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## REDDY RYLAND;

SHOWING HOW "THE SHINE" WAS TAKEN OUT OF HIM.

LAUGHING, loving, rollicking, rousing, fighting, tearing, dancing, singing, good-natured Reddy! of all the kind-hearted, light-hearted, gay-hearted fellows that ever whirled a shillala at a fight (*when he could not help it*, for Reddy declared that otherwise he never fought), or *covered the buckle*\* at a fair, Reddy Ryland was the king! His very face was a jest-book. His eyes, though wild and blue, were not as mischievous as mirthful; his full, flexible mouth was surrounded by folds and dimples, where wit and humour rested at all times and all seasons. His hat sat in a most knowing manner upon the full rich curls of his brown hair; his gay-coloured silk neckerchief was tied so loosely round his throat, that if it were possible he had ever seen a picture of Byron, folk would have said he was imitating the lordly poet; his figure was that of a lithe and graceful mountaineer—his voice the very echo of mirth and joy; and his name for ten miles round his mother's dwelling (Reddy was resolved it should not be considered *his* until after her death) was sure to excite a smile or a blessing, perhaps both. With all this, Reddy was careful of the main chance—a good farmer in a small way, and a prosperous one; read Martin Doyle and Captain Blackyer; understood green crops, and stall-fed his cow; had really brewed his own beer twice, and it only turned sour *once*; talked of joining the Temperance Society—though I need not add, that if Reddy had been fond of "the drop," he would not have been the prosperous fellow he was. Here, then, was an Irish peasant free from the

\*A favourite Irish step (not known in quadrilles).

common faults of his countrymen; he seldom procrastinated; was sober, honest, truthful, diligent, and, to use the phrase which his mother applied to him at least ten times a-day, "was as good a son as ever raised his head beneath the canopy of heaven." What, then, can I have to say about Reddy Ryland, more than to give honour due to his good qualities? If this be all, my task is nearly done; for the language of praise, I am told, is used sparingly by the prudent; people in an ordinary way tire amazingly over the record of their neighbour's virtues. It is very delightful to feel their good effects—to enjoy the advantages arising therefrom; but we do not like to hear them lauded what we call too highly; it is a sort of implied censure on our own imperfections, that we do not relish; consequently, we are by many degrees too anxious to pick out faults, and thrust our tongues therein, as children do their fingers into small rents, to make them larger. The rent, the faulty spot in Reddy's character, was unfortunately large enough for all the tongues in the country to wag through: and let no one suppose that his popularity prevented many a bitter animadversion upon his imperfection; his particular friends never praised him without exclaiming, "Ah, thin, sure he *is* a darlint; sorra a one like him in the country; and sure it's an angel he'd be *all out*, but *for that fault he has*." It certainly is marvellous how our intimates discover and publish our faults, oiling their observations with "what a pity!" Reddy's fault was, in a word, a superabundance of conceit—real *personal* vanity. When he was a little boy, he used to dress his hair in every tub of water that came in his way; and when he grew up "a slip of a boy," his first pocket-money purchased—a looking-glass.

Reddy was intolerably vain; he thought himself the handsomest "boy" in the barony; and more than that, he had the impudence to declare that no woman could refuse him! I must confess that the country girls had, if not sown, cultivated this vanity to a very considerable extent; they paid him a great deal too much attention, which is any thing but good for men in general; and the consequence was, that Reddy considered himself very much as a sort of Irish grand sultan, who had nothing to do but throw his handkerchief upon the favoured fair one; and be she who she might, she would rejoice to become his bride.

"Ah, thin, Reddy dear!" exclaimed his mother one Sunday morning, when Reddy had, even in her opinion, taken a very long time to dress for mass—"Ah, thin, Reddy dear, what ails the shoes?"

"Mother dear, it's *boots* that's in it; and I'm thinking they'll wrinkle on the instep."

"Well, dear, why are ye faulting them so? sure they're mighty slim and purty to look at; and the only wonder I have is how ye ever got yer feet into them. Oh, thin, what would yer father say to see ye turning out on the road in single soles, without so much as a sparable in the heel. Oh, my! why, thin, Reddy, *you have* a mighty purty fut, God bless it!"

"Well, mother, it's nate, I don't deny it," he answered, elevating his foot and viewing it in every position; "I never *go out on the floor*\* without seeing the notice that's taken of it, especially in heel and toe; that's the step to show the shape to advantage—whoop!"

And Reddy cut a caper, while his mother said, "Aisy, Reddy; it's time enough to begin that sort of *divarshin* afther mass. That's a mighty purty handkerchief ye've got about yer neck, dear; they do be saying you don't close up yer throat because it's so handsome; ye always had a mighty clane† skin."

Reddy showed his teeth at the compliment.

"Darling boy, yer hair is a thrifle too long; I'll cut it the morrow morning if you like."

"Mother," answered Reddy, somewhat indignantly, "ye may dock all the

children in the parish, but ye shan't *massacree* my curls any more. Ye spoilt me intirely last fair-day."

"Well, dear," answered the mother, who was perfectly conscious of her son's weakness, though she encouraged it, "there's the bowl dish I always put on yer father's head when I cut his hair, that I might trim it all round, even; one would have thought the dish made on his head, it fitted so beautiful: that was when first we war married; but, bedad! after a fair or a faction fight, the knocks would grow up, and grow out, and push it up—I always allowed for them in the cutting—and he never said—not he (the heavens be his bed!) 'Nell, it's not to my liking.' He was as handsome to the full as yon, Reddy, *avick!* but never took as much pride out of himself as you do. Now, don't put a frown upon *your joy of a face* to your ould mother, my son. The times are changed now; and the young men think more of themselves than they used—times and fashions do change, *agra!* Sure I mind the mistress at the big house riding to church on a pillion behind the coachman, in a green joseph, a gould watch as big as your fist, and a beautiful beaver and feathers—jog jump! jog jump! all along the road. And then of a week day, my darlint! to see her up before the maids in the morning at day-break, and rowling out the pasthry for company, and clearing jelly!—that was her glory. And now, why, the ladies rides in coaches, and leaves word with the maids to get up, and orders the pasthry, and faults the jelly, *avick machree!* There's not the heartiness in the country of the good ould times; we're fading from sunbames into moonbames: *that's* what ails us!"

"Am I a moonbame, mother?" inquired the son, with an insinuating look.

"A moonbame, *avick!* Ah, thin, no; that you aint. You'er a flash-o'-lightning-boy—oh! that's what *you* are. And if you do take a taste of pride out of yerself, *who* has a better right, and all the counthry putting it into you!"

Reddy perfectly agreed with his mother, and after giving her a hearty kiss, as it was yet too early for second and too late for first prayers, he thought he would open his heart to her, as he had long intended to do.

\*Dance.

†Fair.

"Ah, thin, mother darlint, will ye listen to us for a few minutes, and give us yer advice, which we want at this present time intirely, ye see."

"Why, thin, I will, to be sure, and pray the Lord to put sense into me for that same; for a mother's counsel comes oftener from the heart than from the head. What is it, *avick*?"

"How ould was my father whin he married?"

"Why, thin, not all out twenty-one."

"And I'm twenty-five next Martinmas, please God. Mother, that's a shame."

"That the Lord has given ye so many years, is it?" said the widow, with great *naïveté*.

"Dear! How innocent ye are all of a suddent, mother! No, but that I didn't do as my father did before me."

"Ah, thin, no one can reproach ye with the same, *avourneen*; not many a fair in the country but knows the face and figure of Reddy Ryland to be the same as his father's—and sorra a purty girl that ye havn't made love to, ever since ye counted—Oh, my grief! why, Reddy, you made love to purty Peggy Garvey before you were turned thirteen—that was kind father for ye, any way."

"Mother, now lave off make-believing *innocence*; sure you know very well what I mane is—it is time I was—married!"

His mother gave a very admirable start of astonishment, and, after a pause, said, "Well! it's only natural, and so—why!—sure my darling boy has only to ax and have, only to pick the country! Ah, thin, Reddy, why don't ye make up yer mind to Ellen Rossiter? It's her people, every one of them, that has the warm house and the warm heart."

"Mother, I've nothing to say against the girl, only I'd be affeard her head would set the house on fire. Now, mother, that's enough. I never could abide red hair."

"It's only auburn, my son; and, sure, after a few years it will be the colour of mine, white like the first snow; beauty's but skin deep, though its memory is pleasant when it does fade. Well, there, I'm done; I'll say no more about her. What do ye think of Miss Kitty Blackney?"

"She's short, mother; all out too short, mother."

"Let her stand on her purse, Reddy dear," replied the mother; "let her stand on *that*, and she'll be even with Squire Baine's tall poplar tree! Mabe Miss Kitty hasn't a purse! Oh, thin, it's yerself that's hard to be plased; I'll say no more about her, though it's yellow goold she'd give ye to ate, if she had ye. Well, maybe Mary Murphy is long enough to plase ye!"

"The *stalking voragāh*! She is long enough, but her family's not long. I must have *blood, bone, and beauty*, and that's the thruth, and I'll never marry without it, never throw myself away—that's what I wont do. I'll show the country what a wife ought to be. I'll not marry a girl to be ashamed of her people. I'll not marry a poplar nor a furze bush. I'll not marry for money, nor all out pride, nor all out love, only a little of both. I'd like a girl, ye see, that would be proud of her husband, particularly when we'd be both in our Sunday clothes. I'll never marry a girl that hasn't sunshine in every bit of her face."

"And in her timper, too, I hope; a good timper is a cordial to a man's heart. It's the nurse of sorrow—the medicine of sickness—the *wine at a poor man's table*. Whatever ye do, *avick*, watch the timper."

"I don't think," said Reddy, looking at himself in the glass that hung from a nail in the dresser; "I don't think any woman could be ill timpered with me."

"The heavens never shone on a better boy, that's throe; but for all that, some women is mighty inganious. But, Reddy, don't marry a girl that's altogether without money; it's a mighty *savery* thing in a house; but don't marry altogether for it."

"Trust me, mother dear; but is there no one else you could think of!"

"Sorra one; unless it be the Flower of Loughgully, and—"

"Don't name *her*, mother dear, if you plase," said Reddy, turning away his face.

"I'll not deny that I thought ons't a dale of Kathleen O'Brien, a great dale; but nobody ever thought as much of her as she did of herself, and so—"

"She didn't dare refuse *you*?" observed Mrs Ryland indignantly.

"No, no, not *that*; but *she* laughed at *me*; and I wonder at ye, mother, to name the Flower of Loughgully to me. Ye just did it to get a rize out of me, that's all; but don't do it again, mother. I'll

show *her*, before a month is over her raven hair that she bands so neat; before another month has made us all nearer to eternity, I'll show her the sort of wife Reddy Ryland can get. I'll——," he paused, overcome by contending feelings to which his mother had no clue; and then, while she thought over his words, he added, with his usual gaiety of manner, "I've made up my mind to go to Kilkenny next week, where I've heard of one from my cousin to suite me; and, maybe, I wont bring ye a daughter, mother. There's not a girl in this country fit for *that*, mother," and he looked, *not* at his mother, but at himself; "not one. And now God be with ye! I've made up my mind to be married, and now I've tould you. I'll punish the hearts of the girls—of *the* girl, any way, that——But God be with ye, mother; I must not lose mass," and off he bounded, leaving his mother to recall, and cogitate, over the old adage of the more haste the worse speed.

"If," said she, "after all, he should marry out of spite to the Flower of Loughgully, what might come of it? I named her last, to see if he would speak of her, but he did not; and yet I'm sure his heart turned to her above all others, though he'd never *give in* to her, nor she to him—she has such a spirit! And sometimes I think I make too much of my boy, but I can't help it. His face, so handsome, so like his father's; and his voice, when he calls me in the morning, or blesses me at night, I often think my own darlint is with me again! Pray the Almighty," said the widow, after a long pause, and clasping her hands, "pray the Almighty, that, after having the pick of the country, *he don't take the crooked stick at last!*"

Now, it so happened that the widow Ryland did every thing in her power to prevent her son's visit to Kilkenny; but she had not accustomed him to contradiction, and he would go, and he did go; and the neighbours said Reddy Ryland was gone Kilkenny to bring home a wife; and when Kathleen O'Brien the Flower of Loughgully, heard *that*, she wept bitterly, for she had calculated on the influence of her own beauty over the heart of her lover, having altogether forgotten how completely Reddy was absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections. A woman

never can have much power over a vain man.

