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TO THE READER.

In launching this, the first number of our Magazine, upon the troubled waters of public opinion, we would wish our friends to consider it as intended to exhibit the size, shape, and quantity of matter that each separate number will contain, rather than as being a fair specimen of the contents and style of the whole work. A foundation stone of a building—the keel of a ship—the radical leaves of a plant—give but a poor idea of the succeeding grandeur or architectural elegance of the one; or the dazzling beauty of the other.

We trust that each successive issue of our periodical will serve more and more strongly to elucidate our meaning, and, that our readers will confess that, like the produce of the vintage, our Magazine "improves with age."

As it is not our intention to stereotype the matter, we would particularly recommend such of our friends as wish to collect and retain the Magazine from its commencement, to be careful in preserving this, the first number; and, for the same reason, intending subscribers will do well to send in their names without delay.

THE SUBALTERN'S BLUNDER.

A MESS-ROOM TALE.

"You are acquainted, perhaps," said —, "with Bryan Jones of the—th?"

"Bryan Jones," replied the Quartermaster; "to be sure I am—a very nice little fellow, though rather too much of a lady's-man for my taste."

"A little effeminate, or so—but a good-natured, generous fellow at bottom, and as bold as if he were as big as an elephant. I was living a few years ago with him in the neighborhood of Chester, and, as usual, was made the confidant of all his love passages and declarations, of which there might be, on an average, about three a-week. On this occasion, he was more steady than usual, and was occupied entirely with one tender passion for at least ten days. The object of it he had never seen; but he knew that she was closely mewed up by her brother, an old gentleman, who had a villa about two miles from the city.

This information, limited as it was, was enough to set the susceptible Bryan on fire. He heard afterwards that the lady was rich; and it was strongly suspected that the brother immured her so closely to prevent any one depriving him of his sister's fortune; and it was also darkly insinuated that, to cloak his infamous purpose, he gave out that she was hopelessly deranged. 'The infernal, selfish, unnatural scoundrel,' said Bryan, 'to close up youth, beauty, innocence, and twenty thousand pounds! I'll rescue the ill-fated lady, or perish in the attempt!' The first step to be taken was, if possible, to become acquainted with the brother. His name was Stephen Jenks. We made out that at one time he had practised as a surgeon in some other part of the country, but, on his accession to a considerable fortune, had retired to the beautiful neighborhood of Chester; and now that he had assumed the gentleman, was very anxious to conceal that he had ever

been engaged in compounding pills. The tastes, however, of his ancient calling still stuck to him in spite of his attempts to enact the country squire—his conversation smelt of the gallipot—and his love for natural history had converted his house into a museum. Stuffed birds hung round his walls instead of pictures—you hung your hat in the lobby on the dorsal extremity of an antediluvian bear, and his chimney-piece ornaments were composed of a long row of bottles, filled with the most horrid tadpoles and two-headed monsters it was possible to conceive. But his recollection was not restricted to the dead—he had a sort of menagerie of the living. Foxes, wolves, jackdaws, and all manner of birds and beasts, hooted, howled, screamed, and belled throughout the mansion. Squire Jenks might have left his doors quite open in the most lawless times, as few housebreakers, I imagine, would run the risk of furnishing so many ravenous animals with a mouthful. All this, and a good deal more information of a similar sort, Mr. Bryan picked up at the reading-room frequented by Mr. Jenks. But, though all the other subscribers were garrulous in their descriptions of the gentleman and his establishment, not one of them pretended to be acquainted with either. The gentleman, indeed, they bowed to, and sometimes exchanged a word with in the room; but the mansion, with all its monstrosities and curiosities, was to them a *terra incognita*. ‘But his sister?’ said Bryan Jones, ‘you’re sure he has a sister? The detestable, inhuman villain, to keep a beautiful young creature like her in the very same den with wolves and foxes!’ And Bryan was prodigiously in love, without even seeing the object of his passion.

“For two or three days the lover kept prowling in the neighborhood of the villa. As evening came on, he advanced his approaches to the garden wall, looked attentively at all the windows, and fixed upon one of them as if by intuition, as the chamber window of the unhappy prisoner. It was about half-past eight, in a beautiful night in August; he lifted some fine gravel, and threw it against the window-pane. It was immediately opened, and there appeared, in the dimness of the twilight, a very graceful figure, dressed all

in white, with a countenance which Bryan declared to be beautiful, though he was forced to confess that he came to that conclusion in total ignorance of its features, the darkness being so considerable as to put it out of his power to make affidavit to the lady’s possession of either nose or eyes.

“‘I am come to rescue you, you adorable creature,’ he exclaimed, ‘from the infernal Noah’s Ark they’ve put you into!’

“‘You’re very kind,’ said the lady, in a voice that even Bryan’s enthusiasm could not hinder him from thinking rather cold than otherwise. ‘This is not Noah’s Ark—’tis Buffing Villar.’

“‘Buffing Villar!’ replied Bryan.—‘Never mind the name of it—it is a confounded place—Leave it, my dear Miss Jenks, and make me the happiest of men?’

“‘Why should I leave it; and why will my leaving it make you the happiest of men?’

“‘By being mine!—by allowing me to throw myself and fortune at your feet!’

“‘Yourself!’ replied the lady.—‘Who are you? Your fortune, how much is it?’

“‘Come,’ thought the persevering Bryan ‘this looks like business. As to myself, madam, I have the honour to be Bryan Jones, esquire, holding a lieutenant’s commission in his Majesty’s—th regiment of foot, five-and-twenty years of age next fourteenth day of September, five feet seven inches and three quarters (with my boots on,) and a certainty of a regiment, (if I live long enough, and have money to buy my steps.) My fortune is not large at present, though quite enough (with the help of unlimited tick) to keep me with all the comforts of a gentleman; but my prospects are considerable. Indeed, I see no reason to despair of shortly coming into possession of twenty thousand pounds, (she will never think of keeping it in her own possession?)’

The sentences in brackets were spoken aside, and the gentleman’s description of himself seemed to have made a favorable impression, for the lady after a short pause said,

“‘I think it would be delightful. Do you look well in a red coat?’

“‘Why, if you insist on an answer to so perplexing a question,’ replied Bryan, ‘I should say, that considering I am not so

all as Major Flannigan, who is six feet four, nor so heavy as our colonel, who broke his charger's back, I am as good-looking as any officer on parade.'

"I think I must give up the captain."

"Certainly by all means," interrupted Bryan, "order him to the right about. Shall I shoot him?"

"Oh no, there's no occasion; he is very obedient."

"Who the devil is he? What is his name? In what service is he captain?"

"He is in my service," replied the lady. "I loved him very much."

"You did?" said Bryan. "Well? I don't love him now at all. He sometimes tries to bite me."

"The scoundrel!"

"So I think of turning him off, and giving myself entirely to you."

"Best! dearest! What an angel you are! You can't possibly do better."

"I think not."

"Then throw yourself at once into my arms, and"—

"Oh no; I can't do that. This is a very high window; and besides, look! they have put bars to it."

"Then let me come to you."

"Whenever you like—the sooner the better—but stop! Are you blue faced?"

"Yes; I am very dark in the complexion."

"Have you a ring?"

"Yes."

"What is it? Rough or smooth?"

"A plain one. The ladies, I fancy, like that best."

"Oh yes. And how tall did you say?"

"Five feet seven inches and three quarters."

"Why, that nasty little captain was only three feet two."

"Then I fancy he was not in the grenadiers."

"Five feet seven! What a beauty you must be," continued the lady. "Get to me as soon as you can."

"I will call and offer myself to your brother."

"He will be delighted to see you, and so shall I. Good night."

"Was there ever such a lucky fellow in the universe?" said Bryan, as he cantered back to Chester; "though Miss Jenks is certainly a bit of a rum one. Who the deuce could that disgusting little captain

be? Can it be Fusby of ours? But no; he is more than three feet two. And asking me so plump about the ring; that shows she's up to snuff. I shall marry her next week, and get my company in a fortnight."

"Bryan consulted me that night as to his farther proceedings. After turning over many plans, we at last fixed that the boldest way was the best; that he had better go at once to Mr. Jenks' house, and open the business in form."

"Before we retired to our couches, Bryan had given me an invitation to his shooting-box next season, and let me into all his intentions about the disposal of his money; and that night, I will be bound for it, if no other in his life, he enjoyed golden dreams."

"Next day, Bryan mounted after parade, and I don't think Chester-gate ever gave exit to so finished a dandy. A barber had been curling his hair, his servant brushing his coat half the morning, and such a powerful perfume filled the town as he ambled along the streets, that you might have fancied him one of the three kings of Cologne."

"When he arrived at the gate, he rang the bell with a lordly air; but waited for a long time before any one came to the door. At last it was opened by a slipshod wench, with long red hair, and Bryan began his interrogatories."

"Is Mr. Jenks at home?"

"Suppose a be, what's that to you?"

"I wish to see him."

"Like enough; he doan't want to see thee, though."

"Is he engaged?"

"Yes; a be."

"With company?"

"Yes; he and missus be shaving the captain."

"That cursed captain again. What did you say, my pretty girl? that your mistress was shaving the captain?"

"Yes and cuttin' the nails o' um."

"Shaving, and cutting his nails! He must be a cursedly odd fellow, this captain. What is his name, my girl?"

"His name be captain—that be all—his coat be finer than your'n—but missus be tired o' um now; her told me her had got a new sweetheart."

"Oh, she did?—did she say any thing more?"

“Yes — that a were far handsomer, and taller than the captain.”

“That is very pleasant, at all events,” thought Bryan, as he pulled up his stock. “Pray, my dear, would you tell Mr. Jenks a gentleman is very anxious to see him on business of importance?”

“What be your business about, sir? be it anything out o’ the common? he never sees nobody as hasn’t summat wonderful to tell him.”

“Tell him, I have been long very anxious to see him; that I have long had a great curiosity—

“A great *curiosity*? And why didn’t you say that afore? He’ll see you immediately, and welcome too. Don’t be feared o’ the wolf,” she said, as she guided Bryan along the passage, he’s only stuffed; —take care of the fox; he bites sometimes;—and keep away from that corner—he ha chained a dog there, as is mad with the heederfobo, to see how long it will take to die.”

“The d—l he has!” said Bryan, “I wish I were safe out again.”

“The red haired housemaid ushered the visitor into a room, with the oddest description of furniture in it Mr. Bryan Jones had ever had the happiness to see.

“Donna be frightened—*some* on um doesn’t bite—said the maid, as she shut the door.

“And what the deuce do the others do?” said the soldier, in no very comfortable frame of mind.

