to the contrary whilst undergoing their examination, for he struck right and left with his tail indiscriminately, and soon made a clear deck, and had it all to himself, until the carpenter's mate dealt him such a severe blow with an axe upon the joint, that he was rendered powerless: a few blows on the head from the same instrument dispatched him. Although sailors in general are certainly not skilful anatomists, they commenced speedily to open their voracious captive, and took from the stomach part of the head of a horse, a sheep-skin, and a quantity of flannel. Where such a meal had been procured it is difficult even to suppose, but I am certain we were glad to heave all overboard, and the remains of the shark after it; for of all the compounds of villanous smells ever inhaled, I think that was the worst. The extreme length of this spectre of the deep was fourteen feet, as measured after death.

SCOTTISH PERSEVERANCE.—A person in the west of Scotland, who had engaged in the manufacture of a certain description of goods, then recently introduced into that part of the country, found it necessary, or conjectured it might be profitable, to establish a permanent connexion with some respectable mercantile house in London. With this design he packed up a quantity of goods, equipped himself for the journey, and departed. Upon his arrival, he made diligent inquiry as to those who were likely to prove his best customers; and, accordingly, proceeded to call upon one of the most opulent drapers, with whom he resolved to establish a regular correspondence. When Saunders entered the draper's shop, he found it crowded with purchasers, and the clerks all bustling busily at the back of the counter, handing out their several wares to their respective customers. Saunders waited, what he thought, a reasonable length of time, then laid down his pack, his bonnet, and staff, upon the counter, and inquired, in his broad Scotch dialect, for "the head o' the house." One of the clerks asked what he wanted. The Scotchman's answer was, as usual, a question:—"Want ye ought in my line, sir?"—"No," was the prompt reply of the person interrogated, who accompanied his monosyllabic negative with a look of contempt for the mean appearance of the itinerant Scotch merchant. "Will ye no tak a look o' the gudes, sir?" was Saunders's next query. "No, not at all; I have not time," replied the clerk; "take them away—take them away."—"Ye'll aiblins [perhaps] find them worth your while; and I doubtna but ye'll buy," said Saunders, as he coolly proceeded to untie and unstrip his burden. "Go away, go away," was reiterated half a dozen times with great impatience, but the persevering Scotchman still persisted. "Get along, you old Scotch fool," cried the clerk, completely out of temper, as he pushed the already exposed contents of the pack off the counter—"get along." Saunders looked up in the individual's face with a wide mouth and an enlarged pair of eyes, then looked down to his estate that lay scattered among his feet; looked up again, and exclaimed, "and wull ye no really buy ought; but ye dinna ken; ye ha'ena seen the gudes yet;" and so saying, he slowly gathered them up, and replaced them on the counter. "Get out of the shop, sir," was

the peremptory and angry command that followed his last appeal. Saunders, with great gravity and self-possession, said, "are ye in earnest, frien'?"—"Yes, certainly," was the reply; and that reply was succeeded by an unequivocal proof of sincerity on the part of the person who made it, when he picked up Saunders's bonnet, and whirled it out into the street. The cool Scotchman stalked deliberately and gravely in quest of his Stewarton "head gear." After giving it two or three hearty slaps upon the wall without the door, he re-entered very composedly, wringing the moisture out of it, looked over to the person who had served him so, and said, with a genuine Scotch smile, "Yon was but an ill-faured turn, man; ye'll surely tak a look o' the gudes noo." The master draper himself, who was standing all the while in the shop, admiring the patience and perseverance of the old man, and feeling a little compunction for the unceremonious manner in which he had been treated, examined the contents of the pack, found them to be articles he stood in need of, purchased them, ordered an additional regular supply, and thus laid the foundation of an opulent mercantile house that has now flourished for some generations.

THE CONJUGATING DUTCHMAN.—Two English gentlemen once stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, where they observed a tall, odd-looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking around him with the most stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived in Paris. At this the grave looking person above-mentioned opened his mouth, and spoke:—"I arrive, thou arrivest, he arrives, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive." The Englishman, whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger, and asked, "Did you mean to insult me, sir?"—"I speak," replied the stranger, "thou speakest, he speaks, we speak, you speak, they speak."—"How is this," said the Englishman, "do you mean to insult me?" The other replied, "I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult."—"This is too much," said the Englishman, "I will have satisfaction: if you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me." To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied, "I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come;" and hereupon he rose with great coolness, and followed the challenger. In those days, when every gentleman wore a sword, duels were quickly dispatched. They went into a neighbouring alley; and the Englishman, unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist, "Now, sir, you must fight me."—"I fight," replied the other, drawing his sword, "thou fightest, he fights, we fight"—here he made a thrust—"you fight, they fight," and here he disarmed his adversary. "Well," said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied."—"I am satisfied," said the original, sheathing his sword, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied, we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied."—"I am glad that every one is satisfied," said the Englishman, "but pray leave off quizzing me in this strange manner, and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing

so." The grave gentleman now, for the first time, became intelligible. "I am a Dutchman," said he, "and am learning your language; I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do. I don't like to have my plans broken in upon while they are in operation, or I should have told you this before." The Englishman laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them. "I will dine," said he, "thou wilt dine, he will dine, we will dine, they will dine—we will all dine together." This they accordingly did; and it was difficult to say whether the Dutchman ate or conjugated with most perseverance.

WHALE CHASE.—A Scottish journal, *Caledonian Mercury*, describes the following animated scene, which took place off the town of Stornoway, in the island of Lewis. An immense shoal of whales was, early in the morning, chased to the mouth of the harbour by two fishing boats, which had met them in the offing.

"The circumstance was immediately descried from the shore, and a host of boats, amounting to thirty or forty, and armed with every species of weapon, set off to join the others in pursuit. The chase soon became one of bustle and anxiety on the part both of man and fish. The boats arranged themselves in the form of a crescent, in the fold of which the whales were collected, and where they had to encounter incessant showers of stones, splashing of oars, with frequent gashes from a harpoon or spear, while the din created by the shouts of the boats' crews and the multitude on shore, was tremendous. On more than on one occasion, however, the floating phalanx was broken, and it required the greatest activity and tact ere the breach could be repaired, and possession of the fugitives regained. The shore was neared by degrees, the boats advancing and retreating by turns, till at length they succeeded in driving the captive monsters on a beach opposite to the town, and within a few yards of it. The gambols of the whales were now highly diverting, and, except when a fish became unmanageable and enraged while the harpoon was fixed, or the noose of a rope pulled tight round its tail, they were not at all dangerous to be approached. In the course of a few hours the capture was complete, the shore was strewed with their dead carcasses, while the sea presented a bloody and troubled aspect, giving evident proofs that it was with no small effort they were subdued. For fear of contagion, the whole fish, amounting to ninety-eight, some of them very large, were immediately towed to a spot distant from the town, where they were sold by public roup, the proceeds to be divided among the captors. An annual visit is generally paid by the whales to the Lewis coast, and besides being profitable when caught, they generally furnish a source of considerable amusement. On the present occasion the whole inhabitants of the place, male and female, repaired to the beach, opposite to the scene of slaughter, where they evidently were delighted spectators, and occasionally gave assistance. A young sailor received a stroke from the tail of one of the largest fish, which nearly killed him.

HONEST TAR.—John Barth, the Dunkirk fisherman, rose by his courage and naval skill to the rank of commodore of a squadron in the navy of France. When he was ennobled by Louis XIV., the king said to him, “John Barth, I have made you a commodore.” John replied, “You have done right.”

THE JEW OF WILNA.—In the advance of the French against Russia, a colonel, strolling in the suburbs of Wilna, heard cries of distress from a house, and entering to ascertain the cause, he found four soldiers engaged in plundering and ill-treating an aged Jew and a young girl. The marauders, not being willing to relinquish their prey, proceeded to blows; but the colonel, who was an excellent swordsman, laid two of the assailants dead on the spot, and drove the other two from the house severely wounded; he himself received slight wounds, and a ball grazed his cheek. On the return of the remnant of the French army, oppressed with fatigue, want, and disease, the worn-out soldier, in rags, sought the dwelling of the Jew, and with difficulty was recognised, so completely changed was his appearance. The Jew completely furnished his wardrobe, and contrived to send him through the hostile armies to France. At the peace, the colonel was obliged to retire on a miserable pittance, which an aged mother and sister shared. He had forgotten the Jew of Wilna, when one evening, in the spring of 1816, a man called at his humble abode in the suburbs of Paris, and having satisfied himself as to his identity, placed in his hands a packet, and vanished. On opening it, the colonel found bills, on a banker in Paris, to the amount of £5000, with the following note:—“He whose daughter you preserved from the most brutal treatment, whose life you saved, and whose house you protected from plunder at the risk of your existence, sends you an offering of his gratitude: the only return he requires is, if ever you hear the Jews contemned, you will say that one of that race knew how to be grateful.” The old Jew died at Vienna; his daughter, the heiress of his immense wealth, the largest portion of which was in the French funds, visited Paris; it was natural she should seek the brave man who had preserved her from the worst of fates, and with no common emotions he found the young girl he had preserved now a blooming and beautiful woman, and grateful as she was engaging. He became a lover, and she consented to be a wife. With her hand he received more than £100,000.

DAFT SANDY MILLER.—Formerly, in Alloa House, there was a strange half-witted servant, of the name of Sandy Miller, whose principal business it was to attend to the coal bunkers or receptacles, of which there was one in every flat of that large mansion, for the supply of the fires. Sandy was sometimes negligent, so that the bunkers ran empty before he observed; and on such occasions he generally received such a dreadful scold, either from his master, or from the other servants, that his life for the time was miserable. At length, Sandy was one day suddenly taken ill, and given up for lost, when a clergyman was sent for to administer to him the spiritual offices proper to a death-bed. Poor Sandy listened very attentively to what was said by the minister; and after prayers were over, men-

tioned, with a self-satisfied sigh, that there was *one thing in particular* which gave him great consolation in this his dying hour. "What may that be, Sandy?" said the clergyman. "Oh, sir," answered the dying man, "*a' the bunkers are filled!*"

ANGLING ANECDOTE.—In 1822, two young gentlemen of Dumfries, while enjoying the amusement of fishing at Dalswinton loch, having expended their stock of worms, &c., had recourse to the well-known expedient of picking out the eyes of the dead perches, and attaching them to their hooks—a bait at which the perch is known to rise at quite as readily as any other. One of the perches caught in this manner struggled so much when taken out of the water, that the unseen, though not unfelt, hook had no sooner been loosened from its mouth, than it came in contact with one of its eyes, and actually tore it out. The pain occasioned by this accident only made the fish to struggle the harder, until at last it fairly slipped through the holder's fingers, and again escaped to its native element. The disappointed fisher, still retaining the eye of the aquatic fugitive, adjusted it on the hook, and again committed his line and cork to the waters. After a short interval, the latter substance began to bob, when, pulling up the line, he was astonished to find the identical perch that had eluded his grasp a few minutes before, and which literally perished in *swallowing its own eye!*

GUTTING THE FISH.—One evening a red-headed Connaught swell, of no small aristocratic pretensions in his own eyes, sent his servant, whom he had just imported from the long-horned kingdom, in all the rough majesty of a creature fresh from the "wilds," to purchase a hundred of oysters on the city quay. Paddy staid so long away, that Squire Trigger got quite impatient and unhappy lest his "body man" might have slipt into the Liffey. However, to his infinite relief, Paddy soon made his appearance, puffing and blowing like a disabled bellows, but carrying his load seemingly in great triumph. "Well, Pat," cried the master, "what the devil has kept you so long?"—"Long! a thin, may be it's what you'd have me to come home with half my *arrant?*" says Pat. "Half the oysters?" says the master. "No; but too much of the *fish,*" says Pat. "What fish," says he. "The oysters, to be sure," says Pat. "What do you mean, blockhead?" says he. "I mean," says Pat, "that there was no use with loading myself with more nor was useful."—"Will you explain yourself?" says he. "I will," says Pat, laying down his load. "Well, then, you see, please your honour, as I was coming home along the quay, mighty peaceable, who should I meet but Shammus Maginnis: 'Good morrow, Shamien,' sis I. 'Good morrow kindly, Paudeen,' sis he; 'what is it you have in the sack?' sis he. 'A *cwt.* of oysters,' sis I. 'Let us look at them,' sis he. 'I will, and welcome,' sis I. 'Orah! thunder and pratees!' sis he, openin' the sack an' examinin' them, 'who *sowld* you these.'—"One Tom Kinahan that keeps a small ship there below,' sis I. 'Musha then, bad luck to that same Tom that *sowld* the likes to you,' sis he. 'Arrah, why, avic?' sis I. 'To make a *Bolshour* ov you and give thim to you without gutting thim,' sis he. 'An arn't they gutted,

Jim, aroon,' sis I. 'Oh! bad luck to the one o' them,' sis he. 'Musha, then,' sis I, 'what the dhoul will I do at all at all, for the master will be mad.'—'Do,' sis he, 'why, I'd rather do the thing mysel' nor you should lose your place,' sis he: so wid that he begins to gut them wid his knife, *nate* and *clain*, and afereed ov dirtying the flags, begor, he swallowed the guts himself, from beginin to ind, tal he had thim as dacent as you see thim here," dashing down at his master's feet his bag of oyster shells, to the no small amazement of the Connaught worthy, as you may suppose.

THE PYRAMID OF BAYONETS.—The officers, as well as sub-officers, of the Russian horse-guards, are subjected to the most rigorous discipline, and are required to execute, on horseback, all the manœuvres of a theatrical equestrian.

One day an officer of the Lancer guard was going through his exercise before the Grand Duke. He had performed all the usual evolutions in the most satisfactory way, until, when at full gallop, he was suddenly ordered to turn,—his horse proved restive, and refused to obey either bridle or spur.

The command was repeated in a thundering voice, and the officer renewed his efforts to make the horse obey it, but without effect, for the fiery animal continued to prance about in defiance of his rider, who was nevertheless an excellent horseman.

The rage of the Grand Duke had vented itself in furious imprecations, and all present trembled for the consequences. "Halt!" he exclaimed, and ordered a pyramid of twelve muskets with fixed bayonets to be erected. The order was instantly obeyed.

The officer, who had by this time subdued the restiveness of his horse, was ordered to leap the pyramid—and the spirited animal bore his rider safely over it.

Without an interval of delay, the officer was commanded to repeat the fearful leap, and to the amazement of all present, the noble horse and his brave rider stood in safety on the other side of the pyramid.

The Grand Duke, exasperated at finding himself thus thwarted in his barbarous purpose, repeated the order a third time. A general, who happened to be present, now stepped forward and interceded for the pardon of the officer, observing, that the horse was exhausted, and that the enforcement of the order would be to doom both horse and rider to a horrible death.

This humane remonstrance was not only disregarded, but was punished with the immediate arrest of the general who had thus presumed to rebel.

The word of command was given, and horse and rider for the third time cleared the glittering bayonets.

Rendered furious by these repeated disappointments, the Grand Duke exclaimed for the fourth time, "To the left about!—Forward!" The command was obeyed, and for the fourth time the horse leapt the pyramid, and then, with his rider, dropped down exhausted. The officer extricated himself from the saddle, and rose unhurt, but the horse had both his fore legs broken.

The countenance of the officer was deadly pale, his eyes started wildly, and his knees shook under him.

A deadly silence prevailed as he advanced to the Grand Duke, and laying his sword at his highness's feet, he thanked him in a faltering voice for the honour he had enjoyed in the Emperor's service.

"I take back your sword," said the Grand Duke, gloomily, "and are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this undutiful conduct towards me?"

The officer was sent to the guard-house. He subsequently disappeared, and no trace of him could be discovered.

This scene took place at St Petersburg, and the facts are proved by the evidence of credible eye-witnesses.

MOSQUITOES.—The following amusing account of the annoyance suffered in hot climates by mosquitoes at night, while in bed, is from the third series of Captain Basil Hall's entertaining "Fragments." As the curtains are carefully tucked in close under the mattress all round, you must decide at what part of the bed you choose to make your entry. Having surveyed the ground, and clearly made up your mind on this point, you take in your right hand a kind of brush or switch, generally made of a horse's tail; or, if you be tolerably expert, a towel may answer the purpose. With your left hand you then seize that part of the skirt of the curtain which is thrust under the bedding at the place you intend to enter, and by the light of the cocoa nut oil lamp, which burns on the floor of every bedroom in Hindoostan, you first drive away the mosquitoes from your immediate neighbourhood, by whisking round your horse tail; and before proceeding further, you must be sure that you have effectually driven the enemy back. If you fail in this manner, your repose is effectually dashed for that night; for these confounded animals—it is really difficult to keep from swearing even at the recollection of the villains, though at the distance of ten thousand miles from them—these well-cursed animals, then, appear to know perfectly well what is going to happen, and assemble with the vigour and bravery of flank companies appointed to head a storming party, ready in one instant to rush into the breach, careless alike of horse tails and towels. Let it be supposed, however, that you have succeeded in beating back your enemy. You next promptly form an opening not a hair's breadth larger than your own person, into which you leap, like Harlequin through a hoop, or, to use Jack's phrase, "as if the devil kicked you on end!" Of course, with all the speed of intense fear, you close up the gap through which you have shot yourself into your sleeping quarters. If all these arrangements have been well managed, you may amuse yourself for a while by scoffing at, and triumphing over, the clouds of baffled mosquitoes outside, who dash themselves against the meshes of the net in vain attempts to enter your sanctum. If, however, for your sins, any one of their number has succeeded in entering the place along with yourself, he is not such an ass as to betray his presence while you are flushed with victory, wide awake, and armed with the means of his destruction. Far from this, the scoundrel allows you to chuckle over your fancied great doings, and to lie down with all the complacency and fallacious security of your conquest, and under the entire assurance of enjoying a tranquil night's rest. Alas for such presumptuous hopes! Scarcely

have you dropped gradually from these visions of the day to the yet more blessed visions of the night, and the last faint pressure of your eyelids has been quite overcome by the gentle pressure of sleep, when, in deceitful slumber, you hear something like the sound of trumpets. Straightway your imagination is kindled, and you fancy yourself in the midst of a fierce fight, and struggling, not against petty insects, but against armed men and thundering cannon! In the excitement of the mortal conflict of your dream, you awake, not displeased, mayhap, to find that you are safe and snug in bed. But, in the next instant, what is your dismay when you are again saluted by the odious notes of a mosquito close to your ear! The perilous fight of the previous dream, in which your honour had become pledged, and your life at hazard, is all forgotten in the pressing reality of this waking calamity. You resolve to do or die, and not to sleep, or even attempt to sleep, till you have overcome the enemy. Just as you have made this manly resolve, and, in order to deceive the foe, have pretended to be fast asleep, the wary mosquito is again heard circling over you at a distance, but gradually coming nearer and nearer, in a spiral descent, and at each turn gaining upon you one inch, till at length he almost touches your ear, and, as you suppose, is just about to settle upon it. With a sudden jerk, and full of wrath, you bring up your hand, and give yourself such a box on the ear as would have staggered the best friend you have in the world, and might have crushed twenty thousand mosquitoes, had they been there congregated. Being convinced that you have now done for him, you must mutter between your teeth one of those satisfactory little apologies for an oath which indicate gratified revenge, and down you lie again. In less than ten seconds, however, the very same felon whom you fondly hoped you had executed, is again within hail of you, and you can almost fancy there is scorn in the tone of his abominable hum. You of course watch his motions still more intently than before, but only by the ear, for you can never see him. We shall suppose that you fancy that he is aiming at your left hand: indeed, as you are almost sure of it, you wait till he has ceased his song, and then you give yourself another smack, which, I need not say, proves quite as harmless as the first. About this stage of the action, you discover to your horror, that you have been soundly bit in one ear and in both heels, but when or how you cannot tell. These wounds, of course, put you into a fine rage, partly from the pain, and partly from the insidious manner in which they have been inflicted. Up you spring on your knees—not to pray, Heaven knows! but to fight. You seize your horse's tail with spiteful rage, and after whisking it round and round, and cracking it in every corner of the bed, you feel pretty certain that you must at last have demolished your friend. In this unequal warfare you pass the live-long night, alternately scratching and cuffing yourself—fretting and fuming to no purpose—feverish, angry, sleepy, provoked, and wounded in twenty different places. At last, just as the long-expected day begins to dawn, you drop off quite exhausted into an unsatisfactory heavy slumber, during which your triumphant enemy banquets on your carcass at his convenient leisure. As the sun is rising, the barber enters the room to remove your beard before you step into

the bath, and you awaken only to discover the bloated and satiated monster clinging to the top of your bed, an easy but useless and inglorious prey.

WHIMSICAL HORSE.—There is a very fine horse in the possession of Sir Henry Meux and Co., the eminent brewers, which is used as a dray-horse, but is so tractable, that he is left sometimes without any restraint to walk about the yard, and return to the stable, according to his fancy. In the yard there are also a few pigs of a peculiar breed, which are fed on grains and corn, and to these pigs the horse has evidently an insuperable objection, which is illustrated by the following fact:—There is a deep trough in the yard, holding water for the horses, to which this horse goes alone with his mouth full of corn, which he saves from his supply. When he reaches the trough, he lets the corn fall near it on the ground, and when the young swine approach to eat it, (for the old ones keep aloof), he suddenly seizes one of them by the tail, pops him into the trough, and then capers about the yard, seemingly delighted with the frolic. The noise of the pig soon brings the men to his assistance, who know, from experience, what is the matter, while the horse indulges in all sorts of antics, by way of horse-laugh, and then returns quietly to the stable.

SULLIVAN THE WHISPERER.—James Sullivan, who possessed the art of training the most furious horse, by being permitted to be alone with him for a short space of time, is thus recorded in the “Survey of the County of Cork,” by Townsend, who justly remarks, that although the following facts appear almost incredible, yet they are nevertheless true, as he was an eye-witness to them.—“James Sullivan was a native of the county of Cork, and an awkward ignorant rustic of the lowest class, generally known by the appellation of the *Whisperer*, and his profession was horse-breaking. The credulity of the vulgar bestowed that epithet upon him, from an opinion that he communicated his wishes to the animal by means of a whisper; and the singularity of his method gave some colour to the superstitious belief. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, was more justly claimed by James Sullivan, than Cæsar, or even Bonaparte himself. How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likely to remain for ever unknown, as he has lately left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same occupation, possesses but a small portion of the art, having either never learned its true secret, or being incapable of putting it into practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the short time requisite to accomplish his design, which was performed in private, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether previously broke, or unhandled, whatever their peculiar vices or ill habits might have been, submitted, without show of resistance, to the magical influence of his art, and, in the short space of half an hour, became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. Though more submissive to him than to others, yet they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before. When sent for to tame a vicious horse, he directed the stable in which he and the object of

his experiment were placed, to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal given. After a *tete-a-tete* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made ; and, upon opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy-dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. Some saw his skill tried on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop horse, and it was supposed, not without reason, that after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal seemed afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases, this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which, I believe, a great part of his art consisted ; though the circumstance of the *tete-a-tete* shows that, upon particular occasions, something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would, in other hands, have made a fortune, and great offers have been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad ; but hunting, and attachment to his native soil, were his ruling passions. He lived at home, in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Dunhallow and the fox-hounds."

IRISHMAN'S NOTION OF DISCOUNT.—It chanced one gloomy day, in the month of December, that a good-humoured Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, though not an unusual date ; and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run, "That's true," replied the Irishman, "but then, my honey, you don't consider how short the days are at this time of the year."

THE NECESSITY OF BEING VERY PARTICULAR.—In the schedule appended to the "Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates," containing a "list of such things as are by this act required to be provided for the decent performance of divine service in parish churches and chapels," we have the following item :—"A bell with bell-rope !" It may strike some persons as rather singular, that a "bell-rope" should have been mentioned, it being pretty well understood that a bell cannot be rung *without* a rope : but the necessity of being "very particular" in all cases of this and a similar nature, is clearly proved by the looseness with which an act was framed by the Irish parliament, and the manner in which it was evaded. During an insurrection in Ireland, the Irish collective wisdom passed an act rendering it compulsory on the proprietor of every house in Dublin to affix a lamp on the outside of his door, or be subject to a heavy penalty for not doing so. As soon as the act came into operation,

Dublin, with the exception of one street, "flared up" in right good style. The inhabitants of this "place of darkness" were, therefore, quickly summoned before the proper authorities to be punished for their "gloomy determination." The first case, however, which was called on decided the rest. Magistrate—"Pray, Mr Sullivan, what have you to say why you should not pay a fine of five pounds for not placing a lamp over your door, according to the act of parliament in that case made and provided?" Defendant—"I *have* conformed to the terms of the act, which states that the inhabitant of every house shall place a lamp over his door—which I have done—but the devil of a word does the act say about *lighting* it!" The case was immediately dismissed, and on that very evening the clause was amended in the Milesian parliament. So much for the Irish legislation. Our readers must therefore see the necessity for introducing the *rope*.

A BULL.—An Irish gentleman going to the post-office, inquired if there were any letters for him? "Your name, sir," said the clerk. "There is a good one, now," said the Hibernian, "why, wont you see it on the back of the letter?"

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—In one of the western departments of France, a man of the name of Le Fort, accused of conspiring against the republic, was seized and committed to prison. His wife, trembling for his fate, used every means that courage and affection could inspire to restore him to liberty, but without success. She then bought, with a sum of money, permission to pay him a single visit in his prison. At the appointed hour she appeared before her husband, clothed in two suits of her own apparel. With the prudence of not allowing herself, at so critical a juncture, to give or receive useless demonstrations of tenderness, she hastily took off her upper suit of attire, prevailed upon her husband to put them on and to quit the prison, leaving her in his place. The disguise succeeded to her wish—La Fort escaped, and the stratagem was not discovered till the succeeding day. "Unhappy wretch!" cried one of the enraged committee, "what have you done?"—"My duty," she replied, "do yours."

TWICE STOLEN PROPERTY.—A young Englishman whilst at Naples was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend, "There," said he, "that person in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?"—"Take care," said the other, "that man is of the first quality."—"I do not care for his quality," said the Englishman, "I must have my snuff-box again, I'll go and ask him for it."—"Pray," said his friend, "be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and as he entered, "There," said he, "I have brought you your snuff-box."—"Well,

how did you obtain it?"—"Why," said the Neapolitan nobleman, "I did not wish to make any noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket of it."

BARBER'S BROTH.—An Irish paper gives a droll story of the spouse of a barber, while engaged in the cooking of a pot of sheep's-head broth, being seduced from her duty by two gossips, who knowing the good-wife's taste for liquor, proposed a dram. She volunteered to go for it, and on her departure, her two guests emptied the pot of the sheep's-head, and, with a remorseless appetite, proceeded to devour it. After having satisfied their hunger, they bethought themselves how they might conceal their depredation, and seeing one of the barber's blocks, seized upon it, and plunged it into the pot. The barber's rib returned with her precious commodity, and the "water of life" was speedily discussed by the trio. The two visitors then took their departure before the barber came home from sermon; he, worthy soul, arrived as hungry as a hawk, and rubbing his hands with glee at the thoughts of the good dinner that awaited him, took a fork to examine what state the head was in; failing to fix his weapon in it at the first plunge, he repeated his stroke with more energy, but with similar success; not a little astounded at this phenomenon, our man of suds made a desperate effort, and succeeded in fixing the fork. But who can depict the wonder and astonishment of our shaver, when, instead of his favourite sheep's-head, one of his own blocks met his view! Rubbing his *specks*, and scarcely believing his eyes, he gazed at the block, almost petrified at the metamorphosis, and then, in a paroxysm of rage, flung the block at his wife's head with such full intent, that had her skull not been of a comfortable thickness, it would have proved fatal.

PORTUGUESE ROBINSON CRUSOE DIEGO ALVAREZ.—He was wrecked upon the shoals on the north of the bar of Bahia. Part of the crew were lost; others escaped this death to suffer one more dreadful; the natives seized and ate them. Diego saw there was no other chance of saving his life than by making himself as useful as possible to these cannibals. He therefore exerted himself in recovering things from the wreck, and by these exertions succeeded in conciliating their favour. Among other things, he was fortunate to get on shore some barrels of gunpowder, and a musket, which he put in order at his first leisure, after his masters were returned to their village; and one day, when the opportunity was favourable, brought down a bird before them. The women and children shouted *Caramuru! caramuru!* which signified "a man of fire!" and they cried out that he would destroy them; but he gave the men to understand, whose astonishment had less of fear mixed with it, that he would go with them to war, and kill their enemies. *Caramuru* was the name which from thenceforth he was known by. They marched against the *Tapuyas*; the fame of this dreadful engine went before them, and the enemy fled. From a slave *Caramuru* became a sovereign. The chiefs of the savages thought themselves happy if he would accept their daughters to be his wives. He fixed his abode upon the spot where *Villa Velha* was afterwards erected, and soon saw as numerous a progeny as an

old patriarch's rising round him. The best families in Bahia trace their origin to him.

THREE WONDERS OF WOMEN.—The daughter of a respectable gentleman, aged twenty, and possessed of no small share of personal attraction, said the other day, "She wondered why she had not got married." This puts one in mind of the three wonders of beautiful women. First, at fifteen they wonder who they shall take; second, at twenty-five they wonder why they are not taken; and, third, at thirty-five they wonder who they can find that will take them.

FRUITS OF INDUSTRY.—Franklin, the greatest philosopher and statesman of America, was once a printer's boy. Simpson, the Scotch mathematician, and author of many learned works, was at first a poor weaver. Herschel, one of the most eminent astronomers, rose from the low station of a fifer boy in the army. These examples show us the happy effects of assiduity and perseverance.

SUPERSTITION OF SAILORS.—The following is from Messrs Bennet and Tyerman's *Voyages and Travels*:—"Our chief mate said, that on board a ship where he had served, the mate on duty ordered some of the youths to reef the main-top-sail. When the first got up, he heard a strange voice saying—'It blows hard.' The lad waited for no more, he was down in a trice, and, telling his adventure, a second immediately ascended, laughing at the folly of his companion, but returned even more quickly, declaring that he was quite sure that a voice, not of this world, had cried in his ear—'It blows hard.' Another went, and another, but each came back with the same tale. At length the mate, having sent up the whole watch, ran up the shrouds himself; and when he reached the haunted spot, heard the dreadful words distinctly uttered in his ears—'It blows hard.'—'Ay, ay, old one; but blow it ever so hard, we must ease the earings for all that,' replied the mate undauntedly; and, looking round, he spied a fine parrot perched on one of the clues—the thoughtless author of all the false alarms, which had probably escaped from some other vessel, but had not been discovered to have taken refuge on this. Another of our officers mentioned, that on one of his voyages, he remembered a boy having been sent up to clear a rope which had got foul above the mizen-top. Presently, however, he came back, trembling, and almost tumbling to the bottom, declaring that he had seen 'Old Davy' aft the cross-trees. Moreover, that the Evil One had a huge head and face, with pricked ears, and eyes as bright as fire. Two or three others were sent up in succession; to all of whom the apparition glared forth, and was identified by each to be 'Old Davy,' sure enough. The mate, in a rage, at length mounted himself, when resolutely, as in the former case, searching for the bugbear, he soon ascertained the innocent cause of so much terror to be a large horned owl, so lodged as to be out of sight to those who ascended on the other side of the vessel, but which when any one approached the cross-trees, popped up his portentous visage to see what was coming. The mate brought him down in triumph, and 'Old Davy,' the owl, became a very peaceable shipmate among the crew, who

were no longer scared by his horns and eyes ; for sailors turn their backs on nothing when they know what it is. Had the birds, in these two instances, departed as they came, of course they would have been deemed supernatural visitants to the respective ships, by all who had heard the one or seen the other."

THE LATE MR COLTON.—Mr Colton, or as he was vulgarly called, Parson Colton, arrived in Paris in the year 1825 or 1826, from America, to which country he sailed from England shortly previous to the murder of Weare. He was at that time in possession of very little money ; this small stock he increased by borrowing upon the security of some valuable jewellery which he took out from his creditors in this country. With this sum he commenced his career as player at the public gaming-tables in Paris, more particularly that at 154 in the Palais-Royal. The system upon which he played was at once bold and original, and attended with great success. I have good authority (his own) for stating, he was at one period a winner of upwards of £10,000. He subsequently lost nearly half this sum, and he expended the remainder in paintings by the ancient masters, of which, in the year 1828, he had a splendid collection. These pictures he intended for the English market ; but in the latter part of the same year, he became unfortunate at the gaming tables, and they were parted with by degrees, the proceeds lost, and their late owner, in a short time, reduced to beggary, or nearly so. His last literary labour, if it is worthy of the name, was a history of the Three Days of July, published by Galignani.

In person Mr Colton was ungainly ; he stooped much, his gait was slovenly, and his dress mean and dirty : the reason he assigned for not removing the dirt that accumulated on the lower part of his trowsers and upon his boots was, that none but shoe-blacks looked below the knee in so dirty a city as Paris. As if fond of contradiction, he wore at the same time a ridiculous superfluity of jewellery ; his unwashed hands were adorned with rings, and his shirt, which probably had not visited his *blanchisseuse* for a fortnight, was garnished with numerous brooches and pins of considerable value. A heavy gold chain secured his watch in his waistcoat pocket ; and he carried two massive gold boxes, one for snuff, though he took none himself, and the other for tobacco. His face was pale and emaciated, the cheek bones remarkably prominent ; his left arm was considerably contracted, as he was fond of saying from a pistol wound received in a duel. His habits were low ; when not at the gaming-house, he was to be found in one of the lower English houses, smoking and drinking, entertaining his pot companions, and acting what is vulgarly called the "king of the company." He possessed a fund of anecdote and wit, and had his manners been more polished, and his character less exceptionable, his society would doubtless have been much courted.

His lodgings, which were in the Palais-Royal, above the Café Phœnix were particularly filthy ; his bedroom, into which all visitors were shown, was truly disgusting, though he had at the same time two sitting-rooms handsomely furnished, which were constantly locked, and into which he himself perhaps did not enter once in a

month. An anecdote, which he related to me, will tend to illustrate his character and style of living. A pair of his pantaloons became much worn in the pockets, and he took them to a tailor to be repaired. They were brought home when he was absent, and left below with the porter, who gave them to him on his return. The following morning the *tailleur* called, while Colton was still in bed, for the cash; he was shown into the bedroom by the miserable little urchin who attended daily to light the fire, &c. and demanded in payment twenty sous; this was resisted on the part of Colton as exorbitant, and the *tailleur*, vexed at having parted with his work before payment, seized a pair that were at the bedside, (imagining them the same that he had stitched,) and was about to quit the room with them as security, when the reverend gentleman, drawing a pistol from under his pillow, and presenting it at the terrified mender of garments, swore he would favour him with the contents, unless the pantaloons were replaced: this was of course complied with, and our indignant *tailleur* immediately proceeded to *Monsieur le Commissaire*, who dispatched messengers to require the attendance of the party who had thus threatened the life of a citizen of Paris. Colton then explained that the pantaloons of which the plaintiff had taken possession, were those he had worn on the preceding day, and contained cash that he had brought from the gaming-house to the amount of nearly £2000. He was of course discharged on payment of the twenty sous to the tailor.

Although generally considered mean, I have much pleasure in stating, that I have known him perform many acts of charity, frequently giving a dinner to some one of his reduced countrymen, (of whom there are too many in Paris,) and occasionally assisting them with small sums of money. It has been stated, that the dread of an operation which became necessary for a complaint under which he laboured, was the cause of his suicide: this I much doubt, since I have never met with a man of greater fortitude and stronger nerve. I am rather disposed to think, that the depressed state of his finances, severing the only hold he had on his dissolute associates, and the attention paid too often to wealth, though accompanied by vice, having disappeared, he found himself penniless and despised; he was without religious consolation; his health declined; his spirits were broken; he was, and felt himself, alone in the world, without friends and without commiseration, and in a moment of desperation he put a period to his reckless existence!

I have passed many hours in his society, pleased with his wit and epigrammatic sallies; but his conversation was ever egotistical in the extreme: the bold assertion that his *Lacon* was the most clever work in the English language, was ever on his lips; and I regret to add, obscenity and irreligion too often supplied the place of wit or rational converse.

THE END.

GLASGOW:

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SAILORS' YARNS;

OR,

STORIES OF THE SEA.

A

COLLECTION OF CHOICE NAUTICAL ANECDOTES.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE editor of the following STORIES, while he acknowledges the works whence he has drawn their chief materials, wishes it to be understood that he is alone answerable for their entire phraseology, as he is for many of the incidents they contain. This explanation is given, lest the inference should be drawn that the STORIES are mere quotations from the works named at the end of each. This, with a few exceptions, is not the case. On the contrary, considerable pains have been taken to convert into interesting Tales, what, in the state of quotations, would have been little better than unintelligible fragments. The editor's chief object in quoting authorities, besides the wish to render homage where homage is due, is to direct those who relish these rivulets of entertainment, to the main springs from which they flow. "*Tom Cringle's Log*," "*Fragments of Voyages and Travels*," and other works quoted in the following pages, will be found worth reading from end to end by all whom leisure and opportunity permit to do so.

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SAILORS' YARNS.

THE PET OF THE MIDDIES.

THE time we loitered away at Bermuda was exceedingly irksome to us all. We were in anxious expectation of a war, and every indication of it which reached us, was hailed with much satisfaction, in hopes of its speedy arrival. Our officers, in order to keep themselves in practice, were almost daily to be seen flashing away with their fowling-pieces, in the delightful cedar woods and orange groves, which perfume and beautify the group of islands which constitute the Bermudas. Perhaps this sort of amusement of theirs may have been suggested by a similar superstitious feeling to that which induces sailors in a calm to whistle in order to hasten the wished-for breeze. Be that as it may, all kinds of fire-arms were in requisition, in order to pepper the poor unoffending tenantry of the woods. The midshipmen, who were but indifferently equipped for such sport, were content to bring down their birds with his majesty's pistols, charged with his majesty's powder; while they did not hesitate to cut up his majesty's musket balls, to supply themselves with small shot. The officers, however, were supplied with all things necessary, and some of these gentlemen had, in the true spirit of sportsmen, brought some excellent dogs with them from England. This circumstance gave an impulse to the imitative invention of the middies, who, not to be altogether thrown in the shade by their superiors, resolved also to have a dog. They were not particular as to his breed—but something having the resemblance of a dog they must have. After various consultations had taken place, an animal of the species was at last procured. He was no beauty, as the reader may suppose, but what he wanted in this respect, was amply made up for by his sagacity and singular appearance. His colour was a dirty reddish; his hair was partly in curl, while a part of it hung down to the ground, plentifully bedropped with pitch, which hung about him like “pendants from an Ethiopie's ear.” As for *scent*—he could scent nothing but the cook; and for all the purposes of sport, he was utterly useless. Nevertheless, an exchange of affections soon took place between him and the young gentlemen; who, after much deliberation, determined to give their ugly favourite the name of Shakings. This, to our land readers, we may explain is a nautical term applied to small fragments of rope-yarn, odds and ends of cordage, bits of oakum, old lanyards; in short, to any kind of refuse arising out of the wear and tear of the ropes. Our favourite received this strange name, I believe, on account of his colour having much the appearance of well-tarred

Russian hemp; which resemblance was rendered more striking, by the numerous tassels of pitch which hung about him. If old Shakings had not beauty to recommend him, he had the most companionable qualities a dog could possess, and seemed to pick up the taste of his new masters with surprising facility, and appeared quite delighted when he furnished them with what they called "lots of fun," which generally consisted in chasing poultry, hanging on the ear of a grunter, till he wrung out of him all the melodious notes he was master of; barking at old grey-headed negresses, or other oddities his young patrons might fall in with when they went ashore; these and such amusements being wonderfully relished by the rising generation of officers. Shakings, though thus engaged in furnishing sport for his young masters, still found a little leisure to pay his court to the pointers that were on board, and into whose aristocratic circle he appeared very anxious to introduce himself: his unprepossessing exterior at first seemed to induce a general turning up, or rather curling of the nose, among these four-footed *gentry*; and for some time any approach towards familiarity on the part of poor Shakings, was regarded by them in a very *snappish* manner. The good nature and conciliatory deportment, of our homely-looking tyke, at last, however, so far overcame the prejudice against him, that he was not only recognized in the light of a playmate, but even frequently admitted to their *mess*. Shakings now would have been as happy a dog as any on board of his majesty's navy, had the peace, which he had thus effected with the pointers, been ratified by their masters. But this was not to be expected. The officers considered his appearance too plebeian to be a fit associate for dogs like theirs that could boast a pedigree. An "abominable cur," was therefore the best name they ever applied to our beloved Shakings; which, being usually accompanied with a kick, or a blow on the snout with the butt of a fowling-piece, sent the poor animal howling to his protectors. This treatment never failed to excite the resentful feelings of the young gentlemen, who felt their honour concerned in the insults thus offered to their four-footed companion. As for the poor dog himself, though at the moment he complained loudly of such doings, yet his kindly, forgiving nature, soon induced him not only to overlook the cruelty of his persecutors, but frequently in the joyousness of his honest heart, to leap caressingly upon them—a kindness which was always repaid with a liberal allowance of kicks and hearty execrations—a sort of ready coin with which the officers were always abundantly supplied. Shakings however had, like many others, an irrepressible ambition to mingle in the higher circles of society, and neither kicks nor blows, could prevent him from sporting his figure on the quarter-deck, or visiting the well-fed exclusives of the kennel. The officers at last became irritated at seeing the "ugly brute" on such familiar terms with their pointers, and resolved to get quit of him for good and all. The prime mover of this measure was a lieutenant, who happened to be standing on the quarter-deck displaying a pair of highly polished boots when Shakings happened to pass, and when just opposite to our pink of fashion, he (out of respect no doubt) lifted his leg and did the *honours* in form to his superior,—a mark of attention which, like many other acts of our favourite, was

construed into a mortal offence, though we middies saw the matter in quite a different light, and considered that the dog in *lifting*, when he came on the quarter-deck, had acted according to old-established rule, every one on board ship being bound to lift his hat when he ascends the quarter-deck; and as Shakings had no hat to lift, what could the poor fellow do but *lift* what he was most accustomed to. This scrupulous attention, however, to the standing orders of his majesty's navy, availed him nothing. The jolly-boat was manned, and the "infernal dirty ugly brute belonging to the young gentlemen," was sent ashore, with strict orders to be thrown upon the rocks, to shift for himself. This was certainly hard treatment for the pet of the middies, and had any stranger come among us at the moment this piece of tyranny was being enacted, he would certainly have conceived that a very serious mutiny was on the eve of breaking out. Subordination and discipline seemed suspended, and execrations and threats of mighty doings, in the way of revenge, were heard in all directions. One bold little fellow actually wrote out the draft of a letter of remonstrance to be forwarded to the admiral, complaining of the combination that was thus formed among our superiors in order to make our lives miserable: and a still louder crow was set up by an intrepid midddy, measuring fully five feet three, who pledged himself, that if redress was not obtained, he would instantly quit the navy; a resolution which, had it been followed by the *rest* of the service, would doubtless, in a short time, have reduced his majesty's fleet to a very crippled condition. There would have been a fine kettle of fish! Fortunately, however, for the stability of the British power, affairs took a more favourable turn; orders being given to "furl sail," and a simultaneous conviction instantly flashed upon the minds of the intended mutineers, that the time for actual revolt had not yet arrived. All therefore sprang forward to their duty, scudding up the ladders, and jumping into their stations, with more than their usual alacrity. This promptitude of theirs met its due reward, for the midshipman who went on shore with the first boat, luckily fell in with "poor dear Shakings," who was sitting on the steps of the watering-place, with his snout pointed to the skies, and howling most dismally for his lost benefactors. To avoid observation, he was stuffed away in the captain's cloak-bag, brought safely on board, and once more restored to the bosom of his friends. All our efforts, however, could not keep the fond playful rascal out of sight,—nothing could restrain him from hastening up the ladder after caressing his friends below, and exhibiting his clumsy gambols on the quarter-deck, where his performances met any thing but a courteous reception. In short, he was once more trundled over the gangway, and again tossed on the beach. On this occasion one of his own masters was sent to see the sentence of banishment put in force. The poor fellow discharged his heartless duty with reluctance, and returned in sorrow to his companions. By some means or other, which we could never make out, Shakings next morning was found taking his snooze very comfortably among his old friends the pointers, who did not seem to regard a poor friend, even though in disgrace, as an object deserving the "cold shoulder." This ignorance on the part of the pointers, who ought to have known something of the

usages of polished society, gave much offence to the lords of the kennel, who, no doubt, expected that poor Shakings would have been *cut* by every one of their four-footed exclusives who carried the *spot* of distinction on his skin. Some of the middies, however, were disposed to impute the displeasure which the officers seemed to feel towards the pointers for the countenance they afforded a poor friend in his distress, to a conviction on their part, that their dogs had proved to the whole ship's company, that they had more of the milk of human kindness about them, (if the expression may be allowed,) than their masters. From whatever cause it might arise, the temper of our naval maguates was evidently ruffled; and their brows, which were formerly as serene as the bosom of the breezeless ocean, were now moody, disturbed, and fretted, like that same ocean, when the ominous "catpaw" is first laid upon its surface. The first certain indication of the coming storm, was an order for the whole posse of us to appear on the quarter-deck, when orders of the most imperative nature were given not to bring the offending animal again on board. These injunctions having been duly impressed upon us, the unfortunate victim of this merciless persecution, (for so we regarded our favourite,) was sent on shore, and landed amidst the cedar groves, in order to find his living as he might. Now this last act we regarded as cruelty of the most diabolical description. To send a poor animal to the woods to hunt for his grub, with a nose so utterly useless, as we have already described that of Shakings to be, was giving him up to certain starvation. It was like sending a ship to sea without a rudder, or asking a man to harpoon a whale with a wooden skewer. Had the nose of the poor victim been made of burned cork, it could not have been more guiltless of any thing approaching to scent. Shakings make his living by killing game!! he would as soon have made it by licking the stars out of the firmament. Had he effected an exchange (exchanges are sometimes effected in the service) with one of his pointer friends, he might have fared better; but his relentless enemies did not allow him time for this purpose; and even if it had been practicable, we fear, from his want of early practice, our unfortunate favourite would have profited little by his advantage, as his untrained tongue would have scared away the quarry which his nose might bring him within hail of. The more we reflected on these things, the more desperate the case appeared,—we felt truly disconsolate, and walked about with folded arms, and clouded brow, as if we individually had to lament the loss of some valued relative. This state of depression continued for several days,—Shakings had been gone a whole week, when, to the astonishment of all, he was seen careering about the ship, barking, nay, actually yelling with delight, and leaping upon the snow-white trowsers of his fashionable foes, and leaving the print of his mud-covered paws pretty distinctly behind him. Kicks and curses were showered upon him in great abundance; and though at last we got him secured in our berth, we had reason to apprehend, from the increasing wrath of the officers, that his fate was sealed, or, as the French would say, "that the destinies of our mighty favourite would soon be fulfilled."

It was agreed that we should have a sort of festival in honour of Shaking's return, and his health was in the act of being drunk, with

all the honours, when the officer of the watch, who neither relished our mirth nor the occasion of it, sent down to put out our lights, when we had to retire to our hammocks, highly dissatisfied with the interruption of our festivities. Next day, to our surprise and consternation, we found that Shakings had disappeared, in as mysterious a manner as he had come among us: a close search was set on foot, and every one of the men who was likely to afford us any information was strictly interrogated, but nothing could be elicited to throw even the faintest light on the subject, and we at last came to the melancholy conclusion that poor Shakings had come to his end by some fiendish device, which time perhaps might unfold. This opinion we considered to be confirmed by the silence of the officers, of whom not one ever asked what we had done with our dog, a circumstance which satisfied us that they knew more of the matter than they meant to disclose; and of course we felt our indignation rising every moment at the treatment of our favourite, and the insult which we considered had been put upon ourselves. While matters were in this state, one of the midshipmen, the leading wag of our mess, gave a new turn to our reflections. This gentleman, who, being greatly our senior, usually went by the name of Daddy, was a very clever, arch, humorous fellow, and much looked up to by us all, as a person whose advice we could rely upon in all our difficulties. Caution, kindness, and generosity were the leading features of his character, while from the many good-natured acts towards us, he had effectually secured our confidence. He was a man of talents and considerable classical attainments, but, unfortunately for himself, he had entered the service too late in life to have much hope of promotion; indeed, his books seemed to hold the first place in his estimation, while success in his profession appeared to give him little or no uneasiness. As he took much interest in our affairs, we, as a matter of course, consulted him in every stage of this business of Shakings; and when the dog finally disappeared, he was asked what mode of revenge he could safely recommend to his young friends. He prudently observed, that as we had no certainty of the dog's having actually been made away with, it would be wrong, on a mere suspicion, to get ourselves into a scrape; "but," said he, in a dry, sarcastic tone, peculiar to himself, "there can be no great harm, my boys, in putting the other dogs into mourning, as a becoming expression of their respectful regret for their dear departed friend Shakings, since, whatever may have happened to him, he is lost to them as well as to us." The idea caught like gunpowder, and off we all scampered to search for crape, to put the suggestion into execution,—every chest, bag, and corner was ransacked for the emblems of woe, till, by dint of perseverance, a sufficient quantity was found to furnish mourning badges for the whole kennel, and the pointers were soon seen walking the quarter-deck each with a bunch of crape tied, in a neat bow, about his left leg. The joke took amazingly; even the most sulky of the officers gave way to uncontrollable fits of laughter. They were, in fact, except in their treatment of Shakings, a set of good-natured men on the whole; but in this matter we could not regard them without feelings of indignation. When the laughter had subsided a little, the crape was instantly

ordered to be taken from the legs of the pointers, and we were seriously admonished, now that we had had our joke, not to repeat the trick again. We heard the advice, and set off to consult with Daddy as to our further proceedings. Our orders were positive, not to meddle any more with the dogs. "Then," said our oracle, drily, "see how the pigs will look in mourning." This advice was received with universal applause, and we were instantly on the alert picking up the fragments of the pointers' *cast-off* mournings, in order to enable the grunters to make a suitable appearance. Indeed, so great was the anxiety that master piggy should not disgrace his majesty's service, that one youth actually tore up his black silk handkerchief in strips, and set off with his companions to assist at the toilet in the sty, a duty which the reader may suppose was attended with a sufficient quantity of both din and difficulty. That piggy should have made such a fuss, and protested so *loudly* against going into mournings for a deceased friend, who had so often the *command of his ear* while living, seemed, as Daddy observed, most extraordinary. In spite, however, of the mutinous uproar which took place, the piggery in due time was put in "decentish condition;" and, watching the proper time, we opened the door of the sty, and let the whole herd adrift along the quarter-deck when a group of officers were standing on the forepart of it. To the pigs a walk on the quarter-deck was not an everyday occasion,—they therefore made their way alongst it, displaying their scarfs with what might be called an air of some consequence, passing themselves in review under the very noses of our magnates, and squeaking as if they invited their attention to their new sable uniforms,—anxious, no doubt, that their sorrow for the loss of the much-regretted Shakings should, at least, appear as profound as that of their more fashionable shipmates in the kennel. Whether the officers felt the joke too keenly, or whether they did not like to walk the quarter-deck in company with the *profanum vulgus*, I shall not pretend to say, but orders were instantly given for securing the "swinish multitude" in their old quarters, while our superiors retired to a private consultation below.

Matters now began to assume a more serious aspect; the whole gang of us were summoned forthwith to appear on the quarter-deck, when we were ordered to place ourselves in line, each with his toes on the edge of a plank, according to old established custom in all official scoldings. We did not doubt that the lecture we were about to receive would be sufficiently severe, for the officers, one and all, were highly provoked, not so much at any insubordination that had manifested itself, as from the conviction, that though, strictly speaking, the men had had no part in the business, yet the occurrence which had taken place had furnished them with infinite amusement at the expense of their superiors. The men had, however, enjoyed the satisfaction which they felt with so much prudence, that not even a muscle was moved in a manner that could reasonably be deemed offensive. The command of face which they exhibited, and the absurd gravity with which the sarcastic dogs turned the quid in their mouths while the farce was at its height, gave an air of ridicule to the affair that was quite irresistible. While the offending middies

were standing at this "toe-the-line match," as such reprimands are called, we were given to understand that our proceedings were not only impertinent in a high degree, but also subversive of that subordination requisite in the service. Our worthy captain, who seemed to have more difficulty in keeping his own risible faculties in subordination than those he was addressing, assumed a degree of sternness, in order to conceal an evident inclination to laugh. The effort, however, was too much; Liston himself, had he attempted to harangue us on the occasion, could not have produced a more comical-looking jib. Apprehensive that his countenance was a burlesque on his affected solemnity, the captain turned away his face from us, while we, equally afraid that our mirth would unavoidably explode, turned away ours from the captain. In doing so, our eyes fell on the pigs, whom the sailors, by command of the officers, were endeavouring to divest of their mournings. At that moment, we would have willingly given up a month's leave of absence for one half hour's *guffaw* in our berth. In order to heighten the ludicrous complexion of the scene, one or two youngsters, on hearing the captain make a distant allusion to our lamented Shakings, drew forth their cambric, and began piping their eyes; the tears they shed were mere undertakers' drops, it is true, but such an unlooked-for display of grief, amidst so many merry mourners, gave the finishing touch to the farcical affair. The captain hurried to the conclusion of his lecture, and hastened down to the cabin to save his dignity, while we retired to give vent to our feelings in the seclusion of our berth, and wait the result of our "toe-the-line match." We were not kept long in suspense; the whole party of us were ordered to the masthead as a punishment; some were sent to sit on the topmast cross-trees; others to the top-gallant yard-arms. The little gentleman who first piped his eyes was perched on the jib-boom end, and very properly balanced abaft by his waggish companion. In these situations we were kept for six hours, and I question much if any captain in his majesty's service could have ornamented his ship, in a similar manner, with a more choice selection of good-natured, though mischievous young dogs. Our Daddy, however, was by no means pleased with the punishment his young messmates had been subjected to, and set himself seriously to work to discover what had really been the fate of the poor dog. Some circumstances, which he did not choose to disclose, led him to suspect that the butcher had more to do in the matter than he seemed willing to confess: a few glasses of grog, however, judiciously applied, threw him off his guard, and he admitted having put the poor animal over the side, tied up in a bread-bag, along with a four-and-twenty pound shot. Daddy, on hearing the man's confession, observed, "Well, master butcher, I have only to say that you are as precious a rascal as ever went about unchanged; so drink your grog, and be off with you."

Next morning, while the officers were at breakfast in the ward-room, the captain of marines handed them a copy of verses he said he had just found in his basin. At the request of the party, the following lines were read:

“ When the Northern Confed’racy threatened our shores,
 And roused Albion’s lion, reclining to sleep,
 Preservation was taken of all the king’s stores,
 Not so much as a *rope-yarn* was launch’d on the deep.

But now it is peace, other hopes are in view,
 And all active service as light as a feather;
 The stores may be d—d, and humanity too,
 For SHAKINGS and SHOT are thrown o’erboard together.”

Though we had not been made aware of the fact, yet no one doubted for a moment that our Daddy was the author of the verses; indeed, none of us were equal for the flight. In respect to its getting into the basin of the captain of marines, it seemed to puzzle the officers as much as the disappearance of Shakings did us. All that I know about the matter is merely this: about midnight a certain urchin, who, for reasons known to myself, shall be nameless, was thrust out of one of the after-ports of the lower deck, from whence he clambered up to the marine officer’s port, and the sash happening to be lowered down, the epigram was pitched into the basin. The captain, contrary to expectation, said a few snappish words to Daddy on the occasion, who did not think proper to deny the authorship.—In a short time, however, Shakings and all connected with him were forgot, matters of much greater importance having occurred to engage our attention.—*Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*

THE MAIN-TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Stand still! How fearful
 And dizzy ’tis to cast one’s eyes so low!.....

.....The murmuring surge,
 That on th’ unnumber’d idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high:—I’ll look no more,
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.—SHAKSPEARE.

Among the many agreeable associates whom my different cruising and wanderings have brought me acquainted with, I can scarcely call to mind a more pleasant and companionable one than Tom Scupper. Poor fellow! he is dead and gone now—a victim to that code of false honour which has robbed the navy of too many of its choicest officers. Tom and I were messmates during a short and delightful cruise, and, a good part of the time, we belonged to the same watch. He was a great hand to spin yarns, which, to do him justice, he sometimes did tolerably well; and many a long mid-watch has his fund of anecdote and sea-stories caused to slip pleasantly away. We were lying in the open roadstead of Laguayra, at single anchor, when Tom told me the story which I am about to relate, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words. A vessel from Baltimore had come into Laguayra that day, and by her I had received letters from home, in one of which there was a piece of intelligence that weighed heavily on my spirits. For some minutes

after our watch commenced, Tom and I walked the deck in silence, which was soon, however, interrupted by my talkative companion, who, perceiving my depression, and wishing to divert my thoughts, told me the story which I am now about to relate, for the entertainment of the reader.

The last cruise I made in the Mediterranean, said he, was in old Ironsides, as we used to call our gallant frigate. We had been backing and filling for several months on the western coast of Africa, from the Canaries down to Mesurado, in search of slave-drivers; and during that time we had had some pretty heavy weather. When we reached the Straits, there was a spanking wind blowing from about west-south-west; so we squared away, and, without coming-to at the Rock, made a straight wake for old Mahon, the general rendezvous and place of refitting for our squadrons, in the Mediterranean. Immediately on arriving there, we warped in alongside the Arsenal quay, where we stripped ship to a girtline, broke out the holds, tiers, and store-rooms, and gave her a regular-built overhauling from stem to stern. For a while, everybody was busy, and all seemed bustle and confusion. Orders and replies, in loud and dissimilar voices, the shrill pipings of the different boat-swains' mates, each attending to separate duties, and the mingled clatter and noise of various kinds of work, all going on at the same time, gave something of the stir and animation of a dock-yard, to the usually quiet arsenal of Mahon. The boatswain and his crew were engaged in fitting a new gang of rigging; the gunner in repairing his breechings and gum-tackles; the fo'castle-men in calking; the top-men in sending down the yards and upper spars; the holders and waisters in whitewashing and holy-stoning; and even the poor marines were kept busy, like beasts of burden, in carrying breakers of water on their backs. On the quay, near the ship, the smoke of the armourer's forge, which had been hoisted out, and sent ashore, ascended in a thin column through the clear blue sky; from one of the neighbouring white stone warehouses, the sound of saw and hammer told that the carpenters were at work; near by, a livelier rattling drew attention to the cooper, who, in the open air, was tightening the water-casks; and not far removed, under a temporary shed, formed of spare studding-sails and tarpaulings, sat the sail-maker and his assistants, repairing the sails, which had been rent or injured by the many storms we had encountered.

Many hands made light work, and in a very few days all was accomplished: the stays and shrouds were set up, and new rattled down, the yards crossed, the running rigging rove, and sails bent; and the old craft, fresh painted and all a-taunt-o, looked as fine as a midshipman on liberty. In place of the storm-stumps, which had been stowed away among the booms, and other spare spars, amidships, we had sent up cap to'gallant-masts, and royal poles, with a sheave for sky-sails, and hoist enough for sky-scrappers above them: so you may judge the old frigate looked pretty taunt. There was a Dutch line-ship in the harbour; but though we only carried forty-four to her eighty, her main-truck would hardly have reached to our royal-mast-head. The side-boys, whose duty it was to lay aloft, and furl the sky-sails, looked no bigger on the yard than a good-

sized duff for a midshipman's mess, and the main-truck seemed not half as large as the Turk's-head-knot on the man-ropes of the accommodation-ladder.

When we had got every thing ship-shape, and man-of-war fashion, we hauled out again, and took our berth about half-way between the arsenal and Hospital Island; and a pleasant view it gave us of the town and harbour of old Mahon, one of the safest and most tranquil places of anchorage in the world. The water of this beautiful inlet, which, though it makes about four miles into the land, is not much over a quarter of a mile in width,—is scarcely ever ruffled by a storm; and on the delightful afternoon to which I now refer, it lay as still and motionless as a polished mirror, except when broken into momentary ripples by the paddles of some passing waterman. What little wind there had been in the forepart of the day, died away at noon, and, though the first dog-watch was almost out, and the sun near the horizon, not a breath of air had risen to disturb the deep serenity of the scene. The Dutch liner, which lay not far from us, was so clearly reflected in the glassy surface of the water, that there was not a rope about her, from her main-stay to her signal halliards, which the eye could not distinctly trace in her shadowy and inverted image. The buoy of our best bower floated abreast our larboard bow; and that, too, was so strongly imaged, that its entire bulk seemed to lie above the water, just resting on it, as if upborne on a sea of molten lead; except when, now and then, the wringing of a swab, or the dashing of a bucket overboard from the head, broke up the shadow for a moment, and showed the substance but half its former apparent size. A small polacca craft had got under-way from Mahon in the course of the forenoon, intending to stand over to Barcelona; but it fell dead calm just before she reached the chops of the harbour; and there she lay as motionless upon the blue surface, as if she were only part of a mimic scene, from the pencil of some accomplished painter. Her broad cotton lateen-sails, as they hung drooping from the slanting and taper yards, shone with a glistening whiteness, that contrasted beautifully with the dark flood in which they were reflected; and the distant sound of the guitar, which one of the sailors was listlessly playing on her deck, came sweetly over the water, and harmonized well with the quiet appearance of every thing around. The whitewashed walls of the lazaretto, on a verdant headland at the mouth of the bay, glittered like silver in the slant rays of the sun; and some of its windows were burnished so brightly by the level beams, that it seemed as if the whole interior of the edifice were in flames. On the opposite side, the romantic and picturesque ruins of fort St Philip, faintly seen, acquired double beauty from being tipped with the declining light; and the clusters of ancient-looking windmills, which dot the green eminences along the bank, added, by the motionless state of their wings, to the effect of the unbroken tranquillity.

Even on board our vessel, a degree of stillness unusual for a man-of-war, prevailed among the crew. It was the hour of their evening meal; and the low murmur from the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing sound, which, like the dreamy hum of bees on a

warm summer noon, rather heightened than diminished the charm of the surrounding quiet. The spar-deck was almost deserted. The quarter-master of the watch, with his spy-glass in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trowsers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the taffrel, erect and motionless as a statue, keeping the usual lookout. A group of some half-dozen sailors had gathered together on the fo'castle, where they were supinely lying under the shade of the bulwarks; and here and there, upon the gun-slides along the gangway, sat three or four others,—one, with his clothes-bag beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe; another working a set of clues for some favourite officer's hammock; and a third engaged, perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in knotting a laniard, with which to suspend it round his neck.

