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Conducted by W. H. SMITH, Author of the "Canadian Gazetteer," &c., &c.

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COUNTRY COMMISSIONS AND COUNTRY COUSINS.

The hospitality of the country has been, time out of mind, proverbial, while that of large cities, the metropolis in particular, remains of very doubtful repute. Nor are country people satisfied with merely receiving their friends from London or the country town at their own houses, but, at particular seasons of the year, make up huge baskets of poultry, game, and other acceptable presents, which they dispatch by coach, carriage paid, to the residence of the parties for whom they are intended. Few or no returns are made of the kind from London; and when country people come to town, it is not often that they find spare beds for their accommodation, but are compelled to take up their abode at some hotel, in which they pay dearly for numerous discomforts. In behalf of the Londoners, it may be urged that the presents which they receive are usually the product of the farm of the donor, probably easily spared, although that does not detract from the value of the gift; and that they, in making a suitable return, must actually purchase the articles which they desire to send. It may also be insinuated that, in going down to a family in the country, the visitors from town rarely make any serious disturbance in the arrangements of the establishment; they fall readily into the hours and pursuits of their hosts, in fact, having little choice in the matter, since they are in a great degree dependent upon their will and pleasure. Excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood may be proposed, but they must be formed entirely to suit the convenience of the family; and it not unfrequently happens that the Londoners return to London without having seen any

thing beyond a walk; unsettled weather, lame horses, colds, a heavy turnpike, or a very difficult road having prevented every other indulgence. Visitors, moreover, from London, bring to their country friends, in new fashions, new ideas, and the freshest tattle of the high circles, something which renders their visits a good deal of a treat, while country friends visiting Londoners have nothing corresponding to make their advent in the same degree agreeable. If, however, the exchange in affairs of hospitalities be thus somewhat unfavourable to the provinces, it is more than compensated by the advantages which they enjoy in the great business of commissions.

Ladies in the country read, in London newspapers, flaming advertisements relative to extraordinary bargains, such as superb silk opera cloaks at one pound fifteen. Eager not to lose an opportunity of purchasing at so low a price, they request a friend at the northern or western extremity of London to go to some unheard-of place across the bridges, and lay out one pound fifteen on a silk opera cloak. The article turns out to be mere rubbish—a faded sarsnet, half cotton in the first instance, and in the second wholly lined with calico. The shop people do not undertake to send their goods home; a hackney-coach must be engaged, or a porter paid by the purchaser, who does not like to add this item to the account; and, after a very disagreeable walk to a very disagreeable part of the town, a positive outlay of several shillings is incurred. Then the parcel must be sent to the coach-office and booked; and if it should not be convenient to employ one of the servants upon this errand, a man must be hired at a farther expense. By return of coach, back comes the parcel,

with a very cross letter, requesting that the cloak might be exchanged for something else, value one pound fifteen, should the deluding vender of such a vamped-up take-in refuse to refund the money; and the person thus commissioned is particularly enjoined to read the people at the shop a severe lecture for their shameful imposition.

Another friend, who has been in town herself, and has found out, by her own unassisted talents, a remarkably cheap shop in some exceedingly disreputable street, which she thinks does not signify in such a place as London, sends a long list of commissions to be purchased at this identical emporium, and no other. The matching of the exact shades of silk, ribbon and velvet, takes an hour at least; then it is found that the quality is not equal to the pattern; and this objection being got over, another fearful discovery is made—the goods have risen 2*d.* or 3*d.* in the yard, prices fluctuating exceedingly in this establishment, particularly when an additional quantity of any article purchased upon some former occasion is wanted. A certain sum, calculated to the uttermost farthing, has been remitted for the payment of the bill, and the difference of the sum total at the bottom of the account must be explained, and then, though no discretionary powers whatsoever were permitted, it is thought exceedingly odd that the friend would not take the trouble to go to some other shop. Occasionally a sort of roving commission is given to a party resident in London, to purchase anything remarkably cheap that may happen to fall in the way—gloves, ribbons, muslin dresses, &c.; the country family having been so astonished at the price paid for the tasteful articles worn by their town visitor. The dresses, ribbons, and gloves, are bought and forwarded—immense bargains—which are expected to give great satisfaction; but the ladies did not happen to want gloves at that particular time. They had just bought a large quantity of ribbons of the same colour, and a person has opened a shop in the neighbouring town, and sold dresses of exactly the same pattern, a little damaged perhaps here and there, at half the price. Worse still—Somebody has heard of a certain specific for the toothache, the tincture of Borneo, which used