“The windows were half closed—there were book-shelves round the wall, paroquets, macaws, jackdaws, and all the birds of the air, occupying the places which, in ordinary libraries, are filled with volumes—a squirrel was twirling in its cage, on the table before him, some snakes were writhing in layers of cotton within some network of wire, and four or five dogs, of very foreign appearance, glared with red eyes on the stranger, from their little kennels, planted all around the room, and kept up a low, continuous growl, that by no means tended to restore Bryan’s equanimity. He stood, with his hand on the hilt of his sword, in case of any unforeseen attack, and began to persuade himself that the stories of knight errants, and dragons, in enchanted castles, were not such allegories as he had supposed. At all events, he was fully convinced,

that if he succeeded in carrying off twenty thousand pounds, he had amply earned it, by his exposure of life and limb. At last, there arose in the next room the most diabolical squalling, roaring, whistling, scolding, hooting and howling, that ever fell upon mortal ear. Bryan turned as pale as death, muttered a sort of prayer, and, drawing his sword, stood on the defensive.

At this moment, the door of the library was opened by a neat, well-dressed, dapper little man, with reverend white hair, growing long and thin down the sides of his face, and a cue behind, elegantly tied in a beautiful bag of black silk. He started when he saw the warlike attitude assumed by the gallant lieutenant. That valorous gentleman’s blood was now fairly up, and instead of apologizing for the extraordinary appearance he presented, he said,

“Set them all loose at once; none of your palaver, old gentleman; but turn out a crocodile or two—I’ll spit them as I would a rabbit!”

“The stranger became a little alarmed in his turn, and, going gently to the door, he desired the same slipshod damsel who had ushered his visitor in, to desire the captain to walk up stairs, and keep watch in the lobby.

“Well, thank heaven it’s no worse,” thought the brave Bryan; I shall soon make mince meat of a captain three feet high.”

“The gentleman, who was no other than Mr. Jenks, now demanded the reason of such unusual behaviour, and also to what circumstance he was indebted for the honour of a visit. Bryan explained pretty well the reason of his alarm, and he perceived, that Mr. Jenks was considerably pleased with the sensation his collection had excited. He therefore dilated so long on the wonders he saw around him, that insensibly he inveigled his companion into a conversation. Once embarked on his favorite topic, there seemed to be no end of his communicativeness.

“Pray, have you made comparative physiology your study?” he said, with a patronising smile. Now, Mr. Bryan Jones could tell a horse from a cow, and was also a considerable judge of spaniels and pointers, but farther his researches had not extended; not to mention that he had never heard of any such science before.

He therefore answered at a venture,—
‘Oh yes; in fact it is a most delightful study. Comparisons are odorous, as Mrs. Malaprop says.’

“‘Malaprop? I don’t know the name,’ replied Mr. Jenks; ‘is she a naturalist?’

“‘Faith I don’t know whether she is a naturalist or not, but she’s as natural as if she were a real woman.’

“‘My dear sir,’ exclaimed Mr. Jenks, taking out his pocket book with the greatest animation, ‘not a *real woman*! what is the nature of her peculiarity? you will do me the greatest favor in the world if you will tell me where I may meet with her.’

“‘You may see her any night you please in Covent Garden.’

“‘Thank you, I will certainly find her out next time I go to town. I myself have an instance in this very collection of a very extraordinary *lusus naturee*. I have a cat, sir, with five legs.’

“‘Oh, that’s nothing at all,’ replied Mr. Bryan, with the utmost assurance, ‘we have a cat in our barracks with nine tails.’

“‘You surprise me; have you it with you? That I conclude was the curiosity which induced you to come here. Sir, I am much obliged for your very great politeness. May I see it?’

“‘See it! my dear sir, I shall be happy to make you a present of it.’

“‘The little man jumped up from his seat, and seized the happy lieutenant’s hand. ‘What have I done,’ he said, ‘to deserve such kindness, such generosity? Have you any wish for anything I have got? It shall be yours.’

“‘Why, yes, I confess, Mr. Jenks, I had another object in visiting you to-day. You have another object in this house, the possession of which would indeed crown my felicity.’ Bryan sighed as he said these words, and looked romantic with all his might.

“‘I shall be truly happy, I assure you, Captain—may I beg the favor of your name?’

“‘Bryan Jones.’

“‘I shall be happy, Captain Bryan Jones, to give you a large vial, containing, I believe, the finest specimen of a bicephalous reptile in England.’—

“‘My heavens!’ thought Bryan, ‘here’s a pretty fellow, to keep his bucephalus in a phial.’—

“‘Or a box, containing the dorsal vertebræ of an ichthyosaurus; or some of the hair of the huge Megatherion that was found a few years ago at the mouth of the Tanais or Don.’—

“Bryan bowed very low to all these polite offers, but did not seem to jump at them as zealously as the enthusiast expected.

“‘Perhaps,’ he continued, ‘you have set your heart on some particular object—if so, name it.’

“‘Unfortunately I am not acquainted with the name.’

“‘That’s a pity—can you describe it? is it coleopterous or lepidopterous? terrestrial, aerial, or marine? carnivorous, gramivorous, or omnivorous? oviparous or viviparous? animal, mineral, or vegetable? Whatever I have I shall be happy to give it to you in exchange for your inestimable present of nine tails; by the beard of Aristotle, half the number would set Buckland dancing.’

“‘I believe they would—but really, sir, you embarrass me with your kind offers—my whole ambition has but one aim: it is not for any of your curiosities, packed up in boxes or bottles, that I am anxious; but for one far more lovely than any of them, the prime jewel of all your possession; your beautiful, your charming’—

“‘Miss Sophy!—I know from all your rhapsodies all you are about to say. It would, indeed, be dreadful to part with her; so sweet, so gentle; dear, dear Miss Sophy!’

“‘Ah! dear, indeed,’ echoed Bryan; ‘I think I never saw so perfectly lovely and angelic a creature.’

“‘Saw, sir? Where did you see her? I thought no one had seen her but myself.’

“Mr. Jenks flushed in the cheek as he said this, and cast a glance of angry suspicion on his visitor.

“‘Why, sir, I saw her,’ replied the Lieutenant; ‘and what is more, spoke to her; and what is more, it is solely on her account that I come here. Your kindness has already been so excessive, that I hope you will not withdraw it, after having gone so far, but allow me to make a better acquaintance with her, in order to secure her affections.’

“‘Oh, you need be under no uneasiness about that. A little kindness is sure

to make her fond of any one: indeed, I am so selfish in exacting all her love myself, that I consider her facility in bestowing her affections one of her principal faults. It is not a very common one in beauties of her sex.'

"Ah! but if I should be so unfortunate as to fail in acquiring her love!" said Bryan, pretending to look modestly dejected.

"Why, then, take a stick and give her a thump on the head. She will like you all the better for it."

"Bryan looked at the old man as he propounded this monstrous idea, and felt very much inclined to kick him out of the room. He laughed, as if he considered the old man's observation a joke.

"I'm afraid, sir, that would scarcely be the way to conciliate her regards."

"The best in the world, my dear sir,—even I myself am very often forced to employ the whip, and leave the marks of it on her shoulders, I assure you."

"Well," thought Bryan, "if this isn't bedlam it ought to be. First of all a young lady is courted by a captain three feet high, and turns him off because he bites her; then she pares his nails, to keep him, I suppose, from scratching; and then a cursed old scoundrel like this thrashes his own sister with a whip, till he leaves the marks of it upon her shoulders. The scoundrel! I've a great mind to swing him out of the window by his pig-tail." Bryan, however, moderated his wrath, and answered,

"I hope, sir, when she is mine, she will not require such harsh discipline."

"I hope not," said the other; "but I can assure you, she has suffered more than that when she was in another gentleman's keeping."

"Good heavens, sir! what do you mean by such low, such ribald insinuations? I say, sir, it is impossible she can ever have been in any other person's keeping—what do you mean?"

"What do I mean, Captain Bryan Jones? I must say, sir, I am astonished at such warmth.—Why, if she were your wife, you could not be more interested—I say, sir, she has been kept, and housed, and fondled by fifty people; I gave her an asylum under this roof after she had been nearly starved and beaten to death while under the protection of an Italian mountebank."

"Then, by heavens, sir," said Bryan, in a prodigious passion, "you may keep her to yourself! and such a dissolute disreputable couple as you are!—an old scoundrel glorying in the shame of one whom he pretends is very dear to him,—d—l take me if there is such an unprincipled old rascal unhung."

"Sir! what do you mean? do you speak to me?" said the old gentleman, starting up in a tremendous rage; "you shall answer for this,—I'll unchain the dogs."

"If you move from that chair, as I hope to live another moment, I'll run you through the body, you ineffable abortion; so stir not on your peril."

"I'll call for the Captain."

"Captain, major, colonel, field-marshal; call for the whole army list—but if you move one step, I'll break every bone in your body: and what is more, I'll have Miss Sophy, in spite of you—and take her with all her faults upon her head; for I know, you old rascal, you only spread these calumnies against her that you may keep her to yourself. And, as to your champion, your three feet high captain of the Patagonians, if I but lay my hands on the cuff of his neck, he'll make but one flying jump into the middle of the next street."

"Bryan's rage knew no bounds; he sputtered forth these and other more terrific denunciations, standing over the astonished Mr. Jenks with his sword drawn—Show me your sister's room this moment, sir, and let me judge of the truth of your story for myself."

"My sister, sir!" said Mr. Jenks, in a state of great alarm, "what do you want with my sister?"

"Every thing—herself, her heart, her soul, her body, and every shilling of her fortune."

"Alas! this is too sad a matter, young man; my sister is"—

"The loveliest of her sex, and never was under any mountebank's protection but your own."

"Young man, you are terribly deceived, my sister is quite happy, she is harmless, but from her birth she has been insane."

"I knew it; I knew you would try to do me over with some rigmarole story of that kind; but Miss Sophy I will have, whether she is as wise as her noodle of a

brother or not. Show me to Miss Sophy this very moment, or by St. David, your life is not worth the lower end of a leek.'

"If I do show you into Miss Sophy's presence, I warn you, you will heartily repent of your folly. But since you insist upon it, I will.'

"He then conducted Bryan, who still kept his sword under his arm, along several passages, and at length descended into a place like a cellar; at the farther end of the passage there was a door, and beyond all was darkness.

"And is it in this dismal den; you hard-hearted old villain, you keep so much beauty in durance vile? shame on you, shame on you; I will go in, I will comfort the afflicted; I will take her to my arms, and tell her her miseries are over; and depend upon it, old gentleman, we'll have a famous action against you for false imprisonment; swinging damages, you may depend on't."

"This oration was addressed to Mr. Jenks by Bryan, as he was pushing open the door—he entered the palpable obscure, and listening attentively, he heard a low sigh in the corner—"I have come, you see," he whispered, "my dearest Sophy in fulfilment of my promise; I will rescue you from the thralldom of that old rogue, your brother, and we shall be as happy as the Fates will let us." As he said these soft sentences, he groped with his hand in the darkness—"Ah! I have caught you at length; I have laid hold of your fur tippet; come forth my darling from this pris'—"

"But at this moment the fur tippet was snatched, as if by an earthquake, out of his hand; a growl shook the whole cellar where he stood, and Bryan felt himself squeezed nearly to a mummy—"Paws off, paws off," roared the disconsolate lieutenant. "You infernal old Jenks, you have sent me into a den of lions; here's Nero or Wallace tearing with all his might; lights! help, help!"

