

tion of these self-mortifying worshippers renders theirs by far the most interesting, and I will hope edifying, performance. At length, what was a measured dance becomes a wild, discordant frenzy; all apparent design or regulation is lost; and grave manhood and gentler girlhood are whirling round and round, two or three in company, then each for him or herself, in all the attitudes of a decapitated hen, or an expiring top. The scene and its interest grow painful; and I am glad that the crazy woman has at length made her way back into the tabernacle, and commenced her strangely shrill and discordant music. The spell is dissolved; an elder proclaims that 'the assembly is dismissed;' the multitude escape their merriment, and I to my meditation.

#### RIGHT AND WRONG.—A SKETCH AT SEA. BY THOMAS HOOD.

THE rights of man, whether abstract or real, divine or vulgar, veated or contested, civil or uncivil, common or uncommon, have been so fully and so frequently discussed, that one would suppose there was nothing new to be felt or expressed on the subject. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, during a late passage from Ireland, to hear the rights of an individual asserted in so very novel a manner, as to seem worthy of record. The injured party was an involuntary fellow-passenger; and the first glance at him, as he leisurely ascended the cabin-stairs, bespoke him an original. His face, figure, dress, gait and gestures, were all more or less eccentric; yet, without any apparent affectation of singularity. His manner was perfectly earnest and business-like, though quaint. On reaching the deck, his first movement was toward the gangway; but a moment sufficed to acquaint him with the state of the case. The letter-bags having been detained an hour beyond the usual time of departure, the steam had been put on at a gallop, and her majesty's mail-packet, the *Guebre*, had already accomplished some hundred fathoms of her course. This untoward event, however, seemed rather to surprise than annoy our original, who quietly stepped up to the captain, with the air of demanding what was merely a matter of course:

"Hallo, skipper! Off she goes, eh? But you must turn about, my boy, and let me get out."

"Let you get out?" echoed the astonished skipper, and again repeating it, with what the musicians call a staccato—"Let you get out?"

"Exactly so. I'm going ashore."

"I'm rather afraid you are not, sir," said the skipper, looking decidedly serious, "unless you allude to the other side!"

"The other side?" exclaimed the oddity, involuntarily turning toward England. Poo! poo! nonsense, man; I only came to look at your accommodations. I'm not going across with you: I'm not, upon my word!"

"I must beg your pardon, sir," said the captain, quite solemnly; "but it is my firm opinion that you *are* going across!"

"Poo! poo! all gammon: I tell you, I am going back to Dublin."

"Upon my word, then," said the skipper, rather briskly, "you must swim back, like a grampus, or borrow a pair of wings from the gulls." The man at the helm grinned his broadest, at what he thought a good joke of his officer's; while the original turned sharply round, parodied a hyena's laugh at the fellow, and then returned to the charge.

"Come, come, skipper: it's quite as far out as I care for—if you want to treat me to a sail!"

"Treat you to a sail?" roared the indignant officer. "Zounds! sir I'm in earnest—as much in earnest as ever I was in my life."

"So much the better," answered the original; "I'm not joking, myself, and I have no right to be joked upon."

"Joke or no joke," said the captain, "all I know is this. The mail-bags are on board, and it's more than my post is worth, to put back."

"Eh? What? How?" exclaimed the oddity, with a sort of nervous dance. "You astonish me! Do—you—really—mean to say—I'm obligated to go—whether I've a right or not?"

"I do, indeed, sir; I'm sorry for it, but it can't be helped. My orders are positive. The moment the mail is on board, I must cast off."

"Indeed! well—but you know—why—why, that's your duty, not mine. I have no right to be cast off! I've no right to be here at all! I've no right to be anywhere, except in Merrion Square!"

The Captain was bothered. He shrugged up his shoulders, then gave a low whistle, then plunged his hands in his pockets, then gave a loud order to somebody, to do something, somewhere or other; and then began to walk short turns on the deck. His captive, in the meantime, made hasty strides toward the stern, as if intending to leap overboard; but he suddenly stopped short, and took a bewildered look at the receding coast. The original wrong was visibly increasing in length, breadth and depth, every minute; and he again confronted the captain.

"Well, skipper, you've thought better of it: I've no right in the world, have I? You will turn her round?"

"Totally impossible, sir: quite out of my power!"