to be sold at a shop in Holborn. All the patent medicine shops in Holborn are searched through. They have it not. One pert retailer takes upon himself to say that such a thing never existed, and recommends another infallible remedy instead. A second recollects to have heard something about the tincture of Borneo, and directs the inquirer to an obscure shop in Little Eastcheap, in which many obsolete articles are found. Lavender water, or something else, which is not wanted, and which proves to be execrable, is purchased out of gratitude for this man's civility. Little Eastcheap is found, but the shop has been pulled down, and a gin-palace erected in its stead.

Another letter states that Mrs. Brooke of Woodbine Cottage has just returned from London, and has appeared at Sir John Smithson's ball, in a most superb suite of ornaments, quite fit for court, and very superior in appearance to any worn by Lady Smithson. It has been discovered that they are not real diamonds, though they would always be taken for precious stones, but Karalatee diamonds, and that they are set in imitation gold, and only cost five pounds. What a sum!—five pounds for a tiara, necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and sevine of the most brilliant description! The correspondent is of course excessively desirous to possess herself of a set of Karalatee diamonds, and proceeds to say, that although Mrs. Brooke is exceedingly close upon the subject, a clue has been found to the place in which they are to be sold, uncle Oliver perfectly recollecting, when he was last in town, having seen Karalatee diamonds written up in a shop-window in a small street leading out of Snowhill—he forgets whether it was on the right or left hand side, but remembers that it was next door to a tobacconist's, and that there was a green-grocer at the corner. Many other interesting paragraphs follow, items of county news, and projected balls, at which it would be very desirable to sport the Karalatee diamonds. At length, after the letter has been signed and sealed, it has been re-opened, and a postscript added to this effect—"Uncle Oliver has just called, and he can't be quite certain whether it was the Minories or Snowhill in which he turned down the little street,

and was struck with the ornaments in the shop-window; but pray find out, for I shall not rest until I have a set of Karaltee diamonds, and it will be only taking a walk that way instead of going into the Park." You proceed accordingly next day to the eastern part of the city, and spend a whole forenoon in an endeavour to discover the place which Uncle Oliver so obscurely remembered, but all in vain; for though there were abundance of tobacconists and green-grocers in the situations described, there was no corresponding jeweller's, and no bill in any window announcing five-pound suites of ornaments.

You are that evening in the act of writing an account of your unsuccessful mission, when you receive another letter from your rural friend, eagerly countermanding the imitation gold and Karaltee diamonds, as a sudden necessity has arisen for her going into mourning. An aunt has died, and your friend announces herself as residuary legatee. Regrets and lamentations for the loss of this beloved relative are mingled with some pleasing anticipations concerning the probable amount of the bequest. A small lock of hair is enclosed, with a request that a handsome mourning-ring may be ordered without delay—not any common trumpery sort of thing, but one that will evince the respect paid to the memory of the deceased. A jeweller is found, who, after showing all his collection, none of which appear to answer the description given in the letter, suggests that it will be advisable to have one made with a diamond, all handsome mourning-rings having diamonds. The epistle is referred to, and commonplace trash being strictly prohibited, the ring with the diamond is ordered. It is large, of fine water, and the whole will cost twelve guineas. The ring and the bill are sent—and returned. Doubts by this time have been entertained respecting the sum that will remain to the residuary legatee, after all the demands upon the estate have been paid. The ring is therefore a great deal too expensive, and quite a different sort of thing from that which the mourner had any intention of purchasing. The ring is taken back to the shop, and the jeweller says that he will be very happy to put it into his glass-case, and give it every