"All this while he kept struggling with his invisible foe; but the gripe of the ferocious monster grew tighter and tighter. At last, just as his strength was failing, the door opened, and Mr. Jenks and the servant maid appeared with candles. A few blows, well laid on, made the horrid animal relax its hold of the now breathless Bryan, and before him he saw an en-

ormous black bear, puffing with its exertions, and still glaring at him with the most ferocious eyes.

"Is this the Miss Sophy you meant, sir?" said Mr. Jenks, now under no uneasiness from the indignation of poor Bryan; I hope you are convinced that what I told you was the truth?"

"Not quite, sir; who was the lady I spoke to last night? she certainly invited me to this house, accepted me in place of a Captain somebody, a wooer she discarded, and told me to make my proposals as soon as possible to you."

"Ah! that, I suppose, was my poor sister; and since you have been undeceived so far, you shall be satisfied quite. You shall see her before you leave the house."

"In a few minutes Bryan having recovered his wind, was conducted to a parlour, in which a middle-aged lady was sitting, with no symptoms of insanity about her, except a wandering expression in her eyes. Her manner was stately and composed, and her language rather formal and stiff. She bowed on Bryan's entering.

"You see, madam," he said, "I visit you according to my promise."

"I have expected you for some time; I told the Captain I should dispense with his visits in future."

"Indeed—and what did he say to that?"

"Oh, he said nothing; he don't speak; I never had any one that spoke except yourself."

"He must be rather dull company, I imagine."

"Not half so lively as you; if it were not for that, I think he is far handsomer than you are?"

"You are plain, I perceive, Miss Jenks, and I like your sincerity. Have you thought of the offer I made you last night?"

"Oh! yes. I have thought of it ever since,—but I don't think you are so blue in the face as you told me."

"Why, no, not exactly blue; but dark, you perceive; very dark."

"I should have liked you better if you had been green, and yellow; but bless me! I haven't asked about your tail!"

"Lieutenant Bryan Jones, of his Majesty's —th regiment of foot, hereupon

rose and made a low bow to the lady—who bowed very politely in return—and said to him just as he was opening the door to effect his retreat,—‘It is perhaps better for you to go—the Captain has had his nails pared, and will do very well; I like little monkeys better than great baboons.’ Bryan hurried out of the house with the utmost expedition, running the risks of hydrophobia and scorpion stings in his progress, and as he jumped on his horse and galloped off, he heard Mr. Jenks bellowing after him,—‘Don’t forget to send me the *nov qui-caudal* specimen of the feline tribe.’

“Bryan kept the adventure a profound secret from all but me; and I don’t think any man in the regiment was so profoundly happy as he, when the route came for merry Carlisle, and took us far away from the scene of his disaster.”

ADVENTURES ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

The morning of our arrival, so soon as the day made us visible to the natives, they were observed making preparations on the Mafoomo side of the water to pay us a visit. The first who came was “Jem of the Water,” as he called himself. This fellow was in the native costume, which is literally worse than nothing, consisting only of a straw tube, about a foot long, with a shred of blue dungaree hanging from its upper end. He was ornamented by a necklace of charms, composed of small shells, eagles’ talons, brass buttons, colored beads, medicinal roots, &c. not arranged according to taste, but to produce the effect which he could not hope for without their assistance. He was a good-looking well-made man, and offered his services to supply us with water and guard our casks; an office which he usually performed for the whalers when they entered English River.

These people have no canoes in the bay or in the rivers falling into it, the native boats being the only vessels seen. These are flat-bottomed and wall-sided; their planks being sewed together against a wadding of tow, sufficiently elastic to keep them tolerably tight. We were rather surprised to see them continue the use of such awkward and unmanageable craft, employed as they are, not only for continual

communication with strangers, but also for fishing and other domestic purposes, the owners serving every season in the whalers, by which they become excellent boatmen. The cause of this apparently obstinate retention of ancient habits may, when we come to give some description of these people, be proved not to arise from prejudice or ignorance but from the unhappy state of their government, riveted on them by the miserable policy of the Portuguese peddlars, and his Most Faithful Majesty’s *malefactors* at their trading establishments.

The first boat was followed by many others in the course of the day, bringing to market poultry, vegetables, eggs, spears, tusks of the hippopotamus, &c.

A much greater variety is observable in the countenances and features of these people than is usually perceived in negro countries, being all jet black, with thick woolly heads, differing in nothing but this well-marked variety of feature from those of the Coast of Guinea. The men are stout, handsome, and athletic, and the women well-made, but generally not so well-featured as the men; still, many might be called pretty.

On this coast the custom of tattooing, (or, as practised here, notching,) the face is universal, each tribe having its distinctive mark. This is common to all the negro nations in Africa: but the people of Delagoa Bay and to the southward have also a peculiar fashion of shaving and dressing their hair. The chiefs of Mapoota and Temby wear their heads shaved, except a large tuft on the crown, on which is placed a small pad, or roller, into which the wool, after being combed out straight and tight, is tucked with much neatness. The Zoolas, or Vatwas, on the contrary, shave the crown, and leave a ring of wool round the head, but similarly dressed by being trussed over a pad and kept in its place by wooden skewers. The common people of both sexes, but particularly the women, shave their wool so as to leave the shape of a tobacco-pipe, or some other ludicrous figure, according to their fancy or taste.

Some of these tribes have a custom of filing their teeth to points, which is much practised on many parts of the west coast.

The officers in the Portuguese factory,

at this time, were Captain Jaques Casimir, who had raised himself from the ranks during the peninsular war; but his wife was living with him in the fort. The adjutant also had a wife of Hindoo extraction, who had formerly been a slave at the Cape of Good Hope. The adjutant had resided at this factory about thirty years, ever since its first formation. After the destruction of Colonel Bolt's establishment, this man had been banished, it was reported, for the murder of his father or brother. The lieutenant was a Canareen of Goa, named Antonio Teixeira, banished thence for killing a priest, with whose sister he had had an amour. Besides these, there was a surgeon, also a Canareen of Hindoo descent, a well behaved young man. The wife of Casimir was a lady whose character was open to scandal, even on the shores of Africa, and the adjutant was drunk all day. We found them extremely kind, and, in many cases, useful, as they supplied us with bullocks, milk, fowls, and vegetables, which they bought from the natives for a mere trifle, and sold to us at a gain of about six hundred per cent. This traffic being their only resource, they took great care to prevent any direct trade between the whalers and the natives.

To the southward of Mapoota there exists a tribe of warlike Kaffers, called Zoolos, but by the Portuguese Vatwas, being the same as the ancient term Batwa, or Butwah; the people of Delagoa call them Hollontotes, doubtless a corruption from Hottentots, as they come from the south, which is considered their country; this name they must have become acquainted with when the Dutch first settled on English River, about a hundred and twenty years back. This tribe does not appear to have long possessed power dangerous to their neighbours, but some years since subjugated Mapoota, whose king was their tributary.

In one of the struggles of contending chiefs for despotism the present King Chaka expelled his uncle, Loon Kundava, and upwards of 5,000 of his adherents; these, passing through Mapoota, Temby, and Mattoll, laid the whole country waste, and even threatened to destroy the Portuguese factory; whilst, strange to say, the commandant and soldiers of the said factory actually carried on traffic

with them, through native traders, for their spoil both of cattle and slaves: the extraordinary part of this is, that the Portuguese claim the whole of this country, and yet trade with its enemies for the plunder they take in it. Amongst the articles bartered by these Zoolos were many of the native implements of agriculture: and we learnt that they manufactured these and many other articles themselves, and that the iron implements of husbandry, used even by the Portuguese, were made by independent native tribes.

King Chaka, in pursuit of his rebel subjects, did not allow them to rest long anywhere; but, whether the neighbouring countries were entered by Loon Kundava and rebels as they fled, or by Chaka in pursuit of them, the miserable natives were equally sufferers, as they left nothing but desolation and famine in their rear.

We fitted our boats for exploring the rivers, which we were informed extended several hundred miles into the interior: and, having prepared four, the Troughton, George, Hardy, and Hurd, they were put under the command of Lieutenant Vidal, and provisioned for ten days, at the expiration of which time they were ordered to return, intending, if any of these rivers were found to have so long a course as stated, to navigate them in the Cockburn tender. The report of their great navigable extent was confirmed both by the Portuguese garrison and the whalers, some of them declaring they had ascended thirty miles, and knew others who had been a hundred, and found them wide and deep the whole distance.

A black interpreter, who spoke Portuguese, of which Lieutenant Vidal also had some knowledge, was hired from the factory, and, supposing the pretensions of sovereignty set up by the Portuguese to be valid, the captain applied to the commandant to give him some people to protect our boats against any attack from the natives. The commandant, however, acquainted us that he had no authority whatever over them, and that, so far from giving assistance to us, he was himself in hourly expectation of an attack from the Vatwas, when he should hope for *our* aid. As this explanation settled the affair at once, Captain Owen never considered it necessary to consult them afterwards upon any of his movements or operations.

We were not aware that our Kaffers were of the same people (although a different tribe) as the Hollontontes, and therefore did not send any of them with our boats, nor indeed had we yet sufficient confidence in them; two, however, Jackot and Fire, had by their conduct much gained upon the estimation of all.

Jackot had been a Chief "famed for deeds of arms." Fire had rendered himself a universal favourite with the sailors, and took his part in all their duties and amusements. He afforded much diversion by his close imitation of their gestures and manners, as well as by a natural wit and archness; both men amused us at times by their war exercises, and showed a thorough contempt for the Portuguese and all the natives of Delagoa.

Jackot, when one day on shore, persuaded a native, in the presence of a large party, to try his assagaye at a small tree, which he did from about forty yards, and missed; upon which Jackot took it up, and going about twenty yards further off, first poised, and then, giving it a tremulous motion in his hand, threw the spear with such force and dexterity that it entered the centre of the tree so deep as to be with difficulty extracted. The natives were all astonished, but Jackot walked off without altering a muscle of his features, apparently conscious of his superiority over them.

While our boats were hauled on shore to fit and equip for the exploration of the rivers, it was necessary to guard against the thievish propensities of the natives. We therefore placed sentinels over them, when not at work; but having so many men absent we occasionally employed our Kaffers on this duty. Fire was so delighted with this mark of confidence, that he could hardly be persuaded to be relieved; and he and Jackot actually slept under the boat, whilst hauled up on the beach, and would never quit their post without the intervention of absolute authority. One night a native approached with caution, no doubt intending to steal some of the iron or copper which was in use for her equipment. Fire levelled his musket and fired just over his head. The report brought our officers and people to the spot, who saw the rogue making his escape, when Fire boasted that he would

not kill the fellow, considering him as too contemptible. This is a purely native trait, and sufficiently indicates the manly character of these people.

Our boats quitted the ship on the 3rd, and proceeded on the service before-mentioned. The following account of their operations is extracted from the journals of Messrs. Rozier, midshipman, and Forbes, botanist.