On the top of the boom-cover, in the full glare of the level sun, lay black Jake, the jig-maker of the ship, and a striking specimen of African peculiarities, in whose single person they were all strongly developed. His flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his ebony cheeks fairly glistened with delight, as he looked up at the gambols of a large monkey, which, clinging to the mainstay, just above Jake's woolly head, was chattering and grinning back at the negro, as if there existed some means of mutual intelligence between them. It was my watch on deck, and I stood a while leaning on the main fife-rail, and amusing myself by observing the antics of the black and his congenial playmate; but at length, tiring of the rude mirth, I walked towards the taffrel, to gaze on the more agreeable features of the scene I have attempted to describe. Just at that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst upon my ear, and looking quickly round to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay, as we called our commodore's son, standing half-way up the main-hatch ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object which seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance to the mainyard informed me of the occasion of his merriment. He had been coming up from the gun-deck, when Jacko, perceiving him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down from the mainstay, and running along the boom-cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized his cap from his head, and immediately darted up the main-topsail-sheet, and thence to the bunt of the mainyard, where he now sat, picking threads from the tassel of his prize, and occasionally scratching his side, and chattering, as if with exultation at the success of his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly, active little fellow; and though he could not climb quite as nimbly as a monkey, yet he had no mind to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make chase after Jacko, by seeing me smile at his plight, or by the loud laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence, and endeavoured to evince, by tumbling about the boom-cloth, shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry other grotesque actions, the pleasure for which he had no words.

“Ha, you rascal, Jocko, hab you no more respec' for de young officer, den to steal his cab? We bring you to de gangway, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a tief.”

The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

“Ha, ha! Massa Stay, he say you mus’ ketch him ’fore you flog him; and it’s no so easy for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot.”

A red spot mounted to little Bob’s cheek, as he cast one glance of offended pride at Jake, and then sprang across the deck to the Jacob’s ladder. In an instant he was half-way up the rigging, running over the ratlines as lightly as if they were an easy flight of stairs, whilst the shrouds scarcely quivered beneath his elastic motion. In a second more his hand was on the futtocks.

“Massa Stay,” cried Jake, who sometimes—being a favourite—ventured to take liberties with the younger officers—“Massa Stay, you best crawl through de lubber’s hole—it take a sailor to climb de futtock shroud.”

But he had scarcely time to utter his pretended caution, before Bob was in the top. The monkey, in the mean while, had awaited his approach, until he got nearly up the rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its own head, and running along the yard to the opposite side of the top, sprang up a rope, and thence to the topmast backstay, up which it ran to the topmast cross-trees, where it again quietly seated itself, and resumed its work of picking the tassel to pieces. For several minutes I stood watching my little messmate follow Jacko from one piece of rigging to another, the monkey, all the while, seeming to exert only so much agility as was necessary to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever the latter appeared to be growing weary of the chase. At last, by this kind of manœuvring, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when, springing suddenly on the royal stay, it ran nimbly down to the fore-top-gallant-mast-head, thence down the rigging to the foretop, and leaping on the foreyard, it ran out to the yard-arm, hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail boom, and there taking its seat, it raised a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this time was completely tired out, and unwilling, perhaps, to return to the deck to be laughed at for his fruitless chase, sat down in the royal cross-trees, while those who had been attracted by the sport, returned to their usual avocations or amusements. The monkey, no longer the object of pursuit or attention, remained but a little while on the yard-arm; but soon taking up the cap, returned in towards the slings, and dropped it down upon the deck.

Some little piece of duty occurred at this moment to engage me for a few moments, and as soon as it was performed I walked aft, and leaning my elbow on the taffrel, gave myself up to the recollection of scenes very different from the boyish pantomime I had just been witnessing. Soothed by the low hum of the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of every thing around, my thoughts had travelled far away from the realities of my situation, when I was suddenly startled by a cry from Black Jake, which brought me on the instant back to consciousness.

“Look, look! Massa Scupper,” cried he, “Massa Stay is on de main truck!”

A cold shudder ran through my veins at the word. I cast my eyes up—it was too true! The adventurous boy, after resting on the royal cross-trees, had been seized with a wish to go still higher, and moved by one of those impulses which sometimes instigate men to place themselves in situations of imminent peril, where no good can result from the exposure, he had climbed the skysail-pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on the main-truck! a small circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, and at a height so great from the deck, that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in this instance. It was comparatively easy to ascend—but to descend—my head swam round, and my stomach felt sick, at the thought of the perils comprised in that one word. There was nothing above him or around him but empty air—and beneath him nothing but a point, a mere point—a small unstable wheel, that seemed no bigger from the deck than the button on the end of a foil, and the taper skysail-pole itself scarcely larger than the blade. Dreadful temerity! If he should attempt to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his descent? His feet quite covered up the small and fearful platform upon which he stood, and beneath that, a long, smooth, naked spar, which seemed to bend with his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. An attempt to get down from that “bad eminence,” would be almost certain death; he would inevitably lose his equilibrium, and be precipitated to the deck a crushed and shapeless mass. Such were the thoughts that crowded through my mind as I first raised my eyes, and saw the terrible truth of Jake's exclamation. What was to be done in the pressing and fearful exigency? To hail him, and inform him of the danger, would be but to insure his ruin. Indeed I fancied that the rash boy already perceived the imminence of his peril; and I half thought I could see his limbs begin to quiver. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. The atmosphere seemed to grow thick, and tremble and waver like the heated air round a furnace; the mast appeared to totter, and the ship to pass from under my feet. I myself had the sensations of one about to fall from a great height, and in a sudden effort to recover myself, like that of a dreamer who fancies he is shoved from a precipice, I staggered up against the bulwarks.

When my eyes were once turned from the object to which they had been riveted, my sense and consciousness came back. I looked round—the deck was already crowded with people. The intelligence of poor Bob's temerity had spread through the ship like wild-fire—and the officers and crew were all crowding to the deck. Every one, as he looked up, turned pale, and his eye became fastened on the truck—like that of a spectator of an execution on the gallows—with a stedfast and unblinking, yet abhorrent blaze, as if momentarily expecting a fatal termination to the suspense. No one made a suggestion—no one spoke. Every feeling, every faculty, seemed absorbed and swallowed up in one deep, intense emotion of agony. Once the first lieutenant seized the trumpet, as if to hail poor Bob, but he had scarce raised it to his lips, when his arm dropped again,

and sunk listlessly down beside him, as if from sad consciousness of the inutility of what he had been going to say. Every soul in the ship was now on the spar-deck, and every eye was fixed on the main-truck.

At this moment there was a stir among the crew about the gang-way, and directly after, another face was added to those on the quarter-deck—it was that of the commodore, Bob's father. He had come alongside in a shore-boat, without having been noticed by a single eye, so intense and universal was the interest that had fastened every gaze upon the spot where poor Bob stood trembling on the awful verge of fate. The commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was a dark-faced, austere man, and it was thought by some of the midshipmen that he entertained but little affection for his son. However that might have been, it was certain that he treated him with precisely the same strict discipline that he maintained towards the other young officers; or, if there was any difference at all, it was not in favour of Bob. Some, who pretended to have studied his character closely, affirmed that he loved his boy too well to spoil him, and that, intending him for the arduous profession in which he had himself risen to fame and eminence, he thought it would be of service to him to experience some of its privations and hardships at the outset.

The arrival of the commodore changed the direction of several eyes, which turned on him, to trace what emotions the danger of his son would occasion. But their scrutiny was foiled. By no outward sign did he show what was passing within. His eye still retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown which it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the deck, he had ordered a marine to hand him a musket, and with this, stepping after, and getting on the look-out block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him, without a trumpet, in his voice of thunder—

“Robert!” cried he, “jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you.”

The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown out like those of one scarcely able to retain his balance. The commodore raised his voice again, and, in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried—

“Jump! 'tis your only chance for life.”

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the boy was seen to leave the truck, and spring out into the air. A sound, between a shriek and a groan, burst from many lips. The father spoke not—sighed not—indeed he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense interest a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon-ball, the body descended to the water, and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwarks. Another short period of anxious suspense ensued. He rose—he was alive! his arms were seen to move!—he struck out towards the ship!—and despite the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrainable joy from the hearts of our crew of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring.

Till this moment, the old commodore had stood unmoved.

The eyes that, glistening with joy, now sought his face, saw that it was ashy pale. He attempted to descend the look-out block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and put up his hand, as if to tear open his vest; but before he accomplished his object, he staggered forward, and would have fallen on the deck, had he not been caught by old Black Jake. He was borne into his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equability and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed when the little fellow left the cabin that he was in tears.

The next day we sent down our taunt and dashy poles, and replaced them with the stump-to'-gallant masts; and on the third, we weighed anchor, and made sail for Gibraltar.—*New York Mirror.*

A COCKNEY TAR.

THE craft ahead of us we soon discovered to be the Roger Beresford, from London, bound for Antigua. We hailed them to heave-to, that I might send a boat on board. Though their courage seemed on the wane, they were in no hurry to obey orders, even after we had announced ourselves, and the vessel astern, as his majesty's frigate the *Gazelle*. Still the men were kept at quarters, and the Roger Beresford showed a broadside of six twelve pound carronades, besides a long gun midships; rather too much iron for a frisky little thing like the *Midge*. I therefore felt vexed, that from the stupid obstinacy or vanity of the master, I must be peppered by one of our own merchantmen.

On nearing, a musket, in the unskilful hands of one of the passengers collected on her poop, happened to go off. This the other landlubbers mistook for a signal, and some half-dozen or so were let drive at us, but luckily too wide of the mark to do mischief. "Mr Peak," said I, "fire your musket close over the top-knots of these amateur marines." Instantly on hearing the report, the whole covey of them ducked and dodged as if they had seen the lead coming, every one tumbling over his neighbour in his anxiety to get in his rear. We now came close alongside, showing our teeth in a manner that made the little *Midge* look quite formidable to our foolish and imprudent countrymen.—"Round-to this instant," cried I, "or I will fire into you in two minutes." Before the brief space allowed was expired, we were on the deck of the *Beresford*, and heard the master explain, that not being taken at first with our appearance, it was his intention to escape if possible, or if no better could be, to fight his way. Finding all his papers right, I took a glance at his passengers, a few of whom were ladies, and stood in the centre of the doughty little band of cockney heroes who made such a hostile demonstration on the poop; some of these were equipped in shooting jackets of the most approved fashion, with a superabundance of pockets for balls (no doubt), and gaudy brass-mounted powder-horns

slung from their necks, as fit companions for the murderous-looking Joe Mantons, which they threw from one hand to the other with about as much grace as a bear would a harpoon, mincing away the king's English all the while, as if they intended to make sausages of it; considering themselves very smart dashing little fellows no doubt, with their gay seal-skin head gear, natty little waistcoats, and bunches of gold seals suspended by chain cables of the same metal. One spruce young chap, the same who let his piece go off, had rigged himself out in what he considered sea-trim, blue jacket and trowsers, white vest, with straw hat, stuck quizzically on one side, and girded about with a broad black ribbon, while close set rows of bright brass buttons were run up both sides of his jacket,—from the starboard pocket of which looked forth a snow-white cambric handkerchief; while from his larboard side, was seen the gilt top of a very pretty little volume, bound in red morocco, which we afterwards understood he called his *log-book*! In this guise our daw in borrowed feathers was swaggering about the deck, but with step almost as steady as a goose might be expected to show when traversing a hot gridiron. Indeed this ridiculous personation of Cockney conceit, could hardly steady himself for a moment, and once or twice lurched between me and one of the ladies with whom I chanced at the time to be speaking. Giving Marline the wink, I called out to Dogvane to order the ship's crew on board.

“Ay, Ay, sir.”

“Now, captain,” said I, addressing the master, “you will please muster your people. The man protested against this, telling us he had a letter of marque, and that I might repent of it, if I deprived him of any of his hands. Marline appeared to give in. “That’s all very well, no doubt,” said I, “but manned we must be, whatever comes of it. We don’t wish to distress running ships, but I see you have some folks about you that you can spare. There, for instance,” said I, nodding towards the *daw*, “is a smart hand who does not muster with your crew, and a good sailor he is too, I can tell by the cut of his jib.”

This remark reached, as I intended it should do, the ear of our fresh-water Jack, who came up smirking and smiling, and lolling about with that lurching sort of gait which landsmen consider so characteristic of a thorough-bred seaman. “Vy, Captain,” said the ninny, putting his arms akimbo, “do you know I have studied a vast deal about nautical and them sort of matters since I came on board, and I now call myself a wery capital sailor indeed? Do you know, Sir, I can keep a log? Look here, Sir,” pulling out his little red book; “and besides that, I have been twice through the lubber’s hole.”—“I don’t doubt it; I knew at first sight you were a rare bit of stuff, just such a marine-plant as we are in want of. So hand your bag over the side, and get into the boat; you will find a spare hammock on board the Midge.”

“Spare hammock on board the Midge! Vy, what are you up to?” cried poor Spoony, making as many ugly faces as if we had asked him to swallow a hedgehog.—“We are only up to putting you into his majesty’s service,” said Marline, “and I’m sure you can’t have a more respectable master; besides, you are just the lad

for us—every inch a sailor: a bit of such well-seasoned timber is not to be met with every day; one can see with half an eye that you are a lad of experience—a second mate of some vessel, at least—so bear a hand, and no more palaver.”—The poor fellow shrunk aghast. The knowing ones began to throw intelligent looks towards us, and the cockney tar became ashamed of his assumed character.

“La, ha mercy!” he exclaimed, “I’m no sailor, gentlemen, but plain Jem Oldtruck, son of Timothy Oldtruck, slop-seller, Petticoat-lane, Bishopgate-street-without, and going to Antigua with a shipment of ready-made clothes—and this here jacket, and this here vest, and them there trowsers, are only samples of the goods I’ve got to sell. Me a sailor! dash my buttons! call me a tailor if you will—but I’ve nothing to do with the sea.”

“Well, well, Master Oldtruck, I believe you are no sailor, for your hand seems as soft as a piece of blubber. Take care when you get among the Antiguans, that your head be not found of the same material;—but hark you, Sir,” continued Marline, assuming a stern tone of voice, “never appear under false colours again, and never meddle with fire-arms till you know more about them. Through your folly five muskets were discharged at us, and the blood of men who were doing their duty might have been shed. Let the circumstance be a warning to you, and from this day forth stick to your needle, and *cut* connexion with all weapons so far out of the line of your profession as a musket.” During the time this lecture was going on, Jem had made a crab-like retreat in the direction of the companion; and by the time Marline had finished his remonstrance, nothing but Jem’s head was visible. With a face of affected indignation, I made a sudden spring at him, when he dived in a moment, followed by a loud shout of merriment from all on board. Having made our parting bow to the ladies, we proceeded to our vessel, laughing all the way at the walking pattern-yard of Timothy Oldtruck, slop-seller, Petticoat-lane, Bishopgate-street-without.—*Cruise of the Midge.*

AFRICAN REVENGE.

THE religion of the African states is the most absurd and degrading that can be imagined. The grand Jew-Jew, or principal god of the natives of Bonny, is the iguana, a species of lizard, which in that climate attains the enormous length of six to eight feet. The object of worship among the Calabarmen is the shark. Both nations, however, have many inferior divinities, such as the monkey, and other animals equally low in the scale of nature; with sundry reptiles and birds, of different descriptions, as the distorted imaginations of their Jew-Jew-men, or priests, may happen to suggest.

The Bonnymen pay great adoration to their grand Jew-Jew (the iguana), and hold them in such high estimation, that these reptiles have become so tame that they will scarcely move out of the way. A native killing one of them is put to death, unless he can prove it to have been by accident, and even then he is only allowed to escape by paying a certain amount, in goods or money, to the

priest of the idol. If a white man kill one, or attempt to carry it away, the fine imposed is excessively high. Intercourse with a trading ship I have known to have been broken off in consequence of their having taken a small iguana on board.

During our stay, a young elephant was offered as a grand sacrifice to the Jew-Jew iguana. Their manner of conducting the ceremony bears a striking resemblance to the mode of sacrifice practised among the Jews.

The Bonnymen also sacrifice the shark, which is likewise the occasion of a grand ceremonial. The Calabarmen, in return, offer up the iguana, as a suitable sacrifice, to their grand Jew-Jew, the shark. These two nations, as a matter of course, are frequently at war with each other.

In the principal Jew-Jew-House, or place of worship, in Bonny, there is the brazen figure of an iguana, which was cast in England, by order of a trader, for the purpose, it is said, of ingratiating himself with the natives, and thereby securing to himself a preference over his fellow-traders. In consequence of this conformity to their views in matters of religion, it is also alleged that their chief Jew-Jew-man, or supreme Pontiff, admitted him to orders, and that the *liberal-minded* Englishman has been known occasionally to officiate, and when on the coast, gives his countenance on their grand days of ceremonial. This condescension he has subsequently found to be of no small benefit to him in forwarding the settlement of his accounts. What further emoluments he may derive from his sacerdotal office, are not matter of public notoriety.

In order to convey some idea of the commercial intercourse carried on between the untutored African and the European trader, as well as the feelings of animosity which sometimes arise in the course of their traffic, the writer will put on record the melancholy catastrophe of the blowing up of the brig ——, of which he was unfortunately an eye-witness; and from circumstances which fell under his own immediate observation, he has reason to believe it may have been the result of a preconcerted plot.

Toward the end of April, 183—, a disagreement of rather a serious nature took place between the native traders of the river Bonny and the masters of the British vessels then lying there; and to such a height did their differences reach, that an entire stop was put to their commercial transactions. The dispute originated in a determination of the British traders to reduce the price paid for palm oil. This the natives attempted to counteract by combining, for the purpose of withholding all settlements of accounts with the masters of the vessels, till they would consent to give the original price for the oil.

After several meetings between king Peppell and the native traders on the one part, and the shipmasters on the other, it was finally agreed by the two former parties, that all who were owing oil to the shipmasters should discharge their obligations without delay. But though promises to this effect were repeatedly made, no intention towards their fulfilment was observable, and it was at length found necessary to have recourse to severe measures. It was therefore intimated to king Peppell and his people, that unless the

debts were forthcoming at the expiry of two days, the ships would commence firing upon the town. The time allowed elapsed without producing the desired object: and at three o'clock, on the afternoon of the 8th May, the vessels opened a pretty brisk fire upon the town, and kept it up for two or three hours, during which time the unfortunate brig alluded to was observed to do the greatest execution, she having discharged both round and grape-shot upon the town. This conduct was considered the more ungracious, as few or no debts were believed to be due to that vessel; and on that account, the commander did not think it necessary to attend the meetings between the masters and the natives.

A day or two after the firing, trade having again commenced, I went on shore; and being in the house of one of the principal traders, I chanced to overhear him conversing with their high priest, or grand Jew-Jew-Man, and the purport of their conversation seemed to be, that a resolution had been formed that neither the brig in question nor her captain should be suffered to leave the river. After hearing this intimation of their intentions, I called on some others of the traders, who appeared to be equally enraged against the vessel referred to; and it required but little penetration to see that some conspiracy, of a very formidable description, was in agitation. I therefore sent off immediately to warn the captain of his danger, and to communicate to him the threatenings I had overheard.

On the morning of the 13th May, the sky exhibited all the appearance of an approaching tornado, and I observed, from the deck of our vessel, about fifteen or twenty canoes round the ill-fated brig, and amongst them were the canoes of the trader above mentioned and his confidant, the Jew-Jew-Man. About eight o'clock A. M. distant thunder was heard, and the forked lightning was seen darting from one quarter of the heavens to another, in awful grandeur, while the rain poured down in heavy but intermitting torrents. About ten A. M. the storm seemed to approach the anchorage, not so near, however, in my opinion, as to occasion any injury to the shipping. About a quarter to ten I was standing at the cabin-door, in rather an anxious state of mind, arising more from an apprehension of wind, than from any fear of damage from the lightning. Our deck was lumbered with forty puncheons of palm oil, and orders were just giving for uncovering the hatches, when a most vivid flash, of what I supposed at the time to be electric fluid, passed across our vessel. This was instantly followed by a peal so tremendous, that it seemed as if heaven and earth had come together. So astounding was the concussion, and so powerful was the effect upon the atmosphere, that I felt myself bent down to the deck, as if an irresistible weight had been gradually lowered down on the upper part of my body. I had scarcely regained my former posture, before we were enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke, so dark that we could not see each other. Conceiving that it was our own vessel which had exploded, every man scrambled about as his fear suggested, apparently seeking for some means of security or plan of escape. Our confusion, which was great before, was instantly increased by a tremendous shower of timber, iron bars, bolts, nails, and a variety of other materials. The terror and bustle on board our vessel now

exceeded all bounds. By some means or other, which I cannot now recollect, I got into a canoe; and though I found her in a leaking state, I endeavoured to get to a distance from our ship. My progress was, however, stopped by hearing some one from the deck of our own vessel calling out my name, and begging that I would return, assuring me that it was the brig ——— that had been blown up, but that our vessel was in no danger.

On regaining the deck of our ship, I looked out for the unfortunate brig, which only a few seconds before had been at anchor about forty fathoms from us. Her form was no longer to be seen; reduced instantaneously to a shapeless wreck, her remains were floating about the river in dreadful confusion. Having gone below in order to ascertain the state of our own vessel, I again came up, and witnessed a scene sufficient to appall the stoutest heart. Fragments of every part of the human body were strewed about our decks, or floated round the sides of the vessel. Our bulwarks, in several places, were greatly injured, and pieces of guns, knives, and other articles, were found sticking in various parts of the ship's sides. Our rigging was also considerably damaged, and many of the iron-bars thrown on board of us were twisted into such a singular variety of shapes, as would have puzzled human ingenuity to imitate, without a considerable sacrifice of time and labour. Several days after the dreadful catastrophe, some of our people, while working in the hold, found a large portion, nearly the quarter of a man, amongst a quantity of stones; and for weeks afterwards, fragments of bodies were picked up in various places, about the tops, cross-trees, and other parts of the ship, and the house that covers the vessel. It was supposed that the brig had at least 350 or 400 barrels of powder on board; and the number of natives was estimated at 150, with a crew amounting to twenty, including the captain and his eldest son, none of whom were saved, nor could any part of them be recognised. Had it not been for the heavy rain which fell during the explosion, our vessel would doubtless have taken fire, from the immense quantity of inflammable matter which was thrown on board of us; and had we blown up, several other ships would, in all probability, have shared a similar fate.

It was the general impression that the brig had been struck with lightning, and that the electric fluid had come in contact with the powder; but as I have already stated some reasons for entertaining a different opinion, I shall further briefly remark, that the perpetrators of the deed appear to me to have only seized the opportunity of the coming storm, the prognostics of which they were well acquainted with, in order to remove from them the suspicion which would have instantly attached to them, had the explosion taken place under other circumstances. I have already stated that the lightning seemed, to me at least, to be at too great a distance to have occasioned the injury; but allowing it to be otherwise, I can scarcely believe that the peal would have here followed the flash so instantaneously as it did. And I also conceive that if the explosion had been caused by the lightning, we should have had *two reports*, and seen *two flashes*—the first from natural causes, and the other from the powder. This is rendered more likely by the circumstance that the

very individuals whom I had overheard threatening vengeance against the devoted brig had both been on board of her, for a considerable time, during the morning, and had not been, as they afterwards acknowledged, more than *eight* or *ten* minutes from the vessel's side when the explosion took place. And I may add, what I have since learned from good authority, that the Jew-Jew-Man has, amongst his countrymen, taken merit to himself for the atrocity. It may be urged by some, as an argument against what I have stated, that there were 150 negroes on board at the time, all of whom shared the same fate as the crew; but when we take into account the very little consideration which is attached by negroes to the lives of their countrymen, and the trifling reasons which are deemed sufficient to warrant their slaughter, even to a much greater extent than the number here immolated, the circumstance will not appear at variance with the character of a people, of whom I have already stated several instances to show the very little regard they entertain for human life.—*Private Journal of an African Trader.*

A MORTIFIED MIDDY.

THERE are few of the natives of Bermuda of old standing who do not remember two living oddities, named Jacob and Jamie, who belonged to that interesting island. They were both negroes of the darkest hue, and gained their living by acting alternately as pilots to his majesty's vessels that frequented the port. Though singular-looking beings, they were, in the main, trust-worthy, good-natured creatures, and exceedingly obliging to the midshipmen, with whom they were mighty favourites. Their wives, who were of as dark a shade as themselves, acted as principal laundresses to the fleet, in consequence of which I and my brother middies used frequently to call at their neat little cedar-built cottages, where we often got them to cook for us such homely fare as the place afforded. Our dinner, I may safely say, nine times out of ten, consisted of ham and eggs, a repast which, from its frequency, I entertained no great relish for, and would often have absented myself from the parties, had it not been that our friends Jacob and Jamie, in addition to their vocation as pilots, were also extensive collectors of shells and corallines, of which, at the time I speak of, I was enthusiastically fond. Our fare on board boasted as little variety as that on shore, being limited for a long time to salt provisions. The reader may therefore imagine with what pleasure I one day received from the captain of the *Boston*, who had done me many well-timed favours before, the present of a fine fat goose, a huge leg of delicious pork, and a bag of potatoes: nothing, at the moment, could have been more acceptable. Such a present, at almost any other time, I should have looked upon as a piece of waggery, and have laughed at it; but so true it is that circumstances give value to all gifts, that I actually felt my heart overflow with gratitude towards my very kind and considerate friend, as I gloated over the interesting and luxurious novelties he had so unexpectedly sent me. I had often seen, and personally experienced, the peculiar art which the worthy captain

possessed of making his favours doubly agreeable by selecting what was likely to be most useful, and of course most highly prized, by his friends—a consideration, however, which, in making presents, is but too little attended to. The eatables were immediately transferred to the cook, and our mess, I believe, thought of little else save the glorious “feed” they would have at dinner; for my own part, I must confess, that my thoughts ran as much on the anticipated change of diet as on any other subject. On this day it had been intimated that the admiral meant to inspect our ship, and a barge was sent with a lieutenant to bring him on board. Just before he reached the vessel, black Jacob had come alongside with a new assortment of conch shells and corals for my inspection, and being anxious to secure the best specimens, I quitted my station, and slipped down into the pilot-boat, thinking I should be able to return before I was missed. As my evil genius would have it, the first-lieutenant saw me quit the ship; and looking over the gangway, observed me bargaining for the curiosities which I meant to take to my friends at Halifax. I was instantly called on deck, and, as a punishment for quitting the ship when the admiral was expected on board, I was sent to the mast-head. As I had secured my purchase of shells, which was every thing I could have wished, I endeavoured to make myself very easy under the punishment, and I sat most of the forenoon contentedly looking round me at the delightful prospect which my elevated station and the beautiful weather afforded. Chancing, however, as I sat perched aloft on the main-top-mast cross-trees, to cast my eyes below, a sight met my view that made me consider the punishment I had but a few minutes before regarded as trifling, to be one of the greatest severity, and such as was far beyond my deserts. The reader, I have no doubt, will deeply sympathise with me when I tell him that, on looking down from my lofty station, I observed my own delicious goose, with a beautiful little cloud of its own perfumed incense hovering over it, carried along the main-deck to the cock-pit, followed by a wag of a negro loaded with the rich, roasted, piping-hot leg of pork. What added to my anguish was the impudence with which the fellow turned up his eye in derision towards me as he passed on his way; oh, how I longed at the moment for the wings of the eagle, that I might have darted down upon the black rascal, and borne off the prey to my eyry on the top-mast! To aggravate my feelings still farther, each of my messmates, as he skipped down the ladder to take his place at this luxurious dinner, looked up to me, patted his stomach, placed his finger quizzically on the side of his nose, nodding and smiling, as much as to say, “What a glorious feast we shall have; I’m sorry YOU’RE ENGAGED!”—*Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*

LONG TOM COFFIN.

WHEN the whale-boat obtained her position, the young lieutenant, who, in consequence of commanding a schooner, was usually addressed by the title of Captain, stepped on the rocks, followed by

the youthful midshipmen, who had quitted the barge to aid in the hazardous duty of their expedition.

"This is at best but a Jacob's ladder we have to climb," said captain Barnstable, casting his eyes upwards to the difficult ascent; "and it is by no means certain that we shall be well received when we get up, though we should even reach the top." "We are under the guns of the frigate," returned the boy; "and you remember, Sir, three oar-blades, and a pistol repeated from the barge, will draw her fire."

"Yes; on our own heads. Boy, never be so foolish as to trust a long shot; it makes a great smoke and some noise, but it is a terrible uncertain way of throwing old iron about. In such a business as this, I would sooner trust Tom Coffin and his harpoon to back me, than the best broadside that ever rattled out of the three decks of a ninety gun ship. Come, gather your limbs together, and try if you cannot walk on *terra firma*, Master Coffin." The seaman who was addressed by this dire appellation arose slowly from the place where he was stationed as cockswain of the boat, and seemed to ascend high in air by the gradual evolution of numberless folds in his body. When erect, he stood nearly six feet, and as many inches, in his shoes; though, when elevated in his most perpendicular altitude, there was a forward inclination about his head and shoulders, that appeared to be the consequence of habitual confinement in limited lodgings. His whole frame was destitute of the outlines of a well-formed man, though his enormous hands furnished a display of bones and sinews which gave indications of gigantic strength. On his head he wore a little low brown hat of wool, with an arched top, that threw an expression of peculiar solemnity and harshness over his hard visage, the sharp, prominent features of which were completely encircled by a set of black whiskers, that began to be grizzled a little with age. One of his hands grasped, with a sort of instinct, the staff of a bright harpoon, the lower end of which he placed firmly on the rock; as in obedience to the order of his commander, he left the place, where, considering his vast dimensions, he had been established in an incredible small space.

As soon as captain Barnstable received this addition to his strength, he gave a few precautionary orders to the men in the boat, and proceeded to the difficult task of ascending the rocks. Notwithstanding the great daring and personal agility of Barnstable, he would have been completely baffled in this attempt, but for the assistance he occasionally received from his cockswain, whose prodigious strength and great length of limbs enabled him to make exertions which it would have been useless for most men to attempt. When within a few feet of the summit, they availed themselves of a projecting rock to pause for consultation and breath, both of which seemed necessary for their further movements.

"This will be but a bad place for a retreat if we should happen to fall in with enemies," said Barnstable; "and where are we to look for this Pilot, Mr Merry; or how are we to know him; or what certainty have you that he will not betray us?"

"The question you are to put to him is written on this bit of paper," returned the boy, as he handed the other the word of recog-

dition. "We made the signal on the point of the rock on your headland; but as he must have seen our boat, he will follow us to this place. As to his betraying us, he seems to have the confidence of captain Munson, who has kept a bright look-out for him ever since we made the land."

"Ay," muttered the lieutenant, "and I shall have a bright look-out to keep on him, now that we are on the land. I like not this business of hugging the shore so closely, nor have I much faith in any traitor; what think you of it, Master Coffin?"

The hardy old seaman thus addressed turned his grave visage to the commander, and thus replied, with a becoming gravity—

"Give me plenty of sea-room and good canvass where there is no occasion for pilots at all, Sir. For my part, I was born on board of a chebacco-man, and never could see the use of more land than now and then a small island, to raise a few vegetables and to dry your fish. I'm sure the sight of it always makes me feel uncomfortable, unless we have the wind dead off shore."

"Ah, Tom, you are a sensible fellow," said Barnstable, with an air half-comic, half-serious; "but we must be moving." On gaining the summit, Barnstable stopped and looked round. "Here," said he, "seems to be neither any thing to apprehend, nor the object of our search. I fear we have landed to no purpose, Mr Merry. What say you, long Tom?"

"I see no pilot, Sir," said the cockswain, "but it's an ill wind that blows luck to no body; here is a mouthful of fresh meat stowed away under that row of bushes, that would make a double ration to all hands in the Ariel."

The midshipman laughed as he pointed out to Barnstable the object of the cockswain's solicitude, which proved to be a fat ox quietly ruminating under a hedge near them.

"There is many a hungry fellow aboard of us," said the boy, merrily, "who would be glad to second long Tom's motion, if the time and business would permit us to slay the animal."

"It's but a lubber's blow, Mr Merry," returned the cockswain, without a muscle of his hard face yielding, as he struck the end of his harpoon violently against the earth, and then made a motion towards poizing the weapon. "Let Captain Barnstable but say the word, and I will drive the iron through him to the quick. I've sent it to the seizing in many a whale that had not a jacket of such blubber as that fellow wears."

"Pshaw! you are not on a whaling voyage, where every thing that offers is game," said Barnstable, turning himself pettishly away from the tempting object; "so be not rash with your weapon, Master Thomas Coffin."—*The Pilot.*

SEA SPORTSMEN—KILLING A WHALE.

"As I'm alive, Tom, there's the blow of a whale," cried Barnstable.

"Ay, ay, Sir," returned the cockswain, in his usual composed manner, "his spout is not more than half a mile to seaward; the late easterly gale has driven the creature to leeward, and he finds

himself in shoal water. He has been taking his *snooze* and his play when he ought to have been working to windward."

"The fellow seems still to take it fair and easy; he's in no hurry to get an offing."

"I guess," said the cockswain, turning the tobacco in his mouth, "that the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and is at a loss as to which way to head or take himself back into the water."

"'Tis a fin back," said the lieutenant; "he will soon make head-way and be off."

"No, Sir," said Tom, "he's a whale of the right sort; I watched his spout, and saw him throw up as neat a pair of rainbows as any Christian need look at. He's a real oil-butt, I'll warrant him."

Barnstable turned away his head, seemingly afraid lest the tempting sight might seduce him from his duty. He had, however, strong and delightful recollections of the sports of early life to contend with; and casting his eyes towards the cliffs, and not seeing those he expected, his anxiety for his friends gave way to his love for the sport. "Have you any whale-line in the boat that will do to fasten to that harpoon of yours, which you always carry about with you?" said Barnstable to the cockswain. "I never," replied long Tom, "take the boat any distance from the schooner without making some little preparation for chances."—"Give way, then, my jolly lads; since nothing better can be done, let us have a stroke of the harpoon once more." A loud shout from the boat's crew spake the gratification they felt in obeying the order; and away shot the boat, full of joyous spirits, towards the object of attack. In the mean time the experienced boatswain set about putting his tackle in the best possible condition, to meet the emergencies of the coming tug of war. Their unwieldy foe had been so much taken up with sporting his attractive person near the surface of the deep, that they had approached pretty close to him before he exhibited any symptoms of alarm. As they neared, he continued amusing himself by throwing jets of water high into the air, and at times lashing the ocean with his tail, till the spray fell in cataracts all around him. These magnificent gambols were kept up till the hardy and fearless tars were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly turned his head downwards, and with an ease and agility which, considering his immense bulk, was truly surprising, raised his extremities a number of feet above the water, waving his tail rapidly, which sounded like the rushing of the winds. The cockswain, who had taken his position, stood erect with his harpoon, ready to launch it at the monster; but when he saw him assume the formidable attitude we have attempted to describe, he waved his hand to the commander, who gave the signal to the men to cease rowing. In this interesting situation the intrepid sportsmen rested for a few minutes on their oars, during which the fish struck several blows with his tail in rapid succession, which sounded along shore like a smart discharge of cannon. Having made this display of his terrible power, the mighty monarch of the water sunk slowly and majestically to the depths of his native element.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, as soon as the whale was fairly out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, Sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was beginning to sparkle with the excitement of the sport; "he'll run his nose against the bottom if he holds on his present course, and he will soon be up for the benefit of the air, when we shall give him a little exercise along with it." The experienced old seaman was right. In a few minutes the water brake near them, and another spout ascended into the air, and the huge mass of animated matter rushed about half its length in the same direction, and fell on the surface of the water with a plunge almost equal to that made by the launching of a seventy-four. After this feat, the whale seemed to loll listlessly on the bosom of the deep. His every motion was now watched by his wary foes. The oars were again in motion, and a few long and powerful strokes brought the boat up alongside the whale, as he lay sluggishly at his ease, rocked by gentle undulations of the sea. The cockswain poised his harpoon with a steady aim, and slowly moving his body to and fro, to keep time with the swell, he darted forth his resistless weapon, with a force that sank it deep in the blubber of the foe.

"Starn all," cried the boatswain, the instant he saw his harpoon fairly lodged.—"Starn all," echoed Barnstable, when the crew, by a simultaneous effort, forced the boat in a backward direction, so as to be beyond the reach of any danger from their formidable antagonist. The alarmed animal intended no such resistance. Ignorant of his own power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought refuge in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the entrance of the harpoon, when he cast his tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared with the quickness of lightning amid a cloud of foam.

"Snub him," shouted Barnstable: "hold on, Tom; he rises already." "Ay, ay, Sir," replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line, that was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manœuvre rather hazardous, and causing it to yield more gradually round the large loggerhead, that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose. Presently the line stretched forward, and rising to the surface with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction in which the animal might be expected to reappear. Barnstable had cast the bows of the boat towards that point before the terrified and wounded victim arose once more to the surface, whose time was, however, no longer wasted in his sports, but cast the waters aside as he forced his way, with prodigious velocity, along their surface. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was tinged with the deep red of blood, and cried, "Ay, I've touched the fellow's life; it must be more than two feet of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean."

"I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance," said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardour of one whose youth had

been chiefly passed in such pursuits. "Feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner."

"'Tis the creature's way, Sir," said the cockswain; "you know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold, boys, and haul up to him."

The seamen now seized the whale-line, and slowly drew their boat within a few feet of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid, as he became weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily in the water, as if suffering the agonies of death.

"Shall we pull in and finish, Tom?" cried Barnstable; "a few sets with your bayonet would do it."

The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory,—

"No, Sir, no; he's going into his flurry: there is no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier's weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, Sir; starn off! the creature's in his flurry!" The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat drew cautiously off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high, as when in sport; but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam, which was deeply tinged with blood. The roaring of the fish was like the bellowings of a herd of bulls; and to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradually these efforts subsided; and when the discoloured water again settled down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish was seen exhausted, and yielding passively to his fate. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side, and when the white and glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew their victory was achieved.—*The Pilot.*

JACK'S PIE.

THE excesses which sailors commit when furnished with the means of indulgence are often, particularly in warm climates, more hurtful to the service, in the havoc they make of the crews, than either the shot of the enemy or the infectious disorders to which they are subjected. Some of our commanders, particularly our worthy old captain (Dundas), was so convinced of this, that he took every opportunity to impress upon us the pernicious effects of that seductive liquid—new rum. Its introduction on board the vessel was of course prohibited. Our captain, however, in order that his men might have a potation such as might not prove injurious to their health, allowed as much bottled porter to be brought on board as they thought proper, well knowing that the price would prove an effectual check to any injurious indulgence. So much for our drink. In respect to our feeding, before the above arrangement was made,

roast-pig was the grand favourite with all between decks ; but, somehow or other, the taste of the men all at once underwent a change : whether they got a surfeit of their own beloved *morceau*, or some leading gourmand among them had given a turn to their ideas, I cannot say, but piggy got the cold shoulder, and pies—nothing but fine large pies, baked on shore at Fort Royal—became the order of the day ; and so regular and increasing was the demand, that pork seemed to be for ever banished from the mess. The captain, though he felt no little surprise at this alteration in Jack's taste, might have passed over the circumstance without any particular notice, had he not observed that, though his restriction in respect to bringing new rum on board was rigidly enforced, intoxication was rather gaining ground—a circumstance which satisfied him that some mischievous device was put in practice, either in respect to the porter or the pies. One day while the captain was walking the quarter-deck, musing, no doubt, on the suspicions that had arisen in his mind, a pie, of more than the usual dimensions, was handed up the side. The extraordinary size attracted his attention, and he ordered it to be uncovered, when the mystery which had puzzled him so much was instantly solved ; for from the middle of the capacious pasty a large bladder of rum was drawn forth—which at once explained how Pie had supplanted Piggy in the affections of Jack.—*Naval Adventures.*

THE SCOTCH NEGRO.

ANXIOUS to obtain a passage to Jamaica, Splinter and I returned to Carthage, in order to be at hand, and avail ourselves of the first opportunity that might offer. While sauntering on the fortifications one afternoon, full of impatience at the prospect of detention, quite at a loss what to make of ourselves, our attention was suddenly arrested by a voice, which we thought we knew, striking up a negro ditty, the first verse of which was perfectly familiar to us :—

“ Fader was a Corromantee,
 Moder was a Mingo ;
 Black piccaniny buccra wantee,
 So dem sella Peter, by jingo !
 Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery.”

“ Bravo, Massa Woolly-head !” cried Splinter ; “ where do you hail from, my light-hearted snowball ?”—“ Woolly-head ! Well, dat is being free and easy with niger-gentleman, sure enough. Who you yousef, eh ?”—“ What, Peter Mangrove,” continued the lieutenant, “ have you forgot me ?”—“ Peter must first know you before him can forget ; me neber saw you, Massa,” rejoined the negro, without lifting his head, as he sat patching his jacket near one of the gun-ports ; “ have neber hab the honour of your acquaintance, Sir :” so saying, he proceeded with his song :—

“ Mammy Sally’s daughter,
 Lose him shoe in an old canoe,
 Dat lay half full of water;
 And den she knew not what to do!
 Jiggery, jig——”

“ Hold your jiggery, jiggery!—if you have forgot me, I have not forgot you, my man. So you don’t remember lieutenant Splinter of the ‘Torch!’—you’re a pretty curmudgeon, to be sure!”—Peter Mangrove (for it was really himself) raised his eyes, and fixed them on us both with a degree of surprise that left us no reason to believe that the poor fellow was shamming ignorance of our persons.—“ Bless a me! if it is not Massa Plinter sure enough, and a piccanny hoflicer; sure, if am living niger, it is Massa Tommy Cringle himself! Blessa me again! where did you slid from; and what hab you done wid da old ‘Torch’? Many a good time hab I, Peter Mangrove, pilot in his Britannic Majesty’s service, taken de old brig in and through among de keys at Port-Royal——” “ Ay, and like a clever servant, full well did you scour her copper against the coral reefs, Peter, my trusty.”—“ If you love Peter, Massa, say no more about dat.”—“ Well, well, Peter, as I know you will never do the like again, we’ll say little about the past. The ‘Torch’ is founded, and all on board perished except Cringle and I.”—“ Ah! Peter very sorry for dat, Massa; but stop till I put my needle in safe place, and I will take walk up and down wid you,” said he, rising, and drawing himself up to that absurd altitude which he always thought necessary for the support of the dignity of his “majesty’s pilot.” “ It is right dat broder officers in de British service should consult togeder, and help one anoder in der distress. What can I do for you, gentlemen?”—“ Why, Peter, my lily of Corramantee,” said Splinter, slapping the sable pilot of the ‘Torch’ on the shoulder, “ you will do us good service if you can, by hook or by crook, get us a passage to Port-Royal.”—“ Why, Massa Plinter,” said Peter, “ de silver hook, de dollard, you know, is de best hook to go a fishing for what you want.”—“ True, Peter; but we have already been here for six weeks at least—and if we are detained much longer, hooks of the metal you mention will become rather scarce among our fishing-tackle.”—The negro for a moment looked us full in the face; then casting his eyes cautiously round, to be certain there were no eavesdropper in the vicinity, thus proceeded—“ You see, gentlemen, me want to oblige you for old acquaintance’ sake, as well as for one or two wery leetle reasons of my own; one is, I want a friend among de hoflicers of de squadron—as, to tell you no lie, but de truth, I am absent just now widout leave.”

“ Oho! I see how it is! a big R stands against your name in the master-attendant’s books.”—“ Though you were Obi-mon, Massa, you no guess better. Now, toder reason is, I mush wish to go see my wife, Nancy Cotton, who I left, like great big wagabone, that I is, when she was just going to be confine.”—Here I could not help attempting a joke—“ Never mind Nancy, friend Peter; I saw her before sailing—fine stout piccanny that, but not near so black as

you, Peter.”—“ Oh, Massa Cringle, dat shot fell in de water—I meant, to be confine in de workhouse, for stealing de admiral’s Muscovy ducks—so you leetle out, Massa Cringle! Nancy is more chaster dan black turtle-dove!” and he grimed and neighed aloud, showing his ivory from ear to ear. “ Now, gentlemen,” said he, having enjoyed his triumph, as he thought it, “ if you will agree to stand my friends, I will not only try and get you a passage to Jamaica, but will go wid you myself.”—“ Thank you,” said Splinter; “ but where is the vessel to be got? there are none here for Kingston at present.”—“ Leave that to me, Massa Plinter; you agree to stand my friend—and if you are landed safe on de east end of Jamaica, you promise not to seek to know more of the crew or the vessel you go in, than they will think proper to tell you?”—“ Why, Peter, I hardly think you would get us into a scrape, knowing as you do how I once saved your bacon, when you ran the Torch ashore from having too much grog on board.”—“ Forget dat! oh you was poor Peter’s friend dat time! neber will I forget dad while I wear de black skin on my back. No, no, Massa Plinter; me be black rascal—but you shall neber call me ungrateful dog.”—“ Well, Peter, I don’t think you would willingly betray us; and as I have a guess of the sort of vessel you mean, make your terms as quick as possible.”—“ Just one word more, Massa Plinter; may I promise that you will take your passage, and ask no questions?”—“ Agreed—so be off.”—“ In ten minutes you will see me here again.” So saying, Peter Mangrove made his way through the embrasure, and reaching a canoe, we soon lost sight of him on board of a strange-looking craft that lay about a cable’s length from the walls. Her excellent qualities, as a good sea-boat, as well as a swift sailer, with other advantages of a more equivocal description, seemed to be very artfully concealed from view; and it was only on a very narrow inspection that her character and superior equipments could be discovered. The few hands which were on board had, from their large bushy whiskers and singular dress, a most ruffianly appearance; their hair was gathered into net-bags; sashes of red silk girdled the waists of most of them, through which their long and dangerous-looking knives were displayed, stuck in sheaths of shark-skin—a covering certainly very appropriate, as indicative of the profession of their wearers. The number of these men was not great, but there was about them an air of reckless daring, which distinguished them at once from the hard-working, red-shirted crews belonging to the merchant service. While we were thus making our observations, our friend Peter came paddling back, having a blackamore, of even a darker shade than himself, sitting in the stern of the canoe. He was a man of large dimensions, and apparently of great weight, as he made the beak or prow of the canoe, where sat Peter Mangrove, to cock upwards as if it had been made of cork, making the poor pilot often to flourish his paddle in the air like the weather wheel of a steamer in a squall. The face of the dingy stranger was ugly to look upon. He was, nevertheless, strong and big, with muscles like whip-cord displaying themselves on his brawny arms and neck. From the belt upwards he showed a bust that might have done for a sable Hercules, while his configuration beneath seemed

more like that of a baboon. Tufts of black hair were scattered over his face, like raisins on the surface of a plum-pudding, which, with an ugly sabre-cut across the nose, tended little to increase his beauty, even though aided with the lustre of two large gold rings which were suspended from his ears. His dress was limited to short cotton drawers, which extended to within two inches of his knee, leaving his scranky, sharp-shinned, cucumber-looking shanks, with their calves like a couple of billiard-balls, naked to the shoe; a hat of immense circumference, made of split cane, covered his woolly head; while a check shirt, open at the breast, finished his equipment. Ungainly as his appearance undoubtedly was, he made his bow in a manner by no means ungraceful, and tendered his services in very excellent Spanish; on our addressing him in English, he immediately replied in that language, "I am not the master of the vessel—I am only the mate," said he, in answer to a question from Splinter, "and understand that you wish to go to Jamaica."—This was said in a broad Scottish accent. "Yes, to be sure we do," said I; "but we have no wish to sail with the devil as our mate: who ever heard of a Scotch negro before?"—"Black as you think me," said the fellow, laughing, "I am a *true-blue* Scot, born a free man in the good town of Greenock; and many a lucky voyage I have made in the tight little ship, the Peggy Bogle, along with that tough old cable-end worthy Jock Hunter. But that is of little consequence—I'm told you want a passage to Jamaica, and I have no doubt our captain will be easy with you,—but here comes Captain Vanderbosh himself."

The person he spoke *at* came forward; he was a man almost as tall, but not quite so stout, as himself. With this worthy, after a little preliminary negotiation, we agreed to give one hundred dollars for the passage required. "But," said he, turning to the mate, "de cabin, you know, Williamson, was new paint all over yesterday."—"The gentlemen," returned the Scotch negro, "from their dress must have smelt a little gunpowder in their time, which," continued he, nodding significantly, "is more injurious to the constitution than the smell of paint. I dare say they'll manage very well."

We found we could not do better than agree to the terms proposed; so, all things being arranged, we dropped down in the evening on the tail of the breeze, and set sail for Bocachica, Peter Mangrove and my trusty dog Sneazer making part of our followers. When off San Domingo Gate we burned a blue light, which in a few minutes was answered by a similar signal from on shore, and presently, by the glare thus raised, we could discern two boats full of men making towards us; they were dressed like those we have already noticed, and when seen through the blue sulphurous light that fell upon them, they seemed as fiendish a crew of scoundrels as ever I set eyes on. Forty of these were soon on board of us, gabbling all languages, for they were certainly the scum of all nations; and had they been picked by Lucifer himself, as specimens of his lieges, he could scarcely have selected a fairer sample. The first change we observed, after this accession to our strength, was the sinking of Vanderbosh from the rank of captain to that of a petty

officer, while, to our infinite surprise, the Scotch negro took the command of the vessel, and gave out his orders with a fiery energy which showed that it was no new thing with him to control such turbulent spirits as those we have described. He conducted himself with much decision and skill—as soon as he assumed the command, ordering the schooner to be wore, and her head to be laid off land. He then set all hands to shift the old sails and bend the new ones, the former being used only to conceal from the eyes of the curious the real character of the vessel, and the superior condition of her equipments. As for Splinter and me, we were now both completely aware of what sort of people we had got among; yet I could not help saying to the ex-captain Vanderbosh, “Why did you not change your canvas before we set sail?”—“Vy von’t you,” said he, trying to mimic my tone, “be content to take a quiet passage, and hax no questions?” I felt at the instant inclined to resent the insolence of the fellow, but called to mind that we were surrounded by wretches from whom we could neither hope for assistance nor fair dealing. I therefore, like a prudent man, swallowed my wrath; and said nothing, endeavouring to soothe my feelings by reflecting that the fellow was warranted, by terms of our agreement, to reply as he did. While turning the matter over in my mind, the Scotch negro, now Captain Williamson, came to us, and with an air of polite familiarity invited us to the cabin, to take grog with him. We had not been long seated before we heard a noise above, like the swaying up of guns and other heavy articles, which made us suspect there were matters going forward of which it was not desirable that we should be spectators. Splinter and I exchanged glances, by which I understood that the same thoughts which occurred to me at the time were also passing in his mind. About half an hour afterwards, when going on deck, we found our conjectures were right; for by the light of the moon, we observed twelve eighteen-pound carronades mounted, six on a side, with all their implements for working in proper order. The tarpauling and the other lumber were removed, and there lay long Tom, ready-levelled and shotted, grinning on his pivot. The ropes were coiled up in excellent seaman-like trim, and the rest of the tackle quite in the regular man-of-war fashion. The watch had been set, and the look-outs were quite awake, lying under the lee of the boat. Each man that came in our sight had his cutlass buckled to his waist; and the boarding-pikes we observed were cut loose from the boom, and about thirty muskets were ranged along a fixed rack that ran athwart midships, near the main hatchway. While thus taking our observations, the night became overcast, and a dark barrier of clouds hid the moon from our view. A few heavy drops of rain fell on the deck, and thunder muttered in the distance; the clouds slowly extended themselves, till they obscured the whole firmament, while the swell in the sea rose and fell on the horizon with as much mechanical regularity as if worked by the machinery which moves the pasteboard waves in a theatre. The darkness of the night was at last relieved by a streak of moonlight, which slightly tinged the base of the clouds. Mr Splinter now whispered to me, “Do you see a sail to windward in the clear?” I glanced my eye in the direction he referred to, and

soon discovered a small dark spot. A blaze of lightning now crossed her, and her white sails became visible. Instantly the Scotch negro, whose eye seemed more on the alert than any of the crew, jumped up on one of the carronades, and gave his orders with a promptitude and authority which led us to view him as a sort of master-spirit in his way. "Leroux!" he called in a sort of audible whisper, and a small French boy started up at his side, "forward, and call all hands to shorten sail; but speak softly, you land-crab! —Man the fore-clew-garnets—Hands by the top-gallants—clew-lines—peak and throat—hawl-yards—jib down, hawl—rise tacks and sheets—let go—clew up, settle away the main-gaff there!"

The orders were obeyed in silence, and with a degree of alacrity which showed the excellent state of discipline to which these ruffians had attained, as well as the awe with which they regarded their sable commander. In almost as little time as it took Leroux to deliver the orders, every inch of canvass was furled—every light, save one in the binnacle, was extinguished—a hundred and twenty men at quarters—and the ship under bare-poles. The head-yards were then squared, and we bore up before the wind. The stratagem was artful, and proved successful; for the strange sail could now be seen through the night-glasses cracking on close to the wind, evidently under the idea that we had tacked.

"Dere she goes chasing the Gabel," whispered Vanderbosh. She now sent up a blue light, by which she showed herself a heavy cutter, and we did not for a moment doubt but she was our old friend the Spark. "It is of no use to dodge from her; it is only dat dirty little cutter on de Jamaica station, one of de king's ugly sea-pigs, dat carries more bristle dan lard."—"On the present occasion," said the Scotch negro, "she carries lard too, and that of the right sort, as I know she is from Santa Martha with specie, which I will try and relieve her of." Splinter here put in his ear—"If it is the craft you say, I know her well; she is heavy of her class, and if you take her, you are likely to get more hard blows than hard dollars; while if she takes you—" "I'll be hanged if she does," and he grinned, in order to give point to his conceit. "Captain Williamson," said I, "you had better sheer off in time, otherwise you will find your labour as profitless as your friends in Greenock say the devil found his, when he set about clipping the sow, 'muckle din and little woo'; you remember, Williamson?"—"I am resolved, gentlemen, 'to tak' the bit and the buffèt wi't,' as they also say in Greenock; but, to be plain with you, before I strike I will blow up our tight little craft with my own hand. I have no wish to have my bones bleached in chains on a key at Port-Royal. So, gentlemen, as my purpose is fixed, and as I have no wish, since you have trusted me, that unnecessary harm should befall you, you will please bundle down below, and take Peter Mangrove and your dog along with you."

However, as there was no real danger as yet to fear, we continued on deck to see how matters were likely to go. All our canvass was once more stretched to the wind, and with the guns double shotted in the best order, the pirate pressed towards the cutter, whose canvass we could see, though the faint light, like a wreath of snow amidst

the waste of waters around us. She saw us, tacked, and stood on to meet her insidious foe, ignorant of the treachery and danger that awaited her. On nearing each other, the vessels shortened sail; and not being able to weather the cutter, the pirate steered close under her lee.

“Ho! the brigantine, ahoy!”

“Hillo,” cried the Scotch negro, as he backed his maintopsail.

“What schooner is that?”

“The Spanish schooner Caridad.”

“Whence, and whither bound?”

“Carthagena to Porto-Rico.”

“Heave-to, and send your boat on board.”

“We have none that will swim, sir.”

“Bring-to, and I will send mine.”

“Let the boarders keep out of sight,” said Williamson in a low stern voice.

The cutter was now under our lee quarter;—we heard the rattling of her ropes, and the splash of the jolly-boat, as she entered the water. The oars now dipped, and rose fringed with silvery light. My heart throbbed with anxiety as they neared us.—“Must these fine fellows be sacrificed to a trick of this black ruffian and his vile desperadoes,” thought I, “without even a chance of returning a shot.” I took my station, and when they came alongside, called out, while leaning over the nettings, “back, back to your ship, you are betrayed.” Leroux, the little French viper, was at my side in an instant, his long sharp knife glancing in one hand, while the fingers of his other were pressed on his lips. This intimation was plain, for even Sneezer seemed to understand them, and rushed between us with a low angry growl, that startled him, and induced him to sheer off to another part of the ship. The officer I addressed had either not heard me, or not understood me, for he rose up, and looking towards me, said, “I will not go back, my good man, till I know who you are, and what stuff you are made of.” He then clambered on board, and was instantly laid hold of, gagged, and thrown down the hatchway. “Heave,” cried the Scotch negro, “and with a will.” Four thirty-two pound were now sent thundering through the boat, crushing the men to atoms, and swamping their frail craft. Their shrieks were fearful, but of short duration, for in a few minutes all was still, save the rushing of the dread abyss that had received them.

“Ungag the officer and bring him here,” said the negro. I shuddered when I saw poor Walcolm, who had been my messmate, severely wounded, and half naked, dragged forward between two powerful ruffians,—a pistol was clapped to his head by the black savage, who ordered him, on pain of instant death, to hail, and say that the boat had swamped under the counter, and to send another. Stunned and stupified, the poor fellow, without seeming to know what he was about, obeyed the orders of the miscreant. Mr Splinter now asked, in a tone of surprise, if he did not mean to look for and pick up the boat’s crew? “No!” said the monster, with a grin of derision, “I have other fish to fry—come, lads, fill and stand on.” By the light of the moon, which now broke through the clouds, those on board of the cutter could see it was smooth water round the pirate,

not a single straggler was to be seen, and no doubt they concluded their companions were either saved or beyond all human assistance, and the commander of the cutter seeing we were making sail, hailed—"Mr Walcolm, why don't you run to leeward and heave-to, sir."—"Instantly answer him, and hail again for another boat," said Williamson, cocking his pistol. I heard the click, as if the ball had gone through my heart. The midshipman turned his pale blood-stained countenance, expressive of mild but manly resolution, towards the heavens, his lips moving, but silent. "Hail," cried the negro with impatience. "Never!" said the brave fellow, and fell dead at the feet of the fiend whose shot had gone right through the brain of his victim. "Up with the helm, and wear across her stern. Now, fire," and a whole broadside thundered along the cutter's deck, killing and wounding the men, while the white splinters were flying in all directions. A close action now commenced, and I trust I shall never witness such another scene of infernal uproar. For to battle with a civilized foe, though sufficiently hazardous, may be conducted in a manner alike honourable to both parties; but to be pitted against incarnate demons, without one spark of generous feeling to extenuate or throw a veil, slight as it may be, over their atrocious butcheries, is horribly revolting to any mind not utterly depraved. Till the moment the parties came to close quarters, all was silence, coolness, and regularity on board the pirate. Instantly, however, as soon as the fire of the cutter opened on them, all subordination was at an end; and throwing off all control, they rushed forward like as many bloodhounds let slip from the leash, crowding one upon another in such a manner, as not only deprived them of the advantage they possessed in point of numbers, but offered a fair mark for the fire of the cutter, whose grape and round shot made fearful gaps among them at every discharge; while the continued peppering of the musketry told with comparatively fatal effect. In the frenzy of the moment, many of them had stripped themselves nearly naked, and with cutlass in hand, and besmeared with their own blood, or that of their companions, fought with a ferocity more resembling that of excited maniacs, than any thing in the human form. The Scotch negro, and a few about him, who still retained their self-possession, saw, if they did not soon board the cutter, and overwhelm her gallant little crew by superior numbers, their excellent discipline, coolness, and skill, would soon overcome all the odds against them, and leave their enemies but little chance of a victory. An attack, therefore, headed by Williamson, was made forward, in order to carry the cutter by boarding. At that instant, however, the cutter's mainboom fell across the pirate's deck, near where we were sheltering ourselves from the murderous fire that had by this time covered the deck with the dead and dying, and rendered the planks of the schooner slippery with blood. While the pirates were engaged in their attempt at boarding, Splinter, myself, Peter, and the dog, as if all simultaneously impressed with the necessity of taking advantage of the only opportunity that might offer of getting away from the fiends we had got entangled with, made a sudden spring, and jumped down upon the man at the wheel, who, being an Irishman, set up a genuine Connaught howl on the occasion, swearing by all the saints,

from St Patrick downward, that the cutter had been boarded by four devils, we hastened to conceal ourselves, as in the excitement of the moment our friends might mistake us for the enemy,—we therefore dived, men and beast, right through the cabin window—the hatch fortunately having been shot away, and the hands being all absent repelling the boarders, we had time to stow ourselves away unseen in the empty berths. We had not been long in our hiding-places before the firing ceased, the pirate having sheered off and escaped. The lieutenant in command now entered the cabin severely wounded—a fine young fellow,—poor Douglas, I knew him well, he sat down while the blood oozed from between his fingers, from an ugly gash on his forehead, his arm was bound up in a handkerchief, and he seemed pale and faintish from loss of blood. “Here, steward,” he cried, “bring a light—then ask the doctor, and let me know the number of killed and wounded; tell him, when he has done all he can for the men to come to me;—how mortifying to be so outwitted and mauled by a vile buccaneer, and my poor boat’s crew too.” Here the poor fellow groaned in the bitterness of his spirit, to which Splinter could not help responding. Douglas started—but at this moment the steward returned, and reported thirteen killed and fifteen wounded. “Indeed, your honour,” said the poor fellow, whose head was bound up with a bloody napkin, “we are all more or less touched. God help me! God help me! but they have died like brave men; who can tell what death the poor fellows in the boat have had?” Here his painful reflections were cut short by a scuffle on the ladder, down which an old quarter-master came tumbling head foremost into the cabin. “What’s ado now, Jones,” said Douglas calmly. “Not much,” said the man, rising up and smoothing down his hair preparatory to his story—“only Pat Donnally has been frightened out of his wits.”—“Fright be cursed,” cried Donnally, who was ushered in with a man holding each arm—“no man can fear me, but as your honour,” said he, addressing the lieutenant, “was skewering them bloody thieves forward, I was boarded aft by the devil and three of his imps; one of them was black, your honour, two blue, and one rough and hairy, with a long tail whisking about, with a stroke of which he almost capsized me over the side, your honour; and may I never see ould Ireland again, if they had not all of them horns as long as my arm, your honour; I would not tell your honour a lie—they had all tails, but the hairy one had the largest, which he kept whisking about like a conger eel with a light on the end of it.”—“Dat’s be de divel’s own lie you Irish tief,” cried Peter Mangrove, starting up, “look at me, and see if der is any tail hanging at my stern, like conger eel, you big blackguard.” One look was enough; Donnally yelled outright, and rushing up the ladder in the extremity of his fear, he would in all probability have been overboard before he came to his senses, had not his head come in contact with the broad stern of the purser, with such force, as sent him sprawling several feet out upon the deck, as if he had been projected from one the pirate’s heavy carronades; but the recoil sent poor Pat, stunned and bothered, to the bottom of the ladder. We could not resist laughing outright, knowing as we did the origin of poor Donnally’s misfortunes; and coming forward made ourselves known to Douglas,

who gave us a cordial reception, and in less than a week, we landed all safe at Port-Royal, the sick list having diminished beyond our most sanguine expectations. I have seen no more of the Scotch negro, and I dare say, from the nature of the *accommodation* we had with him, though we came off without paying our passage-money, that his conscience (if he has such a monitor about him) will whisper in his ear, that we are not greatly indebted to him.