Three weeks elapsed, and Reddy returned to his home, and his foot and eye were both heavy; the elasticity had departed from the one, and the brightness from the other. His mother pressed him to her bosom, and his neighbours crowded to welcome his arrival. Many a hand was extended; and "sure we'll have some fun now ye're come back," said one. "Ah, thin, it was a quare wake Andy Magaveney had, poor man; the pipes weren't half smoked, and the dancing not worth a farthing, 'cause *you warn't* in it," said another. "Sure you never saw a gayer boy than yerself, Reddy, since ye left it," exclaimed a third. "Well he's with us again, any how. But, Reddy' *where's* the Kilkenny lady you war to bring to show us the fashions?" inquired a fourth.

Reddy laughed, and turned off the question, and called for some whisky to treat his friends. His mother observed he made his punch double its usual strength; and, as she said afterwards, an "*impression*" came over her heart "*like the hand o' death*," for she saw something was wrong, and she sat looking at her son with tears in her eyes; even when their friends were gone, she had not courage to ask him if he was married; but Reddy walked to the table after he had shut the door, and, filling out a great glass of whisky, drank it off, and then said,

"Mother, wish me joy. Joy, joy mother! I'm married!"

"Oh, Reddy, it isn't possible that's thue—without ever consulting yer mother, or letting her see yer choice!"

"It's as thue, mother—as bad luck."

"Oh, Reddy, my own son, has she '*the blood*' you talked about? Is she of an ancient family all out?"

"Mother, answered Reddy, after a pause, it's not aisy to get every thing."

"Oh, wisha! if ye thought of that before, ye need not have gone to Kilkenny for a wife. Well, I dare say she's a fine figure of a woman. She has *bone*, any how?"

"None to spare," said the hard-to-be-pleased-gentleman; "however she's my wife."

"And a beauty?" added the mother; "I'm sure, sartin sure, she has beauty?"

"The devil as much as would fit on the top of a grasshopper's toe," replied her son impetuously.

"Not blood, nor bone, nor beauty! Well, maybe she has better materials than any of them to make a good wife. She was your cousin's recommending, and he knew how much you wanted a girl to set a pattern to the country."

"She was *not* my cousin's recommending, mother; but somehow she's a very town-bred woman, and took a wonderful liking to me."

"A good education's a fine thing," said Mrs Ryland, almost weeping, for, like all the Irish, she laid great value on the qualities Reddy had confessed she did *not* possess; but she was a gentle-hearted woman, and desired, in her simple wisdom, to make the best of everything—no bad wisdom either.

"It is, mother," sighed the bridegroom.

"But what has she besides the education, Reddy?" inquired his mother, seeing that her beloved son sat moodily with his hands clasped resting on the table, and his chin fixed upon them. "What has she besides the education?"

"*Two small children,*" was Reddy's reply.

"Oh, Reddy, Reddy, is that the end of ye!" exclaimed his distracted mother; "you, the pride of the county—the beauty of the parish, that might have had the pick of the whole county for a wife!—you who was thought so much of, and who thought so much of yerself!"

"You're right mother!" interrupted Reddy; "*that last did it.* If it hadn't been for that, I might have been content with— But no matter—it's all over now. She was a widow, mother; and *I was so sure not to be caught by a widow* that I took no heed. I persuaded her to stop half way, and that I'd take the car for her."

"And the children?" added his mother. "And the same car can take me out of this; *two* widows are too much for any man's house. Oh, Reddy, Reddy, to think of this! to think of this! how you war taken in! How was it?"

But Reddy would not tell; the affair was a mystery. His old mother was broken-hearted; she refused to remain in his house, though somewhat comforted

by the information that the bride was rich, though *red-haired*; and at last, unable to withstand the strong entreaties of her son, she agreed to receive her before she departed. The next day was one of mingled curiosity and lamentation amongst the female population of the neighborhood, while the men agreed, with something like satisfaction, that 'the shine' was now taken out of handsome, loving, rousing, fighting, dancing, singing, good-natured Reddy Ryland. If 'the shine,' as they called it, was taken out of Reddy by the mere 'report,' how much more was he either to be pitied or exulted over when the bride made her appearance! His poor mother could not support it. Of all the crooked sticks, she was the most crooked that had ever been seen. How the married men laughed and talked of bachelors' wives, and how the young men tittered, and the young girls peeped from under their hoods at the broad, bold, ruddy-faced—was *that* his choice, indeed! No sunshine in her face; and such a tongue! In less than two months every body sympathised with the young farmer; his vanity was punished. He was fading into a shadow, and certainly his feelings were not soothed by an incident, which is nothing to tell, but a great deal to feel.—He met Kathleen O'Brien one morning at the turn of a particular lane, where he had often met her before. She did not recognise him at first, but his voice. "Kathleen, we may be friends, Kathleen—you *will not laugh at me now*—it was *that* did it, Kathleen—*that*: my pride could not bear it; but I'm punished. I've had the fall which they say follows pride. Wont you speak? Sure the whole country round sees 'the shine is taken out of Reddy Ryland.' Wont you bid God bless me? I've need of a blessing, Kathleen. I own I did it to vex ye. Wont ye forgive me?"

Kathleen, the flower of Loughgully, could not speak the forgiveness that came to her lips, but turned away from her old lover to hide her tears.

Unvirtuous love—if love it may be called—is almost unknown in Irish peasant life. Reddy was glad no one had seen him speak to Kathleen; he loved her fame quite as much as he had once loved herself.

Mrs. Reddy was, every one knew, a

regular virago. What she *had* been, people only guessed; but she said her husband had been drowned at sea.

No wealth had been added to Reddy's store; *that* was very evident: and things appeared going to ruin—the old story where there is no affection—when suddenly a stranger stood at the threshold of Reddy Ryland's house, and enquired for his wife.

"She's within, honest mán," said the young farmer.

"But you're not Reddy Ryland?" said the traveller.

"I *was*," was the reply.

"But I heard he was a fine, slashing, handsome, rollicking boy," persisted the stranger, who looked and spoke like a sailor.

"I wish to God I had never heard it," observed Reddy.

"Well, certainly Poll would take the shine out of anything, from a new shilling upwards, if *you* are the Reddy Ryland I heard tell of," persisted the man looking at him from head to foot.

"And who are you?" inquired Reddy.

"Who am I? Why, I'm Poll's husband; and don't be afraid—all I want is my children. I'll make you a present of her and welcome. She thought me dead: and, by the powers, such a lass as that deserves credit!"

"For what?" enquired the delighted Reddy.

"For having the art, d'ye see, to catch two such beautiful boys as our two selves."

Reddy Ryland was in no degree disposed to accept the present so liberally offered. He was both laughed at and congratulated by his neighbours. His mother returned, but he never allowed her to utter a word in his praise. "I'll never heed a flattering tongue again," he would say; "I've had enough of that." A little longer, and Kathleen herself took pity on him. And again he returned to his former self: in every respect but one he was exactly the same. He confessed that the "widow," as he always called her, had got at his *weak side*, flattered his vanity, and thus accomplished her purpose. "The shine," in truth, was "taken out of him," but the substance remained; and Reddy Ryland, a handsome Irish peasant, is at this moment a *rara avis*—a vain man cured.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

## ARTESIAN WELLS.

IN a paragraph quoted into the Journal more than two years ago (in Number 205), it was stated that some spouting fountains and wells, formed by boring the ground perpendicularly to various depths, received the name of Artesian wells, from the circumstance of their having been made extensively in the province of Artois, in France. In another paper, moreover, which appeared in a still earlier number, under the title, of Boring for Water, a minute account was given of the operation of boring, and of the instruments used in it. The general principles, however, on which the existence of subterranean water and the formation of wells depend, was not entered into on either of these occasions, and we propose at present to render our view of the subject complete, as it seems to us to be one equally interesting and useful. An admirable paper by M. Arago, in a late number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, supplies abundant materials for this purpose.

The fact that water will rise spontaneously to and above the surface, in certain localities, when bores of various depths have been made in the earth, seems to have been long known to mankind. An Alexandrian writer of the sixth century narrates, that "when wells are sunk in the oasis of the Desert, to a depth varying from one to five hundred ells, water springs from the orifices so as to form rivers, of which the farmers avail themselves to irrigate their fields." In more modern times, travellers relate, that in some parts of the desert of Sahara, the natives sometimes bore the earth to the depth of two hundred fathoms, and always succeed in finding water, which flows often up the bores with such force as to drown those engaged in making the excavations. In China also, and in European countries, there are proofs of wells of this nature having been early formed. In many cases the water of these wells not only spouted to the height of several feet above the surface, but might be conveyed with ease in pipes to the tops of the highest houses. This spontaneous ascent of the water to and above the surface, is the distinguishing character, it will be observed, of Artesian wells—common wells being those in which the water,

when found, does not rise of its own accord, but requires to be elevated artificially by pumps or buckets. Water, indeed, rises more or less in almost all wells, but the name Artesian is properly confined to those which present the first-mentioned characteristics. The stream of water ejected from Artesian fountains, occasionally continues uniform for years; but this, as will be seen from what follows, is a point liable to be affected by circumstances.

In considering the phenomena of these wells, one or two points chiefly require attention and explanation. Firstly, "Whence is the water of these wells derived, and where does it lodge itself?" And, secondly, "What is the power which causes the waters to rise, and projects them at the surface of the globe?" There have been various theories suggested relative to the source of the water found on boring into earth at various depths; but M. Arago and others have now arrived at the conclusion, and indeed have demonstrated, that these subterranean founts are fed by the *waters of the atmosphere*. This seemingly natural explanation of the matter was long doubted, on grounds of much apparent plausibility and probability. The principal of these objections was, that rain never penetrates above a few inches (feet, according to some) into the ground. But the experiments which led to this conclusion were all made upon cultivated *vegetable earth*, and they would certainly be decisive, if the globe were covered with a layer of this earth two or three yards thick. "The very reverse of this, however, (says M. Arago,) is the fact. Every one knows that in many places the superior layer is sand, and that sand allows the water to percolate, as if it were a sieve; whilst in other places the naked rocks appear, and through their fissures and gaps the water runs most freely." In proof of this, the mines of Cornwall may be referred to, the deepest galleries of which have their standing water increased a few hours after a fall of rain. Rain, also, takes an immediate effect on the springs issuing from chalk-cliffs. Other objections to the belief that waters found below the surface of the earth are derived from the atmosphere, are, in like manner as the preceding, capable of a satisfactory refutation.

It is into the stratified formations, or those masses of matter arranged on the surface of the globe in beds or layers, that the waters of the atmosphere infiltrate. The irregular or primitive rocks have few large fissures in them, and these not continuous or connected, and therefore water cannot gather in them in great quantities. The springs, accordingly, that are found in these irregular formations, are small, and, as it were, accidental. The stratified formations, on the other hand, are largely intermingled with layers of loose and permeable sand and chalk, which permit the infiltration of vast quantities of water. The order in which these stratified formations are usually disposed, greatly favours the admission of the atmospheric waters.—These formations are in the shape of basins, their edges being turned up on the sides of ridges, hills, or mountains. Their broken ends have thus a vertical position, and are comparatively open to the infiltration, into their permeable strata, of the rains that fall upon the heights. As not above one-third of the rain, snow, &c., that falls around any of these basins—to take the basin of the Seine, on which experiments were made, as an example—passes off by the agency of rivers, a vast quantity of water must evidently enter the earth. Of this water, part will go to nourish the vegetable soil, and part will reascend in vapour into the atmosphere, while the remainder will enter the permeable parts of the stratified formations. One would therefore expect to find extended sheets of water in these formations; to find great hollows, formed by the water passing down with velocity through the inclined strata into the horizontal ones, which must be the case particularly, where the dip is at a high angle; and even to find subterranean rivers amid these formations.