chance of sale; but, such things being mere matters of taste, it is not very probable that he will meet with a purchaser, and that no one will give the original cost; he might possibly get eight or ten guineas for it, but nothing more. The value of the diamond is urged and admitted; the diamond is really valuable, but so much depends upon fancy in the way in which it is set, that there is no saying what its value may be now. Three months afterwards, the ring is sent to the party who ordered it, as perfectly unsaleable. A new arrangement is to be made. A mourning-ring not being wanted, the jeweller is asked to take it in exchange for something else. He does not object, but, after mature consideration, can only allow three guineas. It is amusing now to hear the article disparaged by the same lips which had so vaunted it before. It was necessary to put so much alloy in the gold, in order to work it up into that particular fashion, that the gold really is scarcely worth anything; and as for the diamond, the market is overstocked with diamonds—a diamond necklace may now be had for a mere song. None but the maker would allow so much as three guineas; for the materials were the smallest part of the affair, it was the workmanship and the fashion which formed the expensive portion, and the fashion had altered—fashions were always altering: a thing might be worth, say fifty pounds to day, and not five to-morrow. The twelve guineas are paid, and something in addition for taking out the black enamel, and making the ring wearable by a person not in mourning for a beloved aunt; the only advantage arising out of the whole transaction being the experience gained in the intrinsic value of trinkets.

As an illustration of the inconveniences sometimes produced in London by irruptions of country cousins, we must introduce our readers to a host and hostess who live in a quiet, retired, genteel street, at the west end of the town; their establishment consists of a footman and three female servants, and they have a carriage with job-horses. Their habits are regular; they enjoy the gaieties of London soberly and with discretion, seldom being from home long after midnight, and not liking to go out more than one or two

evenings in the week at the utmost. There are many families who live in this rational way in London, though such a state of things does not appear credible to country people, who, from their own experience, associate the metropolis with constant tumult, confusion, racket, and dissipation. Our friends, the Melvilles, receive intimation that a distant connection, a lady,—with her three daughters, will come and spend a few weeks with them in the spring. Preparations are made for their reception. Mrs. Melville gives up her dressing-room for the time; the female servants are packed closer together to make room for the attendant upon the strangers, and various other sacrifices are contemplated with the utmost cheerfulness. The Hanburys arrive, but new arrangements have to be made after the first night, Miss Hanbury has been dreadfully annoyed by some noises in the neighbouring mews, and will go up into the front attic, which has been prepared for her maid, who can sleep any where. Then she must have another looking-glass, and another chest of drawers, and twenty things beside. The party are determined to make the most of their time, and to see everything; they have long lists of places which they must visit, places of which the Melvilles have never heard. The time of the master of the house is fully occupied by going about to procure admissions for show-houses and picture-galleries, getting boxes at the theatres, tickets for private views, rehearsals, &c. Every exhibition, down to the industrious fleas, must be taken in turn; everything must be examined at the British Museum, and nothing overlooked in the Adelaide Gallery, all the hours are altered, early dinners to go to the play, and late dinners to make a long morning. The house is a thoroughfare for trades-people; at all periods and seasons there is a levee at the door of men laden with handboxes, blue bags, and packing-cases. Every corner in every apartment is occupied by some new purchase; and there is a constant hunt and a hue-and-cry after articles that are wanted. All the ladies are afraid of fire and of thieves, and attribute any circumstance for which they cannot account to one of these two calamities. They expected, on coming to London, to

be robbed and burned out before they quitted it, and these catastrophes are consequently ever uppermost in their minds. Should either of the four sustain any disturbance in the night, or waken with a palpitation of the heart, the result perhaps of indigestion, the windows are thrown open, and the policeman called in. The neighbours remonstrate the next day, but it is of no use. Fire and thieves are too serious things to be trifled with, and there is no reason that every alarm is to be false like the first. Few nights therefore pass without a tumult of some kind or other—a knocking at the wainscot, to know whether the sleepers in the next room have heard anything extraordinary, or a simultaneous rush of the whole party on the stairs. The servants declare that if such a state of things continue, they must give warning, they have neither rest by night, nor peace by day. The cook is obliged to prepare a meal every hour for some one or other of the party who cannot be present at the regular repast, and, what is worst, the poor woman says she never gives satisfaction. Not an individual will touch poultry in London. The fish, not having the flavour of that brought to the midland counties, is said to be tasteless and uneatable. They get tired of beef; veal is unwholesome, and there are as many tricks played with it as with the poultry. Mutton is out of season, and none of them like lamb, while all the vegetables must of course be stale. The footman is running about all day to get hackney coaches, and is involved in eternal squabbles with the coachman, who, when the ladies say they have only taken him a short distance, declares that he has been detained an hour at a shop-door, and charges of course for his time; while the housemaids do nothing but run up and down stairs from morning until night.