A NAUTICAL ODDITY.

THE most singular character belonging to our ship was Lieutenant George M——. This officer, shortly after joining the service, unfortunately lost his leg in action,—a circumstance which, so far from damping his spirits, only afforded him an opportunity of displaying the whimsical character of his disposition. In order to supply the place of the member which had thus taken French leave of absence from duty, he set the ship's carpenter to work to form a leg on a new principle, invented by himself. The merits of his discovery consisted in combining the old properties of locomotion, with the additional one of attack or defence. This was effected by having a metal tube inserted in his wooden leg, and furnished with a touch-hole about the centre,—thus converting his limb into a very portable sort of gun, which might be useful in the event of his falling in with land pirates or other belligerents during a cruise on shore. The legality of going thus equipped, he observed, “could not be questioned, for although there existed an act against carrying fire-arms, he knew of none against carrying fire-legs.” Naturally of great personal activity, and full of fun and frolic, George never went to beat up the quarters of the “dignity” on Man-of-War Hill, or any other well-known haunts, without supplying himself with gunpowder and peas to load his engine; and then, with a cigar in his mouth to serve as a match, he would *stump* unexpectedly in among the company, and throw the whole neighbourhood into a state of alarm by the noise he made in firing off his *leg*, while chasing the ebony beauties round the room. This practical joke often had the effect of breaking up the party, and bringing his companions sooner to their hammocks, than they would otherwise have felt disposed. They retired, however, always in good humour, the “walking gunner” being a privileged character, towards whom it was considered as bad taste to take offence.

Our humorous eccentric was, however, by no means averse to prolonging the enjoyments of the festive board, when conducted with a little attention to decorum. On one occasion being invited to dine with the officers of the 15th at Fort Bourbon, Martinico, he felt himself so much at home among the red-coats, that he rather *indulged* beyond his regular allowance. On making his way down the rough zigzag road which led to the town, his fire leg by some means or other got fast in a crevice of the rock, where it broke off at the top of the tube, and nearly on a level with the knee. Poor George got up, thinking he might manage to hop the rest of the way to town, but he soon found that a man whose head is *spinning round*, is not in the

best condition for hopping. By way of taking it easy, therefore, he laid himself down and commenced rolling home. This method was equally unsuccessful: the want of a binnacle light leaving him nothing by which he could shape his course, our accomplished gunner soon found himself at anchor in a hedge of prickly pears, where he had to remain till relieved by the market women in the morning. Had his gun been at hand, he might have fired a signal of distress, but unfortunately, in retreating from his contest with the rosy god, he had left his ammunition behind him.—*Bowers' Naval Adventures.*

POOR BEN AND THE SHARK.

YOU talk about sharks, messmates, and mayhap you know something about the matter; but Tom Tackle was the lad that could tell about them. It was his *walk*, he said, and certainly he traversed it like a *rope-spinner*, for he went backwards and forwards over the same ground again and again, without either tiring himself or any one else. The reason of which was, that though Tom spun a long' yarn, he always spun a tough one, which would keep its fastenings on the minds of his hearers, in spite of the jibes of all joke-crackers who heard him. The last time I saw Tom, was in the gun-room of the Firebrand—there he sat, and thus he went on to his audience:—

“Sharks, my messmates, I can tell you, are sharp-toothed customers, and though, like some of ourselves, they cannot *write*, yet they can make their *mark* in a very legible manner. ‘Look here,’ said he, pulling up his trowsers, and displaying a broad and deep scar, ‘there is what I call a receipt in full from one of them, at least I hope we shall never have any further dealings together. This wound, my friends, was got as you shall hear. While I sailed in the Spitfire, there was a fine young boy belonging to the ship’s company, who was a general favourite with us all. I loved him, as I knew, that though wild in his disposition, he had a warm heart, a cool head, and possessed intrepidity beyond his years. He seemed to be fond of me, and this circumstance made me still more attached to him. One day, while lying at anchor off the Havanna, my young friend felt a strong inclination to go overboard and cool himself; a practice which, from the quantity of sharks in that neighbourhood, was against orders, unless a studdingsail was let down into the water for protection. As this could not be done at the time, poor Ben had let himself down from the bows by the cable, in sight of several of his companions, who stood looking at him from the fore-castle. One of them, a particular intimate, he asked to go out on the spritsail-yard, and tell him if any sharks were on the prow. His young messmate reported “All’s well.” The waters were deep, clean and clear of the enemy. Ben still held on by the cable, unwilling to transgress against orders, when an ill-tongued, wicked, under-sized little imp of a boy, began to taunt him with cowardice, calling him chicken-heart, lily-liver, more tailor than sailor, and pouring down upon him such a broadside of scurrilous names, offering to bet him a round of nigger-head to a thimbleful of grog, that he had not the pluck to swim out to the buoy. Some of his comrades were thoughtless enough to join in the laugh against him; while poor Ben, stung to the quick—

for he was a lad of keen feelings—unable to brook the insults that were heaped upon him, darted downwards like a ducker into the deep-blue sea, from whence he speedily rose to the surface, shook the water from his hair, and swam swiftly and steadily towards the buoy, which he reached, and had rounded three times, when the appalling cry—‘A shark! a shark!’ was heard from the lad on the spritsail-yard. Instantly the attention of all became deeply engrossed, and the danger of poor Ben impressed a mournful silence on the whole crew, who saw with horror the silvery light emitted by the monster, as he rose slowly from his lurking place in the deep abyss. I thought it possible that my young friend might yet have time to reach the ship and escape from the jaws of his pursuer; and in order to urge him on, I called to him to strike out, which he did with vigour. The destroyer, however, was fast gaining on him, and we soon saw his form distinctly as he rushed through the waters to seize his prey. The little wretch who had been the primary cause of the mischief, stood beside me watching the impending catastrophe. I seized him by the neck, and was about to throw him overboard, as a lure to divert the attention of the monster from my worthy young friend; an act which I thought at the time would have been nothing but strict justice. Observing a boat manning for the rescue, I threw the creature from me, and sliding down the ship’s side, seized an oar, and pulled towards the swimmer, who by this time was but a few yards ahead of his fell pursuer. Other two boats soon joined us, for all were deeply concerned for the fate of our little favourite. My hopes were beginning to revive, when I saw the ravenous monster turn himself, and the movement was instantly followed by a shriek from poor Ben, more agonizing than any sound that ever fell upon my ear. When the piercing scream of the sufferer had subsided, a deep impressive silence for a moment prevailed; while the faces which crowded the gunwale, were marked by an expression of sorrowful interest, such as never will be effaced from my memory so long as I breathe the blessed air of heaven. As the foam occasioned by the attack of the shark floated off, the mutilated body of the unfortunate youth appeared on the surface streaming with blood. The boats pushed forward to catch him, when the monster, who had despatched a limb he had torn from him, returned again, and fastened on his prey. All our harpoons, boat-hooks, and every weapon we had with us, were directed against him; and though after incredible exertions, we at last tore, as it were, the mangled remains of poor Ben from the jaws of his voracious destroyer, it was only, alas! for him to breathe his last sigh, his bleeding and lacerated head resting on my shoulder.

The miserable imp who occasioned so much distress, not only to my amiable friend, but to the whole ship’s company, showing little contrition for his conduct, became detested by all; and it was intended, on reaching England, to dismiss him with disgrace from the ship. A severer punishment, however, was in store for him. One day, while it blew a gale of wind, he was washed overboard; and as the sea was running high, and the vessel going upwards of ten knots an hour, we could render him no assistance, except by throwing him a hen-coop, which he clung to like a monkey; while his fearful cries

would have excited our sorrow and compassion, had they not forcibly reminded us of the heart-rending shriek of the gallant and kind-hearted youth, who had fallen a victim to the heartless taunt of that tongue, which now sent forth its unavailing yells for our assistance. I have seen, messmates, in my time, many acts of retributive justice, but never anything so striking as in the case of these two boys. Had any sorrow been expressed for the fate of poor Ben, I would have forgiven the author of his destruction, but the indifference which the latter displayed, steeled my heart against him to that degree, that I saw the hen-coop and its worthless burden borne off on the weltering wave with comparatively little emotion.

“ Poor Ben! I never look at my leg without thinking of him, as the wound I showed was got in the scuffle with the shark; not that I regret it, for, at the moment, I would freely have parted with the limb, nay, with life itself, to have saved him.”

TELEGRAPHING EXTRAORDINARY.

SINCE we are on the subject of telegraphing, if you will excuse me till I light my cigar, I will tell you a joke about it. In the course of my duty, I had landed at Greenwich wharf, being the nearest, as well as the most convenient, point of communication between Port-Royal and the Admiral's Pen. Here I met with our flag lieutenant, who drove me up in time for lunch. While we were sitting sipping our wine, after having paid due attention to the eatables, the signalman made his appearance, and after several preliminary awkward bows and scrapes, gave us to understand, that there were flags hoisted at the mountain settlement, which completely bothered him, as they were like nothing he had ever seen before, and the book was as much in the dark as himself regarding them; so, continued the poor fellow, as I can neither make head nor tail of them, I have brought the glass to your honour. “ Let me see,” said the lieutenant, taking the glass from the signalman, and applying his eye to the focus—“ Well, this is very strange, I declare: these signals are all Greek to me—try, Cringle, if you can make out their meaning. I took the telescope—uppermost on the signal-post, there was suspended a large dirty-looking table-cloth; next followed what I took for a towel, though rather dingy in appearance. “ I am quite abroad,” said I, keeping my eye at the glass. But as no acknowledgment was made, they all disappeared, and a new batch was run up. There was the table-cloth and towel once more, and a dirty-looking thing that I could only compare to a dishelout. Still we could not acknowledge, and down they went again; and in a few minutes they were once more drawn up, with the addition of a dirty shirt, with a red nightcap on the breast of it, under which, forming a small St Andrew's cross, hung a pair of stockings. “ Now,” cried the lieutenant, bursting out into a fit of laughter, “ I have it—acknowledge it, Splice,” he cried to the signalman—“ it is the washing cart that is wanted.” The acknowledgment was made, and down came all the foul linen. On inquiry, we learned that these *improvements* on the telegraph, like other great discoveries, had been the effect of chance or necessity. The

admiral and his secretary had gone an airing on horseback—the washing cart, which ought to have been sent early in the morning, had not made its appearance, and no one was at hand to make the proper signal; the housekeeper, in order to meet the emergency, took this singular method of making known her wants, and the old lady's ingenuity was rewarded by the cart being immediately sent.—*Tom Cringle's Log.*

A SAILOR ON LAND SERVICE.

THE pass I was sent to survey for the purpose of having it fortified against the advance of the French, and which we were assured by the sages who formed the junta of Corcubiou, could be done by a couple of thirty-two pound carronades from the deck of our ship, I did not find on inspection to answer their description of it. Instead of a rugged mountain-gorge as it had been represented, it was an open valley, not less than a league in breadth, with a range of hills on each side, neither craggy nor inaccessible, but on the contrary, of smooth and easy ascent, where even artillery could make their way without difficulty. To have thought for a moment of stopping the advance of a French army, in such a situation, by two carronades, would not have been less preposterous, than to have attempted to drain the Thames with a tailor's thimble. I therefore felt indignant at the thick-headed junta, by whose advice I was sent on such a ridiculous errand. The parting words of my shrewd and intelligent captain, showed that he knew well the character of the people we had to deal with. "Remember," said he, "you are going on your present expedition at the desire of the local authorities here, but take my word for it, you will find this pass of theirs, with all its boasted difficulties of access, fully a gun-shot in width." This I found to be a melancholy fact,—not one of the junta appeared to have ever seen it, although within fifteen miles of Corcubiou. Though thus mortified with the result of my expedition, the excursion itself, though attended with much discomfort, was not without its pleasures. The scenery was delightful, and the reception I met from the natives was, on the whole, hospitable and highly flattering, though in some instances not altogether to my mind. Towards the evening, we came to a little village, where the curate, on being informed of the object of my visit, invited me to pass the evening at his house, apologizing at the same time for the scanty accommodation he had it in his power to offer. This, on my part, called for an apology for the numerous attendants I had with me. With the Spaniards, the grand meal is supper; but though hungry, I was prevented from partaking of the various dishes that were placed before me, from the quantity of garlic with which they were saturated,—this was the case with every eatable at table, even to the very bread; and as I had not yet acquired a taste for this, to me, odious vegetable, I made extreme fatigue an excuse for my seeming want of appetite, and thus escaped the importunities of the hospitable curate; while, at the same time, I was endeavouring to allay the cravings within me, by reflecting on the opportunity I might have of making up for all deficiencies by an excellent breakfast in the morning. Full of such good intentions,

and not less hungry than tired, I was ushered into a large hall, having very much the appearance of a barrack-room, on the earthen floor of which mats were spread for the escort which had been sent with me from the coast; while several truckle beds were here and there spread out, on one of which I threw myself down, after wrapping myself well up in my boat-cloak; and in spite of the noise occasioned by the numerous guests of the curate getting into their berths, I fell fast asleep, and was soon luxuriating amidst exquisite dinners and suppers, which, alas! however they might please the imagination, I found by the aching void within me, were but ill adapted to take off the "hungry edge of appetite." In one of these pleasing vagaries of the dreaming fancy, a large basin of tea of the most delectable flavour, with rounds of newly buttered toast, piled up almost as high as my arm could reach, stood before me. Transported with the tempting vision, I stretched forth my hand and made a clutch at the seductive morsel, when I was startled by a gruff voice calling out in Spanish, "What the devil do you mean, Senor Inglis, by pulling off my night-cap?"—"Something to eat," I replied, in the drowsy forgetfulness of the moment. "Eat?" cried the same gruff voice, "you would not eat your supper when it stood before you, and surely you don't expect to find a larder in bed." I was now sufficiently awake, so getting up, and rubbing my eyes, I observed by the glimmering light of two or three lamps, that the room was now full of people, some of them were asleep, others were undressing, and a goodly number were looking about how they could best dispose of themselves for the night. The worthy curate's guests on the present occasion were so far beyond his means of accommodation, that two awkward lumbering fellows, wrapped up in their wet capotes, had laid themselves out as if to dry, on the very bed which I never doubted was set apart for me alone.

In the first movements of my displeasure, I felt inclined to resign the whole couch to themselves, and take to the floor. But reflecting that the night was cold, the floor damp, and that from priority I had the most snug portion of the dormitory, and likewise recalling to mind an advice which I once received from an old and experienced military friend, "never to quit a good position unless it be for the purpose of occupying a better," I drew my cloak closer round me, determined to take all the comfort my unusual situation afforded.

At sunrise a servant handed each of the party a small cup of chocolate and a single sweet biscuit. "This is meant for a whetter, preparatory to breakfast—a most excellent custom," thought I; and though at the instant I could have swallowed a whole dozen of such provocatives, I declined giving farther trouble, but shortly after made my way to the curate's room, when I expected to find a hot breakfast smoking on the reverend pastor's board. Nothing of the kind, however, was as yet visible; and so keen was my appetite now become, that a breakfast, even composed of the rejected viands of the preceding night, would have been most acceptable—so much does our taste accommodate itself to the state of our stomachs. Every time the door opened I threw a hungry eye towards it, expecting that a dish of stewed kid, hashed fowls, or even a goodly portion of the *olla podrida* which excited such loathing within me

the night before, would have been forthcoming. Not a morsel of any description made its appearance, or even the most distant hope to keep alive the expectation of it. The Spaniards sat smoking, and boasting of their past and coming triumphs over the French, till I felt as much disgusted with their idle vapourings as I did with the fumes of their garlic; losing all patience, I asked the person who was seated nearest me at what hour our worthy host breakfasted? "Breakfast!" cried the curate, who had overheard my question; "have you not breakfasted?" and calling the boy in attendance, ordered him to bring me such another scanty service as I had already received. The startling truth now came across my mind, that the Spaniards, who at supper eat of their national dishes to repletion, are unable, from the fullness of their crops when they go to bed, to do much justice to their morning meal; not being, however, in a similar situation, I found it necessary, as I had abundance of hard labour before me, to make full *confession* to our clerical host of the necessity which all Englishmen feel of preparing, by a hearty breakfast, for the coming exertions of the day. The worthy *cure* looked blank—his larder, from the unexpected number of his guests, had been cleared out, and not a morsel was to be had. A search for food was, nevertheless, set on foot, and after waiting till I thought their efforts had been fruitless, a couple of eggs were produced, with which, and a mouldy crust of bread, and a little more chocolate, I was obliged to content myself. Such short allowance, along with the very scanty share of comforts I had enjoyed since I came on shore, made me think that the life of a soldier was not half so agreeable as that of a sailor. This opinion will no doubt surprise many of my military readers, and I daresay I would have some difficulty in convincing them of the soundness of my views on the subject.

It is a wise provision of nature, that the great proportion of mankind are in a manner content to remain in that situation in which circumstances have placed them; or, in other words, they would not exchange with those they see around them. Soldiers, for instance, would not feel inclined to quit their profession on *terra firma*, to undergo the perils and hardships of a seafaring life; while, on the other hand, a sailor would feel an equal, if not a stronger, repugnance to leave his tight little frigate, that carries him cheerily along from one port to another, to go a-campaigning, where he must encounter long fatiguing marches, with a load on his back almost enough for a donkey—and be often uncertain, when he concludes his march, whether he is to pass the night on the cold ground, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, or under the shelter of a roof, where he is deemed an unwelcome intruder on the domestic comforts of those by whom his presence is regarded as a serious infliction. The sailor has no such unpleasant reflections. He knows he is always sure of a bed to himself, which, though small, is much better than being packed along with two companions, like red herrings in a barrel, as I was in the curate's the first night of my soldiership. A sailor also carries his provisions, as well as his cook and kitchen along with him, and is never compelled, like the poor red-coat, to hunt about in search of hen-roosts

before he can furnish out his supper. To wish a man "readier meat than a running hare," is not an unfriendly wish; but it often happens that the hungry soldier has no nearer prospect of satisfying the cravings of nature.

In the event of a battle, the advantages are greatly in our favour. If a sailor happens to be wounded (no unusual case, the reader will admit), his wounds are instantly attended to, and, if necessary, he is put in his snug little bed under cover, where he is carefully nursed, and otherwise taken care of. With the soldier, alas! it is far otherwise; no bed is spread for him but the cold earth, moistened with his own blood—where he is left writhing among the dead and dying. No one approaches to his relief—the evening draws on—the chill air aggravates the pain of his wounds—a gloomy sky is spread over him—he sees the carrion crows, and other foul birds of prey; mustering to the horrid festival, and performing their airy circles over his wretched head, or hopping, with extended wings, from corpse to corpse, while in the distance the heartless sutler is busy plying her unhallowed trade. From all these disagreeables the sea-service is exempt. If a ship is obliged to sheer off, no baggage is lost—Jack's kit is quite secure, and all hands are brought along—no stragglers, as in the land-service, are left behind, to be knocked on the head by the pursuing enemy. In short, though the sea-service is often attended with fearful calamities peculiar to itself, I must still hold by the opinion I have already expressed, that the advantages, on the whole, are greatly in favour of the naval department. It is by no means my intention to disparage the army. Those connected with it are no doubt able to point out pleasures and comforts on which they set a value, and such as the sailor is neither acquainted with nor has the means of enjoying. My anxious wish is, that the reciprocal advantages may be sufficiently understood by themselves, in a manner that may render them contented and happy in the situation in which circumstances have placed them.—*Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*

ESQUIMAUX SUBSTITUTE FOR SNUFF.

HAVING at times, during my residence in the arctic regions, expressed a wish to be present at some of the pastimes of the natives, a man, whom I had sometimes seen, came in one afternoon, and taking me by the hand, requested me to accompany him to a tent at a short distance, where he said I might see some sport going on. As Dunu was included in the invitation, I went along with him. The tent to which he led me was so far from exhibiting anything like sport, that I thought, from the death-like silence which reigned without, that the owners were from home. On entering, however, I found eighteen women all occupying seats arranged in the most perfect order, the more elderly being placed, by way of distinction, in front. Here, thought I, are two striking peculiarities in the character of this most singular people—eighteen females together, all as silent as a collection of wax-work! and superiority in years considered as a claim to distinction! A truce, however, to reflection.

Near the tent-pole, which is always in the centre, stood two men, who, as soon as I had taken my seat, which was on a large stone, began to walk slowly round, and one of them, all at once, commenced dancing to their favourite tune of "Amna aya;" having figured away for a considerable time, till he seemed pretty much exhausted, his companion went up to him, with a sort of burlesque gravity, and taking his head between his hands, performed a ceremony, which in the language of the country is called *koo-nik*, and consists in two persons rubbing their noses pretty smartly against each other. This afforded great amusement, and was received with shouts of applauding laughter by the whole company. After this the dancer, as if his vigour had been renewed by the operation, began again to exhibit his agility, stopping occasionally to enliven himself and the company with a *koo-nik*, which appeared to produce a more exhilarating effect than even a pinch of the far-famed Lundyfoot would have done. After a certain time the dancer's companion, or *rub-bee*, if I may so express myself, was compelled to enact the part of dancer, while the other hastily retired to cool himself after his exertions. In this manner the dancers were changed, each performer always certain of meeting that share of applause which the ludicrous character of his grimaces and laughable distortions of figure in the dance entitled him to. While the amusement was going on, a singular-looking fellow, who seemed to be the sort of privileged wag of the company, at the instigation, as I could perceive, of some of the females, came forward and gave me the *koo-nik*, amidst much tittering from the ladies. This was a sort of challenge, which I could not decline; I therefore stood up to the dance, and had my nose most severely scrubbed, to the infinite delight of all present. Having now gratified my curiosity, even beyond my wishes, I made a distribution of needles among the ladies, exacting *koo-niks* from the prettiest of them in return. I then made the best of my way home, not, however, before an anxious inquiry was set on foot after Dunn. This man was a *canny*, sedate old fellow from the North, who seeing me compelled, as it were, to dance, took the hint, and while the party were engaged in laughing at my exhibition, slipped off like a sly old fox to his cover. "Dunn," said I when I reached home, "what made you go away before you got your *koo-nik*?"—"Koo-nik!" cried Saunders, with a look of inexpressible disdain; "od rot them and their *koo-niking* too; if they ha'e naething better to gie to us than yon, they may keep it to themselves. I didna come a' the way frae the Brigend o' Perth to mak' sic a fool o' my nose."—"Why, Dunn, my good man, you don't mean to be personal, I hope?"—"Na, na; far be it frae me, Captain, to say onything to offend you—every man has a right to use his ain nose according to his ain fancy. I hope the *koo-niking* did you muckle gude." This concluding remark was accompanied with a sarcastic grin, that looked as if a partial thaw had come over the frozen features of the Scot. "I cannot tell," said I, "what good it may ultimately do me, but I don't think I'll require a pinch of snuff these six months at least, and that's no small saving, Mr Dunn." This remark I saw touched a chord in the Scotchman's heart, who sat for a few seconds scratching his

elbow, with an expression of thoughtfulness on his brow. "Weel, Captain, if I had really thought there would hae been sic a saving as that by their *koo-niking*, I wadna hae been in sic a hurry awa."—*Parry's Voyages*.

THE MIDSHIPMAN'S FUNERAL.

ON board of our ship there was a poor little middy, whom none of us could look upon without a feeling of kindness and sympathy. His appearance was so delicate, and his constitution so feeble, that it was apparent to all a sea-faring life was by no means the profession that ought to have been selected for him. His own inclination, or the will of his friends, had, it seems, determined otherwise. The boy possessed a fine feeling of honour, and had his constitution been equal to his spirit, he would have been "every inch a sailor." His frame, however, was by no means fit for the arduous duties of the service, and he gave early indications of decay. From the captain to the cabin-boy, he was a universal favourite; his slight make, beautiful face, and fairy-like complexion, made him be regarded by the crew with a degree of tenderness more akin to that which they would entertain towards a lovely child, than what they would have towards an aspirant to the honours of the same hazardous profession with themselves. The officers vied with each other in showing him little marks of attention, and treating him with such delicacies as they had at command, while his messmates fondled him in a manner which made him often feel offended, though his good nature, and the conviction he had that it was all done out of kindness, made him soon forget the injury he sometimes imagined his dignity had sustained by their excessive coddling. Some of them had nicknamed him Dolly, but he was more generally known over the ship as the "Sea-fairy." Alas, poor little fellow! he was not destined to be long with us; the insidious disease with which he was afflicted soon undermined a frame that had never been robust, and he dwindled away almost imperceptibly, and went out like an expiring taper, that had glimmered a little in the socket, without any decided intimation that its light was so near a close. He died in the morning, but from some circumstance or other, it was the evening before he was fully prepared for a seaman's grave. I remember at this moment (for I was then but a boy not older than himself) going to the poor lad's hammock, and feeling greatly astonished, on laying my hand on his breast, to find it still warm; in my surprise, I almost fancied I felt pulsation going on at the heart. This of course was all the effect of imagination, and occasioned by those feelings of regard I, in common with others, had cherished towards him. In after life, however, I often thought of this circumstance when reflecting on the pleasing doctrine entertained by the Spaniards, and to a certain extent countenanced by Scripture—that children, as soon as they die, are translated to angels without any of those cold obstructions which they suppose interrupt and retard the progress of more mature souls to their place of rest. Whatever truth may be in this doctrine, I felt pleased to find that my friend had not then arrived at that degree of revolting

boldness which usually follows in the train of the "King of Terrors."

The funeral of our interesting companion did not take place till long after sunset. The evening, as if for the occasion, was shrouded in all the blackness of darkness. It seemed as if nature had hung out a pall, in order to grace the melancholy ceremony we were about to perform. It was blowing a treble-reefed-topsail breeze, and we had sent down the top-gallant yards, and made all snug for a boisterous night. As the darkness was extreme, several signal-lanterns were placed on the break of the quarter-deck, and others along the hammock-railings and the lee-gangway. The whole ship's company mustered; some were on the booms, others in the boats, while the main-rigging was crowded half way up to the cat-harpings. Overhead, the mainsail, illuminated as high as the yards by the lamps, was hanging forward towards the gale, which was increasing every moment, and straining so violently at the mainsheet, that doubts were entertained as to the necessity of delaying the funeral, in order to take sail off the ship. The lower deck ports lay completely under water, and at times the muzzles of the main-deck guns were plunged into the sea; so that the end of the grating on which the corpse was laid nearly touched the tops of the waves, as they ran foaming and hissing past. The thick pattering rain was falling, without intermission, on the bare heads of the crew, drenching also the officers, and wetting the leaves of the prayer-book during the whole of the ceremony. The wind all the time sighed overhead amongst the wet shrouds, with so mournful a cadence, that we could not help regarding it as a dirge very appropriate, and much in accordance with our feelings.

The ship, from the violence of her pitching, strained and creaked along all her timbers, and the noise she made, joined to the rattling of the ropes, the moaning of the wind, and the uproar of the waves, was such, that few words of the service could be heard. A motion by the hand of the captain let the men understand when the time came, and the body of our dearly beloved little brother was committed to the deep. The squall that was sweeping past the vessel at the moment the body was let go was so violent, that the usual plunge was not heard; and from this circumstance the sailors, who have always been regarded as a superstitious set of men, were not slow in taking up the opinion, that their young favourite never touched the water at all, but was borne off, on "the wings of the wind," to his final place of rest. Peace be with him—he was a most amiable being, and one whom his surviving messmates still remember with no ordinary degree of feeling.—*Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*

CAPTAIN BOBADIL AT SEA, OR HOW TO SARVE OUT A SHARK.

THOUGH I have now been hopping about the world on a wooden pin for many long years, yet I believe few, even of my most familiar friends, know exactly how I came to lose my original footing in society. When I say society, I of course mean those circles where it is necessary to have the very best footing, in order that a man

may be able to show off to advantage—in those circles, for instance, where you feel called upon to foot it away on the “light, fantastic toe.” Now, though I have long been rather a questionable character in this respect, yet it has always been matter of consolation to me, that though I had, to a certain extent, lost my *footing* in society, I had nevertheless been able to keep my *standing* in the navy. For this reason, I preferred “table-talk,” with a few good fellows, to the soft, languishing *tête-à-tête* of the ball-room. 'Tis true, my companions often, in their cups, would forget my infirmity, and press me to quit the table and take to the floor; but to such a request I always replied, with great good humour, “No, gentlemen; remain at table with me, and bye and bye I promise, in turn, to see you on the *floor*;” and they seldom found me less than my word, except on occasions when I had been weathering a *stiff* breeze the night before.

But few of my friends, as I have said before, knew anything about the how and the when I had parted with my precious limb, and said as little about my sporting a timber toe as if they conceived it had been *constitutional*, or had descended to me from my ancestors. Strangers, indeed, would sometimes hint at the subject; but seeing my uniform, they in general took it for granted that I had met the misfortune while fighting on board of some one of his majesty's ships. This opinion I never thought proper to contradict, but generally received it with a nod of assent. Towards the reader, however, I shall act with more candour, and inform him at once—that my leg was actually bit off by a shark! My reason for making a secret of the matter was simply this. In my early years I was regarded as a fine specimen of that class of cool, shrewd, cautious, *canny* Scotchmen, who are supposed, under every circumstance, to be able to take care of themselves; and of this opinion, though I said nothing about it, I was not a little vain. I therefore felt mortified at the idea of having allowed myself to be *bit* by any one, even by a shark;—but *bitten* I was—there was no denying it—and *bitten* I must remain—and this was the most galling part of the affair; for I was doomed, as it were, to carry about with me a memorial of the sharpness of the shark's teeth—a circumstance which I regarded not only as a reflection on my own character for cool, shrewd circumspection, but also as a sort of indirect stigma on the well-earned and long-established reputation of my country. In order, therefore, to retrieve my own character, which I imagined had suffered among the ship's company, in consequence of my allowing a shark to *diddle* me out of a leg, I set myself to work to discover the most expeditious method of extirpating these ravenous monsters of the deep. I was the more induced to turn my attention to this subject, from the circumstance, that a short time after my loss our ship happened to fall in with and engage a French frigate. In the heat of the action a spent ball shivered my new leg to pieces, and laid me sprawling among the dead and dying. “The devil take the shark,” said I, in my own cool way; “if it had not been for him, my limb would just now have been gloriously lost in the service of my king and country, and have done me some good; instead of which, it lies buried in the

beggarly maw of a rascally shark, who never knew the use of a leg but to make a meal of." The captain, however, did me justice; he was a noble-minded fellow, and a countryman of my own; so in the account he sent home of the battle, he did not fail to give me credit for a *leg*. This act of kindness on his part—so far as *legs went*—made up for the loss I had sustained, though it did not diminish the hostility I felt towards sharky. The war, however, in which we were engaged left me little time to follow out the inventions I had in view for extirpating these merciless rovers from the highway of nations. Indeed, so hot was the war now raging on our station, that during six short months we fought no less than six battles, in every one of which, miraculous as it may appear, my unfortunate timber-supporter was invariably a sufferer, while scarcely a single scratch was to be seen on any other part of my body. Our worthy captain, who knew my merits well, stood my friend on every occasion, and never omitted, in every dispatch, to notice my casualty, till the frequent recurrence of it excited remark; and though my promotion went on, it procured for me at the admiralty the *soubriquet* of Lieutenant Centipede, and a formal explanation was officially demanded by their lordships. The captain, as well as myself, felt hurt that it should for a moment be inferred that we had not acted in strict accordance with justice; more than one instance we knew could be brought forward where similar casualties had been allowed for, and if a man is allowed for one leg, why not for fifty, ay, a thousand, if he has the persevering gallantry to carry so many into action with him. "Lieutenant Pringle," said our worthy commander, "have you preserved the fragments of all those legs you have lost in his majesty's service?" "To be sure I have," said I, "and when you write the lords of the admiralty, you may, if you please, send them home, with my compliments, as a present to his majesty's cook, and say, as long as Lieutenant Centipede, as they call him, walks the quarter-deck, it shall not be his fault if the king's kitchen is not supplied with *spunks* (matches) of the same quality of timber."—"My dear Pringle," said the captain, in a soothing tone, for, as we say in Scotland, he saw my *'birse* was up," "we must not be saucy with our superiors. The lords of the admiralty are, no doubt, a little surprised at one gentleman being able to afford to lose six legs in the service, in the short space of six months."—"No doubt they are," said I, in my own cool way, "and I assure you I can very ill afford it; each of these legs cost me a pretty round sum, for they are all patent legs, with improvements by myself, and executed at my own expense in London; and you may tell their lordships, that if such hot work, as we have had of late, continue much longer, my pay will not suffice to keep me in leg-timber, not to mention pocket-money and other expenses. Is it reasonable, Captain," said I, raising my voice, for I really began to feel warm on the subject, "that I should be expected to furnish legs for his majesty out of my own pocket? You know yourself that the casualties have been great; and where I am concerned—most singular indeed!—so much so, that I have taken the precaution to give a standing order to my leg-maker in London, to send me out a first-rate pin by every conveyance. I have only one spare

one in my trunk at present, which, by the bye, Captain, if you should require such a thing before I get a fresh supply, I shall only say it is very much at your service. There is no man to whom I am under greater obligations, and for which I should feel happy to make you some sort of return;—it is really an elegant leg indeed, such a leg as would do a sailor's heart good to see you walk the quarter-deck with." The worthy modest soul bowed, and blushed to the finger-ends.—"Many thanks, my dear Pringle," said he; "but in respect to this conduct of the admiralty, I must tell you that there are a set of people at home just now who are eternally bawling about retrenchment and economy, and the smallest outlay, however necessary, on the part of ministers, is called putting their hands in the pockets of the people."—"Putting their hands in the pockets of the people indeed! Now, there's a precious set of lubbers for you. They'll make a work about the pockets of the people, and putting the hand into the national purse, and all that sort of lingo, but they'll not say a word about the nation's thrusting the whole of its clumsy paw into the pockets of a poor, hard-fighting lieutenant of the navy. I wish we had the leaders of these fellows among us for a little. I think a round dozen or two at the gangway would teach them some humanity for those who are fighting their battles, and braving danger in its thousand grizzly shapes, in order that they may be able to take their snooze comfortably at home."—"Pringle, my good fellow, it's all very well talking, but public opinion at present in England is such, that I fear I can report no more legs for you till we see a *turn* in the *tide* of affairs."—"As you please, captain," said I, in my own cool way, "I must just take care of what further splinters I may happen to meet with till I return to my own little patrimony in Scotland, when, instead of ornamenting my hall with old armour, I shall do it with wooden legs—I shall have no gallery of pictures, but a gallery of legs, all nobly shivered in the service of my country."—"Grand," exclaimed my commander, catching fire from my enthusiasm, "and when you have finished your glorious career, you can leave your gallery of trophies among your surviving shipmates."—"No," said I, captain, in my own cool way, "I shall rather leave my gallery of legs as a very befitting *legacy* to my reforming and very economical countrymen, in whose cause they were lost, as a small token of my *gratitude* for their *liberality*. Indeed, I had thoughts of retiring from the service before; for some of my *personal* friends, who looked askance at my trifling advancement, were beginning to throw out insinuations to my prejudice, saying, among other illiberal things, that it was no wonder I got so rapidly up the ladder of promotion, when I had so many legs to assist me."

But I must now return to my friends the sharks. Though my time did not permit of my destroying so many of them as I anticipated, yet I took great pleasure in giving them all the annoyance that was in my power; and so expert had I become at manœuvring them, and playing them all sorts of ugly tricks, that I could venture myself among them with the greatest confidence. During the time we lay in the harbour of Laguayra, which every one knows is quite a hot-bed for these monsters, I bound them down so effectually to their good

behaviour, that so far from attacking those who attempted to bathe in the harbour, they would turn tail and make off if they had seen even a piccaninny enter the water. As the reader perhaps may feel some little curiosity as to the method by which I managed to impress them with this salutary dread, I shall just, by way of example, give a short account of how I *sarved* out a huge ugly-jawed scoundrel while lying off Port-Royal. The day was hot and sultry, and the sea reflected the surrounding objects with as much fidelity as if its surface had been made of polished steel. I felt a strong inclination to take a cooling dip, so overboard I went, *pin* and all—for the reader must know, that from some ingenious expedients of my own, I had rendered my timber leg a very useful companion when I chanced to go over the side. I had taken two or three turns round the ship, when all at once one of the middies called out, “there’s a shark in your wake, Master Pringle.”—“Ay, ay,” said I, looking over my shoulder in my own cool way—“I see the lubber.” So up he comes, and was just about turning himself for a snap, when dart like a flash of lightning went the sharp point of my pin right into his larboard eye. I felt my weapon had gone home, so I gave it a bit of a twist and broke away, with sharky’s bow-light dangling as a trophy on the end of my pin: he still, however, kept in my wake, though rather unsteady in his course. Seeing him thus taken aback, and a good deal bewildered, I hove-to on his larboard side, calling to mind the advice which my worthy old grandfather used to give me—a shrewd old Scot, with a mind as sharp and *pointed* in his dealings as a burr thistle—“*Tamas,*” he would say, “*when you’re ettling to get the advantage of either man or beast, always try and get on the blin’ side o’ them.*” So keeping a bright look-out on the foe, I turned on my back, and shoved ahead, stopping at times to give him a prog in the jaws, just by way of letting him have a taste of my Scotch gumstick. As I found I had now been long enough in the water, I thought it might be as well to *sarve* out master sharky at once, so, by way of throwing him off his guard, by putting him in a passion, I gave him two or three smart pelts with my pin right over his shovel-nose, and while he was in his flurry, I watched my time, and scooped out his starboard eye as neat and clean as if his head had been left unfinished, and his bowlights were yet to put in. Some of my English readers may perhaps feel somewhat astonished at the dexterity with which I accomplished this feat; but their wonder will abate a little, when they reflect on the early practice which most Scotch boys have in scooping or *gouging* the eyes from the heads of sheep, or, as they more properly say in the north, “*sheep-heads.*”—“*Gouging,*” by-the-bye, is a term not sufficiently expressive. In the inhuman sport of gouging, as followed in America and some of the more barbarous counties of England, the eye of the victim is left hanging on the cheek! Our northern gouger, in *scoop- ing* of sheep-heads, makes much neater and more profitable work of it, and can turn the eye from the piping-hot head of a sheep, with a degree of scientific accuracy and dispatch, that would put the experience of the first anatomist in Europe to the blush. There was not a house in the whole county of Aberdeen, where this useful branch of education could be acquired in such perfection as in that of my

father. Seldom a day passed in which less than six heads were served up for dinner; and on taking off the cover, it as seldom happened that more than an eye or two were to be found among the whole lot, though neither cook nor kitchen wench could tell in what manner they had disappeared. The reader may suspect, if he pleases, that I had some hand in the matter, and from my after conduct among the sharks, I must confess appearances are rather against me. I will merely confess this much, that the facility with which I could turn out an eye at home, first suggested the idea of turning my talents to account abroad.

Having thus, in my own cool way, extinguished the day-lights of Sharky, I swam towards the vessel, followed by the poor blind lubber, who was every now and then in a paroxysm of bootless rage, turning on his back, and gnashing his jaws, though he caught nothing but mouthfuls of spray of his own raising. When I reached the quarter-deck, where I need not say I was received with three hearty cheers, I turned round to look at the poor blind monster: "Now you may go," said I, "and bite the leg from the next Scotchman you can meet with."—"Ay, ay, Massa Pringle," said the cook, who stood among the crowd grinning and showing his ivory, "de Scots leg of beef not good for him stomach."—"There, Massa Dripping," said I, pointing to the hideous-looking creature that was still glaring at us with his empty sockets, "that's what I call the Scotch method of dressing a shark's head;" so saying, I turned on my heel, and hopped off in my own cool way.

From the account of the above conflict, if conflict it can be called, the reader will have some little idea of my manner of dealing with my sharp-toothed friends; and so active had I been among them, that blind sharks, or, as they were called by the sailors, Pringle's sharks, were to be met with in most quarters of the world. It was remarked, that they were extremely thin and seldom attended by their pilot fish—pilot fish! poor devils, they could ill support themselves, and how could they afford to keep pilot fish? On board of our own vessel, the matter became quite proverbial; and if a man did not on all occasions keep a bright look out, it was a common thing to say, he was as "blind as one of Pringle's sharks." All this was no doubt a little gratifying to my vanity; but alas! a change soon came over the face of affairs. Our worthy commander was removed to another ship, and though I naturally expected I would have succeeded him, I was on this occasion passed over unnoticed; and our new captain, knowing how well-founded my expectations had been, began secretly to undermine my reputation, whispering, among other mean things, that his majesty had not got fair play in the matter of my legs, and that if the truth were known, I should have little cause to stump the quarter-deck with so much consequence. "Stump!" said I, "and a good right I have to stump, and stump I will till I meet with an officer that has a better right to stump than myself, and then I will give up stumping. Meantime, I made a point of making my pin tell on the deck with an emphasis that made the wulings who heard it say I carried a log of wood instead of a wooden leg about with me. This remark gave occasion to the captain and one of his satellites, to play off a silly kind of a joke at my expense, for on

hearing me walk the quarter-deck, he never failed to call out, "where does all that *stumping* noise come from?" and the following regular cut and dry answer was uniformly returned—"Why, Sir, it is ——
—*From Tom Pringle's Log.*"

A MAD WHALE.

THE whale, though an animal of huge dimensions and stupendous strength, is considered as extremely timid, and has shown, except in rare instances, a passiveness of disposition when assailed by man, that appears altogether unaccountable in a creature possessing such wonderful powers of retaliation. From the instance we are about to relate, one would be almost led to believe, that there exists a species of this animal of a less placable character than we have hitherto been acquainted with, or that whales are at certain seasons subject to a sort of insanity similar to what several descriptions of quadrupeds are liable to on land. The solution, however, of this question we leave to men of science. The instance we allude to, is that of the melancholy fate of an American whale ship, which, while engaged in the South Seas in making up her cargo, was attacked in the most determined manner by a fish of the largest class. The whale does not appear to have received any previous injury from the crew of the vessel, which makes the affair still more unaccountable. According to the statement published at New York, by the authority of the mate, the enraged animal made an attack upon the vessel by a running charge, in which all its strength appears to have been concentrated. The steersman endeavoured to avoid the shock by a certain management of the helm, but in vain. The charge, contrary to all expectation, was repeated three times, with a determined perseverance which showed the mischievous disposition of the monster, and the extraordinary state of excitement which from some unknown cause it must have been thrown into. The last concussion stove in the bows of the ship, and she settled down into the water before any of the boats, which were at a distance, could come to the relief of their companions. Such of the crew as were in the ship, betook themselves to the boats that happened to be at hand, and were soon joined by their astonished companions, who could not conceive how their vessel had so suddenly disappeared, and were not a little alarmed to find themselves without shelter, on the deep, at the distance of at least three thousand miles from any place where they could hope for relief. Their first movement after the catastrophe was towards Chili, intending to touch at Ducie's island in their way. They in consequence steered southward, and after extraordinary sufferings, landed upon an island which they supposed to be that above mentioned, but which was in fact Elizabeth island. Not being able to find any water here, they proceeded on their way to Chili, where two boats out of the three arrived, but with only three or four persons in them. The third was never heard of, but it is not improbable but the wreck of a boat and four skeletons, which were seen on Ducie's island by a merchant vessel, were her remains, and that of her crew. Had these unfortunate persons been aware of the situation of Pitcairn's island, which

is only ninety miles from Elizabeth island, and to leeward of it, all their lives might have been saved.—*Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Straits.*

FIRST STEAM BOAT IN THE WEST INDIES.

WHEREVER steam-boats made their first appearance, their approach created as great a sensation among the natives, as the first view of the brigantines of Columbus occasioned amongst the simple-minded inhabitants of the New World. Though we are now familiarized with the great power and astonishing capabilities of steam-vessels, yet we have no doubt but the following account of the surprise and terror which the first steam-boat occasioned in the West Indies, will be read with some interest and amusement.

“ Sir Ralph Woodford,” says the ingenious author of a work, entitled *Six Months in the West Indies*, “ told us, that when this steamer was first started, he and a large party, as a mode of patronizing the undertaking, took a trip of pleasure in her through some of the Bocas to the main ocean. Almost every one got sick outside, and as they returned through the Boca Grande, there was no one on deck but the man at the helm and myself. When they were in the middle of the passage, a small privateer, such as commonly infested the gulf during the first troubles in Colombia, was seen making all sail for the shore of Trinidad. Her course seemed unaccountable—but what was their surprise when they observed, that on nearing the coast, the privateer never tacked, and finally, that she ran herself directly ashore, her crew at the same time leaping over the bows and sides of the vessel, and scampering off as if they were mad, some up the mountains, and others into the thickets. This was so strange a sight, that Sir Ralph ordered the helmsman to steer for the privateer, that he might discover the cause of it. When they came close, the vessel appeared deserted. Sir Ralph went on board of her, and after searching various parts without finding any one, he at length opened a little side cabin, and saw a man lying on a mat, evidently with some broken limb. The man made an effort to put himself in a posture of supplication. He was pale as ashes, his teeth chattered, and his hair stood on end.

“ *Misericordia! Misericordia! Ave Maria,*” faltered forth the Colombian.

Sir Ralph asked the man in Spanish what was the cause of the strange conduct of the crew.

“ *Misericordia!*” was the only reply.

“ Do you know who I am?” said the governor.

“ The—the—O! *Senor, Misericordia! Ave Maria,*” answered the smuggler.

It was a considerable time before the fellow could be brought back to his senses, when he gave this account of the matter:—That they saw a vessel apparently following them with only two persons on board, and steering without a single sail, directly in the teeth of the current, (which runs like a river through the Bocas,) and tide.

Against the breeze, against the tide,
She steadied with upright keel,

That they knew no ship could move in such a course by human means,—that they heard a deep roaring noise, and saw an unusual agitation in the water, which their fears magnified;—finally, that they concluded it to be a supernatural appearance. Accordingly they drove their own vessel ashore in an agony of terror, and escaped as they could,—that he himself was unable to move, and when he heard Sir Ralph's footsteps, he verily, and indeed believed, that he was fallen into the hands of the evil spirit.

CAPTURE OF THE ESMERALDA BY LORD COCHRANE.

THE cutting out of the *Esmeralda* from under the guns of the fortress of Callao, was perhaps the most brilliant achievement during the whole course of the war in South America. The intrepidity which distinguished the character of Lord Cochrane, was on this occasion most conspicuous, and that promptitude in providing for emergencies for which he was so much admired, was displayed in a manner worthy of his high reputation. The Spanish authorities were not without suspicions of some meditated attack from our resolute and enterprising countryman, and under this impression they had communicated with the British frigate, the *Hyperion*, and the *Macedonian*, a ship belonging to the United States, both at the time lying in the harbour. With the commanders of these vessels it was arranged, that in the event of a night attack being made, they should exhibit lights in order that the garrison might know them to be neutral, and avoid firing upon them. Whether his lordship was aware of this understanding we could not tell, but his foresight rendered the expedient of little importance. Independent of the *Esmeralda* being protected by the guns of the fort, she had the support of a corvette, two brigs of war, several armed merchantmen, and between twenty and thirty gun-boats.

While the Royalists were thus taking their measures for securing themselves against the operations they naturally expected would be directed against them, Lord Cochrane, with silent celerity, was preparing for carrying the object of his visit into effect; and for this purpose he had secretly caused a number of empty puncheons to be ballasted in such a manner as they would float perpendicular in the water. Each of these were placed in a boat in charge of two men.

It was near eleven o'clock at night, on the 6th November, when 180 seamen, and 100 marines, in two divisions, under the command of Captains Guise and Crosbie, and led by Lord Cochrane in person, left the squadron, and approached the anchor ground of the *Esmeralda* in two launches. So silent had been their advance towards the object of attack, that they were within hail before their motions were observed by a sentry in one of the gun-boats astern of the enemy. "Silence or death," was the brief reply of the admiral of the patriots, and the next moment Lord Cochrane's foot was on the deck of the *Esmeralda*. The resistance for some time was maintained with much spirit by the Spaniards, but before one o'clock on the morning of the sixth, the fire from their small-arms was silenced, and the ship in possession of the admiral. The prize was now towed

out from the harbour, under a heavy discharge from the guns of the fort. The *Hyperion* and the *Macedonian* displayed their lights—when the puncheons already mentioned were instantly unshipped, each carrying a similar signal to that of the neutrals. By this dexterous manœuvre, the fire from the garrison was distracted, and rendered in a great measure ineffectual, as it oftener fell in the direction of the neutrals, or among the lights of the floating puncheons, than in the wake of the enemy,—the Spaniards being quite at a loss to distinguish the lights of their friends from the decoy ones sent adrift by their assailants, who were now making their way in comparative security to their squadron. Amidst the whole of the daring exploits which distinguished the naval career of his lordship, we believe the action we have related will stand unrivalled for cool intrepidity, skilful leading, and provident calculation. The loss of the Spaniards amounted to one hundred and fifty men, some of whom, particularly Captain Coy, was killed by the guns of the fort. The *Esmeralda* had just completed her stores, and was ready for sea, having three months' provisions on board, besides stores for two years. The loss on the part of the Chili squadron amounted to about fifty killed and wounded; among the latter was the admiral, who was struck on the thigh by a musket ball in the early part of the action. Lieutenant Grenfell, an able officer, who has since obtained by his merits distinguished rank in the Brazilian service, was also severely hurt on the occasion.

The garrison of Callao were so enraged at the daring nature and success of the attack, that on the following day they attacked and murdered an officer and boat's crew belonging to the American frigate, the *Macedonian*, excusing themselves for this atrocity by the pitiful assertion, that "Cochrane, devil as he was, would not have succeeded, if the Americans had not assisted him."

FIGURE HEADS.

THE sort of regard, almost amounting to veneration, which sailors entertain towards the figure heads of those ships on board of which they have served for any length of time, is well known, and many anecdotes are on record illustrative of the nature and universal prevalence of this feeling, particularly in the navy. An instance is given by one of our nautical writers, whose crew, as he conceived, had become rather supine in the discharge of their duty; and from being the most alert in putting their ship in sailing trim, they had allowed some other vessels to get the start of them on more than one occasion, a circumstance which both displeased and surprised the captain, as he knew his ship's company were all excellent hands, and not to be surpassed by those of any other vessel when they chose to exert themselves. He therefore saw that it was absolutely necessary to stimulate their exertions in some way or other, and in turning the matter over in his mind, he bethought him of the figure-head. This was the representation of a fine buxom-looking female, in the painting and gilding of which he had allowed the boatswain to exercise his own taste, and as he had taken care to make her sufficiently showy,

she became an uncommon favourite with the men. The captain, on receiving the admiral's orders for sailing, summoned his crew on deck, and after lecturing them on their late tardy conduct, assured them, that the first time they were behind any other ship in getting under weigh, he would "flatten the *nose* of their figure-head, and *paint her face black.*" A threat of this kind had not only the effect of securing prompt attention to the duty complained of, but from the anxiety they were in to avoid the indignity which hung over their favourite, the vessel in question was soon distinguished not only as the best managed, but also as the swiftest sailer in the fleet. In connexion with this little anecdote, we may give the following brief account of the figure-head of the *Centurion*. This was a remarkably well carved head of a lion, which ornamented the prow of the vessel that bore the flag of Commodore Anson round the world. She sailed from England in 1740, with a small squadron of ships, having about 470 land forces on board, commanded by Colonel Cracherode. Though all his vessels, except the *Centurion*, were either lost or destroyed for want of hands to navigate them, the gallant commodore managed to burn the town of Paita, in Peru, where he found immense plunder, and also captured the rich Manilla galleon, valued at nearly half a million sterling. After undergoing an incredible number of hardships, he arrived in safety at Spithead on the 15th of June, 1744. His treasure was conveyed in triumph to London, where it was received amidst the shouts and acclamations of the people. In reward of his services, he was soon afterwards created a peer; and the figure-head, the gruff old lion which had been his companion through the whole of his long and perilous voyage, was, after the breaking up of the *Centurion*, placed on a pedestal in the stable-yard of a little inn at Waterbeach, adjoining Goodwood Park, near Chichester, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, with the following inscription:—

Stay, traveller, a while and view
 One who has travell'd more than you,
 Quite round the globe, through each degree,
 Anson and I have ploughed the sea;
 Torrid and frigid zones have past,
 And safe on shore arrived at last,
 In ease with dignity appear,
 He in the House of Lords—I here.

While this piece of naval antiquity kept its station in the inn yard of Waterbeach, it was no uncommon thing on a fine summer's evening to see it surrounded by a set of weather-beaten old sailors, each with his pipe and his pot of ale, hearing and telling long yarns; many of these were pensioned veterans, who, no doubt, had sarved with the brave old commodore. The venerable lion, however, no longer holds his court at Waterbeach. In 1832, he was made a present to his majesty, and removed to Windsor, as a more appropriate place of residence. The following lines, in imitation of the original, have been recommended as a suitable addition to the inscription.

Such was the travell'd lion's boast,
 Contented with his humbler post

While Anson sat in lordly state,
 To hear his fellow lords debate ;
 But travell'd now to Windsor's dome,
 The lion boasts a prouder home,
 Which our brave sailor king affords,—
 Than Anson in the House of Lords.

ANECDOTE OF LORD EXMOUTH.

THE following instance of intrepidity on the part of Lord Exmouth, is alike honourable to his feelings as a man and his gallantry as an officer. On the 26th January, 1796, when the Dutton transport, crowded with troops and their families, was driven on the rocks under the citadel of Plymouth, Lord Exmouth, then Captain Edward Pellew, was driving along shore with his lady to dine with a party at Plymouth, when seeing crowds of people running to the shore, and learning it was a wreck, he left his lady to proceed onward, and joined the crowd. He soon saw, from the situation of the unfortunate vessel, that unless some person of experience could get on board to take the command, the loss of five or six hundred lives was inevitable, as the officers had pulled ashore, and though urged to return, all of them refused. Captain Pellew with difficulty got a rope connected with the wreck made fast to himself, and by this means was hauled on board through the surf. Order was instantly established, and the gallant officer did not leave the Dutton until every soul was safely landed. To the honour of the boatswain be it said, that he obstinately refused to leave the ship until their deliverer agreed to go before him, who so far yielded the point of honour, that they both left the post of danger together. Captain Pellew shortly after received a letter from his majesty, intimating his intention of making him a baronet, a title certainly more honourably acquired than if he had been conqueror, where the death of thousands had given importance to his victory.



SALMAGUNDI.

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING,

AUTHOR OF "THE SKETCH BOOK OF GEOFFRY CRAYON," "KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF
NEW YORK," "THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS," ETC.



The Little Man in Black.

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SALMAGUNDI.

INTRODUCTION.

As every body knows, or ought to know, what a SALMAGUNDI is, we shall spare ourselves the trouble of an explanation; besides, we despise trouble as we do everything that is low and mean—and hold the man who would incur it unnecessarily, as an object worthy our highest pity and contempt.

Our intention in taking the necessary trouble to write and publish this excellent periodical, is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age: this is an arduous task, and therefore we undertake it with confidence. We intend for this purpose to present a striking picture of the town; and as everybody is anxious to see his own phiz on canvass, however stupid or ugly it may be, we have no doubt but the whole town will flock to our exhibition. Our picture will necessarily include a vast variety of figures: and should any gentleman or lady be displeased with the inveterate truth of their likenesses, they may ease their spleen by laughing at those of their neighbours.

We intend particularly to notice the conduct of the fashionable world;—nor in this shall we be governed by that carping spirit with which narrow-minded book-worm cynics squint at the little extravagances of the ton; but with that liberal toleration which actuates every man of fashion. While we keep more than a Cerberus watch over the golden rules of female delicacy and decorum—we shall not discourage any little sprightliness of demeanour, or innocent vivacity of character. Before we advance one line further, we must let it be understood as our firm opinion, void of all prejudice or partiality, that the ladies of New York are the fairest, the finest, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, the most ineffable beings, that walk, creep, crawl, swim, fly, float, or vegetate, in any or all of the four elements; and that they only want to be cured of certain whims, eccentricities, and unseemly conceits, by our superintending cares, to render them absolutely perfect. They will, therefore, receive a large portion of those attentions directed to the fashionable world; nor will the gentlemen, who *doze* away their time in the circles of the *haut-ton*, escape our currying:—we mean those silly fellows who sit stock-still upon their chairs, without saying a word, and then complain how intolerably stupid it was at Miss ——'s party.

This department will be under the peculiar direction and control of ANTHONY EVERGREEN, Gent.; while in the territory of criticism, WILLIAM WIZARD, Esq., will preside.

Like all true and able editors, we consider ourselves infallible; and therefore, with the customary diffidence of our brethren of the quill, we shall take the liberty of interfering in all matters either of

a public or private nature. We are critics, amateurs, dilettanti, and cognoscenti; and as we know "by the pricking of our thumbs," that every opinion which we may advance in either of those characters will be correct, we are determined, though it may be questioned, contradicted, or even controverted, that it shall never be revoked.

We beg the public particularly to understand, that we solicit no patronage. We are determined, on the contrary, that the patronage shall be entirely on our side. We have nothing to do with the pecuniary concerns of the paper: its success will yield us neither pride nor profit; nor will its failure occasion to us either loss or mortification. We advise the public, therefore, to purchase our numbers merely for their own sakes: if they do not, let them settle the affair with their consciences and posterity.

Is there any one who wishes to know more about us?—let him read SALMAGUNDI, and grow wise apace. Thus much we will say—there are three of us, "Bardolph, Peto, and I," all townsmen good and true. Many a time and oft have we three amused the town, without its knowing to whom it was indebted; and many a time have we seen the midnight lamp twinkle faintly on our studious phizes, and heard the morning salutation of "past three o'clock," before we sought our pillows. The result of these midnight studies is now offered to the public: and little as we care for the opinion of this exceedingly stupid world, we shall take care, as far as lies in our careless natures, to fulfil the promises made in this introduction; if we do not, we shall have so many examples to justify us, that we feel little solicitude on that account.

NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

THE assemblies this year have gained a great accession of beauty. Several brilliant stars have arisen from the east and from the north, to brighten the firmament of fashion: among the number I have discovered *another planet*, which rivals even Venus in lustre, and I claim equal honour with Herschell for my discovery. I shall take some future opportunity to describe this planet, and the numerous satellites which revolve around it.

At the last assembly the company began to make some show about eight, but the most fashionable delayed their appearance until about nine—nine being the number of the muses, and therefore the best possible hour for beginning to exhibit the graces.

Poor Will Honeycomb, whose memory I hold in special consideration, even with his half century of experience, would have been puzzled to point out the humours of a lady by her prevailing colours; for the "rival queens" of fashion, Mrs Toole and Madame Bouchard, appeared to have exhausted their wonderful inventions in the different disposition, variation, and combination, of tints and shades. The philosopher who maintained that black was white, and that, of course, there was no such colour as white, might have given some colour to his theory on this occasion, by the absence of poor forsaken white muslin. I was, however, much pleased to see that red maintains its ground against all other colours, because red is the colour of Mr Jefferson's breeches, Tom Paine's nose, and my slippers.

Let the grumbling smellfungi of this world, who cultivate taste among books, cobwebs, and spiders, rail at the extravagance of the age; for my part, I was delighted with the magic of the scene, and as the ladies tripped through the mazes of the dance, sparkling, and glowing, and dazzling, I, like the honest Chinese, thanked them heartily for the jewels and finery with which they loaded themselves, merely for the entertainment of bystanders, and blessed my stars that I was a bachelor.

The gentlemen were numerous, and being as usual equipped in their appropriate black uniforms, constituted a sable regiment, which contributed not a little to the brilliant gaiety of the ballroom. I must confess I am indebted for this remark to our friend, the cockney, Mr 'SBIDLIKENS, a fellow of infinite verbosity, who stands in high favour—with himself—and, like Caleb Quotem, is "up to everything."

It would but be repeating an old story to say, that the ladies of New York dance well; and well may they, since they learn it scientifically, and begin their lessons before they have quitted their swaddling clothes. The immortal Duport has usurped despotic sway over all the female heads and heels in this city; hornbooks, primers, and pianos are neglected to attend to his positions; and poor Chilton, with his pots and kettles and chemical crockery, finds him a more potent enemy than the whole collective force of the "North River Society." 'Sbidlikens insists that this dancing mania will inevitably continue as long as a dancing-master will charge the fashionable price of five and twenty dollars a quarter, and all the other accomplishments are so vulgar as to be attainable at "half the money;"—but I put no faith in 'Sbidlikens' candour in this particular. Among his infinitude of endowments he is but a poor proficient in dancing; and though he often flounders through a cotillion, yet he never cut a pigeon wing in his life.