"Very well, very well, very well indeed!" The original's temper was getting up, as well as the sea. "But, mind, sir, I protest; I protest against you, sir, and against the ship, and the ocean, sir, and everything! I'm getting farther and farther out; but, remember, I've no right! You will take the consequences. I have no right to be kidnapped: ask the crown lawyers, if you think fit!"

After this denouncement, the speaker began to pace up and down, like the captain, but at the opposite side of the deck. He was on the boil, however, as well as the engine; and every time that he passed near the man whom he considered as his Sir Hudson Lowe, he gave vent to the inward feeling in a jerk of the head, accompanied by a short pig-like grunt. Now and then it broke out in words, but always the same four monosyllables, "This—is too—bad"—with a most emphatic fall of the foot to each. At last it occurred to a stout, pompous-looking personage, to interpose as a mediator. He began by dilating on the immense commercial importance of a punctual delivery of letters; thence he insisted on the heavy responsibility of the captain, with a promise of an early return-packet from Holyhead; and he was entering into a congratulation on the fineness of the weather, when the original thought it was time to cut him short.

"My good sir, you'll excuse me. The case is nobody's but my own. You are a regular passenger. You have a right to be in this Packet. You have a right to go to Holyhead, or to Liverpool, or to Gibraltar, or to the world's end—if—you—like. But I choose to be in Dublin. What right have I to be here, then? Not—one—atom! I've no right to be in this vessel; and the captain, there, knows it. I've no right (stamping) to be on this deck! I have no more right to be tossing at sea, (waving his arms up and down,) than the Pigeon House!"

"It is a very unpleasant situation, I allow, sir," said the captain to the stout passenger; "but, as I have told the gentleman, my hands are tied. I can do nothing, though nobody is more sorry for his inconvenience."

"Inconvenience be hanged!" exclaimed the oddity, in a passion, at last. "It is no inconvenience sir!—not—the—smallest! But that makes no difference as to my being here. It's that, and that alone, I dispute all right to!"

"Well, but my dear, good sir," expostulated the pompous man, "admitting the justice of your premises, the hardship is confessedly without remedy."

"To be sure it is," said the captain, "every inch of it. All I can say is, that that gentleman's passage shall be no expense to him."

"Thankee—of course not!" said the original, with a sneer. "I've no right to put my hand in my pocket! Not that I mind expense! But it's my right I stand up for, and I defy you both to prove that I have any right, or any shadow of a right, to be in your company! I'll tell you what, skipper"—but before he could finish the sentence, he turned suddenly pale, made a most grotesque, wry face, and rushed forward to the bow of the vessel. The captain exchanged a significant smile with the stout gentleman: but before they had quite spoken their minds of the absent character, he came scrambling back to the binnacle, upon which he rested with both hands, while he thrust his working visage within a foot of the skipper's face.

"There, skipper! now Mister What-d'ye-call! what do you both say to that? What right have I to be sick—as sick as a dog? I've no right to be squeamish! I'm not a passenger. I've no right to go tumbling over ropes, and pails, and what not to the ship's-head!"

"But, my good sir,"—began the pompous man.

"Don't sir me, sir! You took your own passage. You have a right to be sick; you've a right to go to the side every five minutes; you've a right to die of it! But it's the reverse with me; I have no right of the sort!"

"O, certainly not sir," said the pomposity, offended in his turn. "You are indubitably the best judge of your own privileges. I only beg to be allowed to remark, that where I felt I had so little right, I should hesitate to intrude myself." So saying, he bowed very formally, and commenced his retreat to the cabin, while the skipper pretended to examine the compass very minutely. In fact, our original had met with a chokepear. The fat man's answer was too much for him, being framed on a principle clean contrary to his own peculiar system of logick. The more he tried to unravel its meaning, the more it got entangled. He didn't like it, without knowing why; and he quite disagreed with it, though ignorant of its purport. He looked up at the funnel, and at the flag, and at the deck, and down the companion-stairs; and then he wound up all by a long shake of his head, as mysterious as Lord Burleigh's, at the astonished man at the wheel. His mind seemed made up. He buttoned his coat up to the very chin, as if to secure himself to himself, and never opened his lips again till the vessel touched the quay at Holyhead. The captain then attempted a final apology, but it was interrupted in the middle.

"Enough said, sir—quite enough. If you've only done your duty, you've no right to beg pardon—and I've no right to ask it. All I mean to say is, here am I, in Holyhead, instead of Dublin.

