

from this substance rose many feet above the flue, sending off an occasional galaxy of sparks to a great height, so that those who saw the boat returning at night, at the rate of five miles an hour, could only conceive her to be a monster moving on the waters, defying the winds and tide, and breathing flames and smoke. It was even said that the crews of the ordinary vessels on the river hid themselves under decks, and fell to their prayers. But the good people on the Hudson ere long became familiar with the spectacle, for the Clermont soon began to travel regularly, as a passage-boat, between Albany and New York.

Thus for the first time, most certainly, was steam navigation made effectually conducive to the common purposes of life, by the genius and perseverance of Robert Fulton. He soon afterwards took out a patent for his inventions in navigation by steam, but all his exertions could not save him from the encroachments of others on his rights. A series of vexatious lawsuits was the consequence, by which his life was long embittered, and his fortune impaired. In 1811, Fulton built two steamers, as ferry-boats for crossing the Hudson. It was in the succeeding year that the example he had set was followed by Mr Bell of Helensburgh, who launched a steam-vessel on the Clyde, the first used for the service of the public in the old hemisphere. Various steam-boats were about the same period built under the directions of Fulton, for the navigation of the Ohio, Mississippi, and other waters of the United States. He also gave his valuable assistance to the construction of the Erie canal and other public works. When war was declared between Great Britain and the United States, in 1814, Mr. Fulton again directed his attention to the subject of Torpedoes, submarine guns, and other instruments of the kind, but none of his schemes were ever brought into practice. He erected, however, a steam ship of war (named Fulton the First), of such size that several thousand men might parade on her deck, and capable of throwing an immense quantity of red-hot shot from her numerous port-holes. But when the engineer of this magnificent structure had nearly seen it completed, he was removed from his country and friends. Having exposed himself too long on the deck of his steam-frigate, in bad weather, he was seized with a severe pulmonary affection, and died on the 24th of February 1815.

In person, Mr. Fulton was tall and well proportioned. He was a man as excellent in his private as in his public character, being generous, affectionate, and humane. To him, rating his deeds even as low as his worst detractors would make them, the human race owes much. The waters of half the world are now covered with models of that splendid machine, which, thirty years ago, he set afloat on the waves of the Hudson; and the journey between the Old and New Worlds is, by the same means, made now a pleasure-trip of a few summer days.—*Chambers's Journal*.

ADVENTURE IN A STEAM BOAT.

Having been frequently invited by a maternal uncle, who had removed in early life from Lancashire, to a village on the western coast of Argyleshire, to pay him a visit, I, at last, got matters so far settled as to have a few months at my own disposal, which I thought could not be turned to better account than in paying my respects to my worthy relation.

As I set out with the intention of exploring as much as possible of the romantic scenery amidst which my uncle had located himself, I embarked at Blackwall on board the "*Duchess of Sutherland*" steam-boat for Inverness, intending to cross from thence to Skye, and some others of the Western Isles.

My present object is simply to narrate an adventure which occurred to me during my northern trip; I shall not, therefore, attempt to describe the magnificent scenery of the Western Highlands. After spending a few days admiring the wild grandeur of the island of Skye, I left Jean Town by the "*Maid of Morven*" steamer, for Oban, a beautiful little village on the main land, near which my uncle resided. The morning was delightfully still and calm; but the valleys and lowland near the coast were shrouded in a thick veil of mist, while, probably, the sun shone in all its splendour on the towering peak of Ben-Storr, covered with eternal snow. There is some thing awfully grand in standing, as I have often done, on the summit of a lofty mountain in the brilliant sunshine of a summer morning, and hearing the busy hum of life ascend from the dark sea of mist spread out underneath.

As we advanced on our voyage, the mist still continued to cover the "face of the waters" so thick that, in spite of all our precautions, we ran foul of a large brig lying at anchor in the Sound of Mull. All was now confusion on board, nor could the extent of our damage be ascertained, till something like order had been restored. It was then discovered that our main-mast and larboard quarter-bulwark had been carried away, and the funnel knocked down, by which one unfortunate fellow was killed, and several others were more or less injured.

After remaining more than two hours in this helpless condition, we got matters so far righted as to be able to continue our voyage.

