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THE SQUIRE OF CRANBERRY HATCH.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

Some years ago there came to reside in the neighbourhood of the village of Cranberry Hatch, in Bedfordshire, one of those strange characters whose tempers, though perhaps originally good, have been spoiled in India, whither they had gone in search of fortune, and who return in middle life to England, apparently with the benevolent intention of venting their crotchety humours on poor relations, and generally all persons who have the misfortune to become acquainted with them.

Mr. Samuel Buckley, as the present returned Old Indian was named, resembled others of his class ; had a yellow leathery complexion, was immensely rich, very purse proud, and exceedingly desirous of rendering himself conspicuous in the society amidst which he took up his residence—in fact, he was anxious to take the lead in the district as a public man. In this object of his ambition, however, he found himself completely circumvented. Every little district in Britain already possesses its well-recognised object of worship, in the form of some wealthy landed proprietor, and Cranberry Hatch was not without its divinity. Lord Martinvale was its great man. He was looked up to as a leader and patron on all occasions, and it therefore defied all Squire Buckley's ingenuity, backed by his enormous wealth, to dislodge him from his place in the public estimation. But more of this anon.

The squire, finding himself a good deal nonplussed in his efforts at rendering himself the ruling power in the village and its neighbourhood, abandoned himself to the management of his own family, over whom he exercised an unchallenged sway. His family, to be sure, was not

very numerous, but its members made excellent subjects of an arbitrary government. They consisted of an elderly tamed-down housekeeper—one of those poor women who have endured a world of misfortunes, and are glad to put up with any kind of usage for the sake of house-room—two black servants, and a gentle young creature, to whom we may with propriety, give the title of a white slave, for such she really was, in consequence of the caprices of her uncle.

Fanny Lee was the only child of Squire Buckley's sister, a lady who had forfeited her brother's favour by marrying a half-pay subaltern in preference to accompanying him to India, ministering to his comforts, submitting to his whims and fancies, and receive the wages of incessant revilings, in return for her services. She did not long survive the birth of her daughter. Her husband married again, and becoming the father of a numerous offspring, did not consider himself justified in rejecting the proposal which his wealthy brother-in-law made, on returning to England, of taking Fanny into his own family.

Mr. Lee, it is true, did not greatly approve of the manner in which the brother of his deceased wife couched his request, if request it might be called, which amounted to a demand, of his child as a long dormant right of his own, which it had at length pleased him to reclaim. The feelings of the father, and the spirit of the gentleman, alike revolted at the offensive tone of superiority assumed on this occasion by the purse-proud man, who looked down on him and his with undisguised contempt ; and he felt, in the first instance, disposed to return a decided negative to his insolent brother-in-law ; but then he remembered that Buckley was a childless old bachelor,

and Fanny, as his nearest kin, would in all probability become the heiress of all his wealth—wealth that almost exceeded his powers of calculation, and which might be wholly alienated if he were offended. The anxious father looked round with painful emotion on his unprovided little ones, and thought that Fanny would never suffer them to want, if she became the possessor of affluence; and stifling the secret conviction that the change would not be for the present happiness of his daughter, however her future prospects might be improved by it, he suffered her to depart with apparent satisfaction.

Fanny Lee was at that time a blooming girl of sixteen, very pretty, an adept in the craft of pie and pudding making, a good needlewoman and accountant, and an excellent nurse; but she did not possess one accomplishment. She could sing like a lark, it is true, but her voice was perfectly uncultivated, for she knew not a note of music, and had no idea of acquired graces of any kind. Every movement of her heart was fresh, joyous, and unsophisticated. She expressed all her feelings without disguise, laughed when she was merry, and wept when she was sad, without regarding the presence of any one, and was wont, in the unrestrained freedom of her heart, to say she should do the same even in the company of the king. Alas! the restraints which the presence of royalty would have rendered necessary, were nothing at all in comparison with those which the squire imposed; and he was withal of a temper so capricious and uncertain, that, though a repetition of the same offence was sure to bring down an outpouring of the heaviest vial of his wrath, it was hopeless to expect him to be pleased twice with the same thing.

The assistance of masters, aided by natural talent, and persevering application, soon enabled Fanny to go through the usual routine of dancing, music, and drawing, with credit to herself; and she made a considerable progress in the French and Italian languages. Yet there was no satisfying her uncle, who, though he was not the slightest judge of such matters, wearied her with his incessant reproofs, and criticisms on her various attempts and performances in these things; and when he had mortified her to tears,

it was his pleasure to revile her for weeping. Nothing that she did was right in his eyes, nor would he allow that anything was ever well intended. Her mirth was vulgar levity, her gravity gloom, her silence sullenness, her conversation a bore, her sadness discontent and ingratitude, and her patient endurance the thing he hated worse than all—apathy, for it afforded him no excuse for tormenting her.

I will not attempt to describe the homesickness, and yearning of heart after the beloved companions of her childhood, and the weariness and vexation of spirit with which the heiress-presumptive of the rich Mr. Buckley was oppressed during the first four years of her residence beneath his inhospitable roof, where she was the nominal mistress, but, in reality, the most miserable slave that ever ate the bitter bread of bondage. She was, however, subdued to the yoke. The buoyant spirits of youth, which in the early days of probation prompted her to occasional acts of resistance to her tyrant's will, were broken and gone, and she was reduced to a passive and uncomplaining, but still sensitive victim.

When she had completed her twentieth year, a new subject of aggravation suggested itself to the splenetic mind of her uncle—a subject on which he concluded the pride of a young female would be very assailable. She had no lover, nor had any gentleman ever made proposals of marriage to her. This circumstance was in truth a far keener wound to his self-esteem than to the vanity of a creature so meek and unpretending as Fanny Lee. He was mortified that no one had been sufficiently allured by the report of his wealth and consequence, to be ambitious of courting his alliance: and he assured Fanny, that, had she been anything but what she was, he should have been beset by half the gentlemen in the county, in their anxiety to form a connection with him. She began, therefore, to cherish a wish on a subject which had never before occupied a serious thought. In a word, she anxiously desired to get married, for no wiser reason than that she might avoid the epithet of old maid, the dread of which has rendered many a happy young one a wretched wife.

At this perilous crisis, a gentleman of family and fortune, rather plain in his

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person, formal in his manners, and verging on the period of ancient bachelorhood, purchased an estate in the neighbourhood; and having seen Fanny Lee at the parish church, and hearing that she was the reputed heiress of the rich Mr. Buckley, he obtained an introduction to this formidable personage, whose good will he so successfully cultivated, that he was one day, without any previous preparation, presented to Mr. Buckley's niece as "his friend, and her future husband." Four years ago, the light-hearted, careless Fanny would have shuddered at such an intimation, and probably expressed unfeigned abhorrence, regardless of all consequences. Now, she only looked demure, and curtsied silently, as the thought, "So, I am to have a husband, after all," crossed her mind, putting all the rue-and-wormwood anticipations that had lately clouded her fancy to the flight. Yet it can scarcely be said that these sombre images were succeeded by visions of a more agreeable character, when she glanced at her spouse elect, and strove to picture to herself the charms of a conjugal life with Mr. Brownlow.

Something of a dissentient tone appeared rising to her lips, as a feeling of revulsion stole over her young heart; but then, the alternative of pining away the residue of her days in forlorn spinsterhood with her uncle, rose in gloomy perspective before her; and she decided, that, of the two evils, it would be more tolerable to become the wife of the one old bachelor, than to remain the domestic slave of the other, especially as Mr. Brownlow was a civil, quiet-tempered man, who professed himself very desirous of promoting her happiness. As for the sentiment of love, Fanny had indeed seen it occasionally mentioned in the few novels she had perused by stealth, but of its real meaning she had not formed the slightest idea; and Mr. Brownlow found her heart perfectly free from any pre-engaging interest, and remaining like a spare room, vacant for the reception of lumber.

Charmed with this very satisfactory observation, and delighted with the meekness and polite attention with which his affianced treated him, Mr. Brownlow became much attached to her, and strove in every way to render himself agreeable

to her. He made great improvements in his house and grounds, consulting her taste in every particular, which Fanny, who never before was aware that she had a taste, regarded as a flattering mark of his esteem. She felt proportionably grateful, and even began to contemplate the approaching change in her condition with some degree of complacency.

Things had now arrived in such a train of forwardness, that settlements were drawn, carriages and furniture purchased, and new bridal garments talked of, when Mr. Buckley and the bridegroom elect differed in opinion at a county meeting respecting the expediency of bringing a projected railway through that district; and the dispute became so warm, that Mr. Buckley assured his opponent "that he would sooner follow his niece to the grave, than see her his wife." In conclusion, he peremptorily forbade Fanny "ever to think of that empty-headed old coxcomb Brownlow as a husband again."

Obedience to this mandate cost a very trifling effort. Fanny was perfectly resigned, and her uncle, as a mark of his approval of her dutiful acquiescence in his determination, told her she was a good girl, and he would look out a better match for her. For a whole month after this affair, he treated her with such unwonted indulgence, that she regarded the change as almost miraculous. By degrees, however, he relapsed into his former splenetic humour, and before the year had expired, actually began once more to annoy her with insulting remarks on her maiden estate, no second suitor having been sufficiently venturesome to encounter the surly dragon by whom the hapless damsel was guarded, while the universal dislike which his manners and conduct excited, caused them to remain in a state of almost unbroken solitude.

At length a dissolution of parliament, followed by a general election, put the whole county into a state of excitement, which enlivened even the stagnating temperament of Fanny's narrow circle, and brought an unlooked-for change of feeling within her bosom. A young baronet, professing himself an ardent advocate for reform, offered himself as a candidate for the county, in opposition to Lord Martinvale's son, and the other Tory member

who had represented the county in the last parliament; and Mr. Buckley, who exulted in the opportunity of making his noble neighbour feel that his animosity, backed as it was by the influence of a full purse, *was* something in the scale of a contested election, formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Sir Frederick Marden. The young baronet opened the commencement ball with Miss Lee, and the next day made proposals of marriage to her, with the entire approbation of her rich uncle, who pledged himself to give her a portion sufficient to cover a black escutcheon with golden blazonry.

As for Fanny, her poor head was well nigh turned at the intoxicating prospect thus unexpectedly opened before her, of becoming the wife of the handsomest and most elegant young man she had ever seen, a man of rank withal, who was moreover the most passionate of lovers. He assured her he could brook no delays, but must insist on the superlative felicity of calling her his own as soon as the election should be decided in his favour.

Fanny, of course, offered no very serious objections to such an arrangement, which had already received the important sanction of Mr. Buckley's unqualified approbation. He was, indeed, the person who appeared to derive the greatest pleasure of all from the approaching alliance. His satisfaction even betrayed him into various unwonted levities, very contrary to his usual sour solemnity. He winked at Fanny whenever Sir Frederick's name was mentioned, proposed their united healths at his own table, called them "the lovers," and sometimes even departed so far from his wonted pompous formality of deportment, as to slap her on the back, and salute her by the title of "My Lady Marden."

Sir Frederick's name stood at the head of the poll at the close of the first day's contest, and there were no bounds to the exultation of the squire. On the second, the heir of Lord Martinvale had obtained the precedence of his rival candidates, but Sir Frederick stood next in order. On the third and fourth days he was at the bottom of the poll, on the fifth he was three in advance of Sir George Burbage, on the sixth they were precisely equal, on the seventh there was a rupture between the Tory candidates on the subject

of the Catholic emancipation, on which an immediate coalition took place between the heir of Martinvale and Sir Frederick Marden, who thus obtained so considerable a majority over Sir George, that the latter considered it useless to keep the poll open any longer. By this arrangement, Sir Frederick Marden gained his election, but lost his wife. Mr. Buckley, whose engrossing desire it had been to throw Mr. Martinvale from the representation of his native county, was so exasperated at his *protégé* having consented to the amicable arrangement which secured their mutual return as knights of the shire, that he forbade his niece ever to think of Sir Frederick Marden again, and forthwith penned a letter to that gentleman, rejecting his alliance in a manner every way insulting to his feelings as a man of rank and honour. Sir Frederick replied to this impertinence by laying his cane across the shoulders of Squire Buckley the next time he encountered him in public, thus rendering the breach between them irreparable. Mr. Buckley entered an action of battery and assault against Sir Frederick, and obtained a verdict in his favour, with the award of one farthing damages. Fanny, meanwhile, remained in a manner stunned and stupified by the unexpected explosion which had overthrown all her brilliant matrimonial anticipations. It was some days, indeed, before she appeared fully convinced that she was not under the influence of a frightful dream. The news of Sir Frederick's approaching marriage to a niece of Lady Martinvale, followed by a more than ordinary access of ill humour on the part of her uncle, sufficiently awakened her to the direful reality of all that had happened, and certainly the six months that succeeded these events might be reckoned the most dreary of her cheerless existence. Not that Fanny could have been said to love Sir Frederick Marden, her acquaintance with him had been of too brief and general a nature for that; but she had greatly admired and been deeply interested in him. He was the most accomplished young man she had ever seen, and the only one who had treated her with the gallantry of a youthful lover, and she had contemplated the prospect of becoming his wife with feelings of proud delight; but as Sir Frederick was

now the husband of another, duty forbade her regarding him in any other light, and it was not the least bitter of her trials that she was constantly reminded of him by the brutal taunts of her uncle. Time, however, which heals the deepest wounds, rendered the smart of hers less acute. Years passed away, and her uncle, who had long been afflicted with a painful chronic disease which frequently confined him to his chamber, now suffered so much from the increasing violence of its attacks, that he resolved to try the benefit of the Cheltenham waters, and accordingly visited that place, accompanied by Fanny, who was so necessary to his comforts that he relied upon her for everything, and seldom permitted her to stir from his side.