Sunday shines—no day of rest to the Melvilles. There are popular preachers to be heard in all parts of the town, and there is a hurry-scurry to get to St. Giles's, the Magdalen, or Pentonville. Then mistakes are made between Clapham and Clapton, and they go to the wrong place, coming back tired to death, but in time for the Zoological Gardens, which though they utterly disapprove, as being highly improper, they may visit once and away, without being guilty of the enormity

practised by the people of London, who attend regularly for three months in the year. Miss Hanbury is one of those persons who are never surprised or delighted with anything. She thinks nothing at all of London. It is not even so large as she expected; she cannot endure the Regent's Park; and as for Regent-street, it is only well enough; while she is quite disappointed with the show at the drawing-room. Having a talent for finding fault, she exercises it upon all occasions. She has been told that the opera at Paris is superior to that of London; the dancers are all second-rate, and would not be looked upon on the Continent; the house, though large, is mean, and the audience altogether indifferent. There are quite as good shops, she thinks, at Nottingham, and the acting at the theatre immeasurably superior. The people are better dressed, give better dinners, and certainly better suppers, at Northampton, and the gas lights are not so far apart; in fact, she is quite disappointed by the lighting of London, where carriages are continually turning into dark streets. Miss Charlotte Hanbury is a prude, and abhors London upon principle. The women are all bold. She detects rouge on every complexion, and suspects pearl powder in every fair skin. Whenever she happened to be at home, she was at the window watching the neighbours; she ferreted out the name and calling of every inhabitant in the street, and took away the characters of most of them. She had counted eleven duns at one door in a morning, and she had ascertained that the tax-gatherer went away from half the houses unpaid. She talked of calling upon some families to acquaint them of the misdoings of their servants—how the maids ran out to talk to their sweethearts, and how they took the opportunity of their masters' and mistresses' absence to flourish in silk pelisses and lace veils, while the footmen carried the newspapers down into the kitchen to read, and examined all the stray letters lying about. The Melvilles were astonished to hear of the extravagance and the depravity of the people, who for many years had appeared to them to be quite as respectable as themselves, and were a little annoyed when Miss Charlotte told a lady with whom they were acquainted, and who lived a few doors off, that she

had more visitors than all the rest of the people in the street, and that she never got up until half-past eleven o'clock, an act of delinquency which was considered quite monstrous in the country.

Many and various were the adventures which befell the party. At one time they insisted upon going to a theatre which their uncle Oliver had visited when in town, and which he declared to be better worth seeing than any of those of higher reputation. This place of public entertainment, they ascertained, after writing into the country, to be at the back of Smithfield, and thither, having enlisted a beau or two, they chose to go; for, though the Melvilles entertained no predilection for such places, they found it necessary to thwart their visitors in so many of their schemes, that they were glad to accomplish any that seemed feasible. The carriages were ordered at half-past ten, as it was supposed that the performances would be over early, and having dismissed them, the party walked down a long covered passage, very dimly lighted, to a dirty entrance. They were ushered into the most horrible den imaginable, filled with an audience of the lowest description. It became necessary to make a speedy retreat, and, upon emerging into open air, they found the streets running with water, from a copious shower falling at the time; no coach was procurable for at least a mile; and wet, tired, and out of temper, the pleasure-seekers returned home, convinced that Uncle Oliver must have made a mistake. Mr. Melville sent down to the stables to countermand the carriage; but the coachman, thinking it expedient to put up in the neighbourhood of the theatre, was still in Smithfield. A messenger had therefore to be dispatched, and of course missed him, and the horses were consequently kept out for nothing until two o'clock in the morning.