In my mind there's no position more positive and unexceptionable than that most Frenchmen, dead or alive, are born dancers. I came pounce upon this discovery at the assembly, and I immediately noted it down in my register of undisputable facts—the public shall know all about it. As I never dance cotillions, holding them to be monstrous distorters of the human frame, and tantamount in their operations to being broken and dislocated on the wheel, I generally take occasion, while they are going on, to make my remarks on the company. In the course of these observations I was struck with the energy and eloquence of sundry limbs, which seemed to be flourishing about without appertaining to anybody. After much investigation and difficulty, I, at length, traced them to their respective owners, whom I found to be all Frenchmen to a man. Art may have meddled somewhat in these affairs, but nature certainly did more. I have since been considerably employed in calculations on this subject; and by the most accurate computation I have determined, that a Frenchman passes at least three-fifths of his time between the heavens and the earth, and partakes eminently of the nature of a gossamer or soap-bubble. One of these jack-o-lantern heroes, in taking a figure, which neither Euclid or Pythagoras himself could demonstrate, unfortunately wound himself—I mean his

foot—his better part—into a lady's cobweb muslin robe; but perceiving it at the instant, he set himself a spinning the other way, like a top, unravelled his step, without omitting one angle or curve, and extricated himself without breaking one single thread of the lady's dress! he then sprung up, like a sturgeon, crossed his feet four times, and finished this wonderful evolution by quivering his left leg, as a cat does her paw when she has accidentally dipped it in water. No man "of woman born," who was not a Frenchman, or a mountebank, could have done the like.

Among the new faces, I remarked a blooming nymph, who has brought a fresh supply of roses from the country to adorn the wreath of beauty, where lilies too much predominate. As I wish well to every sweet face under heaven, I sincerely hope her roses may survive the frosts and dissipations of winter, and lose nothing by a comparison with the loveliest offerings of the spring. 'Sbidlikens, to whom I made similar remarks, assured me that they were very just, and very prettily expressed; and that the lady in question was a prodigious fine piece of flesh and blood. Now could I find it in my heart to baste these cockneys like their own roast-beef—they can make no distinction between a fine woman and a fine horse.

I would praise the sylph-like grace with which another young lady acquitted herself in the dance, but that she excels in far more valuable accomplishments. Who praises the rose for its beauty, even though it is beautiful?

The company retired at the customary hour to the supper-room, where the tables were laid out with their usual splendour and profusion. My friend, 'Sbidlikens, with the native forethought of a cockney, had carefully stowed his pocket with cheese and crackers, that he might not be tempted again to venture his limbs in the crowd of hungry fair ones who throng the supper-room door: his precaution was unnecessary, for the company entered the room with surprising order and decorum. No gowns were torn—no ladies fainted—no noses bled—nor was there any need of the interference of either managers or peace-officers.

A TURK'S RECEPTION IN NEW YORK.

Letter from Mustapha Rub-a-Dub Keli Khan, Captain of a Ketch, to Asem Hacchem, principal Slave-driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

THOU wilt learn from this letter, most illustrious disciple of Mahomet, that I have for some time resided in New York; the most polished, vast, and magnificent city of the United States of America. But what to me are its delights! I wander a captive through its splendid streets, I turn a heavy eye on every rising day that beholds me banished from my country. The christian husbands here lament most bitterly any short absence from home, though they leave but one wife behind to lament their departure;—what then must be the feelings of thy unhappy kinsman, while thus lingering at an immeasurable distance from three-and-twenty of the most lovely and obedient wives in all Tripoli! Oh, Allah! shall thy servant never again return to his native land, nor behold his beloved wives, who beam on

his memory beautiful as the rosy morn of the east, and graceful as Mahomet's camel!

Yet beautiful, oh, most puissant slave-driver, as are my wives, they are far exceeded by the women of this country. Even those who run about the streets with bare arms and necks, (*et cætera*) whose habiliments are too scanty to protect them either from the inclemency of the seasons, or the scrutinizing glances of the curious, and who it would seem belong to nobody, are lovely as the houris that people the elysium of true believers. If, then, such as run wild in the high-ways, and whom no one cares to appropriate, are thus beauteous; what must be the charms of those who are shut up in the seraglios, and never permitted to go abroad! Surely the region of beauty, the valley of the graces, can contain nothing so inimitably fair!

But notwithstanding the charms of these infidel women, they are apt to have one fault, which is extremely troublesome and inconvenient. Wouldst thou believe it, Asem, I have been positively assured by a famous dervise, (or doctor as he is here called) that at least one fifth part of them—have souls. Incredible as it may seem to thee, I am the more inclined to believe them in possession of this monstrous superfluity, from my own little experience, and from the information which I have derived from others. In walking the streets, I have actually seen an exceeding good looking woman with soul enough to box her husband's ears to his heart's content, and my very whiskers trembled with indignation at the abject state of these wretched infidels. I am told, moreover, that some of the women have soul enough to usurp the breeches of the men, but these I suppose are married and kept close; for I have not, in my rambles, met with any so extravagantly accoutred; others, I am informed, have soul enough to swear!—yea! by the beard of the great Omar, who prayed three times to each of the one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets of our most holy faith, and who never swore but once in his life—they actually swear!

Get thee to thy mosque, good Asem, return thanks to our most holy prophet that he has been thus mindful of the comfort of all true Mussulmen, and has given them wives with no more souls than cats and dogs, and other necessary animals of the household.

Thou wilt doubtless be anxious to learn our reception in this country, and how we were treated by a people whom we have been accustomed to consider as unenlightened barbarians.

On landing we were waited upon to our lodgings, I suppose according to the directions of the municipality, by a vast and respectable escort of boys and negroes, who shouted and threw up their hats, doubtless to do honour to the magnanimous Mustapha, captain of a ketch; they were somewhat ragged and dirty in their equipments, but this was attributed to their republican simplicity. One of them, in the zeal of admiration, threw an old shoe, which gave thy friend rather an ungentle salutation on one side of the head, whereat I was not a little offended, until the interpreter informed us that this was the customary manner in which great men were honoured in this country; and that the more distinguished they were, the more they were subjected to the attacks and peltings of the mob. Upon this I bowed my head three times, with my hands to my turban, and made

a speech in Arabic-Greek, which gave great satisfaction, and occasioned a shower of old shoes, hats, and so forth, that was exceedingly refreshing to us all.

Thou wilt not as yet expect that I should give thee an account of the laws and politics of this country. I will reserve them for some future letter, when I shall be more experienced in their complicated and seemingly contradictory nature.

This empire is governed by a grand and most puissant bashaw, whom they dignify with the title of President. He is chosen by persons, who are chosen by an assembly, elected by the people—hence the mob is called the sovereign people—and the country, free; the body politic doubtless resembling a vessel, which is best governed by its tail. The present bashaw is a very plain old gentleman—something they say of a humourist, as he amuses himself with impaling butterflies and pickling tadpoles; he is rather declining in popularity, having given great offence by wearing red breeches. The people of the United States have assured me that they themselves are the most enlightened nation under the sun; but thou knowest that the barbarians of the desert, who assemble at the summer solstice, to shoot their arrows at that glorious luminary, in order to extinguish his burning rays, make precisely the same boast;—which of them have the superior claim, I shall not attempt to decide.

I have observed, with some degree of surprise, that the men of this country do not seem in haste to accommodate themselves even with the single wife which alone the laws permit them to marry; this backwardness is probably owing to the misfortune of their absolutely having no female mutes among them. Thou knowest how invaluable are these silent companions; what a price is given for them in the east, and what entertaining wives they make. What delightful entertainment arises from beholding the silent eloquence of their signs and gestures; but a wife possessed both of a tongue and a soul—monstrous! monstrous! Is it astonishing that these unhappy infidels should shrink from a union with a woman so preposterously endowed?

When I have studied this people more profoundly, I will write thee again; in the mean time watch over my household, and do not beat my beloved wives, unless you catch them with their noses out at the window. Though far distant, and a slave, let me live in thy heart as thou livest in mine:—think not, O! friend of my soul, that the splendours of this luxurious capital, its gorgeous palaces, its stupendous mosques, and the beautiful females who run wild in herds about its streets, can obliterate thee from my remembrance. Thy name shall still be mentioned in the five-and-twenty prayers which I offer up daily; and may our great prophet, after bestowing on thee all the blessings of this life, at length, in a good old age, lead thee gently by the hand, to enjoy the dignity of bashaw of three tails in the blissful bowers of Eden.

MUSTAPHA.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

The following article is furnished me by a young lady of unquestionable taste, who is the oracle of fashion, and deeply initiated into all the mysteries of the toilet.

MORNING DRESS FOR WALKING.—If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown, or frock, is most advisable—because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms, and particularly the elbows bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted and mottled by Mr John Frost, nose-painter-general, of the colour of Castile soap. Shoes of kid, the thinnest that can possibly be procured—as they tend to promote colds and make a lady look interesting—(*i. e. grizzly*). Picnic silk stockings, with lace clocks—flesh-coloured are most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs—*nudity* being all the rage. The stockings carelessly bespattered with mud, to agree with the gown, which should be bordered about three inches deep with the most fashionably coloured mud that can be found: the ladies permitted to hold up their trains, after they have swept two or three streets, in order to show—the clocks of their stockings. The shawl scarlet, crimson, flame, orange, salmon, or any other combustible or brimstone colour, thrown over one shoulder, like an Indian blanket, with one end dragging on the ground.

When the ladies do not go abroad of a morning, the usual chimney-corner dress is a dotted, spotted, striped, or cross-barred gown—a yellowish, whitish, smokish, dirty-coloured shawl, and the hair curiously ornamented with little bits of newspapers, or pieces of a letter from a dear friend. This is called the “Cinderella dress.”

The recipe for a full-dress is as follows:—Take a spider-net, crape, satin, gyp, cat-gut, gauze, whalebone, lace, bobbin, ribands, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; to these, add as many spangles, beads, and gew-gaws, as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka Sound. Let Mrs Toole, or Madame Bouchard, patch all these articles together, one upon another, dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles, and tinsel, and they will altogether form a dress, which, hung upon a lady’s back, cannot fail of supplying the place of beauty, youth, and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery, called *Rag Fair*.

WILL WIZARD’S EXPEDITION TO A MODERN BALL.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

I was not a little surprised the other morning at a request from Will Wizard that I would accompany him that evening to Mrs ——’s ball. The request was simple enough in itself, it was only singular as coming from Will;—of all my acquaintance Wizard is the least calculated and disposed for the society of ladies—not that he dislikes their company; on the contrary, like every man of pith and marrow, he is a professed admirer of the sex; and had he been born a poet, would undoubtedly have bespattered and be-rhymed some hard-

named goddess, until she became as famous as Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa; but Will is such a confounded bungler at a bow, has so many odd bachelor habits, and finds it so troublesome to be gallant, that he generally prefers smoking his cigar and telling his story among cronies of his own gender:—and thundering long stories they are, let me tell you: set Will once a-going about China or Crim Tartary, or the Hottentots, and Heaven help the poor victim who has to endure his prolixity; he might better be tied to the tail of a jack-o'lantern. In one word—Will talks like a traveller. Being well acquainted with his character, I was the more alarmed at his inclination to visit a party; since he has often assured me, that he considered it as equivalent to being stuck up for three hours in a steam-engine. I even wondered how he had received an invitation;—this he soon accounted for. It seems Will, on his last arrival from Canton, had made a present of a case of tea to a lady, for whom he had once entertained a sneaking kindness when at grammar-school; and she in return had invited him to come and drink some of it; a cheap way enough of paying off little obligations. I readily acceded to Will's proposition, expecting much entertainment from his eccentric remarks; and as he has been absent some few years, I anticipated his surprise at the splendour and elegance of a modern rout.

On calling for Will in the evening, I found him full dressed, waiting for me. I contemplated him with absolute dismay. As he still retained a spark of regard for the lady who once reigned in his affections, he had been at unusual pains in decorating his person, and broke upon my sight arrayed in the true style that prevailed among our beaux some years ago. His hair was turned up and tufted at the top, frizzled out at the ears, a profusion of powder puffed over the whole, and a long plaited club swung gracefully from shoulder to shoulder, describing a pleasing semicircle of powder and pomatum. His claret-coloured coat was decorated with a profusion of gilt buttons, and reached to his calves. His white cassimere small clothes were so tight that he seemed to have grown up in them; and his ponderous legs, which are the thickest part of his body, were beautifully clothed in sky-blue silk stockings, once considered so becoming. But above all, he prided himself upon his waistcoat of China silk, which might almost have served a good housewife for a short-gown; and he boasted that the roses and tulips upon it were the work of *Nang-Fou*, daughter of the great *Chin-Chin-Fou*, who had fallen in love with the graces of his person, and sent it to him as a parting present; he assured me she was a perfect beauty, with sweet obliquity of eyes, and a foot no larger than the thumb of an alderman;—he then dilated most copiously on his silver-sprigged dicky, which he assured me was quite the rage among the dashing young mandarines of Canton.

I hold it an ill-natured office to put any man out of conceit with himself; so, though I would willingly have made a little alteration in my friend Wizard's picturesque costume, yet I politely complimented him on his rakish appearance.

On entering the room I kept a good look out on Will, expecting to see him exhibit signs of surprise; but he is one of those knowing fellows who are never surprised at any thing, or at least will never

acknowledge it. He took his stand in the middle of the floor, playing with his great steel watch-chain; and looking round on the company, the furniture and the pictures, with the air of a man who had seen finer things in his time; and to my utter confusion and dismay, I saw him coolly pull out his villanous old japanned tobacco box, ornamented with a bottle, a pipe, and a scurvy motto, and help himself to a quid in face of all the company.

I knew it was all in vain to find fault with a fellow of Will's socratic turn, who is never to be put out of humour with himself; so, after he had given his box its prescriptive rap, and returned it to his pocket, I drew him into a corner where we might observe the company without being prominent objects ourselves.

"And pray who is that stylish figure," said Will, "who blazes away in red, like a volcano, and who seems wrapped in flames like a fiery dragon?"—That, cried I, is Miss Laurelia Dashaway;—she is the highest flash of the ton—has much whim and more eccentricity, and has reduced many an unhappy gentleman to stupidity by her charms; you see she holds out the red flag in token of "no quarter." "Then keep me safe out of the sphere of her attractions," cried Will, "I would not e'en come in contact with her train, lest it should scorch me like the tail of a comet.—But who, I beg of you, is that amiable youth who is handing along a young lady, and at the same time contemplating his sweet person in a mirror as he passes?" His name, said I, is Billy Dimple;—he is a universal smiler, and would travel from Dan to Beersheba and smile on every body as he passed. Dimple is a slave to the ladies—a hero at tea-parties, and is famous at the *pirouet* and the pigeon-wing; a fiddlestick is his idol, and a dance his elysium. "A very pretty young gentleman, truly," cried Wizard, "he reminds me of a contemporary beau at Hayti. You must know that the magnanimous Dessalines gave a great ball to his court one fine sultry summer's evening; Dessy and I were great cronies;—hand and glove:—one of the most condescending great men I ever knew. Such a display of black and yellow beauties! such a show of Madras handkerchiefs, red beads, cocks' tails and peacocks' feathers! it was, as here, who should wear the highest top-knot, drag the longest tails, or exhibit the greatest variety of combs, colours, and gewgaws. In the middle of the rout, when all was buzz, slipslop, clack, and perfume, who should enter but Tucky Squash! The yellow beauties blushed blue, and the black ones blushed as red as they could, with pleasure; and there was a universal agitation of fans: every eye brightened and whitened to see Tucky; for he was the pride of the court, the pink of courtesy, the mirror of fashion, the adoration of all the sable fair ones of Hayti. Such breadth of nose, such exuberance of lip! his shins had the true cucumber curve;—his face in dancing shone like a kettle; and provided you kept to windward of him in summer, I do not know a sweeter youth in all Hayti than Tucky Squash. When he laughed, there appeared from ear to ear a *chevaux-de-frize* of teeth, that rivalled the shark's in whiteness; he could whistle like a north-wester; play on a three-stringed fiddle like Apollo; and as to dancing, no Long Island negro could shuffle you "double-trouble," or "hoe corn and dig potatoes," more scientifically: in short

he was a second Lothario. And the dusky nymphs of Hayti, one and all, declared him a perpetual Adonis. 'Tucky walked about, whistling to himself, without regarding any body; and his *non-chalance* was irresistible."

I found Will had got neck and heels into one of his traveller's stories; and there is no knowing how far he would have run his parallel between Billy Dimple and Tucky Squash, had not the music struck up from an adjoining apartment, and summoned the company to the dance. The sound seemed to have an inspiring effect on honest Will, and he procured the hand of an old acquaintance for a country dance. It happened to be the fashionable one of "The devil among the tailors," which is so vociferously demanded at every ball and assembly; and many a torn gown, and many an unfortunate toe did rue the dancing of that night; for Will thundered down the dance like a coach and six, sometimes right, sometimes wrong; now running over half a score of little Frenchmen, and now making sad inroads into ladies' cobweb muslins and spangled tails. As every part of Will's body partook of the exertion, he shook from his capacious head such volumes of powder, that like the pious Eneas on the first interview with queen Dido, he might be said to have been enveloped in a cloud. Nor was Will's partner an insignificant figure in the scene; she was a young lady of most voluminous proportions, that quivered at every skip; and being braced up in the fashionable style with whalebone, stay-tape and buckram, looked like an apple pudding tied in the middle; or, taking her flaming dress into consideration, like a bed and bolsters rolled up in a suit of red curtains. The dance finished. I would gladly have taken Will off, but no;—he was now in one of his happy moods, and there was no doing any thing with him. He insisted on my introducing him to Miss Sophy Sparkle, a young lady unrivalled for playful wit and innocent vivacity, and who, like a brilliant, adds lustre to the front of fashion. I accordingly presented him to her, and began a conversation, in which, I thought, he might take a share; but no such thing. Will took his stand before her, straddling like a Colossus, with his hands in his pockets, and an air of the most profound attention; nor did he pretend to open his lips for some time, until, upon some lively sally of hers, he electrified the whole company with a most intolerable burst of laughter. What was to be done with such an incorrigible fellow?—To add to my distress, the first word he spoke was to tell Miss Sparkle that something she said reminded him of a circumstance that happened to him in China;—and at it he went in the true traveller style—described the Chinese mode of eating rice with chop-sticks;—entered into a long eulogium on the esculent qualities of boiled birds' nests: and I made my escape at the very moment when he was on the point of squatting down on the floor, to show how the little Chinese *Joshes* sit crosslegged.

THE FAMILY OF THE COCKLOFTS.

THE Cockloft family, of which I have made such frequent mention, is of great antiquity, if there be any truth in the genealogical tree which hangs up in my cousin's library. They trace their descent

from a celebrated Roman Knight, cousin to the progenitor of his Majesty of Britain, who left his native country on occasion of some disgust; and coming into Wales became a great favourite of Prince Madoc, and accompanied that famous argonaut in the voyage which ended in the discovery of this continent. Though a member of the family, I have sometimes ventured to doubt the authenticity of this portion of their annals, to the great vexation of cousin Christopher, who is looked up to as the head of our house; and who, though as orthodox as a bishop, would sooner give up the whole decalogue than lop off a single limb of the family tree. From time immemorial, it has been the rule of the Cocklofts to marry one of their own name; and, as they always bred like rabbits, the family has increased and multiplied like that of Adam and Eve. In truth their number is almost incredible; and you can hardly go into any part of the country without starting a warren of genuine Cocklofts. Every person of the least observation, or experience, must have observed that where this practice of marrying cousins, and second cousins, prevails in a family, every member, in the course of a few generations, becomes queer, humorous, and original; as much distinguished from the common race of mongrels as if he was of a different species. This has happened in our family, and particularly in that branch of it of which Christopher Cockloft, Esq. is the head. Christopher is, in fact, the only married man of the name who resides in town; his family is small, having lost most of his children when young, by the excessive care he took to bring them up like vegetables. This was one of his first whimwhams, and a confounded one it was; as his children might have told, had they not fallen victims to his experiment before they could talk. He had got, from some quack philosopher or other, a notion that there was a complete analogy between children and plants, and that they ought to be both reared alike. Accordingly he sprinkled them every morning with water, laid them out in the sun, as he did his geraniums; and, if the season was remarkably dry, repeated this wise experiment three or four times of a morning. The consequence was, the poor little souls died one after the other, except Jeremy and his two sisters; who, to be sure, are a trio of as odd, runcy, mummy-looking originals as ever Hogarth fancied in his most happy moments. Mrs Cockloft, the larger if not the better half of my cousin, often remonstrated against this vegetable theory;—and even brought the parson of the parish, in which my cousin's country house is situated, to her aid; but in vain: Christopher persisted, and attributed the failure of his plan to its not having been exactly conformed to. As I have mentioned Mrs Cockloft, I may as well say a little more about her while I am in the humour. She is a lady of wonderful notability, a warm admirer of shining mahogany, clear hearths, and her husband; whom she considers the wisest man in the world, bating Will Wizard and the parson of our parish; the last of whom is her oracle on all occasions. She goes constantly to church every Sunday and Saint's-day, and insists upon it that no man is entitled to ascend a pulpit unless he has been ordained by a bishop; nay, so far does she carry her orthodoxy, that all the arguments in the world will never persuade her that a Presbyterian or Baptist, or even a Calvinist, has any possible chance

of going to heaven. Above every thing else, however, she abhors Paganism ;—can scarcely refrain from laying violent hands on a Pantheon when she meets with it ; and was very nigh going into hysterics, when my cousin insisted that one of his boys should be christened after our laureate, because the parson of the parish had told her that Pindar was the name of a Pagan writer, famous for his love of boxing-matches, wrestling, and horse-racing. To sum up all her qualifications in the shortest possible way, Mrs Cockloft is, in the true sense of the phrase, a good sort of a woman ; and I often congratulate my cousin on possessing her. The rest of the family consists of Jeremy Cockloft, the younger, and the two Miss Cocklofts, or rather the young ladies, as they have been called by the servants time out of mind ; not that they are really young, the younger being somewhat on the shady side of thirty—but it has ever been the custom to call every member of the family young under fifty. In the south-east corner of the house, I hold quiet possession of an old-fashioned apartment, where myself and my elbow-chair are suffered to amuse ourselves undisturbed, save at meal times. This apartment old Cockloft has facetiously denominated Cousin Launce's Paradise ; and the good old gentleman has two or three favourite jokes about it, which are served up as regularly as the standing family-dish of beefsteaks and onions, which every day maintains its station at the foot of the table, in defiance of mutton, poultry, or even venison itself.

Though the family is apparently small, yet, like most old establishments of the kind, it does not want for honorary members. It is the city rendezvous of the Cocklofts ; and we are continually enlivened by the company of half a score of uncles, aunts, and cousins in the fortieth remove, from all parts of the country, who profess a wonderful regard for Cousin Christopher ; and overwhelm every member of his household, down to the cook in the kitchen, with their attentions. We have for three weeks past been greeted with the company of two worthy old spinsters, who came down from the country to settle a lawsuit. They have done little else but retail stories of their village neighbours, knit stockings, and take snuff, all the time they have been here : the whole family are bewildered with churchyard tales of sheeted ghosts, white horses without heads, and with large goggle eyes in their buttocks ; and not one of the old servants dares budge an inch after dark without a numerous company at his heels. My cousin's visitors, however, always return his hospitality with due gratitude, and now and then remind him of their fraternal regard, by a present of a pot of apple sweetmeats, or a barrel of sour cider at Christmas. Jeremy displays himself to great advantage among his country relations, who all think him a prodigy, and often stand astounded, in "gaping wonderment," at his natural philosophy. He lately frightened a simple old uncle almost out of his wits, by giving it as his opinion that the earth would one day be scorched to ashes by the eccentric gambols of the famous comet, so much talked of ; and positively asserted that this world revolved round the sun, and that the moon was certainly inhabited.

The family mansion bears equal marks of antiquity with its inhabitants. As the Cocklofts are remarkable for their attachment to

every thing that has remained long in the family, they are bigoted towards their old edifice, and I dare say would sooner have it crumble about their ears than abandon it. The consequence is, it has been so patched up and repaired, that it has become as full of whims and oddities as its tenants; requires to be nursed and humoured like a gouty old codger of an alderman; and reminds one of the famous ship in which a certain admiral circumnavigated the globe, which was so patched and timbered, in order to preserve so great a curiosity, that at length not a particle of the original remained. Whenever the wind blows, the old mansion makes a most perilous groaning; and every storm is sure to make a day's work for the carpenter, who attends upon it as regularly as the family physician. This predilection for every thing that has been long in the family, shows itself in every particular. The domestics are all grown grey in the service of our house. We have a little, old, crusty, grey-headed negro, who has lived through two or three generations of the Cocklofts, and, of course, has become a personage of no little importance in the household. He calls all the family by their christian names; tells long stories about how he dandled them on his knee when they were children; and is a complete Cockloft chronicle for the last seventy years. The family carriage was made in the last French war, and the old horses were most indubitably foaled in Noah's ark—resembling marvellously, in gravity of demeanour, those sober animals which may be seen any day of the year in the streets of Philadelphia, walking their snail's pace, a dozen in a row, and harmoniously jingling their bells. Whim-whams are the inheritance of the Cocklofts, and every member of the household is a humorist *sui generis*, from the master down to the footman. The very cats and dogs are humourists; and we have a little runty scoundrel of a cur, who, whenever the church bells ring, will run to the street door, turn up his nose in the wind, and howl most piteously. Jeremy insists that this is owing to a peculiar delicacy in the organization of his ears, and supports his position by many learned arguments which nobody can understand; but I am of opinion that it is a mere Cockloft whimwham, which the little cur indulges, being descended from a race of dogs which has flourished in the family ever since the time of my grandfather. A propensity to save every thing that bears the stamp of family antiquity, has accumulated an abundance of trumpery and rubbish with which the house is encumbered, from the cellar to the garret; and every room, and closet, and corner, is crammed with three-legged chairs, clocks without hands, swords without scabbards, cocked hats, broken candlesticks, and looking-glasses, with frames carved into fantastic shapes of feathered sheep, woolly birds, and other animals that have no name except in books of heraldry. The ponderous mahogany chairs in the parlour are of such unwieldy proportions, that it is quite a serious undertaking to gallant one of them across the room; and sometimes make a most equivocal noise when you set down in a hurry: the mantel-piece is decorated with little lacquered earthen shepherdesses—some of which are without toes, and others without noses; and the fire-place is garnished out with Dutch tiles, exhibiting a great variety of Scripture pieces, which my good old soul of a

cousin takes infinite delight in explaining. Poor Jeremy hates them as he does poison ; for while a younker, he was obliged by his mother to learn the history of a tile every Sunday morning before she would permit him to join his playmates : this was a terrible affair for Jeremy, who, by the time he had learned the last had forgotten the first, and was obliged to begin again. He assured me the other day, with a round college oath, that if the old house stood out till he inherited it, he would have these tiles taken out, and ground into powder, for the perfect hatred he bore them.

My cousin Christopher enjoys unlimited authority in the mansion of his forefathers ; he is truly what may be termed a hearty old blade—has a florid, sunshine countenance, and if you will only praise his wine, and laugh at his long stories, himself and his house are heartily at your service. The first condition is indeed easily complied with, for, to tell the truth, his wine is excellent ; but his stories, being not of the best, and often repeated, are apt to create a disposition to yawn, being, in addition to their other qualities, most unreasonably long. His prolixity is the more afflicting to me, since I have all his stories by heart ; and when he enters upon one, it reminds me of Newark causeway, where the traveller sees the end at the distance of several miles. To the great misfortune of all his acquaintance, cousin Cockloft is blessed with a most provoking retentive memory, and can give day and date, and name and age and circumstance, with most unfeeling precision. These, however, are but trivial foibles, forgotten or remembered only with a kind of tender, respectful pity, by those who know with what a rich redundant harvest of kindness and generosity his heart is stored. It would delight you to see with what social gladness he welcomes a visitor into his house ; and the poorest man that enters his door never leaves it without a cordial invitation to sit down and drink a glass of wine. By the honest farmers round his country-seat, he is looked up to with love and reverence ; they never pass him by without his inquiring after the welfare of their families, and receiving a cordial shake of his liberal hand. There are but two classes of people who are thrown out of the reach of his hospitality—and these are Frenchmen and democrats. The old gentleman considers it treason against the majesty of good breeding to speak to any visitor with his hat on ; but the moment a democrat enters his door, he forthwith bids his man Pompey bring his hat, puts it on his head, and salutes him with an appalling “ Well, Sir, what do you want with me ? ”

He has a profound contempt for Frenchmen, and firmly believes that they eat nothing but frogs and soup-maigre in their own country. This unlucky prejudice is partly owing to my great aunt Pamela having been, many years ago, run away with by a French count, who turned out to be the son of a generation of barbers ; and partly to a little vivid spark of toryism, which burns in a secret corner of his heart. He was a loyal subject of the crown ; has hardly yet recovered the shock of Independence ; and, though he does not care to own it, always does honour to his majesty’s birth-day, by inviting a few cavaliers, like himself, to dinner, and gracing his table with more than ordinary festivity. If by chance the revolution is mentioned before him, my cousin shakes his head ; and you may see, if

you take good note, a lurking smile of contempt in the corner of his eye, which marks a decided disapprobation of the sound. He once, in the fulness of his heart, observed to me that green peas were a month later than they were under the old government. But the most eccentric manifestation of loyalty he ever gave was, making a voyage to Halifax for no other reason under heaven but to hear his majesty prayed for in church, as he used to be here formerly. This he never could be brought fairly to acknowledge; but it is a certain fact, I assure you.—It is not a little singular that a person, so much given to long story-telling as my cousin, should take a liking to another of the same character; but so it is with the old gentleman—his prime favourite and companion is Will Wizard, who is almost a member of the family, and will sit before the fire, with his feet on the massy andirons, and smoke his cigar, and screw his phiz, and spin away tremendous long stories of his travels, for a whole evening, to the great delight of the old gentleman and lady, and especially of the young ladies, who, like Desdemona, do “seriously incline,” and listen to him with innumerable “O dears,” “is it possibles,” “goody graciouses,” and look upon him as a second Sinbad the sailor.

The Miss Cocklofts, whose pardon I crave for not having particularly introduced them before, are a pair of delectable damsels; who, having purloined and locked up the family-bible, pass for just what age they please to plead guilty to. Barbara, the eldest, has long since resigned the character of a belle, and adopted that staid, sober, demure, snuff-taking air, becoming her years and discretion. She is a good-natured soul, whom I never saw in a passion but once; and that was occasioned by seeing an old favourite beau of her’s kiss the hand of a pretty blooming girl; and, in truth, she only got angry because, as she very properly said, it was spoiling the child. Her sister Margaret, or Maggie, as she is familiarly termed, seemed disposed to maintain her post as a belle, until a few months since; when accidentally hearing a gentleman observe that she broke very fast, she suddenly left off going to the assembly, took a cat into high favour, and began to rail at the forward pertness of young misses. From that moment I set her down for an old maid; and so she is, “by the hand of my body.” The young ladies are still visited by some half dozen of veteran beaux, who grew and flourished in the *haut ton* when the Miss Cocklofts were quite children, but have been brushed rather rudely by the hand of time, who, to say the truth, can do almost any thing but make people young. They are, notwithstanding, still warm candidates for female favour; look venerably tender, and repeat over and over the same honeyed speeches and sugared sentiments to the little belles that they poured so profusely into the ears of their mothers. I beg leave here to give notice, that by this sketch, I mean no reflection on old bachelors; on the contrary, I hold that, next to a fine lady, the *ne plus ultra*, an old bachelor is the most charming being upon earth; inasmuch as by living in “single blessedness,” he of course does just as he pleases; and if he has any genius, must acquire a plentiful stock of whims, and oddities, and whalebone habits; without which I esteem a man to be mere beef without mustard, good for nothing

at all, but to run on errands for ladies, take boxes at the theatre, and act the part of a screen at tea-parties, or a walking-stick in the streets. I merely speak of those old boys who infest public walks, pounce upon ladies from every corner of the street, and worry, and frisk, and amble, and caper before, behind, and round about the fashionable belles, like old ponies in a pasture, striving to supply the absence of youthful whim and hilarity, by grimaces and grins, and artificial vivacity. I have sometimes seen one of these "reverend youths" endeavouring to elevate his wintry passions into something like love, by basking in the sunshine of beauty; and it did remind me of an old moth attempting to fly through a pane of glass towards a light, without ever approaching near enough to warm itself, or scorch its wings.

Never, I firmly believe, did there exist a family that went more by tangents than the Cocklofts.—Every thing is governed by whim; and if one member starts a new freak, away all the rest follow on like wild geese in a string. As the family, the servants, the horses, cats and dogs, have all grown old together, they have accommodated themselves to each other's habits completely; and though every body of them is full of odd points, angles, rhomboids, and ins and outs, yet some how or other, they harmonize together like so many straight lines; and it is truly a grateful and refreshing sight to see them agree so well. Should one, however, get out of tune, it is like a cracked fiddle, the whole concert is ajar; you perceive a cloud over every brow in the house, and even the old chairs seem to creak affetuoso. If my cousin, as he is rather apt to do, betray any symptoms of vexation or uneasiness, no matter about what, he is worried to death with inquiries, which answer no other end but to demonstrate the good will of the inquirer, and put him in a passion; for every body knows how provoking it is to be cut short in a fit of the blues, by an impertinent question about "what is the matter?" when a man can't tell himself. I remember a few months ago the old gentleman came home in quite a squall; kicked poor Cæsar, the mastiff, out of his way, as he came through the hall; threw his hat on the table with most violent emphasis, and pulling out his box, took three huge pinches of snuff, and threw a fourth into the cat's eyes as he sat purring his astonishment by the fire-side. This was enough to set the body politic going; Mrs Cockloft began "my dearing" it as fast as tongue could move; the young ladies took each a stand at an elbow of his chair; Jeremy marshalled in rear; the servants came tumbling in; the mastiff put up an inquiring nose; and even grimalkin, after he had cleansed his whiskers and finished sneezing, discovered indubitable signs of sympathy. After the most affectionate inquiries on all sides, it turned out that my cousin, in crossing the street, had got his silk stockings bespattered with mud by a coach, which it seems belonged to a dashing gentleman who had formerly supplied the family with hot rolls and muffins! Mrs Cockloft thereupon turned up her eyes, and the young ladies their noses; and it would have edified a whole congregation to hear the conversation which took place concerning the insolence of upstarts, and the vulgarity of would-be gentlemen and ladies, who strive to emerge from low life by dashing about in carriages to pay a visit two doors

off; giving parties to people who laugh at them, and cutting all their old friends.

AMERICAN TALKATIVENESS.

Letter from Mustapha Rub-a-Dub Keli Khan, to Asem Hacchem, principal slave-driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

I find, my good Asem, that the people of this country are strangely at a loss to determine the nature and proper character of their government: even their dervises are extremely in the dark as to this particular, and are continually indulging in the most preposterous disquisitions on the subject! Some have insisted that it savours of an aristocracy; others maintain that it is a pure democracy; and a third set of theorists declare absolutely that it is nothing more nor less than a mobocracy. The latter, I must confess, though still wide in error, have come nearest to the truth. You, of course, must understand the meaning of these different words, as they are derived from the ancient Greek language, and bespeak loudly the verbal poverty of these poor infidels, who cannot utter a learned phrase without laying the dead languages under contribution. A man, my dear Asem, who talks good sense in his native tongue, is held in tolerable estimation in this country; but a fool, who clothes his feeble ideas in a foreign or antique garb, is bowed down to as a literary prodigy. While I conversed with these people in plain English, I was but little attended to; but the moment I prosed away in Greek, every one looked up to me with veneration as an oracle.

Although the dervises differ widely in the particulars above-mentioned, yet they all agree in terming their government one of the most pacific in the known world. I cannot help pitying their ignorance, and smiling, at times, to see into what ridiculous errors those nations will wander who are unenlightened by the precepts of Mahomet, our divine prophet, and uninstructed by the five hundred and forty-nine books of wisdom of the immortal Ibrahim Hassan al Fusti. To call this nation pacific! Most preposterous! It reminds me of the title assumed by the Sheik of that murderous tribe of wild Arabs, that desolate the valleys of Belsaden, who styles himself "Star of courtesy—beam of the mercy-seat!"

The simple truth of the matter is, that these people are totally ignorant of their own true character; for, according to the best of my observation, they are the most warlike, and I must say, the most savage nation that I have as yet discovered among all the barbarians. They are not only at war, in their own way, with almost every nation on earth, but they are at the same time engaged in the most complicated knot of civil wars that ever infested any poor unhappy country on which Alla has denounced his malediction!

To let thee at once into a secret, which is unknown to these people themselves, their government is a pure, unadulterated *logocracy*, or government of words. The whole nation does every thing *viva voce*, or by word of mouth; and in this manner is one of the most military nations in existence. Every man who has what is here called the gift of the gab, that is a plentiful stock of verbosity, becomes a

soldier outright, and is for ever in a militant state. The country is entirely defended *vi et lingua*—that is to say, by force of tongues. The account which I lately wrote to our friend the snorer, respecting the immense army of six hundred men, makes nothing against this observation; that formidable body being kept up, as I have already observed, only to amuse their fair countrywomen by their splendid appearance and nodding plumes, and are, by way of distinction, denominated the “defenders of the fair.”

In a logocracy, thou well knowest, there is little or no occasion for fire-arms, or any such destructive weapons. Every offensive or defensive measure is enforced by wordy battle and paper war;—he who has the longest tongue or readiest quill is sure to gain the victory; will carry horror, abuse, and inkshed into the very trenches of the enemy, and, without mercy or remorse, put men, women, and children, to the point of the—pen!

There is still preserved in this country some remains of that Gothic spirit of knight-errantry which so annoyed the faithful in the middle ages of the Hegira. As, notwithstanding their martial disposition, they are a people much given to commerce and agriculture, and must, necessarily, at certain seasons be engaged in these employments, they have accommodated themselves by appointing knights, or constant warriors, incessant brawlers, similar to those who, in former ages, swore eternal enmity to the followers of our divine prophet. These knights, denominated editors, or *slang-whangers*, are appointed in every town, village, and district, to carry on both foreign and internal warfare, and may be said to keep up a constant firing “in words.” Oh! my friend, could you but witness the enormities sometimes committed by these tremendous slang-whangers, your very turban would rise with horror and astonishment. I have seen them extend their ravages even into the kitchens of their opponents, and annihilate the very cook with a blast; and I do assure thee, I beheld one of these warriors attack a most venerable bashaw, and at one stroke of his pen lay him open from the waistband of his breeches to his chin!

There has been a civil war carrying on with great violence for some time past, in consequence of a conspiracy, among the higher classes, to dethrone his highness the present bashaw, and place another in his stead. I was mistaken when I formerly asserted to thee that this disaffection arose from his wearing red breeches. It is true the nation have long held that colour in great detestation, in consequence of a dispute they had some twenty years since with the barbarians of the British islands. The colour, however, is again rising into favour, as the ladies have transferred it to their heads from the bashaw’s body. The true reason, I am told, is, that the bashaw absolutely refuses to believe in the deluge, and in the story of Balaam’s ass; maintaining that this animal was never yet permitted to talk except in a genuine logocracy, where, it is true, his voice may often be heard, and is listened to with reverence, as “the voice of the sovereign people.” Nay, so far did he carry his obstinacy, that he absolutely invited a professed Antidiluvian from the Gallic empire, who illuminated the whole country with his principles—and his nose. This was enough to set the nation in a blaze;—every

slang-whanger resorted to his tongue or his pen ; and for seven years have they carried on a most inhuman war, in which volumes of words have been expended, oceans of ink have been shed ; nor has any mercy been shown to age, sex, or condition. Every day have these slang-whangers made furious attacks on each other, and upon their respective adherents—discharging their heavy artillery, consisting of large sheets, loaded with scoundrel ! villain ! liar ! rascal ! numskull ! nincompoop ! dunderhead ! wiseacre ! blockhead ! jackass !—and I do swear, by my beard, though I know thou wilt scarcely credit me, that in some of these skirmishes the grand bashaw himself has been woefully pelted ! yea most ignominiously pelted !—and yet have these talking desperadoes escaped without the bastinado !

Every now and then a slang-whanger, who has a longer head, or rather a longer tongue than the rest, will elevate his piece and discharge a shot quite across the ocean, levelled at the head of the Emperor of France, the King of England, or, wouldst thou believe it, O ! Asem, even at his Sublime Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli ! These long pieces are loaded with single ball, or language, as tyrant ! usurper ! robber ! tiger ! monster ! and thou mayst well suppose they occasion great distress and dismay in the camps of the enemy, and are marvellously annoying to the crowned heads at which they are directed. The slang-whanger, though perhaps the mere champion of a village, having fired off his shot, struts about with great self-congratulation, chuckling at the prodigious bustle he must have occasioned, and seems to ask of every stranger, “ Well, sir, what do they think of me in Europe.” This is sufficient to show you the manner in which these bloody, or rather windy fellows fight : it is the only mode allowable in a logocracy or government of words. I would also observe that the civil wars have a thousand ramifications.

While the fury of the battle rages in the metropolis, every little town and village has a distinct broil, growing like excrescences out of the grand national altercation, or rather agitating within it, like those complicated pieces of mechanism where there is a “ wheel within a wheel.”

But in nothing is the verbose nature of this government more evident than in its grand national Divan, or Congress, where the laws are framed. This is a blustering, windy assembly, where every thing is carried by noise, tumult, and debate ; for thou must know that the members of this assembly do not meet together to find wisdom in the multitude of counsellors, but to wrangle, call each other hard names, and hear themselves talk. When the Congress opens, the bashaw first sends them a long message, *i. e.* a huge mass of words—*vox et preterea nihil*, all meaning nothing ; because it only tells them what they perfectly know already. Then the whole assembly are thrown into a ferment, and have a long talk about the quantity of words that are to be returned in answer to this message ; and here arise many disputes about the correction and alteration of “ if so be’s,” and “ how so ever’s.” A month, perhaps, is spent in thus determining the precise number of words the answer shall contain ; and then another, most probably, in concluding whether it shall be carried to the bashaw on foot, on horseback, or in coaches. Having

settled this weighty matter, they next fall to work upon the message itself, and hold as much chattering over it as so many magpies over an addle egg. This done, they divide the message into small portions, and deliver them into the hands of little juntos of talkers, called committees : these juntos have each a world of talking about their respective paragraphs, and return the results to the Grand Divan, which forthwith falls to and re-talks the matter over more earnestly than ever. Now after all, it is an even chance that the subject of this prodigious arguing, quarrelling, and talking, is an affair of no importance, and ends entirely in smoke. May it not then be said, the whole nation have been talking to no purpose? The people, in fact, seem to be somewhat conscious of this propensity to talk, by which they are characterized, and have a favourite proverb on the subject, viz. "all talk and no cider:" this is particularly applied when their Congress, or assembly of all the sage chatterers of the nation, have chattered through a whole session, in a time of great peril and momentous event, and have done nothing but exhibit the length of their tongues and the emptiness of their heads. This has been the case more than once, my friend; and to let thee into a secret, I have been told in confidence, that there have been absolutely several old women smuggled into Congress from different parts of the empire, who, having once got on the breeches, as thou mayest well imagine, have taken the lead in debate, and overwhelmed the whole assembly with their garrulity! For my part, as times go, I do not see why old women should not be as eligible to public councils as old men who possess their dispositions; they certainly are eminently possessed of the qualifications requisite to govern in a logocracy.

Nothing, as I have repeatedly insisted, can be done in this country without talking; but they take so long to talk over a measure, that by the time they have determined upon adopting it, the period has elapsed which was proper for carrying it into effect. Unhappy nation! thus torn to pieces by intestine talks! never, I fear, will it be restored to tranquillity and silence. Words are but breath; breath is but air; and air put into motion is nothing but wind. This vast empire, therefore, may be compared to nothing more nor less than a mighty windmill, and the orators, and the chatterers, and the slang-whangers, are the breezes that put it in motion; unluckily, however, they are apt to blow different ways; and their blasts counteracting each other, the mill is perplexed, the wheels stand still, the grist is unground, and the miller and his family starved.

Every thing partakes of the windy nature of the government. In case of any domestic grievance, or an insult from a foreign foe, the people are all in a buzz;—town-meetings are immediately held, where the quidnuncs of the city repair, each like an Atlas, with the cares of the whole nation upon his shoulders, each resolutely bent upon saving his country, and each swelling and strutting like a turkey cock, puffed up with words, and wind, and nonsense. After bustling, and buzzing, and bawling for some time, and after each man has shown himself to be indubitably the greatest personage in the meeting, they pass a string of resolutions, *i. e.* words which were previously prepared for the purpose. These resolutions are whim-

sically denominated the sense of the meeting, and are sent off for the instruction of the reigning bashaw, who receives them graciously; puts them into his red breeches pocket, forgets to read them—and the matter ends.

As to his highness the present bashaw, who is at the very top of the logocracy, never was a dignitary better qualified for his station. He is a man of superlative ventosity, and comparable to nothing but a huge bladder of wind. He talks of vanquishing all opposition by the force of reason and philosophy; throws his gauntlet at all the nations of the earth, and defies them to meet him—on the field of argument!—Is the national dignity insulted, a case in which his highness of Tripoli would immediately call forth his forces;—the bashaw of America—utters a speech. Does a foreign invader molest the commerce in the very mouth of the harbours—an insult which would induce his highness of Tripoli to order out his fleets;—his highness of America—utters a speech. Are the free citizens of America dragged from on board the vessels of their country, and forcibly detained in the war ships of another power;—his highness—utters a speech. Is a peaceable citizen killed by the marauders of a foreign power, on the very shores of his country;—his highness—utters a speech. Does an alarming insurrection break out in a distant part of the empire;—his highness—utters a speech!—Nay, more, for here he shows his “energies;”—he most intrepidly despatches a courier on horseback, and orders him to ride one hundred and twenty miles a day, with a most formidable army of proclamations, *i. e.* a collection of words, packed up in his saddle bags. He is instructed to show no favour nor affection; but to charge the thickest ranks of the enemy, and to speechify and batter by words the conspiracy and the conspirators out of existence.—Heavens, my friend, what a deal of blustering is here! It reminds me of a dunghill cock in a farm yard, who, having accidentally in his scratchings found a worm, immediately begins a most vociferous cackling—calls around him his hen-hearted companions, who run chattering from all quarters to gobble up the poor little worm that happened to turn under his eye. Oh, Asem, Asem! on what a prodigious great scale is every thing in this country!

Thus, then, I conclude my observations. The infidel nations have each a separate characteristic trait, by which they may be distinguished from each other:—the Spaniards, for instance, may be said to sleep upon every affair of importance;—the Italians to fiddle upon every thing;—the French to dance upon every thing;—the Germans to smoke upon every thing;—the British Islanders to eat upon every thing;—and the windy subjects of the American logocracy to talk upon every thing.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

ON STYLE.

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

Styl, a manner of writing; title; pin of a dial; the pistil of plants.—JOHNSON.
Style, is.....style.—LINKUM FIDELIUS.

Now I would not give a straw for either of the above definitions, though I think the latter is by far the most satisfactory; and I do wish sincerely every modern numskull, who takes hold of a subject he knows nothing about, would adopt honest Linkum's mode of explanation. Blair's Lectures on this article have not thrown a whit more light on the subject of my inquiries;—they puzzled me just as much as did the learned and laborious expositions and illustrations of the worthy professor of our college, in the middle of which I generally had the ill luck to fall asleep.

This same word style, though but a diminutive word, assumes to itself more contradictions, and significations, and eccentricities, than any monosyllable in the language is legitimately entitled to. It is an arrant little humorist of a word, and full of whimwhams, which occasion me to like it hugely; but it puzzled me most wickedly on my first return from a long residence abroad, having crept into fashionable use during my absence; and had it not been for friend Evergreen, and that thrifty sprig of knowledge, Jeremy Cockloft the younger, I should have remained to this day ignorant of its meaning.

Though it would seem that the people of all countries are equally vehement in the pursuit of this phantom style, yet in almost all of them there is a strange diversity in opinion as to what constitutes its essence; and every different class, like the pagan nations, adore it under a different form. In England, for instance, an honest cit packs up himself, his family and his style in a buggy or tin whisky, and rattles away on Sunday with his fair partner blooming beside him, like an eastern bride, and two chubby children, squatting like Chinese images at his feet. A baronet requires a chariot and pair;—a lord must needs have a barouche and four;—but a duke—oh! a duke cannot possibly lumber his style along under a coach and six, and half a score of footmen into the bargain. In China a puissant mandarin loads at least three elephants with style; and an overgrown sheep at the Cape of Good Hope, trails along his tail and his style on a wheelbarrow. In Egypt, or at Constantinople, style consists in the quantity of fur and fine clothes a lady can put on without danger of suffocation; here it is otherwise, and consists in the quantity she can put off without the risk of freezing. A Chinese lady is thought prodigal of her charms if she exposes the tip of her nose, or the ends of her fingers, to the ardent gaze of bystanders; and I recollect that all Canton was in a buzz in consequence of the great belle Miss Nangfous peeping out of the window with her face uncovered! Here the style is to show not only the face, but the neck, shoulders, &c.; and a lady never presumes to hide them except when she is not at home, and not sufficiently undressed to see company.

This style has ruined the peace and harmony of many a worthy household; for no sooner do they set up for style, but instantly all

the honest old comfortable *sans ceremonie* furniture is discarded ; and you stalk, cautiously about, amongst the uncomfortable splendour of Grecian chairs, Egyptian tables, Turkey carpets, and Etruscan vases. This vast improvement in furniture demands an increase in the domestic establishment ; and a family that once required two or three servants for convenience, now employ half a dozen for style.

Bell Brazen, late favourite of my unfortunate friend Dessalines, was one of these patterns of style ; and whatever freak she was seized with, however preposterous, was implicitly followed by all who would be considered as admitted in the stylish arcana. She was once seized with a whimwham that tickled the whole court. She could not lie down to take an afternoon's loll, but she must have one servant to scratch her head, two to tickle her feet, and a fourth to fan her delectable person while she slumbered. The thing took ;—it became the rage, and not a sable belle in all Hayti but what insisted upon being fanned, and scratched, and tickled in the true imperial style. Sneer not at this picture, my most excellent townsmen, for who among you but are daily following fashions equally absurd !

Style, according to Evergreen's account, consists in certain fashions, or certain eccentricities, or certain manners of certain people, in certain situations, and possessed of a certain share of fashion or importance. A red cloak, for instance, on the shoulders of an old market-woman is regarded with contempt ; it is vulgar—it is odious :—fling, however, its usurping rival, a red shawl, over the figure of a fashionable belle, and let her flame away with it in Broadway, or in a ball-room, and it is immediately declared to be the style.

The modes of attaining this certain situation, which entitles its holder to style, are various and opposite : the most ostensible is the attainment of wealth ; the possession of which changes, at once, the pert airs of vulgar ignorance into fashionable ease and elegant vivacity. It is highly amusing to observe the gradation of a family aspiring to style, and the devious windings they pursue in order to attain it. While beating up against wind and tide they are the most complaisant beings in the world ; they keep “ boogie and boogie,” as M'Sycophant says, until you would suppose them incapable of standing upright ; they kiss their hands to every body who has the least claim to style ; their familiarity is intolerable, and they absolutely overwhelm you with their friendship and loving kindness. But having once gained the envied pre-eminence, never were beings in the world more changed. They assume the most intolerable caprices ; at one time, address you with importunate sociability ; at another, pass you by with silent indifference ; sometimes sit up in their chairs in all the majesty of dignified silence ; and at another time bounce about with all the obstreperous ill-bred noise of a little hoyden just broke loose from a boarding-school

Another feature which distinguishes these new-made fashionables, is the inveteracy with which they look down upon the honest people who are struggling to climb up to the same envied height. They never fail to salute them with the most sarcastic reflections ; and like so many worthy hodmen, clambering a ladder, each one looks down upon his next neighbour below and makes no scruple of shaking the

dust off his shoes into his eyes. Thus by dint of perseverance, merely, they come to be considered as established denizens of the great world; as in some barbarous nations an oyster shell is of sterling value, and a copper-washed counter will pass current for genuine gold.

In no instance have I seen this grasping after style more whimsically exhibited, than in the family of my old acquaintance Timothy Giblet. I recollect old Giblet when I was a boy, and he was the most surly curmudgeon I ever knew. He was a perfect scare-crow to the small fry of the day, and inherited the hatred of all these unlucky little shavers; for never could we assemble about his door of an evening to play, and make a little hubbub, but out he sallied from his nest like a spider, flourished his formidable horsewhip, and dispersed the whole crew in the twinkling of a lamp. I perfectly remember a bill he sent in to my father for a pane of glass I had accidentally broken, which came well nigh getting me a sound flogging; and I remember, as perfectly, that the next night I revenged myself by breaking half a dozen. Giblet was as arrant a grub-worm as ever crawled; and the only rules of right and wrong he cared a button for, were the rules of multiplication and addition; which he practised much more successfully than he did any of the rules of religion or morality. He used to declare they were the true golden rules; and he took special care to put Cocker's arithmetic in the hands of his children, before they had read ten pages in the Bible or the prayer book. The practice of these favourite maxims was at length crowned with the harvest of success; and after a life of incessant self-denial, and starvation, and after enduring all the pounds, shillings, and pence miseries of a miser, he had the satisfaction of seeing himself worth a plum, and of dying just as he had determined to enjoy the remainder of his days in contemplating his great wealth and accumulating mortgages.

His children inherited his money; but they buried the disposition, and every other memorial of their father in his grave. Fired with a noble thirst for style, they instantly emerged from the retired lane in which themselves and their accomplishments had hitherto been buried; and they blazed, and they whizzed, and they cracked about town, like a nest of squibs and devils in a firework. I can liken their sudden eclat to nothing but that of the locust, which is hatched in the dust, where it increases and swells up to maturity, and after feeling for a moment the vivifying rays of the sun, bursts forth a mighty insect, and flutters, and rattles, and buzzes from every tree. The little warblers who have long cheered the woodlands with their dulcet notes, are stunned by the discordant racket of these upstart intruders, and contemplate, in contemptuous silence, their tinsel and their noise.

Having once started, the Giblets were determined that nothing should stop them in their career, until they had run their full course and arrived at the very tip-top of style. Every tailor, every shoemaker, every coachmaker, every milliner, every mantua-maker, every paper-hanger, every piano teacher, and every dancing master in the city, were enlisted in their service; and the willing wights most courteously answered their call, and fell to work to build up the fame of the Giblets, as they had done that of many an aspiring family before them. In a little time the young ladies could dance the waltz,

thunder Lodoiska, murder French, kill time, and commit violence on the face of nature in a landscape in water colours, equal to the best lady in the land; and the young gentlemen were seen lounging at corners of streets, and driving tandem; heard talking loud at the theatre, and laughing in church, with as much ease and grace, and modesty, as if they had been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

And the Giblets arrayed themselves in scarlet, and in fine linen, and seated themselves in high places; but nobody noticed them except to honour them with a little contempt. The Giblets made a prodigious splash in their own opinion; but nobody extolled them except the tailors, and the milliners, who had been employed in manufacturing their paraphernalia. The Giblets thereupon being, like Caleb Quotem, determined to have "a place at the review," fell to work more fiercely than ever;—they gave dinners, and they gave balls, they hired cooks, they hired confectioners; and they would have kept a newspaper in pay, had they not been all bought up at that time for the election. They invited the dancing men, and the dancing women, and the gormandizers, and the epicures of the city, to come and make merry at their expense; and the dancing men, and the dancing women, and the epicures, and the gormandizers, did come; and they did make merry at their expense; and they ate, and they drank, and they capered, and they danced, and they—laughed at their eutertainers.

Then commenced the hurry and the bustle, and the mighty nothingness of fashionable life;—such rattling in coaches! such flaunting in the streets! such slamming of box doors at the theatre! such a tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise wherever they appeared! The Giblets were seen here and there and everywhere; they visited everybody they knew, and everybody they did not know; and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblets family worked themselves into notice, and enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being for ever pestered by visitors, who cared nothing about them; of being squeezed, and smothered, and parboiled at nightly balls, and evening tea parties; they were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed;—they turned their noses up in the wind at everything that was not genteel; and their superb manners and sublime affectation at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in the style.

MISS CHARITY COCKLOFT.

It in some measure jumps with my humour to be "melancholy and gentleman-like" this stormy night, and I see no reason why I should not indulge myself for once.—Away, then, with joke, with fun and laughter for a while; let my soul look back in mournful retrospect, and sadden with the memory of my good aunt Charity—who died of a Frenchman!

Stare not, O! most dubious reader, at the mention of a complaint so uncommon; grievously hath it afflicted the ancient family of the Cocklofts, who carry their absurd antipathy to the French so far, that they will not suffer a clove of garlic in the house: and my good old

friend Christopher was once on the point of abandoning his paternal country mansion of Cockloft-hall, merely because a colony of frogs had settled in a neighbouring swamp. I verily believe he would have carried his whimwham into effect, had not a fortunate drought obliged the enemy to strike their tents, and, like a troop of wandering Arabs, to march off towards a moister part of the country.

My aunt Charity departed this life in the fifty-ninth year of her age, though she never grew older after twenty-five. In her teens she was, according to her own account, a celebrated beauty,—though I never could meet with any body that remembered when she was handsome; on the contrary, Evergreen's father, who used to gallant her in his youth, says she was as knotty a little piece of humanity as he ever saw; and that, if she had been possessed of the least sensibility, she would, like poor old *Acco*, have most certainly run mad at her own figure and face the first time she contemplated herself in a looking-glass. In the good old times that saw my aunt in the hey-day of youth, a fine lady was a most formidable animal, and required to be approached with the same awe and devotion that a Tartar feels in the presence of his Grand Lama. If a gentleman offered to take her hand, except to help her into a carriage, or lead her into a drawing-room, such frowns! such a rustling of brocade and taffeta! Her very paste shoe buckles sparkled with indignation, and for a moment assumed the brilliancy of diamonds! In those days the person of a belle was sacred—it was unprofaned by the sacrilegious grasp of a stranger:—simple souls!—they had not the waltz among them yet!

My good aunt prided herself in keeping up this buckram delicacy; and if she happened to be playing at the old-fashioned 'game of forfeits, and was fined a kiss, it was always more trouble to get it than it was worth; for she made a most gallant defence, and never surrendered until she saw her adversary inclined to give over his attack. Evergreen's father says he remembers once to have been on a sleighing party with her, and when they came to kissing-bridge, it fell to his lot to levy contributions on Miss Charity Cockloft, who, after squalling at a hideous rate, at length jumped out of the sleigh plump into a snow bank, where she stuck fast like an icicle, until he came to her rescue. This Latonian feat cost her a rheumatism, which she never thoroughly recovered.

It is rather singular that my aunt, though a great beauty, and an heiress withal, never got married. The reason she alleged was, that she never met with a lover who resembled Sir Charles Grandison, the hero of her nightly dreams and waking fancy, but I am privately of opinion that it was owing to her never having had an offer. This much is certain, that for many years previous to her decease, she declined all attentions from the gentlemen, and contented herself with watching over the welfare of her fellow-creatures. She was, indeed, observed to take a considerable lean towards methodism, was frequent in her attendance at love feasts, read Whitfield and Wesley, and even went so far as once to travel the distance of five and twenty miles to be present at a camp meeting. This gave great offence to my cousin Christopher, and his good lady, who as I have already mentioned, are rigidly orthodox;—and had not my aunt

Charity been of a most pacific disposition, her religious whimwham would have occasioned many a family altercation. She was, indeed, as good a soul as the Cockloft family ever boasted—a lady of unbounded loving kindness, which extended to man, woman, and child; many of whom she almost killed with good nature. Was any acquaintance sick?—in vain did the wind whistle and the storm beat—my aunt would waddle through mud and mire, over the whole town, but what she would visit them. She would sit by them for hours together with the most persevering patience; and tell a thousand melancholy stories of human misery, to keep up their spirits. The whole catalogue of *yerb* teas, was at her fingers' ends, from formidable wormwood down to gentle balm; and she would descant by the hour on the healing qualities of hoarhound, catnip, and pennyroyal. Wo be to the patient that came under the benevolent hand of my aunt Charity; he was sure, willy nilly, to be drenched with a deluge of decoctions; and full many a time has my cousin Christopher borne a twinge of pain in silence, through fear of being condemned to suffer the martyrdom of her materia medica. My good aunt had, moreover, considerable skill in astronomy; for she could tell when the sun rose and set every day in the year;—and no woman in the whole world was able to pronounce, with more certainty, at what precise minute the moon changed. She held the story of the moon's being made of green cheese as an abominable slander on her favourite planet; and she had made several valuable discoveries in solar eclipses, by means of a bit of burnt glass, which entitled her at least to an honorary admission in the American Philosophical Society. "Hutching's Improved" was her favourite book; and I shrewdly suspect that it was from this valuable work she drew most of her sovereign remedies for colds, coughs, corns, and consumptions.

But the truth must be told; with all her good qualities my aunt Charity was afflicted with one fault, extremely rare among her gentle sex—it was curiosity. How she came by it I am at a loss to imagine, but it played the very vengeance with her, and destroyed the comfort of her life. Having an invincible desire to know every body's character, business, and mode of living, she was forever prying into the affairs of her neighbours; and got a great deal of ill will from people towards whom she had the kindest disposition possible. If any family on the opposite side of the street gave a dinner, my aunt would mount her spectacles, and sit at the window until the company were all housed, merely that she might know who they were. If she heard a story about any of her acquaintance, she would, forthwith, set off full sail, and never rest until, to use her usual expression, she had got "to the bottom of it;" which meant nothing more than telling it to every body she knew.

I remember one night my aunt Charity happened to hear a most precious story about one of her good friends, but unfortunately too late to give it immediate circulation. It made her absolutely miserable; and she hardly slept a wink all night, for fear her bosom friend, Mrs Sipkins, would get the start of her in the morning and blow the whole affair. You must know there was always a contest between these two ladies, who should first give currency to the good-

natured things said about every body ; and this unfortunate rivalry at length proved fatal to their long and ardent friendship. My aunt got up full two hours that morning before her usual time ; put on her pompadour taffeta gown, and sallied forth to lament the misfortune of her dear friend.—Would you believe it !—wherever she went, Mrs Sipkins had anticipated her ; and, instead of being listened to with uplifted hands and openmouthed wonder, my unhappy aunt was obliged to sit down quietly and listen to the whole affair, with numerous additions, alterations, and amendments ! Now this was too bad ; it would almost have provoked Patient Grizzle or a saint ;—it was too much for my aunt, who kept her bed three days afterwards, with a cold, as she pretended ; but I have no doubt it was owing to this affair of Mrs Sipkins, to whom she never would be reconciled.

But I pass over the rest of my aunt Charity's life, chequered with the various calamities and misfortunes and mortifications, incident to those worthy old gentlewomen who have the domestic cares of the whole community upon their minds ; and I hasten to relate the melancholy incident that hurried her out of existence in the full bloom of antiquated virginity.