At Cheltenham, Fanny became acquainted with a widow lady, and her son, a young clergyman, who had just been admitted into orders. Less gifted by fortune than by nature,

Nor wealth nor power had he,
Wisdom and worth were all he had;

and in the society of Henry Herbert, Fanny Lee soon learned to regard these as all to her.

A new and powerful interest was now awakened in her heart, and she had every reason to believe that she was not indifferent to the object of her preference, when her uncle, with his usual caprice, one morning while she was administering his medicine to him, poured forth a torrent of peevish vituperation against Cheltenham, its springs, lodgings, company, and inhabitants, and bade her hold herself in readiness to depart with him the following morning to Bath.

"So soon?" demanded Fanny, in a faltering voice. "Have I not said it?" responded Mr. Buckley, in a tone that convinced her his determination was unalterable.

The next morning they left Cheltenham at so early an hour as to preclude the possibility of a farewell interview with Henry Herbert. It would be tedious to enter into the particulars of Fanny's sojourn at Bath, and the other places which Mr. Buckley visited, in a vain pursuit of that health which his own restless irritability of temper had mainly contributed to banish. Suffice it to say, that, after an absence of many months, he re-

turned to his home a confirmed valetudinarian, and, if possible, in a worse humour than when he left it.

Some changes had taken place during his absence; among the rest, the curate had been presented with a living, and had gone to take possession of his benefice. Mr. Buckley, who hated every creature in the parish, expressed himself charmed at his departure, marvelled at the folly of the patron who had promoted him to a living, and finally visited the church on the following Sunday, to honour his successor with his presence. He was accompanied by Fanny, who, as *his* niece, he imagined, would be considered as a personage of importance also by the new curate. The interest with which Fanny was certainly beheld by the young minister, was, however, by no means a reflection from the superior splendour of her rich uncle, for that minister was Henry Herbert.

It is needless to enter into the detail of Fanny's emotions at the recognition; it was mutually delightful to both; even the great Mr. Buckley appeared to derive satisfaction from the circumstance of the curate being a stranger to every member of the congregation, himself and his niece excepted; and he immediately formed the magnanimous resolve of patronising him, in the hope of securing his exclusive attention to himself. Accordingly, he was profuse of his invitations, both to him and his mother, and was charmed by observing that both appeared to regard his house as infinitely more attractive than that of his neighbours. It never occurred to him in his blind egotism that his gentle and lovely niece might be the magnet that drew them thither, nor was it till a most perfect and lover-like understanding subsisted between Fanny and Herbert, that he was at all aware of what had been going on for months before his eyes. To this he was unexpectedly awakened at a public dinner, at which he was lauding the superiority of the new curate over his predecessor, especially in the discrimination he displayed in his choice of society. "Mr. Herbert is a frequent visitor at your house, indeed," observed one of the gentlemen, pointedly. "I am happy to say he is, and always a welcome guest," returned Mr. Buckley; "I consider it a point of duty on my part to encourage persons of taste and talent whenever I

am so fortunate as to encounter them, and Mr. Herbert has given decided proofs of both in many ways, and the congeniality of his sentiments with my own is evident from the almost exclusive manner in which he has confined his visits to my house." "Your house may probably afford considerable attractions to the young gentleman," rejoined one of the company. "I flatter myself it does," replied Mr. Buckley. "In the person of your amiable niece, or public report is erroneous on the motives of Mr. Herbert's visits," said Mr. Brownlow.

Here Mr. Buckley made a coarse retort on the score of a disappointed lover's jealousy, and Mr. Brownlow in return entreated him "not to deceive himself into the belief that a young man of Mr. Herbert's acknowledged taste could submit to the penance of his society, unless from some motive of the most powerful nature. Affection for Miss Lee, the world said, was his inducement, and he believed the world for once was right."

In consequence of this conversation, Mr. Buckley returned home boiling with wrath, and the first effusion of his displeasure was of course vented on Fanny, of whom he demanded in a voice of thunder, "whether it were true that Mr. Herbert came to his house on her account." Fanny, who had been long deliberating in what manner to break this very matter to her uncle, and who perceived that a storm was about to burst over her, gathered courage from the very desperation of her circumstances, and replied demurely, "I hope so."

"You hope so, hussy!" retorted Mr. Buckley. "What is your meaning?" "That I am sincerely attached to Mr. Herbert, who is on his part devoted to me," said Fanny. "Pe-wght!" ejaculated her uncle, with a long drawn note of contempt, which brought the indignant color into her cheeks: and she resumed, with some quickness, "And we have only waited for a suitable opportunity of acquainting you with the state of our affections, and that it is our intention to marry as soon as circumstances will permit." "State of your affections—stuff! Marry! fiddle fiddle!" interrupted the squire insultingly. "Be so good as to go to bed, Miss Lee, and in the morning I will let you know my sentiments on the busi-

ness." "With your leave, uncle, I would rather be informed of them to-night," said Fanny resolutely. "Well, then, madam, you shall be gratified in your preference of time," said her uncle, replacing his chamber candlestick on the table, and regarding her with a look that was intended to inspire her with apprehension. "It is my opinion that both you and Mr. Herbert have acted in the most base, treacherous, and ungrateful manner towards me, in daring to form this clandestine, improper and unbecoming connection, under my very roof." "Nay sir," interrupted Fanny, "permit me to observe, that your own language in applying such terms to our engagement, is both improper and unbecoming, since it is of a nature that we are not ashamed of proclaiming before God and man." "Well, then, Madam Shameless," returned her uncle, "I beg leave, in reply, to inform you that it is my positive commands that you think no more of Mr. Henry Herbert." "Obedience to such a mandate is not in my power," replied Fanny coolly. "Whether you think of him or not, it is my pleasure that you put an end to all correspondence or connection with him, under peril of forfeiting a place in my house forever! I see you are ready to return some insolent and foolish rejoinder, but I will hear nothing you have to say to-night. You now know my determination, and to-morrow morning I shall expect to be favored with yours," said the old despot, waving his hand for her to depart.

The next morning, at an early hour, Fanny stood by her uncle's bedside, arrayed in a travelling dress, and, drawing aside his curtain, requested permission to speak to him. "Heyday! what does the fool want, disturbing my rest at six o'clock in the morning, and I could not sleep all night for the gouty twinges in my toe?" muttered he very waspishly. "I beg your pardon, uncle, for the intrusion, but you requested to hear my determination this morning," said Fanny. "Well, and if I did, what occasion was there to come pestering me about it now? Why could not you have waited till breakfast-time?" "Because, uncle, I shall probably be twenty miles off by your breakfast hour." "Stuff and nonsense! And what are you dressed up in that masquerading style for?"

"Because it is my intention to leave your house immediately—I have perhaps too long submitted to oppression; and that I shall do no longer. My resolution is also taken not to give up my engagement with Mr. Herbert, for whom, when you allowed your own unbiassed judgment to operate, you testified proper respect." "Why what's all this of it?" said the old gentleman, evidently a good deal stupified with the spirit of his niece; "why, are you really aware, Miss, that in departing you quit my house for ever?" "Perfectly, uncle; and as a proof that it is my intention to do so, I have sent down to the village to order a post-chaise, which will be here presently." "And pray, Miss Lee, may I ask whither you mean to go?" "Home!" replied Fanny. "Home!" echoed Mr. Buckley; "where do you mean?" "To my father's house," replied she, bursting into tears, "where my joyous days of infancy and early youth were passed in peace and contentment, where even care was sweet amidst the general sympathy of affectionate hearts, and where I tasted that happiness which I have never known under your roof."

"Very pretty, Miss Fanny; so, this is your gratitude for all my favours; and the return you make to me for maintaining you in luxury for eight years, and hiring masters to teach you all manner of accomplishments, is to abandon me while I am laid up with the gout. Oh, my toe! I felt it coming on in the night—all your doings! brought on by anxiety on your account—shan't be able to stir hand or foot for a month. That's right, put your finger in your eye, and run home to daddy, and leave your poor old uncle to help himself as he can." "Nay, uncle, it was no wish of mine to leave you. It was yourself offered me that alternative, provided I would not resign Mr. Herbert, which I would rather die than do," said Fanny. "Yet you resigned both Mr. Brownlow and Sir Fredk Marden without remonstrance; why cannot you render the same obedience in this instance?" "Because uncle, I love Herbert," replied Fanny, blushing. "And did you not love them?" "I could not have resigned them so easily if I had," replied Fanny, smiling. "Yet you looked vastly queer for a twelvemonth after you lost Sir Fredrick. However, I must confess you

behaved very dutifully in that affair; and if you will but give up your present caprice——"

"Surely, uncle, after having lost two good husbands in compliance with your caprice, it is but fair that I should now be permitted to take one to please my own, if you give my affection for Henry Herbert that name," returned Fanny. "I cannot consent to your throwing yourself away on a poor curate." "Ah! he is rich in all that maketh true happiness," responded Fanny; "and you are yourself a proof, uncle, that wealth cannot purchase content." "Pshaw, fiddle, faddle; what has that to do with the present question? What occasion is there for you to marry at all?" "Nay, uncle, you have said so much in disparagement of old maids, that you can scarcely expect me to remain one of that despised body when I have the alternative of becoming a happy wife. But here comes the chaise—adieu, uncle." "Order it back to the village, and go to bed again—there's a good girl—and you shall have every thing in reason," said her uncle, who now saw that he was within an ace of losing his only means of solace—the only friend he had in the world. He also perceived that a single word would set all to rights, but shame forbade him to utter it. In this crisis, Fanny observed that there was surely nothing unreasonable in her wishing to become the wife of the man whom she both loved and esteemed. "Yes, there is; you will leave me if you marry Henry Herbert." "No, no, uncle," rejoined Fanny; "we will both stop beside you, and take care of you." "Oh, well, well, I see you will have your own way; and that it is plain I am to be made a fool of between you both in my old age." "No, uncle—a happy man." "Well! well! well! that is as it may turn out. There, get away with you, and let me have an hour's sleep after all this fuss, if I can; and tell Henry Herbert he may breakfast with us if he likes."

Fanny only curtsied her thanks, closed the curtain and withdrew to communicate her triumph to the happy lover, and within a week from that day she became Mrs. Herbert.

A YOUNG LADY being asked "What is wit," replied, "It is fine sense at play."

ANECDOTES OF A TAMED PANTHER.

I am induced to send you some account of a panther which was in my possession for several months. He and another were found when very young in the forest, apparently deserted by their mother. They were taken to the king of Ashantee, in whose palace they lived for several weeks, when my herq, being much larger than his companion, suffocated him in a fit of romping, and was then sent to Mr. Hutchison, the resident left by Mr. Bowdich at Coomassie. This gentleman observing that the animal was very docile, took pains to tame him, and in a great measure succeeded. When he was about a year old, Mr. Hutchison returned to Cape Coast, and had him led through the country by a chain, occasionally letting him loose when eating was going forward, when he would sit by his master's side and receive his share with comparative gentleness. Once or twice he purloined a fowl, but easily gave it up to Mr. Hutchison, on being allowed a portion of something else. The day of his arrival he was placed in a small court, leading to the private rooms of the governor, and after dinner was led by a thin cord into the room, where he received our salutations with some degree of roughness, but with perfect good-humour. On the least encouragement he laid his paws upon our shoulders, rubbed his head upon us, and his teeth and claws having been filed, there was no danger of tearing our clothes. He was kept in the above court for a week or two, and evinced no ferocity, except when one of the servants tried to pull his food from him; he then caught the offender by the leg, and tore a piece of flesh, but he never seemed to owe him any ill-will afterwards. He one morning broke his cord, and, the cry being given, the castle gates were shut, and a chase commenced. After leading his pursuers two or three times round the ramparts, and knocking over a few children by bouncing against them, he suffered himself to be caught, and led quietly back to his quarters, under one of the guns of the fortress.