After quitting the Leven on the afternoon of the 3rd of October, the remainder of the day was employed in examining English River, as far up as where those of Temby and Mattoll discharged themselves into it, about five miles above the fort. On either side, as they proceeded; they found the shores rise gradually from an extensive muddy flat and low land to a high boundary, covered with large bushes, and, in some parts, a full-grown tree towering above them.

A great variety of birds, feeding on worms and shell-fish, were seen on the mud-flat, the shore of which was covered with mangrove trees, even far below the high-water mark. The water was salt and discoloured by mud, although its depth was sufficient, in most parts, for ships of the largest size.

In the evening they arrived at Refuge Island, at the entrance of Dundas River, where they hauled their boats up and encamped for the night, taking care to place a watch, consisting of one third of the party, armed with muskets, pistols, and cutlasses, a precaution which they never neglected, being an important part of their orders from Captain Owen.

On the 4th, after an early breakfast, they quitted the island and commenced an examination of the river Mattoll. As they proceeded, the shores began to assume a more pleasing appearance; mangroves were succeeded by forest-trees, and swamps and stagnant pools by extensive meadows.

Several of the natives were seen passing in their boats from one side of the river to the other; they did not differ from those near the fort in costume and manners, but were exceedingly surprised at seeing white men. In the afternoon the boats had ascended as high up the river as they could, being then about eight miles above its junction with English River, and the breadth was diminished from 960

feet, to less than eighty, and its depth from about sixteen to eight. The interpreter, who, from his long residence at Delagoa, spoke the language of the natives fluently, had likewise acquired a tolerably good knowledge of the country, which during the expedition, rendered him doubly useful. By his statement, the Mattoll has its rise in an extensive salt-marsh, at a very short distance above the spot where the party left off the exploration. The only growth from industry they observed on the banks was a few pumpkins, but they were informed that a short distance in-land there were extensive plantations of maize.

They returned about five miles before the evening closed upon them, when they landed and encamped for the night. On the morning of the 5th they resumed their passage down the river.

Several hippopotami were observed in the river, at one of which the party fired, and had reason to believe with effect, for the animal plunged as if in pain, and appeared inclined to attack the boat, which is a very rare occurrence, as it is naturally of a timid nature. Towards noon they reached the mouth, and shortly afterwards commenced their survey of the Temby.

The entrance to this river is broader and deeper than that of the Mattoll, and is skirted on both sides by mangrove trees and putrid swamps, excepting when a green meadow now and then intervenes and affords some slight relief to a country rendered more dreary and disagreeable by a consideration of its deadly climate.

On the 6th after breakfast the tents were struck, and they continued their exploration. The country began to assume a more pleasing aspect; swamps and mangroves were becoming scarce, and although the banks still continued low, yet the land behind, instead of the uniform flatness that distinguished it before, rose with a gradual ascent, occasionally studded with clumps of forest trees.

During the time allowed for dinner on this day several of the party landed and had some intercourse with the Temby people, from whom they purchased six fowls for a Lascar knife, which cost in London two-pence. The natives likewise disposed of their assagayes, taking useless trinkets in return. It might be supposed that savages in a state of war-

fare would sacrifice their love of finery to their fear of danger, and not, for the sake of a few trifling baubles, part with the only means they had of securing even those in their possession. The boats were made fast to the shore, under the agreeable shade of the wide-spreading trees which lined the banks above; but such was the intense heat of the weather, that even there the thermometer stood at 85 degrees.

As they continued their route the next day, they observed the river sensibly decreasing in breadth. The banks on each side were frequently covered with natives, who, although the interpreter said they belonged to Temby, were supposed to be of a different tribe to those known before under that name. One of the boats conveyed a party of women across the river, who fearful of the Hollontontes, had deserted their huts, and were scattered about in the vicinity of the stream; but as their husbands kept at a distance and would not follow, they were necessitated, though with great reluctance to return. In the course of the forenoon the party landed for a supply of fresh water, an article they had generally found some difficulty in obtaining, when a number of the natives collected on the banks and procured it for them. These people were the first they had met with who appeared to have any idea of traffic, having brought with them several hippopotamus' teeth, and one small elephant's tusk, requiring in exchange blue cotton stuffs for covering their heads and loins. By their information, it appeared that the river in that part was known among them by the name of Mahong, from a chief who had lately died and was succeeded by his son Chamborel.

In the afternoon a young hippopotamus was perceived from one of the boats floundering about on the broad mud flat that skirted the right shore; they pulled for the place and succeeded in taking him before he reached the water. In size and appearance he resembled a large fat hog, with a young bull's head; his legs were clumsy and out of all proportion, and his skin hairless but very tough. He was perfectly harmless, and soon became docile, acknowledging at times the attention he received by the performance of sundry awkward gestures peculiar to himself,

and by sucking whatever he could get into his mouth.

In the evening the tents were pitched for the night, the boats being, as the interpreter informed them, higher up by a day's journey than he had ever known the Portuguese to ascend. Mr. Rozier and some more of the officers visited a small village in the vicinity of the encampment. The huts resembled those near the fort, but had a construction outside like an oven, neatly made of clay, and capable of boiling three or four pots at the same time. Round these the inhabitants were sitting and preparing their evening repast, consisting principally of vegetables. They appeared to be a cleanly people, and no doubt were once acquainted with the English, as they evinced by their reiterated requests of "Gi me button."

As the party continued their course on the following morning, the channel of the river became gradually more contracted, and about eleven they arrived at a place where it branched off into two inconsiderable streams. They proceeded up the left or southern branch, which was about eighty feet broad, but had not advanced far when they were stopped by a barrier of trees that had fallen from the lofty banks on either side and rendered the farther passage of the boats impossible. This completed the survey of the River Temby, or Mahong, of which, although not more than forty-six miles in extent, including its sinuosities, a knowledge is desirable on account of the facility which it affords for a commercial intercourse with the inhabitants of the interior.

After Lieutenant Vidal had obtained his observations at noon, the boats commenced descending the small arm of the river for the purpose of examining that before-mentioned as branching off to the right, or to the northward.

Lieutenant Vidal had just commenced ascending this stream in his boat, when suddenly a violent shock was felt from underneath, and in another moment a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself up from the water, and in a most ferocious and menacing attitude rushed open-mouthed at the boat, and with one grasp of its tremendous jaws, seized and tore several planks from her side. The creature disappeared for a few seconds and then rose again, apparently intending to repeat the

attack, but was fortunately deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled, but as she was not more than an oar's length from the shore, they succeeded in reaching it before she sank. Her keel, in all probability, touched the back of the animal, which irritating him, occasioned this furious attack; and had he got his upper-jaw above the gunwale the whole broadside must have been torn out. The force of the shock from beneath previously to the attack was so violent that her stern was almost lifted out of the water, and Mr. Tambs, the midshipman steering, was thrown overboard, but fortunately rescued before the irritated animal could seize him. The boat was hauled upon a dry spot, and her repairs immediately commenced. The tents were pitched, and those of the party that were not employed as carpenters amused themselves, the officers in shooting, and the men in strolling about the deserted country around them, being first ordered not to proceed out of hearing.

The next day was employed in completing the repairs of the damaged boat; the morning was fine, and as all hopes were given up of being able to prosecute the survey, Captain Lechmere and the Botanist took an early breakfast, and walked into the neighboring woods to see what game or botanical specimens they could procure. On arriving at the side of a creek they unexpectedly came upon a hippopotamus of the largest size sleeping on the mud. As they had only small shot they could not hope to gain a victory over him, and therefore hurried back to the encampment from which they were at but a short distance. A formidable phalanx of hunters was immediately formed, who, with firelocks in hand, proceeded to the creek, but the animal was gone, and the party only served to frighten the numerous large baboons that were playing their antics on the tops of the surrounding trees.

The young hippopotamus that was caught on the 7th began to decline for want of milk, or proper nourishment, and was therefore killed for the larder; his flesh was perfectly white, very tender, and in flavour resembling veal; the hide on his back was thick and tough but much more delicate under his belly. In the vicinity of the encampment many

agates were picked up, not veined, but otherwise of a superior quality; these were found mixed with ordinary stones on the banks of the river, as if washed down from the mountains.

A short time before dinner, a party of the natives of Temby were observed approaching the tents with baskets in their hands containing fowls, which they had brought to barter for tobacco and trinkets.

The following description of their young chief Chinchingany will suffice, with a few exceptions, for that of the whole tribe.

Round his head, just above the eyes, was a band of fur, somewhat resembling in size and colour a fox's tail, neatly trimmed and smoothed; underneath this his black woolly hair was hidden; but above it grew to its usual length, until at the top, where a circular space was shaved in the manner of the monks and Zoolos; round this circle was a thick ring of twisted hide, fixed in its position by the curling over of the surrounding hair, which was altogether sufficiently thick to resist a considerable blow. On one side of his head was a single feather of some large bird, as an emblem of his rank, and just above his eye-brows a string of small white beads, and another across the nose; close under his chin he wore a quantity of long coarse hair, like the venerable beard of a patriarch hanging down on his breast; his ears had large slits in their lower lobes, and were made to fall three or four inches, but without any ornaments; these holes in the ears are often used to carry articles of value. Each arm was encircled by a quantity of hair like that tied on his chin, the ends reaching below his elbows. Round his body were tied two strings, with twisted stripes of hide, with the hair on them, much resembling monkey's tails; the upper row was fastened close under his arms, and hung down about twelve inches, the end of each tail being cut with much precision and regularity; the lower row resembling the upper, and commenced exactly where the latter terminated, until they reached the knees. It bore altogether a great resemblance to the Scotch kilt. On his ankles and wrists he had brass rings or bangles. His shield was of bullock's hide, about five feet long and three-and-a-half broad; down the

middle was fixed a long stick, tufted with hair, by means of holes cut for the purpose, and projecting above and below beyond the shield about five inches. To this stick were attached his assagayes and spears; the only difference in these weapons is that the former is narrow in the blade and small for throwing, the latter broad and long, with a stronger staff for the thrust.

The chief differed from his people only in the mock beard and feather, which they are not permitted to wear. In concluding the description of Chinchingany's costume it is necessary to observe that this is entirely military, and used only when upon warlike expeditions; at other times the Hollontontes are dressed as the Kaffers, with nothing but a small leathern or skin purse, not two inches in length, used as by the Delagoa tribes, or as their modesty dictates; the appearing without which among some of the Kaffer tribes is considered such an outrage upon decency, that the person witnessing it is justified in putting the offender to death.

They appeared to have a better idea of the value of arms in troubled times than the Temby people, for, on being pressed to part with theirs for trinkets, they pertinently silenced the proposer by requesting the interpreter to ask if "when a white man was in an enemy's country he ever sold his arms?"

They remained at our tents for some time, and examined every thing with much curiosity, during which one of the party, Mr. Hood, commenced taking a sketch of the chief: before, however, it was finished, Chinchingany happened to discover what he was about, and instantly rose with much indignation in his manner, and without any notice quickly retired, followed by his people, some of whom, nevertheless, promised shortly to return with a bullock for barter.

