

SELECTIONS.

FASHIONABLE DINNER PARTY IN ABYSSINIA.—A great degree of scepticism has been entertained in regard to the mode of supplying *brinde* or raw meat, to the guests in the fashionable parties at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia. When the company have taken their seats at table, a cow or bull is brought to the door, and his feet strongly tied; after which the cooks proceeded to select the most delicate morsels. Before killing the animal, all the flesh on the buttocks is cut off in solid square pieces, without bones or much effusion of blood. Two or three servants are then employed, who, as fast as they can procure the *brinde*, lay it upon cakes of tuff placed like dishes down the table, without cloth or anything else beneath them. By this time all the guests have knives in their hands, and the men prefer the large crooked ones, which, in the time of war, they put to all sorts of uses. The company are so ranged, that one gentleman sits between two ladies; and the former, with his long knife begins by cutting a thin piece, which would be thought a good steak in England, while the motion of the tuff bread strongly powdered with black pepper, or cayenne, and fossil salt, and then wrap it up like a cartridge. In the meantime the gentleman, having put up his knife, with each hand resting upon his neighbour's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward, and mouth open very like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it between his jaws at the imminent risk of choking him. This is a mark of grandeur. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger is the piece which he takes into his mouth; and the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite does he prove himself. None but beggars and thieves, say they, eat small pieces, and in silence. Having despatched this morsel, which he does very expeditiously, his neighbour on the other hand holds forth a second pellet, which he devours in the same way, and so on till he is satisfied. He never drinks till he has finished eating; and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones who have fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and form. Each of the ladies opens her mouth at once, while with his own hand he supplies a portion to both at the same moment. Then commences the potatoes, which, we are assured, are not regulated with much regard to sobriety or decorum.—All this time the unfortunate victim at the door is bleeding, but bleeding little; for so skilful are the butchers, that while they strip the bones of the flesh, they avoid the parts which are traversed by the great arteries. At last they fall upon the thighs likewise; and soon after, the animal perishing from loss of blood, becomes so tough that the unfeeling wretches who feed on the remainder can scarcely separate the muscles from the teeth.—In the description now given, we have purposely omitted some features which, it is not improbable, have been a little too highly coloured, if not even somewhat inaccurately drawn. But there is no reason to doubt the general correctness of the delineation, not excepting the grossest and most repulsive particulars.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. XII. Nubia and Abyssinia.*

WALPOLE'S ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION OF TWO REBEL LORDS, 1745.—Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health.—As the clock struck ten, they came forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat turned up with red, his rebellious regimentals, a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses followed. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold; the room forwards had benches for spectators; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, "My Lord, I wish I could suffer for both!" He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, "My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?" He replied, "My Lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order." Balmerino answered, "It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us."—Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! The most now pretended is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immedi-

ately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring that he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat and waistcoat with great composure, and, after some trouble, put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block, the executioner, who was in white with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind him:—At last the earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom. The scaffold was immediately new-strewn with saw-dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards; he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said, the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, "If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause." He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill-usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, "No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can."—Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the Warder, to give him his perwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and the top of the house filled with spectators, he cried out, "Look, look, how they are piled up like rotten oranges!" "My Lady Townsend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go nowhere to dinner for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says, everybody is so bloody-minded, that they eat rebels!"—*Walpole's Correspondence.*

UNIVERSAL MILL.—In this mill both the stones are made to revolve, but the upper one receives its motion from that of the lower, in a way to be presently described. The lower stone is fixed firmly upon a vertical shaft, which is made to revolve by the application of any suitable power, and with any required speed. The upper stone is made smaller than the lower, say one-fifth less in diameter, and it is placed so as not to be concentric with it; it may, for example, be so situated, that the peripheries of the two stones will coincide on one side, whilst on the opposite side one-fifth of the diameter of the lower stone will be exposed. The upper stone is kept in its place, and its pressure regulated by means of a screw passing through a beam above it, the point of which bears upon a bridge-piece in the middle of the eye. It will be at once evident that the revolution of the lower stone will give a slower and peculiar revolution to the upper. A hopper is to rise above the eye of the upper stone, and other requisite appendages are employed. Metal may, in some cases, be employed instead of the stones for grinding.—*New Monthly.*