By degrees the fear of him subsided, and orders having been given to the sentinels to prevent his escape through the gates, he was left at liberty to go where he pleased, and a boy was appointed to prevent him from intruding into the apartments of the officers. His keeper, however, generally passed his watch in sleeping; and Saï, as the panther was called, after the royal giver, roamed at large. On one occasion he found his servant sitting on the step of the door, upright, fast asleep, when he lifted his paw, gave him a blow on the side of his head which laid him flat, and then stood wagging his tail, as if enjoying the mischief he had committed. He became exceedingly attached to the governor, and followed him every where like a dog. His favourite station was at a window in the sitting-room which overlooked the whole town; there, standing on his hind legs, his fore paws resting on the ledge of the window, and his chin laid between them, he appeared to amuse himself with what was passing beneath. The children also stood

with him at the window; and one day, finding his presence an incumbrance, that they could not get their chairs close, they used their united efforts to pull him down by the tail. He one morning missed the governor, who was settling a dispute in the hall, and who, being surrounded by black people, was hidden from the view of his favourite. Saï wandered with a dejected look to various parts of the fortress in search of him; and, while absent on this errand, the audience ceased, the governor returned to his private rooms, and seated himself at a table to write. Presently he heard a heavy step coming up stairs, and, raising his eyes to the open door, he beheld Saï. At that moment he gave himself up for lost, for Saï immediately sprang from the door on to his neck. Instead, however, of devouring him, he laid his head close to the governor's, rubbed his cheek upon his shoulders, wagged his tail, and tried to evince his happiness. Occasionally, however, the panther caused serious alarm to the other inmates of the castle, and the poor woman who swept the floors, or to speak technically, the *pra-pra* woman, was made ill by her fright. She was one day sweeping the boards of the great hall with a short broom, and in an attitude nearly approaching to all-fours, and Saï, who was hidden under one of the sofas, suddenly leaped upon her back, where he stood in triumph. She screamed so violently as to summon the other servants, but they, seeing the panther, as they thought, in the act of swallowing her, one and all scampered off as quickly as possible; nor was she released till the governor, who heard the noise, came to her assistance. Strangers were naturally uncomfortable when they saw so powerful a beast at perfect liberty, and many were the ridiculous scenes which took place, they not liking to own their alarm, yet perfectly unable to retain their composure in his presence.

This interesting animal was well fed twice every day, but never given any thing with life in it. He stood about two feet high, and was of a dark yellow color, thickly spotted with black rosettes, and from the good feeding and the care taken to clean him, his skin shone like silk. The expression of his countenance was very animated and good-tempered, and he was particularly gentle to children; he would lie down on the mats by their side when they slept, and even the infant shared his caresses, and remained unhurt. During the period of his residence at Cape Coast, I was much occupied by making arrangements for my departure from Africa, but generally visited my future companion once a day, and we, in consequence, became great friends before we sailed. He was conveyed on board the vessel in a large wooden cage, thickly barred in the front with iron. Even this confinement was not deemed a sufficient protection by the canoe men,* who were so alarmed at taking him from the shore to the vessel, that, in their con-

*The panther in these countries is a sacred, or Fetish animal: and not only a heavy fine is extorted from those who kill one, but the Fetish is supposed to revenge his death by cursing the offender.

fusion, they dropped cage and all into the sea. For a few minutes I gave up my poor panther as lost, but some sailors jumped into a boat belonging to the vessel, and dragged him out in safety. The beast himself seemed completely subdued by his ducking, and as no one dared to open the cage to dry it he rolled himself up in one corner, nor roused himself till after an interval of some days, when he recognized my voice. When I first spoke, he raised his head, held it on one side, then on the other, to listen; and when I came fully into his view, he jumped on his legs and appeared frantic; he rolled himself over and over, he howled, he opened his enormous jaws and cried, and seemed as if he would have torn his cage to pieces. However, as his violence subsided, he contented himself with thrusting his paws and nose through the bars of the cage, to receive my caresses.

The greatest treat I could bestow upon my favourite was lavender water. Mr. Hutchison had told me that, on the way from Ashantee, he drew a scented handkerchief from his pocket, which was immediately seized on by the panther, who reduced it to atoms; nor could he venture to open a bottle of perfume when the animal was near, he was so eager to enjoy it. I indulged him twice a week by making a cup of stiff paper, pouring a little lavender water into it, and giving it to him through the bars of his cage: he would drag it to him with great eagerness, roll himself over it, nor rest till the smell had evaporated. By this I taught him to put out his paws without shewing his nails, always refusing the lavender till he had drawn them back again; and in a short time he never, on any occasion, protruded his claws when offering me his paw.

We lay eight weeks in the river Gaboon, where he had plenty of excellent food, but was never suffered to leave his cage, on account of the deck being always filled with black strangers, to whom he had a very decided aversion, although he was perfectly reconciled to white people. His indignation, however, was constantly excited by the pigs, when they were suffered to run past his cage; and the sight of one of the monkeys put him in a complete fury. While at anchor in the before-mentioned river, an orang-outang (*Simia Satyrus*) was brought for sale, and lived three days on board; and I shall never forget the uncontrollable rage of the one and the agony of the other, at this meeting. The orang was about three feet high, and very powerful in proportion to his size; so that when he fled with extraordinary rapidity from the panther to the further end of the deck, neither man or thing remained upright when they opposed his progress; there he took refuge in a sail, and although generally obedient to the voice of his master, force was necessary to make him quit the shelter of its folds. As to the panther, his back rose in an arch, his tail was elevated and perfectly stiff, his eyes flashed, and, as he howled, he shewed his huge teeth: then, as if forgetting the bars before him, he tried to spring on the orang, to tear him to atoms. It was long before he recovered his tranquillity; day and, night he

appeared to be on the listen; and the approach of a large monkey we had on board, or the intrusion of a black man, brought a return of his agitation.

We at length sailed for England, with an ample supply of provisions; but, unhappily, we were boarded by pirates during the voyage, and nearly reduced to starvation. My panther must have perished had it not been for a collection of more than three hundred parrots, with which we sailed from the river, and which died very fast while we were in the north-west trades. Saï's allowance was one per diem, but this was so scanty a pittance that he became ravenous, and had not patience to pick all the feathers off before he commenced his meal. The consequence was, that he became very ill, and refused even this small quantity of food. Those around tried to persuade me that he suffered from the colder climate; but his dry nose and paw convinced me that he was feverish, and I had him taken out of his cage; when, instead of jumping about and enjoying his liberty, he lay down, and rested his head upon my feet. I then made him three pills, each containing two grains of calomel. The boy who had the charge of him, and who was much attached to him, held his jaws open, and I pushed the medicine down his throat. Early the next morning I went to visit my patient, and found his guard sleeping in the cage with him; and having administered a further dose to the invalid, I had the satisfaction of seeing him perfectly cured by the evening. On the arrival of the vessel in the London Docks, Saï was taken ashore, and presented to the Duchess of York, who placed him in Exeter Change, to be taken care of till she herself went to Oatlands. He remained there for some weeks, and was suffered to roam about the greater part of the day without any restraint. On the morning previous to the duchess's departure from town, she went to visit her new pet, played with him, and admired his healthy appearance and gentle deportment. In the evening when her Royal Highness's coachman went to take him away, he was dead, in consequence of an inflammation on his lungs.—*Loudon's Magazine of Natural History.*

THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

THE HAREM.

We arrived at Constantinople during the Ramazan, or Lent; and my first anxiety was to pass a day of Fast in the interior of a Turkish family.

This difficult, and in most cases impossible, achievement for an European was rendered easy to me by the fact that shortly after our landing I procured an introduction to a respectable Turkish merchant; and I had no sooner written to propose a visit to his harem than I received the most frank and cordial assurances of welcome.

A Greek lady-of my acquaintance having offered to accompany me, and to act as my interpreter, we crossed over to Stamboul, and,

after three long steep and narrow streets, perfectly impassable for carriages, entered the spacious court of the house at which we were expected, and ascended a wide flight of stairs leading to the harem, or women's apartments. The stairs terminated in a large landing-place, of about thirty feet square, into which several rooms opened on each side, screened with curtains of dark cloth embroidered with coloured worsted. An immense mirror filled up a space between two of the doors, and a long passage led from this point to the principal apartment of the harem, to which we were conducted by a black slave.

When I say "we," I of course allude to Mrs. — and myself, as no men, save those of the family and physician, are ever admitted within the walls of a Turkish harem.

The apartment into which we were ushered was large and warm, richly carpeted, and surrounded on three sides by a sofa, raised about a foot from the ground, and covered with crimson shag; while the cushions that rested against the wall, or were scattered at intervals along the couch, were gaily embroidered with gold thread and coloured silks. In one angle of the sofa stood the *tandour*, a piece of furniture so unlike any thing in Europe, that I cannot forbear giving a description of it.

The *tandour* is a wooden frame, covered with a couple of wadded coverlets, for such they literally are, that are in their turn overlaid by a third and considerably smaller one of rich silk: within the frame, which is of the height and dimensions of a moderately sized breakfast table, stands a copper vessel, filled with the embers of charcoal; and, on the two sides that do not touch against the sofa, piles of cushions are heaped on the floor to nearly the same height, for the convenience of those whose rank in the family does not authorise them to take places on the couch. The double windows, which were all at the upper end of the apartment, were closely latticed; and at the lower extremity of the room, in an arched recess, stood a classically-shaped clay jar full of water, and a covered goblet in a glass saucer. Along a silken cord, on either side of this niche, were hung a number of napkins, richly worked and fringed with gold; and a large copy of the Koran was deposited beneath a handkerchief of gold gauze, on a carved rosewood bracket. In the middle of the floor was placed the *mangal*, a large copper vessel of about a foot in height, resting upon a stand of the same material raised on castors, and filled, like that within the *tandour*, with charcoal.

The family consisted of the father and mother, the son and the son's wife, the daughter and her husband, and a younger and adopted son. The ladies were lying upon cushions, buried up to their necks under the coverings of the *tandour*; and, as they flung them off to receive us, I was struck with the beauty of the daughter, whose deep blue eyes, and hair of golden brown, were totally different from what I had expected to find in a Turkish harem. Two glances sufficed to satisfy me that the mother was a shrew, and I had no reason subsequently

to revoke my judgment. The son's wife had fine, large, brilliant, black eyes, but her other features were by no means pleasing, although she possessed, in common with all her countrywomen, that soft, white, velvety skin, for which they are indebted to the constant use of the bath. To this luxury, in which many of them daily indulge, must be, however, attributed the fact that their hair, in becoming bright and glossy, loses its strength, and compels them to the adoption of artificial tresses; and these they wear in profusion, wound amid the folds of the embroidered handkerchiefs that they twine about their heads in a most unbecoming manner, and secure by bodkins of diamonds or emeralds, of which ornaments they are inordinately fond.

They all wore chemisettes or under garments of silk gauze, trimmed with fringes of narrow ribbon, and wide trowsers of printed cotton, falling to the ankle: their feet were bare, save that occasionally they thrust them into little yellow slippers, scarcely covering their toes, in which they moved over the floor with the greatest ease, dragging after them their anterys, or sweeping robes; but more frequently they dispensed with even these, and walked barefoot about the harem. Their upper dresses were of printed cotton of the brightest colours—that of the daughter had a blue ground, with a yellow pattern, and was trimmed with a fringe of pink and green. These robes, which are made in one piece, are divided at the hip on either side to their extreme length, and girt about the waist with a cachemire shawl. The costume is completed in winter by a tight vest lined with fur, which is generally of light green or pink.

Their habits are, generally speaking, most luxurious and indolent, if I except their custom of early rising, which, did they occupy themselves in any useful manner, would be undoubtedly very commendable; but, as they only add, by these means, two or three hours of *ennui* to each day, I am at a loss how to classify it. The time is spent in dressing themselves, and varying the position of their ornaments—in the bath—and in sleep, which they appear to have as entirely at their beck as a draught of water; in winter, they have but to nestle under the coverings of the *tandour*, or in summer to bury themselves among their cushions, and in five minutes they are in the land of dreams. Indeed, so extraordinarily are they gifted in this respect, that they not unfrequently engage their guests to take a nap, with the same *sang-froid* with which a European lady would invite her friends to take a walk. Habits of industry have, however, made their way, in many instances, even into the harem; the changes without have influenced the pursuits and feelings of the women; and utter idleness has ceased to be a necessary attribute to the high-bred Turkish female.

As it was the time of the Ramazan, neither coffee nor sweatmeats were handed to us, though the offer of refreshments was made, which we, however, declined, being resolved to keep Lent with them according to their own fashion. We

fasted, therefore, until about half past six o'clock, when the cry of the muezzin from the minarets proclaimed that one of the watchers, of whom many are employed for the purpose, had caught a glimpse of the moon. Instantly all were in motion; their preliminary arrangements had been so zealously and carefully made that not another second was lost; and as a slave announced dinner, we all followed her to a smaller apartment, where the table, if such I may call it, was already laid.

The room was a perfect square, totally unfurnished, save that in the centre of the floor was spread a carpet, on which stood a wooden frame, about two feet high, supporting an immense round plated tray, with the edge slightly raised. In the centre of the tray was placed a capacious white basin, filled with a kind of cold bread soup; and around it were ranged a circle of small porcelain saucers, filled with sliced cheese, anchovies, caviare, and sweetmeats of every description: among these were scattered spoons of box-wood, and goblets of pink and white sherbet, whose rose-scented contents perfumed the apartment. The outer range of the tray was covered with fragments of unleavened bread, torn asunder; and portions of the Ramazan cake, a dry, close, sickly kind of paste, glazed with the whites of eggs, and strewed over with aniseeds.