The impenetrable curtain of mist that had hitherto veiled surrounding objects from our view, was suddenly withdrawn, as if by the hand of an enchanter, and the bold outlines of the wild

scenery of the island of Mull, on the one hand, and that of the rocky coast of the "windy Marven" on the other, were reflected on the glassy surface of the water, undisturbed by a single ripple, except in the wake of our disabled ship. As we neared Aros, a small boat was descried making towards us, evidently bringing an accession of passengers, and on its nearer approach, we observed it contained, besides the rowers, a lady and gentleman—the latter dressed in the Highland costume. The boat being secured alongside, the lady was handed on board by her companion, who, however, immediately quitted her, and hurrying down the side, as if wishing to escape observation, was rowed off in his little skiff, which soon diminished to a small dark speck in the distant horizon.

Our fair fellow-passenger was a beautiful young girl of about eighteen years of age,—diminutive in figure—a lover would say *fairy-like*—but a perfect model of symmetry—a complexion of the most delicate hue, shaded by a profusion of dark glossy ringlets, and a pair of such bewitching eyes!—so dark and expressive, but so exquisitely soft! Her whole attention, since her arrival on board, had been directed towards the skiff, which evidently bore away a loved object—a brother, perhaps,—no—he must have been a lover; the expression of that "last, long, lingering look," directed to the tiny bark, too clearly indicated the state of her feelings—she had been separated for a time, by circumstances over which she had no control, from him who first whispered into her ear the soft voice of love—who had first taught her young and guileless heart to beat with feelings of emotion in his presence, or even at the sound of his name, and with whom she hoped to be united on some future day, by the most sacred and endearing ties. Observing that the part of the vessel she occupied, probably for the sake of avoiding observation, was that which was left unprotected by the removal of the bulwark, I was proceeding to disturb her reveries, with the view of warning her of the danger to which she was exposed; but just as I was in the act of addressing her, she suddenly turned round, and perceiving her perilous situation, lost her presence of mind, and fell overboard. My first impulse was to plunge in after her; but recollecting that I was but an indifferent swimmer, I threw over a long bench which had been detached from its place by the collision with the brig, and immediately followed it. All this was the work of a few seconds. On emerging from the "vasty deep" after the first plunge, I perceived my fair companion struggling in the water at no great distance. Animated by that superhuman strength with which the prospect of saving a fellow-being's life sometimes inspires one, I struck out, encumbered with clothing that at another time would have sunk me, with apparent ease, and succeeded in reaching the drowning girl, just as the "world of waters" was closing over her. After much difficulty I gained the floating bench, where I was able to sustain my fair charge in comparative safety, until we were picked up by the boat sent from the vessel to our assistance.

Every means which the limited accommodation of our ship could afford, or kindness suggest, was used to restore the "vital spark" which had been so rudely assailed in its frail tenement. Our efforts were at last successful; in the course of two hours she had sufficiently recovered to thank me in the warmest terms for the life I had saved, and begged to know the name and address of one to whom she owed a debt of eternal gratitude. I presented her with my card, bearing as I afterwards found, my name only. In a few minutes our vessel was alongside the quay of Oban, and leaving it to continue its voyage to the south, I hastened to the nearest inn to disencumber myself of my wet garments.

One evening, about six months after the events related above, I went to the Haymarket theatre, to see that talented writer and actor, Sheridan Knowles, perform in one of his own popular plays. After the performance was over, I was making the best of my way through the crowd in the lobby, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a tall military-looking personage dressed in the Highland garb. As I was admiring the fine proportions of his tall, manly figure, which his Celtic habiliments set off to the best advantage, I heard a person near me utter some scurrilous national reflections, which were evidently intended for the ear of the Highlander. The words had hardly escaped his lips, when the athletic mountaineer, suddenly turning round, aimed a blow at my head, under the impression that the offensive epithet had been uttered by me. Seeing his brawny arm sweep towards me like the wing of a windmill, I had barely time to "duck," and my hat flew to the other side of the lobby. I could not but acquiesce in the justice of the summary vengeance which his offended nationality prompted him to take, however I might deprecate his selection of myself as the object of it, and therefore began to remonstrate calmly with him; but he was in a towering passion—gave me the *lie*, and, handing me his card, exclaimed, "If you are a gentleman, you shall give or receive satisfaction according to circumstances." I had no alternative but to except the proffered card, which I accordingly did, and, giving him mine in return, we parted.