The Hanburys found great fault with London society; it was either too stiff, or too much the reverse, affording a license of speech which they did not approve, without the cordiality which made meetings in the country so agreeable. The whole quartette came home exceedingly displeased from a ball which the Melvilles vainly hoped would have afforded them gratification. Mrs. Hanbury could not find any body to play at long whist, and

called shorts at half-crown points gambling of a most frightful nature. Miss Hanbury found her partners very stupid, having nothing to say but what she had heard a dozen times before, while Miss Charlotte complained that hers was a very impertinent unprincipled person. He pretended that he did not know that there was such a place in London as Woburn Square. He believed that Russell Square might be marked out upon the map; but he was totally unacquainted with the north-eastern suburbs of London. He went to his banker in the city, and to his club in St. James's, and those were the only localities with which he was familiar. Susan had not been more fortunate, for she came home nearly frightened to death by an alarming account given by one of the gentlemen with whom she had danced, and corroborated by the others, of the insecurity of the chandeliers. In short, from the numerous details which she had heard of accidents resulting from the weakness of the timbers in London houses, she was convinced that chandeliers were constantly coming down and crushing all the dancers. One in the Regents Park had absolutely fallen through the floor, and ruined the supper in the dining room below. The Melvilles had confidently expected that some of their guests would be knocked up after the first week, and were astonished by the extraordinary power of endurance, both mental and bodily, which they displayed. Day after day, night after night, did they scour over the town in their eagerness to fulfil every object of their visit to the metropolis. As the season advanced, they became desirous to explore the environs. Parties were therefore made to the Beulah Spa, to Richmond, Greenwich, Woolwich, and Gravesend, Epsom races, Ascot races, Egham, and Hampton Court races—in short, nothing could be talked of without exciting a desire to witness it. The novelty and excitement for a while performed wonders; but at length the time of nature's revenge arrived, and the house of the Melvilles became a kind of hospital. As soon as one recovered from a bilious fever, another fell ill from the effects of a neglected cough, which threatened to settle on the lungs. Mrs. Hanbury had a dreadful attack of erysipelas, and Susan was

always in hysterics. All their complaints were attributed to the bad air of London, the closeness of the sleeping-rooms, and the unwholesomeness of the water. When sufficiently recovered to travel, they returned to the neighbourhood of Northampton, with very confused notions of the great metropolis which they had left, and with a perfect conviction that nothing could be more comfortless than the manner in which people were obliged to live in London. No representations sufficed to persuade them that it was not actually necessary to create such a toil and turmoil. They had found it indispensable, and were confirmed in their opinion of the danger they had run, by the newspapers, which recorded a dreadful fire in Bloomsbury, and a most daring robbery in Montague Square. The return of the Melvilles to quiet was delayed by the necessary cleaning and repairing which their house and its furniture required after the departure of their guests; but when this was accomplished, the novel feeling of relief and peace with which they settled down once more in their old ways, was among the most delightful sensations they had ever experienced in their lives.

ALUM WORKS.

I walked along the edge of the cliffs to Lord Mulgrave's alum works, to the northward, close to the sea, about three miles distant, where the vast extent of the excavations, and the enormous magnitude of the heaps of alum rock (or shale, as it is called) then in a state of smouldering combustion, produced a magnificent effect, such as I had not anticipated. The scale of operations may be partly imagined by those who have chanced to see the chalk and lime works on the Thames, at Northfleet: the cuts, several feet in thickness, are commenced at the top of the cliff, here one hundred and eighty feet high, and then worked down perpendicularly to the bottom; and thus, by degrees, a vast portion of the material has been scooped out, leaving, as it were, an extensive irregular semicircular bowl, the area of which is the theatre of operations, and in appearance truly volcanic. The blue colour of the surrounding cliffs of alum rock, the burning mountains below, and the whole scene, round and about, are such as, when seen from

the summit, give the whole together the character of one enormous crater. At all parts workmen are seen driving their loads in wheelbarrows, sometimes across rude bridges and planks, perilously planted from one precipice to another; or along narrow ledges of rocks, and platforms supported by rough blocks of stone.

By such a path as the latter I descended for the greater part of the way from the top of the cliff to the bottom, stepping from stone to stone, in some places laid in imitation of a flight of steps.