AMERICAN GOLD.—It is estimated by the superintendent of the United States Mint, that one half of the gold found in this country, is coined at home; and that the amount of last year's production was a million and a quarter of dollars. This is estimated to be equal to one-sixth part of the entire quantity produced in Europe and America; and as the amount gathered by us increases annually, the proportion will in all probability be for some years extending in our favour.—*New-York Paper.*

EMINENCE ATTAINED BY MEN OF LOW ORIGIN.—Many of the most eminent men in literature, science, and art have sprung up in obscurity. Some will instantly occur to the mind from among the living as well as the dead who have laid society under the deepest of obligations; but there are others whose claims are not so commonly remembered. It is calculated, for instance, that above a million and a half chaldron of coals are annually consumed in London; and the amazing extension of the coal trade to meet such demands is to be traced to men called viewers, who have generally raised themselves from lower situations. Machinery was absolutely necessary to obtain so many millions of tons of one of the necessities of life, and that at a rate exceedingly low, and this was provided by Newcomen the plumber, and Smeaton and Watt the watchmakers. The cheap and elegant garments, which give bread to about two millions of people, instead of fifty thousand, which raised the importation of cotton wool from less than 2,000,000 to 200,000,000 pounds per annum, and which increased the annual produce of the manufacture from £200,000 to 36,000,000, are to be traced through the subsequent improvements, to Arkwright and Crompton the barbers. A rude and inconsiderable manufacture was changed into an elegant art, and an important branch of national commerce, by Wedgwood the potter. Inland navigation, which enabled manufacturers to import the raw materials and export the finished goods, was devised and executed by Brindley the mill-wright; and it would be easy to accumulate a great number of instances in which persons of humble grade have greatly promoted the general good.—*Walderspool's Early Discipline.*

During the Protectorship of Cromwell, it happened that a secret expedition being about to sail, one of the fanatical preachers whom Cromwell was obliged to please sometimes, although he generally disapproved of their conduct, came to the Protector and demanded an audience. When this was granted, he said, "The Lord wishes to know where the secret expedition is going?" "The Lord knows already," replied Cromwell, "but thou shalt know, for thou shalt go with it;" and he sent him on board the fleet.—*Literary Gazette.*

INDIAN EPICUREANISM.—High up the Essequibo they fell in with a nation of the Carib tribe. The chief received the travellers (Mr. Smith and Lieut. Gallifer) courteously, and placed before them fish with savory sauce; on this being removed, two human hands were brought in and a stake of human flesh. The travellers thought this might be part of a baboon of a new species; however, they declined the invitation to partake, saying that in travelling they were not allowed to eat animal food. The chief picked the bones of the hands with excellent appetite, and asked them how they had relished the fish and sauce: they replied the fish was good, and the sauce still better. On which he answered, "Human flesh makes the best sauce for any food."—*Capt. Alexander's Transatlantic Sketches.*

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY AND INDUSTRY CONTRASTED.—There is no subject more curious and more striking to the imagination than the history of chivalry. Many attempts have been made to write it: it has never yet been perfectly done, because no author has sufficiently united fancy and eloquence with research and knowledge. Nor can it be adequately done without numerous engravings, and embellishments. It requires a union of so many opportunities, with so much genius, that it probably never will be done. It was an institution, that though it may occasionally lead to some excesses and absurdities, yet was noble in its origin, in its purposes, and in its spirit. It so far purified the heart that it was unselfish and generous. It was that spur to fame which led to encounter dangers, and seek immortality by magnanimous deeds. It delighted the senses without sensuality, it cheered the mind by variety of splendour, and it fortified and soothed those gradations of society, which, in some shape or other, must exist. There is nothing now to keep alive the energies of the people: it is all hopeless and unbroken poverty. The splendour of the rich is only for themselves; there are no halls of hospitality, no feasts for the poor; no common dancing and music; no songs and minstrels, no Christmas carols, no pomp of arms, and banners, and tilts and tournaments; much luxury, but no plenty; such pomp but no solidity. Highly cultivated, ardent and imaginative minds will regret the times and the manners which could give rise to the pictures and feelings of such a poem as Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. The character of the court, and the progress of Queen Elizabeth, kept alive the loyalty and respect of the people. The establishment of a feudal noble was also a little court, and dispensed beneficence and cheerfulness around it. What does a modern peer do among his country neighbours to create respect and love? He keeps no baronial retinue, he spends his winters in London, and his autumns in watering-places: all is a cold and squeezing economy. His servants are from London, his horses are often a job, and his household on board wages! For nine or ten months in the year who inhabits the