Our party was a numerous one: the aged nurse, who had reared the children of the family—the orphan boy of a dead son, who, with his wife had perished by the plague during the previous twelve months—several neighbours, who had chosen the hour of dinner to make their visits—a very pretty friend from Scutari—and a very plain acquaintance from the house of death, the widow of a day, whose husband had expired the previous morning, been buried the same evening, and, as it appeared, forgotten on the morrow; for the “disconsolate widow” had come forth in a pink vest and sky-blue trousers, with rings on her fingers and jewels in her turban, to seek the advice and assistance of the master of the house in securing some valuable shawls, and sundry diamonds and baubles which she had possessed before her marriage, from the grasp of the deceased’s relatives.

As soon as the serious business of the repast really commenced, that is, when we had each possessed ourselves of a cushion, and squatted down with our feet under us round the dinner tray, having on our laps linen napkins of about two yards in length richly fringed, the room was literally filled with slaves, “black, white, and grey,” from nine years old to fifty.

Fish, embedded in rice, followed the side or rather circle saucers that I have already described; and of most of which I sparingly partook, as the only answer that I was capable of giving to the unceasing “Eat, eat, you are welcome,” of the lady of the house. With the fish, the spoons came into play, and all were immersed in the same dish; but I must not omit to add that this custom is rendered less revolting than it would otherwise be, by the

fact that each individual is careful, should the *plat* be partaken of a second time, (a rare occurrence, however, from the rapidity with which they are changed) always to confine herself to one spot. The meat and poultry were eaten with the fingers; each individual fishing up, or breaking away, what pleased her eye; and several of them tearing a portion asunder, and handing one of the pieces to me as a courtesy, with which, be it remarked, *par parenthese*, I should joyfully have dispensed. Nineteen dishes, of fish, flesh, fowl, pastry and creams, succeeding each other in the most heterogeneous manner—the salt following the sweet, and the stew preceding the custard—were terminated by a pyramid of pillauf. I had the perseverance to sit out this elaborate culinary exhibition; an exertion which is, however, by no means required of any one, by the observance of Turkish courtesy.

Gastronomy is no science in the East, and *gourmands* are unknown; the Osmanlis only eat to live, they do not live to eat; and the variety of their dishes originates in a tacit care to provide against individual disgusts; while the extreme rapidity with which they are changed sufficiently demonstrates their want of inclination to indulge individual excess. The women drink only coffee, sherbet, or water; but some few among the men are adopting the vices of civilized nations, and becoming addicted to beverages of a more potent description. No person is expected to remain an instant longer at a Turkish table than suffers him to make his meal; the instant that an individual has satisfied his appetite, he rises without comment or apology, washes his hands, and resumes his pipe or his occupation. Nor must I pass over without comment the simple and beautiful hospitality of the Turks, who welcome to their board, be he rich or poor, every countryman who thinks proper to take a seat at it; the emphatic “Bourmon” is never coldly or grudgingly uttered; and the Musselmauns extend this unostentatious greeting to each new comer, without reservation or limit, upon the same principle that they never permit them to find fault with any article of food which may be served up. They consider themselves only as the stewards of God, and consequently use the goods of life as a loan rather than a possession; while they consider themselves bound to give from their superfluity to those who have been less favoured.

As we rose from the table, a slave presented herself, holding a basin and strainer of wrought metal, while a second poured tepid water over our hands from an elegantly formed vase of the same materials; and a third handed to us embroidered napkins of great beauty, of which I really availed myself with reluctance.

Having performed this agreeable ceremony, we returned to the principal apartment, where our party received an addition in the person of a very pretty old *mussaljhe*, or tale-teller, who had been invited to relieve the tedium of the evening with some of her narrations. This custom is very general during the Ramazan, and is a great resource to the Turkish ladies,

who can thus recline in luxurious inaction, and have their minds amused without any personal exertion. Coffee was prepared at the mangal and handed round: after which the elder lady seated herself on a pile of cushions placed on the floor, and smoked a couple of pipes in perfect silence, and with extreme *gusto*, flinging out volumes of smoke that created a thick mist in the apartment.

I had just begun to indulge in a violent fit of coughing, induced by the density of this artificial atmosphere, when in walked a slave to announce the intended presence of the gentlemen of the family; and in an instant the whole scene was changed. The two Turkish ladies whom I have already mentioned as being on a visit in the house rushed from the room bare-footed, in as little time as it would have required for me to disengage myself from the tандour; the less agile *massalhe* covered her face with a thick veil, and concealed herself behind the door—the Juno-like daughter (one of the most majestic women I ever remember to have seen, although very far from one of the tallest,) flung a handkerchief over her head, and fastened it beneath her chin; while the son's wife caught up a *feridjhe*, or cloak, and withdrew muffled amid its folds, to her own apartment. The elder lady was the only one of the party undisturbed by the intelligence; she never raised her eyes from the carpet, but continued inhaling the aroma of the "scented weed," gravely grasping her long pipe, her lips pressed against its amber mouth-piece, and her brilliant rings and diamond-studded bracelet flashing in the light.

In a few minutes, the aged father of the family was squatted down immediately opposite to my seat, smothered in furs, and crowded with the most stately looking turban I had yet seen: on one side of him stood a slave with his chibouk, which his wife had just filled and lighted, and on the other his elder son, holding a little brass dish in which the pipe-bowl is deposited to protect the carpet. Near him, on another cushion, lay the tobacco-bag of gold embroidered cachemire, from which the said son was about to regale himself, after having supplied the wants of his father: and a few paces nearer to the door reclined the handsome Soliman Effendi, the adopted son to whom I have already alluded.

While the party were refreshing themselves with coffee, which was shortly afterwards served to them, a cry from the minarets of a neighboring mosque announced the hour of prayer; when the old man gravely laid aside his pipe, and, spreading a crimson rug above the carpet near the spot where he had been sitting, turned his face to the East, and began his devotions by stroking down his beard and falling upon his knees, or rather squatting himself in a doubled-up position which it were impossible to describe. For a while his lips moved rapidly, though not a sound escaped them, and then suddenly he prostrated himself three times, and pressed his head to the carpet, rose, and folding his arms upon his breast, continued his prayer—resumed after a brief space

his original position, rocking his body slowly to and fro—again bent down—and repeated the whole of these ceremonies three times, concluding his orisons by extending his open palms towards Heaven; after which, he once more slowly and reverentially passed his hand down his beard, and, without uttering a syllable, returned to his seat and his pipe, while a slave folded the rug and laid it aside. I remarked that at intervals during the prayer, he threw out a long respiration, as though he had been collecting his breath for several seconds ere he suffered it to escape, but throughout the whole time not a word was audible. The rest of the party continued to laugh, chat, and smoke quite unconcernedly, however, during the devotions of the master of the house, who appeared so thoroughly absorbed as to be utterly unconscious of all that was going on around him.

I ought not to have omitted to mention, that, on entering the harem, each of the gentlemen of the family deposited on a table at the extremity of the apartment his evening offering; for no Turk, however high in rank, returns home for the night, when the avocations of the day are over, empty-handed; it signifies not how trifling may be the value of his burthen—a cluster of grapes—a paper of sweetmeats—or, among the lower orders, a few small fish, or a head of salad—every individual is bound to make an offering to the *Dei Penates*; and to fail in this duty, is to imply that he is about to repudiate his wife.

The father of the eldest son, Usuf Effendi, had brought home Ramazan cakes; but Soliman Effendi deposited on the tандour a *boksha*, or handkerchief of clear muslin wrought with gold threads, and containing sweetmeats; among them were a quantity of Barcelona nuts, which, in Turkey, are shelled, slightly dried in the oven, and eaten with raisins, as almonds are in Europe. In the course of the evening, the elder lady resumed her place at the tандour; and in the intervals of conversation, she amused herself by burning one of the nuts at a candle, and, having reduced it to a black and oily substance with great care and patience, she took up a small round hand-mirror, set into a frame-work of purple velvet, embroidered in silver, that was buried among her cushions, and began to stain her eyebrows, making them meet over the nose, and shaping them with an art which nothing but long practice could have enabled her to acquire.

Their questions were of the most puerile description—my age—why I did not marry—whether I liked Constantinople—if I could read and write, &c., &c.; but no impertinent comment on fashions and habits so different from their own escaped them: on the contrary, they were continually remarking how much I must find every thing in Turkey inferior to what I had been accustomed to in Europe; and they lost themselves in wonder at the resolution that had decided me to visit a part of the world where I must suffer so many privations. Of course, I replied as politely as I could to these complimentary comments; and my companion

and myself being much fatigued with the exertions that we had made during the day, we determined to retire to our apartment, without waiting to partake of the second repast, which is served up between two and three o'clock in the morning.

From this period the Turks remain smoking, and sipping their coffee, detailing news and telling stories, an amusement to which they are extremely partial, until there is sufficient light to enable them to distinguish between a black thread and a white one, when the fast is scrupulously resumed. But it may be curious to remark, that, as not even a draught of water can be taken until the evening meal, and (still greater privation to the Osmanli,) not a pipe can be smoked, they have adopted a singular expedient for appeasing the cravings of re-awakening appetite. They cause opium pills to be prepared, enveloped in one, two, and three coatings of gold leaf; and these they swallow at the last moment when food is permitted to be taken; under the impression that each will produce its intended effect at a given time, which is determined by the number of envelopes that have to disengage themselves from the drug before it can act.

The apartment wherein we passed the night was spacious and lofty; and the ceiling was lined with canvass, on which a large tree in full leaf was painted in oils: and, as it was the great ornament of the room, and, moreover, considered as a model of ingenious invention, one of the slaves did not fail to point out to us that the canvass, instead of being tightly stretched, was mounted loosely on a slight frame, which, when the air entered from the open windows, permitted an undulation intended to give to the tree the effect of reality. I do not think that I was ever more amused—for the branches resembled huge boa-constrictors much more than any thing connected with the vegetable kingdom: and every leaf was as large and as black as the crown of a man's hat.

Our beds were composed of mattresses laid one above the other upon the floor, and these were of the most costly description; mine being yellow satin brocaded with gold, and that of my companion, violet-coloured velvet, richly fringed. A Turkish bed is arranged in an instant—the mattresses are covered with a sheet of silk gauze, or striped muslin (my own on this occasion was of the former material)—half a dozen pillows of various forms and sizes are heaped up at the head, all in richly embroidered muslin cases, through which the satin containing the down is distinctly seen—and a couple of wadded coverlets are laid at the feet, carefully folded: no second sheet is considered necessary, as the coverlets are lined with fine white linen. Those which were provided for us were of pale blue silk, worked with rose-coloured flowers.

At the lower end of every Turkish room are large closets for the reception of the bedding; and the slaves no sooner ascertain that you have risen, than half a dozen of them enter the apartment, and in five minutes every ves-

tige of your couch has disappeared—you hurry from the bed to the *harem*, whence you cannot possibly escape in less than two hours—and the business of the day is then generally terminated for a Turkish lady. All that remains to be done is to sit under the covering of the *tandour*, passing the beads of a perfumed chaplet rapidly through the fingers—arranging and re-arranging the head-dress and ornaments—or to put on the *yashmac* and *feridjhe*, and sally forth, accompanied by two or three slaves, to pay visits to her favourite friends; either on foot, in yellow boots reaching up to the swell of the leg, over which a slipper of the same colour is worn; or in an *araba*, or carriage of the country, all paint, gilding, and crimson cloth, nestled among cushions, and making more use of her eyes than any being on earth save a Turkish woman would, with the best inclination in the world, be able to accomplish; such finished coquetry I never before witnessed as that of the Turkish ladies in the street. As the *araba* moves slowly along, the *feridjhe* is flung back to display its white silk lining and bullion tassels; and, should a group of handsome men be clustered on the pathway, that instant is accidentally chosen for arranging the *yashmac*. The dark-eyed dames of Spain, accomplished as they are in the art, never made more use of the graceful veil than do the orientals of the jealous *yashmac*.

YERE-BATAN SERAI.

The antiquities of Constantinople are few in number; and, when the by-past fortunes of Byzantium are taken into consideration, not remarkably interesting. I shall consequently say little upon the subject, and the rather that more competent writers than myself have already described them; and that these reliques of departed centuries are not calculated to be treated *a tutto volo di penna*. But, as it is impossible to pass them over altogether in silence, I shall merely endeavour to describe their nature and the effect which they produced upon myself.

Perhaps the most curious remain of by-gone days now existing, and certainly that which is least known, is *Yere-Batan-Serai*, literally the "Swallowed up Palace," anciently called *Philoxenos*. I had heard much of this extraordinary old Roman work, but we had repeatedly failed in our attempts to visit it, from the fact of its opening into the court of a Turkish house, whose owner was not always willing to submit to the intrusion of strangers.