All this is really found, accordingly, to be the case. The chalk strata are furrowed in every direction by thousands of fissures. The caverns which occur among the stratified (limestone) formations, are extremely numerous, and of vast size—in some instances extending even for many miles. In all of these are found springs or streams, indicating the source by which these caves have been hollowed out. In the great cavern of Guacharo, in South America, there is a river, thirty feet

broad, passing along the whole floor of the excavation. There are also amid the stratified formations many immense subterranean lakes, one of the most remarkable examples of which is the Lake of Zirknitz, in Carniola, which is about six miles long by three broad. This lake is below a meadow, which has various openings or holes in it, through which the waters rise in the wet season, and cover the plain. That there is a regular subterranean lake here, is clearly proved by the ejection of living (but *blind*) ducks, fishes, &c., when the waters issue. This is most unquestionably an accumulation of water between two hard rocks, where it has found a site by infiltration, and by the displacement of some soft layer. There have, moreover, been found in one spot successive sheets of water at various depths, and which have collected in the same manner. Running streams have also repeatedly been observed in the stratified formations in various places.

More need not be said, we think, to exhibit the *source* of subterranean waters, the *manner* in which they descend into the earth, and the *position* which they there take up; all of which points have been here adverted to, because, without a clear comprehension of them, it is impossible to understand the real nature of Artesian wells. The waters, then, of these wells, have their site among the stratified formations, into the soft masses of which they have infiltrated from the surface. "What is the power which causes these subterranean waters to rise, and projects them at the surface of the globe?" This important point remains to be explained. "If water (says M. Arago) be poured into a tube which is bent into the shape of the letter U, it there assumes a level, and maintains itself in the two branches at vertical heights, which are exactly equal. Let us suppose, then, that the left branch of this tube opens towards the top, with a large reservoir which can maintain itself always full; that the right branch is cut across towards its lower part; that only a short portion of its vertical part is left, and that this portion is fitted with a stopcock. When this stopcock is open, the water will be projected into the air, through the remaining portion of the right branch, to exactly the height it would have risen if this

branch had remained entire. It will ascend as far as it has descended from the level of the reservoir, which, without ceasing, supplies the opposite branch." This is the grand hydrostatic principle upon which many cities (Edinburgh, for example) are supplied with water. An illustration of the manner in which artificial jets or spouts of water are formed, may be offered by supposing an opening to be made in the pipe that supplies Edinburgh, at that part of it which lies in the vale between the fount and the city. The water would spring to the height, great in proportion to the length of fall in the descending current. M. Arago thus applies these principles to the Artesian wells:—"Let us now recall to our recollection the manner in which the rain water penetrates certain beds of the stratified series; not forgetting that it is only upon the slopes of the hills, or at their summits, that these beds are exposed, on edge; that it is there they admit the water, which, therefore always occur in somewhat elevated situations: let us reflect, moreover, that these *water-carrying* beds, after having descended along the sides of the hills, extend themselves horizontally, or nearly so, along the plains; that there they are often imprisoned, as it were, between two *impermeable* beds of clay or solid rock—and we may then easily conceive the occurrence of subterranean waters, that are naturally in the same hydrostatic conditions of which the conduits leading to cities from a height along a vale supply us with artificial models; and the sinking of a pit in the valleys, through the upper strata, down through the more elevated of the two impermeable beds betwixt which the water is confined, will form, as it were, the second branch of a pipe, in the form of a letter U—or, we may say, of a *reversed syphon*; and the water will rise in this pit to a height corresponding to that which the water maintains on the side of the hill where it commences to descend. From these statements every one may understand how, in any given horizontal plain, the different subterranean waters which may be placed at different levels, may have very different powers of ascending; and also how the same water should be here projected to a great height, and should there rise no higher than the



surface of the soil. Simple inequalities of the level would clearly appear to be the cause, and a sufficient as well as natural cause, of all these apparent anomalies."

We trust that, by the helping hand of this great French philosopher, the reader has now a distinct idea of the cause of these wonders—and in many places, most useful wonders—of nature, the Artesian spouts or wells. It is obvious, that a knowledge of this subject is calculated to be of exceeding value to the inhabitants of many regions of the globe. An examination of the strata of any district will lead almost unerringly to a right decision in the search for water, where the principles here detailed are kept in view by the investigators. It is true, that where a common pump-well can be formed, it would be a waste of time to attempt the formation of Artesian wells, which are generally so much deeper: but in many quarters of the globe water is not to be had at common depths and by common means, and in this case the attempt to penetrate the stratified formations, where judiciously done, might well reward the labour. The water is usually of extreme purity, as might be anticipated from the complete percolature it undergoes.

Waters have risen to the surface in Artesian wells, from the immense depth of one thousand and thirty feet. One in the park of the Duke of Northumberland projects the water a yard above the surface, from a depth of five hundred and eighty-two feet. In many places on the continent, the water of Artesian wells is employed in *moving machinery*, and the supply, particularly when the water is from a considerable depth, is so equable, that no moving power could be superior in convenience. In this capacity, therefore, these wells might be of incalculable service in many quarters, in addition to their utility otherwise.

We shall conclude with one other remark. The *spouts of fresh water* which have been frequently observed to burst through the waters of the sea, are Artesian fountains. They have been noticed above one hundred miles from land, which well shows how extensive the sheets of water sometimes are which permeate the strata of the earth. This also shows, that, when Artesian fountains are found where no high grounds are near, we are

not justified in making this an objection to the hypothesis which refers them to water descending through the earth from a height.—*Chambers' Ed. Journal.*

#### GENERAL ACCOUNT OF SAGO.

MANY must have seen sago brought forward as an article of desert, and more recently seen it used as a compound of common bread, without being aware of its natural character, and the peculiar circumstances attending its growth and preparation. The general impression of those who have seen it in its uncooked state is, that it is a seed. We propose to rectify the common errors, and give some information respecting this article of food.

Sago is derived from the soft interior of a species of palm, which grows in various parts of the East Indies and neighbouring Islands. The family of palms, it may be necessary for the bulk of our reader to premise, belongs to a class of trees, of which the fern is a familiar example in this country, which grow, not by concentric circles regularly added every year on the outside, as British trees mostly do, but by *additions within*, and which are therefore called *endogenous plants*, others being distinguished as *exogenous*. The sugar-cane is a notable example of the endogenous plants, many of which, like that well-known vegetable, have a soft pulpy interior or pith, forming a proportion of the bulk of the tree. It is a curious circumstance relating to the trees which grow by internal additions, that the seeds of all of them have but one lobe, the seeds of exogenous plants on the contrary having two.

The particular tree from which sago is derived, is denominated, by the natives of the region of its birth, *Sagu*: hence our name for the article, and hence the appellation of *Sagus*, applied by naturalists to a genus of the palm family, to which the sago-bearing tree belongs. There are at least five species, if not a good many more, of the genus *Sagus*, growing in Sumatra, Java, the Molluccas, and the neighbouring continent; but most of these yield the farina in comparatively small quantities, and are not of any importance in that respect. The grand source of sago is the *Sagus genuina*, so named by Libellardière, the naturalist, who accompanied the expedition to La Perouse. He examined it in the Molluccas, where it abounds, and took drawings of it, from which it appears as a handsome but by no means elevated palm, the trunk being about ten feet in height, and the diameter two. The fruit is about the size of a pullet's egg, covered, like our fir-cones, with imbricated scales, reversed—their fixed points being at the top of the fruit. Throughout the Indian Archipelago, the sago-tree is an object of the greatest importance, being the chief source of the food of the people. From that region it has lately been introduced into the East Indian possessions, where it now grows extensively, particularly in Malabar. It is also reared in Madagascar and the Isle of France, and has even been transplanted to

America. Probably there is no tropical country of little elevation in which it could not with care and attention be cultivated. It commonly grows in moist and marshy grounds. There it springs up naturally; its growth is rapid, under the direct rays of the scorching sun, and it speedily attains goodly dimensions. It propagates itself by offsets or shoots, from the roots, which for a time appear only as bushes at the foot of the full-grown trunk; ere long, however, they extend wide, and their stems shoot up like arrows, forming a thick forest. These, on arriving at maturity, are felled; plants soon again spring up, and proceed rapidly through their different stages, until they are again subjected to the axe, and made to yield their alimentary store for the service of man.

Though the fruit, especially its pulpy kernel, and not less the *cabbage*, as it is familiarly called, that is to say, the germ of the foliage at the top of the tree, are very generally esteemed as articles of luxury, yet these do not constitute the richness of the tree. This consists of the farinaceous (nearly) and glutinous pith which constitutes the greatest proportion of the trunk, and which, as in the bamboo, or in the common reed, is arranged in separate sections, and surrounded by a harder encasement. When the palm is ripe, as we have already said, it is felled, and cut as near to the root as possible, that none of the nutritious portion may be lost. All the pith is removed, and by very simple processes is rendered fit for food. When the interior of the trunk is examined, it appears formed of a spongy cellular substance, penetrated by a number of tubes, which in time become tough threads, and consequently differ from the nutritive substance of the spongy cells. When viewed through the magnifier, the small cavities of the cellular tissue are found to be filled with very minute globules of different shapes and sizes, which go to compose the sago; and as our potato, by undergoing the process of being converted into farina or starch, exhibits a fibrous portion as well as the pure starch, so is it with the sago: One portion is nearly pure farina or sago; and the other, the fibrous filaments or thready parts, distinguished by the natives by the name of *ela*, is of inferior value, and appropriated by the natives to subordinate uses. The former is used by man; the latter is given to pigs, poultry, and inferior animals. When laid aside and left to ferment, it is apt to breed a particular kind of larva, or worm, which is esteemed as a first-rate delicacy in the Moluccas; and also to produce a peculiar species of mushroom, which, according to Sir Thomas Raffles and Mr. Craufurd, is very much prized.

The process of manufacture to which the pith is subjected, is somewhat different, as it is intended for native consumption, or meant to be exported to Europe and other temperate and civilized countries. So thoroughly, however, is it prepared by nature for the use of man, that frequently the inhabitants of the islands where it grows do nothing more than cut as many slices as they require from the pith, and roast it, as we do our potatoes, previous to

use. And so great is the purity of the fecula, that it will remain for a twelve-month in the felled tree without spoiling, or undergoing any deterioration. Sometimes it is, much in the same way, preserved in a hollow bamboo. Far more frequently, however, the natives subject it to a process precisely similar in principle, and very much in practice, to that whereby our invaluable potato is converted into farina or starch. The details of the process vary somewhat in the different Islands. The following is the account furnished by our countryman Forrest. "The tree, after being cut down, is divided into lengths of five or six feet. A part of the hard wood is then sliced off; and the workman, coming to the pith, cuts across the longitudinal fibres and the pith together, leaving a part at each end uncut, so that when it is excavated there remains a trough, into which the pulp is again put, mixed with water, and beaten with a piece of wood. Then the fibres, separated from the pulp, float at top, and the flour subsides. After being cleared in this way by several waters, the pulp is put into cylindrical baskets made of the leaves of the tree; and if it is to be kept for sometime, those baskets are generally sunk in fresh water, to keep it moist."\* When prepared in a larger way, more effective and expeditious methods readily suggest themselves. The trunk being divided into convenient portions, and split asunder by the application of wedges, the sago is scooped out with an instrument resembling an adze. After being reduced to the appearance of saw-dust, water is copiously added in troughs, whereby the meal is separated from the thready filaments, and after resting for a time apart, subsides. The wet meal is now laid on flat wicker baskets to dry; it is then kneaded together, and formed into little cakes, some very small, like our finger biscuits, and others of larger dimensions. These cakes are lastly put into moulds of corresponding size, and baked in the fire. One tree will yield about three or four hundred weight of this aliment.

The Indian islanders use it in a variety of methods, as we employ our corn, or cereal grains. It is sometimes simply prepared with water as a pottage, or with milk; and sometimes it is made into broth or soup with meat and vegetables. It is sometimes again converted into richer stews, and frequently mingled with their delicious spices and aromatics, as rice with curry. Upon the whole, it is found a most agreeable, as it is a varied and universally used nourishment.