The process of preparing the alum is sufficiently simple. After having quarried the shale, which from the softness of the substance, is performed without much difficulty, it is piled in the enormous heaps before mentioned: these, being ignited, burn for several months together, till the whole is reduced to a red calcined ash or cinder. At the commencement of the formation of each fiery mountain, a nucleus is, in the first instance, created by a layer of fagots or bushes placed on the ground, and set fire to.—On these is thrown a layer of the alum shale. As soon as the latter becomes red hot, a second layer of shale is placed upon it, upon which the workmen stand, and supply from the rear with alum shale a second layer of bushes placed in front. Thus the heap extends, by layer after layer of bushes in front being fed with stone brought from the rear; and, as the heap increases in height and dimensions, the material is wheeled across the top, from one end to the other, in wheelbarrows, and shot over from the summit upon the new-laid layer of bushes in front.

I mounted to the top of one of these huge heaps, twenty feet from the ground, and containing an area of several hundred square yards, following the men who wheeled their barrows along planks laid down from end to end, pitching their contents over the summit, as has been described.

How it is possible for any living creature to exist and work in such an atmosphere, I do not exactly comprehend, where the fumes of sulphur predominate in such a degree as almost to stop the breath. As an evidence of the pestiferous effluvia which arose, the edges of many deep fissures were abundantly fringed with flower of sulphur; and, as the smoke and steam oozed upward the air trembled in the sunshine, as may be observed in a field of burning bricks. Nay, besides the appearances

above stated, red heat was not only visible through the cracks in many places underneath, but might be discovered glowing everywhere by merely scratching a few inches with a stick below the surface. Nevertheless, even with so shallow a covering, that part which came in contact with the feet was cold.

The shale having been by these means reduced to a calcined mass, and allowed a sufficient time to cool, in order to extract the alum, the ashes or cinders are immersed in water in shallow tanks cut in the ground, like salt-pans; from which the liquor passes away by a channel cut for the purpose under ground, full half a mile in length, to the boiling-houses.

The liquor is here boiled in several large caldrons, one after another, till the water, having sufficiently evaporated, it is poured into barrels, containing three hundred gallons each, and then allowed to cool. As it cools, the crystallization takes place; the crystals adhere to the sides of the barrel, the water settles in the middle, just as the milk lies within the cocoonut, and the nut cleaves to its shell. When cold, the barrels being purposely constructed to take to pieces, the hoops and staves are removed, when the crystals remain in a solid mass, the usual proportion being two thirds of crystals to one third of water. A hole is bored to let the water off, and the alum cut with a saw in blocks for the market. On an aperture being made in one of these masses when entire, the crystals within assume, as may be readily imagined, a splendid appearance.

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Returning home towards Whitby, I observed, adjoining the sea shore, a manufactory for cement, prepared from a peculiar sort of stones or boulders, found imbedded in the alum shale: the process merely consists in burning the stones in a kiln, and then grinding them. Nearer still to the town are limekilns, whither the white limestone is brought from Flamborough Head. The stones, all round and smooth, having been taken from below high-water mark, are shot from the vessels which bring them overboard into the sea at high water, as near the land as possible, whence they are carted, at low water, to the kilns.—*Sir George Head.*

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright,
Meets in her aspect and her eyes.

Byron.

THE NIGHT BEFORE AND NEXT MORNING

ARTISTS well know the difference between seeing things in an evening light, and seeing them in a morning light. But we do not recollect to have ever seen it remarked that this difference extends to the minds of men, so that nothing has exactly the same appearance in the morning which it had the night before. We are ourselves altogether different beings in the evening from what we are in the morning. In the evening, we feel that the struggle of the day is past. The terrible battle of the world has been fought for another day, and we may now rest and breathe in peace. The banks are shut, and duns of all kinds have gone to roost. A truce has been proclaimed between the high contending powers of debtor and creditor, and both may now meet on the extremities of the lines, and kindle their pipes and quaff their cantens at the same fire. A kind of Sabbath commences about seven o'clock, and any man who could talk of bills or bonds after that time would be looked on as profane. Everything becomes pleasant and soft and serene, and, in the midst of the domestic circle, or in the social meeting, men almost forget that there are such things in the world as little slips of paper with odd-looking stamps upon them, and strange compulsory words written on one or both sides. People feel safe from each other in the evening. The poorest drudge can go home, and at his own fire-side laugh at the frowns under which he has to toil during the day. Under-clerks cease to fear head ones, and the teller thinks he could meet the manager, yea, even one of the directors, on the street, without being more than enough put about by the rencontre. The shop-lad, having got the shutters put on and the keys sent home, regains so much of natural confidence, that he feels himself entitled to look handsome ladies in the face, and talk critically to his companions of the merits of his master's youngest daughter. A republic is proclaimed amongst men every night. All become alike on the street at and after twilight. Darkness invests mankind with an universal incognito, and a prince under the lamps is no better than a porter. All the terrors and restraints which we feel for each other in open day are then thrown aside, and the high and the low alike venture to be natural and happy. In fact, evening, as it advances over the world, heaving the bosoms and erecting the faces of men, might be compared to that influence of the moon which raises the sea. A great tidal wave of happiness may be said to go over the earth every twenty-four hours.