Wild fowl were very plentiful, and Capt. Lechmere, who was a keen sportsman, seldom failed in procuring some for the day's meal, but he never succeeded in shooting a buck, although the country abounded with them. Mr. Rozier was, however, more fortunate, for, walking out early in the morning, he suddenly came upon one fast asleep, and with a blow of his musket killed it on the spot. Night

was closing in, the promised bullock did not arrive, and, as some natives were lurking about the tents, they were driven away, large fires lighted, the arms of the party examined, and at eight the watch set, consisting of seven men, commanded by two midshipmen. These took their stations and commenced walking their rounds, adding fuel at times to the blazing fires under their charge, while the remainder of the party retired to their tents, and were soon lost in sleep. The thick clouds that overcast the heavens rendered the night dark and gloomy; all was hushed in the deepest tranquility, when, a few minutes before midnight, the attention of one of the sentries, who was placed in the advance, was attracted by a white object, that appeared as if rising and slowly moving towards him from the long grass and bushes; he instantly gave the alarm, and at the same moment received two assagayes in the thigh, and, as he retreated, was pierced by another in the back, which, being barbed, remained in the flesh.

Lieutenant Vidal had been occupied in observing the stars, and was in the act of replacing his instruments to return when the sentry's cry reached his ears; he started up, and at the instant a band of Hollontontes, with their shields and spears, rushed towards the tents, uttering the most hideous yells. The appalling idea that the people would be massacred in their sleep flashed across his mind, and he rushed to the encampment with his utmost speed, crying loudly, "To arms! to arms!"

It was enough; the alarm was echoed, the rise instantaneous, and the murdering band were received at the entrance of the tents with volleys of balls and bayonet points.

The constant flash and roar of the muskets, with the horrid yells of the assailants, breaking upon the still dark gloom, produced a terrific scene; an occasional groan however, as a ball found its fleshy bed, and the falling of some, soon intimidated the barbarians, and, after a short but desperate struggle, the cries of war and defiance were changed into shrieks of terror and dismay, followed by a precipitous retreat, not, however, forgetting their wounded, whom they carried off. It would not have been prudent to

pursue them, as their number was not known, or what succour they had at hand; but the firing was kept up through the bushes as long as they could be seen or heard.

Their numbers were apparently between two and three hundred, headed by Chinchingany, whose spear and shield, (since presented to Lord Melville,) were found next morning at a short distance from the encampment, in the direction they had retreated. It was supposed that Captain Lechmere had killed this chief, as he fired his gun loaded with small shot directly in his face, which passed through the shield of hide that he held up as a protection.

So certain, it appears, were these savages of meeting with no opposition, that but few of their assagayes were brought into the field, as they considered their spears sufficient to kill sleeping men.

In the morning, on examining the ground around the encampment, some shields, several spears, and a few assagayes were found, no doubt belonging to the wounded; yet no trace of blood was discovered, although we heard afterwards through the Temby people, that the musketry did much execution, and that several were killed.

Two parties, well armed, were sent in search of water, which they ultimately succeeded in finding. In their way, they passed through some lands planted with maize, onions, and rice, and found a human skull, with marks of fire upon it. This led to the idea that the Hollontontes were cannibals; but, on enquiry, even their greatest enemies acquitted them of the suspicion.

On their way down the river, the morning after the attack, they saw large bodies of the Hollontontes on the left bank, marching in good military order: they had crossed the river, and were about penetrating the country on that side for the purpose of plunder.

Their appearance was warlike, and had a striking effect as the extensive line moved through the various windings of the path. The grass being wet, they were observing taking particular care to keep their shields above it, as the damp would render them unserviceable; the spear attached to them being thus ele-

vated, were often seen glittering in the sun above the brow of the hill.

Without meeting any farther adventure worthy of notice, the party returned to their respective ships on the 12th.

(Owen.)

THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

One beautiful summer morning, about the year 1630, several youths of Seville approached the dwelling of the celebrated painter Murillo, where they arrived nearly at the same time. After the usual salutations, they entered the studio. Murillo was not yet there, and each of the pupils walked up quickly to his easel to examine if the paint had dried, or perhaps to admire his work of the previous evening.

"Pray, gentlemen," exclaimed Isturitz angrily, which of you remained behind in the studio last night?"

"What an absurd question!" replied Cordova; "don't you recollect that we all came away together?"

"This is a foolish jest gentlemen," exclaimed Isturitz; "last evening I cleaned my palette with the greatest care, and now it is as dirty as if some one had used it all night."

"Look!" exclaimed Carlos, "here is a small figure in the corner of my canvass, and it is not badly done. I should like to know who it is that amuses himself every morning with sketching figures sometimes on my canvass, sometimes on the walls. There was one yesterday on your easel, Ferdinand."

"It must be Isturitz," said Ferdinand. "Gentlemen," replied Isturitz, "I protest——" "You need not protest," replied Carlos, "we all know you are not capable of sketching such a figure as that."

"At least," answered Isturitz, "I have never made a sketch as bad as that of yours; one would think you had done it in jest."

"And my pencils are quite wet," said Gonzalo in his turn. "Truly strange things go on here at night."

"Do you not think, like the negro Gomez, that it is the Zombi who comes and plays all these tricks?" said Isturitz.

"Truly," said Mendez, who had not yet spoken, being absorbed in admiration of the various figures which were sketched with the hand of a master in

different parts of the studio, "If the Zombi of the negroes draws in this manner, he would make a beautiful head of the Virgin in my Descent from the Cross."

With these words, Mendez, with a careless air, approached his easel, when an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, as he gazed in mute surprise on his canvass, on which was roughly sketched a most beautiful head of the Virgin, but the expression was so admirable, the lines so clear, the contour so graceful, that, compared with the figures by which it was encircled, it seemed as if some heavenly visitant had descended among them.

"Ah, what is the matter?" said a rough voice. The pupils turned at the sound, and made a respectful obeisance to the great master.

"Look, Senor Murillo, look!" exclaimed the youths, as they pointed to the easel of Mendez.

"Who has painted this—who has painted this head, gentlemen?" asked Murillo, eagerly. "Speak, tell me. He who has sketched this Virgin will one day be the master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! what delicacy! what skill! Mendez, my dear pupil was it you?"

"No, senor," replied Mendez, in a sorrowful tone.

"Was it you, then, Isturitz, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?"

But they all gave the same reply as Mendez. "It could not, however, come here without hands," said Murillo impatiently.

"I think sir," said Cordova, the youngest of the pupils, "that these strange pictures are very alarming; indeed this is not the first unaccountable event which has happened in your studio. To tell the truth, such wonderful things have happened here, one scarcely knows what to believe."

"What are they?" asked Murillo, still lost in admiration of the head of the Virgin by the unknown artist.

"According to your orders, senor," answered Ferdinand, "we never leave the studio without putting every thing in order, cleaning our palettes, washing our brushes, and arranging our easels; but when we return in the morning, not only

is every thing in confusion, our brushes filled with paint, our palettes dirtied, but here and there are sketches (beautiful sketches to be sure they are), sometimes of the head of an angel, sometimes of a demon, then again the profile of a young girl, or the figure of an old man, but all admirable, as you have seen yourself, senor."

"This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen," observed Murillo, "but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant. Sebastian," he continued, addressing a little mulatto boy about fourteen years old, who appeared at his call, "did I not desire you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master," said the boy with timidity.

"And have you done so?"

"Yes, master."

"Speak, then: who was here last night and this morning before these gentlemen came? Speak, slave, or I shall make you acquainted with my dungeon," said Murillo angrily to the boy, who continued to twist the band of his trousers without replying.

"Ah! you don't choose to answer," said Murillo, pulling his ear.

"No, one, master, no one," replied the trembling Sebastian with eagerness.

"That is false," exclaimed Murillo.

"No one but me, I swear to you, master," cried the mulatto, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio, and holding out his little hands in supplication before his master.

"Listen to me," pursued Murillo. "I wish to know who sketched this head of the Virgin, and all the figures which my pupils find every morning here on coming to the studio. This night, in place of going to bed, you shall keep watch; and if by to-morrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have twenty-five strokes from the lash. You hear—I have said it; now go and grind the colours; and you gentlemen, to work."

From the commencement till the termination of the hour of instruction, Murillo was too much absorbed with his pencil to allow a word to be spoken but what regarded their occupation, but the moment he disappeared, the pupils made ample amends for this restraint; and as the unknown painter occupied all their thoughts, the conversation naturally turned to the subject.

"Beware, Sebastian, of the lash," said Mendez, "and watch well for the culprit; but give me the Naples yellow."

"You do not need it, Senor Mendez; you have made it yellow enough already; and as to the culprit, I have already told you that it is the Zombi."

"Are these negroes fools or asses with their Zombi?" said Gonzalo laughing; "pray what is a Zombi?"

"Oh, an imaginary being of course. But take care, Senor Gonzalo," continued Sebastian, with a mischievous glance at his easel, "for it must be the Zombi who has stretched the left arm of your St. John to such a length, that, if the right resembles it, he will be able to untie his shoe-strings without stooping."

"Do you know, gentlemen," said Isuritiz, as he glanced at the painting, "that the remarks of Sebastian are extremely just, and much to the point."

"Oh, they say that negroes have the face of an ape and the tongue of a parrot," rejoined Gonzalo, in a tone of indifference.

"With this distinction," observed Ferdinand, "that the parrot repeats by rote, while Sebastian has judgment in his remarks."

"Like the parrot by chance," retorted Gonzalo.

"Who knows," said Mendez, who had not digested the Naples yellow, "that, from grinding the colours, he may one day astonish us by showing he knows one from another."

"To know one colour from another, and to know how to use them, are two very different things," replied Sebastian, whom the liberty of the studio allowed to join in the conversation of the pupils; and truth obliges us to confess that his taste was so exquisite, his eye so correct, that many of them did not disdain to follow the advice he frequently gave them respecting their paintings. Although they sometimes amused themselves by teasing the little mulatto, he was a favourite with them all; and this evening, on quitting the studio, each, giving him a pat on the shoulder, counselled him to keep a strict watch, and catch the Zombi for fear of the lash.

It was night, and the studio of Murillo, the most celebrated painter in Seville—this studio, which during the day was so

cheerful and animated—was now silent as the grave. A single lamp burned upon a marble table, and a young boy, whose sable hue harmonised with the surrounding darkness, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds at midnight, leant against an easel. Immoveable and still, he was so deeply absorbed in his meditations, that the door of the studio was opened by one who several times called him by name, and who, on receiving no answer, approached and touched him. Sebastian raised his eyes, which rested on a tall and handsome negro.

“Why do you come here, father?” said he, in a melancholy tone.

“To keep you company, Sebastian.”

“There is no need, father; I can watch alone.”

“But what if the Zombi should come?”

“I do not fear him,” replied the boy, with a pensive smile.

“He may carry you away, my son, and then the poor negro Gomez will have no one to console him in his slavery.”

