

old, of a brown complexion and dark brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose factor," &c. &c.

"Robinson Crusoe" was De Foe's great work after all, as the "Pilgrim" was Bunyan's; and yet in neither case did it seem to be suspected that history and posterity would so pronounce. Crusoe was not undertaken till the author was about sixty years of age. It was written, not literally in jail, but in circumstances not much better, out of it. It appears that he had some difficulty in disposing of it, and took it to many booksellers. The lucky man who at length consented to publish it, very speedily made his fortune by it. De Foe's profits are said to have been "commensurate," but be that as it may, his strength rose with his success, and within a few years, he published a succession of books, of first rate power. Among these were the new Voyage Round the World, the Voyages and Piracies of Captain Singleton, the Memoirs of a Cavalier, the History of Duncan Campbell, the Life of Moll Flanders, the History of Colonel Jack, the History of Mr. Christian Davis, the account of Dickory Cronke, and the Life of Roxanna. The essential popularity, and splendid talent of these works, has never been disputed. And yet poor De Foe never could amass a fortune. He never could get comfortable even. He was not made for it. Part of the secret of this was constitutional. Part of it, moreover, was in the fact that he started amiss. His Biography shews that at the outside of life he had failed in commercial speculations and compromised his debts for £5000, a composition at once paid in the full, and in discharge of every claim. Better fortune shone upon him afterward, and he called on several old creditors, some of them having encountered distress in their turn, and paid with his own hand into theirs, the balance of their entire claim. He did this at intervals during his whole life. It is on record, that in 1705 he had paid, in this way, of his own accord and without obligation, upwards of £12,000; and much was paid even after that time. Such a man, in these days, would have a "service of plate," we suppose.—*Doston Magazine.*

#### MODERN TRAVELLERS AND TRAVELLING.

Before the establishment of steamboats between London and Hamburg, a journey from one city to the other was an undertaking to be reflected on for months before it was undertaken; and merchants, to avoid the uncertainty of a tedious voyage by sea, were fain to endure the fatigue of a land journey through Holland and Westphalia, over a series of the most execrable roads in Europe. The more daring traveller, who was willing to tempt the dangers of the deep, regardless of the shoals and sands of the Dutch coast and the boisterous currents of the North Sea, had a journey of certain peril and most uncertain duration before him. From London he had to travel down by land to Harwich, the packet station for Holland, Hamburg, and Sweden, the patronage of which was in those days deemed sufficient to secure, at all times, the return of two government members for that ancient and independent borough. At Harwich he embarked, and with a fair wind he might hope to reach the mouth of the Elbe in thirty or forty hours. Fair winds were not to be had for the mere asking; and sometimes whole weeks elapsed before the little post-office schooner could reach her destination. Day after day, the impatient traveller would watch for a breeze, while becalmed in Harwich harbour; or, perhaps, after beating to windward for eight or ten days, the wished-for lighthouse of Heligoland or Cuxhaven would cheer his heart before he crept into his wearisome berth, as he fondly hoped for the last night. And in the morning, he would wake to learn that while he slept, it had "come on to blow from the land;" and the packet, with her anxious inmates, would be running briskly before the wind, with a fair prospect of getting a glimpse of old England or bonny Scotland, before another day was added to the history of time.

The longest journey, however, comes to an end some time or another, and it may be fairly inferred, that sooner or later, the packet seldom failed to reach Cuxhaven, where the mails and the passengers were safely landed, to be forwarded to Hamburg in open carts, and over roads of which the imagination of an untravelled Englishman would not be easily able to conjure up an image.

How changed are these matters now! A trip to Hamburg by one of the splendid steam-ships of the General Steam Navigation Company, which start from London twice a week, and sometimes oftener, is a luxury of which none who has once enjoyed it will not long for a repetition. Even those unhappy beings who, martyrs to sea-sickness, have never "danced in triumph o'er the waters wide," must still look back with satisfaction to the exactness with which they were enabled to anticipate the termination of their sufferings; but for him whose soul does not "sicken o'er the heaving wave," and whose heart can sympathise with the feelings of the gallant fabric that carries him to his journey's end in despite of opposing gales, there is a thrilling sense of enjoyment in being thus made the participator in the triumph of human science over three elements at once, which the uninitiated cannot conceive, the impression of which no lapse of time can ever efface.