We were not, however, fated to leave Constantinople without effecting our purpose; which we ultimately accomplished through the medium of one of the Sultan's Physicians, who provided us with such attendance as insured our success. Ismael Effendi, Surgeon-in-chief of the Anatomical School attached to the Serai Boumpou, volunteered to become our escort, and we gladly availed ourselves of his kindness. He was a fine, vivacious, intelligent young man, endowed with an energy and mobility perfectly Greek, combined with that gentle and quiet courtesy so essentially Turkish: and we

were, furthermore, accompanied by one of his friends, who spoke the French language with tolerable fluency; and a soldier of the Palace Guard, to prevent our collision with the passers-by; a precaution which the rapid and virulent spread of the Plague had rendered essentially necessary.

After a little hesitation, the door of the Turkish house to which I have alluded was opened to us, and, passing through the great entrance hall, we traversed the courtyard, and descending a steep slope of slippery earth, found ourselves at the opening of the dim mysterious Palace of Waters.

The roof of this immense cistern, of which the extent is unknown, is supported, like that of *Bin Vebir-Direg*, by marble columns, distant about ten feet from each other, but each formed from a single block; the capitals are elaborately wrought, and in one instance the entire pillar is covered with sculptured ornaments.

At the period of our visit, Constantinople had been long suffering from draught, and the water in the cistern was much lower than usual, a circumstance that greatly tended to augment the stateliness of its effect. There was formerly a boat upon it, but it has been destroyed in consequence of the numerous accidents to which it gave rise.

The Kiara of the Effendi who owned the house had accompanied us to the vault; and he mentioned two adventures connected with it that had taken place within his own knowledge, and which he related to us as having both occurred to Englishmen.

The first and the saddest was the tale of a young traveller, who about six years ago arrived at Constantinople, and, in his tour of the capital, obtained permission to see the *Yere-Baian-Serai*. The boat was then upon the water; and, not satisfied with gazing on the wonders of the place from land, he sprang into the little skiff, and, accompanied by the boatman who was accustomed to row the family in the immediate vicinity of the opening, he pushed off, after having received a warning not to be guilty of the imprudence of advancing so far into the interior as to lose sight of the light of day. This warning he was unhappy enough to disregard. Those who stood watching his progress remarked that he had provided himself with a lamp, and they again shouted to him to beware; but the wretched man was bent upon his purpose; and having, it is supposed, induced the boatman, by the promise of a heavy reward, to comply with his wish, the flame of the lamp became rapidly fainter and fainter, and at length disappeared altogether from the sight of those who were left behind; and who remained at their station anxiously awaiting their return.

But they lingered in vain—they had looked their last upon the unfortunates who had so lately parted from them in the full rush of life and hope—the boat came no more—and it is presumed that those within it, having bewildered themselves among the columns, became unable to retrace their way, and perished miserably by famine.

I should have mentioned that the spot on which we stood was not the proper entrance to the cistern, of whose existence and situation they are even now ignorant, but an opening formed by the failure of several of the pillars, by which accident the roof fell in, and disclosed the water-vault beneath.

Another similar but less extensive failure of the extraordinary fabric in a yard near the Sublime Porte betrayed its extent in that direction; a third took place in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Sophia; and a fourth within the walls of the Record Office; thus affording an assurance that the cistern extended for several leagues beneath the city. Further than this the Constantinopolitan authorities cannot throw any light on its dimensions; and, as far as I was individually concerned, I am not quite sure that this fact did not increase the interest of the locality—the mysterious distance into which man is forbidden to penetrate—the long lines of columns deepening in tint, and diminishing in their proportions as they recede—the sober twilight that softens every object—and the dreamy stillness that lords it over this singular Water Palace, which the voice of man can awaken for a brief space into long-drawn and unearthly echoes, that sweep onward into the darkness, and ere they are quite lost to the ear, appear to shape themselves into words: all combined to invest the spot with an awful and thrilling character, which, to an imaginative mind, were assuredly more than an equivalent for the privilege of determining its limits.

The second local anecdote related to us by the Kiara was that of an Englishman, who, only a few months previous to our visit, had requested permission to make use of the little boat that had replaced the one in which the traveller, to whom I have already alluded, had been lost. Many objections were started; and the fate of his unfortunate countryman was insisted upon as the reason of the refusal; but on his repeated promises of prudence, the old Effendi at length consented to his wish; and having lighted a couple of torches, and affixed them to the stern of the boat, the traveller drew out a large quantity of strong twine, which he made fast to one of the pillars, leaving the ball to unwind itself as he proceeded.

As no one could be found who was willing to accompany him, he started alone; and hour after hour went by without signs of his return: until, as the fourth hour was on the eve of completion, the flame of the torches lit up the distance, and was reflected back by the gleaming columns. The wanderer sprang from the boat chilled and exhausted; and, in answer to the inquiries of those about him, he stated that he had progressed for two hours in a straight line, but that he had seen nothing more than what they looked upon themselves—the vaulted roof above his head, the water beneath his feet, and a wilderness of pillars rising on all sides, and losing themselves in the darkness.

This second adventure so alarmed the worthy old Osmanli to whom the boat belonged, that he caused it to be immediately destroyed;

and visitors are now compelled to content themselves with a partial view of *Yere-Batan Serai* from the ruined opening.—*Miss Pardoe.*

JIM SOOLIVAN.

Jim Soolivan was a dacent, honest boy as you'd find in the seven parishes, an' he was a beautiful singer, an' an illegant dancer intirely, an' a mighty pleasant boy in himself; but he had the devil's bad luck, for he married for love, an' av course he never had an asy minute afther. Nell Gorman was the girl he fancied, an' a beautiful slip of a girl she was, jist twinty to the minute when he married her. She was as round an' as compleat in all her shapes as a firkin, you'd think, an' her two cheeks was as fat an' as red, it id open your heart to look at them. But beauty is not the thing all through, an' as beautiful as she was, she had the devil's tongue, an' the devil's temper, an' the devil's behaviour all out; an' it was impassible for him to be in the house with her for while you'd count tin without havin' an argument, an' as sure as she riz an argument wid him, she'd hit him a wipe iv a skillet, or whatever lay next to her hand. Well, this wasn't at all plasin' to Jim Soolivan, you may be sure, an' there was scarce a week that his head wasn't plastered up, or his back bint double, or his nose swelled as big as a pittaty, with the violence iv her timper, an' his heart was scalded everlastinly wid her tongue; so he had no pace or quietness in body or soul at all at all with the way she was goin' an. Well, your honour, one cowl'd snowin' evenin', he kin in afther his day's work regulatin' the men in the farm, an' he sat down very quite by the fire, for he had a scrimidge wid her in the marnin', an' all he wanted was an air iv the fire in pace; so devil a word he said, but dhrew a stool an' sat down close to the fire. Well, as soon as the woman saw him, "Move aff," says she, "an' don't be intrudin' an the fire," says she. Well, he kept never mindin', an' didn't let an to hear a word she was sayin', so she kim over, an' she had a spoon in her hand, an' she took jist the smallest taste in life iv the boilin' wather out iv the pot, an' she dhropped it down an his shins, an' wid that he let a roar you'd think the roof id fly aff iv the house. "Hould your tongue, you barbarian," says she; "you'll waken the child," says she. "An' if I done right," says he, for the spoonful of boilin' wather riz him intirely, "I'd take yourself," says he, "an' I'd stuff you into the pot an' the fire, an' boil you," says he, "into castor oil," says he. "That's purty behaviour," says she; "it's fine usage you're givin me, isn't it?" says she, gettin' wickeder every minute; "but before I'm boiled," says she, "thry how you like *that*," says she; an', sure enough, before he had time to put up his guard, she hot him a rale terrible clink iv the iron spoon across the jaw. "Hould me, some iv ye, or I'll murder her," says he. "Will you?" says she, an' with that she hot him another tin times as good as the first. "By jabers," says he, slap-

pin' himself behind, "that's the last salute you'll ever give me," says he; "so take my last blessin'," says he, "you ungovernable baste," says he; an' with that he pulled an his hat an' walked out iv the door. Well, she never minded a word he said, for he used to say the same thing all as one every time she dhrew blood, an' she had no expectation at all but he'd come back by the time supper id be ready; but faix the story didn't go quite so simple this time, for while he was walkin', lonesome enough, down the borheen, with his heart almost broke with the pain, for his shins an' his jaw was mighty troublesome, av course, with the thratement he got, who did he see but Mick Hanlon, his uncle's sarvint *by*, ridin' down, quite an' easy, an the ould black horse, wid a halter as long as himself.

[To make a long story short, Jim gets on the horse along with the *by* (boy), and is carried to his uncle's house, where he is drifted up with snow for upwards of a week. Meanwhile the mutilated body of a man is found near Jim's home, and being taken for Jim, is waked and buried as such. His widow, "bad luck to her," marries Andy Curtis, and all is comfortable with the pair when Jim finds his way back to his own door one very cowl'd night.]

So, one night (as the story proceeds), when Nell Gorman an' her new husband, Andy Curtis, was snug an' warm in bed, an' fast asleep, an' everything quite, who should come to the door, sure enough, but Jim Soolivan himself, an' he beginned flakin' the door wid a big blak-thorn stick he had, an' roarin' out like the devil to open the door, for he had a dhrop taken. "What the devil's the matter?" says Andy Curtis, wakenin' out iv his sleep. "Who's batin' the door?" says Nell; "what's all the noise for!" says she. "Who's in it?" says Andy. "It's me," says Jim. "Who are you?" says Andy; "what's your name?" "Jim Soolivan," says he. "By jabers you lie," says Andy. "Wait till I get at you," says Jim, hittin' the door a lick iv the wattle you'd hear half a mile off. "It's him, sure enough," says Nell; "I know his speech; it's his wandherin' sowl that can't get rest, the crass o' Christ between us an' harm." "Let me in," says Jim, "or I'll dhrive the door in a top iv yis." "Jim Soölván, Jim Soolivan," says Nell, sittin' up in the bed, an' gropin' for a quart bottle iv holy wather she used to hang by the back iv the bed, "don't come in, darlin', there's holy wather here," says she; "but tell me from where you are is there anything that's throublin' your poor sinful sowl?" says she. "An' tell me how many masses will make you asy, an' by this crass I'll buy you as many as you want," says she, "I don't know what the devil you mane," says Jim. "Go back," says she, "go back to glory, for God's sake," says she. "Devil's cure to the bit iv me 'ill go back to glory, or anywhere else," says he, "this blessed night; so open the door at onst, an' let me in," says he. "The Lord forbid," says she. "By jabers you'd betther," says he, "ör it 'ill be worse for you," says he; an' wid that he fell to wallopin' the door till he was fairly

tired, an' Andy an' his wife crassin' themselves an' sayin' their prayers for the bare life all the time. "Jim Soolivan," says she, as soon as he was done, "go back, for God's sake, an' don't be freakenin' me an' your poor fatherless children," says she. "Why, you bosthooon, you," says Jim, "won't you let your husband in," says he, "to his own house?" says he. "You war my husband, sure enough," says she, "but it's well you know, Jim Soolivan, you're not my husband now," says she. "You're as drunk as can be consaved," says Jim. "Go back, in God's name, pacibly to your grave," says Nell. "By my sowl, it's to my grave you'll sind me, sure enough," says he, "you hard-hearted bain', for I am jist aff wid the cowld," says he. "Jim Soolivan," says she, "it's in your dacent coffin you should be, you unfortunate spirit," says she: "what is it's annoyin' your sowl, in the wide world, at all?" says she; "hadn't you everything complete?" says she, "the oil, an' the wake, an' the berrin'?" says she. "Och, by the hoky," says Jim, "it's too long I'm makin' a fool iv myself, gostherin' wid you outside iv my own door," says he, "for it's plane to be seen," says he, "you don't know what you're sayin', an' no one else knows what you mane, you unfortunate fool," says he; "so, onst for all, open the door quietly," says he, "or, by my sowkins, I'll not lave a splinther together," says he. "Well, whin Nell an' Andy seen he was gettin' vexed, they began to bawl out their prayers, with the fright, as if the life was laven' them; an' the more he bate the door, the louder they prayed, until at last Jim was fairly tired out. "Bad luck to you," says he, "for a rale divil av a woman," says he. "I can't get any advantage av you, any way; but wait till I get hould iv you, that's all," says he. An' he turned aff from the door, an' wint round to the cow-house, an' settled himself as well as he could, in the sthraw; an' he was tired enough wid the thravellin' he had in the day-time, an' a good dale bothered with what liquor he had taken; so he was purty sure of sleepin' wherever he thrun himself. But, by my sowl, it wasn't the same way with the man an' the woman in the house; for divil a wink iv sleep, good or bad, could they get at all, wid the fright iv the spirit, as they supposed; an' with the first light they shud a little gossoon, as fast as he could wag, straight off, like a shot, to the priest, an' to desire him, for the love o' God, to come to them an the minute, an' to bring, if it was plasin' to his raverence, all the little things he had for sayin' mass, an' savin' sowls, an' banishin' spirits, an' freckenin' the divil, an' the likes iv that. An' it wasn't long till his raverence kem down, sure enough, on the ould gray mare, wid the little mass-boy behind him, an' the prayer-books an' the bibles, an' all the other mystarious articles that was wantin', along wid him; an' as soon as he kem in, "God save all here," says he. "God save ye, kindly, your raverence," says they. "An' what's gone wrong wid ye?" says he; "ye must be very bad," says he, "intirely, to disturb my devotions," says he, "this