“Oh, how sad!—how dreadful it is to be a slave!” exclaimed the boy, weeping bitterly.

“It is the will of God,” replied the negro, with an air of resignation.

“God!” ejaculated Sebastian, as he raised his eyes to the dome of the studio, through which the stars glittered; “God! I pray constantly to him, my father, (and He will one day listen to me,) that we may be no longer slaves. But go to bed, father, go, go, and I shall go to mine in that corner, and I shall soon fall asleep. Good night, father, good night.”

“Are you really not afraid of the Zombi, Sebastian?”

“My father, that is a superstition of our country. Father Eugenio has assured me that God does not permit supernatural beings to appear on earth.”

“Why, then, when the pupils asked you who sketched the figures they find here every morning, did you say it was the Zombi?”

“To amuse myself, father, and to make them laugh; that was all.”

“Then, good night, my son;” and, having kissed the boy, the negro retired.

The moment Sebastian found himself alone he uttered an exclamation of joy. Then suddenly checking himself, he said, “Twenty-five lashes to-morrow if I do

not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. Oh, my God, come to my aid!” and the little mulatto threw himself upon the mat which served him for a bed, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Sebastian awoke at daybreak; it was only three o’clock; any other boy would probably have gone to sleep again; not so Sebastian, who had but three hours he could call his own.

“Courage, courage, Sebastian,” he exclaimed, as he shook himself awake; “three hours are thine—only three hours; then profit by them; the rest belong to thy master—slave. Let me at least be my own master for three short hours. To begin, these figures must be effaced,” and, seizing a brush, he approached the Virgin, which, viewed by the soft light of the morning dawn, appeared more beautiful than ever.

“Efface this!” he exclaimed, “efface this! No; I will die first. Efface this—they dare not—neither dare I. No—that head—she breathes—she speaks—it seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and that I should be her murderer. No, no, no, rather let me finish it.”

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when, seizing a palette, he seated himself at the easel, and was soon totally absorbed in his occupation. Hour after hour passed unheeded by Sebastian, who was too much engrossed by the beautiful creation of his pencil, which seemed bursting into life, to mark the flight of time. “Another touch,” he exclaimed; “a soft shade here—now the mouth. Yes, there! it opens those eyes—they pierce me through!—what a forehead!—what delicacy. Oh, my beautiful —” and Sebastian forgot the hour, forgot he was a slave, forgot his dreaded punishment—all, all was obliterated from the soul of the youthful artist, who thought of nothing, saw nothing, but his beautiful picture.

But who can describe the horror and consternation of the unhappy slave, when, on suddenly turning round, he beheld the whole pupils, with his master at their head, standing beside him!

Sebastian never once dreamt of justifying himself, and, with his palette in one hand, and his brushes in the other he hung down his head, awaiting in silence the punishment he believed he so justly

merited. For some moments a dead silence prevailed; for if Sebastian was confounded at being caught in the commission of such a flagrant crime, Murillo and his pupils were not less astonished at the discovery they had made.

Murillo having with a gesture of the hand, imposed silence on his pupils, who could hardly restrain themselves from giving way to their admiration, approached Sebastian, and, concealing his emotion, said in a cold and severe tone, while he looked alternately from the beautiful head of the Virgin to the terrified slave, who stood like a statue before him,

"Who is your master, Sebastian?"

"You," replied the boy, in a voice scarcely audible.

"I mean your drawing-master," said Murillo.

"You, senor," again replied the trembling slave.

"It cannot be; I never gave you lessons," said the astonished painter.

"But you gave them to others, and I listened to them," rejoined the boy, emboldened by the kindness of his master.

"And you have done better than listen; you have profited by them," exclaimed Murillo, unable longer to conceal his admiration. "Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment or reward?"

At the word punishment, Sebastian's heart beat quick; the word reward gave him a little courage, but fearing that his ears deceived him, he looked with timid and imploring eyes towards his master.

"A reward, senor," cried the pupils in a breath

"That is well; but what shall it be?"

Sebastian began to breathe.

"Ten ducats, at least," said Mendez.

"Fifteen," cried Ferdinand.

"No," said Gonzalo, "a beautiful new dress for the next holiday."

"Speak, Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at his slave, whom none of these rewards seemed to move, "are these things not to your taste? Tell me what you wish for; I am so much pleased with your beautiful composition, that I will grant any request you may make. Speak, then; do not be afraid."

"Oh, master, if I dared——" and Sebastian, clasping his hands, fell at the feet of his master. It was easy to read in the half-opened lips of the boy and his

sparkling eyes some devouring thought within, which timidity prevented him from uttering.

With the view of encouraging him, each of the pupils suggested some favour for him to demand.

"Ask gold, Sebastian."

"Ask rich dresses, Sebastian."

"Ask to be received as a pupil, Sebastian."

A faint smile passed over the countenance of the slave at the last words, but he hung down his head, and remained silent.

"Ask for the best place in the studio," said Gonzalo, who from being the last come pupil, had the worst light for his easel.

"Come, take courage," said Murillo, gaily.

"The master is so kind to-day," said Ferdinand, half aloud, "I would risk something—ask your *freedom*, Sebastian."

At these words Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish, and, raising his eyes to his master, he exclaimed, in a voice choked with sobs, "The freedom of my father!—the freedom of my father!"

"And thine also," said Murillo, who, no longer able to conceal his emotion, threw his arms around Sebastian, and pressed him to his breast.

"Your pencil," he continued, "shows that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart; the artist is complete. From this day consider yourself not only as my pupil, but as my son. Happy Murillo! I have done more than paint—I have made a painter."

Murillo kept his word, and Sebastian Gomez, better known under the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, became one of the most celebrated painters in Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he had been found painting by his master; also a St. Anne, admirably done; a holy Joseph, which is extremely beautiful; and others of the highest merit.—*From the French.*

LONDON DAIRIES.

The name of new milk has something very pleasant about it, but is an article which rarely makes its appearance at the breakfast or tea table of the citizen.

That which is got from the cow at night, is put by until the morning, and the cream skimmed off, and then a little water being added, it is sold to the public as the morning's milk. The real morning's milk is also put by and skimmed, and, being warmed a little, is sold as the evening's milk. This is the practice of most, or all of the little dairymen, who keep their half-a-dozen cows; and if this were all, and with these people it is nearly all, the public must not complain: the milk may be lowered by the warm water, but the lowering system is not carried on to any great extent, for there is a pride among them, that their milk shall be better than that of the merchants on a yet smaller scale, who purchase the article from the great dairies; and so it generally is. The milk goes from the yard of the great dairy into the possession of the itinerant dealers perfectly pure; what is done with it afterwards, and to what degree it is lowered and sophisticated, is known only to these retail merchants.

The number of cows kept for the purpose of supplying the inhabitants of the metropolis and its environs with milk is about 12,000. They are, with very few exceptions, of the short-horn breed—the Holderness or Yorkshire cow, and almost invariably with a cross of the improved Durham blood.

The present market price of a good dairy cow is about 20*l.*, but the owners of the small dairies have no little trouble to get a good cow. The jobbers know that they will have a ready market for a considerable portion of their lot in the yards of the great cow proprietors, and will probably get a larger price than the poorer man would give; and, therefore, Messrs. Rhodes, or Laycock, or one or two others, have always the first selection. Mr. Laycock has peculiar advantages for obtaining good cattle. In addition to his dairy, he has sheds that will contain five or six thousand beasts. A great proportion of them halt on his premises for a day or two before they are brought into market. In addition to the shilling a night which he charges for their standing, he claims the milk of the cows as his perquisite. The cows are milked by his people; he therefore knows beforehand the quantity of milk which each will yield, and he is thus enabled to cull the very

best of the herd. The dairymen do not like a cow until she has had her third or fourth calf, and is five or six years old; she then yields the greatest quantity of milk, and of the best quality. Two gallons of milk per day is the quantity which each cow is expected to yield, in order to be retained in the dairy. Taking one cow with another, the average quantity obtained is rather more than nine quarts.

Rhodes's dairy has been established more than thirty years, but some of the same family or name have lived in that neighborhood nearly a century. The surface on which the buildings are placed is a gentle slope of two or three acres, facing due east. The sheds run in the direction of the slope, as well for the drainage of the gutters, as for the supply of water for drinking, which will thus run from trough to trough the whole length of the shed. The sheds are twenty-four feet wide; the side-walls being about eight feet high, with rising shutters for ventilation, and panes of glass let into iron frames for light. The floor is nearly flat, with a gutter along the centre, and a row of stalls, each seven and a half feet wide, along the sides, and adapted for two cows, which are attached by chains to a ring that runs upon an upright rod in the corner of the stalls. A trough or manger, of the ordinary size of those used for horses, is placed at the top of the stall. Four of these sheds are placed parallel, and close to each other, and in the party-walls are openings a foot wide, and four feet high, opposite to each cow. The bottom of these openings is about nine inches higher than the upper surface of the troughs, and contains a one-foot square cast iron cistern, which contains the water for drinking; each cistern serves for two cows, that are placed opposite to each other, but in different sheds: all these cisterns are supplied from one large tank. These cisterns have a wooden cover, which is put on, while the cows are eating their grains, to prevent their drinking at that time, and tainting the water by dropping any of the grains into it. At the upper end, and at one corner of this quadruple range of sheds, is the dairy, consisting of three rooms, each about twelve feet square; the outer, or measuring room—the middle, or scalding room, with a fire-place

and a boiler—and the inner, or milk and butter room.

At the lower end of the range is a square yard surrounded by sheds, some for fattening the cows when they have ceased to give milk, and the others for store and breeding pigs. The pigs are kept to consume the casual stock of skim-milk which remains on hand, owing to the fluctuations of demand. The milk is kept in a well, walled with brick laid in cement, about six feet in diameter, and twelve feet deep. The milk soon becomes sour there, but is then most nourishing to the hogs.

The principal food of the cows in both of these, and in all the dairies of the metropolis, is grains; and as the brewing seasons are chiefly in autumn and spring, a stock of grains is generally laid in at those seasons for the rest of the year. The grains are laid up in pits, lined with brick-work set in cement, from ten to twenty feet deep, and of any convenient size. They are firmly trodden down, and covered with a layer of moist earth, eight or nine inches thick, to keep out the rain and frost in winter, and the heat in summer. A cow consumes about a bushel of these grains daily, the cost of which is from fourpence to fivepence, exclusive of carriage or preservation. The grains are, if possible, thrown into the pit while warm and in a state of fermentation, and they soon turn sour, but they are not liked the worse by the cattle on that account; and the air being perfectly excluded, the fermentation cannot run on to putrefaction. The dairymen say, that the slow and slight degree of fermentation which goes on tends to the greater development of the saccharine and nutritive principle, and they will have as large a stock upon hand as they can afford, and not open the pits until they are compelled. It is not uncommon for two years to pass before a pit of grains is touched; and it is said that some have lain nine years, and been perfectly good at the expiration of that period. The dairyman, however, must know his brewer, and be able to depend on him. The grains from a large ale brewery are the most nourishing. Those from the porter brewery are not so good; and those from the little brewers, who first draw off their ale, and afterwards extract

every particle of nutriment in the formation of table beer, are scarcely worth having.