Only fourteen years have yet elapsed since the idea of crossing the North Sea in steamboats was first projected. The undertaking electrified the whole mercantile world with astonishment, and few were those who believed in the practicability of the scheme.

And now the Hamburg steamer starts from off the Tower of London as the clock strikes; and, provided the wind blow not an absolute gale in her teeth, and the atmosphere remain tolerably free from fog, her captain can generally tell within half an hour of the time when he shall be at his journey's end. In forty-eight or fifty hours, the traveller now effects, without fatigue, in the enjoyment of every comfort on the way, and at little more than half the cost, a trip which, before 1825, scarcely ever occupied less than eight or ten days—often more than three weeks, and which was always accompanied by great fatigue, and frequently by no little danger.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

From the Bombay Courier.

#### BATTLE WITH WILD ELEPHANTS.

On the 24th of September at midnight, I received information that two elephants of very uncommon size had made their appearance, within a few hundred yards of the cantonments, and close to a village, the inhabitants of which were in the greatest alarm. I lost no time in despatching to the place all the public and private elephants at the station, in pursuit of them, and at day break on the 25th was informed that their very superior size, and apparent fierceness, had rendered all attempts for their seizure unavailing, and that the most experienced driver I had was dangerously hurt; the elephant on which he rode having been struck to the ground by one of the wild ones, which, with its companion, had afterwards retreated to a large sugar cane adjoining the village.

I immediately ordered the guns to this place, but being desirous in the first instance to try every means of catching the elephants I assembled the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, with the assistance of Rajah Rungnath Sing, and caused two deep pits to be prepared at the edge of the sugar-cane, in which our elephants and people with the utmost dexterity, contrived to retain the elephants during the day. When the pits were reported ready, we repaired to the spot, and they were with the greatest dexterity driven into them; but unfortunately one of the two did not prove sufficiently deep, and the elephant which escaped from it, in the presence of many witnesses, assisted its companion out of the other pit with his trunk.

Both were, however, with much exertion, brought back into the sugar-cane, and, as no particular symptoms of vice or fierceness had appeared in the course of the day, I was yet anxious to make another trial to catch them.

The bildars, therefore, were set to work to deepen the hole, and prepare new pits against day break, when I proposed to make the final attempt.

At four o'clock in the morning of yesterday, however, they burst through all my guards, and making for a village, about three miles distant, entered it with so much rapidity, that the horsemen, who galloped in front of them, had not time to apprise every inhabitant of his danger, and I regret to say, that one poor man was torn limb from limb, a child trodden to death, and two other persons (females) wounded.

Their destruction now became absolutely necessary, and as they showed no inclination to quit the large village in which the mischief had been done, we gained time to bring up the four-pounders, from which they soon received several round-shot, and abundance of grape, each. The largest of the two was even brought to the ground by a round shot in the head, but after remaining there a quarter of an hour apparently lifeless, he got up again, as vigorous as ever, and the desperation of both at this period exceeds all description. They made repeated charges at the guns, and if it had not been for the uncommon steadiness and bravery of the artillery men, who more than once turned them off, by shots in the head and body, when within very few paces of them, many dreadful casualties must have occurred.

We were now obliged to desist for want of ammunition, and before a fresh supply could be obtained the elephants quitted the village, and though streaming with blood from an hundred wounds, proceeded at a rapidity of which I had no idea, towards Hazareebagh. They were at length brought up by the horseman and our elephants, when within a very short distance of a crowded bazaar, and ultimately after many renewals of the most formidable and ferocious attacks upon the guns, gave up the contest with their lives. Nineteen four-pound shots have already been taken out of their bodies, and I imagine eight or ten more will yet be found.

I have been thus particular, both because I think the transaction worthy of being recorded, as well as from a hope that you will concur with me in the propriety of application to the Government for a compensation for the damage suffered by the owners of the villages of — and Ooria, from the destruction of several huts, and much cultivation. I have taken the necessary steps to ascertain the extent of the injury they have sustained, and shall have the pleasure of communicating to you the result.