way, jist at breakfast time," says he. "By my sowkins," says Nell, "it's bad enough we are, your raverence," says she, "for it's poor Jim's spirit," says she; "God rest his sowl, wherever it is," says she, "that was wandherin' up an' down opposit the door all night," says she, "in the way it was no use at all thryin' to get a wink iv sleep," says she. "It's to lay it, you want me, I suppose," says the priest. "If your raverence 'id do that same, it 'id be plasin' to us," says Andy. "It 'ill be rather expinsive," says the priest. "We'll not differ about the price, your raverence," says Andy. "Did the spirit stop long?" says the priest. "Most part iv the night," says Nell, "the Lord be merciful to us all!" says she. "That'll make it more costly than I thought," says he. "An' did it make much noise?" says he. "By my soul, it's it that did," says Andy; "leatherin' the door wid sticks and stones," says he, "until I fairly thought every minute," says he, "the ould boards 'id smash, an' the spirit 'id be in an top iv us, God bless us," says he. "Phiew!" says the priest, "it'll cost a power iv money." "Well, your raverence," says Andy, "take whatever you like," says he; "only make it sure it wont annoy us any more," says he. "Oh! by my sowkins," says the priest, "it'll be the quarest ghost in the seven parishes," says he, "if it has the courage to come back," says he, "afther what I'll do this mornin', plase God," says he; "so we'll say twelve pounds, an' God knows it's chape enough," says he, "considerin' all the sar-cumstances," says he. Well, there wasn't a second word to the bargain; so they paid him the money down, an' he settled the table out like an althar, before the door, an' he settled it out wid all the things he had wid him; an' he lit a bit iv a holy candle, an' he scattered his holy wather right an' left, an' he took up a big book, an' he went an readin' for half an hour, good; an' whin he kem to the end, he tuck hould iv his little bell, and he began to ring it for the bare life; an' by my sowl he rang it so well, that he wakened Jim Soolivan in the cow-house, where he was sleepin', an' up he jumped, widout a minute's delay, an' med right for the house, where all the family, an' the priest, an' the little mass-boy, was assembled, layin' the ghost; an' as soon as his raverence seen him comin' in at the door, wid the fair fright, he flung the bell at his head, an' hot him sich a lick iv it in the forehead, that he stretched him an the floor; but faix he didn't wait to ax any questions, but he cut round the table as if the divil was afther him, an' out at the door, an' didn't stop even as much as to mount an his mare, but leathered away down the borheen as fast as his legs could carry him, though the mud was up to his knees, savin' your presence. Well, by the time Jim kem to himself, the family persaved the mistake, an' Andy wint home, lavin' Nell to make the explanation. An' as soon as Jim heard it all, he said he was quite contint to lave her to Andy, intirely; but the priest would not hear iv it; an' he jist med him marry his wife over again, an' a merry widdin' it was, an'

a fine collection for his reverence. An' Andy was there along wid the rest, an' the priest put a small pinnace upon him, for bein' in too great a hurry to marry a widdy. An' bad luck to the word he'd allow any one to say on the business, ever after, at all at all, so, av course, no one offended his reverence, by spakin' iv the twelve pounds he got for layin' the spirit. An' the neighbours wor all mighty well plased, to be sure, for gettin' all the divarsion of a wake, an' two weddin's for nothin'.—*Dublin Un. Mag.*

THE GOOSEBERRY AND CURRANT.

There is no fruit of the British garden or orchard equal to the strawberry for fragrance of flavour, or the gooseberry for utility or general acceptance. The gooseberry, and its congener the currant, are indeed the vines of the north; and it is a new instance of paternal care, that this substitute should have been afforded to our climate, for the delicious grape of warmer regions. Viewed in this light, it is a curious fact that these fruits, and especially the gooseberry, just begin to acquire their good qualities when the grape in the open ground begins to degenerate. In the southern provinces of France, for example, where the vine is successfully cultivated, the gooseberry produces fruit scantily, and of no value; and in the north of that country, and more especially in the counties of England adjacent to it, where the vine is niggardly of its produce, the gooseberry grows luxuriantly, and acquires an agreeable taste, which increases as it extends northward.

The history of the gooseberry is little known. If it be not a native of Britain, it has, at all events, been long naturalized here, and it nowhere thrives better. In the reign of Henry VIII., it was familiarly known in this country as a garden plant, as appears by the following distich of Tusser, a writer on husbandry, who lived at that period:—

“The barberry, rasp, and gooseberry too
Look now to be planted, as other things do.”

This plant may be said to be the solitary fruit of the labourer's garden, in the northern parts of our island; and to him it affords a wholesome and grateful luxury. In Lancashire it is eagerly cultivated by the manufacturing population, and the people vie with each other in the successful production of this fruit. It is, however, more toward the size than the flavour of the gooseberry that their competition is directed, because this is the most palpable, though assuredly not the most agreeable quality, the taste usually becoming less rich as the size increases.

“The gooseberry shows of Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire and other manufacturing counties, are conducted with great system; and an annual account of them, forming a little volume, is printed and published at Manchester. The heaviest gooseberry which appears to have received a prize, was exhibited at the Shakespear Tavern, Nantwich, in 1825; it weighed 31 dwt. 16 grains. The prizes given on these occasions are adapted to the

manners of the comely people who contend for them, being generally either a pair of sugar-tongs, a copper tea-kettle (the favourite prize), a cream-jug, or a corner cupboard. The proceedings of these contests, and the arrangements for future years, are registered with as much precision as the records of horse racing; and doubtless the triumphs which are thus handed down to the colliers' or the weavers' children, by the additions which the goodman makes to his household ornaments, are as deeply valued as the ‘gold-cups of Newmarket.’”

The moral effect of the cultivation of the gooseberry, in the manufacturing districts, is spoken of with approbation in the “Library of Entertaining Knowledge,” and most certainly such an agreeable relaxation is unspeakably preferable to the degrading vice to which the population of these crowded parts of the country are addicted. If the healthful occupation of the garden withdraws the manufacturer from the corruptive habits contracted in the tavern, much is gained, at least of a negative nature, in preserving his morals; and doubtless something positive also, in opening and enlarging his mind, and promoting his domestic enjoyments. The prize-shows, however, are of a more doubtful character. If they tend to foster vanity, and excite any thing of the spirit of the *turf*, all that can be said of them is, that they are at all events a hundred-fold less pernicious than those favourite but demoralising amusements of their superiors, to which they have been compared.

The effect of the competition, above alluded to, on the gooseberry itself, is very conspicuous, but not entirely advantageous. It has, as I have already hinted, turned the attention of cultivators from the superior qualities of the fruit to its superior dimensions. In the fruit catalogue of the Horticultural Society of London, there are nearly two hundred different kinds enumerated, of which no fewer than one hundred and fifty are the Patagonian gooseberries of Lancashire.

The varieties of the gooseberry may be said to be almost endless, being propagated by seeds, the produce of which is not only affected by soil and climate, but is very various in itself, perpetually appearing in new kinds. The following, however, may be taken as a general description of the qualities, so far as they are associated with colour. The yellow are of a more rich and vinous flavour than the white—the white than the green. The red are very various in flavour, but are commonly more acid than the others, though to this latter remark there are many exceptions. From this description, it follows that the yellow are the most proper for the dessert, as well as being fermented into wine, while the red make the most agreeable preserves.

The currant is perhaps also a native of this country, although it has been regarded as the degenerated grape of Corinth, from which circumstance it derives its name; and, indeed, there is a small seedless grape, in the Levant, which is known by the same appellation, and

from which it is possible that it may be derived. In "Dodoen's History of Plants," translated in 1578, it is called "the red beyond-sea gooseberry." There are three distinct varieties of the currant, the white, the red, and the black, differing from each other in flavour as well as in colour, and each possessing some valuable characteristic qualities. The black currant, especially, has distinguishing peculiarities; its flavour is milder than that of the other two, and it is supposed to be particularly salubrious, and even medicinal.

I have already adverted to the providential arrangement, by which the gooseberry has been made to succeed the vine in our comparatively northern regions; and the same view has been so well expressed by an interesting writer, that I shall gratify both myself and the reader by concluding this account in his words. "Divine bounty is equalised to the nations. Italy has the grape; but there the gooseberry will not grow, or it will only live as an evergreen shrub, incapable of producing fruit; and it is further pleasant to observe, that, in the large field of the world, proper to the cultivation of our vine, its annual produce is less precarious than that of any other tree—a further proof that the things which are really best for man are also the most abundant and the most easily produced. Were the pine-apple, which sells at one guinea per pound, as easy to be had as the potato or the gooseberry, no family would ever have done with the physician."—*Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons; Summer.*

OLD MERCANTILE HOUSES.

Mercantile firms are nearly as long-lived as landed families. Longman and Company, the London booksellers, have trade catalogues of their houses, dated as far back as 1704. In 1730, the Longman of that day was so important in the trade, as to be one of the publishers of the folio Universal History. In the present firm, there are a father and son of this name, the lineal descendants of the founder of the house. Rivington and Company, so distinguished for their publications connected with the church, are said to be of the seventeenth century. In Edinburgh, a family of Nories has been concerned in the business of house-painting since the beginning of the last century. In the Scots Courant for July 27, 1711, there occurs the following advertisement:—"That all sorts of the finest arras hanging, representing forestry, history, hunting, fields, &c., done upon canvass, which looks as well as any true arras, and better than any mock arras whatsoever, that comes from London or elsewhere, are painted and sold at as easy a rate as any in North Britain, by James Norie and Roderick Chalmers, about the middle of Dickson's Close, opposite the Bishop's Land, where all sorts of house-paintings are likewise performed by them." The James Norie here mentioned practised landscape painting, and a number of performances in that line still exist

on panels above mantel-pieces and doors, within the houses in the Old Town of Edinburgh, having been executed by him, as tradition avers, by way of compliment to those who had employed him to do the common work of his trade upon the walls. Runciman, the distinguished artist, was apprenticed to this or a later member of their family. Robert Norie and Son still form a copartnership in the practice of house-painting in the Scottish capital. The business now carried on under the firm of Eagle and Henderson, seed-merchants in Edinburgh, is upwards of a century old, during which time it has always been conducted in one place. It was originated by Mr. Archibald Eagle, who died at an advanced age many years ago. In the Caledonian Mercury for February 7, 1746, occurs the following advertisement:—"Archibald Eagle, merchant in Smith's Land, opposite Blackfriars' Wynd, and seedsman to the Honourable Society for improving Agriculture, has just now brought from the places abroad, a curious collection of garden and grass-seeds, together with a variety of flower-seeds, and several kinds of tree-seeds, especially the beech-mast, that's highly esteemed for its value: so that all who have given commission for such seeds, may immediately call for them; and all others that want, may be furnished to their satisfaction, at as cheap and low rates as any where else in town; likewise may be had every sort of gardeners' utensils, as also the finest Durham and Isle of May mustard, new Kentish hops, linseed, and all manner of falcongrath, &c." In an upper story of the large building in which Mr. Eagle carried on business, the Honourable Misses Murray, daughters of Lord Stormont, and sisters to the Earl of Mansfield, had taken up their abode. A young female friend of theirs from Perthshire, coming to visit them, chanced to enter Mr. Eagle's shop, to inquire the way up stairs; and having thus afforded him an opportunity of performing towards her a common act of civility, an acquaintance took place betwixt them, which, notwithstanding some family pride on her side, was in time ripened into a matrimonial union. As his widow, this lady carried on the business for many years, till it fell under the active management of the late Mr. Alexander Henderson, Lord Provost of the city in 1825, whose sons are now in possession of it. In Edinburgh there must be many instances of long-descended business, with which the present writer is not acquainted. The extensive upholstery business carried on by the heirs of the late Mr. William Trotter, dates from an early period of the last century; and the bank of Sir William Forbes and Company was established by the father of the late Mr. Coult, upwards of a century ago.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

IRISH FUNERALS.

"An easy death and a fine funeral," is a proverbial benediction among the lower orders in Ireland. Throughout life the peasant is accustomed to regard the manner and place of

his interment as matters of the greatest importance; "to be decently put in the earth, along with his own people," is the wish most frequently and fervently expressed by him. When advanced in life, it is usual, particularly with those who are destitute and friendless, to deny themselves the common necessities of life, and to hoard up every trifle they can collect for the expenses of their wake and funeral. Looking forward to their death as a gala given to them by their acquaintances, every possible preparation is made for rendering it, as they consider, "creditable;" their shroud and burial dress are often provided many years before they are wanted; nor will the owners use these garments whilst living, though existing in the most abject state of wretchedness and rags. It is not unusual to see even the tombstone in readiness, and leaning against the cabin wall, a perpetual "memento mori," that must meet the eye of its possessor every time he crosses his threshold.