In their frolicsome malice the Fates had ordered that a French boarding-house, or *Pension Francaise*, as it was called, should be established directly opposite my aunt's residence. Cruel event ! Unhappy aunt Charity !—it threw her into that alarming disorder denominated the fidgets : she did nothing but watch at the window day after day, but without becoming one whit the wiser at the end of a fortnight, than she was at the beginning ; she thought that neighbour Pension had a monstrous large family, and some how or other they were all men ! She could not imagine what business neighbour Pension followed to support so numerous a household ; and wondered why there was always such a scraping of fiddles in the parlour, and such a smell of onions from neighbour Pension's kitchen : in short, neighbour Pension was continually uppermost in her thoughts, and incessantly on the outer edge of her tongue. This was, I believe, the very first time she had ever failed “ to get at the bottom of a thing ;” and the disappointment cost her many a sleepless night I warrant you. I have little doubt, however, that my aunt would have ferretted neighbour Pension out, could she have spoken or understood French ; but in those times people in general could make themselves understood in plain English ; and it was always a standing rule in the Cockloft family, which exists to this day, that not one of the females should learn French.

My aunt Charity had lived, at her window, for some time in vain ; when one day as she was keeping her usual look-out, and suffering all the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity, she beheld a little meagre, weasel-faced Frenchman, of the most forlorn, diminutive, and pitiful proportions, arrive at neighbour Pension's door. He was dressed in white, with a little pinched-up cocked hat ; he seemed to shake in the wind, and every blast that went over him whistled through his bones and threatened instant annihilation. This imbodied spirit of famine was followed by three carts, lumbered with crazy trunks, chests, bandboxes, bidets, medicine chests, parrots, and

monkeys ; and at his heels ran a yelping pack of little black-nosed pug-dogs. This was the one thing wanting to fill up the measure of my aunt Charity's afflictions ; she could not conceive, for the soul of her, who this mysterious little apparition could be that made so great a display ;—what he could possibly do with so much baggage, and particularly with his parrots and monkeys ; or how so small a carcass could have occasion for so many trunks of clothes. Honest soul ! she had never had a peep into a Frenchman's wardrobe—that depot of old coats, hats, and breeches, of the growth of every fashion he has followed in his life.

From the time of this fatal arrival my poor aunt was in a quandary ;—all her inquiries were fruitless ; no one could expound the history of this mysterious stranger : she never held up her head afterwards—drooped daily, took to her bed in a fortnight, and in “one little month” I saw her quietly deposited in the family vault—being the seventh Cockloft that has died of a whimwham !

Take warning, my fair countrywomen ! and you, O ! ye excellent ladies, whether married or single, who pry into other people's affairs and neglect those of your own household ; who are so busily employed in observing the faults of others that you have no time to correct your own ; remember the fate of my dear aunt Charity, and eschew the evil spirit of curiosity.

A TURK'S NOTIONS OF REPUBLICAN ECONOMY.

Letter from Mustapha Rub-a-Dub Keli Khan, to Asem Hacchem, principal Slave-driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

SWEET, O, Asem ! is the memory of distant friends ! Like the mellow ray of a departing sun it falls tenderly yet sadly on the heart. Every hour of absence from my native land rolls heavily by, like the sandy wave of the desert ; and the fair shores of my country rise blooming to my imagination, clothed in the soft illusive charms of distance. I sigh, yet no one listens to the sigh of the captive : I shed the bitter tear of recollection, but no one sympathizes in the tear of the turbaned stranger ! Think not, however, thou brother of my soul, that I complain of the horrors of my situation ; think not that my captivity is attended with the labours, the chains, the scourges, the insults, that render slavery, with us, more dreadful than the pangs of hesitating, lingering death. Light, indeed, are the restraints on the personal freedom of thy kinsman ; but who can enter into the afflictions of the mind ? who can describe the agonies of the heart ? They are mutable as the clouds of the air ; they are countless as the waves that divide me from my native country.

I have of late, my dear Asem, laboured under an inconvenience singularly unfortunate, and am reduced to a dilemma most ridiculously embarrassing. Why should I hide it from the companion of my thoughts, the partner of my sorrows and my joys ? Alas ! Asem, thy friend Mustapha, the invincible captain of a ketch, is sadly in want of a pair of breeches ! Thou wilt doubtless smile, O most grave Mussulman, to hear me indulge in such ardent lamentations about a circumstance so trivial, and a want apparently so easy to be satisfied :

but little canst thou know of the mortifications attending my necessities, and the astonishing difficulty of supplying them. Honoured by the smiles and attentions of the beautiful ladies of this city, who have fallen in love with my whiskers and my turban;—courted by the bashaws and the great men, who delight to have me at their feasts; the honour of my company eagerly solicited by every fiddler who gives a concert; think of my chagrin at being obliged to decline the host of invitations that daily overwhelm me, merely for want of a pair of breeches! Oh, Allah! Allah! that thy disciples could come into the world all be-feathered like a bantam, or with a pair of leather breeches like the wild deer of the forest! Surely, my friend, it is the destiny of man to be for ever subjected to petty evils, which, however trifling in appearance, prey in silence on his little pittance of enjoyment, and poison those moments of sunshine, which might otherwise be consecrated to happiness.

The want of a garment, thou wilt say, is easily supplied; and thou mayest suppose need only be mentioned, to be remedied at once by any tailor of the land. Little canst thou conceive the impediments which stand in the way of my comfort, and still less art thou acquainted with the prodigious great scale on which everything is transacted in this country. The nation moves most majestically slow and clumsy in the most trivial affairs, like the unwieldy elephant which makes a formidable difficulty of picking up a straw! When I hinted my necessities to the officer who has charge of myself and my companions, I expected to have them forthwith relieved; but he made an amazingly long face—told me that we were prisoners of state—that we must therefore be clothed at the expense of the government; that as no provision had been made by Congress for an emergency of the kind, it was impossible to furnish me with a pair of breeches, until all the sages of the nation had been convened to talk over the matter, and debate upon the expediency of granting my request. Sword of the immortal Khalid, thought I, but this is great!—this is truly sublime! All the sages of an immense logocracy assembled together to talk about my breeches!—Vain mortal that I am! I cannot but own I was somewhat reconciled to the delay which must necessarily attend this method of clothing me, by the consideration, that if they made the affair a national act, my “name must of course be imbodyed in history,” and myself and my breeches flourish to immortality in the annals of this mighty empire!

“But pray, sir,” said I, “how does it happen that a matter so insignificant should be erected into an object of such importance as to employ the representative wisdom of the nation? and what is the cause of their talking so much about a trifle?”—“Oh,” replied the officer, who acts as our slave-driver, “it all proceeds from economy. If the government did not spend ten times as much money in debating whether it was proper to supply you with breeches, as the breeches themselves would cost, the people, who govern the bashaw and his divan, would straightway begin to complain of their liberties being infringed—the national finances squandered—not a hostile slang-whanger throughout the logocracy but would burst forth like a barrel of combustion—and ten chances to one but the bashaw and the sages of his divan would all be turned out of office together. My good

Mussulman," continued he, "the administration have the good of the people too much at heart to trifle with their pockets; and they would sooner assemble and talk away ten thousand dollars than expend fifty silently out of the treasury—such is the wonderful spirit of economy that pervades every branch of this government."—"But," said I, "how is it possible they can spend money in talking; surely words cannot be the current coin of this country?"—"Truly," cried he, smiling, "your question is pertinent enough, for words indeed often supply the place of cash among us, and many an honest debt is paid in promises; but the fact is, the grand bashaw and the members of Congress, or grand talkers of the nation, either receive a yearly salary, or are paid by the day."—"By the nine hundred tongues of the great beast in Mahomet's vision, but the murder is out! it is no wonder these honest men talk so much about nothing, when they are paid for talking like day-labourers."—"You are mistaken," said my driver, "it is nothing but economy."

I remained silent for some minutes, for this inexplicable word economy always discomfits me;—and when I flatter myself I have grasped it, it slips through my fingers like a jack-o'-lantern. I have not, nor perhaps ever shall acquire, sufficient of the philosophic policy of this government, to draw a proper distinction between an individual and a nation. If a man was to throw away a pound in order to save a beggarly penny, and boast at the same time of his economy, I should think him on a par with the fool in the fable of *Alfanji*; who, in skinning a flint worth a farthing, spoiled a knife worth fifty times the sum, and thought he had acted wisely. The shrewd fellow would doubtless have valued himself much more highly on his economy, could he have known that his example would one day be followed by the bashaw of America, and the sages of his divan.

This economic disposition, my friend, occasions much fighting of the spirit, and innumerable contests of the tongue in this talking assembly. Wouldst thou believe it? they were actually employed for a whole week in a most strenuous and eloquent debate about patching up a hole in the wall of the room appropriated to their meetings! A vast profusion of nervous argument and pompous declamation was expended on the occasion. Some of the orators, I am told, being rather waggishly inclined, were most stupidly jocular on the occasion; but their waggery gave great offence, and was highly reprobated by the more weighty part of the assembly; who hold all wit and humour in abomination, and thought the business in hand much too solemn and serious to be treated lightly. It is supposed by some that this affair would have occupied a whole winter, as it was a subject upon which several gentlemen spoke who had never been known to open their lips in that place except to say yes and no. These silent members are by way of distinction denominated orator mums, and are highly valued in this country on account of their great talents for silence;—a qualification extremely rare in a logocracy.

Fortunately for the public tranquillity, in the hottest part of the debate, when two rampant Virginians, brimful of logic and philosophy, were measuring tongues, and syllogistically cudgelling each other out of their unreasonable notions, the president of the divan, a knowing old gentleman, one night slyly sent a mason with a hod of

mortar, who in the course of a few minutes, closed up the hole and put a final end to the argument. Thus did this wise old gentleman, by hitting on a most simple expedient, in all probability, save his country as much money as would build a gun-boat, or pay a hireling slang-whanger for a whole volume of words. As it happened, only a few thousand dollars were expended in paying these men, who are denominated, I suppose in derision, legislators.

Another instance of their economy I relate with pleasure, for I really begin to feel a regard for these poor barbarians. They talked away the best part of a whole winter before they could determine not to expend a few dollars in purchasing a sword to bestow on an illustrious warrior. Yes, Asem, on that very hero who frightened all our poor old women and young children at Derne, and fully proved himself a greater man than the mother that bore him. Thus, my friend, is the whole collective wisdom of this mighty logocracy employed in somniferous debates about the most trivial affairs; as I have sometimes seen an Herculean mountebank exerting all his'energies in balancing a straw upon his nose. Their sages behold the minutest object with the microscopic eyes of a pismire; mole-hills swell into mountains, and a grain of mustard-seed will set the whole ant-hill in a hubbub. Whether this indicates a capacious vision, or a diminutive mind, I leave thee to decide; for my part, I consider it as another proof of the great scale on which everything is transacted in this country.

I have before told thee that nothing can be done without consulting the sages of the nation, who compose the assembly called the Congress. This prolific body may not improperly be called the "mother of inventions;" and a most fruitful mother it is, let me tell thee, though its children are generally abortions. It has lately laboured with what was deemed the conception of a mighty navy. All the old women and the good wives that assist the bashaw in his emergencies hurried to headquarters to be busy, like midwives, at the delivery. All was anxiety, fidgetting, and consultation; when after a deal of groaning and struggling, instead of formidable first-rates and gallant frigates, out crept a litter of sorry little gun-boats! These are most pitiful little vessels, partaking vastly of the character of the grand bashaw, who has the credit of begetting them; being flat shallow vessels that can only sail before the wind,—must always keep in with the land,—are continually foundering or running ashore,—and, in short, are only fit for smooth water. Though intended for the defence of the maritime cities, yet the cities are obliged to defend them; and they require as much nursing as so many rickety little bantlings. They are, however, the darling pets of the grand bashaw, being the children of his dotage, and perhaps from their diminutive size and palpable weakness, are called the "infant navy of America." The act that brought them into existence was almost deified by the majority of the people as a grand stroke of economy. By the beard of Mahomet, but this word is truly inexplicable!

To this economic body, therefore, was I advised to address my petition, and humbly to pray that the august assembly of sages would, in the plenitude of their wisdom, and the magnitude of their powers, munificently bestow, on an unfortunate captive, a pair of cotton

breeches! "Head of the immortal Amrou," cried I, "but this would be presumptuous to a degree. What! after these worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenceless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend a helping hand to comfort the extremities of a solitary captive?" My exclamation was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance, that so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my breeches might occupy a whole session of the divan, and set several of the longest heads together by the ears. Flattering as was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet I own I was somewhat dismayed at the idea of remaining *in querpo*, until all the national grey-beards should have made a speech on the occasion, and given their consent to the measure. The embarrassment and distress of mind which I experienced was visible in my countenance, and my guard, who is a man of infinite good nature, immediately suggested, as a more expeditious plan of supplying my wants, a benefit at the theatre. Though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee in another letter.

Fare thee well, dear Asem; in thy pious prayers to our great prophet, never forget to solicit thy friend's return; and when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all-bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude that he has cast thy nativity in a land where there is no assembly of legislative chatterers;—no great bashaw, who bestrides a gun-boat for a hobby-horse;—where the word economy is unknown;—and where an unfortunate captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation to cut him out a pair of breeches.—Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

THE GAME OF FORFEITS.

I REMEMBER the Count M——, one of the most accomplished and handsome young men in Vienna: when I was there, he was passionately in love with a girl of almost peerless beauty. She was the daughter of a man of great rank, and great influence at court; and on these considerations, as well as in regard to her charms, she was followed by a multitude of suitors. She was lively and amiable, and treated them all with an affability which still kept them in her train, although it was generally known she had avowed a partiality for Count M——, and that preparations were making for their nuptials.—The Count was of a refined mind, and a delicate sensibility: he loved her for herself alone; for the virtues which he believed dwelt in her beautiful form; and, like a lover of such perfections, he never approached her without timidity: and when he touched her, a fire shot through his veins, that warned him not to invade the vermilion sanctuary of her lips. Such were his feelings, when, one evening, at his intended father-in-law's, a party of young people were met to celebrate a certain festival; several of the young lady's rejected suitors were present. Forfeits were one of the pastimes, and all went on with the greatest merriment, till the Count was commanded, by some witty *Mam'selle*, to redeem his glove by saluting

the cheek of his intended bride. The Count blushed, trembled, advanced, retreated; again advanced to his mistress;—and,—at last,—with a tremor that shook his whole soul, and every fibre of his frame, with a modest and diffident grace, he took the soft ringlet which played upon her cheek, pressed it to his lips, and retired to demand his redeemed pledge in the most evident confusion. His mistress gaily smiled, and the game went on.

One of her rejected suitors, who was of a merry, unthinking disposition, was adjudged by the same indiscreet crier of the forfeits, as “his last treat before he hanged himself,” to snatch a kiss from the object of his recent vows. A lively contest ensued between the gentleman and lady, which lasted for more than a minute; but the lady yielded, though in the midst of a convulsive laugh.

The Count had the mortification—the agony—to see the lips, which his passionate and delicate love would not permit him to touch, kissed with roughness, and repetition, by another man—even by one whom he really despised. Mournfully and silently, without a word, he rose from his chair—left the room and the house. By that *good-natured kiss* the fair boast of Vienna lost her lover—lost her husband. *The Count never saw her more.*

AN AMERICAN ELECTION.

Letter from Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan, Captain of a Ketch, to Asem Hacchem, principal slave-driver to his highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

THE deep shadows of midnight gather around me—the footsteps of the passengers have ceased in the streets, and nothing disturbs the holy silence of the hour save the sound of distant drums, mingled with the shouts, the bawlings, and the discordant revelry of his majesty, the sovereign mob. Let the hour be sacred to friendship, and consecrated to thee, O thou brother of my inmost soul!

Oh, Asem! I almost shrink at the recollection of the scenes of confusion, of licentious disorganization, which I have witnessed during the last three days. I have beheld this whole city, nay, this whole state, given up to the tongue and the pen—to the puffers, the bawlers, the babblers, and the slang-whangers. I have beheld the community convulsed with a civil war, or civil talk—individuals verbally massacred—families annihilated by whole sheets full—and slang-whangers coolly bathing their pens in ink, and rioting in the slaughter of their thousands. I have seen, in short, that awful despot, the people, in the moment of unlimited power, wielding newspapers in one hand, and with the other scattering mud and filth about, like some desperate lunatic relieved from the restraints of his strait waistcoat. I have seen beggars on horseback, raganuffins riding in coaches, and swine seated in places of honour. I have seen liberty! I have seen equality! I have seen fraternity!—I have seen that great political puppet-show—AN ELECTION.

A few days ago, the friend whom I have mentioned in some of my former letters called upon me, to accompany him to witness this grand ceremony; and we forthwith sallied out to the polls, as he called them. Though, for several weeks before this splendid exhi-

bition, nothing else had been talked of, yet I do assure thee I was entirely ignorant of its nature; and when, on coming up to a church, my companion informed me we were at the poll, I supposed that an election was some great religious ceremony, like the fast of Ramadan, or the great festival of Haraphat, so celebrated in the East.

My friend, however, undeceived me at once, and entered into a long dissertation on the nature and object of an election, the substance of which was nearly to this effect: "You know," said he, "that this country is engaged in a violent internal warfare, and suffers a variety of evils from civil dissensions. An election is the grand trial of strength, the decisive battle, when the belligerents draw out their forces in martial array; when every leader, burning with warlike ardour, and encouraged by the shouts and acclamations of tatterdemalions, buffoons, dependents, parasites, toad-eaters, scrubs, vagrants, mumpers, ragamuffins, bravoës, and beggars, in his rear; and puffed up by his bellows-blowing slang-whangers, waves gallantly the banners of faction, and presses forward *to office and immortality*.

"For a month or two previous to the critical period which is to decide this important affair, the whole community is in a ferment. Every man, of whatever rank or degree, such is the wonderful patriotism of the people, disinterestedly neglects his business, to devote himself to his country;—and not an insignificant fellow, but feels himself inspired, on this occasion, with as much warmth in favour of the cause he has espoused, as if all the comfort of his life, or even his life itself, was dependent on the issue. Grand councils of war are, in the first place, called by the different powers, which are dubbed general meetings, where all the head workmen of the party collect, and arrange the order of battle—appoint the different commanders, and their subordinate instruments, and furnish the funds indispensable for supplying the expenses of the war. Inferior councils are next called in the different classes or wards, consisting of young cadets, who are candidates for office; idlers, who come there from mere curiosity; and orators, who appear for the purpose of detailing all the crimes, the faults, or the weaknesses of their opponents, and *speaking the sense of the meeting*, as it is called; for as the meeting generally consists of men whose quota of sense, taken individually, would make but a poor figure, these orators are appointed to collect it all in a lump, when, I assure you, it makes a very formidable appearance, and furnishes sufficient matter to spin an oration of two or three hours.

"The orators who declaim at these meetings are, with a few exceptions, men of most profound and perplexed eloquence, who are the oracles of barbers' shops, market-places, and porter-houses, and whom you may see every day at the corner of the street, taking honest men prisoners by the button, and talking their ribs quite bare, without mercy and without end. These orators, in addressing an audience, generally mount a chair, a table, or an empty beer-barrel—which last is supposed to afford considerable inspiration—and thunder away their combustible sentiments at the heads of the audience, who are generally so busily employed in smoking, drinking, and hearing themselves talk, that they seldom hear a word of the

matter. This, however, is of little moment; for as they come there to agree, at all events, to a certain set of resolutions, or articles of war, it is not at all necessary to hear the speech, more especially as few would understand it if they did. Do not suppose, however, that the minor persons of the meeting are entirely idle: besides smoking and drinking, which are generally practised, there are few who do not come with as great a desire to talk as the orator himself; each has his little circle of listeners, in the midst of whom he sets his hat on one side of his head, and deals out matter-of-fact information, and draws self-evident conclusions, with the pertinacity of a pedant, and to the great edification of his gaping auditors. Nay, the very urchins from the nursery, who are scarcely emancipated from the dominion of birch, on these occasions, strut pigmy great men—bellow for the instruction of grey-bearded ignorance, and, like the frog in the fable, endeavour to puff themselves up to the size of the great object of their emulation—the principal orator.”

“But is it not preposterous to a degree,” cried I, “for those puny whipsters to attempt to lecture age and experience? They should be sent to school to learn better.” “Not at all,” replied my friend; “for as an election is nothing more than a war of words, the man that can wag his tongue with the greatest elasticity, whether he speaks to the purpose or not, is entitled to lecture at ward-meetings and polls, and instruct all who are inclined to listen to him. You may have remarked a ward-meeting of politic dogs, where, although the great dog is, ostensibly, the leader, and makes the most noise, yet every little scoundrel of a cur has something to say, and, in proportion to his insignificance, fidgets, and worries, and puffs about mightily, in order to obtain the notice and approbation of his betters. Thus it is with these little, beardless, bread-and-butter politicians who, on this occasion, escape from the jurisdiction of their mammas, to attend to the affairs of the nation: you will see them engaged in dreadful wordy contest with old cartmen, cobblers, and tailors, and plume themselves not a little if they should chance to gain a victory. Aspiring spirits! how interesting are the first dawns of political greatness! An election, my friend, is a nursery or hotbed of genius in a logocracy; and I look with enthusiasm on a troop of these Liliputian partisans, as so many chatterers, and orators, and puffers, and slang-whangers in embryo, who will one day take an important part in the quarrels and wordy wars of their country.

“As the time for fighting the decisive battle approaches, appearances become more and more alarming; committees are appointed, who hold little encampments, from whence they send out small detachments of tattlers to reconnoitre, harass; and skirmish with the enemy, and, if possible, ascertain their numbers; every body seems big with the mighty event that is impending: the great orators gradually swell up beyond their usual size; the little orators grow greater and greater; the secretaries of the ward-committees strut about, looking like wooden oracles; the puffers put on the airs of mighty consequence; the slang-whangers deal out direful inuendoes, and threats of doughty import;—and all is buzz, murmur, suspense, and sublimity!

“ At length the day arrives. The storm, that has been so long gathering, and threatening in distant thunders, bursts forth in terrible explosion: all business is at an end; the whole city is in a tumult; the people are running helter-skelter, they know not whither, and they know not why; the hackney-coaches rattle through the streets with thundering vehemence, loaded with recruiting serjeants, who have been prowling in cellars and caves, to unearth some miserable minion of poverty and ignorance, who will barter his vote for a glass of beer, or a ride in a coach with such *fine gentlemen*!—the buzzards of the party scamper from poll to poll, on foot or on horseback; and they worry from committee to committee, and buzz, and fume, and talk big, and—*do nothing*: like the vagabond drone, who wastes his time in the laborious idleness of *see-saw-song*, and busy nothingness.”

I know not how long my friend would have continued his detail, had he not been interrupted by a squabble which took place between two *old continentals*, as they were called. It seems they had entered into an argument on the respective merits of their cause, and not being able to make each other clearly understood, resorted to what is called knock-down arguments, which form the superlative degree of *argumentum ad hominem*; but are, in my opinion, extremely inconsistent with the true spirit of a genuine logocracy. After they had beaten each other soundly, and set the whole mob together by the ears, they came to a full explanation; when it was discovered that they were both of the same way of thinking;—whereupon they shook each other heartily by the hand, and laughed with great glee at their humorous misunderstanding.

I could not help being struck with the exceeding great number of ragged, dirty-looking persons that swaggered about the place, and seemed to think themselves the bashaws of the land. I inquired of my friend if these people were employed to drive away the hogs, dogs, and other intruders that might thrust themselves in and interrupt the ceremony?—“ By no means,” replied he; “ these are the representatives of the sovereign people, who come here to make governors, senators, and members of Assembly, and are the source of all power and authority in this nation.”—“ Preposterous!” said I; “ how is it possible that such men can be capable of distinguishing between an honest man and a knave; or even if they were, will it not always happen that they are led by the nose by some intriguing demagogue, and made the mere tools of ambitious political jugglers? Surely it would be better to trust to Providence, or even to chance, for governors, than resort to the discriminating powers of an ignorant mob.—I plainly perceive the consequence. A man who possesses superior talents, and that honest pride which ever accompanies this possession, will always be sacrificed to some creeping insect, who will prostitute himself to familiarity with the lowest of mankind, and, like the idolatrous Egyptian, worship the wallowing tenants of filth and mire.”

“ All this is true enough,” replied my friend; “ but, after all, you cannot say but that this is a free country, and that the people can get drunk cheaper here, particularly at elections, than in the despotic countries of the East.” I could not, with any degree of pro-

priety or truth, deny this last assertion; for just at that moment a patriotic brewer arrived with a load of beer, which for a moment occasioned a cessation of argument. The great crowd of buzzards, puffers, and "old continentals," of all parties, who throng to the polls, to persuade, to cheat, or to force the freeholders into the right way, and to maintain the freedom of suffrage, seemed for a moment to forget their antipathies, and joined heartily in a copious libation of this patriotic and argumentative beverage.

These beer-barrels, indeed, seem to be most able logicians, well stored with that kind of sound argument best suited to the comprehension, and most relished by the mob or sovereign people, who are never so tractable as when operated upon by this convincing liquor, which in fact seems to be imbued with the very spirit of a logocracy: no sooner does it begin its operation, than the tongue waxes exceedingly valorous, and becomes impatient for some mighty conflict. The puffer puts himself at the head of his body-guard of buzzards, and his legion of ragamuffins, and wo then to every unhappy adversary who is uninspired by the deity of the beer-barrel—he is sure to be talked and argued into complete insignificance.

While I was making these observations, I was surprised to observe a bashaw, high in office, shaking a fellow by the hand, that looked rather more ragged than a scare-crow, and inquiring, with apparent solicitude, concerning the health of his family; after which he slipped a little folded paper into his hand, and turned away. I could not help applauding his humility in shaking the fellow's hand, and his benevolence in relieving his distresses, for I imagined the paper contained something for the poor man's necessities; and truly he seemed verging towards the last stage of starvation. My friend, however, soon undeceived me by saying, that this was an elector, and the bashaw had merely given him the list of candidates for whom he was to vote. "Ho, ho!" said I, "then he is a particular friend of the bashaw?" "By no means," replied my friend, "the bashaw will pass him without notice the day after the election, except, perhaps, just to drive over him with his coach."

My friend then proceeded to inform me that for some time before, and during the continuance of, an election, there was a most delectable courtship, or intrigue, carried on between the great bashaws and mother mob. That mother mob generally preferred the attentions of the rabble, or of fellows of her own stamp; but would sometimes condescend to be treated to a feasting, or any thing of that kind, at the bashaw's expense: nay, sometimes, when she was in good humour, she would condescend to toy with them in her rough way; but wo be to the bashaw who attempted to be familiar with her, for she was the most pestilent, cross, crabbed, scolding, thieving, scratching, toping, wrongheaded, rebellious, and abominable termagant that ever was let loose in the world, to the confusion of honest gentlemen bashaws.

Just then, a fellow came round and distributed among the crowd a number of hand-bills, written by the ghost of Washington, the fame of whose illustrious actions, and still more illustrious virtues, has reached even the remotest regions of the East, and who is venerated by this people as the Father of his Country. On reading

this paltry paper, I could not restrain my indignation. "Insulted hero," cried I, "is it thus thy name is profaned—thy memory disgraced—thy spirit drawn down from heaven to administer to the brutal violence of party rage!—It is thus the necromancers of the East, by their infernal incantations, sometimes call up the shades of the just, to give their sanction to frauds, to lies, and to every species of enormity." My friend smiled at my warmth, and observed, that raising ghosts, and not only raising them, but making them speak, was one of the miracles of election. "And believe me," continued he, "there is good reason for the ashes of departed heroes being disturbed on these occasions, for such is the sandy foundation of our government, that there never happens an election of an alderman, or a collector, or even a constable, but we are in imminent danger of losing our liberties, and becoming a province of France, or tributary to the British islands." "By the hump of Mahomet's camel," said I, "but this is only another striking example of the prodigious great scale on which every thing is transacted in this country!"

By this time I had become tired of the scene; my head ached with the uproar of voices, mingling in all the discordant tones of triumphant exclamation, nonsensical argument, intemperate reproach, and drunken absurdity.—The confusion was such as no language can adequately describe, and it seemed as if all the restraints of decency, and all the bonds of law, had been broken, and given place to the wide ravages of licentious brutality. These, thought I, are the orgies of liberty!—these are the manifestations of the spirit of independence!—these are the symbols of man's sovereignty! Head of Mahomet! with what a fatal and inexorable despotism do empty names and ideal phantoms exercise their dominion over the human mind! The experience of ages has demonstrated, that in all nations, barbarous or enlightened, the mass of the people, the mob, must be slaves, or they will be tyrants; but their tyranny will not be long: some ambitious leader, having at first condescended to be their slave, will at length become their master; and in proportion to the vileness of his former servitude, will be the severity of his subsequent tyranny.—Yet, with innumerable examples staring them in the face, the people still bawl out liberty—by which they mean nothing but freedom from every species of legal restraint, and a warrant for all kinds of licentiousness: and the bashaws and leaders, in courting the mob, convince them of their power; and by administering to their passions, for the purposes of ambition, at length learn by fatal experience, that he who worships the beast that carries him on its back, will sooner or later be thrown into the dust, and trampled under foot by the animal, who has learned the secret of its power by this very adoration.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

MINE UNCLE JOHN.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

To those whose habits of abstraction may have let them into some of the secrets of their own minds, and whose freedom from daily toil has left them at leisure to analyze their feelings, it will be nothing new to say, that the present is peculiarly the season of remembrance. The flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of spring, returning after their tedious absence, bring naturally to our recollection past times and buried feelings; and the whispers of the full-foliaged grove fall on the ear of contemplation like the sweet tones of far distant friends, whom the rude jostles of the world have severed from us, and cast far beyond our reach. It is at such times that, casting backward many a lingering look, we recall, with a kind of sweet-souled melancholy, the days of our youth, and the jocund companions who started with us the race of life, but parted midway in the journey, to pursue some winding path, that allured them with a prospect more seducing—and never returned to us again. It is then, too, if we have been afflicted with any heavy sorrow, if we have even lost—and who has not?—an old friend, or chosen companion, that his shade will hover around us; the memory of his virtues press on the heart; and a thousand endearing recollections, forgotten amidst the cold pleasures and midnight dissipations of winter, arise to our remembrance.

These speculations bring to my mind MY UNCLE JOHN, the history of whose loves and disappointments I have promised to the world. Though I must own myself much addicted to forgetting my promises, yet as I have been so happily reminded of this, I believe I must pay it at once, “and there an end.” Lest my readers, good-natured souls that they are! should, in the ardour of peeping into millstones, take my uncle for an old acquaintance, I here inform them, that the old gentleman died a great many years ago, and it is impossible they should ever have known him:—I pity them—for they would have known a good-natured, benevolent man, whose example might have been of service.

The last time I saw my uncle John was fifteen years ago, when I paid him a visit at his old mansion. I found him reading a newspaper—for it was election time, and he was always a warm federalist, and had made several converts to the true political faith in his time, particularly one old tenant, who always, just before the election, became a violent anti, in order that he might be convinced of his errors by my uncle, who never failed to reward his conviction by some substantial benefit.

After we had settled the affairs of the nation, and I had paid my respects to the old family chronicles in the kitchen—an indispensable ceremony—the old gentleman exclaimed, with heart-felt glee, “Well, I suppose you are for a trout-fishing: I have got every thing prepared; but first you must take a walk with me to see my improvements.” I was obliged to consent, though I knew my uncle would lead me a most villanous dance, and in all probability treat me to a quaguire, or a tumble into a ditch.—If my readers choose

to accompany me in this expedition, they are welcome; if not, let them stay at home like lazy fellows—and sleep—or be hanged.

Though I had been absent several years, yet there was very little alteration in the scenery, and every object retained the same features it bore when I was a school-boy; for it was in this spot that I grew up in the fear of ghosts and in the breaking of many of the ten commandments. The brook, or river, as they would call it in Europe, still murmured with its wonted sweetness through the meadow; and its banks were still tufted with dwarf willows, that bent down to the surface. The same echo inhabited the valley, and the same tender air of repose pervaded the whole scene. Even my good uncle was but little altered, except that his hair was grown a little greyer, and his forehead had lost some of its former smoothness. He had, however, lost nothing of his former activity, and laughed heartily at the difficulty I found in keeping up with him as he stumped through bushes, and briers, and hedges; talking all the time about his improvements, and telling what he would do with such a spot of ground and such a tree. At length, after showing me his stone fences, his famous two-year-old bull, his new invented cart, which was to go before the horse, and his Eclipse colt, he was pleased to return home to dinner.

After dining and returning thanks,—which with him was not a ceremony merely, but an offering from the heart,—my uncle opened his trunk, took out his fishing-tackle, and, without saying a word, sallied forth with some of those truly alarming steps which Daddy Neptune once took when he was in a great hurry to attend to the affair of the siege of Troy. Trout-fishing was my uncle's favourite sport; and though I always caught two fish to his one, he never would acknowledge my superiority; but puzzled himself, often and often, to account for such a singular phenomenon.

Following the current of the brook, for a mile or two, we retraced many of our old haunts, and told a hundred adventures which had befallen us at different times. It was like snatching the hour glass of time, inverting it, and rolling back again the sands that had marked the lapse of years. At length the shadows began to lengthen, the south wind gradually settled into a perfect calm, the sun threw his rays through the trees on the hill tops in golden lustre, and a kind of Sabbath stillness pervaded the whole valley, indicating that the hour was fast approaching which was to relieve for a while, the farmer from his rural labour, the ox from his toil, the school urchin from his primer, and bring the loving ploughman home to the feet of his blooming dairymaid.

As we were watching in silence the last rays of the sun, beaming their farewell radiance on the high hills at a distance, my uncle exclaimed, in a kind of half desponding tone, while he rested his arm over an old tree that had fallen—"I know not how it is, my dear Launce, but such an evening, and such a still quiet scene as this, always makes me a little sad: and it is at such a time I am most apt to look forward with regret to the period when this farm on which "I have been young but now am old," and every object around me that is endeared by long acquaintance,—when all these and I must shake hands and part. I have no fear of death, for my

life has afforded but little temptation to wickedness ; and when I die, I hope to leave behind me more substantial proofs of virtue than will be found in my epitaph, and more lasting memorials than churches built or hospitals endowed with wealth wrung from the hard hand of poverty, by an unfeeling landlord, or unprincipled knave ;—but still when I pass such a day as this and contemplate such a scene, I cannot help feeling a latent wish to linger yet a little longer in this peaceful asylum ; to enjoy a little more sunshine in this world, and to have a few more fishing matches with my boy.” As he ended he raised his hand a little from the fallen tree, and dropping it languidly by his side, turned himself towards home. The sentiment, the look, the action, all seemed to be prophetic.—And so they were, for when I shook him by the hand and bade him farewell the next morning—it was for the last time!

He died a bachelor, at the age of sixty-three, though he had been all his life trying to get married ; and always thought himself on the point of accomplishing his wishes. His disappointments were not owing either to the deformity of his mind or person ; for in his youth he was reckoned handsome, and I myself can witness for him that he had as kind a heart as ever was fashioned by heaven ; neither were they owing to his poverty,—which sometimes stands in an honest man’s way ;—for he was born to the inheritance of a small estate which was sufficient to establish his claim to the title of “one well to do in the world.” The truth is, my uncle had a prodigious antipathy to doing things in a hurry—“A man should consider,” said he to me once—“that he can always get a wife, but cannot always get rid of her. For my part,” continued he, “I am a young fellow with the world before me ; (he was about forty !) and am resolved to look sharp, weigh matters well, and know what’s what before I marry : in short, Launce, *I don’t intend to do the thing in a hurry, depend upon it.*” On this whimwham he proceeded : he began with young girls and ended with widows. The girls he courted until they grew old maids, or married out of pure apprehension of incurring certain penalties hereafter ; and the widows not having quite as much patience, generally, at the end of a year, while the good man thought himself in the high road to success, married some *harum scarum* young fellow, who had not such an antipathy *to do things in a hurry.*

My uncle would have inevitably sunk under these repeated disappointments—for he did not want sensibility—had he not hit upon a discovery which set all to rights at once. He consoled his vanity,—for he was a little vain, and soothed his pride, which was his master passion,—by telling his friends very significantly, while his eye would flash triumph, “*that he might have had her.*” Those who know how much of the bitterness of disappointed affection arises from wounded vanity and exasperated pride, will give my uncle credit for this discovery.

My uncle had been told by a prodigious number of married men, and had read in an innumerable quantity of books, that a man could not possibly be happy except in the marriage state ; so he determined at an early age to marry, that he might not lose his only chance for happiness. He accordingly forthwith paid his addresses

to the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman farmer, who was reckoned the beauty of the whole world—a phrase by which the honest country people mean nothing more than the circle of their acquaintance, or that territory of land which is within sight of the smoke of their own hamlet.

This young lady, in addition to her beauty, was highly accomplished—for she had spent five or six months at a boarding school in town, where she learned to work pictures in satin, and paint sheep that might be mistaken for wolves; to hold up her head, sit straight in her chair, and to think every species of useful acquirement beneath her attention. When she returned home, so completely had she forgotten every thing she knew before, that on seeing one of the maids milking a cow, she asked her father with an air of most enchanting ignorance—“what that odd looking thing was doing to that queer animal?” The old man shook his head at this; but the mother was delighted at these symptoms of gentility, and so enamoured of her daughter’s accomplishments, that she actually got framed a picture worked in satin by the young lady. It represented the tomb scene in Romeo and Juliet: Romeo was dressed in an orange coloured cloak, fastened over his neck with a large golden clasp; a white satin tamboured waistcoat, leather breeches, blue silk stockings, and white topped boots. The amiable Juliet shone in a flame-coloured gown, most gorgeously bespangled with silver stars, a high crowned muslin cap that reached to the top of the tomb;—on her feet she wore a pair of short quartered high-heeled shoes, and her waist was the exact fac-simile of an inverted sugar loaf. The head of the “noble county Paris” looked like a chimney sweep’s brush that had lost its handle; and the cloak of the good friar hung about him as gracefully as the armour of a rhinoceros. The good lady considered this picture as a splendid proof of her daughter’s accomplishments, and hung it up in the best parlour, as an honest tradesman does his certificate of admission into that enlightened body yept the Mechanic Society.

With this accomplished young lady, then, did my uncle John become deeply enamoured; and as it was his first love, he determined to bestir himself in an extraordinary manner. Once at least in a fortnight, and generally on a Sunday evening, he would put on his leather breeches, (for he was a great beau,) mount his grey horse Pepper, and ride over to see Miss Pamela, though she lived upwards of a mile off, and he was obliged to pass close by a churchyard, which at least a hundred creditable persons would swear was haunted. Miss Pamela could not be insensible to such proofs of attachment, and accordingly received him with considerable kindness; her mother always left the room when he came—and my uncle had as good as made a declaration by saying one evening, very significantly, “that he believed that he should soon change his condition;” when some low or other, he began to think he was *doing things in too great a hurry*, and that it was high time to consider; so he considered near a month about it, and there is no saying how much longer he might have spun the thread of his doubts, had he not been roused from this state of indecision, by the news that his mistress had married an attorney’s apprentice, whom she had seen the Sunday before at

church, where he had excited the applauses of the whole congregation, by the invincible gravity with which he listened to a Dutch sermon. The young people in the neighbourhood laughed a good deal at my uncle on the occasion; but he only shrugged his shoulders, looked mysterious, and replied, "*Tut, boys! I might have had her.*"

CHRISTOPHER COCKLOFT'S COMPANY.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SOME men delight in the study of plants, in the dissection of a leaf, or the contour and complexion of a tulip; others are charmed with the beauties of the feathered race, or the varied hues of the insect tribe. A naturalist will spend hours in the fatiguing pursuit of a butterfly; and a man of the ton will waste whole years in the chase of a fine lady. I feel a respect for their avocations, for my own are somewhat similar. I love to open the great volume of human character: to me the examination of a beau is more interesting than that of a daffodil or Narcissus; and I feel a thousand times more pleasure in catching a new view of human nature, than in kidnapping the most gorgeous butterfly—even an emperor of Morocco himself.

In my present situation I have ample room for the indulgence of this taste; for perhaps there is not a house in this city more fertile in subjects for the anatomists of human character, than my cousin Cockloft's. Honest Christopher, as I have before mentioned, is one of those hearty old cavaliers who pride themselves upon keeping up the good, honest, unceremonious hospitality of old times. He is never so happy as when he has drawn about him a knot of sterling-hearted associates, and sits at the head of his table, dispensing a warm, cheering welcome to all. His countenance expands at every glass, and beams forth emanations of hilarity, benevolence, and good fellowship, that inspire and gladden every guest around him. It is no wonder, therefore, that such excellent social qualities should attract a host of guests; in fact, my cousin is almost overwhelmed with them; and they all, uniformly, pronounce old Cockloft to be one of the finest old fellows in the world. His wine also always comes in for a good share of their approbation; nor do they forget to do honour to Mrs Cockloft's cookery, pronouncing it to be modelled after the most approved recipes of Heliogabalus and Mrs Glasse. The variety of company thus attracted is particularly pleasing to me: for being considered a privileged person in the family, I can sit in a corner, indulge in my favourite amusement of observation, and retreat to my elbow chair, like a bee to his hive, whenever I have collected sufficient food for meditation.

Will Wizard is particularly efficient in adding to the stock of originals which frequent our house; for he is one of the most inveterate hunters of oddities I ever knew; and his first care, on making a new acquaintance, is to march him to old Cockloft's, where he never fails to receive the freedom of the house in a pinch from his gold box. Will has, without exception, the queerest, most eccentric, and indescribable set of intimates that ever man pos-

sessed; how he became acquainted with them I cannot conceive, except by supposing there is a secret attraction or unintelligible sympathy that unconsciously draws together oddities of every soil.

Will's great crony for some time was Tom Straddle, to whom he really took a great liking. Straddle had just arrived in an importation of hard ware, fresh from the city of Birmingham, or rather as the most learned English would call it, *Brummagem*, so famous for its manufactories of gimlets, penknives, and pepper boxes, and where they make buttons and beaux enough to inundate our whole country. He was a young man of considerable standing in the manufactory at Birmingham; sometimes had the honour to hand his master's daughter into a tin-whiskey, was the oracle of the tavern he frequented on Sundays, and could beat all his associates, if you would take his word for it, in boxing, beer-drinking, jumping over chairs, and imitating cats in a gutter and opera singers. Straddle was, moreover, a member of a catch club, and was a great hand at ringing bob-majors; he was, of course, a complete connoisseur in music, and entitled to assume that character at all performances in the art. He was likewise a member of a spouting club; had seen a company of strolling actors perform in a barn, and had even, like Abel Drugger, "enacted" the part of Major Sturgeon with considerable applause; he was consequently a profound critic, and fully authorized to turn up his nose at any American performances. He had twice partaken of annual dinners, given to the head manufacturers of Birmingham, where he had the good fortune to get a taste of turtle and turbot, and a smack of Champaign and Burgundy; and he had heard a vast deal of the roast beef of Old England;—he was therefore epicure sufficient to d—n every dish and every glass of wine he tasted in America, though at the same time he was as voracious an animal as ever crossed the Atlantic. Straddle had been splashed half a dozen times by the carriages of nobility, and had once the superlative felicity of being kicked out of doors by the footman of a noble duke; he could, therefore, talk of nobility and despise the untitled plebeians of America. In short, Straddle was one of those dapper, bustling, florid, round, self-important "*gemmen*" who bounce upon us half beau half buttoomaker; undertake to give us the true polish of the *bon-ton*, and endeavour to inspire us with a proper and dignified contempt of our native country.

Straddle was quite in raptures when his employers determined to send him to America as an agent. He considered himself as going among a nation of barbarians, where he would be received as a prodigy: he anticipated, with a proud satisfaction, the bustle and confusion his arrival would occasion; the crowd that would throng to gaze at him as he passed through the streets; and had little doubt but that he should excite as much curiosity as an Indian chief or a Turk in the streets of Birmingham. He had heard of the beauty of our women, and chuckled at the thought of how completely he should eclipse their unpolished beaux, and the number of despairing lovers that would mourn the hour of his arrival. I am even informed by Will Wizard that he put good store of beads, spike-nails, and looking-glasses in his trunk, to win the affections of the fair ones as they paddled about in their bark canoes. The reason Will gave for

this error of Straddle's respecting our ladies was, that he had read in Guthrie's Geography that the aborigines of America were all savages; and not exactly understanding the word aborigines he applied to one of his fellow apprentices, who assured him that it was the Latin word for inhabitants.

Wizard used to tell another anecdote of Straddle, which always put him in a passion:—Will swore that the captain of the ship told him, that when Straddle heard they were off the banks of Newfoundland, he insisted upon going on shore there to gather some good cabbages, of which he was excessively fond. Straddle, however, denied all this, and declared it to be a mischievous quiz of Will Wizard, who indeed often made himself merry at his expense. However this may be, certain it is he kept his tailor and shoemaker constantly employed for a month before his departure; equipped himself with a smart crooked stick about eighteen inches long, a pair of breeches of most unheard-of length, a little short pair of Hoby's white topped boots, that seemed to stand on tiptoe to reach his breeches, and his hat had the true trans-atlantic declination towards his right ear. The fact was—nor did he make any secret of it—he was determined to *astonish the natives a few!*

Straddle was not a little disappointed on his arrival, to find the Americans were rather more civilized than he had imagined;—he was suffered to walk to his lodgings unmolested by a crowd, and even unnoticed by a single individual;—no love-letters came pouring in upon him—no rivals lay in wait to assassinate him;—his very dress excited no attention, for there were many fools dressed equally ridiculous with himself. This was mortifying indeed to an aspiring youth, who had come out with the idea of astonishing and captivating. He was equally unfortunate in his pretensions to the character of critic, connoisseur and boxer: he condemned our whole dramatic corps, and every thing appertaining to the theatre; but his critical abilities were ridiculed;—he found fault with old Cockloft's dinner, not even sparing his wine, and was never invited to the house afterwards—he scoured the streets at night, and was cudgelled by a sturdy watchman;—he hoaxed an honest mechanic, and was soundly kicked. Thus disappointed in all his attempts at notoriety, Straddle hit on the expedient which was resorted to by the Giblets; he determined to take the town by storm. He accordingly bought horses and equipages, and forthwith made a furious dash at style in a gig and tandem.

As Straddle's finances were but limited, it may easily be supposed that his fashionable career infringed a little upon his consignments, which was indeed the case—for to use a true cockney phrase, *Brummagem suffered*. But this was a circumstance that made little impression upon Straddle, who was now a lad of spirit—and lads of spirit always despise the sordid cares of keeping another man's money. Suspecting this circumstance, I never could witness any of his exhibitions of style, without some whimsical association of ideas. Did he give an entertainment to a host of guzzling friends, I immediately fancied them gormandizing heartily at the expense of poor Birmingham, and swallowing a consignment of hand-saws and razors. Did I behold him dashing through Broadway in his gig, I saw him,

“in my mind’s eye,” driving tandem on a nest of tea boards; nor could I ever contemplate his cockney exhibitions of horsemanship, but my mischievous imagination would picture him spurring a cask of hardware, like rosy Bacchus bestriding a beer barrel, or the little gentleman who bestraddles the world in the front of Hutching’s Almanack.

Straddle was equally successful with the Giblets, as may well be supposed; for though pedestrian merit may strive in vain to become fashionable in Gotham, yet a candidate in an equipage is always recognised, and like Philip’s ass, laden with gold, will gain admittance everywhere. Mounted in his curricule or his gig, the candidate is like a statue elevated on a high pedestal; his merits are discernible from afar, and strike the dullest optics. Oh! Gotham, Gotham! most enlightened of cities! how does my heart swell with delight when I behold your sapient inhabitants lavishing their attention with such wonderful discernment!

Thus Straddle became quite a man of ton, and was caressed, and courted, and invited to dinners and balls. Whatever was absurd or ridiculous in him before, was now declared to be the style. He criticised our theatre, and was listened to with reverence. He pronounced our musical entertainments barbarous; and the judgment of Apollo himself would not have been more decisive. He abused our dinners; and the god of eating, if there be any such deity, seemed to speak through his organs. He became at once a man of taste—for he put his malediction on every thing; and his arguments were conclusive—for he supported every assertion with a bet. He was likewise pronounced by the learned in the fashionable world, a young man of great research and deep observation—for he had sent home as natural curiosities, an ear of Indian corn, a pair of moccasins, a belt of wampum, and a four-leaved clover. He had taken great pains to enrich this curious collection with an Indian, and a cataract, but without success. In fine, the people talked of Straddle and his equipage, and Straddle talked of his horses, until it was impossible for the most critical observer to pronounce whether Straddle or his horses were most admired, or whether Straddle admired himself or his horses most.

Straddle was now in the zenith of his glory. He swaggered about parlours and drawing-rooms with the same unceremonious confidence he used to display in the taverns at Birmingham. He accosted a lady as he would a bar maid; and this was pronounced a certain proof that he had been used to better company in Birmingham. He became the great man of all the taverns between New York and Haerlem; and no one stood a chance of being accommodated until Straddle and his horses were perfectly satisfied. He d—d the landlords and waiters with the best air in the world, and accosted them with true gentlemanly familiarity. He staggered from the dinner table to the play, entered the box like a tempest, and staid long enough to be bored to death, and to bore all those who had the misfortune to be near him. From thence he dashed off to a ball, time enough to flounder through a cotillion, tear half a dozen gowns, commit a number of other depredations, and make the whole company sensible of his infinite condescension in coming amongst them.

'The people of Gotham thought him a prodigious fine fellow; the young bucks cultivated his acquaintance with the most persevering assiduity, and his retainers were sometimes complimented with a seat in his curricle, or a ride on one of his fine horses. The belles were delighted with the attentions of such a fashionable gentleman, and struck with astonishment at his learned distinctions between wrought scissors and those of cast steel; together with his profound dissertations on buttons and horse flesh. The rich merchants courted his acquaintance because he was an Englishman, and their wives treated him with great deference, because he had come from beyond seas. I cannot help here observing that your salt water is a marvellous great sharpener of men's wits, and I intend to recommend it to some of my acquaintance in a particular essay.

Straddle continued his brilliant career for only a short time. His prosperous journey over the turnpike of fashion, was checked by some of those stumblingblocks in the way of aspiring youth, called creditors—or duns;—a race of people who, as a celebrated writer observes, “are hated by gods and men.” Consignments slackened, whispers of distant suspicion floated in the dark, and those pests of society, the tailors and shoemakers, rose in rebellion against Straddle. In vain were all his remonstrances, in vain did he prove to them that though he had given them no money, yet he had given them more custom, and as many promises as any young man in the city. They were inflexible, and the signal of danger being given, a host of other prosecutors pounced upon his back. Straddle saw there was but one way for it; he determined to do the thing genteelly, to go to smash like a hero, and dashed into the limits in high style, being the fifteenth gentleman I have known to drive tandem to the —*ne plus ultra*—the d—l.

Unfortunate Straddle! may thy fate be a warning to all young gentlemen who come out from Birmingham to astonish the natives! I should never have taken the trouble to delineate his character, had he not been a genuine cockney, and worthy to be the representative of his numerous tribe. Perhaps my simple countrymen may hereafter be able to distinguish between the real English gentleman, and individuals of the cast I have heretofore spoken of, as mere mongrels, springing at one bound from contemptible obscurity at home, to daylight and splendour in this good-natured land. The true born, and true bred English gentleman, is a character I hold in great respect; and I love to look back to the period when our forefathers flourished in the same generous soil, and hailed each other as brothers. But the cockney!—when I contemplate him as springing too from the same source, I feel ashamed of the relationship, and am tempted to deny my origin. In the character of Straddle is traced the complete outline of a true cockney, of English growth, and a descendant of that individual facetious character mentioned by Shakspeare, “*who, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.*”

ON GREATNESS.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

WE have more than once, in the course of our work, been most jocosely familiar with great personages; and, in truth, treated them with as little ceremony, respect, and consideration, as if they had been our most particular friends. Now, we would not suffer the mortification of having our readers even suspect us of an intimacy of the kind; assuring them we are extremely choice in our intimates, and uncommonly circumspect in avoiding connexions with all doubtful characters; particularly pimps, bailiffs, lottery brokers, chevaliers of industry, and great men. The world in general is pretty well aware of what is to be understood by the former classes of delinquents; but as the latter has never, I believe, been specifically defined; and as we are determined to instruct our readers to the extent of our abilities, and their limited comprehension, it may not be amiss here to let them know what we understand by a great man.

First, therefore, let us, editors and kings are always plural, premise, that there are two kinds of greatness;—one conferred by heaven—the exalted nobility of the soul;—the other, a spurious distinction, engendered by the mob and lavished upon its favourites. The former of these distinctions we have already contemplated with reverence; the latter, we will take this opportunity to strip naked before our unenlightened readers; so that if by chance any of them are held in ignominious thralldom by this base circulation of false coin, they may forthwith emancipate themselves from such inglorious delusion.

It is a fictitious value given to individuals by public caprice, as bankers give an impression to a worthless slip of paper; thereby gaining it a currency for infinitely more than its intrinsic value. Every nation has its peculiar coin, and peculiar great men; neither of which will, for the most part, pass current out of the country where they are stamped. Your true mob-created great man, is like a note of one of the little New-England banks, and his value depreciates in proportion to the distance from home. In England, a great man is he who has most ribands and gewgaws on his coat, most horses to his carriage, most slaves in his retinue, or most toad-eaters at his table; in France, he who can most dexterously flourish his heels above his head—Duport, the dancer, is most incontestibly the greatest man in France!—when the emperor is absent. The greatest man in China, is he who can trace his ancestry up to the moon; and in this country our great men may generally hunt down their pedigree until it burrows in the dirt like a rabbit. To be concise; our great men are those who are most expert at crawling on all-fours; and have the happiest facility in dragging and winding themselves along in the dirt like very reptiles. This may seem a paradox to many of my readers, who, with great good nature be it hinted, are too stupid to look beyond the mere surface of our invaluable writings; and often pass over the knowing allusion, and poignant meaning, that is slyly couching beneath. It is for the benefit of such helpless ignorants, who have no other creed but the opinion of the mob, that I shall trace, as far as it is possible to follow him in his ascent from insignificance,—the rise, progress, and completion of a *little great man*.

In a logocracy, to use the sage Mustapha's phrase, it is not absolutely necessary to the formation of a great man that he should be either wise or valiant, upright, or honourable. On the contrary, daily experience shows, that these qualities rather impede his preferment; inasmuch as they are prone to render him too inflexibly erect, and are directly at variance with that willowy suppleness which enables a man to wind, and twist, through all the nooks and turns, and dark winding passages, that lead to greatness. The grand requisite for climbing the rugged hill of popularity—the summit of which is the seat of power—is to be useful. And here once more, for the sake of our readers, who are of course not so wise as ourselves, I must explain what we understand by usefulness. The horse, in his native state, is wild, swift, impetuous, full of majesty, and of a most generous spirit. It is then the animal is noble, exalted, and useless. But entrap him, manacle him, cudgel him, break down his lofty spirit, put the curb into his mouth, the load upon his back, and reduce him into servile obedience to the bridle and the lash, and it is then he becomes useful. Your jackass is one of the most useful animals in existence. If my readers do not now understand what I mean by usefulness, I give them all up for most absolute nincoms.

To rise in this country a man must first descend. The aspiring politician may be compared to that indefatigable insect, called the tumbler, pronounced by a distinguished personage to be the only industrious animal in Virginia; which buries itself in filth, and works ignobly in the dirt, until it forms a little ball, which it rolls laboriously along, like Diogenes in his tub; sometimes head, sometimes tail foremost, pilfering from every rat and mud hole, and increasing its ball of greatness by the contributions of the kennel. Just so the candidate for greatness;—he plunges into that mass of obscenity—the mob; labours in dirt and oblivion, and makes unto himself the rudiments of a popular name from the admiration and praises of rogues, ignoramuses, and blackguards. His name once started, onward he goes struggling and puffing, and pushing it before him; collecting new tributes from the dregs and offals of the land as he proceeds, until having gathered together a mighty mass of popularity, he mounts it in triumph; is hoisted into office, and becomes a great man, and a ruler in the land. All this will be clearly illustrated by a sketch of a worthy of the kind, who sprung up under my eye, and was hatched from pollution by the broad rays of popularity, which, like the sun, can “breed maggots in a dead dog.”

Timothy Dabble was a young man of very promising talents; for he wrote a fair hand, and had thrice won the silver medal at a country academy; he was also an orator, for he talked with emphatic volubility, and could argue a full hour, without taking either side, or advancing a single opinion; he had still farther requisites for eloquence; for he made very handsome gestures, had dimples in his cheeks when he smiled, and enunciated most harmoniously through his nose. In short, nature had certainly marked him out for a great man; for though he was not tall, yet he added at least half an inch to his stature by elevating his head, and assumed an amazing expression of dignity, by turning up his nose and curling his nostrils in a style of conscious superiority. Convinced by these unequivocal

appearances, Dabble's friends, in full caucus, one and all, declared that he was undoubtedly born to be a great man, and it would be his own fault if he were not one. Dabble was tickled with an opinion which coincided so happily with his own—for vanity, in a confidential whisper, had given him the like intimation; and he revered the judgment of his friends because they thought so highly of himself. Accordingly he set out with a determination to become a great man, and to start in the scrub-race for honour and renown. How to attain the desired prizes was however the question. He knew by a kind of instinctive feeling, which seems peculiar to grovelling minds, that honour, and its better part—profit, would never seek him out; that they would never knock at his door and crave admittance; but must be courted, and toiled after, and earned. He therefore strutted forth into the highways, the market-places, and the assemblies of the people; ranted like a true cockerel orator about virtue, and patriotism, and liberty, and equality, and himself. Full many a political windmill did he battle with; and full many a time did he talk himself out of breath and his hearers out of their patience. But Dabble found to his vast astonishment, that there was not a notorious political pimp at a ward meeting but could out-talk him;—and what was still more mortifying, there was not a notorious political pimp but was more noticed and caressed than himself. The reason was simple enough; while he harangued about principles, the others ranted about men; where he reprobated a political error, they blasted a political character;—they were, consequently, the most useful; for the great object of our political disputes is not who shall have the honour of emancipating the community from the leading-strings of delusion, but who shall have the profit of holding the strings and leading the community by the nose.

Dabble was likewise very loud in his professions of integrity, incorruptibility, and disinterestedness; words which, from being filtered and refined through newspapers and election handbills, have lost their original signification; and in the political dictionary are synonymous with empty pockets, itching palms, and interested ambition. He, in addition to all this, declared that he would support none but honest men; but unluckily as but few of these offered themselves to be supported, Dabble's services were seldom required. He pledged himself never to engage in party schemes, or party politics, but to stand up solely for the broad interests of his country;—so he stood alone; and what is the same thing, he stood still; for, in this country, he who does not side with either party, is like a body in a *vacuum* between two planets, and must for ever remain motionless.

Dabble was immeasurably surprised that a man so honest, so disinterested, and so sagacious withal, and one too who had the good of his country so much at heart, should thus remain unnoticed and unapplauded. A little worldly advice, whispered in his ear by a shrewd old politician, at once explained the whole mystery. "He who would become great," said he, "must serve an apprenticeship to greatness; and rise by regular gradation, like the master of a vessel, who commences by being scrub and cabin boy. He must fag in the train of great men, echo all their sentiments, become their toad-eater and parasite,—laugh at all their jokes; and, above all,

endeavour to make them laugh:—if you only now and then make a man laugh your fortune is made. Look but about you, youngster, and you will not see a single great little man of the day, but has his miserable herd of retainers, who yelp at his heels, come at his whistle, worry whoever he points his finger at, and think themselves fully rewarded by sometimes snapping up a crumb that falls from the great man's table. Talk of patriotism and virtue, and incorruptibility!—But, man! they are the very qualities that scare munificence, and keep patronage at a distance. You might as well attempt to entice crows with red rags and gunpowder. Lay all these scarecrow virtues aside, and let this be your maxim, that a candidate for political eminence is like a dried herring—he never becomes luminous until he is corrupt.”

Dabble caught with hungry avidity these congenial doctrines, and turned into his predestined channel of action with the force and rapidity of a stream which has for a while been restrained from its natural course. He became what nature had fitted him to be;—his tone softened down from arrogant self-sufficiency to the whine of fawning solicitation. He mingled in the caucuses of the sovereign people; adapted his dress to a similitude of dirty raggedness; argued most logically with those who were of his own opinion; and slandered, with all the malice of impotence, exalted characters, whose orbit he despaired ever to approach:—just as that scoundrel midnight thief, the owl, hoots at the blessed light of the sun, whose glorious lustre he dares never contemplate. He likewise applied himself to discharging faithfully the honourable duties of a partisan; he poached about for private slanders, and ribald anecdotes; he folded hand-bills—he even wrote one or two himself, which he carried about in his pocket and read to every body; he became a secretary at ward meetings, set his hand to divers resolutions of patriotic import, and even once went so far as to make a speech, in which he proved that patriotism was a virtue;—the reigning bashaw a great man;—that this was a free country, and he himself an arrant and incontestible buzzard!

Dabble was now very frequent and devout in his visits to those temples of politics, popularity, and smoke, the ward porter-houses; those true dens of equality, where all ranks, ages, and talents, are brought down to the dead level of rude familiarity. 'Twas here his talents expanded, and his genius swelled up into its proper size; like the loathsome toad, which shrinking from balmy airs, and jocund sunshine, finds his congenial home in caves and dungeons, and there nourishes his venom, and bloats his deformity. 'Twas here he revelled with the swinish multitude in their debauches on patriotism and porter; and it became an even chance whether Dabble would turn out a great man or a great drunkard. But Dabble in all this kept steadily in his eye the only deity he ever worshipped—his interest. Having by this familiarity ingratiated himself with the mob, he became wonderfully potent and industrious at elections; knew all the dens and cellars of profligacy and intemperance; brought more negroes to the polls, and knew to a greater certainty where votes could be bought for beer, than any of his contemporaries. His exertions in the cause, his persevering industry, his degrading compliance, his unresisting humility, his steadfast dependence, at length caught the attention of

one of the leaders of the party; who was pleased to observe that Dabble was a very useful fellow, who would go all lengths. From that moment his fortune was made;—he was hand and glove with orators and slang-whangers; basked in the sunshine of great men's smiles, and had the honour, sundry times, of shaking hands with dignitaries and drinking out of the same pot with them at a porter-house!!