I enclose a correct measurement of the elephants, which will be read with surprise, I believe. I am of opinion that they must have escaped from Hyderabad, or some other part of the Deccan, for I have never heard of or seen animals of their size in this part of India.

(Signed)

E. ROUGHSEGE,  
Capt. Comd. Ramghur Batt.

#### MEASUREMENT OF THE ELEPHANTS.

	Ft.	In.
No. 1.—Length from tip of trunk to tip of tail.....	26	9½
Height.....	11	0
Round the body.....	17	8
From crown of head to beneath the jaw.....	7	0

No. 2.—Length as above.....	24	0
Height.....	10	0
Round the body.....	17	4
From crown of head to beneath the jaw.....	9	8

(True copy)

E. ROUGHSEGE, Capt. Comd.

The following sonnet of Wordsworth, written during a period of public alarm and distress in England, in 1803, is quoted as not only beautiful in itself, but quite appropriate to the present season of money troubles in our country.—*Am. paper.*

These times touch moneyed worldlings with dismay,  
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air  
With words of apprehension and despair;  
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,  
Men unto whom sufficient for the day,  
And minds not stinted or untitled, are given,  
Sound, healthy children of the God of Heaven,  
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May,  
And we do gather hence but firmer faith  
That every gift of nobler origin  
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath:  
That virtue and the faculties within,  
Are vital—and that riches are akin  
To fear, to change, to cowardice and death!

EARNINGS OF THE BELGIAN ARTISANS.—The workmen employed in the iron works of the Hainaul, Leige, and the machine making factories, both of Seraing, Bruxelles, Ghent, &c. live on potatoes and vegetables, with a piece of meat among them, for dinner regularly; coffee on chicory, and on the Sundays spirits in moderate quantity. These are the best paid.

The workmen who come under the second class are masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, &c. of the towns, and the woolen factory and domestic weavers, who live nearly in the same manner, but consume a less portion of meat, or take it only three or four times a week.

The cotton weavers and factory workmen live less well. Potatoes and vegetable soup form their chief food, with bread, half rye and half wheat; coffee, and occasionally a glass of spirits, but commonly brown beer. The beer is particularly nasty.

The linen weavers and the common labourers are identified, and consume potatoes and rye bread, (which is a common article of consumption in Belgium, and indeed generally on the continent among the poorer classes) vegetable soup, rarely flavoured with meal, coffee, or chicory, beer, &c. However coarse the food may be on which the Belgian artisans subsist, the abundance of their food is most striking.

Agricultural labourers are well fed. They have bread and coffee in the morning, vegetable soup for dinner, and meat three times a week with beer. The poorest of all eat rye bread and potatoes, with coffee.

An able bodied man will support himself comfortably on 7 pence per day in Belgium, in the country. Bread, such as the labourers eat, is about a penny farthing a pound, and other food in proportion.

PARLEY'S FAREWELL.—We feel sincere regret in announcing to children that their good friend, Peter Parley has closed his labours in their behalf.

As a writer for children, he has been eminently successful. His farewell legacy relates to a subject of more essential importance than any of its predecessors. It is devoted to an exposition of natural and revealed religion by arguments adapted to the comprehension of youth, for whom they are expressly designed. The close of the volume is so touching and pertinent, that we will copy a single passage:

My dear young friends, you to whom I have been speaking in my little books—you who have so kindly listened to me, you deserve the last thoughts of poor old Peter Parley. Life has ceased to be a source of happiness to me, and I am willing to depart: but to say farewell to those I have loved—those who have treated me so kindly—and to know that I shall see their bright faces, and hear their glad voices no more, has indeed something in it hard to bear; and if my old eyes were not too dry for tears, I could weep to think of it. But it is idle to mourn for what cannot be avoided; so with a cheerful heart I have been preparing to take leave of my little friends. This book is my farewell. Take it with my best wishes for your happiness! Take it, with the last request of your old friend—which is, that you will read it, and that when the writer is quietly settled in his lowly home—that even then you will listen to his voice, speaking in these pages.—*Am. Traveller.*

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—Wilkie, the celebrated artist, had his attention first taken by the coloured drawing of a soldier in the Highland uniform, with which he was so delighted that he was continually drawing copies of it till at last he became a painter.