Unfortunately, while this blessed state of things is prevailing under one longitude, something quite the reverse obtains in an opposite part of the globe. While it is evening here it must be morning somewhere else, and there, wherever it is, happiness is the lot of but a few. It is all very well to talk of the blushes and smiles of Aurora, the freshness of the air, and so forth; but it is not through the medium of nature's beauty that the generality of men see things in the morning. The battle closed so

peacefully last night is now to be renewed.—The sound of hammers closing rivets up is heard. All is cold, hard, and unsocial. Men have to brace themselves to toils, and hardships, and pains of all kinds. Each once more becomes a terror to another. Things wear an awful seriousness. Subalterns have to appear before terrible task-masters. Every man has put on his professional aspect. Bills have to be looked in the face, be they ever so Gorgonish. The truce of debtor and creditor is at an end. The great tragedy of daily, commercial, and social life, is opened, and played out it must be before the sun goes down. The ever-recurring daily terror, that things will not rub on till dinner-time, is felt by thousands. Every man is at his post, and every man at his rank, with all the rigidity of statues standing sentinel over a city of the dead. There is nothing bland, or gay, or cordial, or friendly in the world. One could scarcely imagine that the race would ever smile again. The pleasantry of the fire-side circle or the table is unimaginable, and it could not enter into the heart of man to conceive that conclusion to struggles, and stiffness, and mutual bug-bearisms, which is to take place about seven o'clock. A terrible time, indeed, is the morning.

It may easily be seen, then, how men should be different beings at the beginning and close of the day. In the evening, they are under the influence of all that is genial—in the morning, of all that is tasking and disagreeable. In the evening, they see all things under the bewitching light of imagination; in the morning, all is staring and ill-favoured reality. There is no putting a pleasant delusion upon one's self in the morning. The very proverbs respecting that part of the day have something ungracious about them. "He that would thrive must rise at five"—how hard! There is no lenity, no kind consideration of human infirmity, in man's breast, when he thinks of the morning. "Rise at five, you lazy dog," which a juvenile friend of ours of the Franklin school had inscribed on the side of his bed, is a fair sample of the rude and ruthless spirit in which we address each other at this period of the four-and-twenty hours. How then can one be the same man in the morning as in the evening?

The consequences of this difference we can trace in many little circumstances. A number of people meet, of an evening, at the board of a common friend. In a little while they become particularly cordial with each other.—Song, and chat, and merry tale, keep up the spirit of the party till a late hour. One or two individuals distinguish themselves by their contributions, in all these ways, to the conviviality of the evening. All are good fellows together, and probably the least demonstration of eternal friendship which they make in conclusion, is to sing Burns' Auld Langsyne in a circle round the table, holding by each other's hands; as if they had been intimate associates since childhood, and could never be dissevered while life held good. What conveying of each other towards their respective homes, what affectionate shakings of the hands! It seems as if the

whole are to be from this time forth entirely devoted to each other, in a friendship which will only delight in being put to the proof. Now, what is the real result? Why, that, next morning they scarcely recognise each other on the street. So far from maintaining a friendship for each other, they are mutually distressed at seeing countenances which remind them of orgies now confessed to be not over wise or creditable. The clever and entertaining members of the company are probably looked coldest upon. Perhaps they are players or poor men of letters, very well to be made use of in candle light, but not quite suitable companions under the garish eye of day. They are therefore acknowledged—if acknowledged at all—with only the slightest of nods, or the tamest touches of the hand. In short, the next morning is the unlikeliest thing possible to the night before.