An old beggar woman, who died near the city of Cork, requested that her body might be deposited in White Church burial-ground. Her daughter, who was without the means to obtain a hearse, or any other mode of conveyance, determined herself to undertake the task, and having procured a rope, she fastened the coffin on her back, and after a tedious journey of more than ten miles, fulfilled her mother's request.

An Irish funeral procession will present to the English traveller a very novel and singular aspect. The coffin is carried on an open hearse, with a canopy supported by four pillars, not unlike the car used at Lord Nelson's funeral; it is adorned with several devices in gold, and drawn by four horses, and is, perhaps, more impressive to the beholder than the close caravan-like conveyance used in England; but what is gained in solemnity by the principal feature, is suddenly destroyed by the incongruity of the rest of the train, generally composed of a few post-chaises, the drivers in their daily costume of a long great coat and slouched hat. In addition to these, I have seen a gig, in which the clergyman (I imagine, by his being equipped in a white scarf and hat-band) drove a friend; afterwards came a crowd of persons of all descriptions on foot. No noise, no lamentations were to be heard; but the figure in the flowing white scarf brandishing his whip, gave it, at a little distance, the effect of an electioneering procession.

The open hearse is common throughout Ireland, and that used by the poorer classes becomes perfectly grotesque, from the barbarous paintings of saints and angels with which it is bedizened. The concourse of people which attends the funeral of an opulent farmer, or a resident landlord is prodigious; not only those to whom the deceased was known, but every one who meets the procession, turns to accompany it, let his haste be ever so great, for a mile or two, as nothing is accounted more unlucky or unfriendly than to neglect doing so.

The funeral of a gentleman acknowledged as

the head of a clan, (now an event of rare occurrence, and almost solely confined to the county of Kerry,) is one of those sights it is impossible to behold without feeling sublime sensations. The vast multitude, winding through some romantic defile, or travelling along the base of a wild mountain, while the chorus of the death-song, coming fitfully upon the breeze, is raised by a thousand voices. On a closer view, the aged nurse is seen sitting on the hearse beside the coffin, with her body bent over it; her actions dictated by the most violent grief, and her head completely enveloped in the deep hood of her large cloak, which falls in broad and heavy folds, producing altogether a most mysterious and awful figure.

Then at every cross-road, such roads being considered symbolic of their faith, there is a general halt; the men uncover their heads, and a prayer is offered up for the soul of the departed chief.

An Irish funeral howl is notorious, and, although this vociferous expression of grief is on the decline, there is still, in the less civilized parts of the country, a strong attachment to the custom, and many may yet be found who are keeners, or mourners for the dead by profession.—*Croker's Researches in the South of Ireland.*

REMARKABLE TIGER HUNT.

The following is an extract of a letter from Java, of the 19th of December 1832. The letter was written by a "true son of the ocean," and is addressed to his brother. "At seven A.M., on the 2nd of October last, I set out with my two sons, a Berzoeckie man in my service, and about fifty natives, armed with pikes and hogspears; I was armed with a gun and a spear. The tiger for which we were on the look-out was in a valley about two miles and a-half distant from our port. The moment we arrived near him we commenced operations. About nine A.M., we effectually drove him out of his den of underwood; and while he was doubling the brow of a hill, I had a rap at him, which took effect about six inches astern of his *tafferail*; had I taken his *tafferail*, it would have disabled his *tiller ropes*, and he would have been forced to *heave-to*, and we should have had some sport with him whilst in that situation. He now made over to the west side of the valley, and into a thorny bush. In half an hour we started him again; he then ran along the western side of the valley into another bush; several spears were now thrown at him, but without effect. We followed, and soon roused him again; he now made a start for his old station on the east side of the valley; he seemed to be very much fagged on account of the heat and a want of water, and it became difficult to arouse him; several spears flew after him, but they fell short. All this time, although pretty close, I could not get a shot at him, sometimes on account of my people, and at others not wishing to throw a shot away, not knowing how soon I might require it in self-defence. Close to his heels we followed

him across the valley. He now took shelter in a bush on the side of a hill, where he remained growling for some time. He now saw that he was in danger, so he made a start from that bush to another just at my feet, and lay for at least ten minutes, not ten yards from where I was with one of my sons, who was making an opening into the bush, so that at length I got a clear sight of him; but before we could finish our task, he made a spring with an intention to clear the heads of three men who were to my right at about a fathom distance; but they received and put three pikes and a hogspear into him; the former entered his belly, the latter entered his starboard shoulder; this he took with him, but the pike staves all broke. This shock to his delicate frame brought him down on one of the men, on whom he left the marks of three of his paws, but he got into a bush before I could turn round to have a rap at him. This was his last move. It was now just twelve at noon. We gathered up our broken pike staves, bound up the wounds of our man, and sent him off to the mill, to wait our arrival; but, determined not to give up our prize, we remained quiet for about an hour, to rest ourselves. During this time he growled once, but faintly; he was at that time drawing the hogspear out of his starboard shoulder. This gave him much pain, and made him growl. We now saw the bush shake very much, so again we began operations, by cutting down the small bushes to get a sight of him; this was soon done, and I put a shot into his head. Our work was now done, so we went up to him; but I think that he was *closing his book* more from the pikes than from the shot. I had him carried home. His weight was 333lbs., stood three feet three inches high; length of body six feet, tail two feet four inches. I then dressed the wounded hunter. He was fourteen days under my hands. He had ten wounds on his body, left arm, and head. This, you will say, is no children's play."—*Old Scrap-Book*.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE USE OF SILKS.

Silk is said to have been brought from Persia into Greece 323 years before the birth of Christ, and from India into Rome in the year of our Lord 274. During the reign of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, a law was made in the senate, forbidding men to disgrace themselves by wearing silk, which was only fit for women; and so little were the Europeans acquainted with its culture, that it was then supposed to grow on trees like cotton.

In the year 555, two monks brought from Cerinda, in the East Indies, to Constantinople, the eggs of some silk worms, which having hatched in a dung-hill, they fed the young insects with mulberry-leaves; and by this management they soon multiplied to such a degree, that manufactories of silk were erected at Constantinople, at Athens, at Thebes, and at Corinth.

In the year 1130, King Roger of Sicily brought manufacturers of silk from Greece,

and settled them at Palermo, where they taught the Sicilians the art of breeding silkworms, and of spinning and weaving their silk.

From Sicily they were carried all over Italy, thence to Spain; and a little before the time of Francis I., reached the south of France.

Henry IV. of France was at great pains to introduce manufactories of silk into his kingdom, and by his perseverance at last brought them to tolerable perfection.

In the year 1286, the ladies of some noblemen first appeared in England in silks, at a ball in Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire.

In the year 1620, the art of weaving silk was first introduced into England; and in the year 1719, Lombe's machine for throwing silk was erected at Derby—a curious piece of mechanism, containing 26,586 wheels turned by water. The perfect model of this machine is now preserved, and to be seen in the Tower of London.

Such was the first introduction of silk into England, which long continued to be too scarce and dear to be applied to common use.

Henry II. of France was the first European who wore silk stockings. In the reign of Henry VIII. no silk stockings had appeared in England. Edward VI., his son and successor, was presented by Sir Thomas Graham with the first pair that were ever seen in this country; and the present was, at that time, much talked of as valuable and uncommon.

COUNT DE LA LIPPE.—In his own territory in Germany, he amused himself with military manoeuvres and experiments; and one day he invited his little court and visitors to dine with him after a review. The dinner was served in a tent on the ground; and towards the latter end of the repast, the count was observed to look several times at his watch and to put it up again, and call for another bottle: at last some one asked the reason of this?—"Why," said he, "I have ordered this tent to be *mined* by a new method—it is to be *blown up* at a certain *minute*, and I am anxious to go out to see the *explosion*." The tent, it will readily be believed, was soon cleared, without waiting for the other bottle.

ESCAPE OF NELSON.—In 1781, Captain Nelson was chosen to conduct the naval part of the expedition against St. Juan's. Being one day excessively fatigued, he ordered his hammock to be slung under some trees. During his sleep, that extraordinary animal called a monitory lizard (from its reputed faculty of warning persons of the approach of any venomous animal) passed across Nelson's face, which being observed by some of the Indian attendants they shouted and awoke him. He immediately started up, and throwing off the quilt, found one of the most venomous of the innumerable serpents in the country coiled up at his feet. From this remarkable escape, the Indians who attended entertained an idea that Nelson was a superior being.

WINTER.

There's not a flower upon the hill,
 There's not a leaf upon the tree;
 The Summer-bird has left its bough,
 Bright child of sunshine, singing now
 In spicy lands beyond the sea.

There's stillness in the harvest-field,
 And blackness in the mountain glen;
 And clouds that will not pass away
 From the hill-tops for many a day,
 And stillness round the homes of men.

The old tree hath an older look;
 The lonely place is yet more dreary;
 They go not now, the young and old,
 Slow wandering on by wood and wold,
 The air is damp, the winds are cold,
 And Summer paths are wet and weary.

Mary Howitt.

MEET AGAIN.

Joyful words—we meet again!
 Love's own language, comfort darting
 Through the souls of friends at parting
 Life in death—we meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,
 Compass'd round with care and sorrow,
 Gloom to-day, and storm to-morrow,
 "Meet again!" our bosom cheers.

Far in exile, when we roam,
 O'er our lost endearments weeping,
 Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
 "Meet again!" transports us home.

When this weary world is past,
 Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
 Vast eternity exploring,
 "Meet again!" in Heaven at last.

Montgomery.

THE WELCOME BACK.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
 Where all will spring to meet us;
 Where hands are striving as we come
 To be the first to greet us.

When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,
 And care been sorely pressing,
 'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
 And find a fireside blessing.

Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
 If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we reckon on a dreary way,
 Though lonely and benighted,
 If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
 And eyes that will beam love-lighted?
 What is the worth of your diamond ray,
 To the glance that flashes pleasure
 When the words that welcome back betray,
 We form a heart's chief treasure?

Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
 If we are but sure of a welcome back.

Eliza Cook

AN ANSWER TO "WHAT IS TIME?"

"Know'st thou me not?" the deep voice cried;
 "So long enjoyed, so oft misused;—
 Alternate in thy fickle pride,
 Desired, neglected and abused.

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
 Man and his marvels pass away,
 And changing empires wane and wax,
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem my hours,—the space is brief,
 While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
 And measureless thy joy or grief,
 When Time and thou shalt part for ever."

Scott.

ADIEU.

Yes! dearest girl, the time is past,
 When, rural pleasures flying,
 You seek the busy town, while here
 I stay, in absence sighing.
 But seated at some splendid show,
 While all with pleasure eye you,
 Oh! then on me one thought bestow,
 And wish that I were nigh you.

Till summer brings thee back my love;
 Of pomp and tumult weary,
 The heavy hours will slowly move,
 And all be chill and dreary.
 Fair Spring in vain will boast her reign,
 And trees their leaves recover,
 While far from thee, it still must be
 December with thy lover.

M. G. Lewis.

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

Even is come; and from the dark park, hark!
 The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
 And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
 To go and see the Drury Lane Dane slain—
 Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out—
 Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
 Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;
 Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
 Four horses as no other man can span;
 Or, in the snug Olympic pit, sit, split
 Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.
 Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
 Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
 The gas up-blazes with its bright white light;
 Now thieves, to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
 Past drowsy Charley, in a deep slepp, creep!
 But, frightened by policeman B. 3, flee,
 And while they're going, whisper low—"no go."
 Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
 And sleepers, waking, grumble "drat that cat!"
 Who in the gutter catterwauls, squalls, mauls
 Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.
 Now bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
 In childish dreams, and, with a roar, gore poor
 Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;
 But nursemaid in a night-mare rest, chest-press'd,
 Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
 And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns
 And his, from Rev. Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
 White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
 That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes.

Hood.

OPENING OF THE NORMAL AND MODEL SCHOOLS.

Wednesday, the 24th ult., was the day appointed for the ceremony of opening the new buildings erected for these national establishments. The day was fine, and the buildings during several hours were open for public inspection. In the evening, the ceremony—which simply consisted of the delivery of a few valedictory addresses—was commenced by a prayer from the Rev. Mr. Lillie; Mr. Harrison, the Judge of the County Court, then stated that as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions it was his business to preside on the occasion, and he presided accordingly. An address was next read by Mr. Chief Justice Robinson, but, whether from the construction of the Theatre, or some other cause, a large portion of it was inaudible in the front seat of the gallery, where it was our fortune to be placed.