I don't care what that fat fellow says, who don't understand his own rights. I stick to all I said before. I have no right to be up in the moon, have I? Of course not; and I've no more right to stand on this present quay, than I have to be up in the moon!"

GOING AS FREIGHT.—An Irishman, whose funds were rather low, had footed it all the way to Wheeling, and was still desirous to get as far as Portsmouth, thence to proceed by canal to a point not far distant from the latter place, where work was to be obtained. Having worn his toes through his boots, and the heels of a pair of old shoes quite low, he gave up the idea of using "Shank's mare" any longer. There were plenty of steamboats puffing and blowing at the landing, and he became quite fascinated at the idea of such an easy mode of conveyance.

"Captain, dear," said he, stepping on board a beautiful craft, "captain, dear, an what'll you charge to take me to Portsmouth?"

"Seven dollars, in the cabin."

"Seven dollars!" arrah! seven dollars! Why, captain, dear, I haven't the half of that sum."

"Oh, never mind that, Pat; I'll take you as a deck-passenger for three dollars, if you half-work your passage, that is help the hands to wood the boat."

Pat mused some minutes on this proposition, and then put another question—

"And, captain, dear, what'll you take about a hundred and sixty pounds of freight for?"

"I'll charge you seventy-five cents for that."

"Thin, captain, you see, I'm just the boy that weighs that—so you can enter me as freight, and I'll stow away snug enough some where below stairs."

A proposition so novel pleased the captain highly, and calling one of the hands, he gave directions to have Pat stowed carefully away in the hold, and ordered the clerk to enter on the freight-list—"One Irishman weighing one hundred and sixty pounds!"

Pat kept snug until he reached Portsmouth, a distance of three hundred and fifty-six miles—having shown himself but twice, and for only a few minutes at a time, during the whole passage. There he paid his freight of seventy-five cents, honourably, and was next seen with his bundle, tramping it along the tow-path of the canal for his desired destination.—*Baltimore Athenæum*.

DR. CHANNING.—The last number of *Fraser's Magazine*, a work which is regarded as high critical authority in England, contains a highly complimentary notice of the writings of Dr. Channing. The writer commences with this bold and candid assertion:—"Channing is, unquestionably, the finest writer of the age. His language is simple, nervous, and copious in Saxon. His periods are short, and constructed without any appearance of effort. His meaning does not require to be gathered, by dint of persevering investigation, from the heart of a cumbrous phraseology; it strikes at once. Nor is this its transparency the result of weakness or want of compass; the very contrary is the case. From his writings there may be extracted some of the richest poetry and original conceptions, clothed in language, unfortunately for our literature, too little studied in the day in which we live. Channing appears to have imbued his mind with the spirit of the masters of our island tongue; their very tones seem to have filled his ear, and to have become key-notes to his finest compositions; their strong idiomatic English has evidently worked itself into the mind of our author, and taught him that, in the phraseology which weak minds pronounced to be jejune, there was a versatility capable of becoming, in the hands of a master-mind, expressive of great and ennobling thought." The critic again says that "there is a force and finish in the pages of Channing that indicate at once great genius and protracted elaboration;" and adds, "his writings have charmed us into the attitude of fervent admirers." This is high praise, coming from so disinterested a quarter—but we do not disagree with the *Fraserian* critic in his estimate of the merits of Channing's masterly style.

ANIMAL ATTACHMENT.—The *Southern Sun*, published at Jackson, Mississippi, relates a touching and well-authenticated instance of attachment and fidelity in a dog—the story of whose affection borders almost on the romantic. Mr. Jesse Aldard, a respectable citizen of Jackson county, returning at night from some place in his neighbourhood, was unfortunately thrown from his horse and killed. Search was made for him, and the day after the accident the dead body was found. Beside it lay a favourite pointer dog, belonging to the deceased. The next day the body was interred—the pointer following in the train of the mourners. After the burial was completed, the dog was missed from home; and, several days afterwards, he was found lying on the coffin which contained his master's remains—having scratched away the newly-piled earth until he made his pillow upon that narrow house where his affections were buried. The last time the dog was heard from, he was rapidly wasting away—noticed the caresses of no one—and persisted in his refusal to partake of food. Such instances of fidelity and devotion are more common among dogs than among human beings of somewhat higher pretensions.