The sago intended for European commerce, though treated on the same principle, is generally, if not always, differently prepared, and this by being *pearled*, as it is called, by methods of which we believe we have no very precise knowledge. So uniformly and beautifully is this process executed, that the art was long taken for nature's work, and the product in this part of the world was universally regarded as the minute seed of some unknown plant. Suspi-

\* Forrest's Voyage to the Moluccas.

cion was aroused concerning the accuracy of this opinion, on observing that these grains were of different sizes, sometimes as large as a coriander seed, and sometimes, especially lately, not half the size. Our additional acquaintance with these distant regions has now dissipated the error on that point. As to the details of the process, we still remain in considerable uncertainty. "To bring it to this state," says Mr. Forrest, "it must be first moistened, and then passed through a sieve into an iron pot, which enables it to assume a globular form; so that all our grained sago is half baked, and will keep long." Sir Thomas Raffles and Mr. Craufurd, again, inform us that it is introduced into a mill similar to those with which, in France, they *pearl* barley. The account which we have obtained, not from authors, but from private and respectable individuals, is, that the pearling is performed chiefly on the sago which is grown in our own East Indian possessions; that for accomplishing the purpose it must be sent in its ruder state into China, where the art is alone understood; that thence a large proportion finds its way to the great free port of Singapore, where it is shipped for Europe. That the substantial qualities of sago are in any degree modified or improved by this process, remains to be established. It is possible the farina may be subjected to some additional process of refinement, but little is probably to be effected in that way; and the principal effect, besides the slight baking, appears to be produced in its appearance, rendering it more pleasant to the eye.

The sago of commerce consists of very small, smooth, round grains, of a dull white, or pale rosy hue; it is inodorous, very hard, insipid to the taste, dissolving imperfectly in the mouth, breaking with difficulty, or rather flattening only, under the teeth: it swells and softens in cold water, and in boiling, and always maintains its globular form. It thus differs from most feculæ in its consistence, its insolubility, the difficulty of again reducing it to powder, its colour; and tendency to granulate. Like potato starch, it may be preserved for an indefinite period, if kept dry; but if allowed to get damp or wet, it spoils, so that it does not always reach these countries equally pure.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

#### AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

A friend who resided at a considerable distance from town had a quantity of old family plate, which he wished to be cleaned and repaired by a London jeweller. He transmitted the plate chest, with a large parcel of papers, separately packed up, to his agent, with directions to leave the plate chest at the jeweller's, and retain the papers. These directions were literally complied with as regarded the plate, but not having a convenient place to deposit the papers in, he sent them to the jeweller's along with the chest. After two or three months the plate was sent home, and the

jeweller at the same time returned the paper parcel to the agent. My country friend on arriving in town a considerable time after, applied to the agent for the papers he had sent him; the parcel was delivered up, but on opening it some turnpike bonds were missed! The agent declared he had never received them, nor even opened the parcel beyond removing the outside envelope. A violent altercation ensued, in which my client used the terms "thief," and "swindler," somewhat emphatically, and was, therefore, somewhat emphatically kicked out of the agent's chambers. In the full tide of fury he came to me, attended by his servant.

"I have been robbed, Mr. Sharpe! robbed and kicked! yes, actually kicked, Mr. Sharpe! haven't I, John?"

"Sure you have, Sir!" answered the groom.

"Robbed! kicked! what do you mean? was it in the street?"

"Master was kicked into the street, Sir, sure enough!"

"Ay, Mr. Sharpe! kicked into the street by the ruffian that robbed me!"

"What, in open day! we must go to Bow street; tell me the facts while my clerk calls a coach."

But on hearing the circumstances as above detailed, it occurred to me that even the charge of embezzlement could scarcely be sustained, though I entertained no doubt that the man had sold or pledged the bonds, especially after another minute search, every thing else was discovered in the parcel. My client had brought his servant with him to confirm his statement, and John swore stoutly that he had packed the plate chest, and made up the parcel himself. He had grown up in his master's service from childhood, and I checked a suspicion that flashed across my mind, that he might himself be the thief. The agent had a fair reputation, and was supposed to be in good circumstances. I therefore, without more hesitation, brought the action. My client left town, and proceedings went on in their usual course, till the sittings approached. I then thought it high time to take instructions for my brief, and subpoena John. It was also necessary to prove the safe carriage of the parcel till its delivery; and to collect this evidence I put myself into the mail, and proceeded to my client's residence in the country. I obtained all the evidence I wanted in the course of two or three days, but he must needs have a party to meet me at dinner the day before I left him. It consisted of five or six of the neighbouring gentry and their families, and the splendour of the sideboard on which his plate was now set for the first time since its return from the jeweller, naturally led the conversation to the approaching trial. Many and bitter were the comments made on the assurance of the agent for carrying matters to such extremes; and many and cordial were the good wishes for a safe deliverance to the host.

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Hubblebubble, joining in the chorus, "I'll get some satisfaction for

my kick now, or the devil's in it. What costs will he have to pay? eh! Sharpe?"

"The costs on both sides, I should think, will be near two hundred, taking in the five witnesses I sent up to-day."

"Two hundred! is that all? well! 'tis some comfort to make him pay two hundred pounds for smart money; mind you lay it on thick, Sharpe: don't spare the fellow."

Here John, who had just entered the room with a bottle or two of very choice claret, in which his master wished to drink to our success, came close to his elbow, with the look of a famished pointer caught in the larder, holding the silver-mounted claret jug in his hand, and whispering in his ear in a semi-audible tone,

"Master! Master! can I speak to you, Master?"

"Speak out, fool! what's the matter? is the cellar robbed?"

"The bonds, Master!—the action—the claret—the bonds—" hesitating between each word as if it choked him, and apparently as much afraid to finish his explanation, as the said pointer to finish his meal in the face of the angry cook.

"What do you stand jabbering there for, like a crow in the cholic? speak out, Sir!"

"I've brought the claret, Sir, 'tis the right sort, I am sure, as sure as I packed the plate chest, master! but the bonds—the bonds, Sir,—the claret jug—"

He obviously dared not proceed, and gaped open-mouthed at his master, who returned the gaze with interest, having some undefined presentiment of evil, but too tipsy to arrange his ideas; I guessed the solution, and came to their common assistance.

"I suppose you removed the false bottom of the plate chest in getting out the jug, and there found the bonds?"

"Exactly so, Sir. Miss Letitia thought they would be safer there than in the parcel, and put them in while I was in the kitchen!"

Hubblebubble was sobered in an instant, though one universal titter, more painful even than the kick, pervaded the room: it was too much for mortal patience; he pushed back his chair—put down the untasted claret—and alternately staring first at John, and then at me, slowly and painfully drawled out the question,

"Two hundred pounds, did you say, Mr. Sharpe? two hundred pounds for costs?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then why the devil didn't you think of this before, Sir?"

But the laugh was too hearty and too well merited, to allow ill-humour to remain. Before the claret was finished the kick was acknowledged to be deserved, and the action was settled by that night's post.

#### RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

HAVING been allowed this day, beyond our expectations, to regain possession of our effects, we embarked once more on board the steam-

boat bound for St. Petersburg, before the sailing of which, however, our passports were demanded by a soldier and detained; those which we had brought with us from the Russian authorities in London having been exchanged the day after our arrival at Cronstadt for others granted by the admiral of the port, upon whom we had to wait personally for that purpose. After a cold voyage of about four hours and a half, we reached St. Petersburg, and were allowed to land, but the luggage was carried to the custom-house. I and my companions having mounted a couple of droschies, set off for the London Hotel, corner of the Nevskoi Prospekt, where we arrived almost worn out with fatigue. As soon as we had entered and intimated our intention of passing the night there, our names and professions were required to be written down for the purpose of being sent to the police for the information of the government. I do not object to the regulation in particular, which is followed, as is well known, in most of the towns on the continent; but the pitch to which the inquisitorial system is pursued in the Russian metropolis upon other occasions is truly ridiculous, without, as it appears to me, any corresponding advantage being attained; thus, you cannot even pay a visit to any of the palaces or other objects worthy of notice in the environs, without giving an account at the barrier of who you are and where you are going, though of what use such information can be to those who require it, I am wholly unable to conceive. What would an Englishman say, if upon determining to make an excursion to Highgate, for instance, accompanied perhaps by his wife and family, he were to be stopped at the New Road, and detained until he had given his name and theirs, and stated where he was going to?—yet the system followed in St. Petersburg is as absurd. "The man whom many fear must needs fear many;" to the continual suspicions and dread which are ever attendants upon an autoerat, must be attributed the minute ramifications of the Imperial espionage in Russia; yet such is the corrupted state of, perhaps, most of its branches, and the want of union in all, that I will venture to assert, that, as far as respects facts of importance, the Russian government knows much less of what is actually passing in St. Petersburg than the English does of what is going on in London, where no such vexatious regulations exist. As an instance of this it may be sufficient to mention, having heard during my residence in the former city, that Count Milovadovitch, who was military governor of St. Petersburg at the time of the memorable revolt on the 26th of December, 1825, when the present Emperor ascended the throne, on being previously informed by his Majesty that he strongly suspected a plot against the Imperial family and the government was hatching, and would soon be put in execution, assured the Emperor most positively, that no such thing *could exist*, it being *impossible* for him to be unacquainted with such a scheme, were it really in agitation, as he had "spies in every quarter, and almost in every

house." The Emperor, however, persisted in asserting his conviction of the correctness of his information, and even mentioned the names of several of the conspirators; to which Milovadvitch replied, that his Majesty must be mistaken, as many of those alluded to were among the number of his intimate friends; and with this assurance the Count and his Imperial master separated. The result fully proved that the intelligence (which was supplied to the Emperor directly by one of the conspirators, who, to save himself, informed against his companions in guilt,) was true, and that the rebels had contrived to deceive the military governor, who soon afterwards fell a sacrifice to their fury. \* \* \* \* \*

Calling to memory all the ladies of rank I have seen in the country, (and my opportunities have been ample for observing them,) I must say that I have only met with one handsome woman among them who was really Russian. The women of all ranks in this country, though very sprightly and very gay, for ever dancing, and singing, and laughing, and talking, have not the same pretensions that the men have to good looks, and the graces of external appearance. They have no delicacy of shape, and their complexions are—what they please; for those even in the lowest condition, if they are able to afford it, bedaub their faces with red. Red is the favourite colour here, inasmuch that the word denoting it in the Russian language is synonymous with beautiful. But let it not be supposed that I assert there are no beautiful women in St. Petersburg or in Russia;—there are some, certainly, but they are not Russians; they are Polish, Livonian, Esthonian, or German. The complexion of the Russian ladies is generally bad. With the sole exception of the beautiful princess just alluded to, I never met with an instance of the clear, rosy, blooming countenance, the offspring of health and innocence, that so strongly characterizes the female youth of England. Whether it arises from the rigour of the climate, from the want of fresh air in their stove-warmed apartments, the diet, or the frequent use of the national vapour-bath, I shall not attempt to determine; but, I repeat, their complexions are seldom good. I am no friend to public baths, and the custom of *ladies* flocking to them so frequently as the Russians do; no physical good that may result from the practice can, in my mind, compensate for the moral injury which may, and I believe does, in the Russian capital, arise from it. At Odessa, even now, the lower order of men and women bathe at mid-day, as well as at other times, on the shore of the Black Sea, within sight of the Governor-General's; and I have been informed also, that previous to the erection of a private canvas bathing-room, which was raised a few years ago for the upper classes, that the ladies of Odessa actually bathed themselves in the same manner. Be this at it may, the following I can state on my own knowledge;—The police directs the men and women now to be separate, and has, accordingly, stuck up two boards, on one of which is written, in Russian and French,

"Baths for women," and on the other "Baths for men;" but after the true Russian fashion, the way in which the order is executed defeats its object; for the two posts are placed nearly close together, so that where the female bath ends the male begins; and thus the men and women are within only a few feet of each other.