On reflecting on what had passed, I could not help cursing the folly, to say the least of it, of those hot-headed mountaineers, in wearing their national dress in a place where it is so likely to

draw forth remarks which their irascible tempers can so ill brook. I believe I was led into this train of thought by the very agreeable prospect of being perhaps shot through the head, before my adversary could be convinced of his mistake, merely because a blackguard followed the instinct of his nature in uttering abusive language. Before I was up next morning, I heard a loud voice on the stairs, asking my servant whether his master was up, and presently a violent knocking at the door of my bedchamber. I hastily arose, and on opening the door, was not a little startled to see my tall friend of the preceding evening standing before me. Doubtful of his intentions, I at first held the door partly open; but his good-humoured smile, and the friendly offer of his hand, soon banished all fear of violence. "Mr. B—," cried the impetuous Celt, "I beg your pardon—not for striking you;—because I then thought you had insulted me—but for doubting your word when you calmly remonstrated with me. From what I have since learnt of you, I believe you incapable of uttering ungentlemanly language, or falsehood;—and now, if you accept my apology, I have a favour to ask—come to breakfast with me; I will introduce you to an old acquaintance of yours. Ask no questions, but say you'll come." I at once accepted the apology and the invitation, and dressing myself, walked away with my new friend, glad to find that my anticipations of a hostile meeting had not been realized. After half an hour's walk we arrived at—square, where my conductor informed me he was *quartered* at present. The door was opened by a servant in livery, and we were ushered into a handsomely-furnished apartment, where the first object that met my wondering eyes was my fair steam-boat-companion—the beautiful girl I had been the means of saving from the "watery element" during my excursion in the Highlands.

It appeared that she had been married about three months before, to her cousin, Lieutenant Roderick McLean, of the—Regiment—the same who accompanied her on board the steam-boat, and to whose acquaintance I had been introduced in such an unpleasant manner on the previous night.

His wife with whose aunt they were at present residing, had accidentally seen my card, and recognizing it, eagerly asked her husband how he came by it. He at first thought, from her anxious look, that she had discovered his quarrel at the theatre; but she soon convinced him of his error, by producing another card—the counterpart of the one in his possession, except the address. This was enough—he had often heard the adventure of the steam-boat, and longed to thank the preserver of his dear Emily; but from the unfortunate omission of my address, all his efforts to trace me had failed, till chance threw me in his way.

MEN AND MANNERS.

THE CHANCELLOR AND THE SHARPERS.—One rainy afternoon, Lord Northington, then chancellor, plainly dressed, walking up Parliament-street, picked up a handsome ring, which, according to custom, in past, and I believe, in present times, says Reynolds, in his memoirs, was immediately claimed by a gentleman ring-dropper; who, receiving his lost treasure, appeared so joyful and grateful that he insisted on the unknown finder accompanying him to an adjoining coffee-house, to crack a bottle at his expense. Being in the humour for a joke, Lord Northington acceded, and followed him to the coffee-house, where they were shown into a private room, and over the bottle for a time discussed indifferent topics. At length they were joined by certain confederates; and then, hazard being proposed, the chancellor heard one whisper to another, "He is not worth the trouble—pick the old flat's pocket at once." On this, the Lord Chancellor discovered himself, and told them, if they would frankly confess why they were induced to suppose him so enormous a flat, he would probably forget their present misdemeanour. Instantly, with all due respect, they replied, "We beg your lordship's pardon; but whenever we see a gentleman in *white* stockings on a *dirty* day, we consider him a capital pigeon, and pluck his feathers, as we hoped to have plucked your lordship's."

FRAUD DETECTED.—Christopher Rosenkrands applied to the widow of Christian Juul for payment of a debt of five thousand dollars. The widow, conscious that her husband owed him nothing, refused; but Rosenkrands produced a bond, signed by her deceased husband and herself, which she declared to be a forgery.

A law-suit commenced, and judgment was given in favour of Rosenkrands; upon which the widow appealed to Christian IV., King of Denmark, solemnly assuring his majesty, that the bond in the possession of Rosenkrands had neither been written nor signed by her husband or by herself.

The king promised to investigate the matter with the closest attention, and ordered Rosenkrands to appear, whom he questioned and admonished, but without effect; Rosenkrands insolently pleaded his right to payment of the bond. The king then desired to see the instrument, which he viewed attentively, and told Rosenkrands it should be returned to him the next time he saw him.

Christian, in the meantime, continued to investigate the paper in question, and having minutely compared it, he at length found