I will not fatigue myself with tracing this caterpillar in his slimy progress from worm to butterfly; suffice it, that Dabble bowed and bowed, and fawned, and sneaked, and smirked, and libelled, until one would have thought perseverance itself would have settled down into despair. There was no knowing how long he might have lingered at a distance from his hopes, had he not luckily got tarred and feathered for some of his electioneering manœuvres—this was the making of him! Let not my readers stare—tarring and feathering here is equal to pillory and cropped ears in England, and either of these kinds of martyrdom will ensure a patriot the sympathy and support of his faction. His partisans, for even he had his partisans, took his case into consideration—he had been kicked and cuffed, and disgraced, and dishonoured in the cause—he had licked the dust at the feet of the mob—he was a faithful drudge, slow to anger, of invincible patience, of incessant assiduity—a thorough-going tool, who could be curbed, and spurred, and directed at pleasure—in short, he had all the important qualifications for a little great man, and he was accordingly ushered into office amid the acclamations of the party. The leading men complimented his usefulness, the multitude his republican simplicity, and the slang-whangers vouched for his patriotism. Since his elevation he has discovered indubitable signs of having been destined for a great man. His nose has acquired an additional elevation of several degrees, so that now he appears to have bidden adieu to this world, and to have set his thoughts altogether on things above; and he has swelled and inflated himself to such a degree, that his friends are under apprehensions that he will one day or other explode and blow up like a torpedo.

COCKLOFT HALL.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

THOSE who pass their time immured in the smoky circumference of the city, amid the rattling of carts, the brawling of the multitude, and the variety of unmeaning and discordant sounds that prey insensibly upon the nerves, and beget a weariness of the spirits, can alone understand and feel that expansion of the heart, that physical renovation which a citizen experiences when he steals forth from his dusty prison, to breathe the free air of heaven, and enjoy the clear face of nature. Who that has rambled by the side of one of our majestic rivers, at the hour of sunset, when the wildly romantic scenery around is softened and tinted by the voluptuous mist of evening; when the bold and swelling outlines of the distant mountain seem melting into the glowing horizon, and a rich mantle of refulgence is thrown over the whole expanse of the heavens, but must have felt how

abundant is nature in sources of pure enjoyment; how luxuriant in all that can enliven the senses or delight the imagination. The jocund zephyr, full freighted with native fragrance, sues sweetly to the senses; the chirping of the thousand varieties of insects with which our woodlands abound, forms a concert of simple melody; even the barking of the farm dog, the lowing of the cattle, the tinkling of their bells, and the strokes of the woodman's axe from the opposite shore, seem to partake of the softness of the scene, and fall tunefully upon the ear; while the voice of the villager, chanting some rustic ballad, swells from a distance, in the semblance of the very music of harmonious love.

At such time I feel a sensation of sweet tranquillity; a hallowed calm is diffused over my senses; I cast my eyes around and every object is serene, simple, and beautiful; no warring passion, no discordant string there vibrates to the touch of ambition, self-interest, hatred, or revenge;—I am at peace with the whole world, and hail all mankind as friends and brothers. Blissful moments!—ye recall the careless days of my boyhood, when mere existence was happiness, when hope was certainty, this world a paradise, and every woman a ministering angel!—surely man was designed for a tenant of the universe, instead of being pent up in these dismal cages, these dens of strife, disease, and discord. We were created to range the fields, to sport among the groves, to build castles in the air, and have every one of them realized!

A whole legion of reflections like these insinuated themselves into my mind, and stole me from the influence of the cold realities before me, as I took my accustomed walk, a few weeks since, on the battery. Here watching the splendid mutations of one of our summer skies, which emulated the boasted glories of an Italian sunset, I all at once discovered that it was but to pack up my portmanteau, bid adieu for a while to my elbow-chair, and in a little time I should be transported from the region of smoke, and noise, and dust, to the enjoyment of a far sweeter prospect and a brighter sky. The next morning I was off full tilt to Cockloft Hall, leaving my man Pompey to follow at his leisure with my baggage. I love to indulge in rapid transitions, which are prompted by the quick impulse of the moment,—'tis the only mode of guarding against that intruding and deadly foe to all parties of pleasure—anticipation.

Having now made good my retreat, until the black frosts commence, it is but a piece of civility due to my readers, who I trust are, ere this, my friends, to give them a proper introduction to my present residence. I do this as much to gratify them as myself, well knowing a reader is always anxious to learn how his author is lodged, whether in a garret, a cellar, a hovel, or a palace; at least an author is generally vain enough to think so; and an author's vanity ought sometimes to be gratified: poor vagabond! it is often the only gratification he ever tastes in this world!

Cockloft Hall is the country residence of the family, or rather the paternal mansion; which, like the mother country, sends forth whole colonies to populate the face of the earth. Pindar whimsically denominates it the family hive! and there is at least as much truth as humour in my cousin's epithet;—for many a redundant swarm has it

produced. I don't recollect whether I have at any time mentioned to my readers, for I seldom look back on what I have written, that the fertility of the Cocklofts is proverbial. The female members of the family are most incredibly fruitful; and to use a favourite phrase of old Cockloft, who is excessively addicted to backgammon, they seldom fail "to throw doublets every time." I myself have known three or four very industrious young men reduced to great extremities, with some of these capital breeders; heaven smiled upon their union, and enriched them with a numerous and hopeful offspring—who ate them out of doors.

But to return to the Hall.—It is pleasantly situated on the bank of a sweet pastoral stream; not so near town as to invite an inundation of unmeaning, idle acquaintance, who come to lounge away an afternoon, nor so distant as to render it an absolute deed of charity or friendship to perform the journey. It is one of the oldest habitations in the country, and was built by my cousin Christopher's grandfather, who was also mine by the mother's side, in his latter days, to form, as the old gentleman expressed himself, "a snug retreat, where he meant to set himself down in his old days and be comfortable for the rest of his life." He was at this time a few years over fourscore: but this was a common saying of his, with which he usually closed his airy speculations. One would have thought, from the long vista of years through which he contemplated many of his projects, that the good man had forgot the age of the patriarchs had long since gone by, and calculated upon living a century longer at least. He was for a considerable time in doubt on the question of roofing his house with shingles or slate:—shingles would not last above thirty years; but then they were much cheaper than slates. He settled the matter by a kind of compromise, and determined to build with shingle first—"and, when they are worn out," said the old gentleman, triumphantly, "'twill be time enough to replace them with more durable materials." But his contemplated improvements surpassed every thing; and scarcely had he a roof over his head, when he discovered a thousand things to be arranged before he could "sit down comfortably." In the first place every tree and bush on the place was cut down or grubbed up by the roots, because they were not placed to his mind; and a vast quantity of oaks, chestnuts, and elms, set out in clumps and rows, and labyrinths, which, he observed, in about five and twenty or thirty years at most, would yield a very tolerable shade, and moreover shut out all the surrounding country; for he was determined, he said, to have all his views on his own land, and be beholden to no man for a prospect. This, my learned readers will perceive, was something very like the idea of Lorenzo de Medici, who gave as a reason for preferring one of his seats above all the others, "that all the ground within view of it, was his own:" now, whether my grandfather ever heard of the Medici, is more than I can say; I rather think, however, from the characteristic originality of the Cocklofts, that it was a whimwham of his own begetting. Another odd notion of the old gentleman, was to blow up a large bed of rocks for the purpose of having a fish pond, although the river ran at about one hundred yards' distance from the house, and was well stored with fish; but there was nothing

he said like having things to one's self. So at it he went with all the ardour of a projector, who has just hit upon some splendid and useless whimwham. As he proceeded, his views enlarged; he would have a summer-house built on the margin of the fish-pond; he would have it surrounded with elms and willows; and he would have a cellar dug under it, for some incomprehensible purpose, which remains a secret to this day. "In a few years," he observed, "it would be a delightful piece of wood and water, where he might ramble on a summer's noon, smoke his pipe and enjoy himself in his old days." Thrice honest old soul!—he died of an apoplexy in his ninetieth year, just as he had begun to blow up the fish-pond.

Let no one ridicule the whimwhams of my grandfather. If—and of this there is no doubt, for wise men have said it—if life is but a dream, happy is he who can make the most of the illusion.

Since my grandfather's death, the hall has passed through the hands of a succession of true old cavaliers like himself, who gloried in observing the golden rules of hospitality; which, according to the Cockloft principle, consist in giving a guest the freedom of the house, cramming him with beef and pudding, and if possible, laying him under the table with prime port, claret, or London particular. The mansion appears to have been consecrated to the jolly god, and teems with monuments sacred to conviviality. Every chest of drawers, clothes-press, and cabinet, is decorated with enormous china punch-bowls, which Mrs Cockloft has paraded with much ostentation, particularly in her favourite red damask bed-chamber, and in which a projector might with great satisfaction practise his experiments on fleets, diving-bells, and sub-marine boats.

I have before mentioned cousin Christopher's profound veneration for antique furniture; in consequence of which, the old hall is furnished in much the same style with the house in town. Old-fashioned bedsteads, with high testers; massy clothes-presses, standing most majestically on eagles' claws, and ornamented with a profusion of shining brass handles, clasps, and hinges; and around the grand parlour are solemnly arranged a set of high-backed, leather-bottomed, massy, mahogany chairs, that always remind me of the formal long-waisted belles who flourished in stays and buckram, about the time they were in fashion.

If I may judge from their height, it was not the fashion for gentlemen in those days to loll over the back of a lady's chair, and whisper in her ear what—might be as well spoken aloud;—at least they must have been Patagonians to have effected it. Will Wizard declares that he saw a little fat German gallant attempt once to whisper Miss Barbara Cockloft in this manner, but being unluckily caught by the chin, he dangled and kicked about for half a minute, before he could find terra firma;—but Will is much addicted to hyperbole, by reason of his having been a great traveller.

But what the Cocklofts most especially pride themselves upon, is the possession of several family portraits, which exhibit as honest a square set of portly well-fed looking gentlemen, and gentlewomen, as ever grew and flourished under the pencil of a Dutch painter. Old Christopher, who is a complete genealogist, has a story to tell of each; and dilates with copious eloquence on the great services of

the general in large sleeves, during the old French war; and on the piety of the lady in blue velvet, who so attentively peruses her book, and was once so celebrated for a beautiful arm: but much as I reverence my illustrious ancestors, I find little to admire in their biography, except my cousin's excellent memory; which is most provokingly retentive of every uninteresting particular.

My allotted chamber in the hall is the same that was occupied in days of yore by my honoured uncle John. The room exhibits many memorials which recall to my remembrance the solid excellence and amiable eccentricities of that gallant old lad. Over the mantelpiece hangs the portrait of a young lady dressed in a flaring, long-waisted, blue silk gown; be-flowered, and be-furbeled, and be-cuffed, in a most abundant manner; she holds in one hand a book, which she very complaisantly neglects to turn and smile on the spectator; in the other a flower, which I hope, for the honour of dame Nature, was the sole production of the painter's imagination; and a little behind her is something tied to a blue ribband; but whether a little dog, a monkey, or a pigeon, must be left to the judgment of future commentators.—This little damsel, tradition says, was my uncle John's third flame; and he would infallibly have run away with her, could he have persuaded her into the measure; but at that time ladies were not quite so easily run away with as Columbine; and my uncle, failing in the point, took a lucky thought; and with great gallantry run off with her picture, which he conveyed in triumph to Cockloft-hall, and hung up in his bed-chamber as a monument of his enterprising spirit. The old gentleman prided himself mightily on his chivalric manœuvre; always chuckled, and pulled up his stock when he contemplated the picture, and never related the exploit without winding up—"I might, indeed, have carried off the original, had I chose to dangle a little longer after her chariot wheels;—for, to do the girl justice, I believe she had a liking for me; but I always scorned to coax, my boy—always,—'twas my way." My uncle John was of a happy temperament;—I would give half I am worth for his talent at self-consolation.

The Miss Cocklofts have made several spirited attempts to introduce modern furniture into the hall; but with very indifferent success. Modern style has always been an object of great annoyance to honest Christopher; and is ever treated by him with sovereign contempt, as an upstart intruder. It is a common observation of his, that your old-fashioned substantial furniture bespeaks the respectability of one's ancestors, and indicates that the family has been used to hold up its head for more than the present generation; whereas the fragile appendages of modern style seemed to be emblems of mushroom gentility; and, to his mind, predicted that the family dignity would moulder away and vanish with the finery thus put on of a sudden. The same whimwham makes him averse to having his house surrounded with poplars, which he stigmatizes as mere upstarts, just fit to ornament the shingle palaces of modern gentry, and characteristic of the establishments they decorate. Indeed, so far does he carry his veneration for all the antique trumpery, that he can scarcely see the venerable dust brushed from its resting-place on the old-fashioned testers, or a grey-bearded spider

dislodged from his ancient inheritance, without groaning; and I once saw him in a transport of passion on Jeremy's knocking down a mouldering martin-coop, with his tennis-ball, which had been set up in the latter days of my grandfather. Another object of his peculiar affection is an old English cherry-tree, which leans against a corner of the hall; and whether the house supports it, or it supports the house, would be, I believe, a question of some difficulty to decide. It is held sacred by friend Christopher because he planted and reared it himself, and had once well nigh broke his neck by a fall from one of its branches. This is one of his favourite stories;—and there is reason to believe that if the tree was out of the way, the old gentleman would forget the whole affair;—which would be a great pity. The old tree has long since ceased bearing, and is exceedingly infirm;—every tempest robs it of a limb; and one would suppose, from the lamentations of my old friend on such occasions, that he had lost one of his own. He often contemplates it in a half-melancholy, half-moralizing humour:—"together," he says, "have we flourished, and together shall we wither away:—a few years, and both our heads will be laid low; and perhaps my mouldering bones may, one day or other, mingle with the dust of the tree I have planted." He often fancies, he says, that it rejoices to see him when he revisits the hall; and that its leaves assume a brighter verdure, as if to welcome his arrival. How whimsically are our tenderest feelings assailed! At one time the old tree had obtruded a withered branch before Miss Barbara's window, and she desired her father to order the gardener to saw it off. I shall never forget the old man's answer, and the look that accompanied it. "What," cried he, "lop off the limbs of my cherry-tree in its old age!—why do you not cut off the grey locks of your poor old father?"

Do my readers yawn at this long family detail? they are welcome to throw down our work, and never resume it again. I have no care for such ungratified spirits, and will not throw away a thought on one of them. Full often have I contributed to their amusement, and have I not a right for once to consult my own? Who is there that does not fondly turn at times to linger round those scenes which were once the haunt of his boyhood, ere his heart grew heavy, and his head waxed grey; and to dwell with fond affection on the friends who have twined themselves round his heart—mingled in all his enjoyments—contributed to all his felicities? If there be any who cannot relish these enjoyments, let them despair—for they have been so soiled in their intercourse with the world, as to be incapable of tasting some of the purest pleasures that survive the happy period of youth.

To such as have not yet lost the rural feeling, I address this simple family picture; and, in the honest sincerity of a warm heart, I invite them to turn aside from bustle, care, and toil—to tarry with me for a season in the hospitable mansion of the Cocklofts.

THE WILD WOMEN OF NEW YORK.

Letter from Mustapha Rub-a-Dub Keli Khan, to Asem Hacchem, principal slave-driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

THOUGH I am often disgusted, my good Asem, with the vices and absurdities of the men of this country, yet the women afford me a world of amusement. Their lively prattle is as diverting as the chattering of the red-tailed parrot; nor can the green-headed monkey of Timandi equal them in whim and playfulness. But, notwithstanding these valuable qualifications, I am sorry to observe they are not treated with half the attention bestowed on the before-mentioned animals. These infidels put their parrots in cages, and chain their monkeys; but their women, instead of being carefully shut up in harems and seraglios, are abandoned to the direction of their own reason, and suffered to run about in perfect freedom, like other domestic animals: this comes, Asem, of treating their women as rational beings, and allowing them souls. The consequence of this piteous neglect may easily be imagined;—they have degenerated into all their native wildness, are seldom to be caught at home, and at an early age take to the streets and highways, where they rove about in droves, giving almost as much annoyance to the peaceable people, as the troops of wild dogs that infest our great cities, or the flights of locusts, that sometimes spread famine and desolation over whole regions of fertility.

This propensity to relapse into pristine wildness, convinces me of the untameable disposition of the sex, who may indeed be partially domesticated by a long course of confinement and restraint; but the moment they are restored to personal freedom, become wild as the young partridge of this country, which, though scarcely half hatched, will take to the fields, and run about with the shell upon its back.

Notwithstanding their wildness, however, they are remarkably easy of access; and suffer themselves to be approached, at certain hours of the day, without any symptoms of apprehension; and I have even happily succeeded in detecting them at their domestic occupations. One of the most important of these consists in thumping vehemently on a kind of musical instrument, and producing a confused, hideous, and indefinable uproar, which they call the description of a battle—a jest, no doubt, for they are wonderfully facetious at times, and make great practice of passing jokes upon strangers. Sometimes they employ themselves in painting little caricatures of landscapes, wherein they will display their singular drollery in bantering nature fairly out of countenance—representing her tricked out in all the tawdry finery of copper skies, purple rivers, calico rocks, red grass, clouds that look like old clothes set adrift by the tempest, and foxy trees, whose melancholy foliage, drooping and curling most fantastically, reminds me of an undressed periwig that I have, now and then, seen hung on a stick in a barber's window.—At other times, they employ themselves in acquiring a smattering of languages spoken by nations on the other side of the globe, as they find their own language not sufficiently copious to supply their constant demands, and express their multifarious ideas.

But their most important domestic avocation is, to embroider, on satin or muslin, flowers of a nondescript kind, in which the great art is, to make them as unlike nature as possible; or to fasten little bits of silver, gold, tinsel, and glass, on long strips of muslin, which they drag after them, with much dignity, whenever they go abroad—a fine lady, like a bird of paradise, being estimated by the length of her tail.

But do not, my friend, fall into the enormous error of supposing, that the exercise of these arts is attended with any useful or profitable result: believe me, thou couldst not indulge an idea more unjust and injurious; for it appears to be an established maxim among the women of this country, that a lady loses her dignity when she condescends to be useful, and forfeits all rank in society the moment she can be convicted of earning a farthing. Their labours, therefore, are directed, not towards supplying their household, but in decking their persons, and—generous souls!—they deck their persons, not so much to please themselves, as to gratify others, particularly strangers. I am confident thou wilt stare at this, my good Asem, accustomed as thou art to our eastern females, who shrink in blushing timidity even from the glances of a lover, and are so chary of their favours, that they even seem fearful of lavishing their smiles too profusely on their husbands. Here, on the contrary, the stranger has the first place in female regard, and, so far do they carry their hospitality, that I have seen a fine lady slight a dozen tried friends and real admirers, who lived in her smiles, and made her happiness their study, merely to allure the vague and wandering glances of a stranger, who viewed her person with indifference, and treated her advances with contempt.—By the whiskers of our sublime bashaw, but this is highly flattering to a foreigner! and thou mayest judge how particularly pleasing to one who is, like myself, so ardent an admirer of the sex. Far be it from me to condemn this extraordinary manifestation of good-will—let their own countrymen look to that.

Be not alarmed, I conjure you, my dear Asem, lest I should be tempted, by these beautiful barbarians, to break the faith I owe to the three-and-twenty wives, from whom my unhappy destiny has perhaps severed me for ever:—no, Asem, neither time, nor the bitter succession of misfortunes that pursues me, can shake from my heart the memory of former attachments. I listen with tranquil heart to the strumming and prattling of these fair syrens: their whimsical paintings touch not the tender chord of my affections; and I would still defy their fascinations, though they trailed after them trains as long as the gorgeous trappings, which are dragged at the heels of the holy camel of Mecca, or as the tail of the great beast in our prophet's vision, which measured three hundred and forty-nine leagues, two miles, three furlongs, and a hand's breadth in longitude.

The dress of these women is, if possible, more eccentric and whimsical than their deportment; and they take an inordinate pride in certain ornaments, which are probably derived from their savage progenitors. A woman of this country, dressed out for an exhibition, is loaded with as many ornaments as a Circassian slave when brought out for sale. Their heads are tricked out with little bits of

horn or shell, cut into fantastic shapes; and they seem to emulate each other in the number of these singular baubles, like the women we have seen in our journeys to Aleppo, who cover their heads with the entire shell of a tortoise, and, thus equipped, are the envy of all their less fortunate acquaintance. They also decorate their necks and ears with coral, gold chains, and glass beads, and load their fingers with a variety of rings; though, I must confess, I have never perceived that they wear any in their noses—as has been affirmed by many travellers. We have heard much of their painting themselves most hideously, and making use of bear's grease in great profusion—but this, I solemnly assure thee, is a misrepresentation; civilization, no doubt, having gradually extirpated these nauseous practices. It is true, I have seen two or three of these females who had disguised their features with paint, but then it was merely to give a tinge of red to their cheeks, and did not look very frightful; and as to ointment, they rarely use any now, except occasionally a little Grecian oil for their hair, which gives it a glossy, greasy, and, as they think, very comely appearance. The last mentioned class of females, I take it for granted, have been but lately caught, and still retain strong traits of their original savage propensities.

The most flagrant and inexcusable fault, however, which I find in these lovely savages is, the shameless and abandoned exposure of their persons. Wilt thou not suspect me of exaggeration when I affirm—wilt not thou blush for them, most discreet Mussulman, when I declare to thee—that they are so lost to all sense of modesty, as to expose the whole of their faces, from their forehead to the chin, and they even go abroad with their hands uncovered!—Monstrous indelicacy!

But what I am going to disclose, will doubtless appear to thee still more incredible. Though I cannot forbear paying a tribute of admiration to the beautiful faces of these fair infidels, yet I must give it as my firm opinion that their persons are preposterously unseemly. In vain did I look around me, on my first landing, for those divine forms of redundant proportions, which answer to the true standard of eastern beauty—not a single fat fair one could I behold among the multitudes that thronged the streets: the females that passed in review before me, tripping sportively along, resembled a procession of shadows, returning to their graves at the crowing of the cock.

This meagreness I first ascribed to their excessive volubility, for I have somewhere seen it advanced by a learned doctor, that the sex were endowed with a peculiar activity of tongue, in order that they might practise talking as a healthful exercise, necessary to their confined and sedentary mode of life. This exercise, it was natural to suppose, would be carried to great excess in a logocracy. "Too true," thought I; "they have converted, what was undoubtedly meant as a beneficent gift, into a noxious habit, that steals the flesh from their bones, and the rose from their cheeks—they absolutely talk themselves thin!"—Judge then of my surprise when I was assured, not long since, that this meagreness was considered the perfection of personal beauty, and that many a lady starved herself, with all the obstinate perseverance of a pious dervise, into

a fine figure!—"Nay more," said my informer, "they will often sacrifice their healths in this eager pursuit of skeleton beauty, and drink vinegar, eat pickles, and smoke tobacco, to keep themselves within the scanty outlines of the fashions."—Faugh! Allah preserve me from such beauties, who contaminate their pure blood with noxious recipes; who impiously sacrifice the best gifts of heaven, to a preposterous and mistaken vanity. Ere long I shall not be surprised to see them scarring their faces like the negroes of Congo, flattening their noses in imitation of the Hottentots, or like the barbarians of Ab-al Tinnar, distorting their lips and ears out of all natural dimensions. Since I received this information, I cannot contemplate a fine figure, without thinking of a vinegar cruet; nor look at a dashing belle, without fancying her a pot of pickled cucumbers! What a difference, my friend, between these shades and the plump beauties of Tripoli,—what a contrast between an infidel fair one and my favourite wife, Fatima, whom I bought by the hundred-weight, and had trundled home in a wheelbarrow!

But enough for the present; I am promised a faithful account of the arcana of a lady's toilette—a complete initiation into the arts, mysteries, spells, and potions, in short, the whole chemical process, by which she reduces herself down to the most fashionable standard of insignificance; together with specimens of the strait waistcoats, the lacings, the bandages, and the various ingenious instruments with which she puts nature to the rack, and tortures herself into a proper figure to be admired.

Farewell, thou sweetest of slave-drivers! The echoes that repeat to a lover's ear the song of his mistress are not more soothing than tidings from those we love. Let thy answer to my letters be speedy; and never, I pray thee, for a moment, cease to watch over the prosperity of my house, and the welfare of my beloved wives. Let them want for nothing, my friend, but feed them plentifully on honey, boiled rice, and water gruel; so that, when I return to the blessed land of my fathers, if that can ever be, I may find them improved in size and loveliness, and sleek as the graceful elephants that range the green valley of Abimar.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

THE LITTLE MAN IN BLACK.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

THE following story has been handed down by family tradition for more than a century. It is one on which my cousin Christopher dwells with more than usual prolixity; and being in some measure connected with a personage often quoted in our work, I have thought it worthy of being laid before my readers.

Soon after my grandfather, Mr Lemuel Cockloft, had quietly settled himself at the hall, and just about the time that the gossips of the neighbourhood, tired of prying into his affairs, were anxious for some new tea-table topic, the busy community of our little village was thrown into a grand turmoil of curiosity and conjecture

—a situation very common to little gossiping villages, by the sudden and unaccountable appearance of a mysterious individual.

The object of this solicitude was a little black-looking man, of a foreign aspect, who took possession of an old building, which, having long had the reputation of being haunted, was in a state of ruinous desolation, and an object of fear to all true believers in ghosts. He usually wore a high sugar-loaf hat, with a narrow brim, and a little black cloak, which, short as he was, scarcely reached below his knees. He sought no intimacy or acquaintance with any one—appeared to take no interest in the pleasures or the little broils of the village—nor ever talked, except sometimes to himself, in an outlandish tongue. He commonly carried a large book, covered with sheepskin, under his arm—appeared always to be lost in meditation—and was often met by the peasantry, sometimes watching the dawning of day, sometimes at noon seated under a tree poring over his volume, and sometimes at evening gazing, with a look of sober tranquillity, at the sun, as it gradually sunk below the horizon.

The good people of the vicinity beheld something prodigiously singular in all this; a profound mystery seemed to hang about the stranger, which, with all their sagacity, they could not penetrate; and, in the excess of worldly charity, they pronounced it a sure sign “that he was no better than he should be;” a phrase innocent enough in itself, but which, as applied in common, signifies nearly every thing that is bad. The young people thought him a gloomy misanthrope, because he never joined in their sports; the old men thought still more hardly of him because he followed no trade, nor ever seemed ambitious of earning a farthing; and as to the old gossips, baffled by the inflexible taciturnity of the stranger, they unanimously decreed that a man who could not or would not talk was no better than a dumb beast. The little man in black, careless of their opinions, seemed resolved to maintain the liberty of keeping his own secret; and the consequence was, that, in a little while, the whole village was in an uproar; for in little communities of this description, the members have always the privilege of being thoroughly versed, and even of meddling, in all the affairs of each other.

A confidential conference was held one Sunday morning after sermon, at the door of the village church, and the character of the unknown fully investigated. The schoolmaster gave as his opinion that he was the wandering Jew; the sexton was certain that he must be a free-mason from his silence; a third maintained, with great obstinacy, that he was a high German doctor, and that the book which he carried about with him contained the secrets of the black art; but the most prevailing opinion seemed to be, that he was a witch—a race of beings at that time abounding in those parts: and a sagacious old matron, from Connecticut, proposed to ascertain the fact by sousing him into a kettle of hot water.

Suspicion, when once afloat, goes with wind and tide, and soon becomes certainty. Many a stormy night was the little man in black seen by the flashes of lightning, frisking and curveting in the air upon a broomstick; and it was always observed, that at those

times the storm did more mischief than at any other. The old lady in particular, who suggested the humane ordeal of the boiling kettle, lost on one of these occasions a fine brindie cow; which accident was entirely ascribed to the vengeance of the little man in black. If ever a mischievous hireling rode his master's favourite horse to a distant frolic, and the animal was observed to be lamed and jaded in the morning,—the little man in black was sure to be at the bottom of the affair; nor could a high wind howl through the village at night, but the old women shrugged up their shoulders, and observed, “the little man in black was in his *tantrums*.” In short, he became the bugbear of every house; and was as effectual in frightening little children into obedience and hysterics, as the redoubtable Raw-head-and-bloody-bones himself; nor could a housewife of the village sleep in peace, except under the guardianship of a horse-shoe nailed to the door.

The object of these direful suspicions remained for some time totally ignorant of the wonderful quandary he had occasioned; but he was soon doomed to feel its effects. An individual who is once so unfortunate as to incur the odium of a village, is in a great measure outlawed and proscribed, and becomes a mark for injury and insult; particularly if he has not the power or the disposition to recriminate.—The little venomous passions, which in the great world are dissipated and weakened by being widely diffused, act in the narrow limits of a country town with collected vigour, and become rancorous in proportion as they are confined in their sphere of action. The little man in black experienced the truth of this: every mischievous urchin, returning from school, had full liberty to break his windows; and this was considered as a most daring exploit; for in such awe did they stand of him, that the most adventurous school-boy was never seen to approach his threshold, and at night would prefer going round by the cross-roads, where a traveller had been murdered by the Indians, rather than pass by the door of his forlorn habitation.

The only living creature that seemed to have any care or affection for this deserted being, was an old turnspit,—the companion of his lonely mansion and his solitary wanderings;—the sharer of his scanty meals, and, sorry am I to say it,—the sharer of his persecutions. The turnspit, like his master, was peaceable and inoffensive; never known to bark at a horse, to growl at a traveller, or to quarrel with the dogs of the neighbourhood. He followed close at his master's heels when he went out, and when he returned stretched himself in the sunbeams at the door; demeaning himself in all things like a civil and well-disposed turnspit. But, notwithstanding his exemplary deportment, he fell likewise under the ill report of the village; as being the familiar of the little man in black, and the evil spirit that presided at his incantations. The old hovel was considered as the scene of their unhallowed rites, and its harmless tenants regarded with a detestation which their inoffensive conduct never merited. Though pelted and jeered at by the brats of the village, and frequently abused by their parents, the little man in black never turned to rebuke them; and his faithful dog, when wan-

tolly assaulted, looked up wistfully in his master's face, and there learned a lesson of patience and forbearance.

The movements of this inscrutable being had long been the subject of speculation at Cockloft-hall, for its inmates were full as much given to wondering as their descendants. The patience with which he bore his persecutions, particularly surprised them—for patience is a virtue but little known in the Cockloft family. My grandmother, who, it appears, was rather superstitious, saw in this humility nothing but the gloomy sullenness of a wizard, who restrained himself for the present, in hopes of midnight vengeance—the parson of the village, who was a man of some reading, pronounced it the stubborn insensibility of a stoic philosopher—my grandfather, who, worthy soul! seldom wandered abroad in search of conclusions, took datum from his own excellent heart, and regarded it as the humble forgiveness of a Christian. But, however different were their opinions as to the character of the stranger, they agreed in one particular, namely, in never intruding upon his solitude; and my grandmother, who was at that time nursing my mother, never left the room without wisely putting the large family bible in the cradle—a sure talisman, in her opinion, against witchcraft and necromancy.

One stormy winter night, when a bleak north-east wind moaned about the cottages, and howled around the village steeple, my grandfather was returning from club, preceded by a servant with a lantern. Just as he arrived opposite the desolate abode of the little man in black, he was arrested by the piteous howling of a dog, which, heard in the pauses of a storm, was exquisitely mournful; and he fancied, now and then, that he caught the low and broken groans of some one in distress. He stopped for some minutes, hesitating between the benevolence of his heart and a sensation of genuine delicacy, which, in spite of his eccentricity, he fully possessed,—and which forbade him to pry into the concerns of his neighbours. Perhaps, too, this hesitation might have been strengthened by a little taint of superstition; for surely, if the unknown had been addicted to witchcraft, this was a most propitious night for his vagaries. At length the old gentleman's philanthropy predominated; he approached the hovel, and pushing open the door,—for poverty has no occasion for locks and keys,—beheld, by the light of the lantern, a scene that smote his generous heart to the core.

On a miserable bed, with pallid and emaciated visage and hollow eyes; in a room destitute of every convenience; without fire to warm or friend to console him, lay this helpless mortal, who had been so long the terror and wonder of the village. His dog was crouching on the scanty coverlet, and shivering with cold. My grandfather stepped softly and hesitatingly to the bedside, and accosted the forlorn sufferer in his usual accents of kindness. The little man in black seemed recalled, by the tones of compassion, from the lethargy into which he had fallen; for though his heart was almost frozen, there was yet one chord that answered to the call of the good old man who bent over him;—the tones of sympathy, so novel to his ear, called back his wandering senses, and acted like a restorative to his solitary feelings.

He raised his eyes, but they were vacant and haggard;—he put forth his hand, but it was cold; he essayed to speak, but the sound died away in his throat;—he pointed to his mouth with an expression of dreadful meaning, and, sad to relate! my grandfather understood that the harmless stranger, deserted by society, was perishing with hunger!—With the quick impulse of humanity, he despatched the servant to the hall for refreshment. A little warm nourishment renovated him for a short time, but not long; it was evident his pilgrimage was drawing to a close, and he was about entering that peaceful asylum, where “the wicked cease from troubling.”

His tale of misery was short, and quickly told;—infirmities had stolen upon him, heightened by the rigours of the season; he had taken to his bed, without strength to rise and ask for assistance; “and if I had,” said he, in a tone of bitter despondency, “to whom should I have applied? I have no friend that I know of in the world!—The villagers avoid me as something loathsome and dangerous; and here, in the midst of Christians, should I have perished, without a fellow being to soothe the last moments of existence, and close my dying eyes, had not the howlings of my faithful dog excited your attention.”

He seemed deeply sensible of the kindness of my grandfather; and at one time as he looked up into his old benefactor’s face, a solitary tear was observed to steal adown the parched furrows of his cheek.—Poor outcast!—it was the last tear he shed; but I warrant it was not the first by millions! My grandfather watched by him all night. Towards morning he gradually declined; and as the rising sun gleamed through the window, he begged to be raised in his bed that he might look at it for the last time. He contemplated it for a moment with a kind of religious enthusiasm, and his lips moved as if engaged in prayer. The strange conjectures concerning him rushed on my grandfather’s mind. “He is an idolater!” thought he, “and is worshipping the sun!” He listened a moment and blushed at his own uncharitable suspicion; he was only engaged in the pious devotions of a Christian. His simple orison being finished, the little man in black withdrew his eyes from the east, and taking my grandfather’s hand in one of his, and making a motion with the other towards the sun:—“I love to contemplate it,” said he, “’tis an emblem of the universal benevolence of a true Christian;—and it is the glorious work of him who is philanthropy itself!” My grandfather blushed still deeper at his ungenerous surmises; he had pitied the stranger at first, but now he revered him:—he turned once more to regard him, but his countenance had undergone a change; the holy enthusiasm that had lighted up each feature had given place to an expression of mysterious import:—a gleam of grandeur seemed to steal across his gothic visage; and he appeared full of some mighty secret which he hesitated to impart. He raised the tattered nightcap that had sunk almost over his eyes, and waving his withered hand with a slow and feeble expression of dignity—“In me,” said he, with laconic solemnity,—“In me you behold the last descendant of the renowned Linkum Fidelius!” My grandfather gazed at him with reverence; for though he had never heard of the illustrious personage, thus pompously announced, yet there was a certain black-

letter dignity in the name that peculiarly struck his fancy and commanded his respect.

“You have been kind to me,” continued the little man in black, after a momentary pause, “and richly will I requite your kindness by making you heir to my treasures! In yonder large deal box are the volumes of my illustrious ancestor, of which I alone am the fortunate possessor. Inherit them—ponder over them, and be wise!” He grew faint with the exertion he had made, and sunk back almost breathless on his pillow. His hand, which, inspired with the importance of his subject, he had raised to my grandfather’s arm, slipped from its hold and fell over the side of the bed, and his faithful dog licked it; as if anxious to soothe the last moments of his master and testify his gratitude to the hand that had so often cherished him. The untaught caresses of the faithful animal were not lost upon his dying master; he raised his languid eyes,—turned them on the dog, then on my grandfather; and having given his silent recommendation—closed them for ever.

The remains of the little man in black, notwithstanding the objections of many pious people, were decently interred in the churchyard of the village; and his spirit, harmless as the body it once animated, has never been known to molest a living being. My grandfather complied as far as possible with his last request; he conveyed the volumes of *Linkum Fidelius* to his library;—he pondered over them frequently; but whether he grew wiser, the tradition doth not mention. This much is certain, that his kindness to the poor descendant of *Fidelius* was amply rewarded by the approbation of his own heart, and the devoted attachment of the old turnspit; who, transferring his affection from his deceased master to his benefactor, became his constant attendant, and was father to a long line of runty curs that still flourish in the family. And thus was the Cockloft library first enriched by the invaluable folios of the sage *Linkum Fidelius*.

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

WHEN a man is quietly journeying downwards into the valley of the shadow of departed youth, and begins to contemplate in a shortened perspective the end of his pilgrimage, he becomes more solicitous than ever that the remainder of his wayfaring should be smooth and pleasant, and the evening of his life, like the evening of a summer’s day, fade away in mild uninterrupted serenity. If haply his heart has escaped uninjured through the dangers of a seductive world, it may then administer to the purest of his felicities, and its chords vibrate more musically for the trials they have sustained—like the viol, which yields a melody sweet in proportion to its age.

To a mind thus temperately harmonized, thus matured and mel-
lowed by a long lapse of years, there is something truly congenial in the quiet enjoyment of our early autumn, amid the tranquillities of the country. There is a sober and chastened air of gaiety diffused over the face of nature, peculiarly interesting to an old man; and when he views the surrounding landscape withering under his eye, it

seems as if he and nature were taking a last farewell of each other, and parting with a melancholy smile—like a couple of old friends, who, having sported away the spring and summer of life together, part at the approach of winter with a kind of prophetic fear that they are never to meet again.

It is either my good fortune or mishap, to be keenly susceptible to the influence of the atmosphere; and I can feel in the morning, before I open my window, whether the wind is easterly. It will not, therefore, I presume, be considered an extravagant instance of vanity when I assert, that there are few men who can discriminate more accurately in the different varieties of damps, fogs, Scotch mists, and north-east storms, than myself. To the great discredit of my philosophy, I confess, I seldom fail to anathematize and excommunicate the weather, when it sports too rudely with my sensitive system; but then I always endeavour to atone therefore, by eulogizing it when deserving of approbation. And as most of my readers, simple folk! make but one distinction, to wit, rain and sunshine—living in most honest ignorance of the various nice shades which distinguish one fine day from another—I take the trouble, from time to time, of letting them into some of the secrets of nature—so will they be the better enabled to enjoy her beauties, with the zest of connoisseurs, and derive at least as much information from my pages, as from the weather-wise lore of the almanack.

Much of my recreation, since I retreated to the Hall, has consisted in making little excursions through the neighbourhood, which abounds in the variety of wild, romantic, and luxuriant landscape that generally characterizes the scenery in the vicinity of our rivers. There is not an eminence within a circuit of many miles but commands an extensive range of diversified and enchanting prospect.

Often have I rambled to the summit of some favourite hill, and thence, with feelings sweetly tranquil as the lucid expanse of the heavens that canopied me, have noted the slow and almost imperceptible changes that mark the waning year. There are many features peculiar to our autumn, and which give it an individual character: the “green and yellow melancholy” that first steals over the landscape—the mild and steady serenity of the weather, and the transparent purity of the atmosphere speak, not merely to the senses but the heart—it is the season of liberal emotions. To this succeeds fantastic gaiety, a motley dress, which the woods assume, where green and yellow, orange, purple, crimson and scarlet, are whimsically blended together. A sickly splendour this!—like the wild and broken-hearted gaiety that sometimes precedes dissolution, or that childish sportiveness of superannuated age, proceeding, not from a vigorous flow of animal spirits, but from the decay and imbecility of the mind. We might, perhaps, be deceived by this gaudy garb of nature, were it not for the rustling of the falling leaf, which, breaking on the stillness of the scene, seems to announce, in prophetic whispers, the dreary winter that is approaching. When I have sometimes seen a thrifty young oak changing its hue of sturdy vigour for a bright but transient glow of red, it has recalled to my mind the treacherous bloom that once mantled the cheek of a friend who is now no more; and which, while it seemed to promise a long life of

jocund spirits, was the sure precursor of premature decay. In a little while, and this ostentatious foliage disappears—the close of autumn leaves but one wide expanse of dusky brown, save where some rivulet steals along, bordered with little strips of green grass—the woodland echoes no more to the carols of the feathered tribes that sported in the leafy covert, and its solitude and silence is uninterrupted except by the plaintive whistle of the quail, the barking of the squirrel, or the still more melancholy wintry wind, which rushing and swelling through the hollows of the mountains, sighs through the leafless branches of the grove, and seems to mourn the desolation of the year.

To one who, like myself, is fond of drawing comparisons between the different divisions of life, and those of the seasons, there will appear a striking analogy which connects the feelings of the aged with the decline of the year. Often as I contemplate the mild, uniform, and genial lustre with which the sun cheers and invigorates us in the month of October, and the almost imperceptible haze which, without obscuring, tempers all the asperities of the landscape, and gives to every object a character of stillness and repose, I cannot help comparing it with that portion of existence, when the spring of youthful hope, and the summer of the passions having gone by, reason assumes an undisputed sway, and lights us on with bright, but undazzling lustre, adown the hill of life. There is a full and mature luxuriance in the fields that fills the bosom with generous and disinterested content. It is not the thoughtless extravagance of spring, prodigal only in blossoms, nor the languid voluptuousness of summer, feverish in its enjoyments, and teeming only with immature abundance—it is that certain fruition of the labours of the past—that prospect of comfortable realities, which those will be sure to enjoy who have improved the bounteous smiles of heaven, nor wasted away their spring and summer in empty trifling or criminal indulgence.

Cousin Pindar, who is my constant companion in these expeditions, and who still possesses much of the fire and energy of youthful sentiment, and a buxom hilarity of the spirits, often indeed draws me from these half-melancholy reveries, and makes me feel young again by the enthusiasm with which he contemplates, and the animation with which he eulogizes the beauties of nature displayed before him. His enthusiastic disposition never allows him to enjoy things by halves, and his feelings are continually breaking out in notes of admiration and ejaculations that sober reason might perhaps deem extravagant. But for my part, when I see a hale hearty old man, who has jostled through the rough path of the world, without having worn away the fine edge of his feelings, or blunted his sensibility to natural and moral beauty, I compare him to the evergreen of the forest, whose colours, instead of fading at the approach of winter, seem to assume additional lustre, when contrasted with the surrounding desolation. Such a man is my friend Pindar!—yet sometimes, and particularly at the approach of evening, even he will fall in with my humour; but he soon recovers his natural tone of spirits; and, mounting on the elasticity of his mind, like Ganyæde on the eagle's wing, he soars to the ethereal regions of sunshine and fancy.

One afternoon we had strolled to the top of a high hill in the

neighbourhood of the Hall, which commands an almost boundless prospect; and as the shadows began to lengthen around us, and the distant mountains to fade into mists, my cousin was seized with a moralizing fit.—“ It seems to me,” said he, laying his hand lightly on my shoulder, “ that there is just at this season, and this hour, a sympathy between us and the world we are now contemplating. ‘The evening is stealing upon nature as well as upon us;—the shadows of the opening day have given place to those of its close; and the only difference is, that in the morning they were before us, now they are behind; and that the first vanished in the splendours of noon-day, the latter will be lost in the oblivion of night. Our ‘ May of life,’ my dear Launce, has for ever fled; our summer is over and gone:—but,” continued he, suddenly recovering himself, and slapping me gaily on the shoulder—“ but why should we repine? What? though the capricious zephyrs of spring, the heats and hurricanes of summer have given place to the sober sunshine of autumn—and though the woods begin to assume the dappled livery of decay!—yet the prevailing colour is still green—gay, sprightly green.

“ Let us then comfort ourselves with this reflection,—that though the shades of the morning have given place to those of the evening,—though the spring is past, the summer over, and the autumn come,—still you and I go on our way rejoicing;—and while, like the lofty mountains of our Southern America, our heads are covered with snow, still, like them, we feel the genial warmth of spring and summer playing upon our bosoms.”

And now, with these “ Autumnal Reflections,” and before my spirit falls into the “ sere and yellow leaf,” I conclude this work—bidding my readers an affectionate farewell; exhorting them to live honestly and soberly—paying their taxes, and reverencing the state, the church, and the corporation—reading diligently the bible, the almanack, the newspaper, and Salmagundi, which is all the reading an honest citizen has occasion for—and eschewing all spirit of faction, discontent, irreligion, and criticism.



THE
DOMESTIC MANNERS
OF THE
AMERICANS;

OR,
Sketches of the People of the United States.



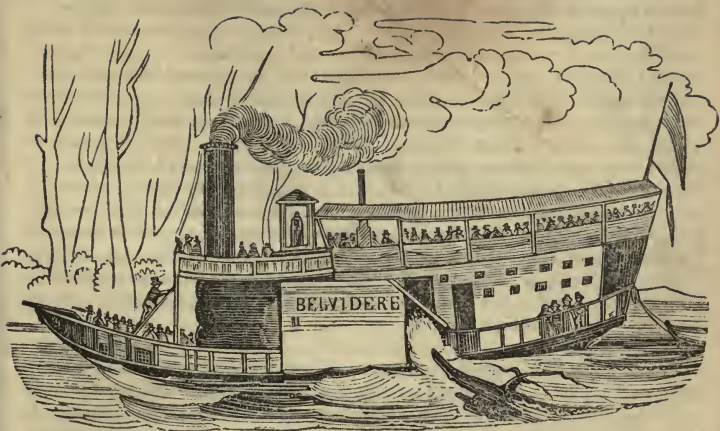
ADVERTISEMENT.

NOTHING can be more contradictory than the descriptions of AMERICAN MANNERS, published abundantly of late by travellers of different qualifications. Perhaps no statements in print need to be received with so large a per centage of allowance as those made by political partisans of the "old country," in relation to the existing condition of the United States. It is difficult, beyond conception, for those who wish to ascertain the real state of American society, to get at the facts by consulting the innumerable publications of recent tourists. He who undertakes the task requires abundance of patience, leisure, and perseverance.

A wish to diminish the labours of such as may desire a little information on this subject, gave rise to the following compilation. It presents a series of the most striking anecdotes that are to be found in the collected journals of the most sensible, most extravagant, most liberal, and most prejudiced of our travellers. The editor has tried to gratify no political or party spirit, but has drawn his sketches with strict impartiality from writers of all grades of political principle,—his aim being to *exhibit the Americans AS THEY ARE*, to do justice to his authorities, and to gratify with mingled amusement and instruction the reader who may honour his little book with a perusal.

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DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS.

AMERICAN NATIONALITIES.

NATIONAL SENSITIVENESS.—The Americans are fond of assuring travellers that all they want on account of their country and themselves is fair play; that they court scrutiny, so that it is reported without flippancy or scurrility; but whenever the reply to their frequent question of “what do ye think of us upon the whole,” is not unmingled praise, it is easy to perceive that they are dissatisfied and disappointed. The British traveller is, especially, annoyed by the absurd vanity, as the Americans are particularly sensitive to the opinion entertained of them by the British, and appear to care far less for what mere foreigners think of them.

The Americans are very adroit in seizing on every circumstance in the least available for self-laudation. One day I happened to mention to a lady how much I had been amused by observing the stage-coach drivers, managing their horses so much more by words than by the whip. “O yes, Sir,” said she, “the circumstance is interesting, as showing intelligence in our men, and sagacity in the animals.” I smiled at this curious interchange of human wisdom and brute sagacity, but the lady, not satisfied with the expression of my countenance, fired up and answered my smile by asking “If I did not think the people of America, upon the whole, remarkably intelligent.”—*Captain Hall.*

NATIONAL VANITY.—That their navy is greatly superior to the British is a constant theme with the Americans. One way they have

of accounting for this is, that our game laws prevent our sailors from acquiring expertness in shooting at a mark, while their sailors, from their practice in shooting, can split hairs. They are fond of considering themselves more modern, and consequently more advanced than the English, and look upon even our classic literature as useless relics of the dark ages. On one occasion some young ladies were asking me questions about London, when they were silenced by another lady telling them to hold their tongue about London, and if they would know what a fine city was, to look at Philadelphia. An atlas was once brought to me, that I might satisfy myself of the fact of Great Britain being a miserable little corner of the earth, not equal to one of their States, after which feat the exhibiter stuck his feet up to the chimney-piece, and whistled Yankee-Doodle! Every American is continually boasting of their glorious institutions, but none of them could make me understand what they meant by the phrase.—*Mrs Trollope.*

MODESTY.—Mr Everett, in a recent fourth of July oration, speaks thus :—“ We are authorized to assert that the era of our independence dates the establishment of the only perfect organization of government. Our government is in its theory perfect, and in its operation it is perfect also. Thus *we* have resolved the great problem in human affairs. A frame of government, perfect in its principles, has been brought down from the airy regions of Utopia, and has found a local habitation and a name in our country!” This self-laudation is ably followed up by a late American Quarterly Reviewer. “ It would be departing from the natural order of things, and the ordinary operations of the great scheme of providence; it would be shutting our ears to the voice of experience, and our eyes to the evident connexion of causes and their effects, were we to reject the extreme probability, not to say *moral certainty*, that the old world is destined to receive its influences in future from the new.”—*Mrs Trollope.*

PUBLIC GRATITUDE.—The Americans do not reward meritorious public servants with pensions, when no longer able from age to perform the duties of office, or when their services are no longer required. It is evident therefore that the motives to serve the public, must be cramped, by the starvation policy, in those most ambitious of honourable distinction. Surely there must be a medium between corrupt and careless profusion, in expenditure of the public funds, and absolute denial of well-earned reward, to those, whose best days have been passed in the nation's service. It is true that the Americans enriched La Fayette, a foreigner; but then they left Jefferson, Munro, Clinton, and other distinguished countrymen of their own to starve.—*Captain Hall.*

PRINCIPLE.—An eminent French officer, after the death of Napoleon, retired to America, where he was endeavouring to establish a sort of Polytechnic school. Happening to hear this officer's character described in a company of literary and scientific men in Philadelphia, I remarked that his devotion to the cause of freedom must prove very serviceable to him in the United States. “ Not in the

least," answered a gentleman of high literary reputation in the city, "it might be useful to him in England, but here we care not what people's principles may be!"—*Mrs Trollope.*

QUEER "FIGURE HEADS."—In the rage to have every thing as different as possible from the mother country, the Americans have invented very strange names and signs for their places of business. For example, in New York may be seen over many a door FLOUR AND FEED STORE—LEATHER AND FINDING STORE—UNCURRENT NOTES BOUGHT. This last would seem at first sight, not a very prepossessing line of business; but it loses its dangerous look when we learn that it is followed by persons who know exactly the state of the innumerable fry of banks throughout the Union, many of whose notes are of a suspicious value, and who buy up this depreciated paper at large profits.—*Captain Hall.*

LITERARY ACQUIREMENTS.—An extremely small class of Americans are familiarly acquainted with the classics; nor have they such a knowledge of modern literature, as will assist in the formation of style. Their acquaintance with modern literature, extends only to the books of the day. Chaucer and Spenser, it would be ridiculous in their idea to speak of as modern—Sherlock, Taylor, and our other glorious old divines and philosophers, suit not the rapidity of the American mind, and the "wits of Queen Anne's days," are neither understood nor studied. They are still less acquainted with standard foreign literature. All the glories of Italy from Dante to Monti, are as little known to them as the Welsh effusions of Urien and Modred are to us; and Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, &c., though once read by the old federalists, are now only known as naughty words!—*Mrs Trollope.*

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.—In the speeches of their crack orators, one is gorged to the throat with praises of their government, and the character and intelligence of the people. The orator ascends into the seventh heaven of bombast, and descends into the deepest pit of the bathos, and in his language there is nothing vernacular, but the vulgarities, and an entire disregard of propriety.—*Captain Hamilton.*

NEWSPAPERS.—I read newspapers from all parts of the Union, and found them utterly contemptible in point of talent, and so virulent in abuse, as to excite disgust not only towards the writers, but also towards the public who support them. In them the war of politics, seems not the contest of opinion supported by appeal to argument, but the squabble of greedy and abusive partisans, appealing to the vilest passions of the populace, and quite unscrupulous as to their instruments of attack. I assert this deliberately, and with a full recollection of the unwarrantable length to which political hostility in England is too often carried.—*Captain Hamilton.*

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS AT NEW YORK.—There is a practical good sense very striking in the management of these things in this city. The Asylum for the Destitute is especially interesting: it receives and attempts to reclaim to honest and industrious habits, youthful

delinquents of both sexes. There is a very remarkable difference between the boys and the girls; the former are as fine-looking a set of lads as I ever saw, full of gaiety, active and cheerful; but the girls are exactly the reverse, heavy, listless, indifferent, and melancholy. The boys when removed from the evil influence which had upset them, rise like a spring when pressure is withdrawn; but the poor girls can hardly look up again—they are like the lily whose leaves once soiled never brighten again.—*Mrs Trollope.*

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—The hackney-coaches in New York are much superior to those which disgrace the London stands. The horses harnessed to them never exhibit those shocking specimens of cruelty which the poor hacks in London do. Indeed, during a residence of two years in this country, I have never seen a single instance of brutality towards animals, such as one is hourly compelled to witness in the streets of any English town.—*Miss Kemble.*

AMERICAN DEGENERACY.—The present generation exhibit no improvement in taste, or elevation in intellect, above their fathers. On the contrary, they are altogether inferior, and as compared with their fathers, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the greater portion of the richer classes to be less liberal, less enlightened, less observant of the proprieties of life, and certainly far less pleasing in manner and deportment.—*Captain Hamilton.*

LOVE OF DOLLARS.—At a party one evening, my worthy host was very assiduous in introducing me to the more prominent individuals. In doing this, he considered it necessary to preface each introduction with some account of the pecuniary circumstances of the gentleman. “That tall, thin person,” said he, “with the cast in his eye, and his nose a little cocked, that man, not three months ago, made a hundred thousand dollars by one speculation in tallow!—you *must* allow me to introduce you to him.” Another gentleman was worth at least half a million, a third still more opulent, and so on; and, in short, had I been introduced to so many bags of dollars, instead of to their possessors, the ceremony would have been as interesting, and less troublesome. Of course, the travelled and more intelligent of the Americans do not exhibit the same intensity of devotion for dollars; but it is unquestionably true, that the tone of conversation, even in the best circles, is materially lowered by the degree in which it is engrossed by money and its interests.—*Captain Hamilton.*

YOUTHFUL CALCULATOR.—A little boy, eight years old, the son of a gentleman with whom we resided at Mount Vernon, used frequently to come into our room; we often joked with him about going with us to Britain, and he seemed rather inclined to go. One day he said to me, “What will you give me, if I go with you to Britain?” “Five dollars a month.” Off he ran to inquire whether five dollars were sufficient wages at his years, and back he came in ecstasy, having found out that ours was a good offer. “I accept,” said he, “but I must have my board.” This was granted; then said he, “I must have my washing too.” We demurred to that, to try the effect

of it upon the boy, but he was quite firm—every body in his country had board and washing besides wages, and he would not go anywhere unless they were promised.—*Mr Stuart.*

NICK, THE CHICKEN MERCHANT.—Nick was about ten years old, the son of the dirtiest and poorest looking pair in our neighbourhood. I had often observed him playing among a ragged crew of marble players. “Have you,” said I to him, rather surprised at our merchant, “chickens to sell, my boy?” “Yes, and eggs too, more than what you’ll buy.” He asked the same price which I used to pay at market for plucked chickens prepared for table, and I told him he should be cheaper. “Oh, for that, I expect I can fix ’em as well as ever them was, what you got in market.” “You fix them?” “Yes, to be sure, why not?” “I thought you were too fond of marbles.” He gave me a keen glance, and said, “You don’t know I. When will you be wanting the chickens?” Nick had the chickens ready at the time specified, and extremely well “fixed.” When I paid him, he thrust his hand into his breeches-pocket, and drew out for change more dollars and other coins than his dirty little hand could well hold. I told him he was rich. The little Jew sneered very unchildishly, and replied, “I guess ’twould be a bad job for I, if that was all I’d got to show.” Nick bought his chickens lean by the score, and eggs by the hundred, from the wagons that passed his mother’s door; he fattened the chickens in coops, and retailed the eggs by the dozen. “Do you give the money to your mother, Nick?” said I to him. “I expect not,” was the reply, with a sharp glance of his ugly blue eye. “What do you do with it then?” “I takes care of it.” I give this story of the boy chicken-merchant, not as characteristic in all respects of America, but of the independence of the little man, and of that calculating and money-getting character which is all but universal in America.—*Mrs Trollope.*

CLIMATE.—To the climate of America is attributed the ill looks and ill health of the ladies, who decline in appearance shortly after the age of twenty. But while they are brought up so effeminately, take so little exercise, live during winter in rooms like ovens, and marry so early, it will appear evident that many causes beside that of an extremely variable climate, combine to sallow the complexion, and destroy the constitution of the fair Americans.—*Miss Kemble.*

CLIMATE.—The climate of the northern and central states is one degree better than that of Nova Scotia, which struck me, in 1814, as being the worst in the world. The heat in summer is that of Jamaica, in winter that of Russia. On making the American coast, we had four days of denser fog than I ever saw in London. At New York, the weather was fine in November for about a week; at Boston, during my whole residence, I scarcely ever saw the sun; at Philadelphia, snow covered the ground from January to March; and at Baltimore and Washington, there was no improvement. The tremendous vicissitudes of temperature necessarily impair the human frame, to which if we add the almost universal marsh exhalations,

and the auxiliary influence of dram-drinking and tobacco-chewing, we shall have no difficulty in accounting for the squalid and sickly aspect of the population. Among the peasantry, I never saw one florid or robust man, nor any one distinguished by that fulness and rotundity of muscle which everywhere meets the eye in England. The inhabitants of many parts of New York excite compassion in the spectator; their like I have only seen in the Maremma of Tuscany, and the Campagna of Rome.—*Captain Hamilton.*

THERE ARE TAXES IN AMERICA.—I went to the land-office with the third No. of Chambers' Information for the People in my pocket, to inquire what lands were for sale in the Highlands of Pennsylvania, intending to look at them before making a purchase. A person in the office handed me a book thicker than the Edinburgh Review, entitled, "State Lands for Sale, for Arrears of Taxes;" there were some of these in every township of Pennsylvania. This was news to me, as I had thought that there were no taxes in America.—*Mr Weston.*

PAY YOUR TAXES.—The following curious notice we found in Indiana, and preserved it as perhaps the most singular document of the kind ever printed.

"LOOK OUT, DELINQUENTS.

"Those indebted to me for taxes, fees, notes, and accounts, are specially requested to call and pay the same on or before the 1st day of December, 1828, as no longer indulgence will be given. I have called time and again, by advertisement and otherwise, to little effect; but, now the time has come when my situation requires immediate payment from all indebted to me. I am at a loss to know the reason why those charged with taxes neglect to pay; from the negligence of many, it would seem that they think the money is mine, or that I have funds to discharge the taxes due to the state, and that I can wait with them till it suits their convenience to pay. The money is not mine, neither have I the funds to settle the amount of the duplicate. My only resort is to collect; in doing so, I should be sorry to have to resort to the authority given me by law for the recovery of the same. Every good citizen should pay his taxes, for it is in that way government is supported. Why are taxes assessed unless they are collected? Depend upon it I shall proceed to collect agreeably to law, so govern yourselves accordingly.

"JOHN SPENCER,

"*Sh'ff* and *Collector*, D. C.

Nov. 20th, 1828.

"N. B.—On Thursday, the 27th inst., A. St Clair and Geo. H. Dunn, Esqrs., depart for Indianapolis; I wish as many as can pay to do so, to enable me to forward as much as possible to save the 21 per cent. that will be charged against me after the 8th of December next.—"J. S."—*Mrs Trollope.*

INQUISITIVENESS.—We went in the steamer, North America, up the Hudson to Albany, and mixed freely with the company on board. There was no greater disposition to be inquisitive exhibited by any

one we conversed with, than would have been shown on a similar occasion in England.—*Mr Stuart.*

LADIES WANTED.—At the Massachusetts' annual cattle show, which is a kind of fair also, although there were numerous parties of males assembled, evidently solely for pleasure, yet there were no women. The exhibition took place in a pretty village four miles from the populous city of Boston, on a fine sunny day, and although attended by crowds of men, yet nothing could be more funereal-looking, or less like merry-making. Hearing a fiddle strike up, I went to the booth whence the sound came, and found four men dancing a reel! —*Captain Hall.*

LITERARY HABITS.—The United States furnish perhaps the most striking proofs in the world of the value of literary habits in humanizing mankind; for nowhere, during my stay in America, did I ever meet a literary man who chewed tobacco or drank whisky; and, on the contrary, I never met any who were not, who had escaped these degrading habits.—*Mrs Trollope.*

CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON.—The ladies have a gallery expressly for their use in the House of Representatives, and this circumstance was often pointed out to me as a proof of the superior gallantry of the Americans in comparison with the English. But I do not admit this inference; it is well known that the exclusion of ladies from the House of Commons, arose from their dividing the attention of the members too much, and in fact causing them to neglect the business of the House, that they might enjoy the company of the fair critics in the galleries; it will be some time ere such a law be needed in America for such a reason.—It was mortifying to see this splendid hall filled with men in the most unseemly attitudes, and nearly all spitting to an excess. There were thinly scattered among the crowd a few distinguished by not wearing their hats, and by sitting in their chairs like other people; whenever I inquired the name of one of these exceptions, I was told that it was Mr so and so of *Virginia.* —*Mrs Trollope.*

DEFERENCE TO FEMALES.—I never saw men more anxious than the gentlemen in the American stage-coaches always were, to accommodate the ladies, by changing places, or making any arrangement that was possible.—*Captain Hall.*

HOW TO FEEL THE PEOPLE'S PULSE.—Every postmaster in the Union is required to insert, in his return, the title of every newspaper received at his office for distribution. This return is laid before the secretary of state, who knows the political character of all the journals, and is thus enabled to feel the political pulses of the people.—*Mrs Trollope.*

BARs, *i. e.* GROG SHOPS.—These odious places stare one in the face at every turn. There are generally two in steam-boats, one upon deck, and one below; they are to be found in all the theatres;

at the Cauterskill Falls there are two, one on each side of the cataract, any thing but in harmony with the sublime scenery of the place ; at the museum, in the city of Albany, having turned to the right hand instead of turning to the left, I found myself in the eternal BAR ! and, in short, go where you will, B—A—R is sure to meet you.—*Captain Hall.*

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AMUSEMENTS, DRESS.