The quantity of milk yielded by all these cows, at nine quarts per day, amounts to 39,420,000 quarts, or twenty-seven quarts of genuine milk for each individual. The retail dealers usually sell the milk for four-pence per quart, after the cream is separated from it, and then obtain three shillings per quart for the cream; beside this, a great deal of water is mixed with this skimmed milk, so that we far underrate the price when we calculate that the genuine milk sells at six-pence per quart, which makes the money expended in milk in the British metropolis amount to 985,500*l.*, or nearly a million pounds per annum.

If we again divide the 985,500 pounds by 12,000, (the number of cows,) we shall have the strange and almost incredible sum of more than 82*l.* as the money produced by the milk of each cow. This is divided among a variety of persons, and, after all, affords but a scanty subsistence to many of them; but it unequivocally proves the rascality that pervades some of the departments of the concern.

Youatt.

SHEPHERD PONIES.—The Shetland Pony, called in Scotland *Sheltie*, an inhabitant of the extremest northern Scottish isles, is a very diminutive animal, sometimes not seven hands and a half in height, and rarely exceeding nine and a half. He is often exceedingly beautiful, with a small head, good-tempered countenance, a short neck, fine towards the throat, shoulders low and thick, (in so little a creature far from being a blemish,) back short, quarters expanded and powerful, legs flat and fine, and pretty round feet. They possess immense strength for their size, will fatten upon anything; and are perfectly docile. One of them, nine hands or three feet in height, carried a man of twelve stone, forty miles in one day.

A friend of ours was, not long ago, presented with one of these elegant little animals. He was several miles from home, and puzzled how to convey his newly-acquired property. The Shetlander was scarcely more than seven hands high, and as docile as he was beautiful. "Can we not carry him in your chaise?" said his friend. The strange experiment was tried. The Sheltie was placed in the bottom of the gig, and covered up as well as could be managed with the apron; a few bits of bread kept him quiet; and thus he was safely conveyed away, and exhibited the curious spectacle of a horse riding in a gig.—*Youatt.*

VERY DEAD.—A gentleman passing Milford churchyard, observing the sexton digging a grave, addressed him with, "Well, how goes trade in your line, friend?" "Very dead, sir!" was the reply.

THE WREATH.

Weave a wreath of varied hues,
Here are garlands twining,
For the gay the brightest choose,
And drooping for the pining.
"London-pride" for west-end beaux,
Or belles as fancy ranges;
"Heart's-ease" too, in plenty grows,
To meet dame Fortune's changes.

With the heiress, "Mary-gold"
For men who wish to marry;
"Bachelor's-buttons" now unfold,
For those who ever tarry.
"Love-lies bleeding" for the flirt,
Its lowly bloom discloses;
Maidens, pray your frowns avert,
Prudes shall wear "Prim-roses."

In this wreath, for city men,
The "Stock" its blossom raises;
"Pinks" for would-be dandies, then
The simple lack-a-"daisies;"
Deep "Blue-bells" for belles who read,
"Jon-quills" for the scribblers;
"Laurel" crowns the victor's meed,
And "Vi-o-lets" for fiddlers.
"Passion-flowers" for lovers' vows,
When they dare confess them;
"Roses" bright for beauties' brows,
My prayer is, Heaven bless them.
Lady, may thy pathway be,
Through life, with flowers blended,
"Forget-me-not," I ask of thee—
With this my wreath is ended.

THE SUMMER'S CALL.

Come away! the sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
O'er the very waters now,

In their play,
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow,
Come away!

Where the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glowing stream,
Come away!

All the air is filled with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper, as they pass,
Come away!

Where the bee's deep music swells,
From the trembling fox-glove bells—
Come away!

In the deep heart of the rose,
Now the crimson love-hue glows;
Now the glow-worm's lamp, by night,
Sheds a ray,
Dreary, starry, greenly bright,—
Come away!

Where the fairy cup-moss lies,
With the wild wood-strawberries,
Come away!

Mrs. Hemans.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a world-known name,
Though it is but a little spot;
I say 'tis first in the scroll of fame,
And who shall aver it is not?
Of the deathless ones who shine and live
In arms, in arts, or song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give
To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where;
And to treat that flag as aught but the brave,
Is more than the strongest dare.
For lion spirits that tread the deck
Have carried the palm of the brave;
And that flag *may* sink with a shot torn wreck,
But never float over a slave.
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
And this is the flag of an Englishman.

There's a heart that leaps with burning glow
The wrong'd and the weak to defend;
And strikes as soon for a trampled foe,
As it does for a soul-bound friend.
It nurtures a deep and honest love,
The passions of faith and pride,
And years with the fondness of a dove
To the light of its own fireside.
'Tis a rich rough gem, deny it who can,
And this is the heart of an Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone,
And boldly claim his right;
For he calls such a vast domain his own
That the sun never sets on his might;
Let the haughty stranger seek to know
The place of his home and birth;
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow
While he tells his native earth.
For a glorious charter, deny it who can,
Is breathed in the words "I'm an Englishman."

Eliza Cook.

ODD EPITAPH ON A MR. PECK.

Here lies a *Peck*, which some men say
Was first of all a *Peck* of clay;
This, wrought with skill divine, while fresh,
Became a curious *Peck* of flesh.
Through various forms its maker ran,
Then adding breath, made *Peck* a man.
Full fifty years *Peck* felt life's bubbles,
Till death relieved a *Peck* of troubles;
Then fell poor *Peck*, as all things must,
And here he lies, a *Peck* of dust.

NEURO SHREWDNESS.—A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish, began to smell it. The fishmonger observing him, and fearing the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed, "Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?" The negro replied, "Me no smell your fish. massa." "What are you doing then, sir?" "Why, me talk to him massa." "And what do you say to the fish, eh?" "Why, me ask what news at sea?—that's all massa." "And what does he say to you?" "He says he don't know, he no been dere dese three weeks!"

A GOOD WISH.—An eccentric banker was eyeing with suspicious vision a bill presented to him for discount. "You need not fear," said the palpitating customer; "one of the parties keeps his carriage." "Ay!" rejoined the banker; "I shall be glad if he keep his feet."

BACHELORS' PRIVILEGES.—These gentlemen accept all the pleasures of Society, and support none of the expense. They dine out, and are not bound to give dinners in return. Instead of taking a box by the year, they buy an admission for life; their carriage only holds two, and they are never obliged to set down a dowager. Weddings, christenings, fetes—nothing comes amiss to them. They are never called papa; they are not regularly assailed with milliners', stay-makers', and jewellers' bills. We never see them ruining themselves in suits for conjugal rights; for them, *La Belle Mere* is desitute of point, and they yawn at *La Femme Jalouse*. They are never godfathers from reciprocity; they sleep in peace during the best part of the morning, leave balls when they like, and invest money in the funds.—*Quarterly Review*.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS.—"When I set up a carriage," said the late Dr. Paley, "it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms—none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these must be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months afterwards, that we found out that the tankard was bought at a sale!"

NOT LIVING.—A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please ma'am, I dont live now," replied the girl; "I am married."

IRISH WAITERS.—The word "waiter," in England, suggests a well-dressed, well-behaved, orderly man, with a napkin under his arm, and a bill, either of fare or for payment, in his hand. He is a person of importance, because he ministers to our comforts, and is neither active nor civil beyond the activity and civility he is in duty bound to exhibit to each guest, according to the said guest's station, which he imagines—or rather (for an English waiter does not indulge in imagination) which he *knows* he can ascertain at once. His bow is consequently very low to a coach-and-four, while he merely inclines his head to the commercial traveller. He is obsequious to the drinkers of champagne and claret, but hardly nods to the order of a pint of sherry. In Ireland, waiters are altogether a different set of beings—lively and erratic, shrewd and observing; anxious, according to human nature, to get the most they can, and yet, in accordance with Irish nature, willing to give all they can in exchange. An Irishman may be a knave, but he is seldom a miser—he has nothing but time and attention to give, and he gladly bestows both.

The Irish waiter, except at first-rate hotels, is never well dressed, and is always too familiar to be considered "well-behaved." An Irish waiter does many things which an English waiter never thinks of; but his grand occupation is finding out the business of his master's customers.

He is both lazy and active—lazy at his work, and active at his amusements: he will cheat you in a bar gain, but he will not rob you; he is almost invariably good-humoured, and as cunning as a fox; from the moment you enter his master's house, he considers you somewhat in the light of his own property; he turns over your luggage until he has discovered your name, and ten chances to one but he manages, before you have been half an hour in the house, to find out, in the most ingenious manner, whence you came, whither you are going, and what you are going about. He is free, yet respectful; "familiar, but by no means vulgar."

A waiter who amused us much, was an active, lissom, little man, who endeavoured to persuade us that every thing in the house was the best that could be obtained in "all Ireland." The inn was a wayside one in Kerry, where we were detained two days by illness and bad weather.

"Well, is there any chance of the weather changing?"

"I'm sorry it's not pleasing to you, ma'am, but we've the best weather in all Ireland."

"These eggs are done too much." "The finest eggs in all Ireland, ma'am, but I'll make an alteration in them." "Is your mutton good?" "The best in all Ireland." "And your cook?" "The best in all Ireland." The mutton, however, was so very underdone, that we pointed it out to our good-natured waiter. "Yes, sir,—I see, ma'am; the mutton in these parts, as I could yer honours, is the best in all Ireland; and so juicy, that it's the natur of it—that's it—it's the juiciness of the mutton makes it so. I give ye my honour it's *that*—ye understand—the quality of the meat, nothing else—the goodness of it: *but maybe ye'd like the cook to take some of that out of it*—I see—she'll do so in five minutes—the finest cook in all Ireland:" and he bore off the mutton as triumphantly as if we had chimed in with his praise. It returned to us after the outlet fashion. He exclaimed, while laying the dish on the table, with the invariable flourish, "I could yer honours—the finest cook in all Ireland—two ways, ay, tin ways, with the same thing—it goes down one thing, and comes up another. Ay, faith, the lady would never forg't it if she saw her toss a pancake; she'll send it up the chimney out of sight, and down it'll come finished—all but the aiting."

Irish waiters used to be proverbial for their fondness for whisky, but that has been banished by the Temperance Societies. We remember one—but in his extreme old age—Tom Lavery, at a half public-house, half hotel, frequented in the days of our fathers and grandfathers by gentlemen who thought it necessary to make their wills before they started for Dublin, for in those days they travelled on horseback. Tom never considered it necessary to offer an apology for being tipsy after dinner. "I am every thing a gentleman can desire," he would exclaim, when staggering about; "no one can say, Tom Lavery, you take your 'mornin'—Tom wants no mornin'—Tom scorns to touch sperits until any gentleman may take his glass—Tom Lavery is as sober as e'er a judge in the land—ought to be." Tom was a regular "afadavid" man to his employer: whatever he would say, Tom would depose to, professing himself ready to make oath that the "post chay" in their yard would go as aisy on three wheels as on four, and that there wer'nt such *illegant* cattle for blood and bone in the country—whin their blood was up, and they *warmed on the road*. Very often, he would don a jacket and jackboots, twist a wisp of hay into a saddle, and act post-boy.