The Inspector General then made a few observations, and excused himself from making “a speech” on the score of want of preparation,—not being aware that his name was announced as a partaker in the business of the evening till his arrival in town, and having since then been too busy to devote time or attention to the subject. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. McCaul, who addressed the meeting in his usual happy style, and made a few remarks on the advantage and necessity of an establishment for the purpose of training the teachers,—proved by the well-known fact, that those persons who are the most learned and accomplished themselves, are frequently the least competent to impart instruction to others. Dr. McCaul was followed by the Reverend Superintendent of Education, who entered into explanations and statistics connected with the Institution, and inflicted a not unmerited castigation on the Corporation of the City on the state of their roads, recommending them most strenuously (a recommendation in which we most heartily join) “to mend their ways.” The business was concluded with a short prayer from the Rev. Mr. Jennings, and the meeting separated.

Sir Allan McNab and the Hon. Robert Baldwin were announced in the bills as intending to take part in the proceedings, but were not present.

The Theatre of the Institution, in which the addresses were delivered, was well filled by a highly respectable audience.

ADDRESS OF AN ARAB ROBBER.—While some of the Mamelukes were encamped about Minich, a thief set his mind about carrying off the horse and wearing apparel of one of their beys, and with this intention contrived, in the dead of the night, to creep unperceived within the tent, where, as it was winter time, embers were burning, and showed the rich clothes of the bey lying close at hand. The thief, as he squatted down by the fire, drew them softly to him, and put them all on: and then, after filling a pipe and lighting it, went deliberately to the tent door, and tapping a groom, who was sleeping near, with the pipe end, made a sign to him for the horse, which stood piqueted in front. It was brought: he mounted, and rode off. On the morrow, when the clothes of the bey could nowhere be found, none could form a conjecture as to what had become of them, until the groom, on being questioned, maintained to his fellow-servants that their master was not yet returned from his ride; and told them how he had suddenly called for his horse in the night, which at last seemed to give some clue to what had really happened. Upon this, the bey, anxious to recover his horse, as well as curious to ascertain the particulars, ordered it to be published abroad, that if the person who robbed him would, within two days, bring back what he had taken, he should not only be freely pardoned, but should receive also the full value of the animal and of the suit of clothes. Relying on the good faith of this promise, and possibly, too, not a little vain of his exploit, the Arab presented himself, and brought his booty; and the bey also, on his part, punctually kept his word; but since, besides the loss, there was something in the transaction that placed the bey in rather a ludicrous light, it went hard with him to let the rogue depart so freely, and he seemed to be considering what he should do; so that, to gain time, he was continually asking over and over again fresh and more circumstantial accounts of the manner in which the stratagem had been conducted; the other was too crafty not to perceive that no good might be preparing for him, and began to feel anxious to get safe out of the scrape. He showed no impatience, however, but entered minutely into every detail, accompanying the whole with a great deal of corresponding action; at one time sitting down by the fire, and making believe as though he were slyly drawing on the different articles of dress, so as to throw the bey himself, and all who saw and heard him, into fits of laughter. When he came at last to what concerned the horse, “It was,” he said, “brought to me, and I leaped upon his back;” and so in effect flinging himself again into the saddle, and spurring the flanks sharply with the stirrup-irons, he rode off with all the money that he had received for the animal in his pocket, and had got much too far, during the first moments of surprise, for any of the bullets to take effect that were fired at him in his flight, and nothing further was ever heard of him or the horse.—*Adventures of Giovanni Finati.*

MR. CANNING AND HIS SERVANT.

When at college, he was attended by a very faithful servant, who, like all surrounding his patron, became much attached to him. Francis, for such was his name, was always distinguished for his blunt honesty, and his familiarity with his master. During Mr. Canning's early political career Francis continued to live with him. Mr. Canning, whose love of fun was innate, used sometimes to play off his servant's bluntness upon his right honourable friends. One of these, whose honours did not sit so easily upon him as upon the late premier, had forgotten Francis, though often indebted to his kind offices at Oxford. Francis complained to Mr. Canning that Mr. W. did not speak to him. "Pooh," said Mr. Canning, "it is all your fault; you should speak first; he thinks *you* proud. He dines here to-day—go up to him in the drawing-room, and congratulate him upon the post he has just got." Francis was obedient. Surrounded by a splendid ministerial circle, Francis advanced to the astonished statesman, with "How d'ye do, Mr. W.? I hope you're very well—I wish you joy of your luck, and hope your place will turn out a good thing." The roar was of course universal. The same Francis afterwards obtained a comfortable birth in the customs through his kind master's interest. He was a staunch Tory. During the queen's trial he met Mr. Canning in the street. "Well Francis, how are you?" said the statesman, who had just resigned his office, holding out his hand. "It is not well, Mr. Canning," replied Francis, refusing the pledge of friendship; "it is not well, Mr. Canning, that you should say anything in favour of that ——" "But, Francis, political differences should not separate old friends—give me your hand." The sturdy politician at length consented to honour the ex-minister with a shake of forgiveness. It is said that Mr. Canning did not forget Francis when he returned to power.—*Annual Biography and Obituary for 1828.*

LONDON MERCHANTS.—The peerage, as well as the baronetage of England, exhibits numerous proofs of voluntary respect paid to commerce by British sovereigns. The noble house of Osborne, which has attained the first honours of a subject, had for its founder Edward Osborne, apprentice to Sir William Hewet, a merchant who lived in London, and was lord mayor in 1553. Sir William had only one daughter, Anne, who, when a child, was by the carelessness of her nurse, dropped into the Thames. The apprentice, Edward Osborne, jumped into the river and saved her life. When the child grew up to womanhood, as she was rich, she had many suitors, among whom was the Earl of Shrewsbury, but the father refused them all, saying, that as Osborne had saved her he should have her. They were married, and their descendant is Duke of Leeds.—The Marquis Cornwallis is lineally descended from Thomas Cornwalley, merchant, who was sheriff of London in 1378. The house of Wentworth was founded by Sir W. Fitzwilliam, who was an alderman of London, and sheriff in

1506; he was a retainer of Cardinal Wolsey, and knighted by Henry VII. for his attachment to that prelate in his misfortunes. He built the greater part of the present church of St Andrew, Undershaft—The Earl of Coventry is descended from John Coventry, mercer and lord mayor in the year 1425. He was one of the executors of the celebrated Whittington.—Laurence des Bouveries married a daughter of a silk mercer at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and returning to England, laid the foundation of the house of Radnor.—The ancestor of the Earl of Essex was Sir William Capel, lord mayor of London in 1503. The ancestor of the Earl of Dartmouth, T. Legge, or Legget, a skinner, was twice lord mayor—in 1347 and 1354, and lent King Edward III. no less a sum than £300 for his French war.—Sir William Craven, merchant tailor and lord mayor of London, was ancestor of the present Earl of Craven; and the present Earl of Warwick is lineally descended from William Greville, a citizen of London, and "flower of the wool-staplers."—Thomas Bennet, mercer, sheriff in 1594, and mayor in 1603, laid the foundation of the fortunes of the Earls of Tankerville, who are lineally descended from him.—The ancestor of the Earls of Pomfret was Richard Fermour, who having amassed a splendid fortune as a citizen in Calais, came to England, and suffered attaint under Henry VIII., and did not recover his property till the 4th of Edward VI.—The Earl Darnley owes the first elevation of his family to John Bligh, a London citizen, who was employed as agent to the speculators in the Irish estates forfeited in the rebellion in 1641.—John Cowper, an alderman of Bridge Ward and sheriff in 1551, was ancestor of Earl Cowper; and the Earl Romney is descended from Thomas Marsham, alderman, who died in 1624.—Lord Dacre's ancestor; Sir Robert Dacre, was banker to Charles I., although he lost £90,000 by that monarch, left a princely fortune to his descendants.—Lord Dormer is descended from Sir Michael Dormer, lord mayor in 1541.—Viscount Dudley and Ward's ancestor was William Warde, a goldsmith in London, and jeweller to the consort of Charles I.—Sir Rowland Hill, who was lord mayor in the reign of Edward VI. was ancestor of Lord Berwick, Lord Hill, and "all the Hills in Shropshire."—*Newspaper.*

A JUNGLE IN INDIA.—The height of the grass struck me as particularly wonderful. I was mounted on a very fine elephant, not less than eleven feet high; the howdah, or seat, fastened on the animal's back, must have been full two feet high, it being strapped on a very thick pad: this would give thirteen feet. Now, when standing upright, the attitude usually adopted by sportsmen when beating the jungle in order to see better around them, my head must have been near nineteen feet above the ground, but the grass was generally three, and in some places six feet higher than my head. The stalks were full an inch and a half in diameter, and it would be almost impossible, certainly very fatiguing, to attempt to force a passage on foot through such a thicket, independent of the chance of meeting with a tiger on a sudden.—*Picturesque Tour along the Ganges.*

UTILITY OF DECISIVE MEASURES.—General Picton, like Otway's Pierre, was a "bold, rough soldier," who stopped at nothing; he was a man whose decisions were as immutable, as his conceptions were quick and effective, in all things relative to the command which he held. While in the Peninsula, an assistant-commissary (commonly called an assistant-commissary-general, the rank of which appointment is equal to a captain's), through very culpable carelessness, once failed in supplying with rations the third division, under General Picton's command, and on his being remonstrated with by one of the principal officers of the division, on account of the deficiency, declared, with an affected consequence unbecoming the subject, that he should not be able to supply the necessary demand for some days. This was reported to the General, who instantly sent for the commissary, and laconically accosted him with, "Do you see that tree, sir?" "Yes General, I do." "Well, if my division be not provided with rations to-morrow by twelve o'clock, I'll hang you on that very tree." The confounded commissary muttered, and retired. The threat was alarming; so he lost not a moment in proceeding at a full gallop to head-quarters, where he presented himself to the Duke of Wellington complaining most emphatically of the threat which General Picton had held out to him. "Did the General say he would hang you, sir?" demanded his grace. "Yes my lord, he did," answered the commissary. "Well sir," returned the Duke, "if he said so, believe me he means to do it, and you have no remedy but to provide the rations." The spur of necessity becomes a marvellous instrument in sharpening a man to activity; and the commissary found it so; for the rations were all up, and ready for delivery by twelve o'clock next day.—*Scrap Book.*

UNCOMMON GOOD SHOT.—The late Sheridan was more celebrated in the senate than in the field. It chanced that he once paid a visit to an old sportsman, and in order to avoid the imputation of being a down-right *ignoramus*, took a gun, and at the dawn of day went in pursuit of game. He was accompanied by a gamekeeper, a true Pat, who lost no opportunity of praising Sheridan's prowess. The first covey rose within a few yards of the statesman's nose, who waited till they were out of harm's way before he fired. Pat immediately observed, "I see you know what a gun is, it's well you wasn't nearer, or them chaps would be sorry you ever came into the country" Sheridan's second shot was not more successful. "Oh," cried Pat, "what an escape. I'll be bound you rumbled some of their feathers." The third shot was as little effective as the former. "Hah," exclaimed the Irishman, although astonished at so palpable a miss. "I'll lay a thirteen you don't come near us to-day. Master was too near you to be pleasant." On they went without a bird in the bag; at last, on their return, Sheridan perceived a covey and unwilling to give them a chance of flight, he resolved to have a fire at them on the ground. He did so; but they all flew away untouched. Pat,

whose excuses were now almost exhausted, still had something to say; and he joyfully exclaimed, looking at Sheridan, "You made them *lave* that any how;" and with this compliment to his sportsman-like qualities, Sheridan closed his morning's amusement laughing heartily at his companion and rewarding him with half a crown for his patience and encouragement.—*Old Scrap Book.*

CLERICAL WIT.—The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment, at Fort George, to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The officer granted the petition, on condition that Mr. Morrison should accord with the first favour he asked, the favour was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen was invited to the christening. Mr. Morrison desired Major —— to hold up the dog. "As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr. Morrison, "I must proceed accordingly." Major —— said he asked no more. "Well then, Major, I begin with the usual question, 'you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy.'" The Major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus did Mr. Morrison turn the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.—On another occasion, a young officer scoffed at the parade of study to which clergymen assigned their right to remuneration for labour, and he offered to take a bet, he would preach half an hour on any verse or section of a verse in the Old or New Testament. Mr. Morrison took the bet, and pointed out "And the ass opened his mouth, and he spoke." The officer declined employing his eloquence on that text. Mr. Morrison won the wager, and silenced the scorner.—*Mirror.*

ODD WILL.

John Goss, late of Bristol, Mariner, deceased, proved May 19, 1796.

"My executrix to pay, out of the first monies collected, unto my beloved wife, Hester Goss, (if living) the sum of one shilling, which I give her (as a token of my love) that she may buy hazel-nuts, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is with mending the holes in her stockings."

MOUNTAIN ANECDOTE.—A party had lately climbed up the usual track on the *Skiddow*, when a gentleman (a stranger to the rest of the company) who had given frequent *broad hints* of his *superior knowledge*, said to the guide, "Pray can you tell which is the *highest* part of this mountain?" "the *top*, sir," replied the guide.

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