DINNER IN A NEW YORK HOTEL.—At least one hundred people were seated at table, every one stared rudely at me, and I saw at a glance they knew me to be a stranger. There was plenty provided, and every one helped himself to what he liked, sometimes stretching over three persons to get at a favourite dish. I was so astonished at the scene, which was like the hasty meal of a retreating army hotly pursued by an enemy, that I forgot to help myself. On asking to be helped to a dish placed before another gentleman, he stared at me, coolly helped himself to another supply, and paid no attention whatever to my request. I now took the hint and helped myself, as the good things were vanishing marvellously quick. In a short time the guests “cleared out” as if by magic; the waiters cleared the table, and replenished it for a new company.—*Mr Weston.*

MEALS.—In hotels at New York, the whole guests take their meals together, the breakfast hour is eight o'clock, that for dinner three o'clock. There is no conversation, every one being intent on the business of the moment, and so soon as it is despatched, every one rises and goes off to his respective calling. In short, these assemblages for meals resemble funereal meetings, and are utterly devoid of the sociality which prevails in Europe on the like occasions.—*Captain Hall.*

MEALS IN A NEW YORK HOTEL.—The landlady sat at the head of the table distributing tea and coffee, the table was loaded with viands of all descriptions, so much so, that it would have been difficult for a stranger to have guessed that it was breakfast, which the numerous guests were devouring with such steam-power voracity. Here all was hurry and bustle, every one apparently vying with his neighbour to be first done. Eggs are not ate out of the shell, but poured into a glass and churned up with mustard, &c., and then discussed with a spoon, or drunk off at once. A few minutes sufficed to satisfy the whole company, and in fact it would have been impossible for any one to have continued such strenuous exertions beyond a very limited period. The dinner hour at New York is three o'clock, the whole inmates of hotels generally assemble about that hour in the bar, and when the bell rings to announce that dinner is served, a rush of all present takes place to the dining room, for which there seems no accounting as there is no difficulty of getting places. The appearance of the dinner table is inviting enough, although the made dishes are decidedly bad, and the sauces nothing but liquid grease ; there are plenty of unobjectionable viands, on which any one may

make an excellent meal. As at breakfast, there is no conversation, gulping and swallowing as if for a wager, and "help yourself" without minding your neighbour, are the order of the hour. The Americans are not convivial beings, they look upon eating and drinking as tasks to be got over as quickly as possible; yet it is not the claims of business which create this singularity, for the most expeditious bolters of their dinner will spend hours afterwards smoking and lounging at the bar.—*Captain Hamilton.*

DINNER AT NIBLO'S TAVERN.—The dinner was more excellent in its *materiel* than for its cookery or arrangement. We had oyster soup, shad, venison, partridge, grouse, various sorts of wild ducks, and a host of other dishes, all set at once upon the table. Of course half the dishes were cold before the guests were ready to partake of them. The venison was good, but very inferior to fallow deer, the other game is not at all like that of the same names with us, and very dry and flavourless. The wines were excellent, and the company agreeable in *all* respects.—*Captain Hamilton.*

MEALS IN STEAM BOATS ON THE HUDSON.—Breakfast was served at half-past eight, and dinner at two o'clock. Both meals were good and liberal in quantity. The Americans eat more animal food than the British, and they eat more at breakfast than at dinner. No one remained longer than twenty minutes at dinner, there was no wine drunk, nor was there a single straggler remaining in the dining-room after twenty minutes from sitting down. The meals were served in a very handsome style, by picked men of colour, and there was nothing the most fastidious could find fault with, except the spit-boxes which were everywhere, although smoking was not allowed in the cabins nor after-part of the decks.—*Mr Stuart.*

MEALS IN STEAM BOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—These are devoured with the most voracious rapidity, and there is a total want of the usual courtesies at table. It is quite impossible for the ladies to preserve their dresses from the contamination of the continual loathsome spitting. A great number of the gentlemen on board were dignified by the titles of general, colonel, major, and so on; but their frightful manner of feeding—plunging the whole blade of the knife into their mouths—picking their teeth with pocket knives—the strange and uncouth phrases and pronunciation, distinguished them very disagreeably from the *militaires* of Europe.—*Mrs Trollope.*

MATERIEL OF THE TABLE.—Ham and beef-steaks appear at breakfast, dinner, and supper. I never saw turbot, salmon, or fresh cod; but the rock and shad are excellent. The canvass-back duck, when delicately served, is superior to black cock; they have no hares, and I never saw a pheasant. The dessert is placed on the table before the cloth is removed, it consists of pastry, preserved fruits, and cream. Very little wine is drunk at table, and in fact there is no hard drinking at jovial dinners; but there is plenty of the vice indulged in in solitary dram-drinking. Mixed dinner parties of ladies and gentlemen are very rare, and when they do occur, with few ex-

ceptions, the ladies are placed at one end of the table, and the gentlemen at the other.—*Mrs Trollope.*

GENTLEMEN AT MARKET.—At Cincinnati the gentlemen go to market; even those of the “highest standing” leave their beds at sunrise every day and sally forth in search of meat, butter, eggs, and vegetables. They may be seen returning with an immense basket on one arm, filled with provisions of all sorts, and a large ham hanging from the other. They go to market as smartly dressed as if they were going to a ball.—*Mrs Trollope.*

MARKETING.—It is more the custom at New York for gentlemen to go to market than ladies, and they frequently carry home their purchase, especially if it be poultry, in their own hands. I have heard of the chief-justice Marshall, the head of the law courts in America, frequently carrying home his dinner from market.—*Mr Stuart.*

SOCIETY IN BOSTON.—The practice of living in boarding-house, is common here as well as all over America; but the cold and formal habits of other places are exchanged for an agreeable frankness. The general character of the inhabitants is good-tempered and polite, and even in the midst of discussions, which generally are very acrimoniously handled elsewhere, I did not meet with the least captiousness or uncivil personality. The company at the boarding-house where we resided, were of the most amiable description, and all vied in showing the strangers every attention. On one occasion, hearing my little girl screaming with delight in the dining-room, I had the curiosity to open the door, and found that the good-natured people had got the child scampering on the table, while each puffed out a broadside of smoke from his segar as she passed.—*Captain Hall.*

CITIZENS OF BALTIMORE.—The society in this place is agreeable and intelligent, and it is not the custom, elsewhere so universal, to cram down the throats of strangers their institutions and everything else in the slightest degree remarkable; but, on the contrary, all was rational and moderate praise and fair play, on these matters. There is no teasing importunity to examine and to praise their show places, but they are left to make their own impression, and it is quite comfortable to find one's self among so pleasant a circle of reasonable people. The citizens of Baltimore evidently understand, that praising one's own country is neither agreeable to a stranger nor likely to raise it in his estimation. They tell him openly and fairly whatever he asks, and leave him to make his own conclusions.—*Captain Hall.*

GOOD SOCIETY.—There is a class of Americans whom travellers rarely meet, but which is by far the most interesting, in my opinion, which the country affords. I speak of those families scattered thickly through all the states, from whose original settlers many of them are immediately descended. Among this large but widely

scattered portion of the community, should the European traveller's fortune lead him, he will find hospitality without ostentation, purity of morals independent of the dread of opinion, intellectual cultivation unmixed with the desire of display, great simplicity of life and ignorance of the world, originality of mind naturally arising from independence and solitude, and the best because the most natural manners. Of such I know from the lower shores of the Chesapeake, to the half savage territory around Michilimackinack.—*Miss Kemble.*

DRINKING.—Generally speaking, Americans swallow much more of all sorts of spiritual nauseousness than we do in our country. The men take brandy, in a way that would astound people of any respectability in England, and the quantity and quality of their potations are as destructive of every thing like refinement of palate, as detrimental to their health. There is a total loss of all niceness of taste, consequent upon their continual swallowing of mint julaps, gin slings, brandy cocktails, and a thousand strong messes which they take *even before breakfast*, and indifferently at all hours of the day. I have been told the women in this country drink. I never saw but one circumstance that would lead me to believe the assertion. At the baths, in New York, one day, I saw the girl who was waiting upon the rooms carry mint julaps (a preparation of mint, sugar, and brandy) into three of them. I was much surprised, and asked her if this was a piece of service she often performed for the ladies who visited the baths? She said, “yes, pretty often.” Though the *gentlemen* drink more than any other gentlemen, the lower orders here are more temperate than with us.—*Miss Kemble.*

BALL AT CHARLESTON.—The ball was given by the Jockey Club, in the large rooms of the St Andrew Society, and was handsomely got up in every respect, with one slight exception—the ladies and gentlemen did not seem to be acquainted with each other. The ladies were placed in rows along the walls, and the gentlemen stood in groups near the door, except during the dance; nor did they seem to have any wish to associate with their fair companions. On this occasion, as during the whole of my visit, I can state positively that I did not perceive any thing approaching to what might be termed a flirtation; or any thing else but the coldest and most icy propriety.—*Captain Hall.*

BALL AT CINCINNATI.—I attended the Birth-day ball, as it is called, which takes place all over the States on the anniversary of General Washington's birth. The company was numerous and well dressed, and among them were many very beautiful girls. Not observing in the room a very pretty young lady whom I had seen at the school examination, I asked a gentleman what had become of the beautiful Miss C. “You don't understand our aristocracy,” he replied, “the family of Miss C. are mechanics!” The bulk of the men present I knew to be shopkeepers. They call themselves merchants, and exclude mechanics, even such as are master-tradesmen, from their public amusements. The dancing portion of the entertainment was pretty much like our assize or race-balls, except that the *figures* are bawled

out in English, from the orchestra, which sounds ludicrously to an European ear; but the supper arrangements are characteristic of the country. The gentlemen had a splendid entertainment regularly set out for them in another saloon of the hotel, while the poor ladies sat in rows round the walls of the dancing-room, each with a plate of sweetmeats on her knee. Their gala dresses, and the decorated room, were any thing but in keeping with their forlorn and uncomfortable condition, and the only reason given for this extraordinary arrangement was, that the gentlemen liked it better!—*Mrs Trollope*.

DRESS.—The ladies, in the great towns on the sea coast, obtain their fashions from Paris, but in the back settlements, do just as well as they can for new fashions. The men, throughout the country, appear rather slovenly in their attire; in fact, from the hat which is never brushed, to the shoe which is as seldom polished, the whole of their costume is left to take care of itself, and no portion seems to fit the person, or to be got up in a tradesman-like way.—*Captain Hall*.

LADIES' DRESSES.—The ladies of America far exceed, in proportion to their incomes, the ladies of Europe in expensive dresses, and these, with the exception of the Philadelphia ladies, are far from being in good taste. The seasons are not consulted in the choice of costume, either in the colour or material. I have seen, and shivered at a young beauty, picking her way to church through the snow, with a pale rose-coloured bonnet set on the very top of her head, and I have known one young lady's pretty little ear actually frost-bitten from this very cause. The ladies walk in the middle of winter with their toes pinched into a slipper incapable of resisting as much dew as might begem a primrose, and they actually shudder at the sight of comfortable walking shoes and stockings, even when they have to step to their sleighs over ice and snow.—Broadway in New York resembles a French street, where it is the fashion for very smart ladies to promenade. The dress is entirely French; every thing English is stigmatized as out of fashion—English material, English fashions, English accent, English manners, are all terms of reproach. It is the unkindest thing that can be spoken of one of these smart ladies, to say, that she looks like an Englishwoman.—*Mrs Trollope*.

LADIES' DRESSES.—In America, in spite of much lighter duties, every article of female dress, particularly silks, embroideries, and all French manufactures, are more expensive than in England. The extravagance of the American women in this part of their expenditure is, considering the average fortunes of their country, quite extraordinary. They never walk in the streets but in the most gaudy and extreme toilette, and I have known twenty, forty, and sixty dollars paid for a bonnet, to wear in a morning saunter up Broadway.—*Miss Kemble*.

“TOUCH ME NOT.”—The exterior manner of the American ladies is remarkably quiet, but it is not gentle. In such matters as *fixing* themselves on board a packet-boat, they are doggedly steadfast in

their will, and, till things are settled, look like hedgehogs with every quill raised, as if to forbid the approach of every one who might ruffle them. Where an Englishwoman would look proud, and a Frenchwoman indifferent, an American lady looks grim; even the youngest and prettiest can look as hard and unsocial as their grandmothers.—*Mrs Trollope.*

NEW YORK LADIES.—Many of the very young ladies are very beautiful, but in this climate beauty is very short-lived; at two-and-twenty, the bloom of youth is gone; at thirty, the whole fabric of female charms is in decay, and nothing remains to the once envied belle of former conquests but their tradition, and a longing after the time when her reign is to be vicariously renewed in the person of her daughter. The ladies of New York are well and elegantly dressed, mostly in the French style. Their height is under the average of that of our fair countrywomen; their cheeks are colourless; their lips want colour and fulness; their mouths are not beautiful, and have rarely the charm of fine teeth, and their figures are sadly deficient in *embonpoint*. Nevertheless, there is as much beauty in New York as I have seen any where else; the features are finely moulded, and possess a delightful harmony, and the ladies neither paddle along as the Parisian belles do, nor walk with the stride of a grenadier, as some other ladies do.—*Captain Hamilton.*

BLACK AND WHITE BEAUX.—We met, one day, in Broadway, a young negress, decked out in the extreme of the fashion, and accompanied by a black beau, equally dandified in his toilet; he walked beside his sable goddess uncovered, with an air of the tenderest devotion. We observed a strange contrast to this, in the window of a handsome house which they were passing. There stood a very beautiful white girl and two gentlemen; but, alas! both of the men had their hats on, and one was smoking!—*Mrs Trollope.*

NEW YORK RECREATIONS.—In summer, the mass of the people leave the city in carriages or on horseback, for an hour or two before sunset, which, at the longest day, is at half-past seven. They generally, after driving a few miles, stop to smoke a cigar, or have a small tumbler of spirits and water. The landlord of the house where we lodged was the owner of a stage four miles from New York. He told me that he has taken as much as sixty dollars in threepences for refreshments in one evening, while we lived with him, and yet his business was over before sunset.—*Mr Stuart.*

DOMESTIC SPORTS IN THE BACK WOODS.—I was one night invited to an "apple bee," a species of amusement quite national and characteristic, which consists of various, but frivolous sports, among the most prominent of which is "marching to Quebec." This is performed by a gentleman stepping into the middle of the room, eyeing the ladies with a keen glance, selecting a partner, and leading her by the hand into the middle of the floor. He then puts his arm round her neck, and salutes her—kissing is very common in

America, and the ladies seldom blush—they then march together round the room, singing the following words :

“The drums are loudly beating—the British are retreating,
The Americans are advancing—and we'll onward to Quebec.”

On reaching the spot from which they started, the lady selects another gentleman, who salutes her ; her late partner acts in a similar manner, and the two couples march round the room, singing the same words, and so on, till the whole party are on the floor. “Apple bee” seems to be derived from the employment that the party are engaged with previous to the commencement of the sports, which is paring apples, dividing them into quarters, depriving them of the seeds, and stringing the pieces on cords, which are then hung in festoons on the walls, inside and outside the house, to be completely dried, after which they are boiled with water and sugar, and, as a matter of course, eaten. The company consisted of forty males and forty-five females.—*Mr Weston.*

NEW-YEARS'-DAY IN NEW YORK.—It is usual for people of all ranks to call at each others' houses on this day ; and it is considered that such of a person's friends as do not call on him on the first day of the year are not anxious to continue his acquaintance. Cold meat, cake, confectionaries, and wines, are laid out on a table, that all callers may partake. The confectioners make large seed-cakes about this season, some of them great curiosities from their size ; one that I heard of weighed 1500 pounds.—*Mr Stuart.*

RACING AND BOXING.—The races at Charleston have greatly decayed, in consequence of the sub-division of property consequent upon the abolition of the law of primogenitureship. Nevertheless, I witnessed some very good matches on the Charleston course ; but although the day was beautiful, there were not above a dozen ladies on the stand, and very few carriages were present. Between the heats, a quarrel took place betwixt a farmer and a sailor, blows were given and coats were off in a twinkling ; but it was not here as in England, where “a ring ! a ring !” would have been roared for by hundreds, to let them fight it out. The crowd interfered, and separated the combatants by force, who each took to lecturing crowds upon the merits of their quarrel, till an official personage cleared the course, by cutting right and left with his whip.—*Captain Hall.*

INDELICATE DELICACY.—In the Antique Statue Gallery of the Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, the casts are shamefully defaced and mutilated, and this has unquestionably been the result of that false delicacy which sends alternate groups of males and females into the room. On my visit, I stopped at the door to read the inscription over it ; up stepped an old woman, the guardian of the gallery, and addressing me with an air of much mystery, said, “Now, ma'am, now ; this is just the time for you—nobody can see you—make haste.” With unfeigned astonishment, I very gravely asked her meaning. The answer was, “Only, ma'am, that the ladies like to go into that room by themselves, when there be no gentlemen watching them !”—*Mrs Trollope.*

NO JUDGING AT FIRST SIGHT.—Having an engagement to dine at Niblo's, the London Tavern of New York, I inquired my way at a small grocer's shop. "Pray, sir," said I, "can you point out the way to Niblo's tavern?" The grocer was rather a gruff-looking sort of a man; he looked hard at me for half a minute, without uttering a syllable. "Yes, sir, I can," he at length replied, with a broad stare. I was in the act of turning on my heel disgusted, when the man added, "and I shall have great pleasure in showing it to you." He then led me into the street, and took infinite pains in pointing out my route.—*Captain Hamilton.*

FUNERAL AT SARATOGA.—The funeral service was performed in the church, a Baptist one. The coffin was placed upon chairs immediately in front of the pulpit. The upper part of the lid was hinged, and opened for the purpose of enabling the relatives to take a last look at the deceased. The face was covered with a piece of glass. The body was not removed till all of the congregation who inclined had looked at it. After that, the coffin was placed in a small plain hearse, and drawn to the burying-ground, followed, first by the clergyman, and then by the relatives in pairs—the congregation followed in such order as they pleased. The people pay little attention to dress on these occasions. Some of the female mourners had white gowns and yellow straw bonnets, with black ribbons. Even at New York, where the mourners were in coaches, many of them had no other mourning dress than crape on their hats.—*Mr Stuart.*

THE "TRADE" IN AMERICA.—Going into a bookseller's store one day, I looked at a number of Colburn's novels, which were back-titled at double the prices asked, and requested the store-keeper, who was lame and had a crutch, to tell me the trade price. He eyed me very knowingly, and said, "I guess you are not a bookseller, but some impostor from the Old Country, no mistake. I expect the Americans are wide awake, and not to be done by the like of you." I replied, "you insolent rascal, were you not a cripple, and in your own shop, I would take the Yankee conceit out of you." There were two gentlemen in the store at the time, and, as I began to regret having got into a passion, I immediately added, "I thank you, sir, for this sample of American civility," and walked away.—*Mr Weston.*

THE GRATEFUL ONE.—At Hartford, while waiting for a conveyance in the public room of the Inn, a woman and a girl came in shivering with cold, having just been discharged from a Boston stage-coach. The woman was respectable in appearance, rather good-looking, and evidently belonged to the middling class of society. On inquiring at the landlord at what hour the first steam-boat for New York departed, she was informed, that owing to the river being frozen up, the steam-boat sailed from Newhaven, thirty miles lower down. This seemed to discompose her exceedingly, and she complained to the landlord, that on leaving home, believing the steam-boats started from Hartford, she had not provided herself with

money to defray the expenses of a longer inland journey. She asked the landlord to accommodate her with the necessary funds. He heard the demand, and without uttering a word, turned round on his heel and left her. An old gentleman reading a newspaper looked at the complainer, but made no offer of assistance. She repeated her complaint very emphatically and incessantly, until, partly from a feeling of sympathy, and a wish to be rid of the annoyance, I offered to accommodate her with what money she required. The lady received my offer very ungraciously, stared at me, expressed no thanks, and began again the recital of her grievances, upon which I left the room. I was somewhat surprised, however, when seated in the stage-coach, up came the fair complainant, and said, "you offered me money, I'll take it." The sum wanted was sixteen dollars, which I desired my servant to give her. He being a cannie Scot, took her address in New York; and she promised that the amount of her debt should be transmitted to Bunker's next day. A week passed after my arrival in New York, and there was no appearance of the dollars. My servant called upon the woman, saw her, and brought me the money. She expressed neither thanks nor gratitude for the favour conferred; and on being asked why she had violated her promise to return the money. She answered, that she "had not time, and that it was my business to come and ask for it." This grateful creature lived with her brother, who kept a respectable shop in one of the best streets of New York.—*Captain Hamilton.*

 REPUBLICAN EQUALITY.

SLAVE SALE IN CHARLESTON.—A whole family, consisting of the father, a stout well built man—the mother, a tall and very handsome woman though quite black—and three children, two little fellows who appeared to be twins, and an infant held by the mother on the hip in the eastern manner, were exposed upon a table for sale by auction. The mother to preserve her balance inclined her body to the right; the two little fellows, quite frightened, clung to her knees, clasping her hand, and never relinquished it while the sale lasted. The husband's face had a grave and sad expression, as well it might, but there was in it a degree of manliness surprising in so degraded a situation. His eye roved unquietly from bidder to bidder, as new offers were made, and it was evident he had a perfect acquaintance with the different parties competing for him; he knew, too, that his own fate, and that of all that was dear to him, depended upon a word! —*Captain Hall.*

SLAVE AUCTION AT WASHINGTON.—I observed an advertisement of the sale by auction of a negro, taken in execution for debt by the marshal of the district, and having never seen such a transaction, I was induced to witness it. The slave was a fine-looking, delicately made lad of sixteen, yellower in the colour than black, and not in the least like a common negro. The poor fellow seemed apprehensive of being purchased by a repulsive-looking man, while he wished

to become the property of the man to whom the debt was owing, for which he was to be sold. The deputy-marshal acted as auctioneer. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "Give us a bid—look at him—as smart a fellow as ever you saw—works like a tiger." The bidding began with 25 dollars, and rose to 100, when the deputy-marshal, finding them hang there, looked over to me, and said, "Do give us a bid, Sir—wont you?" My indignation had been gradually rising at the iniquitous, cold-blooded scene, and I exclaimed with asperity, "No! no! I thank God we don't do such things in my country!" "And I wish, with all my heart," said the auctioneer, in a tone that made me sorry for what I had said, "I wish we did not do such things here." "Amen!" said several voices. The sale went on, and the lad was ultimately knocked down at 143 dollars to the man whom he preferred. The poor fellow, as well he might, was exceedingly dejected at his forlorn situation; he told me that his parents, brothers, and sisters, had all been sold into slavery, and sent to Florida or Alabama, he knew not where!—*Captain Hall.*

SLAVE SALE AT NEW ORLEANS.—I was present at a slave auction; the slave put up was a poor old woman apparently far gone in a consumption. "Are you well?" asked one man. "Oh, no, I am very ill." "What is the matter with you?" "I have had a bad cough and pain in my side for three months and more." The auctioneer stopt this dialogue by saying, "Never mind what she says, gentlemen. Her health is good enough, damn her humbug—give her a touch or two of the cowhide, and I warrant she'll do your work." The sale concluded amidst sundry jests at the expense of the purchaser. "A bloody good lot of skin and bone," said one. "I guess that 'ere woman will soon be food for the land-crabs," said another; and amidst this atrocious merriment the dying creature was led off.—*Captain Hamilton.*

TREATMENT OF SLAVES.—Domestic slaves are kindly treated upon the whole; but it is impossible to forget, when one sees attention paid to their health, that without it the owner might lose a valuable piece of property. The sugar plantations and rice grounds of Georgia and Carolina, are the dread of all the slaves north of Louisiana, and well may they, for no species of mankind can live long at such labour; and to avoid loss, their owners have to work them hard while they do live. There is a regular system carried on in the Northern States of breeding and rearing negroes for sale in the Southern States, which is at once contrary to every feeling of justice, mercy, or humanity. The horror of the poor negro at this fate is such, that, during my stay in Virginia, the father of a young slave belonging to the lady with whom we boarded, having been sold for the South, within an hour after it was made known to him, he sharpened a hatchet with which he had been working, and with his right hand severed his left from the wrist! To such an extent does slavery blunt the common feelings of our nature, that I was laughed at for trying to recover a poor little female slave, eight years old, who had eaten a biscuit spread with a mixture of butter and arsenic, and intended to destroy rats; and this, too, by young ladies as lovely as

features and complexion could make them! I once saw a young lady in agony, because, when seated at table, she had touched the elbow of a man; and I have seen this same young lady put on her stays before a negro footman with the greatest composure!—*Mrs Trollope.*

SLAVES en route.—On our route to the south through the woods of Carolina, we overtook a party of emigrants, or migrants, proceeding to the wilderness of the far west. The party consisted of thirty persons, of whom five and twenty were slaves. Observing a couple of the male slaves chained together in a very secure manner, the stage coachman asked them what they had done to deserve these ruffles? “Oh, Sir,” said one of them quite gaily, “they are the best things in the world to travel with.” The other man said nothing. On asking one of the slave-drivers why these men were chained, and how they came to take the matter so differently; it came out that one of them was married but his wife did not belong to his master, she was the property of another planter; and as her master would not sell her when her husband’s owner migrated, she was necessarily left behind. The wretched husband was therefore shackled to a young unmarried man who had no tie to draw him back, and might therefore be trusted!—*Captain Hall.*

COLOURED LADIES.—Quadroon females, although within the merest shade as white as the Creole ladies, are not permitted to marry with white men; yet, from their beauty and accomplishments, they are generally much more fascinating than their more favoured sisters. They are totally excluded from society, in what are called the best families, no matter how beautiful, graceful, and amiable they may be, even although known to be the daughters of wealthy American or Creole gentlemen.—*Mrs Trollope.*

COLOURED LADIES.—We observed a very handsome woman of colour, as well dressed, and as lady-looking as any of the females on board. When Mrs Stuart found that she had not dined with us, she asked her why she had not been in the cabin? The lady very modestly replied, that the people of this country did not eat with people of colour. Her manners and appearance were interesting, and would have distinguished her any where.—*Mr Stuart.*

A SENTIMENTAL “HELP.”—Having resolved to attend a lecture upon astronomy by an itinerant professor, we desired the female servant, Hannah, not to prepare tea until our return. When we came back we found tea not ready, but in a short time Hannah came in dressed in her holiday attire, and apologized for our having had to wait for her. She had been to the lecture. At another time, Hannah had got leave from her mistress to see her friends in the neighbouring states, and was to be absent for a few days. Just before stepping into the stage-coach, she opened our door to say, “Good bye, good bye,—I’ll have you both in my mind till I return.” When she came back, she took my wife in her arms and kissed her, saying, “I can’t help kissing you, for I am so happy to see you.”—*Mr Stuart.*

FEMALE HELPS AND THEIR WAYS.—All young females who must labour for their bread in America, are taught that the most abject poverty is preferable to domestic service; and although they can earn much more money in service than any other way, yet nothing but the wish to obtain some particular article of finery will induce them to submit to it. We found it, therefore, very difficult to procure servants, or as it is called, “get help;” however, a kind friend exerted herself, so that I was waited upon by a stately lass, saying, “I be come to help you.” I asked her what wages I should give her by the year? “Oh, gimini!” exclaimed she laughing, “you be a downright Englisher sure enough. I should like to see a young lady engage by the year in America! You must give me a dollar and a half a week, and mother’s slave, Phillis, must come over once a-week to help me clean.” She left me at the end of two months, because I refused to lend her money to buy a silk dress to go to a ball, saying, “Then, ’tis not worth my while to stay any longer.” Another of these “helps,” a very pretty girl, pouted exceedingly, because she found that she was to dine in the kitchen. “I guess,” said she, “that’s ’cause you don’t think I’m good enough to eat with you. You’ll find that wont do here.” She rarely ate any dinner, and generally passed the time in tears. I paid her high wages, and she staid till she had obtained several expensive articles of dress, and then, one fine morning, she came to me full dressed, and said, “I must go.” “When shall you return, Charlotte?” “I expect you’ll see no more of me.” And so we parted.—*Mrs Trollope.*

AMERICAN EXCLUSIVES.—In a wider sense than that there is no privileged class, the term equality is mere nonsense. The magnates of the New York Exchange strut about as proudly as do those of Liverpool, nor are their wives or daughters backward in supporting their pretensions. The spirit of aristocracy is displayed in this commercial community in every possible variety. At a ball one night, I was asked what I thought of the company, by a lady who stands at the head of the fashionable world. I replied, that “I had seldom been at a party in any country where the average of beauty appeared to be so high.” “Indeed!” said the lady, apparently surprised, “you English gentlemen are not difficult to please; but does it strike you that the average is equally high as regards air, manner, and fashion.” “As to these matters,” I replied, “the party is not remarkable, certainly. But in a scene of so much gaiety, and so brilliant with youth and beauty, I am little disposed to play the critic.” “But,” replied my fair opponent, “it needs little criticism, surely, to discriminate between such a vulgar set whom you see here, and ladies that have been accustomed to move in a higher and better circle. Were you to remain ten years in New York, you would probably never meet these people any where else; and I assure you that there are not a dozen girls in this room that I should think of admitting to my own parties.” In short a count of the empire, with all his quarterings, would probably never have thought, and certainly would not have spoken, with half so much contempt of these fair plebeians.—*Captain Hamilton.*

FONDNESS FOR TITLES.—There is a strong aristocratic feeling existing in the families of older standing. Armorial bearings are in general use. Antiquity of blood is as much thought of as in England, and there is a fondness for title displayed which is quite at variance with their good sense in other matters. Military titles are caught at with ludicrous avidity, and the anomaly of learned majors at the bar, addressing learned colonels and generals on the bench, is not uncommon. Generals, colonels, and majors, swarm all over the Union, and these titles are equally coveted by the judge on the bench, and the innkeeper at the bar.—*Captain Hamilton.*

IMPUDENCE OF TRADESMEN.—Mr —— wishing to have his crest put on his gig harness, sent a die of it to a manufacturer. The harness was sent home when finished, but not the die; after sending for which sundry times, Mr —— called to inquire after it himself, when the following was the reply. “Lord! why, I didn’t know you wanted it.” “I tell you, I wish to have it back.” “Oh, pooh! you can’t want it much now, do you?” “I tell you, sir, I desire to have the die back immediately.” “Ah? well, come now, what’ll you take for it?” “D’ye think I mean to sell my crest? why, you might as well ask me to sell my name.” “Why, you see, a good many folks have seen it, and want to have it on their harness, as it is a pretty looking concern enough.” This happened a few years ago;—so much for the American idea of a crest.—*Miss Kemble.*

“OUR VILLAGE,” AND HOW “TO TEACH THE YOUNG IDEA.”—Our neighbours in the environs of Cincinnati were all of the very poorer class of tradesmen or labourers, yet in speaking of each other, they invariably used the words “ladies” or “gentlemen.” The washerwoman was “the lady over the way that takes in washing;” draymen, butchers’ boys, and labourers on the canal, were “them gentlemen.” But this lip politeness did not extend to us—my general appellation was “the English old woman,” and Mr Trollope was as invariably styled “the old man.” This affair of titles was simply amusing; but their long and frequent visitations were most annoying. It is the custom to leave all doors open here, so that whoever chooses steps in, and remains as long as he or she pleases. Here follows the substance of a conversation at one of these visits. My visitor was a milkman. “Well, now, so you be from the Old Country? Ay—you’ll see sights here, I guess.” “I hope I shall see many.” “That’s a fact. I expect your little place of an island don’t grow such dreadful fine corn as you sees here.” “It grows no corn [maize] at all, sir.” “Possible! no wonder then that we reads such awful stories in the papers of your poor people being starved to death.” “You spend a good deal of time in reading the newspapers.” “And I’d like you to tell me how we can spend it better. How should freemen spend their time, but looking after their government, and watching that them fellers as we gives offices to doos their duty, and gives themselves no airs?” “It is from a sense of duty then that you all go to the liquor-store to read the papers.” “To be sure it is, and he’d be no true-born American as didn’t. I don’t say that the father of a family should always be

after liquor, but I do say, that I'd rather have my son drunk three times in a week, than not look after the affairs of his country."—*Mrs Trollope.*

QUITE INDEPENDENT.—The mixture of the republican feeling of equality, and the usual want of refinement common to the lower classes of most countries, form a singularly felicitous union of impudence and vulgarity nowhere to be met with but in America. Thus—after rehearsal, I walked into a shop to buy some gauze; the shopman called me by my name, and after showing me a variety of things which I did not want, said, that they were most anxious to show me every attention, and render my stay in this country agreeable. I smiled, and said, "I thank you," but I longed to add, "but be so good as to measure your ribbons, and hold your tongue."

A farmer who is in the habit of calling at our house in his way to market with eggs, poultry, &c., being questioned as to whether the eggs were new laid, replied without an instant's hesitation, "No, not very fresh ones, we eat all those ourselves."

My shoemaker, on my remonstrating with him on the inconvenience of having to come to his shop and unboot, every time I wanted a new pair of walking boots, after having dealt with him for two years, said to me, "Well, ma'am, we can keep your measure certainly, to oblige you, but as a rule we don't do it for any of our customers, it's so very troublesome."

On returning home late from the play one night, I could not find my slippers anywhere, and, after some useless searching, performed my toilet for bed without them. The next morning, on inquiring of my maid if she knew anything of them, she replied, with perfect coolness, that having walked home through the snow, and got her feet perfectly wet, she had put them on, and forgotten to restore them to their place before my return!—*Miss Kemble.*

ARMY AND NAVY.

NAVAL DISCIPLINE.—The American discipline, as it regards officers especially, is stricter than the British. The reason is, that a young American officer, when he comes on shore to spend a few days with his friends, will hear more in a day to unsettle his ideas of subordination than he will be able to get the better of in a year's service afloat. For example, it happened lately that a midshipman of an American ship-of-war, having broken some rule of the service, was reprimanded by the captain. The youth not liking this, announced his intention of "appealing to the sovereign people," which being reported at headquarters, by return of post, an order arrived from Washington intimating that the midshipman being a free citizen, had a perfect right to appeal to the people, and in order that he might be able to do so quite unfettered, his discharge from the navy was enclosed. The utmost care is taken in the selection of officers for the navy, and the result is, that they are a body of thorough bred officers, and perfect gentlemen in every respect.—*Captain Hall.*

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.—The discipline is very lax, and the troops being always separated in small detachments, they have no opportunity of being exercised in field movements. A non-commissioned officer, who had been in the British army, in answering some questions, treated the whole as a joke. He entered the American service because there was little work and good pay. There was no steady and effective command kept over the soldiers, and yet there was a deal of punishment. Whenever a man became tired of his duty, off he went, bag and baggage, and pursuit was hopeless. The officers are quite aware of the deficiencies of the service, and they told me, that it was unpopular, and received no support from government, nor had they the means of maintaining proper subordination.—*Captain Hamilton.*

NAVAL OFFICERS.—Better sailors are nowhere to be found, and they are uniformly well informed gentlemen, quite free from the disgusting bravado and mock patriotism of the civilians; even in conversing on the events of the late war, they speak of their success in a becoming tone of modesty, and altogether, the American naval officers produced on me the most favourable impression.—*Captain Hamilton.*

MILITARY OFFICERS.—The American officers are better paid than the English. A captain receives about four hundred a-year, or about a hundred pounds more than a lieutenant-colonel in our service. But the service is one of real and almost constant privation. The troops are quartered, for the most part, on the Indian and Canadian frontiers, in remote and unhealthy situations, and never in great cities, and I suspect that the sort of life they lead would not be much relished by the Coldstream Guards, or the Blues. The whole amount of the American regular army does not exceed six thousand of all arms. The desertions amount to the amazingly disproportionate number of a thousand annually, or one in every six, while in the British they do not exceed one in a hundred.—*Captain Hamilton.*

CADET EATING AND CARVING.—On the road between Hartford and Newhaven, in Connecticut, I visited a private military academy, where the professor invited me to see the students dine. The young men marched off the exercise ground to the dining-hall, in very good order, to the sound of fife and drum. About a dozen of the students had previously been admitted as carvers, whose performances in that way astonished me. The meat was literally hacked, hewn, and torn to pieces; then, at a signal, the main body of students entered, and such a scene of devouring ensued as might have excited the admiration of a cormorant, or rivalled the efforts of a menagerie at feeding time.—*Captain Hall.*

MILITIA.—Nothing can be more unmilitary looking than these troops; their meetings for training are better calculated to do harm by the bad habits acquired at them than to teach the citizens a

knowledge of military discipline and tactics, and it was the opinion of the military men with whom I conversed on this subject, that it would, in the event of war, be far easier to bring masses of men into fighting order, than to unlearn them the dissipated habits induced by the loose system of American militia discipline. The training days are from four to six in the year; the state provides arms, but not clothing, and the men receive no pay except when on actual service when they are paid at the same rate as the regular army. The higher classes of officers are appointed by the governor of each state, with consent of the senate; the captains, subalterns, and non-commissioned officers, are elected by the written votes of their respective companies. The militia laws are exceedingly voluminous in every state, and a never failing source of discussion.—*Captain Hall.*

MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT.—This is the only institution of the kind maintained at the expense of the United States. The number of students is limited to 250, who are admitted from the age of fourteen to seventeen, and study four years before they can acquire their diploma. The president of the United States alone possesses the power of nominating the students, who are subjected to strict examination before admission; if they pass this ordeal, they are taken on trial for six months, and if this period be passed creditably, they become cadets, if not, their friends get a hint to remove them. It appears that the object of this institution is not so much to train up young men for actual military service, as to disseminate, by their means, a taste for the accurate sciences, and to spread widely accurate ideas of military discipline and knowledge. The students are made to mount guard, and to do the ordinary garrison duties of the district. A register is kept most minutely of the demerits of each cadet, exhibiting at a glance how each has behaved throughout the year, month, or week. It contains seven columns, each being for the enumeration of a particular offence, commencing with the gravest at No. 1., and ending at No. 7. with the most trivial. This register is printed and circulated annually over the whole country, and is certainly a harsh enough visitation for the youthful delinquencies of the poor fellows whose deeds it chronicles. In that of the year 1826, only seven names appear with all the columns blank, all the rest of the 250 students are more or less blackened, and one poor lad has actually 621 black balls against him! The cadets had nothing of the military air about them, but plenty of the awkward slouching gait so observable over the whole country. Upon the whole, however, the establishment appeared to be most creditably conducted and likely to answer its purpose.—*Captain Hall.*

MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT.—The Duke of Saxe-Weimar was so much pleased with this establishment, that he expressed a wish to obtain permission to have one of his sons educated there. Colonel Thayer, the superintendent, showed us every civility. He complained of Captain Hall's strictures, and even denied the accuracy of some of his statements.—*Mr Stuart.*

LAW, EXECUTIONS, AND PRISONS.

COURTS OF LAW.—Some of the States, as Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New Jersey, have enacted that no British decision in law cases, posterior to the revolution, shall be cited in their courts of justice. There is in all parts of the United States, a strong desire to have their legal decisions guided by principles, rather than by authorities or precedents. What appears right and proper at the moment is more esteemed as a rule than the collected wisdom of ages. In Pennsylvania, nearly all the technicalities of law are done away; there are no stamps, no special pleadings—but lawyers and litigation abound in most enormous plentifulness. No village containing above two or three hundred inhabitants is without one or more lawyers, and no person, be he in what rank of life he may, is free from the never ending pest of lawsuits. In this State, there are upwards of a hundred judges, besides several thousand justices of the peace, who decide in cases not exceeding one hundred dollars in amount. It is probable that the number of persons employed in the administration of the law, or connected with it, in the United States, exceeds the whole number of their army and navy. In many of the States, the bench is composed of one judge who is a lawyer, and two associate judges who are not lawyers. These latter are generally farmers, taken from the county in which they hold their court, and they seldom say a word upon the bench. Their salary seems moderate enough, viz., about £45 per annum.—*Captain Hall.*

LYNCH'S LAW.—Soon after the revolutionary war, many lawless acts were committed by the disbanded soldiers, especially in the Southern States, and in parts where, from the distance of circuit towns, it was impossible to bring offenders to justice. In these circumstances, the constituted authorities were often obliged to wink at the infliction of summary punishment by the inhabitants on notorious delinquents. The inhabitants of the mountainous parts of Carolina deputed a man of the name of Lynch to act for them in such cases, and hence delinquents punished in this summary way, are said to have been judged by Lynch's law.—*Mr Stuart.*

PRISON OF SING SING.—This prison is situated on the left bank of the Hudson, thirty miles from New York, and is perhaps the best managed place of confinement in the world. The following is an abstract of the daily routine of a prisoner's life in this jail. He is awoke at sunrise by a bell, and hears prayers before leaving his cell, read by a clergyman from a position which enables him to be heard by all the prisoners on one side of the building, that is by 400, or one half of the whole confined. Prayers over, the turnkeys open the cell doors, the prisoner steps out into line, and marches in what is called the lock step to the work-shop, making a halt in the outer yard to wash his face and hands, and to deposit his tub and water-can, which are removed by a set of prisoners who attend to the cleansing department. Other sets of prisoners manage the cooking and washing of clothes; indeed, the whole work of the establishment

is done by convicts. The prisoner now proceeds to work. He is employed in hewing stone, sawing marble, forging iron, weaving cloth, or some other handicraft, of which a great many are carried on in the prison and its immediate environs. While at work, the prisoners' faces are all turned in one direction, so that they cannot communicate by look or sign, and the most rigorous silence is maintained. The turnkey teaches the prisoner his trade, and has the charge of not less than twenty men. He is stimulated by a good salary, and it is found can easily enforce the severe regulations of the prison on that number. By a contrivance in the building, the superintendent can at any time overlook the whole prisoners and turnkeys, while at work, without their knowledge, which must be singularly efficacious in keeping the attention of all parties awake. At eight o'clock the bell rings again, the prisoners form in line, and march in order back to their cells. Each one stops at his cell door, motionless and silent as a statue, and at a signal, stoops down to the floor for his breakfast, which has been previously placed there, then turns about, and walks into his cell, the iron door is locked upon him, and in utter solitude and silence he devours his cheerless meal. Twenty minutes afterwards, the prisoners return as before to work. Noon calls them to dinner, which being briefly discussed, the silent round of hard labour is resumed. At night-fall, the prisoner washes his face and hands, and marches in line as in the morning to his cell, taking up in the yard his can and tub. His supper awaits him in his cell, prayers are said as in the morning, at the sound of a bell he undresses and goes to bed, and so ends the miserable day of a prisoner's life in Sing Sing.

A Bible is placed in every cell; the prisoner may either read it or not; as it is the only book allowed, the chance is in favour of his sooner or later being induced to open it. Sunday schools, conducted on the same plan of rigorous prevention of intercourse among the prisoners, have been introduced, and have effected much good.
—*Captain Hall.*

THE SOLITARY SYSTEM.—On my visit to the Philadelphia prison, I was permitted to see and converse with a few of the prisoners. I was ushered into the cell of a black shoemaker, convicted of theft. I found him quite comfortable, and working cheerfully at his trade. He had been eighteen months confined in his solitary cell, yet had suffered no derangement of his functions, bodily or mental. I likewise conversed with other two prisoners, who were equally cheerful and healthy, and the result of my observations leads me to think, that solitary confinement, when joined with labour, is not the horrid punishment it has been described.—*Captain Hamilton.*

PRISONER FROM SING SING.—I was not long on board, ere I observed, sitting in the fore part of the steamboat, a half-starved, half-clothed, human being. He had terror and dismay strikingly marked in his countenance, and all the social feelings seemed dead to him for ever. I found on inquiry that he had been an inmate of Sing Sing prison. He had been sentenced for fourteen years, but I could not learn his crime. I was anxious to learn some particulars of this

famous prison, where 1000 convicts are kept at hard labour, and doomed to perpetual silence during the period of their confinement. I got into conversation with the poor wretch, and he certainly described the horrors and the cruelties of the prison to be such as must shock the feelings of humanity. The prisoners are worked hard, and are allowed but a scanty share of provisions. They never get a full meal; and if, through illness, any of the prisoners have any of their provisions left over, they are flogged severely if detected in giving it to another, and the receiver is also flogged. This prohibition is so strictly enforced, that my informant declares he was once flogged for picking up an old chew of tobacco, which one of the keepers had spat out of his mouth. Some of the convicts commit suicide; others sicken and die, and even when death comes to their relief, there is no sympathy shown to the dying man; but, with a refinement in cruelty peculiar to the Americans, no friend, not even a father, brother, or a wife, is allowed to soothe the agonies of his soul.—*American Examiner.*

EXECUTIONS IN AMERICA.—Having learned on my way to Trenton from a fellow-traveller, that there was to be an execution in that town during the day, I soon after my arrival sallied out to view the preparations for the melancholy ceremony, which were simple, and the execution itself coolly enough gone through. The culprit was attended to the scaffold by the sheriff, who acts as hangman, and a clergyman. The rope, which is placed round his neck in jail, is by the sheriff-hangman then made fast, the cap pulled over his eyes, and a handkerchief given to him as the signal. The sheriff then descended from the platform, mounted his horse, and rode thrice round the scaffold with a watch in his hand, stopping each time he came opposite the prisoner, and saying on the first occasion, “You have three minutes to live,” again, “Two minutes to live,” and, lastly, “One minute,” when he stood still. The signal then fell, and the sheriff pushed a pin or button with his foot, when the rope gave way, and both the criminal and the plank fell to the ground. By the assistance of some soldiers, he was placed upon the form, while some one brought a new rope. The sheriff then repeated the ceremony, riding however only once round the scaffold, and saying, “You have one minute to live.” The criminal apparently did not hear the words, as he still retained the handkerchief, the sheriff nevertheless pushed the pin, and the plank fell from under him. After hanging about half an hour, the body was lowered by the sheriff, and placed in a coffin.—*Mr Weston.*

MOCK HANGING.—A notorious murderer was convicted at Cincinnati during our residence, and sentenced to be hung; but some of the “unco guid” petitioned the governor of the state to change his punishment to imprisonment instead of death. The governor refused for some time to interfere, but was at last frightened into compliance with the popular will, and accordingly sent an order to the sheriff to ask the criminal whether he preferred being imprisoned to being hanged. The sheriff made the proposition to the scoundrel, who spurned it, and told him that if any thing could induce him to live,

it would be the hope of living long enough to kill him and his own son, but that he could not agree, and he (the sheriff) would have the hanging of him. The sheriff is the executioner in America, and of course not anxious for opportunities of performing this part of his duty, but in this case, nothing he could say had any effect with the murderer. The day of execution arrived; the place where the gallows was erected was crowded with multitudes, who came to witness the unusual spectacle. The criminal was brought out, and on the scaffold asked to sign his acceptance of the commutation, but he spurned the offer, and cried aloud, "Hang me!" Noon was the time appointed for cutting the rope; the sheriff, with watch in hand, and knife uplifted, was preparing to strike, when the wretch exclaimed, "I sign!" and was taken back to jail, amid the laughter and ribaldry of the mob!"—*Mrs Trollope.*

 RELIGION.

CAMP MEETING.—I attended one of these meetings, held in a wild district, on the confines of Indiana. A space of about twenty acres was partially cleared; this space was surrounded by a row of tents, then by an exterior circle of carriages of all sorts, and finally, by the horses which had drawn the vehicles, fastened to the latter. It was night when we arrived; numerous fires were burning brightly within the enclosure, piled upon rude altars of stakes and turf. On one side was erected a rude platform, from which the preachers, fifteen in number, delivered their sermons or addresses, with short intervals, from Tuesday to Saturday. At midnight, the people were called by sound of horn to public worship, and were earnestly invited by the preachers to come into "the pen," which was an enclosed space immediately below the preachers' stand. Above a hundred persons, nearly all females, came forward, howling and groaning most terrifically, and at a signal from the preachers, fell on their knees, but speedily changed that posture for one which offered more room for the convulsive movements of their limbs, and they were soon all lying on the ground, in an indescribable confusion of heads and legs. I wondered how they managed to escape serious maiming, from the incessant and violent motion. No words can express the horrors of this disgusting scene; and I am sure, that had I been a man, I would have interfered fiercely between the preachers and their victims, among whom they kept flitting about, approaching their lips to the cheeks of the maddened girls, muttering consolations that tinged the pale cheek with red! It was impossible to stand such a scene long—in fact, it increased in horror every moment, and at last arrived at such a pitch of grossness, that we fled in disgust.—*Mrs Trollope.*

CAMP MEETING.—The people were walking about, or standing together in little groups, some singing hymns, others disputing about points of religion. Many were reading newspapers, and not a few were laughing at the exclamations and postures of the worshippers.

I heard one man openly avowing his unbelief in the Bible, and another trying to convince him, but neither seemed to know much of the nature of an argument. The preacher's aim seemed to be to arouse the feelings, without influencing the reason of his hearers; when he judged that they were sufficiently excited, he descended from the platform, and joined them in prayer on his knees. Many individuals were bellowing at the top of their voices, clapping their hands in transport, while others were whining supplicatory strains, and wringing their hands in despair. One old emaciated woman, with hoary dishevelled locks, exceeded all the rest, and soon drowned the priest's voice. She made a very unpleasant impression upon my nerves. When the feelings of the devotees had got to their highest pitch, they were soothed to calmness by the melodious voice of a young and beautiful lady, who stepped forward and commenced singing a hymn. This pretty creature did not join in the devotions of "the pen;" perhaps her clothes were too fine for kneeling and tossing about on the ground, or perhaps she was acting a part. At all events, the latter supposition is rendered probable by her adroitness in singing in the proper time, to allay the fury of the devotees by her charming voice.—*Mr Shirreff*.

CAMP MEETING.—There were not less than 900 or 1000 persons present, and about a dozen of clergymen, all of the Methodist persuasion. The ministers stood on a raised platform, covered to protect them from the heat or rain. The audience were nearly all seated on rough benches, the males on one side, the females on the other. We were too late for the morning service, but stayed for that of the afternoon. The sermon lasted for an hour, and seemed to me altogether faultless. After it, an aged minister advanced to the front of the platform, to enforce, as he said, the invitation in the text, which he did very skilfully, exhorting those members who had lately joined the church, to speak to their friends of the happiness which they now enjoyed, that they might follow their example. The service continued about two hours and a half, and the most perfect decorum prevailed. It appears the object of these meetings is to afford servants and others, who are unable to attend public worship regularly, a sort of religious festival, and to turn the attention to religion of such as have not yet been awakened to its importance. The following are the rules and orders for the government of a camp meeting, which I found printed on a card, and affixed to the trees on the spot. "1. Preaching, morning, afternoon, and evening, at the sound of the trumpet from the stand. 2. During the time of preaching from the stand, not more than one person is to remain in each tent, (except in cases of sickness,) but all are to repair to the stand, and come into the congregation. 3. No walking, talking, or smoking tobacco, or standing up while there are vacant seats, is to be allowed within the circle of the tents in the time of preaching; no standing or walking upon the seats at any time. 4. No cooking or preparing victuals, or setting or clearing off tables, during preaching from the stand, is to be allowed. This rule applies to those tents that keep boarders, as well as others. 5. At ten o'clock in the evening, the trumpet will be blown at the stand, when all who have lodgings on

the ground must retire to rest, and all who have not, will be required to leave the ground. 6. The owners or occupants of each tent shall be responsible for these rules, and for any rude or improper conduct in their tents; and on complaint, the tent shall be subjected to be removed." These rules are most strictly adhered to: a man had been taken up the evening before we arrived, for selling cider. Occasionally manifestations were heard from the tents, by the groans and exclamations of the people, but there was less of these during the sermon than I had expected, and the greatest order prevailed during the whole period of its delivery.—*Mr Stuart.*

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.—There is a beautiful public walk at Hoboken, three miles up the Hudson from New York, which has been laid out in the most tasteful manner, by a gentleman who possesses the right of ferry across the river at that place. We went there on a Sunday, expressly to see the humours of the place. Many thousands were enjoying themselves in the grounds; but nineteenth-twentieths of the whole were men—the ladies were at church! It is impossible not to feel, after passing one Sunday in the churches or chapels of New York, and another in the gardens of Hoboken, that the thousands of well dressed men you see enjoying themselves at the latter, have made over the thousands of well dressed women you saw exhibited at the former into the hands of the priests.—*Mrs Trollope.*

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.—Many of the shops were open during the day; and any of the bar-rooms that I entered were filled with loungers, smoking and spitting. Indeed, the bar-rooms being the only places boarders have to sit in, they spend the day in loose and unprofitable talk, or reading newspapers. After church service on Sundays, the aristocracy have an opportunity of attending two concerts, held in gardens; there are perhaps others. The music is good, and between the parts the bar-rooms are crowded. The charge is one shilling for refreshments, but nothing for the singers—the bar-keeper pays them. Smoking and spitting are carried on to a great extent.—*Mr Weston.*

SUNDAY AT PHILADELPHIA.—The Jews never could exceed the inhabitants of this city in their external observances. Chains are thrown across the streets on Sunday, to prevent travelling in carriages or on horseback. What the gentlemen do with themselves is a mystery to me, but the ladies are fully occupied in attending church three times. The congregations consist almost wholly of females; and I believe there is no country in the world where religion makes so large a part of the amusement and occupation of the ladies. Catholic Spain, with her thousands of monks, backed by the gloomy horrors of the Inquisition, could not exceed it. I went, on one occasion, to see a Presbyterian minister inducted, and I was astonished at the unwearied patience with which some hundreds of beautiful young girls listened to the whole of this tedious ceremony, which was wofully long; and the charge to the young man

was awfully impossible to obey, if he was a man like unto other men.—*Mrs Trollope.*

SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.—The shops are generally open on Sunday, and the people spend the day more in amusements and shopping than within the walls of their churches. There are fewer churches, in proportion to the population, than in any other American city. The Roman Catholics go to church early on Sunday morning, and then dedicate the rest of the day to amusements, and the evening to balls or the theatre.—*Mr Stuart.*

THANKSGIVING DAYS.—After divine service on these occasions at Boston, the people see their friends, and make merry. We were advised to see the market on the evening before thanksgiving-day. It was handsomely lighted up, and filled with provisions of all sorts, especially turkeys, the quantity of which seemed to us most extraordinary, until we were told, that on thanksgiving days, persons of every condition have a roasted turkey to dinner. In Boston this festival takes place in November, and is distinguished by good cheer.—*Mr Stuart.*

DR CHANNING.—At Boston I went to Dr Channing's chapel, and admired him very much. The Doctor had recently returned to his charge, after an absence of some months. In his sermon he gave a rapid review of the rise and progress, and peculiar doctrines of the sect (the Unitarian) of which he is the chief ornament. His style of preaching is remarkable for its quietness and unaffected plainness, which gives him the power of introducing with effect, when it suits his purpose, occasional passages of great eloquence. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the Unitarian doctrines, it must be admitted that they are rapidly spreading over all America, and that they have gained complete ascendancy in the most enlightened city of the Union.—*Captain Hall.*

DR CHANNING.—As a preacher, he is not distinguished, in my opinion. He is neither persuasive nor impressive; his manner is quaint, and more like that of a literary man, and one who has seen the world, than any preacher whom I have seen in America. The congregations of one third of the churches in Boston are Unitarian.—*Mr Stuart.*

WHY THE PEOPLE OF BOSTON ARE UNITARIANS.—I was at first puzzled to account for this, but my journey to New England has solved the enigma. Unitarianism is the democracy of religion. Its creed draws less on the faith or the imagination than that of any other sect. It narrows the compass of miracles, while it enlarges that of demonstration, and continually appeals to reason. An Unitarian takes nothing for granted in matters of religion, and he will admit of no distinction between the incomprehensible and the false. The New Englanders are cold, shrewd, calculating, and ingenious, and far more beings of reason than of impulse. In these circum-

stances, I think that there exists a curious felicity of adaptation between the Bostonians and their prevailing religion.—*Captain Hamilton.*

NICE DISTINCTION.—A rich old gentleman bequeathed a considerable sum to King's Chapel, Boston, to defray the charge of an annual series of sermons "On the Trinity." The testator lived and died in communion with the church of England—of course there could be no doubt of his intention in the bequest. But the congregation having at the revolution become not only republicans in politics, but Unitarians in religion, the question arose, what was to be done with the legacy? This was soon settled, as it was discovered that an Unitarian could preach sermons *on* the Trinity, as well as the most orthodox Athanasian that ever mounted a pulpit; and the effect of this endowment therefore has been, to encourage the dissemination of doctrines which the testator regarded as false and damnable.—*Captain Hamilton.*

QUEER WAY OF PAYING THE CLERGY.—In many parts of the state of New York, the presbyterian ministers are paid by their hearers presenting them, on a fixed day, once a year, with an offering, each according to his means. The poorer classes leave their gifts in a large basket at the entrance of the house, while the richer gifts are carried into the room where the company are met. Sugar, tea, coffee, cheese, barrels of flour, pieces of Irish linen, sets of china and glass were among the articles mentioned to me as offered on these occasions. When the business of the offerings is over, the company are regaled with tea, coffee, and other refreshments, which however cost the minister nothing, being provided by the congregation, and the whole arranged by selected ladies of the church. These meetings are called spinning visits.—*Mrs Trollope.*

BLACK PREACHER.—The daily proceedings of the legislature of New York is always begun with prayer, and the different clergymen of the city, without distinction of sect, perform the office of chaplain in turn. Upon one occasion, a black preacher, a perfectly respectable man, gave in his name as wishing to officiate, whereupon a violent discussion ensued; but after a debate of several days, and before taking a vote on the question, the black gentleman withdrew his application, so that the question of suffering blacks to preach to whites remains undecided. To bring such a matter home to Englishmen, let us fancy the feelings of the audience in St George's, Hanover Square, were a black woolly head to start up in the pulpit of that fashionable place of worship!—*Captain Hall.*

SHAKERS.—This sect has establishments in the New England and New York states, also in Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana. Their present number (1833) is about 5000. They do not believe in the Trinity, but they believe in our Saviour's power as the Redeemer,—that a second and real manifestation of the Divine Spirit took place in the testimony of Anne Lee, the founder of their sect. They have a rule of life contained in seven injunctions, 1st. Duty to God. 2nd. Duty to man. 3d. Separation from the world. 4th. Practical

peace. 5th. Simplicity of language. 6th. Right use of property. 7th. A virgin life. Their peculiar manner of worshipping is dancing, which was first introduced among them involuntarily, and afterwards by revelation. Candidates for admission into the society are plentiful. They hold all property in common, nor have the ministers, elders, or deacons, or any other individuals, any thing in the shape of wages. The society has prospered for upwards of half a century.—*Mr Stuart.*

METHODIST INFLUENCE.—The Methodists have acquired powerful influence all over the Union, by the priests adapting themselves to the habits, feelings, and prejudices, of the mass. They have actually brought religion to bear on the amusements of life, and it is not uncommon for young ladies to chant hymns, in place of Irish melodies; the profane chorus gives place to the rythmical doxology; grog parties begin with prayer, and end with benediction; smokers say grace over a cigar, and tobacco chewers ask a blessing on a fresh quid.—*Captain Hamilton.*

FREEDOM OF DISCUSSION.—On one occasion, I heard the father of a family state, in a considerable party at his own house, that he was a freethinker, and never went to church. This man's family were church goers, and his daughters brought my wife some Calvinistic tracts, of which they approved, and were anxious that she should read them.—*Mr Stuart.*

AMERICAN FREEDOM IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS.—It is of no consequence what one's acknowledged belief be,—unless he attach himself to a particular congregation, he is said to be *not a Christian*. It is customary all over the Union, to introduce subjects at the tea-table which are with us thought fitter for the closet; and I have often heard with astonishment, a profession of atheism lisp'd mincingly over a tea cup, and been equally surprised at having my attention called from a Johnny-cake to a rhapsody on election and the second birth! Notwithstanding the license every one may take in matters of religion, there is such a thing as persecution. For example, a tailor sold a suit of clothes to a sailor about to sail from New York, on a Sunday morning, for which he was convicted, and fined greatly beyond his ability to pay, and the lawyer who defended him had his practice utterly destroyed for his pains. Nor was this all; the lawyer's nephew was refused admission to the New York bar, for which he had regularly studied, with this declaration, “that no man of his family should be admitted.” I have met the young gentleman, who is now editor of a newspaper.—*Mrs Trollope.*

EQUALITY IN RELIGION AMONG CATHOLICS ALONE.—In the churches, people of colour are either excluded, or mewed up in a remote corner, separated by barriers from the body of the church. No white protestant will kneel at the same altar with a black one. He asserts his superiority every way, and even his religion is affected by the colour of his skin! It is right to state, however, that the Catholic priest, even in America, knows no distinction of colour; and that he

visits the poor slave in sickness, and consoles him in affliction; and, finally, the miserable being, in his death agony, hears him uttering the sublime words, "Depart, Christian soul." In Louisiana, the congregations of all other sects consist of a few ladies, arranged in well cushioned pews, while the Catholic cathedral is crowded with worshippers of all colours, sexes, and classes.—*Captain Hamilton.*

SCHOOLS.