A TIPPERARY SHEEP STEALER.—Not many years ago, there was in the county of Tipperary a sheep stealer as notorious as Borrowsky himself. It is easy enough to carry off, once you catch it, a sheep in Erris, for, let it be ever so fat, it is not much larger than a hare; but a wether fed on the rich plains of the most fertile of all Irish counties is not so easily carried away, body and bones. But our Munster plunderer was a huge fellow, with all the bone and muscle of a Tipperary man, fed up to all his capability and vigour on the stolen mutton. He therefore could, and often did, carry off from the midst of a flock a wether of twenty-eight pounds the quarter, and bring it home for the feasting of himself and his family. His practice was to tie the sheep by the feet, put his head between the hind legs, and thus, with the sheep still alive, dangling head downwards at his back, home trudged in the dark night, Terry Ryan; and so he thinned many flocks, and none but himself and family were the wiser. In this way he had on a dark night got into Squire ——'s deer park, and seized a noble mutton, and tied and slung it over his head. Thus he came to the park wall, which was about eight feet high, and still, weighted as he was, ventured to climb, as often he had done before. And now he is on the top of the wall, and pondering how he may best descend, when the sheep made a sudden struggle, his footing gives way, down he goes, but, as he goes, the sheep falls inside, he outside. The rope is a good one that keeps sheep and thief together; neither can touch the bottom—both struggle—the rope presses the fellow's windpipe—the sheep kicks, and so does Terry, but it is soon over with him. Next morning the herd found Terry dead as mutton, but the wether, though a little apoplectic, still a sheep and no mutton; and so proved itself the Jack Ketch of a thief, and the avenger of its race.—*Otway's Sketches in Erris.*

MEDICAL ANECDOTE.—Kien Long, Emperor of China, inquired of Sir G. Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, with some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the manner of paying physicians in England for the time that their patients were sick, he exclaimed, "Is any man well in England who can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you how I manage my physicians; I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed; a certain weekly salary is allowed them; but the moment I am ill, their salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are very short."

IN RUSSIA, a man goes to his minister to inform him of the death of his wife. "What will you give me for burying her?" asks the priest. "I am poor," he replies. "Well, give me your cow." No, a cow is too valuable; I have a goose; you shall have that." "That is too little; I will not bury your wife for a goose; pay me thirty rubles." "I will give you twenty." "No, that will not do; I will take twenty and a shirt." And so the bargain is concluded; but cordiality is at an end.—*Elliot.*

HARD TIMES.—The young ladies down east complain that the gentlemen are so poor there, that they can't even pay their addresses.

PRACTICAL RETORT.—In the theatre at Weimar, in Germany, not long ago, there were only seven persons in the house. The pit took offence at the miserable acting of a performer, and hissed him energetically: whereupon, the manager brought his company on the stage, and out-hissed the visitors.

OLD BAILEY WIT.—A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop-door in Holborn, with which he ran away. The judge said to the witness who had seized the prisoner, "What did he say when you caught him?" Witness—"My Lord, he said that he took the boots in joke." Judge—"How far did he carry the joke?" Witness—"About forty yards, please your lordship."

BAD PAYMENT.—A man has started a paper, in the State of Maine, to be issued "occasionally;" which is a great deal oftener, the editor says, than he shall be able to get his pay for it.

VALUE OF AN OATH.—A Norman was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "You are jesting," said the hearer. "Not I, on the faith of a Christian." "Will you wager?" "No; I won't wager; but I am ready to swear to it."

CHANGE OF THE TIMES.—An old farmer, who lives at Burghelere, under the North Hampshire Hills, observed to me last year, when we were talking about the corruption and degeneracy of the times, that it was the fine words and the flattery of men to the farmers' wives, that had done all the mischief; "for," said he, "when 'twas *dame* and *porridge*, 'twas real good times; when 'twas *mistress* and *broth*, 'twas worse a great deal; but when it came to be *madam* and *soup*, 'twas very bad."

Cobbett.

THE FIRST STEP IS THE ONLY DIFFICULTY.—This proverb was oddly applied by a lady, who, hearing a canon in the company say that St. Biat after his head was cut off walked two entire leagues with it in his hand. "Yes, Madam, two entire leagues." "I firmly believe it," answered the lady; "on such an occasion *the first step is the only difficulty.*"—*Walpole.*

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas, a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.—*Tillotson.*

AFFECTED simplicity is refined imposture.—*Lavater.*

CHINESE CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.—A European merchant, after receiving on board his vessel the goods he had purchased, discovered that he had been deceived, both in their quality and price; but, as he asked a small deduction on this account, he did not doubt the Chinaman would come into his views. The European began, "you have sold me merchandize of a very inferior quality."

"That may be, but you must pay."

"You have treated me unjustly, and abused my confidence."

"That may be true, but you must pay."

"Then you are a cheat and a scoundrel."

"That may be, but you must pay me, nevertheless."

"How do you wish me to speak of the Chinese in Europe, where you are supposed to be virtuous? I will say you are a set of cheats."

"You can do that," coolly replied the Chinaman, "but you must pay."

The European, after heaping abuse upon the fellow, and fretting himself into a rage, without obtaining anything further than the calm reply, "you must pay," was forced to count down the money. On receiving it, the Chinaman said, "Instead of getting yourself into a passion, would it not be more better you no have *speaky*, and begin where you have finish?"

CONTENTMENT.—In Vienna, a magnificent house was built by a nobleman, on the front of which is a stone, with this inscription—"This house was erected by Count D——, to be given to the first man who can prove that he is really contented." One day a stranger knocked at the gate, and desired to speak with the master. "I am come," said he, "to take possession of this house, as I find you have built it in order to bestow it upon the man who is really contented. Now, I am in that state, of which I am willing to make oath; you will, therefore, please, sir, to give me immediate possession." The count did not interrupt him till he had finished his speech, when he replied, "you are quite right, sir, with respect to my intentions, but as I do not discover the least pretension you have to the character of a contented man, I beg you will retire. *If you were quite contented, you would not want my house!*"

A LADY at Macao put into the hands of a Chinese tailor materials, valued at forty dollars, to be made into a garment. At the appointed time it was brought home; but, to her mortification, the material had been completely spoiled, and the habit was not fit to wear. It was returned upon the workman's hands, and the husband of the lady applied to the Portuguese authorities for redress, but was put off, under one pretext or another, from time to time, till his patience was exhausted. He now applied to a Mandarin, and offered to give him the material in the tailor's hands, provided he should succeed in making him pay twenty dollars as damages, which were also to belong to the officer of justice. The Chinese officer willingly undertook the case and in a day or two, reported somewhat in the following manner: "Me have squeezey that tailor-man that silk, and that twenty dollar; me thinkey you one very good man, one man what know justice and law; me likey you; suppose you please, me give you my son for one servant, so he learn justice all same from you.—

Ruschenberger.

ODD OBLIGATION.—The Duke of Roquelaure was one of those who, as Madame Sevigne says, "abuse the privilege that the men have to be ugly." Accidentally finding at court a very ugly country gentleman, who had a suit to offer, the duke presented him to the king, and urged his request, saying, he was under the highest obligations to the gentleman. The king granted the request; then asked Roquelaure what were those great obligations? "Ah! sir, if it were not for him, I should be the very ugliest man in your dominions." This sally excited the royal smile, while the gentleman, with plain good sense, affected not to hear it.—*Walpole.*

LEMONS.—The lemon tree is a native of Assyria and Persia, whence it was brought into Europe; first to Greece and afterwards to Italy. It is now cultivated in Spain, Portugal and France, and is not uncommon in English green-houses. It was first cultivated in Britain in the Oxford garden, about the year 1648, and is a beautiful ever-green of small growth, but sending off numerous branches. The fertility of the lemon-tree is proverbial in Italy. A wager was laid in 1812, by Signor Antonio Georgeri of Massa, with Marchese Calani of Spezia, that at Cresullo, half a mile from Massa, there was a lemon-tree which would mature, that year, fourteen thousand lemons. It exceeded the quantity. Lemons are brought to England from Spain and Portugal packed in chests, and each lemon separately rolled in paper. The Spanish lemons are most esteemed.

PALM WINE.—This beverage, which is often mentioned by the ancients, is obtained by making an incision in the bark of the palm-tree, and inserting a quill or reed, through which the juice exudes. It is very pleasant to the taste, but powerfully intoxicating; and people in the East are frequently much amused by observing its effects on lizards, which, as soon as the tree is left by those who have been extracting the liquor, run up and suck it with eager delight. They soon become intoxicated, and in that state lie listless, looking up in the face of the spectator with a stupid stare. Parrots and other birds also sip the palm wine, but they seem proof against its effects, or else they are seasoned toppers, for none have ever been observed to be the worse for it.

SCOTCH DEGREES.—When the University of St. Andrew's sold her honours—a proceeding which provoked Dr. Johnson to tell the heads of the college that they would get rich by degrees, and which has long since been abandoned—a certain minister, who deemed that his ministrations would be more acceptable and more useful if he possessed what the Germans call the doctor-hat, put 15*l.* in his purse, and went to St. Andrews "to purchase for himself a good degree." His man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formally admitted to the long-desired honour. On his return, "the doctor" sent for his servant, and addressed him somewhat as follows:—"Noo, Saunders, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me the doctor, and gin ony body spiers at ye about me, ye'll be aye sure to say the doctor's in his study, or the doctor's engaged, or the doctor will see you in a crack." "That a' depends," was the reply, "upon whether ye'll ca' me doctor too." The reverend doctor stared. "Ay, it's just so," continued the other; "for when I fand that it cost sae little, I e'en got a diploma myself; sae ye'll just be good enough to say—doctor, put on some coals; or, doctor, bring me some whisky and hot water; and gin ony body spiers at ye about me ye'll be aye sure to say, the doctor's in the stable, or the doctor's in the pantry, or, the doctor's digging potatoes, as the case may be.—*Church of England Review.*

DEPTH OF WELLS NEAR LONDON.—Wells 700 feet deep have been dug at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and several in London are between 200 and 300 feet deep; at other places on rising grounds the thickness of the stratum is much greater. In digging a well at Wimbledon for Lord Spencer, the workmen were obliged to go 530 feet before they came to the sand and gravel containing water. At Primrose Hill, near the Regent's Park, some years ago, the ground was bored to the depth of 500 feet without success. One mile east of London, the clay is only 77 feet thick; at a well in St. James's Street it is 235 feet, and at High Beach 700 feet thick. In the spring of 1834 a water company sank a well on the lower heath at Hampstead, below the ponds, which was dry to the depth of 350 feet before reaching a supply of water, and even then the sand ran with the water in such a way as to make the steam-pump machinery nearly useless.—

London as it is.

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