I shall next refer to a practice which I have seen very frequently adopted by those of the highest rank in the south of Russia; I allude to the custom of smoking tobacco. I have seen in the court circle ladies who have as regularly taken their cigar after dinner as the gentlemen; and sometimes I have observed them smoking with a long Turkish pipe. I have seen the ladies take their cigars again in the evening, and smoke while playing at whist; so much for the beauty and delicate practices of the Russian ladies.—(With respect to Russian Orders, so bountifully bestowed upon foreigners, the author remarks:—) "It should not be forgotten, however, those medical men who have "distinguished" themselves by their zeal, may obtain perhaps, if they are lucky, a cross of St. Vladimir or of St. Anne, or possibly both: while a clerk in one of the public offices, who has, very likely, sat quietly at his desk for a couple of years, will be found enjoying the same distinction. The distribution of the almost innumerable stars and crosses, which annually takes place in Russia, is a mode of "raising the wind," which, I believe, has not been noticed as such by authors in general. The sums produced to the government by the fees paid on receiving such orders must be very great, as will appear evident from the fact, that for the lower classes of the most common orders fifty rubles are demanded from each individual honoured with them, while the crosses themselves are not intrinsically worth *two-pence*.—*Morton's Russia*.

The Russian Government however is not always so parsimonious; we are aware of at least an instance to the contrary. A near relative of our own, a naval officer, who was instrumental in saving the crew of a Russian vessel, was presented by the Emperor with a diamond ring or badge, (forwarded to the Admiralty through the hands of the Russian Ambassador,) which was valued by the London jewellers at one hundred and fifty guineas.—*Ed.*

### JEMMY SULLIVAN.

A jocund little Irishman, with dark sparkling little eyes and black glossy well-curved poll, dressed in a carter's frock, and heavy travel-stained shoes, was brought in by some of the patrol, who had found him strolling about Long-acre in the dusk of the evening, apparently without either aim or object, and laden with a large bundle tied up in a very handsome shawl. This bundle contained

seven gowns, sundry shawls, handkerchiefs, hose, &c., and a smartly trimmed straw bonnet nearly new; and the patrol declared that from the very unsatisfactory manner in which he accounted for his possession of these articles, they verily believed he had stolen them. They also pointed out to the magistrate a round hole, about the size of a shilling, in the inside of his hat crown, which they strongly suspected had been made by a pistol-ball.

"What is your name, friend?" said his worship, to the brilliant-eyed, smiling prisoner."

"Jemmy Sullivan! your honor," was the instantaneous reply, in rich Tipperary brogue, and a tone so loud, that all the office echoed, "Jemmy Sullivan!"

"And pray where did you bring these clothes from, and to whom do they belong?"

"From Portsmouth, your honor—and they belongs to the wife o' me."

The magistrate doubted the correctness of this statement—it was not likely that the wife of such a man could have such a wardrobe.

"Sure enough it's truth, every bit of it, your honor," replied Jemmy Sullivan.

"How came this hole in your hat?" asked his worship.

"Is it the hole your honor's axing about?—Faith then the mice made it, to get at the bread and the cheese, your honor—bad luck to 'em!"

"What! do you carry your bread and cheese in your hat?"

"No faith, your honor, not a bit of it at any time, barrin that time the mice stole it all; and then, your honor, it was not in it, that's the hat, at the same time, but on the shelf, your honor, and I'd none of it left for me breakfast at all. Gad's blood, says I to meself, but ye shan't do that to me again, says I, for I'll put it under me hat all the night; and so I did, your honor; but bad luck to them, the cratur, they bored the hole clean through the side of it, which your honor's axing about."

"Are you sure it was not on your head when the ball was fired at it?" asked his worship; without seeming to have listened to his bread and cheese adventure.

"Was it on me head, your honor! Faith if it was, meself wouldn't be here speak-

ing to you about the mice," replied Jemmy Sullivan.

The officers, in searching his pockets, had found a number of English and Irish pawnbrokers' duplicates; and the magistrate, selecting one of them, asked—

"Where did you get this ticket for a pelisse?"

"Bought it, your honor, of Myke Dermot, in Donaghadee—*He's a bagpipes*, your honor."

"And pray what are you?"

"A tailor, your honor," was the reply. But one of the patrol, who is skilful in such matters, having examined his hands, declared that if he was a tailor he had not used the needle for twelve months at least.

"What have you to say to that, Mr. Sullivan?" asked his worship.

"Bad luck to the *tailoring*, your honor, it wouldn't agree with me at all, any how, an I discharged meself clean out of it by the same token, sir."

"And how have you got your living since?"

"I walks down be the water side, your honor, an gets me little bits o' reeds an things and ties 'em up like little bagpipes, an plays on 'em, your honor, *Thaddy you Gander* an *Gramachree*, and the likes o' 'em; as the jontelmen plases to hear me, your honor; an some gives me a shilling, an some half-a-crown, may be, an some buys the little bagpipes for themselves, your honor."

Honest Jemmy endeavoured to make the nature of these "little bagpipes" very plain to his honor; but he did not seem to understand it exactly himself, and so he made nothing of it. Neither could he account for his bringing his wife's wardrobe up to London whilst she remained herself in Portsmouth; and eventually he was committed for further examination.

Even this order for his imprisonment he took in perfect good humor; and having carefully counted the ten or twelve shillings which the magistrate ordered to be returned to him, he replaced them at the very bottom of his pocket, and said "I hopes your honor 'll take care o' me things?" The magistrate assured him that he would, and honest Jemmy Sullivan then followed the turnkey, blithely as if he had been going to Donnybrook Fair instead of to prison.

This poor fellow was kept in prison nearly a month, during which time his wife came to London, and not hearing any thing of him at the place they had appointed for their meeting, she went over to Ireland in search of him. At length Jemmy was discharged because there was no evidence against him; but his cloths were not given up till long after.

*Mornings at Bow Street.*

#### PICKLED SALMON.

During his stay at Newcastle, Grimaldi recollected that the best pickled salmon sold in London was called by that name and came from thence, and so resolved to have a feast of it, naturally concluding that he should procure it in high perfection in the place whence it was brought for sale. Accordingly, one evening he ordered some to be got ready for supper upon his return from the theatre; which the waiter at the hotel he was staying at promised should be done, but in so curious a manner that he could not help fancying he did not understand his meaning. He therefore asked him if he had heard what he said.

"Oh dear, yes, sir!" was the reply: "I'll take care it shall be ready, sir."

This appeared to settle the point, and when the play was over he returned to the inn, anticipating how much better the salmon would be than the London pickle. The cloth was duly spread, and a covered dish placed before him.

"Supper, sir—quite ready, sir," said the waiter, whisking away the cover, and presenting to his sight a mutton cutlet. "You'll find this excellent, sir."

"No doubt; but I ordered pickled salmon!"

"I beg your pardon, sir,—did you sir?" (with a slight appearance of confusion.)

"Did I! Yes, to be sure I did. Do you mean to say you do not recollect it?"

"I may have forgotten it, sir; I suppose I have forgotten it, sir."

"Well it does not matter much; I can make a supper of this. But don't forget to let me have some pickled salmon to-morrow evening."

"Certainly not, sir," was the waiter's answer; and so the matter ended for the night.

On the following evening Grimaldi invited the manager at the close of the performance to go home and sup with him, which he willingly did. As on the preceding evening, the meal was prepared and awaiting their arrival. Down they sat, and upon the removal of the cover, a rump-steak presented itself. A good deal surprised, he said to the waiter,

"What's this! have you forgotten the pickled salmon again?"

"Why, really, sir, dear me!" hesitated the man,—"I believe I have—I really fancied you said you would have beef to-night, sir. To-morrow night, sir, I'll take care that you have some."

"Now, mind that you *do* remember it, for to-morrow is the last day I shall be here, and

I have a particular wish to taste some before I leave the town."

"Depend upon me, sir,—you shall certainly have some to-morrow, sir," said the waiter. The manager preferred meat, so it was no great matter, and they took their hot supper very comfortably.

There was a crowded audience next night, which was Grimaldi's benefit and the last of his performance. He played Acres and Clown, received the cash, bade farewell to the manager, and hurried to his inn, greatly fatigued by his performance, and looked forward with much pleasure to the pickled salmon.

"All right to-night, waiter?" he inquired.

"All right to-night, sir," said the waiter, rubbing his hands. "Supper is quite ready, sir."

"Good! Let me have my bill to-night, because I start early in the morning."

Grimaldi turned to the supper-table: there was a dish, with a cover; the waiter removed it with a flourish, and presented to his astonished eyes—not the long-expected pickled salmon, but a veal-cutlet. These repeated disappointments were rather too much, so he pulled the bell with great vehemence and called for the landlord.

The landlord came, and Grimaldi having stated his grievance, he appeared to understand as little about the matter as his waiter; but at length, after many explanations, Grimaldi learned to his great surprise, that pickled salmon was an article unknown in Newcastle, all Newcastle pickled salmon being sent to London for sale. The brilliant waiter not having the remotest conception of what was wanted, and determined not to confess his ignorance, had resolved to try all the dishes in the most general request until he came to the right one.

Grimaldi saw a coal-mine on this expedition, his curiosity having been roused by the manager's glowing description. We should rather say that he went down into one, for his survey was brief enough. He descended some two or three hundred feet in a basket, and was met at the bottom of the shaft by a guide, who had not conducted him far, when a piece of coal, weighing about three tons, fell with a loud noise upon a spot over which they had just passed.

"Hollo!" exclaimed Grimaldi, greatly terrified. "What's that!"

"Hech!" said the guide, "it's only a wee bit of coal fallen doon: we ha'e that twa or three times a day."

"Have you?" replied Grimaldi, running back to the shaft. "Then I'll thank you to ring for my basket, or call out for it, for I'll stop here no longer."

The basket was lowered, and he ascended to the light without delay, having no wish whatever to take his chance a gain among the "wee bits of coal."

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**QUICK TRAVELLING.**—An Irish gentleman recently remarked, that such probably would soon be the speed of travelling by steam, that one could go from London to Brighton in a shorter time than he could stop at home.

## A POTTEEN SMUGGLER'S WIFE.

A man who was known to have a large mountain farm and extensive homestead in these hills, was observed very frequently to ride into the town of B—; and he never made his appearance without a woman, supposed to be his wife, jogging steadily and upright on a pillion behind him. He was tall and gaunt in look, she large and round, and encumbered, as is the mode of all country wives, with a multitude of petticoats: they always rode into the yard of a man who kept a public-house; and before they alighted off their horse, the gate was carefully shut. It was known, moreover, that this publican acted as factor for this farmer in the sale of his butter; and so for a length of time things went on in a quiet and easy way, until one day it so happened (as indeed it is very common for idlers in a very idle country town to stand making remarks on the people as they come by) that the gauger, the inkeeper, and squireen, were lounging away their day, when the farmer slowly paced by, with his everlasting wife behind him. "Well," says the squireen, "of all the women I ever saw bumping on a pillion, that lump of a woman sits the awkwardest; she don't sit like a *natural* born *crathur* at all; and do you see how modest she is, what with her flapped-down beaver hat, and all the frills and fallals about her, not an inch of her sweet face is to be seen, no more than an owl from out the ivy. I have a great mind to run up alongside of her, and give her a pinch in the toe, to make old buckram look about her for once. "Oh, let her alone," says the inkeeper; "they're a dacent couple from Joyce country. I'll be bound, what makes her sit so stiff is all the eggs she is bringin' in to Mrs O'Mealey, who factors the butter for them." There was, while he said this a cunning leer about the inkeeper's mouth, as much as to denote that there was, to his knowledge, however he came by it, something mysterious about this said couple; this was not lost on the subtle gauger, and he thought it no harm just to try more about the matter; and so he says in a frolicsome way, "Why, then, for curiosity sake, I will just run up to them, and give the mistress a pinch— somewhere; she won't notice me at all in the crowd, and maybe then she'll look up, and we'll see her own purty face." Accordingly, no sooner said than done: he ran over to where the farmer was getting on slowly through the market crowd; and on the side of the pillion to which the woman's back was turned, attempted to give a sly pinch, but he might as well have pinched a pitcher; nor did the woman even lift up her head, or ask "Who is it that's hurting me?" This emboldened him to give another knock with his knuckles; and this assault he found not opposed, as it should be, by petticoats and *flesh*, but by what he felt to be petticoats and *metal*. This is queer, thought the gauger: he now was more bold, and with the butt-end of his walking-stick he hit what was so hard, a bang which sounded as if he had struck a tin pot. "Stop here, honest man," cried the gauger. "Let my wife alone, will

you, before the people?" cried the farmer. "Not till I see what this honest woman is made of," roared the gauger. So he pulled, and the farmer dug his heels into his colt to get on; but all would not do: in the struggle down came the wife into the street; and as she fell on the pavement, the whole street rang with the squash, and in a moment there is a gurgling as from a burst barrel, and a strong smelling water comes flowing all about: and flat poor Norah lies, there being an eruption of all her intestines, which flowed down the gutter as like potteen whisky as eggs are like eggs. The fact was, that our friend from the land of Joyce had got made, by some tinker, a tin vessel with head and body the shape of a woman, and dressed it out as a proper country dame; in this way he carried his darlint behind him, and made much of her.—*Otway's Tour in Connaught.*

## THE WILD BOAR AND THE WELSHMAN.

EVEN-AR HUGH, an ancient Briton from North Wales, had a mind to travel for edification; and willing to see the politest part of the world, he bent his mind for France. Now, we should observe, that there is a place in that kingdom called Brittany, which, in some parts of it, as historians do affirm, is to this day inhabited by no other kind of people but ancient Britons, as the Welsh do always term themselves; and that it was a place of refuge given them in former ages, when they were put to flight by their too powerful enemies, the English; and, therefore, it is said the place takes its name from them.