family mansion? A shivering decrepit old woman, worn out with age and scanty fare, a large rambling lonely kitchen and a cold hearth; a gamekeeper, who sell his spoils; a gardener who supplies the next market; and a steward, who plunders and grinds the labourers of the domain. The park is solitary, the stables are untenanted, the cottages are without fields or gardens, and all strikes a damp upon the visitor, that makes him fly eagerly back to the murmur, the clamours, and the squabbles of the crowded city. Perhaps the old church, with all its banners, and tombs, and brasses, and painted windows, was too near to the new spruce Grecian mansion: it has been pulled down, and a modern, brick, flat-roofed, slated, porticoed chapel, built on a distant knoll of the park, in its stead. The traveller enters, but all is empty; there exists no records of the dead, no memorials of the past, no feudal blazony, no chivalrous remembrances. Perhaps the estate has passed from some ancient name to a modern coronet, blazoned out with leaf-gold and a complexity of hieroglyphical devices by Heard and Naylor, to whom and whose employers the types of ancient days were offensive. We have seen such things, but too often. We remember a rambling old baronial house of a peer standing in the wooded bottom of an ancient park. We went again after a few years—not one stone was left on another: but a modern Grosvenor-square-house of Portland stone, of a size fit for a middling gentleman, placed on a bare knoll, near the turnpike road, in its stead. Has the reader ever visited the magnificent mansion of Penshurst—its spacious rooms, its galleries, and its historical portraits—or entering the adjoining church, where repose the bones and moulder the banners of all the Sydneys? If he has, and is not stirred even to deep melancholy and pain, his faculties and heart are strangely torpid.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

BENEFICIAL APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.—A piece of swampy land, from which turf had been formerly cut out, presented, in the neighbourhood of the demesne, at Coslottin Park, in the country of Wicklow, a very disagreeable appearance, besides being almost utterly useless for any purpose of vegetation. The whole of this portion (some acres) was trenched three or four feet deep, care being taken to keep the best parts of the soil for the surface. It was carefully drained; levelled with a machine resembling the Flemish mouldbaert, limed, and then manured plentifully from the farm-yard, for potatoes and turnips. The operation costs £25 per acre; but the two first crops, which were enormous (potatoes and turnips succeeded by oats and grass seeds) paid for the outlay; and what was an unsightly and useless appendage to the demesne, is now rendered an inclosed portion of it, and is covered with verdure. Thus was labour, applied from the mere motive of supporting a considerable number of poor families, turned to a really profitable account. Gratuitous donations effect no permanent good; nor does labour, as applied in England under the poor-law system, produce any good results, either to the labourer or to the person compelled to employ him. There is no stimulus to industry. The person who is neither able nor willing to work is sure of maintenance.—The idle, the profligate, who have spent their earnings when work was abundant, have unfortunately a *legal right* to parish support, and claim it steadily. The wives of these paupers are dirty and indolent, their children neglected, vagrant, and immoral; while in the cottage of the independent labourer, the wife is a model of tidiness, her house neat, her children clean.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture for June.*

SATURN'S RINGS.—The rings of Saturn must present a magnificent spectacle from those regions of the planet which lie above their enlightened sides as vast arches spanning the sky from horizon to horizon, and holding an invariable situation among the stars. On the other hand, in the regions beneath the dark side, a solar eclipse of fifteen years in duration, under their shadow, must afford (to our ideas) an inhospitable asylum to animated beings, ill compensated by the faint light of the satellites. But we shall do no wrong to judge of the fitness or unfitness of their condition from what we see around us, when, perhaps, the very combinations which convey to our minds only images of horror, may be in reality theatres of the most striking and glorious displays of beneficent contrivance.—*Sir J. Herschel on Astronomy—Cabinet Cyclopaedia.*

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.—Through some mistake, a gentleman in the south of Ireland led off the dance at a country ball, out of his turn. The person appointed to the post of honour challenged the intruder and received the following reply—"Sir, I cannot understand why because I opened a ball at night, a ball should open me in the morning.—Yours," &c.

An Austrian officer has lately been condemned to three years' confinement in a fortress, and to be struck off the list of the army, for having acted as second to a friend in a duel.—*French Paper.*

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