HIGH SCHOOLS FOR BOYS, NEW YORK.—The high school of New York is conducted upon the principle of the Edinburgh high school, with some difference in the details; thus, to every division, or class of ten boys, there are two monitors, not one as with us. While one of the monitors teaches his division, the other is in another apartment being taught, and each has his alternate day of instruction and of teaching. This plan is said to bring on the pupils very fast. It is clear, however, that it must keep back the monitors, who are, of course, the clever lads of the class, in order to bring on the dunces.—*Captain Hall.*

FEMALE HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK.—The scholars are arranged in sets of ten, with a monitor to each set. Nothing could be more quiet and orderly than the whole aspect of this establishment. As usual, I was asked by the mistress what I thought of the scholars, and was urged to notice whatever I disapproved of. The poem of *Hohenlinden* was selected as the subject of exhibition on the occasion, and on my mentioning that in England the letter *o* in *combat*, was pronounced as if it were written *u*, *cumbat*, and that we pronounced the letters *ch*, in *chivalry*, as we do in *chin*, and not *shivalry*, as they do, the mistress, although she had previously stated that the Americans took Walker as their standard, pettishly remarked, that the Americans had a right to pronounce their words as they pleased. I was amused by one of the little girls, a sprightly red headed lassie, when it came to her turn to exhibit, pronouncing the obnoxious letter and syllable as I said the English do, and not as her mistress said they should be done—the rest of the little ladies seemed to enjoy the joke very much.—*Captain Hall.*

HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS AT BOSTON.—Two boys were called out to exhibit their elocutionary powers, and the poor fellows, thinking that I was a countryman of their own, spouted, as the most grateful theme they could have chosen, a couple of furious tirades against England. We were highly amused by the contretemps, but not so our American friends who had introduced us. No sober-minded American could be otherwise than ashamed of such trash as the following being inserted in books designed for the instruction of youth. "Gratitude! Grateful to England! What does America owe to her? Such gratitude as the young lion owes to its dam, which brings it forth in the desert wild, and leaves it to perish there. No, we owe

her nothing! For eighteen hundred years the world had slumbered in ignorance of liberty, and of the true rights of freemen. At length America arose in all her glory, to give the world the long desired lesson," &c. &c.—*Captain Hall*.

SCHOOLS AT BOSTON.—There are sixty-eight free schools in Boston, where any of the inhabitants may have their children educated, from the age of four to seventeen, without any expense. Education at these schools is not confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic, but comprehends grammar, mathematics, navigation, geography, history, logic, political economy, and rhetoric, moral and natural philosophy. The funds of these institutions arise from bequests and donations by individuals, and grants from the legislature and corporations, sufficiently ample to permit the allowing of salaries of from 800 to 2500 dollars to the teachers, and 600 dollars to the assistant teachers, annually.—*Mr Stuart*.

SCHOOL FOR BLACKS.—An intelligent gentleman of New York, has devoted many years of his life to teaching the children of the coloured population. He stated that he could not perceive any perceptible difference in the intellectual capacity of white and black children, and perhaps this arises from the two classes being treated exactly alike till a certain age, when the mind of the black is crushed and broken by the load of invidious distinctions heaped upon him. The whole souls of the poor little quaminos seemed to be thrown into their lessons.—*Captain Hall*.

LADIES' DEGREES.—I was present at the annual examination of the principal school in Cincinnati. One young lady of sixteen *took her degree* in mathematics, and another was examined on moral philosophy. Young ladies graduating, and obtaining diplomas on quitting school, was quite new to me; and I am afraid, that the brief time usually spent in the acquirement of so many various branches of education, will hardly permit of much solid instruction; and that a "quarter's" mathematics, or "two quarters'" political economy, moral philosophy, algebra, and quadratic equations, will provide but a slender stock of these sciences, to stand the wear and tear of half a score of children and one help.—*Mrs Trollope*.

AMERICAN PHRASEOLOGY.

MARCH OF LANGUAGE.—One is sometimes left utterly at large with regard to the meaning intended to be conveyed by an American in conversation; for instance, the word *clever* has no connexion with talent, but simply means pleasant, or amiable. Thus, a good-natured blockhead is a *clever* man. The word, however, has many other meanings in the American vernacular, and it is common to say, such an one has moved into a *clever* house, or he has succeeded to a *clever* sum of money, or has embarked in a *clever* ship with a *clever* cargo. On one occasion, I was asked whether Mrs — was

not a *very fine woman*. In the present instance, the application of the term was ludicrous, but on explanation, I discovered that in the American dialect, the term, *fine woman*, referred exclusively to the intellect. In short, if the Americans "*progress*" as they have done within the last fifty years, their dialect will become, in the course of another century, utterly unintelligible to Englishmen, and they will then speak a jargon as national as their most patriotic linguist can desire.—*Captain Hamilton*.

SUNDRIES, PHILOLOGICAL.—“Slick” is an American phrase, meaning “clever;” but it sometimes means “insolence,” for they often say, “Give me no slick.” “Getting along” is continually in their mouths, and is used in different meanings. For instance, we say, “How do you do?” a Yankee would say, “How are you getting along?” It also means “succeeding in business.” “Clear out” signifies what the Scotch term “a moon light flittin’.” “Going ahead” also signifies success in business. The word “expect” is indiscriminately used for our words, “believe,” “suppose,” “think,” and “expect.” “That is a fact,” and “no mistake,” are continually used to give effect to assertion. In place of our “yes” and “no,” a Yankee says, “I guess it is,” or “I guess not.” The word “fix” is quite a favourite with them. They don’t ask a tailor to mend their coat, but “to fix it.” “Fix the fire good,” means “put on a good fire.” To “go the whole hog,” is to “carry through an undertaking.” “I calculate upon doing so,” is used for our “I intend to do so.” The way in which the above and other terms are applied by the Americans, has often a very ludicrous effect to a stranger. For instance, I went to a shoemaker shortly after my arrival, and asked him to mend my shoes, and to state his charge for so doing. He replied, “I’ll fix them snug to you for a dollar!”—*Mr Weston*.

GO THE WHOLE HOG.—This phrase is American-English for *Radical Reform*, and is much used by the democratic party to distinguish them from the federalists, who don’t profess such sweeping notions, and consequently go only a part of the interesting quadruped in question.—*Captain Hamilton*.

AMERICANISMS.—There is no ground for the assertion that an Englishman cannot understand an American, and that an American does not readily understand what any Englishman says. It is much more difficult to comprehend the various dialects in England used by the lower classes, than the English language usually spoken in every part of America. There is, to be sure, a signification given to some words in America which they do not bear in Britain, as for example: A lady calling upon us when there were some melons on the table, we asked her to partake of them, so soon as the servant could bring a plate. She was in a hurry, and took up a little bit in her hand, saying, allow me to take it “friendly,” meaning unceremoniously. There are a number of words used with as little regard to their proper meaning, but there is never any difficulty in making out the sense in which they are used.—*Mr Stuart*.

THERE ARE FEW AMERICANISMS.—Mr Noah Webster had spent forty years of his life in preparing his Dictionary of the English Language, which was not published at the time of my visit, but has been since. In a conversation about the words called Americanisms, Mr Webster contended that his countrymen had a right to adopt new words, and to modify the language to suit the novelty of the circumstances in which they were placed. I was surprised when Mr Webster told me that there were not fifty words in all which were used in America and not in England, but on consideration, I found that I was unable to collect near that quantity. Most of what we term Americanisms, are words which were in use in England when the first settlers left their native country, although they are now fallen into desuetude here.—*Captain Hall.*

AMERICAN LANGUAGE-MAKERS.—I remember a little boy who was a lexicographer from his birth, a language-master, and a philosopher. From the hour he was able to ask for a piece of bread and butter, he never hesitated for a word—not he!—A child playing upon the door-step with a pile of tamarind stones, said to her companion, ‘Ah! I’ve got a *many-er* than you!’ That child was a better grammarian than Lindley Murray. (!!)—*The Token*; or, *Atlantic Souvenir*, 1835.

THEATRICALS.

THEATRE AT NEW ORLEANS.—With the exception of lottery offices and gambling-houses, vice is much more prominent in London, and even in Edinburgh, than at New Orleans. Prostitutes are nowhere seen in the streets of public resort, or at the doors, or in the lobbies of the theatres; and there seemed to me to be more perfect propriety of conduct at the theatres here, than at any public place of that description in Britain, and more general attention to dress here than there. Every body who goes to the French theatre here, must dress as if going to the opera house in London.—*Mr Stuart.*

THEATRE AT NATCHEZ.—The theatre here is not in the town, but a considerable distance from it, and situated in a grave-yard! The first night I was to have performed, the oil was frozen by the intense cold, and consequently, as there were no lights, there was no play. Next evening, I walked out to the theatre at the usual hour, but on entering, I found only a solitary lamplighter present, who told me, in answer to inquiry, that the play commenced sometimes at seven, and sometimes at eight o’clock. I had thus plenty of time, which I filled up by a stroll. Presently groups of wild-looking cavaliers, mounted on strong horses, and picturesquely dressed in blanket frock-coats, drooping Spanish beaver hats, and leather overalls, began to appear. These were the planters from a considerable distance around Natchez. After them came a double line of pedestrians from the town, and in a short time the theatre was filled. The boxes had a very respectable show of prettily dressed, beautiful

women, and the whole appearance of the house was orderly and decorous. It is quite common for the planters to ride in nightly to the theatre, from their estates at a great distance inland.—*Mr Power*.

THEATRE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—Mr Chapman, formerly of the Covent Garden Theatre, is in the habit of constructing, every year, upon a large raft, some thousand miles up the river, a floating theatre in which he visits all the towns and populous places on its banks, announcing his arrival by sound of trumpet. He finds his ingenious project pay, as the inhabitants of these remote places know that his yearly visit is their only chance for seeing a play. On reaching the end of his voyage and season at New Orleans, he sells his theatre for the timber, and betakes himself and company again up the river in some up country steamer.—*Mr Power*.

AMERICAN THEATRICALS.—Besides the advantage of possessing the very prettiest collection of actresses I ever saw, the theatre at Boston has decidedly the best company I have played with, *any where* out of London. The performers do not seem to despise their work, and therefore it is well done. The green-room is both respectable and agreeable. We lived opposite the box-office, and I was often amused watching the crowds which collected, before the door was opened in the morning, yelling and shouting when the bolts were withdrawn, as if the town were on fire. I was surprised to see men of a very low order pressing foremost to obtain boxes, but I found that they sell them again, at an enormous profit, to others who have not been able to obtain any; and the better to carry on their traffic, these worthies smear their clothes with molasses, and sugar, &c., so that no one, whose clothes are worth a cent, will approach them: this is ingenious, and deserves a reward.—*Miss Kemble*.

THEATRE AT BOSTON.—The theatres here were well attended during our stay, from there being then performing several celebrated English actors and French dancers. The French *danseuses* seemed to me to dance more elegantly than was either necessary or decent, yet they were highly applauded by the spectators; and the more *outré* the dancing, the more extravagant the applause. The theatres are shut on Saturday nights, but there are public oratorios on Sunday evenings. Great fault was found at a theatrical advertisement when we were in Boston, which stated that on a certain evening “the mayor would honour the Tremont theatre with his presence;” and the editors of the journals it appeared in had actually to apologize to the “sovereign people” for its insertion.—*Mr Stuart*.

THEATRICAL AUDIENCES.—In the Cincinnati theatre, men came into the dress [?] boxes in their shirt sleeves, and these were often tucked up to the elbow. The various attitudes of the men were indescribable; some had their heels held higher than their heads, with the entire rear of their persons exhibited to the audience; sitting on the front of the lower boxes undressed to the waistcoat, was exceedingly common, and the incessant spitting and filthy smell of onions and whisky, made it impossible to enjoy the very excellent acting

of the manager and his wife. During our stay two female dancers from Paris appeared, and although they were extremely careful both as to attire and dancing, not to shock the notions of the citizens, yet their appearance produced absolutely horror and dismay—the ladies forsook the theatre—the gentlemen shook their heads and muttered under their breath; and the clergy denounced them from the pulpit.—*Mrs Trollope*. [See *Tail-piece*, page 60.]

THEATRE AT WASHINGTON.—The audience in this city, at least, rival those of Cincinnati in freedom of action and attitude; the legs were sometimes thrown over the box, sometimes over the side of it, and occasionally the front rail was preferred as a seat.—*Mrs Trollope*.

TROLLOPE THEATRICAL REFORM.—At the Park theatre (New York), on the occasion of Miss Fanny Kemble's benefit, I observed a gentleman in the second tier of boxes seated in an indelicate posture at the end of the second act, and at the end of the third act there were three similarly situated. Several voices in the pit called out, "a Trollope! a Trollope!" which was followed by a general hissing and hooting till the offenders withdrew. From my own observation, I am of opinion that the keen satire of this pungent writer will do in a few years the work of a century, as regards the correction of low and filthy habits.—*Shirreff*.

SOMETHING SHABBY.—A gentleman, old enough to know better, called upon my father, and complained to him that a day or two before, during my usual ride, I had spoken most derogatively of America and the Americans—had said that I would not ride an American horse, and had offered a gentleman two dollars for the hire of his. The consequence of all this was, that if my father did not give some explanation, or offer some apology to the public, I should certainly be hissed off the stage as soon as I appeared on it that evening. I asserted my right to liberty of speech and liberty of opinion, and that any conversation between me and any other person was nobody's business but mine and his, or hers, and that I thought, though I did not say it, that the whole affair was the greatest piece of blackguardism on the part of the young gentleman, and the greatest piece of twaddle on the part of the old one, I ever heard of. The old one added, that fifty members of congress had mentioned the thing to him already. My father was in a towering passion, and it was lucky for the scamp who raised the tittle-tattle that he did not fall in with him. Nothing took place that night; but next evening, on going in, I was amazed at the tremendous burst of applause with which the people hailed me. I was inclined to set it down to my very splendid dress, yet they had seen it before several times. The scene ended, and I went up stairs; but was speedily called down by my friend, who told me they were waiting for me on the stage. On going by the side, I found my father on the stage speaking to the audience, and explaining that the whole contents of a printed placard, which pretended to detail the conversation alluded to, was a tissue of falsehoods. This placard had been industriously distributed

through the audience in the theatre, and I owe them my gratitude for their instant rejection of its falsehoods. My benefit followed next evening, my father's was the evening after mine, and the theatre was literally crammed on both occasions. The good people of Philadelphia have my love for their conduct on this occasion for ever more.—*Miss Kemble.*

 TRAVELLING.

STEAM-BOATS.—The steam-boats which navigate the Mississippi are large and handsome, and totally unlike those of Europe, resembling rather floating-houses. The ladies and gentlemen have each a separate cabin; that of the ladies is never entered by the men, and the ladies are only allowed access to the gentlemen's cabin at meal times. On my return from Cincinnati, there were among the passengers, between that place and Memphis, a gentleman and his wife, who appeared to suffer very considerably from this absurd arrangement. The lady was an invalid, and her husband was exceedingly anxious in his attentions, so far as the regulations of the boat allowed him. When the door of communication between the two cabins was opened for the ladies to approach the table, he was always there in waiting to hand her to her place, and when they retired, he lingered in the entrance till the last lady had passed in. He would even, in the absence of the other ladies, sit down beside his ailing wife for a moment; but, on the appearance of a single stranger, would that instant vanish "like a guilty thing."—*Mrs Trollope.*

STAGE COACHES.—These vehicles are of ponderous proportions, built with timbers equal in size to those of an ordinary wagon, and attached by enormous straps to certain massive irons, which no one could mistake for *springs*. The sides are simply curtains of leather, which may be opened or drawn close at pleasure, a convenient enough arrangement during the heat of summer, but very much the reverse in winter. These odd-looking vehicles carry nine passengers inside, and only one outside, who sits on the driver's box. The horses, though not handsome, are strong and well suited for the roads.—*Captain Hamilton.*

CANAL BOATS.—These conveyances are large and airy, they have two cabins, one for the ladies with beds, and very comfortable looking; the other for gentlemen with no appearance of beds, but lines of lockers along the sides. After supper, these lockers which are seats by day, fold out into ranges of beds; and there is an upper tier ingeniously hung between the sides of the cabin and the roof, midway between the roof and the lower decks. The rate of motion in these boats, was three miles and a half per hour on an average.—*Captain Hall.*

CANAL BOATS.—These boats are long and low, to let them through beneath the numerous bridges; and the passengers when on deck must fall prostrate for this purpose every five minutes. At night, three tiers

of beds are rigged up in the gentlemen's cabin. These are very insecure-looking conveniences, being suspended merely by a cord; and if that give way, the whole apparatus comes down, of course the under tier get the benefit of the weight of the two upper tiers. We cast lots for berths, and mine fell upon one of the lowest tiers, which was any thing but agreeable; however, I had become almost reconciled to it, when thump came something upon our craft, and tumbled out about a dozen sleepers from the second and third tiers, upon the unfortunates who occupied shake-downs on the floor.—*Mr. Arfwedson.*

COACH PROPRIETORS.—My father directed the driver, as there were two routes to our destination, to take the one which led through the pretty village of Skaneateles, situated on the lake of the same name. However, to this the master of the inn, who was also, I believe, proprietor of the coach, seemed to have some private objection; and while my father was yet speaking, very coolly shut the coach door in his face, and desired the driver to go in the contrary direction. The insolence of the fellow enraged my father, and certainly, even in a free country, it was rather astonishing.—*Miss Kemble.*

MIGRATORY COACH PROPRIETOR.—At Saratoga springs, I was accosted by a bustling, smart kind of a man, with more bows than I had seen altogether in America before, and a profusion of good days and congratulations on my return from Canada, accompanied by reminding me of a promise made to this important personage of employing him. This bustling gentleman turned out to be a stage-coach proprietor; and it happened that I actually met him some time afterwards far away in the south—more than a thousand miles from Saratoga pursuing his avocations, having transported himself, his horses, and vehicles thither for the winter, to return to the north when the sickly season set in at Charleston.—*Captain Hall.*

SAFE COACHING.—Although nobody ever travelled a hundred miles, I believe, in this country, without being overturned, the drivers deserve infinite credit for the rare occurrence of accidents. How they can carry a coach at all over some of their roads is miraculous; and high praise is due to them, both for their care and skill, that any body, in any part of this country, ever arrives at the end of a land journey at all. I do not remember ever to have seen six-in-hand driving except in New England, where it is common, and where the stage-drivers are great adepts in the mystery.—*Miss Kemble.*

NEW YORK PILOTS.—The pilot of New York is a perfect contrast to the pilots we had been in the habit of seeing in the Firth of Forth. He is an intelligent, well-dressed person; in short, a gentleman in appearance and manners.—*Mr Stuart.*

NEW YORK PILOT.—Our pilot was quite a dandy, dressed in a fine fashionable surtout, white vest, frilled shirt, white silk stockings, and dress shoes; and seemed fond of displaying a small neat hand with rings on each finger. He strutted about in fine style, venting his commands, always accompanied with oaths, and effectually irritated the

sailors. Nevertheless, he seemed to understand his business thoroughly, and was really a good seaman.—*Mr Weston.*

HOTELS, &c.—For my own part, with very few exceptions, I have met with nothing but civility and attention of every description. We have almost always commanded private sitting, and single sleeping-rooms; have had our meals served in tolerable comfort and decency; and even on board the steam-boats, where every thing is done by shoals, I have found that, in spite of being an inveterate dawdle and never ready at any of the bell ringings, I have always had a place reserved for me, and enough to eat without fighting for it.—In the canal boat to Utica, I had fallen asleep in the cabin. I was awakened by the cabin girl putting her arms affectionately round me, and telling me that I might come and have the first choice of a berth in the sleeping cabin; the girl's manner was singularly gentle and kind.—*Miss Kemble.*

INNS.—We never experienced the smallest difficulty in obtaining at least one bed-room exclusively for the use of our family—no matter however crowded the inns might be; nor was it ever once suggested to us to share the room with other people.—*Captain Hall.*

A CINCINNATI LANDLORD.—Not wishing to take our tea with either the crowd of men in the dining-room, or the ladies of the bar, we ordered it in our bed-room. A good-humoured Irishwoman brought it with the usual accompaniments, and we were enjoying ourselves when a knocking was heard at the door. The landlord announced himself, and the following dialogue took place between him and me. “Are any of you ill?” he began. “No, thank you,” I said, “we are all quite well.” “Then, madam,” he continued, “I must tell you that I cannot accommodate you upon these terms; we have no family tea-drinkings here, and you must live either with me or my wife, or not at all in my house.” I ventured to hint that we were strangers to the manners of the country, but this did not appease him; he declared their own manners were very good, and they didn't want to learn manners from foreigners.—*Mrs Trollope.*

INN AT HAGGERSTOWN.—This was one of the most comfortable inns I ever entered; and instead of being scolded, as we were at Cincinnati, for asking for a private room, we had two here without asking. A smart waiter summoned us to breakfast, dinner, and tea, which were neatly served and abundant. The landlord met us at the door of the eating-room, and having asked us if we wished for any thing not on the table, retired. The charges were not higher than at Cincinnati.—*Mrs Trollope.*

COUNTRY INNS.—Between Albany and Boston we were never in time for the regular dinner at the hotels, but we never found any difficulty on this account. We were shown into private parlours everywhere, and had every thing we required as comfortably as if we had been in England. The distinctions noticed by us between the two countries, were the greater quantity of animal food set before

us in America, and the custom universal there of the female waiters seating themselves when their services were not required.—*Mr Stuart.*

INN-KEEPERS AND THEIR ATTENDANTS.—At Cawghnawaga the landlady of the house waited at the breakfast table, and when her services were not required, sat down at the side of the room. At a village called the Little Falls, a pretty lass, the daughter of the landlord, waited at dinner; when her attendance was not in request, she quietly seated herself at work in the window, exactly as if she had been one of the party. But there was nothing approaching to forwardness or impudence in all this; but, on the contrary, it was done quietly and respectfully, and apparently without the least consciousness of its being out of the common order. In the great towns such freedoms are not used. Servants don't like to be summoned by bells, and, indeed, bells are not common in inns, except in New York and other chief cities. Help yourself is the rule in many things usually done for Europeans by their domestics.—*Captain Hall.*

DESPOTISM.—On the road, and in their hotels, Americans are assuredly any thing but freemen. Boniface dictates their hours of rest and refection. He feeds them in droves like cattle. He rings a bell, and they come like dogs at their master's whistle. He places food before them, and they swallow it without grumbling. His decrees are those of fate, and the motto of his establishment is, "submit or starve."—*Captain Hamilton.*

MIND YOURSELF.—At Vernon a lady came into the stage-coach, and filled up the last spare inch, for "we were eight" before. When she was seated, her beau brought forward a most enormous wooden best bonnet box. He lifted it, seemed to think of placing it on our laps, then of putting it under our feet, but it would not do, its size forbade the possibility of either. Then, in true Yankee style, he said to one of *our* party, "If you'll just step out for a minute, I guess I'll find room for it." "Perhaps so; but what am I to do for room then." This reply being spoken in English accents, attracted the notice of half a dozen men lounging at a whisky store, who took the part of the beau. "That's because you'll be English travellers, I expect, but we have travelled in better countries than Europe—we have travelled in America, and the box will go, I calculate." Upon that the brute began thrusting the box with all his strength against our legs. "No law, Sir, can permit such conduct as this." "Law!" said a gentleman very particularly drunk, "we makes our own laws, and governs ourselves." "Law!" exclaimed another, "this is a free country, *we have no laws here*, and we don't want no foreign power to tyrannize over us." I give the words exactly. It is, however, fair to state that the party had evidently been drinking deeply. Coachee took no part in the contest, but seemed to enjoy it hugely.—*Mrs Trollope.*

PLEASANT COMPANION.—On the journey from Washington to New Orleans, a Virginian doctor was a fellow passenger with me in the stage. He was disgustingly addicted to dram-drinking and tobacco

chewing, spitting out huge volleys of saliva right and left. I was awakened on one occasion by the uproar made by a Quaker, into whose eye this brute had squirted a whole mouthful of tobacco juice!—*Captain Hamilton.*

FELLOW-TRAVELLERS IN GEORGIA.—From Fort Mitchell I travelled with three attorneys, two storekeepers, two cotton planters, and a slave-dealer. My notions of the sort of conversation prevalent in Newgate may not be very accurate, but I much doubt whether it would be found to indicate such utter debasement, both of thought and principle, as that to which I was condemned to listen during this journey. The people of this state are savage and ferocious, and I was often tempted to regret that the gibbet was not abroad in Georgia.—*Captain Hamilton.*

FREE AND EASY.—He told me sundry steam-boat stories that made my blood curdle; he spoke of a public hair-brush, a public comb, and a public *tooth-brush*. Also, of a gentleman who was using his own tooth-brush,—when a man, who was standing near him, said, “I’ll trouble you for that article when you’re done with it.” When he had done with it, the gentleman presented it to him; and, on receiving it again, immediately threw it into the river to the infinite amazement of the borrower, who only exclaimed, “Well, however, you’re a queer fellow.”—*Miss Kemble.*

THE BACK WOODS IN CAROLINA.—The road between Columbia and Charleston lies through a forest, and the whole line is so unhealthy that few people can be induced to reside there; the danger even of travelling through it is great, and for a considerable part of the year, all the stage-coaches are stopped, and the mails conveyed on horseback. At one of the forlorn dwellings in this dismal country, a slave appeared to apologise for the absence of her mistress, who was then ill in bed, but presently crawled in evidently weighed down by sickness. “How are you? how are you, mistress?” said one of the passengers. “Oh, not well,” groaned the poor soul. “How have you been all this last season?” “Why,” she replied, “I thank God we have all had our fevers.” She seemed grateful that any one of her family was left alive to tell the story!—*Captain Hall.*

MISSISSIPPI SQUATTERS.—SHOCKING STORY.—The steam-boats are supplied with fuel by a set of vagabond wood-cutters, who drag out a miserable existence on the swampy borders of the river. The squalor of one of these wretched families is appalling—husband, wife, and children, are all of a pale blue dropsical complexion, and all seem hastening to an early grave. But it is not disease alone that these squatters on the Mississippi have to fight with, the whole desert is teeming with reptiles, including all the vipers that hiss, or bite, or sting, among which are enormous alligators. One poor fellow had located himself close to the river, and with the assistance of his neighbours speedily reared up his simple log hut. His wife and five children were brought from a distance to their new home. They slept soundly after the fatigue of their long march. About daybreak the father was awakened by a noise, and on looking up

Heheld the relics of three of his infants scattered on the floor, and a large alligator, with several young ones, busy devouring the remains of their horrid meal. There was no weapon at hand, and unarmed he could do nothing; so he managed to crawl from a window out of the hut, and in less than half an hour returned with two of his neighbours, all well armed; but, alas! the mother and the two infants he had left asleep lay mangled on their bloody bed. The gorged reptiles were now an easy prey to their assailants, and it was found that the unfortunate family had erected their house close to the den where the alligator had reared her monstrous brood.

The labour of conveying the stacks of firewood from the piles on the banks of the river to the engine on board, is performed mostly by the Kentucky flat-boat men returning from New Orleans, after having sold their cumbrous boat and cargo. There were two hundred of these men on board when I ascended the river; they occupied a distinct part of the vessel, and were never seen but when the boat stopped to take in wood, when they ran, or rather vaulted over each other's heads, to the shore. They do this job in part payment of their passage money. They are a very noble looking race of men, considerably taller than the average European height, and many of them are extremely handsome.—*Mrs Trollope.*

CONSTITUTION OF THE LEGISLATURES.

THIS section of our compilation contains an account, extracted from an authentic work published in Philadelphia in the year 1830, of the Constitution of Congress, and of the legislative bodies in each of the twenty-four states composing the Union. It is perhaps necessary to mention that the various STATES have reserved to themselves the right to do everything which may be done by sovereign and independent states, except in some cases, wherein both the legislative and executive functions are given up to the Congress of the United States. The most important of these exceptions are,—the sole management of foreign relations; maintenance of the army and navy in time of peace; declaring war or peace; regulating the general post office; fixing the duties of imports and exports; fixing the value and alloy of coins; regulating all affairs with the Indians. The various state legislatures and executive authorities control the local affairs of their respective states, and the proceedings in their legislatures are similar to those of Congress, which in most respects resemble those of the British Parliament.

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.—Congress consists of a senate and house of representatives. The senate is composed of two members from each state, chosen by the legislature thereof for six years, and each senator has one vote. On assembling, after election, the senate is divided into three classes; those of the first class vacate their seats at the expiration of the second year, of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year, and of the third class at the expiration of the sixth year, so that one-third are chosen every second

year. Vacancies happening during the recess of the legislature of any state, may be filled up temporarily by the executive until the next meeting of the legislature of the state. Senators must be thirty years of age, and have been nine years citizens of the United States, and must be inhabitants of the state for which they are elected. The vice-president of the United States is president of the senate, but has no vote except when the members are equally divided. In the absence of the vice-president, or when he exercises the functions of president of the United States, the senate elects a temporary president. The senate tries all cases of impeachment.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—This branch of the legislature consists of representatives, in the proportion of one for every thirty thousand inhabitants being free persons, excluding Indians not taxed, of the whole union, elected every second year by the people of the several states who have the qualification necessary for electors of the most numerous branch of the state legislature. Every representative must have attained the age of twenty-five years, and have been seven years a citizen of the United States, and, when elected, must be an inhabitant of that state for which he is chosen. The house of representatives chooses its speaker and other officers, and has the sole power of impeachment.

PROCEDURE UPON BILLS.—Every bill which shall have passed the house of representatives and the senate, shall, before it become a law, be presented to the president of the United States. If he approve, he shall sign it; but if not, he shall return it, with his objections, to that house in which it shall have originated. The house shall enter the objection at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If, after such reconsideration, two-thirds of the house shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other house, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and, if approved of by two-thirds of that house, it shall become a law. In all such cases, the votes of both houses shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each house respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the president within ten days, Sunday excepted, after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the congress, by their adjournment, prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—No person is now eligible to be elected to the office of president of the United States unless he be a natural born citizen, not under thirty-five years of age. He is elected by a body of electors in each state, appointed in such a manner as the legislature thereof may direct, and equal in number to that of the whole senators and representatives by which the state is represented in congress. The electors meet in their respective states, and vote by ballot for two persons, of whom one at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves. The president of the senate shall, in presence of the senate and house of

representatives, open all the certificates and count the votes, and the person having the greatest number of votes shall be the president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed. If more than one has a majority and an equal number of votes, then the house of representatives shall immediately choose, by ballot, one of them for president;—if no person have a majority, then from the three highest on the list, the said house shall in like manner choose the president. But in choosing the president, the votes shall be taken by states, the representatives from each having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member, or members, from two-thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. The vice-president is in every case the person having the next greatest number of votes for the presidentship; but when two or three have an equal number of votes, then he is elected by the senate. If the house of representatives shall not choose a president whenever the right of choice devolves upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the vice-president shall act as president, as in the case of the death or other disability of the president.

STATE OF MAINE.—The legislative power is vested in two distinct branches; a house of representatives, and a senate, each having a negative on the other, and both together being styled the *legislature of Maine*. The executive power is vested in a governor and council, secretary of state, and treasurer. The governor must not be less than thirty years of age; a natural born citizen of America, and a resident of the state. The council consists of seven persons, citizens of the United States, and resident in the state, who advise the governor in the execution of his duty. The secretary of state has the custody of the state records, and attends the governor and council, senate, and house of representatives in person or by his deputies, as these bodies respectively require. The treasurer cannot during his continuance in office engage in trade or commerce, or in other private business whatever, and gives security to the satisfaction of the legislature for the faithful discharge of the duties of his situation. The judicial power is vested in a supreme judicial court and such other courts as the legislature establishes from time to time. The judges hold their office during good behaviour, but not after seventy years of age. Judges of the supreme court can hold no office under the United States, nor any of the individual states, except that of justice of the peace. The electors are every male inhabitant of the state twenty-one years of age, who has resided in it not less than three months, being a citizen of the United States, and not a pauper, under guardianship, or Indian not taxed. These qualified persons elect the governor, senators, and representatives annually, on the second Monday of September; and they are privileged from arrest in all cases except treason, felony, or breach of the peace during their attendance at, going to, or returning from elections. The qualifications necessary in a member of the house of representatives are five years' citizenship of the United States, being twenty-one years of age, and residence in the state for the three months immediately before election. The number of members is fixed by

the whole electors every ten years, in proportion to the population. The qualifications required in a senator are the same as for a member of the other house, except that he must be twenty-five years of age. The number of members is not less than twenty, nor more than thirty-one.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.—The legislative body consists of a senate and house of representatives which together are styled *the general Court of Massachusetts*. The senate consists of forty members. The qualifications of a senator are being seized in his own right of a freehold, within the commonwealth, of the value of at least three hundred pounds, or the possession of personal estate to the value of six hundred pounds at least, or of both to the amount of the same sum, residence in the state for the five years preceding his election, and residence in the district for which he is elected. The house of representatives consists of a number of members, in proportion to the number of rateable polls in the state; and the qualification of a member is, being seized in his own right of a freehold within the town he shall be chosen to represent, to the value of one hundred pounds, or any rateable estate to the value of two hundred pounds. The members of both houses are elected annually by every male person twenty-one years of age, excepting paupers or persons under guardianship, resident in the state one year, and in the place for which he votes six months next preceding the election, who shall have paid any state or county tax which has been assessed upon him for two years preceding the election.

The executive consists of a governor, lieutenant governor, council of nine, and other office-bearers. The governor and lieutenant governor are elected by those qualified to elect the members of the legislature; the council and other officers of state by the legislature. The qualifications for the two first are a freehold estate of the value of one thousand pounds, seven years residence in the state, and a profession of belief in the Christian religion. The judiciary power is nearly the same as in the state of Maine. The delegates from the state to congress are elected annually by the joint ballot of the legislature, to serve in congress for one year; but they may be recalled at any time within the year, and others chosen in their stead.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The legislature consists of a senate and house of representatives, which are styled together, *The General Court of New Hampshire*. The senate consists of twelve persons, who must not be less than thirty years of age, seized in their own right of a freehold of two hundred pounds in the state, and resident in it for the seven years next preceding election. The house of representatives is proportioned in number to the amount of rateable polls. The qualifications of a member are, an estate in the district he represents of the value of one hundred pounds, one half of which must be a freehold, residence for two years preceding election in the state, and residence in the district when elected. Both houses are elected annually by all the male inhabitants of the state, twenty-one years of age, excepting paupers and persons excused from paying taxes at their own request. The executive consists of a

governor, who must be thirty years of age, have an estate worth five hundred pounds, one half freehold, and have resided in the state seven years preceding his election; a council of five, secretary, treasurer, and commissary general. The two first are elected by those qualified to elect the legislature; the others are chosen by joint ballot of the two houses of legislature. The judiciary is constituted similarly to that of Maine.

STATE OF VERMONT.—The legislative power is vested in a house of representatives, chosen by ballot annually, by the freemen of every town in the state. The qualifications of members are, being persons most noted for wisdom and virtue, and residence for two years in the state, and the house is styled *The General Assembly of the State of Vermont*. The executive consists of a governor, lieutenant governor, and twelve councillors, elected annually by the freemen. Every man twenty-one years of age, of quiet and peaceable behaviour, who has resided in the state a year next preceding any election, shall be deemed a freeman. The qualifications for governor and lieutenant governor, are, being a freeman, and residence in the state for four years preceding election.

RHODE ISLAND.—This state has not assumed a form of government different from that contained in the charter granted to the original settlers by king Charles the Second, which is singularly liberal in its provisions, allowing the utmost liberty of conscience in matters of religion, and providing every safeguard for a purely representative form of government. The legislature consists of an upper and lower house of assembly, elected annually by the freemen, who are qualified as in the state of Vermont. The executive consists of a governor and chief magistrates, also chosen annually, and they, along with the legislature, elect annually all the other judicial and executive officers.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.—The legislature consists of a senate and house of representatives, styled together the general assembly, and elected annually by the whole white male inhabitants of twenty-one years of age, possessing a freehold of the annual value of seven dollars, or who have served one year in the militia, who has had a residence in the state for six months, or has paid state tax for the year preceding the election at which he claims to vote, and has not been convicted of an infamous crime. The qualifications for a senator and representative are simply being an elector. The executive consists of a governor, lieutenant governor, and other office-bearers, elected annually; the two former, in addition to being electors, must be thirty years of age. The judiciary are elected by the general assembly; and the judges of the chief courts remain in office during good behaviour.

STATE OF NEW YORK.—The legislature consists of a senate of thirty-two members, who must be freeholders, and are chosen for four years, and of an assembly of one hundred and twenty-eight members, elected annually. The senate is divided into four classes,

one of which vacates office each year in progression. The qualifications of an elector are, being twenty-one years of age, residence in the state for six months preceding the election at which he claims to vote, having paid state tax within one year, or having performed militia duty within one year. People of colour, qualified to be electors, must possess a clear freehold of two hundred and fifty dollars, and have been three years a citizen of the state, and paid a tax upon his freehold. The executive consists of a governor and lieutenant governor, elected annually by the legislative electors, and must be native citizens of the United States, thirty years of age, and five years resident in the state. The judges of the supreme courts hold office during good behaviour, or until they attain to sixty years of age.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY.—The legislature consists of a legislative council and general assembly, chosen annually by all inhabitants [the charter does not say “male inhabitants”] of full age, who are worth fifty pounds proclamation money, and have resided twelve months in the district for which they claim to vote. The governor is elected annually by the legislature. The qualifications of the representatives and other official persons, are the same as those of the electors. The judges of the supreme court remain in office for seven years, those of the inferior courts for five, and are elected by the legislature. There has been no amendment upon the original constitution, drawn up July 2d, 1776, save that the word *state* was substituted for *colony* in all public deeds, on Sept. 20, 1777; and even the last clause, which provides that in the event of the colony being again taken under the protection of Great Britain, this charter shall be null and void, remains in force.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The legislature is vested in a senate and house of representatives. The senate is elected for four years, and divided into four classes, of which one vacates office every year progressively. The house of representatives is elected annually by every freeman twenty-one years of age, who has resided in the state two years next before the election, and within that time paid a state or county tax, assessed six months before the election. The sons of persons qualified are entitled to vote, if of the requisite age. The senator must be twenty-five years of age, and have been a citizen of the state for four years next before the election; the representative must be twenty-one years of age, and a citizen for three years in the state prior to his election. The governor is the supreme executive, and is elected for three years. He must be thirty years of age, and have been a citizen of the state for seven years next prior to his election. The judges of the supreme court and common pleas hold office during good behaviour.

STATE OF DELAWARE.—The legislature consists of a senate, elected every three years, and each senator must possess in his county a freehold of two hundred acres of land, or an estate worth £1000 at least, must be twenty-seven years of age, and have been a citizen of the state for the three years prior to his election; and of a house of representatives, chosen annually, each of whom must be twenty-four

years of age, have a freehold in his county, and have been a citizen for three years prior to his election: The electors are every white freeman twenty-one years of age, having resided two years in the state before voting, and having paid a state tax assessed six months before the election, also the sons of qualified persons of the prescribed age. The governor must be thirty-six years of age, have been a citizen of the United States for twelve years before his election, and is elected for three years. The judges hold office during good behaviour.

STATE OF MARYLAND.—The legislature consists of a senate and house of delegates, styled together the general assembly of Maryland. The members of the house of delegates are elected annually by every free white male citizen above twenty-one years of age, who has resided twelve months in the state. The qualifications of delegates are, being the most wise, sensible, and discreet of the people. The senate are elected by a body of electors chosen by the freemen qualified to elect the delegates every fifth year. The qualifications of a senator are, being resident in the state three years, and being above twenty-five years of age. The governor is elected annually by joint ballot of both houses of the legislature. The judges retain office during good behaviour, and are appointed by the governor.

STATE OF VIRGINIA.—The legislature consists of a house of delegates and a senate. The members of the house of delegates are elected annually by every white male citizen of the commonwealth aged twenty-one years, being possessed of a freehold in land to the value of twenty-five dollars, or being entitled to the reversion, or vested remainder in fee in land of the value of fifty dollars, or being owner and actual possessor of a leasehold estate, of which the title has been recorded two months before he offers to vote, or who has been a housekeeper or head of a family, and assessed with a part of the public revenue for twelve months next preceding the election at which he claims to vote. The qualifications of a senator are the same as those of an elector, save that he must be thirty years of age, and those of a delegate are also the same, with the exception that he must not be less than twenty-five years of age. The executive consists of a governor and council of state, elected by the joint vote of both houses of the legislature for three years. The governor must be thirty years of age, a native of the union, or have been naturalized previous to the adoption of this constitution. (1830). The superior judges hold office during good behaviour, and are elected by the joint vote of the legislature.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—The legislature is vested in a senate and house of commons, styled together the general assembly. The members of the house of commons are elected by all freemen, twenty-one years of age, resident in the state for the twelve months next preceding any election, who have paid public taxes; and the senate are elected by all freemen twenty-one years of age, resident as before mentioned, possessed of a freehold of fifty acres for the six

months preceding the election at which they claim to vote. Both houses are chosen annually. Each senator must have resided for one year in the county for which he is elected, and have been possessed for twelve months of not less than three hundred acres of land in fee. Each member of the house of commons must have resided twelve months in the county for which he is elected, and have been possessed for six months of not less than one hundred acres of land in fee, or for the term of his natural life. The governor is elected annually by joint ballot of the two houses of legislature; so are the judges, who hold office during good behaviour.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—The legislature consists of a general assembly, consisting of a senate and house of representatives. Both houses are elected every second year by every free white man twenty-one years of age, having resided in the state two years previous to the day of election, and who hath had a freehold of fifty acres of land, or a town lot, not less than six months before such election, or not having such property qualification, hath resided six months in the district for which he votes. Every senator must be a free white man, thirty years of age, and have been resident in the state five years previous to his election; if a resident in the district for which he is elected, he must be legally seized and possessed of a freehold estate of the value of £300 sterling; and if non-resident, of the value of £1000 sterling, clear of debt. Every representative must be a free white man, twenty-one years of age, three years resident in the state previous to election; if resident in his district, he must be possessed of a settled freehold estate of five hundred acres of land and ten negroes, or of a real estate of £150, clear of debt. If non-resident, he must be possessed of a settled freehold estate of the value of £500 sterling, clear of debt. The executive consists of a governor and lieutenant governor, elected every two years by joint ballot of the two houses of legislature; the qualifications for both are, being thirty years of age, having resided ten years in the state, and being possessed of a settled estate to the value of £1500 sterling, clear of debt. The judges are elected by joint ballot of the legislature, and remain in office during good behaviour.

STATE OF GEORGIA.—The legislature is vested in a senate and house of representatives, elected annually by the citizens and inhabitants of the state twenty-one years of age, resident six months within the county in which they vote, and who have paid all taxes required of them for the year preceding the election. The qualifications for a senator are being twenty-five years of age, nine years a citizen of the United States, three years an inhabitant of the state, residence in his county for one year before election, possession for one year, in his own right, of a freehold estate in the county, worth five hundred dollars or taxable property worth a thousand dollars. The qualifications of representatives are, being twenty-one years of age, seven years' citizenship of the United States, three years' residence in the state, a freehold worth two hundred and fifty dollars, or taxable property worth five hundred dollars. The governor is elected every second year, by the joint votes of both houses of legislature. He must be

thirty years of age, have been twelve years a citizen of the United States, and of this state six years, must possess five hundred acres of land in his own right, and other property to the amount of four thousand dollars. The judges are elected by the legislature, and remain in office for three years only.

STATE OF KENTUCKY.—The legislature is stiled the general assembly of the commonwealth of Kentucky, and consists of a house of representatives and a senate. The house of representatives is elected annually, and the senate for four years. The qualifications of a representative are, citizenship of the United States, residence in this state for two years next preceding his election, residence for the last year in the place for which he is elected, and he must be twenty-four years of age; those of a senator are being thirty-five years of age, citizenship of the United States, residence for six years in this state, the last whereof must be in the place for which he is chosen. The qualifications of an elector are, being a white freeman, twenty-one years of age, residence in the state for two years, or in the place for which he votes for one year preceding the election at which he claims to vote. The executive consists of a governor and lieutenant governor, chosen for four years by the electors for the legislature. They must be thirty-five years of age, citizens of the United States, and have resided in this state at least six years preceding their election. The judges are elected by the citizens, and hold office during good behaviour.

STATE OF TENNESSEE.—The legislature is vested in a senate and house of representatives, chosen every two years by every freeman twenty-one years of age, possessing a freehold in the county wherein he votes, and every inhabitant who has resided six months in the place for which he votes. Members of both houses of legislature, must be twenty-one years of age, have resided three years in the state, and one year, in the county, immediately prior to election, and must possess in the county they represent not less than two hundred acres of land. The governor is elected by the electors of the legislature for two years; he must be thirty-five years of age, have been resident in the state for four years, and possess a freehold estate of five hundred acres of land. The judges are elected by joint ballot of both houses of legislature, and remain in office during good behaviour.

STATE OF OHIO.—The legislature consists of a senate and house of representatives; the first chosen biennially, the latter annually. A senator must be thirty years of age, a citizen of the United States, have resided two years in his district before election, and have paid state or county taxes. A representative must be twenty-five years of age, a citizen of the United States, have resided in his county one year before his election, and have paid public taxes. The electors are every male white inhabitant twenty-one years of age, having resided in the state for one year next preceding election, and having paid public taxes. The governor is chosen by the legislative electors. He must be thirty years of age, have been a citizen of the United States twelve years, and an inhabitant of this state four

years preceding his election. The judges are elected by joint ballot of both houses, and hold office for seven years, *if so long they behave well.*

STATE OF INDIANA.—The legislature is vested in a general assembly consisting of a senate and house of representatives; the first are elected triennially and the latter annually. Every representative must be twenty-one years of age, a citizen of the United States, and have resided in his county the year preceding his election, and have paid taxes. Every senator must be twenty-five years of age, a citizen of the United States, have resided two years in the state, the last year of which in his county, and have paid taxes. The electors are every white male citizen of the United States, who has resided in this state one year immediately preceding any election at which he claims to vote. The judges are appointed by the governor, with the advice and consent of the senate, and hold office for seven years, if they behave well so long.

STATE OF LOUISIANA.—There are two houses of legislature, viz. a senate and house of representatives; the first elected quadrennially, and the latter biennially. Every representative must be a citizen of the United States, twenty-one years of age, possessed of landed property worth five hundred dollars agreeably to tax list, and must have resided in this state two years next preceding his election. Every senator must be a citizen of the United States, twenty-seven years of age, have a landed estate worth one thousand dollars agreeably to the tax list, and have resided in this state for four years next preceding his election. The qualifications of electors are, being a free white male twenty-one years of age, a citizen of the United States, and having resided in his county one year next preceding any election, and paid taxes. The governor is elected for four years by the legislative electors. He must be thirty-five years of age, a citizen of the United States, in possession of a landed estate of the value of five thousand dollars, agreeably to the tax list, and have been an inhabitant of this state, at least six years previous to his election. The judges are appointed by the governor, by and with the advice and consent of the senate; they hold office during good behaviour.

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.—The legislature is vested in a senate elected triennially, and divided into three classes, of which one goes out of office every year—and a house of representatives elected annually. Every representative must be a citizen of the United States, twenty-two years of age, a resident in the state for ten years, whereof the last must be in the district for which he is elected; he must have a freehold of 150 acres of land, or an interest in real estate of the value of 500 dollars at the time of his election, and for six months before it. The qualifications of a senator are being a citizen of the United States, residence in this state for four years, the last whereof must be in the district for which he is elected, having in his own right in the state, an estate of three hundred acres, or an interest in real estate of the value of 1000 dollars at the time of his election, and for

six months before it. The electors are every white male person of twenty-one years of age citizens of the United States, who have resided in this state one year next preceding an election, the last half of which in the place for which they claim to vote, and who have been enrolled in the militia, and have paid taxes. The executive is vested in a governor elected biennially by the legislative electors. He must be thirty years of age, and have been a citizen of the United States for twenty years, and have resided in this state for the five years next preceding his election, and must be seized in his own right of a freehold estate of 600 acres of land, or of real estate of the value of 2000 dollars at the time of his election, and for twelve months previous thereto. The judges hold office during good behaviour, but are deprived of office after sixty-five years of age.

STATE OF ILLINOIS.—The legislature consists of a senate and house of representatives, both elected biennially by every male white inhabitant twenty-one years of age, having resided in this state six months next preceding election. Every representative must be twenty-one years of age, a citizen of the United States, and an inhabitant of this state, have resided in the place for which he is chosen for twelve months next preceding his election, and have paid taxes. Every senator must be twenty-five years of age, a citizen of the United States, and have resided one year next preceding his election in the place for which he is chosen, and have paid taxes. The executive is vested in a governor and lieutenant-governor, who are elected for four years by the legislative electors. They must be thirty years of age, and have been for thirty years citizens of the United States, during the two years of which next preceding election they must have resided in this state. The judges are elected by joint ballot of the legislature, and hold office during good behaviour.

STATE OF ALABAMA.—There are two houses of legislature, viz. a senate and house of representatives; the former are elected biennially, and the latter annually. Every representative must be a white man twenty-one years of age, a citizen of the United States, and have resided in the state for two years next preceding an election, the last year of which in the place for which he is elected. Every senator must be a white man, twenty-seven years of age, a citizen of the United States, and an inhabitant of the state for two years next preceding his election, the last year thereof resident in the place for which he is elected. The electors are, every white man twenty-one years of age, a citizen of the United States, having resided one year in this state, the last three months of which in the place for which he votes. The governor is elected biennially by the legislative electors. He must be thirty years of age, a native citizen of the United States, and have resided in this state four years next preceding his election. The judges are elected by the joint vote of both houses of legislature, and hold office during good behaviour.

STATE OF MISSOURI.—The legislature consists of a senate elected

quadrennially, and a house of representatives elected biennially. Every senator must be thirty years of age, a free white male citizen of the United States, an inhabitant of this state for four years, and of the district for which he is elected one year next preceding his election, and have paid public taxes. Every representative must be twenty-four years of age, a free white male citizen of the United States, an inhabitant of this state for two years, and of the district for which he is elected for one year next preceding his election, and have paid taxes. The electors are every free white male citizen of the United States twenty-one years of age, resident in this state one year before an election, the last three months of which must be in the district for which he offers to vote. The governor is elected for four years by the legislative electors. He must be thirty-five years of age, a native citizen of the United States, or an inhabitant of this state at the time of its cession by the French, and have been a resident of the same at least four years next before his election. The judges are appointed by the governor, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, and retain office during good behaviour.

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

PROSPECT FOR OPERATIVES IN AMERICA.—Tailors find much difficulty in getting steady employment in America, for, besides the work done by tailoresses, a great quantity of ready-made clothing is brought from Paris, as are also ladies' shoes, bonnets, &c. A considerable number of journeymen printers are at present out of employment, the work done here being chiefly jobbing. At cabinet-making, a good hand can make as high wages, and live cheaper, in Edinburgh, than he can in New York, where, for some time in summer, he cannot work for heat, and in winter for cold. They are paid by the piece, but the prices are lower than the London standard. No ordinary tradesman can readily get constant employment in New York; the best only are retained, and always at low wages, the rents at the same time being excessively high. Indeed numbers of tradesmen, of every denomination, are at present going idle, and wages are unusually low. This information was communicated to me by a respectable cabinetmaker from Edinburgh, now residing in New York; who added, "I am very unhappy, but would be ashamed to return home, having formerly boasted so much of American liberty, which I now find to be a complete delusion. I have endeavoured to prevent my children, as much as possible, from mixing with their fellows, as by so doing they would soon lose all respect for father and mother. The people have neither morals, nor associations, such as exist in the Old Country; and religion is only a vain show, or a butt for scoffers. I intend to purchase a farm in the country; for if I remain here much longer, I am afraid my family will, like others, lose all sense of morality. This is not a country for honest men, but a place of refuge for rogues."—*Mr Weston.*

ON EMIGRATION, FROM ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT.—"I would advise no one who is in a steady way of business at home, however small, and

who can make both ends meet by strict economy, to think of emigrating. It is a sore trial, and if I had been a single man, with no one to provide for but myself, I never would have left Scotland. I often think now that a bite in that country would do me more good than a bellyful in this. The man that comes here only exchanges evils: he is obliged to mingle with a most profane and godless set, he cannot give his children a religious education, and it is shocking to think of the depravity they must witness from their infancy: compared with this, I am not sure that poverty is not the least evil.”—*Captain Hamilton.*

SCOTSMEN IN AMERICA.—Our driver back from the mountains to Catskill was a Scotsman from Lanarkshire. He told me that cheapness of living was his only reason for remaining in this country, and that when he had saved a little money he intended to return home. He was a native of Douglas Mill, and a good whip.—The Scotch are preferred to other foreigners in all public employments, on account of their sobriety, neither the English nor Irish can withstand the demoralising effect of cheap liquor so well as the Scotch.—*Mr Stuart.*

IRISH AND SCOTCH IN AMERICA.—I have ever found the Irish in America kind and generous, from the farmer and merchant to the day-labourer. I have also received kindness from Yankees, but have generally found the Scotch surly—fond of speaking evil of their country, and the shorter time they have been in America the more morose are they.—*Mr. Weston.*

WHAT AMERICA IS NOT.—America is no place for lawyers, weavers, or shoemakers, for every one is a pettifogger, a weaver, or a shoemaker. For masons there is little use, for slaters none. The houses are chiefly built with wood, and the roofs are shingled. Watch and clockmakers may stay at home, for the Americans are regulated by the sun. It is no place for printers, there are but few readers; nor for tailors, tailoresses are employed. The houses being very simply furnished, cabinet-makers are consequently not in much request. The horses are covered with harnesses of thongs, but America gives little support to saddlers; in short, to gain a decent livelihood, the tradesman and labourer must be “Jack of all trades.”—*Mr Weston.*

LETTERS FROM AMERICA, HOW FAR TO BE DEPENDED UPON.—Conversing with a shoemaker from Glasgow some days after, he said, “My brother, who had been some time in America, wrote me a very flattering letter about it; and having read Stuart’s book and others, I got discontented, sold off my furniture, and came here with my family. On entering his wooden house, I found him sitting in a miserable room, without almost any furniture, daylight shining through the crevices, and two or three pieces of wood burning on the hearth. After witnessing the true state of matters, I accused him of his perfidy, and we almost came to blows. The spirit of the devil seems to enter people who come to this country, and I would not believe my nearest friends. I am, however, quite satisfied; I have seen

and felt what it is, and will now go home with my family, and be a contented man. I have already taken out our passages.—*Mr Weston.*

ACQUISITION OF PROPERTY.—Industry, frugality, and the average run of abilities, ensure to every man a competence. More than average talent, diligence, and the tact of taking advantage of every change, is sure to command much more—often wealth. All the money in America, or nearly all, is in the hands of persons who have made it. Entails, or unequal divisions of property by will, or, in short, any thing like primogenitureship, are never dreamt of.—*Captain Hall.*

SOMETHING NEEDLESS.—At New York the routine observed at the custom-house is more annoying than in England. You are made first to swear that the account you have given of the contents of your boxes is correct; and then to show you that no reliance is put upon your oath, the officers search them thoroughly!—*Captain Hamilton.*

CIVILITY IN STRANGE QUARTERS.—At New York I found a box of new dresses arrived from Europe. In the bill of lading the box had been called “Merchandise,” which created some difficulty. The collector, who wished to oblige a stranger, good-naturedly said, “I suppose these things have been worn;” but I could only say, “that nodoubt they would all be worn in travelling over the country.” There was no more fuss made about it; but the box of finery was delivered from bondage in less than ten minutes.—*Captain Hall.*

WHICH OF THE TWO TO CHOOSE.—Pavements are generally good in New York, and the side pavements broader than in England. The police is more efficient, especially in cleanliness, than I expected; but it is inferior to second rate British towns. The buildings of the city look clean, fresh, and cheerful.—We have not been accosted by a single beggar in New York, so says *Mr Stuart*; but hear *Mr Weston*. I went along Broadway, the principal street, till I came to the city hall. Most of the houses are of wood, consisting of sawed deals placed over each other, exactly like masons’ sheds in Scotland. They appeared to be built upon no regular plan; but were of different heights and shapes, and often intermixed with paltry wooden erections.—I saw near the quay a board with a painted intimation on it, that *begging* was prohibited. So there are beggars, though our travellers wont see them. Numbers of pigs were running about the streets; I saw no other scavengers. During the time I remained in New York, I saw and helped many *beggars*; but theirs is a poor trade here. I saw plenty of drunken and ragged people, and prostitutes; but not one fiddler or organ-player in the streets! I heard little conversation among the men but about dollars—little among the women but about dress or sauces!—*Stuart and Weston.*

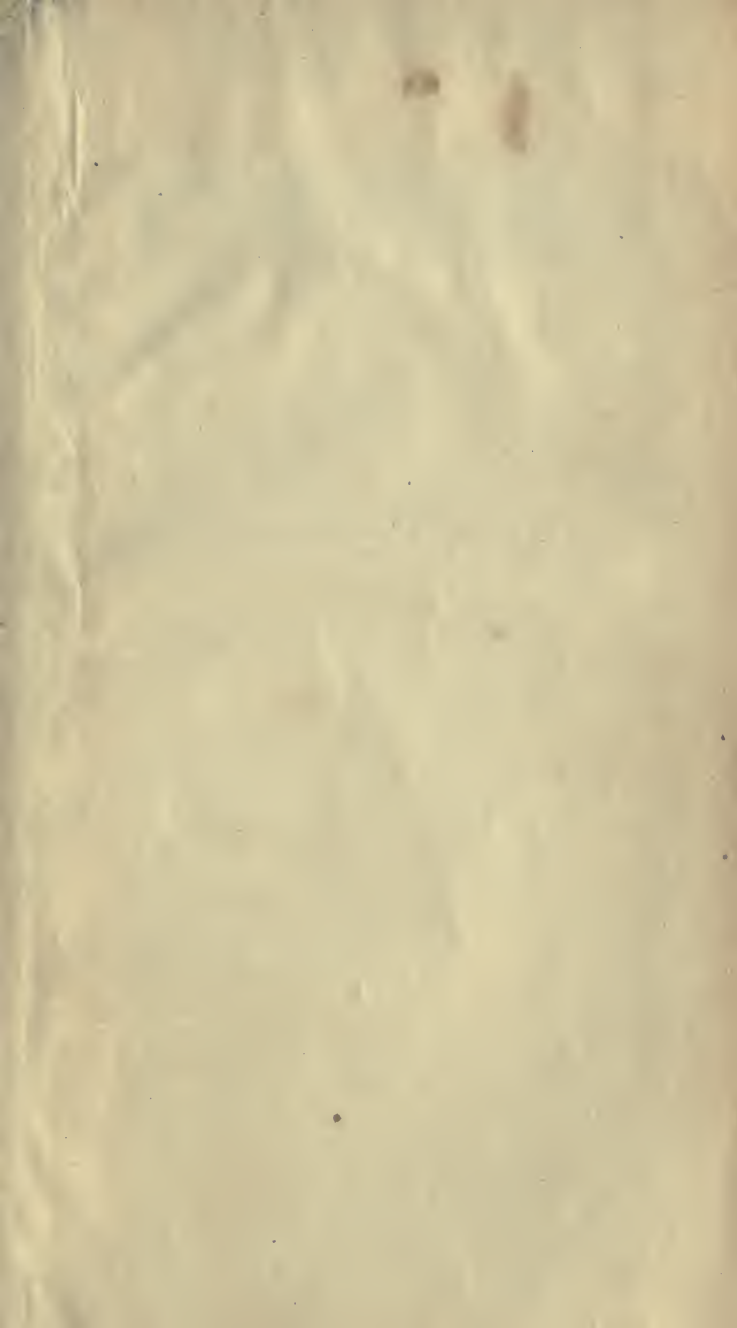
ADVANTAGE OF BEING A SCOT.—The Americans have more kindness of feeling for the Scotch than for the English, and that especially in Virginia and in the Carolinas. Although there was everywhere apparent something the reverse of cordiality to the British nation,

yet I never met an American who did not seem anxious to make up by attention to individuals for the habitual hostility which they seem to cherish against England as a nation.—*Captain Hall.*

NOT A PERFECT PATTERN.—I was introduced by my friend the cabinet-maker to Grant Thorburn, seedsman, the original of Galt's Lawrie Tod. He is a singularly diminutive looking person; and there is nothing in his appearance to indicate his abilities. At first sight one would pronounce him a cunning man of the world. He wore a broad brimmed quaker hat, a large coat descending almost to his ankles, which hid the awkward figure of his body, while the width of his trowsers partly concealed his bandy legs. His store, which had once been a church, is large, and built of wood. The galleries of the church are still standing, and are filled with barrels of seeds, while the walls are covered with agricultural and gardening implements. I cannot say much for his knowledge or consistency; but he is certainly possessed of a great deal of shrewdness, ingenuity, and taste. He is a perfect hater of the old country; and no one who does not listen with satisfaction, real or feigned, to his tirades against Britain, will long enjoy his good graces. He told me that I was now come to a "free country." On replying that "I had as yet seen very little of it," his eyes twinkled, and he gave me the American barefaced stare, and behaved quite ill-naturedly. I think that Lawrie is as great a tyrant as exists between him and me; and his personal conceit and vanity are beyond sufferance.—*Mr Weston.*



View of the Dress Boxes in an American Theatre.



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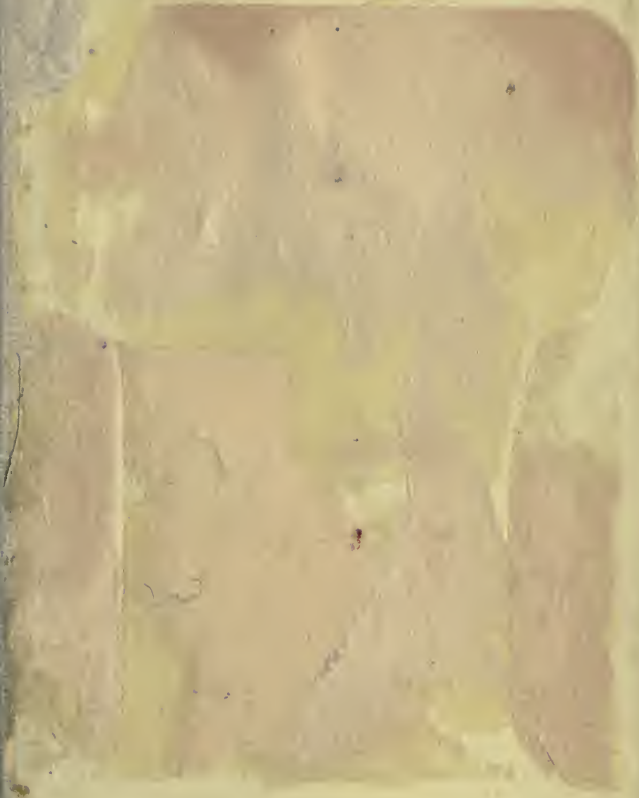
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