When our traveller landed upon the French shore, though I know not what part of it, he inquired, in the best manner he could (for he knew not a word of French), "which was his way to Brittany?" And, at last, whether he was directed that way by any that understood him, or whether chance had brought him there, is of no great consequence either to the reader or to the story; but so it was by some means or other he got into a great forest belonging to the French king, where he often took the diversion and exercise of hunting the wild boars. And there they were bred and kept for that purpose.

Now it happened, that as the Welshman was wandering through this forest, he all of a sudden was surprised with a terrible noise and mighty rustling among the leaves; when, looking from whence it came, he saw a monstrous wild boar coming running towards him, and foaming at the mouth like a mad thing. Seeing the fierce boar thus suddenly, the poor Welshman, in some despair, began to look out



sharply for some place, if possible, to shelter him in; and as providence was pleased to order it, there happened just by him to be a hermet's cave, void of any inhabitants; and the Welshman, to his great joy, seeing the door half open, runs directly therein, and gets behind it, thinking himself perfectly secure; but he was no sooner got into the cave than the foaming boar rushed in after him. The Welshman finding that the boar pursued him into the cave, instantly turned short out of it, and with a presence of mind and motion as quick as lightning, pulled the door as hard as he could after him; and the enraged boar turning about also to follow him, ran full butt against the door, and which, sticking a little before, he made it now quite fast, for the more he pushed against it, the faster it was. But the poor Welshman, having as yet not recovered from his fright, he had not the power to leave the place; but there he stood all over in a trembling sweat. In two or three minutes, or less, up came the French king and his attendants; for the boar that was now shut up in the cave was one which the king and his nobles had pursued in a chase, and which had a little outrun them. The dogs directed by their noses, immediately made up to the door, where he was enclosed, but it stuck so fast, that their weight could not open it; so one of the king's attendants came up to the Welshman, and demanded in French, if he had seen a wild boar run that way; but the Welshman answered in broken English, that he did not understand him. One of the nobles, who understood English very well, asked him in that language if he had not seen a wild boar pass by him a few minutes before. "I do not know what is a wild boar," replied the Welshman, "not I; put, indeed, here was a little shaky pig come up to me in a great passion and fury, look you, and it was going to bite me; put I was take hur by hur tail, and throw her into that house, look you, and believe hur was there now." The King, who understood but little English, demanded an explanation of what the Welshman said; and the nobleman told his majesty, that he said he did not know what a wild boar was, that there was a jack-pig came up to him, and was going to bite him, but he took him by the tail, and put him into that house. "Now please your majesty, what they call a jack-pig in some parts of England, is a little sucking pig, so that I should think it can never be the wild boar he has put in there." "No no,"

replied the king, "to be sure it cannot; but however, whatever it is that he has put in there, order him to fetch it out immediately. So the aforesaid nobleman told the Welshman that it was his majesty's pleasure that he should fetch this little jack-pig out of the house, that he might see it. But the Welshman not caring for the task, answered him again, "Not I; if hur was want hur out, hur may fetch hur out again hurself, if hur will; for I was not like to meddle with hur any more, look you." Here the nobleman told his majesty what the Welshman said, and at the same time insinuated to his majesty that he was but a poor ignorant fellow, and that he had very little faith in what he related. So the king ordered the spearmen who attended him in the chase, to force the door open; which they did immediately, and out came the boar with the utmost fury, when the dogs fell instantly upon him, and the sport was renewed: but the king was so amazed at what had happened about the Welshman's putting the wild boar into the cave by the tail, that he could not quit the place for some time. Said he, to his attendants, "We thought it impossible for this stranger to put such a creature into that cave, and shut the door upon him, as he said he had done, but you find it so. How came he in and the door shut, else? It was not five minutes before that we saw the creature before us; and this man, you all saw, was there by himself. How could it be otherwise, I own to me is amazing! I desire my lord," continued he to the nobleman who was their interpreter, "that you take care that I see this wonder of a man to-morrow." So the king rode in pursuit of his sport; and the nobleman, according to his majesty's commands, stayed with the Welshman to give him directions where he should come to him the next day, in order to his being introduced to the king and court. Accordingly the Welshman came, and the nobleman carried him immediately to his majesty, who, when he demanded a further account from him concerning the wild boar, the Welshman told him the very same story, without variation. Then his majesty asked him what religion he was of, but the Welshman could give him but very little account of that. He was very much pleased at the fine appearance of the gens d'armes, or life guards, and told his majesty that "if he would give him a horse, and make him one of those fine folk, he should be obliged to hur." At this the king was a little sur-

prised that he asked for nothing better; but, however, he gave order that he should be immediately equipped. And he was no sooner initiated into the corps, but all the Frenchmen therein wished him any where else, and contracted a most mighty mixture of fear and hatred for him; for not a man in the troop dared to contradict him.

The story of his putting the wild boar into the cave, was sufficient to intimidate the boldest of them. At length, the Welshman being a kind of a law-giver amongst them a great while, without the least interruption, they now began to scheme and form a plot against him, in order, if possible, to lower his mettle. So they went privately through the corps, and raised by subscription a purse of a thousand livres for any man that would challenge and fight him at any weapon; and five hundred more he was to have if he conquered. But none would undertake to do it for a great while; at last, a very good swordsman, and one who kept a fencing-school, undertook to challenge him; and in order to give him a public correction they got leave from their commander, who was obliged to ask it of the king, (for the Welshman was a great favourite of his majesty), for the honor of France, to make a pitched and public battle of it. When the Welshman received the challenge, and found that his honor, his place, and every thing of value, lay at stake, and every thing depended upon his success in this disagreeable engagement, he began to scheme all the ways he could think on to accomplish his safety and escape, and at last he resolves as follows:—

The day for this bloody battle being fixed for the morrow, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Welshman determined not so stir from home for a full quarter after, and until several messengers had come in quest of him, for the good natured Frenchmen were in great eagerness to have him dispatched. But Taffy having stayed in his apartment as long as he thought proper (either plotting or praying) he bundled up a rusty old sword and pick-axe, and away he trudges to the place appointed. There he found his antagonist ready stript, and exercising with another master, to put his hand in against he engaged; whole multitudes of people were assembled to see this bloody encounter, which was expected to be the most worthy of observation of any single combat that every had been fought in that kingdom. As soon as the Welshman came to the place

appointed, they all began to reproach him with a general voice for overstaying his time; and his antagonist, whose spirits were supported and kept up by the encouragement of his friends, brandished his sword, and with great eagerness challenged him to the combat. At which the Welshman carelessly replied, "Don't put yourself into passions; you shall find, look you, that I have come time enough for you presently." So throwing down his bundle, and after throwing off his clothes very deliberately, instead of his sword he takes his spade in his hand, and looking several times very earnestly at his antagonist, he makes a mark upon the turf like a grave, and then began to dig and throw the earth out of it, and to pick with his pick-axe, and to work as hard as he was able. At length the Frenchman, who stood vapouring and ready to engage with him, demanded with some contempt, what he was about, and why he did not come and answer his challenge. "Ay, ay," quoth the Welshman, "you are in a plaguy hurry, look you; but I pray you, don't trouble yourself any more about it; I shall be time enough for you presently. But I will not come till I have done what I am about; for, as I am a shentleman and a christian man, and every thing else in this world, I have never kilt a man in my whole life, but I have bury him." "Ha! vat is dat he say?" quoth the Frenchman; "I varrant he has killed ten thousand men in his life; else he would never take de trouble to make dis grave for me! but I will not stay to be killed!" As soon as the Frenchman saw the Welshman's eyes turned another way, he set out full drive, and ran with all the force and speed he was master of. And as soon as he was far enough off, the Welshman, who with great joy saw him set out, now holding up his head, and seeing him, as if by accident, run-away, catches up his sword, and starting after him, calls out as loud as he could, "Plood and oons! does hur run away at last, like a fillian? I pray you, stop hur! stop hur! and pring hur pack again to hur crave, look you!" But all attempts were used in vain; he never stopt till he was got off, nor was he heard of till some time after. And thus the Welshman saved both his life and credit; for no Frenchman in the whole kingdom, from that hour, dared to challenge him ever after.

*Liverpool Kaleidoscope.*

QUASSIA.—An infusion of Quassia chips, sweetened with brown sugar, is said to prove an effectual poison for flies.

## BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

I never see a young hand hold  
The starry bunch of white and gold,  
But something warm and fresh will start  
About the region of my heart.  
My smile expires into a sigh:  
I feel a struggling in the eye,  
'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,  
Till rolling tears have won their way:  
For soul and brain will travel back  
Through memory's chequered mazes,  
To days when I but trod life's track  
For buttercups and daisies.

Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,  
Of sober speech and silver hair,  
Who carry wisdom wise and sage,  
With all the gravity of age;  
Oh! say, do ye not like to hear  
The accents ringing in your ear,  
When sportive urchins laugh and shout,  
Tossing those precious flowers about,  
Springing with bold and gleesome bound,  
Proclaiming joy that crazes,  
And cherishing the magic sound  
Of buttercups and daisies?

Are there, I ask, beneath the sky  
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie  
With childhood's love? Can any please  
Or light the infant eye like these?  
No, no; there's not a bud on earth,  
Of richest tint or warmest birth,  
Can ever fling such zeal and zest  
Into the tiny hand and breast.  
Who does not recollect the hours  
When burning words and praises  
Were lavish'd on those shining flowers,  
Buttercups and daisies?

There seems a bright and fairy spell  
About their very names to dwell;  
And though old Time has marked my brow  
With care and thought, I love them now.  
Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings  
Are closest link'd to simplest things;  
And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,  
Till love, and life, and all be past:  
And then the only wish I have  
Is that the one who raises  
The turf-sod o'er me, plant my grave  
With buttercups and daisies.

*Eliza Cook.*

If true politeness be displayed,  
As Chesterfield has somewhere said,  
By anti-risibility,  
They who are fond of grins and jokes,  
Have clearly naught to do with folks  
Of saturnine gentility.

Wherefore, kind reader, if you share  
Whitechapel laughs and vulgar fare,  
Beneath our steam-boats' banners,  
Be not fastidious when 'tis done,  
Nor cry—"I don't object to fun,  
But can't abide low manners."

## THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

Thou'rt bearing hence the roses,  
Glad summer, fare thee well!  
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies  
In every wood and dell.

Brightly, sweet summer! brightly  
Thine hours have floated by,  
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,  
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forest  
To the wild deer, wandering free;  
And brightly, 'midst the garden flowers,  
To the happy murmuring bee.

But oh! thou gentle summer,  
If I greet thy flowers once more,  
Bring me again the buoyancy  
Wherewith my soul should soar!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,  
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs.  
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart:  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.  
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there,  
And a sacred thing is the old arm-chair.

In childhood's hours I lingered near  
The hallowed seat with list'ning ear;  
And sacred words that mother would give  
To fit me to die and teach me to live.  
She told me that shame would never betide,  
With truth for my creed and God for my guide,  
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,  
When her eye grew dim and her locks were grey;  
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smil'd  
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.  
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—  
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;  
I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
When I saw her die in the old arm chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,  
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:  
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,  
And Memory flows with a lava tide.  
Say it is folly and deem me weak,  
While the scalding drops start down my cheek:  
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear  
My heart from a mother's old arm-chair.

*Eliza Cook.*

Long life to the moon for a noble sweet creature,  
That serves us with lamp-light each night in the dark,  
While the sun only shines in the day, which by nature  
Wants no light at all, as you all may remark;  
But as for the moon, by my soul, I'll be bound Sir,  
'Twould save the whole nation a great many pound, Sir,  
To subscribe for to light her up all the year round, Sir.

**RHUBARB.**—It is not commonly known that the Rhubarb used by medical practitioners is procured from the same plants that furnish the well known vegetable of that name so frequently found, particularly during spring and early summer, upon our tables; yet such is the fact. Three varieties of Rhubarb are known in the shops, named from the places whence we receive them; namely, Russian, Turkey, and East Indian or Chinese. The two first resemble each other in every respect, appearing to be the root of the same species of plant, prepared in the same mode; and although the East Indian is seemingly the root of a different species, yet we are informed by Dr. Rehman, that it is the same, only prepared with less care.

All the Rhubarb of commerce, known under the names of Turkey or Russian, grows on the declivities of the chain of mountains in Tartary, which stretches from the Chinese town of Sini to the lake Kokonor, near Thibet. The soil is light and sandy; and the Bucharians assert that the best grows in the shade, on the southern side of the mountains. Rhubarb, however, is also cultivated in China, in the province of Shen-see. In Tartary, the roots are taken up twice a year, in spring and autumn, and after being cleansed and decorticated, and the smaller branches cut off, the body of the root is divided transversely into pieces of a moderate size, which are placed on tables, and turned three or four times a day, during five or six days. A hole is then bored through each piece, by which it is hung up to dry, exposed to the air and wind, but sheltered from the sun. In about two months the roots have lost seven parts in eight of their weight, and are fit for market. In China the roots are not dug up till winter, when they are dried by turning them on stone slabs heated by a fire underneath, and afterwards hanging them up in the air, exposed to the greatest heat of the sun. As soon as the Rhubarb has been dried it is conveyed to Si-ning, where it is again cleaned and aired, and after being cut into smaller pieces and sorted, a hole is drilled through that intended for the Russian market, in virtue of the contract made with the Russian government, for the examination of the heart of the pieces. It is then packed up in camel's-hair sacks, and conveyed to Mac-ma-tchin, where it is examined previously to its being transported to Kiachta. The whole of the trade in Rhubarb in China is carried on by one Bucharian family, which has enjoyed the monopoly since 1772; and it is even by the agents of this family that it is sold to the English at Canton. Part of the Tartarian Rhubarb is carried to Turkey through Natolia; but the greater part is conveyed by the Bucharians to Kiachta, where it is examined by a Russian apothecary. Agreeably to the contract with Russia, all the Rhubarb which is rejected must be burnt; and even that which is approved must undergo another cleaning before it is finally packed up for St. Petersburg.

The great care observed in selecting and cleaning the Russian or Turkey Rhubarb suffi-

ciently explains its high price in the British market. For many years Rhubarb root of very excellent quality has been produced in England, and there is no reason whatever why Canada should not also produce, at least as much as is required for the consumption of the inhabitants.

**THE NUTMEG.**—The nutmeg-tree is a native of the Molucca islands. It has, however, been nearly extirpated from the greater number of them by the narrow policy of the Dutch, and is cultivated at Banda, and also at Bencoolen in the island of Sumatra, where a sufficient quantity is reared to supply with mace and nutmegs the whole of Europe.

The nutmeg-tree rises to the height of thirty feet; it produces fruit at the age of seven years; its productiveness is at the highest at fifteen; and it continues to bear for seventy or eighty years in the Moluccas. It yields three crops annually: the first in April, the second in August, and the third, which is the best, in December; yet the fruit requires nine months to ripen it. When it is gathered, the outer coriaceous covering is first stripped off, then the mace is carefully separated, flattened by the hand in single layers, and dried in the sun. The nutmegs in the shell are next exposed to heat, (not exceeding 140 degrees of Fahrenheit,) and to smoke for three months. Much care is necessary in drying them; as they require to be turned every second or third day. When they rattle in the shell they are considered to be sufficiently dried: they are then broken and the kernels thrown into a strong mixture of lime and water, at Banda; but at Bencoolen they are simply rubbed over with dry lime; after which they are cleaned and packed up in casks and chests which have been previously smoked, and covered within with a coating of lime and water. This process is necessary for their preservation, and, with the same intention, the mace is sprinkled with salt water. There are several varieties of the tree; but that denominated the Queen nutmeg, which bears a small round nut, is the best. Nutmegs are frequently punctured and boiled in order to obtain the essential oil, and the orifices afterwards closed with powdered sassafras. On account of the narcotic property of the oil contained in it, the nutmeg should be cautiously used by persons disposed to apoplexy. In India, its dangerous effects have been frequently felt; and in Britain instances have occurred in which the nutmeg, taken in large quantities, produced drowsiness, great stupor and insensibility; and, on awakening, delirium, which alternated with sleep for several hours.

**COCHINEAL.**—This insect, so valuable in the arts as a scarlet or crimson dye, is found in its wild state in Mexico, Georgia, South Carolina, and some of the West India Islands, feeding on several species of cactus, particularly the common Indian fig, or prickly pear plant: but in Mexico, and some of the adjoining Spanish settlements, where the insect is, as it were, domesticated and reared with great care, it feeds only on a species of cactus which was supposed

to be the Cochineal Indian fig, but which, Humboldt says, is a distinct species. It is cultivated for this purpose; and on it the insect attains to a greater size than in the wild state. It is a small insect, very seldom exceeding a barley-grain in magnitude, and the males only are furnished with wings. The males are comparatively few in number, there being only one to 150 or 200 females.

The wild cochineal is collected six times in the year, just before the females begin to lay their eggs; a few being left on the plants to furnish a future supply. But the domesticated insect is collected thrice only in the same space of time, the domestication diminishing the number of broods to three in the year, owing to their propagation being suspended during the rainy seasons, whilst the downy covering of the wild species prevents their sustaining injury from the wet. At the third gathering, branches of the plant, to which a certain number of females are left adhering, are broken off and preserved with much care during the rainy season; and after this is over they are distributed over the out-door plantations of the cactus, where they soon multiply, and in the space of two months the first crop is fit to be gathered. The insects are detached from the plant by means of a blunt knife, then put into bags and dipped into boiling water to kill them; after which they are dried in the sun: and although they lose two-thirds of their weight by this process, yet about 600,000 pounds are brought annually to Europe. Each pound is said to contain 70,000 insects.

Cochineal was used by the natives of Mexico when the Spaniards arrived there in 1518; and was introduced into Europe in 1523. The domestic kind, which is not only much larger, but yields a richer colour, and is consequently most esteemed, is known, in the language of the Spanish merchants, by the name *grana fina*; the wild is one-half the size only of the other, covered with white down or powder, and is denominated *grana silvestra*; but, as we receive them, both the kinds are often mixed together. They are imported in bags, each containing about two hundred weight.

#### CURIOUS CUSTOM IN THE SOUTH OF RUSSIA ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

While I was sitting at breakfast this morning, a servant of the Count entered, and, after uttering a few words in the Russian language, threw a handful of millet and oats into my face. I was, of course surprised at this conduct; but guessing it to proceed from some custom prevailing here, I took it in good part. He then said that the Countess Vorontzof wished to see me immediately. I left my rooms accordingly and went into the Count's cabinet, where I found himself, the Countess, their children, and one or two of the *employes*, at breakfast. His Excellency, rising upon my entrance, shook hands, and wished me a happy new year; after which he threw a handful of millet and oats at me. I had hardly got rid of these, before the children and the other individuals present renewed the attack in a similar manner. Count

Vorontzof informed me, in the course of conversation subsequently, that this is a custom prevailing only in the Ukraine and the south of Russia, which are corn countries. Throughout the whole day millet and oats were kept in constant readiness, and every one who entered the house, of whatever rank or sex, was assailed as I had been.

IRISH BEGGARS.—In the course of our journeys in Ireland, Mr. Mathews was much amused with the Irish beggars, who were in the habit of surrounding inn-doors the moment English travellers stopped. We were posting from Dublin to Limerick, and thence to Cork, and specimens of this race were in every town and village, in readiness to pounce upon the unwary traveller. I never saw any of them without remembering, I think, Foote's wonder what English beggars did with their left-off clothes, which mystery was solved when he went to Ireland and saw the beggars there. Surely, nothing more squalid and filthy can be met with elsewhere; but their wit and merriment even exceed their dirt. They are very apt to form themselves into partnerships, so that four or five of a firm will assail you under the same interests, but with separate claims. Sometimes, indeed, they affect hostility with each other's aim, but in a friendly and good humoured manner:—"Ah! my lady! ah, your honour! have compassion on the blind, the lame, and the lazy." "How's that?" said my husband. "Plaise your honour's glory, I am lame (as you see), this good woman's blind, and my daughter's lazy." "Well, well," said he to whom this truly original appeal was made, and who began to be amused at the novel mode of application, expecting some further drollery from her—"well, there's a fivepenny among you, that is, if you'll divide it equally." "Oh! sure," answered the lazy, "it's no matter,—we're all one family." "Oh!" said the donor, "but I insist upon an equal division of the money in my presence, or I withdraw it." "And so there shall be, your honour, if you'll depend upon my *vartue*," holding out her hand. "Yes, yes, but I must see you do it."—"And how, your honor, will I do it, seeing that it's impossible?"—"Very well, then, I shall not give it," said Mr. Matthews, (still anticipating amusement from her ingenuity.) Suddenly she seemed to have a thought, and with quickness asked, "Will your honor trust me with the fivepenny to get changed?" "Well," said he, after a short pause, "I will."—"God bless you for ever," and away she ran into the inn. On her return, after a minute's consideration, she placed three half-pence in each of the other women's hands, saying as she did so, "There's three half-pence for *you*, good woman,—there's three half-pence for *you*, good woman,—and here's three half-pence for *me*, good woman." Then looking for an instant perplexed at the remaining half-penny, she suddenly darted into a little huckster shop opposite the inn, and as speedily returned with a pair of old scissors in one hand, and a bit of what is called pig-tail tobacco in the other, saying, as she measured

it with her eye, and divided it, "There's one bit for you, good woman;—there's one bit for you, good woman,—and here's one bit for me, good woman. Ah! now, haven't I done it nately, your honour?"

**CINNAMON.**—The cinnamon tree is a native of Ceylon, growing in great abundance in many parts of the island, particularly near Colombo. It also grows plentifully in Malabar, Cochin China, Sumatra, and the eastern islands, and has been cultivated in the Brazils, the Mauritius, and other places. France is partly supplied from Guiana. The soil in which the tree thrives best is nearly pure quartz sand: that of the cinnamon garden near Colombo was found by Dr. J. Davy to consist of 98.5 of silicious sand, and 1.0 only of vegetable matter in 100 parts. The garden is nearly on a level with the lake of Colombo; its situation is sheltered; the climate is remarkably damp; showers are frequent, and the temperature is high and uncommonly equable. The tree seldom rises above thirty feet in height.

There are several varieties of the cinnamon tree known at Ceylon, but the four following only are said to be barked: 1. Honey, sharp, sweet, or royal cinnamon, which is the finest sort; 2. Snake cinnamon; 3. Camphorated cinnamon; and 4. Bitter astringent cinnamon, which has smaller leaves than the former varieties. The trees that grow in the valleys, in a white sandy soil, are fit to be barked when four or five years old, but those in a wet soil, or in shady places, require to be seven or eight years of age. The bark is good for nothing if the tree be older than eighteen years. The tree was formerly propagated by a species of pigeon, that ate the fruit; but since Talek, one of the Dutch governors, about the middle of the eighteenth century, raised it from berries sown in his garden, it has been regularly cultivated. The barking, particularly in the vicinity of Negombo and Matura, commences early in May, and continues until late in October. The *chaliahs*, or people who perform the operation, are under native officers called cinnamon *moodeliars*, who are answerable for the quantity barked. Branches of three years old are selected, and lopped off with a pruning knife, or bill hook called a *ketta*. To remove the bark, a longitudinal incision is made through it on both sides of the shoot, so that it can be gradually loosened, and taken off entire, forming hollow cylinders. The bark in this state, tied up into bundles, is allowed to remain for twenty-four hours, by which a fermentation is produced that facilitates the separation of the epidermis, which with the green pulpy matter under it is carefully scraped off. The bark now soon dries, contracts, and assumes the quill form, after which the smaller pieces are put within the larger. The cinnamon, when dry, is tied up in bundles of thirty lbs. weight, and carried to the government storehouse, where the quality is determined by inspection of the bundles. It was formerly chewed, and the surgeons who used to be thus employed, had their mouths so excoriated, as to be unable to continue the process longer than two

days together: but tasting is now seldom had recourse to.

Prior to the fifteenth century, all the cinnamon used in Europe was imported by the Arabs, and passed through the hands of the Venetians; after this the Portuguese became the sole importers, and continued to be so till 1655, when their trade was divided with the Dutch, who obtained entire possession of it in 1658; and were the principal cinnamon merchants until 1796, when Ceylon fell into the power of the British.

Notwithstanding the jealousy of the Dutch, the cinnamon tree, long before the British obtained possession of Ceylon, was cultivated at the Isle of France, in several parts of India, Jamaica, and some other of the West India Islands. Mr. Miller (author of "Miller's Gardener's Dictionary") first cultivated it in England in 1768; and a plant of it has regularly flowered and ripened seed in the hot-house of the Bishop of Winchester at Farnham for several years.

**GRAVE LITERATURE.**—In Bidford churchyard a man was buried at the age of eighty-nine. One of our cousins is a stone mason, and distils—garve-stones. It was engraved on the stone by mistake 84; when it was discovered, previous to its being erected, one of the relations said, "Him was 89, mun. You must add five years to it." This conversation took place before my cousin's operator, who actually next morning added a 5 to the original numbers; so it reads—"Here lies John Osborne, who died at the age of 845." I saw the stone, all the letters of which are gault, excepting the figure 5, of which there is enough remaining to certify the fact to those who had heard the story.

In this country they invariably say *we* for *us*—*we*—*she* for *her*—"her tea'd wi me, and I told she so." A fine specimen of this I found on one of the tombstones:—

"Whilst in this world us did remain,  
Our latter end was grief and pain;  
At length the Lord, him thought it best,  
To take we to a place of rest."

Chas. Mathews.

**HOW TO GET ON.**—THE APOTHECARY METHOD.—"Don't you see?" said Bob; "he goes up to a house, rings the area bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direction into the servant's hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining parlour; master opens it and reads the label, 'Draught to be taken at bed-time—pills as before—lotion as usual—the powder.' From Sawyer's late Nockemoff's. Physician's prescriptions carefully prepared;" and all the rest of it. Shows it to his wife—*she* reads the label; it goes down to the servants—*they* read the label. Next day the boy calls: "Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver—Mr. Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemoff." The name gets known, and that's the thing, my boy, in the medical way; bless your heart, old fellow, it's better than all the advertising in the world. We have got one four-ounce bottle that's been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn't done yet."

MY FIRST NIGHT AT COLLEGE.—My spirits had been flurried during the day, from the revolution in my state:—launched from the School-Dock into the wide ocean of a University;—matriculated by the Vice-Chancellor in the morning,—left by my father, at noon,—dining in the Hall at three o'clock, unknowing, and almost unknown,—informed that I must be in the Chapel next day soon after sunrise,—elated with my growing dignity,—depressed by boyish *mauvais houte*, among the *sophs*,—dreading College discipline,—forestalling College jollity,—ye Gods! what a conflict of passions does all this create in a booby boy!

I was glad, on retiring early to rest, that I might ruminare, for five minutes, over the important events of the day, before I fell fast asleep.

I was not, then, in the habit of using a night-lamp, or burning a rush-light; so, having dropt the extinguisher upon my candle, I got into bed; and found, to my dismay, that I was reclining in the dark, upon a surface very like that of a pond in a hard frost. The jade of a bedmaker had spread the spick and span new sheeting over the blankets, fresh from the linnen-draper's shop; unwashed, unironed, unaired, "with all its imperfections on its head."

Through the tedious hours of an inclement January night, I could not close my eyes;—my teeth chattered, my back shivered;—I thrust my head under the bolster, drew up my knees to my chin; it was all useless; I could not get warm;—I turned again and again; at every turn a hand or a foot touched upon some new cold place; and, at every turn, the chill glazy clothwork crept like iced buckram. God forgive me for having execrated the authoress of my calamity!—but, I verily think, that the meekest Christian who prays for his enemies, and for mercy upon all "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heriticks," would in his orisons, in such a night of misery, make a specific exception against his bedmaker.

I rose betimes,—languid and feverish,—hoping that the customary morning ablutions would somewhat refresh me,—but, on taking up a towel, I might have exclaimed with Hamlet, "*Ay, there's the rub!*"—it was just in the same stubborn state as the linen of the bed; and as uncompromising a piece of huckaback, of a yard long, and three-quarters wide, as ever presented its superficialities to the skin of a gentleman.

Having washed and scrubbed myself in my bedchamber, till I was nearly flayed with the friction, I proceeded to my sitting room, where I found a blazing fire, and a breakfast very neatly laid out, but again I encountered the same *rigour!* The tea equipage was placed upon a substance which was snow-white, but unyielding as a skin of new parchment from the law stationer;—it was the eternal unwashed linen!—and I dreaded to sit down to hot rolls and butter, lest I should cut my shins against the edge of the table-cloth.

In short, I found upon inquiry that I was only undergoing the common lot,—the usual seasoning,—of almost every Freshman; whose fate it is to *crackle* through the first ten days or fortnight of his residence at College. But the most formidable piece of drapery belonging to him is his new surplice; in which he attends Chapel on certain days of the week;—it covers him from his chin to his feet, and seems to stand on end, in emulation of a full suit of armour. Cased in this linen panoply, (the certain betrayer of an academical *debutant*,) the New-comer is to be heard at several yards distance, on his way across a quadrangle, cracking and bouncing like a dry faggot upon the fire;—and he never fails to command notice, in his repeated marches to prayer, till soap and water have silenced the noise of his arrival at Oxford.—*Colman's Random Records.*

REASONS FOR CHOOSING A HUSBAND.—"What in the world could you see in Lord A—— to marry him?" "Why, I saw a house in town," said the marchioness, "and a box at the opera."

NOT COMFORTABLE YET.—A highly respectable and wealthy farmer in Connecticut gives the following as his own experience:—"When I first came here to settle about forty years ago, I told my wife I wanted to be rich. She said she did not want to be rich—all she wanted was enough to make her comfortable. I went to work and cleared up my land, I've worked hard ever since, and got rich—as rich as I wanted to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and they have all got farms—and my wife aint comfortable yet."

A MIS-DEAL.—Mr. Thom had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it; the whole pack was scattered over the breast of the gallery. Mr. Thom could not resist a sarcasm, solem as the act was in which he was about to engage. "Oh, man, man! surely your psalm-book has been ill bound!"—*Laird of Logan.*

DYING FOR LOVE.—A gallant old Scotch officer was narrating the unfortunate history of an early friend, who had been jilted by a fickle beauty of that age, in favour of the Duke A——; and he concluded the story thus, in a tone of much emotion: "Poor fellow, he never got over it; no sir, it was the death of him;" and then, after a pause of much pathos, with a faltering voice, he added, "He did not live above fifteen years after it."

FRENCH-ENGLISH.—"Why," says Dick, "there are so many English travel this road now, that they are beginning to put up the inscriptions in our language, and you may observe upon most of the shop windows, 'English spoked here,' or 'English spiked here;' though when you get inside, they can seldom go beyond—'vairy goot an vairy sheep,' which they constantly repeat, however bad and dear their articles may be."

OUR ANCESTORS AND OURSELVES.—Our Ancestors up to the Conquest were children in arms; chubby boys in the time of Edward the First; striplings under Elizabeth; men in the reign of Queen Anne; and we only are the white-bearded, silver headed ancients, who have treasured up, and are prepared to profit by, all the experience which human life can supply.

When a sober, moderate, and silent man drinks wine in a quantity more liberal than ordinary, it has the effect of cherishing and rousing his spirits and genius, and rendering him more communicative. If taken still more freely, he becomes talkative, eloquent, and confident of his abilities. If taken in still larger quantities, it renders him bold and daring and desirous to exert himself in action. If he persists in a more plentiful dose, it makes him petulant and contumelious. The next step renders him mad and outrageous. Should he proceed still farther, he becomes stupid and senseless.—*Aristotle.*

HOW TO SLEEP IN SNOW.—The mariner in which Capt. Ross's crew preserved themselves after the shipwreck of their vessel, was by digging a trench in the snow when night came on; this trench was covered with canvass, and then with snow; the trench was made large enough to contain seven people; and there were three trenches, with one officer and six men in each. At evening, the shipwrecked mariners got into bags made of double blanketting, which they tied round their necks, and thus prevented their feet escaping into the snow while asleep; they then crept into the trenches and lay close together.

TO LET.—When Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father that if he succeeded he should place a label on his forehead with the words "to let," and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right Tom" said the father, "but don't forget to add the word 'unfurnished.'"

AN ODD IDEA.—Colman, in his *Random Records*, relates an anecdote of a "Scotchman's tumbling from one of the loftiest houses in the Old Town of Edinburgh. He slipped," says the legend, "off the roof of a habitation sixteen stories high; and, when midway in his descent through the air, he arrived at a lodger looking out at a window of the eighth floor; to whom (as he was an acquaintance) he observed *en passant*,—'eh, Sandy man, sic a fa' as I shall hae!'"

According to the report of the University Commissioners, a student's tobacco bill often amounts to £40 a year. No wonder that the prospects of so many youths vanish in smoke.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—According to recent calculations it is probable that English is already the language of sixty millions of human beings, and that number is augmenting at a continually increasing ratio.

*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"Why doctor," said a sick lady, "you give me the same medicine that you are giving to my husband. How is that?" "All right," replied the doctor, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

JOKE OVER WINE.—It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the judge's dinners during the assizes, there was present a certain dignitary of the church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think," said the very reverend guest, "I always think, my lord, that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner!" "Oh no, sir!—by no means," replied the Chief Baron, "it is the *uncertain* quantity that does all the mischief!"

QUEER RACERS.—The elder folks were talking of the races, when one turned to a listening child and said, "Did you ever see the races, Bobby?" "Yes," was the answer, "I have seen the candles run."

LEGISLATION.—A foreigner of distinction once asked a British member of Parliament what had passed in the last session;—"Five months and fourteen days," was the reply.

When Queen Elizabeth told Bacon that his house was too small for him, he replied—"It is your Majesty who have made me too big for my house."

A gentleman, who had been desired by his wife to make a purchase for her at a milliner's, being requested on his return by a friend to call in, begged to be excused, as he had bought a bonnet for his wife, and was afraid the fashion would change before he got home.

In Peking, China, a newspaper of extraordinary size is published weekly on silk. It is said to have been started more than a thousand years ago. Several numbers of the paper are preserved in the Boy's Library at Paris. They are each 10½ yards long.

CRITICISM.—"Well," said Foote, drily to my father, "how do you go on?" "Pretty well," was the answer, "but I can't teach one of these fellows to gape as he ought to do." "Can't you?" cried Foote,—"read him your last comedy of the 'Man of Business,' and he'll yawn for a month."—*Colman.*

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed, Which of their lands maintained the greatest state;

The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,  
The Welshman would not his vaunts abate.

"Ten cooks" quoth he, "in Wales one wedding sees;"  
"Ay, quoth the other, "each man toasts his cheese."

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