A youth of some forty-five, who has long pondered on matrimony, but always feared to encounter it; finds himself involved in the dulcet blandishments of an evening party, where youth and beauty are only too abundant, and music and dance and light converse alternately hold sway over the enslaved sense. He is enchanted with one beauty in particular, pays her some attentions, which he fancies not ill received, and thinks he might almost venture to propose for her. He goes home in the fixed resolution, that, come what will, he must now be married, and Maria is the girl of his choice. Next morning comes a frost, a killing frost. In his quiet, well-arranged little parlour, with his few nice books around him, and his violin and flute within reach, the custom of enjoying his untroubled solitude re-asserts its empire over him, and he sees that it would never do to marry a giddy young girl, of whose character he is ignorant, and who might lead him into all sorts of expenses and responsibilities. In fact, the change is too great to be encountered, at least under the influence of the morning light. He therefore does *not* send the little present he had thought of sending, but walks away to business in the same cool mood under which he has walked to business for the last seven-and-twenty-years. Young gentlemen of this kind would get married very quickly if life were all evening. It is the plaguy interruption of the morning which mars their own designs, and keeps them single to the last.

A humble expectant spends an evening with his patron, and receives from him all the civilities which a well-bred gentleman must pay everybody under his own roof. In the cordiality with which the wine is pushed to him, he reads his fate. Every pleasantry that falls from the lips of the dispenser of fortune, assures him more and more that something will be done for him. Ere all is done, the distance between patron and expectant is lost. The utmost familiarity is used and allowed. The poor fellow feels in that consummating clap on the shoulder, that he will be allowed to sigh no more. Next morning, when he calls upon the great man at his place of business, what a blight to his hopes! For smiles and compla-

cence and claps on the shoulder, he now finds a cold business aspect, with rigour, and consideration, and long demurrings, pictured in every line of it. Civility is still there; but it is not the civility of the dining-room. In three minutes he feels himself somehow ushered out into the street, and looking in at a print-shop window, without seeing the prints; his mind vainly endeavouring to arrive at a proper sense of his situation. Yes, the poor expectant also knows the difference between the Night Before and Next Morning.

Let any man, in short, take a retrospect of his life, and he will find that nine-tenths of all the happiness he has ever enjoyed has been enjoyed in the evening, and that all his most miserable hours have been matutinal. It is to this, perhaps, that we are to attribute that disposition in society to lengthen out the evenings and shorten the mornings, making bed time near midnight, and rising time the third or fourth hour of day-light. We cannot wonder at this custom, though it may not be quite consistent with our true interests. Just look at an ordinary parlour when the shutters are closed, and the candles lighted, all so snug and neat—yea, even handsome—and compare the appearance of the same room in the morning, when the light has been let into it. How crumby the carpet, how odious the snuffed-out candles on the table, how detestable the spent fire in the grate! And yet this is just the very room we left in such delightful trim the night before, not a jot changed. In the very same degree odious, do our shoes become during the night. It would be the greatest of little distresses to be obliged to indue them again in the morning unbrushed, though they were just so when we cast them off last night. Surely there must be some mystic evolution of nature during the night. The morning seems to give us the back of delight, like the moon when nearest the sun, and the face of pain. The morning is the brazen, and the evening the golden side of the shield. But a truce with fancies. Imagination herself would be exhausted before she could fully depict, as we feel, the difference between the Next Morning and the Night Before.

Chamb. Ed. Jour.

ASCENT OF THE SUGAR LOAF ROCK.

I had already spent about three weeks upon Flat Island, and I had explored every corner of my dominions several times over, with the proud consciousness of being "monarch of all I surveyed!" In the whole circuit there was not a rock or shrub with which I was not familiar; not a hare's form or gannet's nest to which I could not almost have approached blindfold.

Within half a mile up the coast from our little harbour, however, a tall insulated rock, called the Sugar Loaf, shot up in solitary stateliness, sheer out of the

water. On this rock I had never yet set foot; and for the purpose of changing the scene, I determined one day to explore it; hoping at the same time to find a sufficient number of eggs among its crannies to reward my labour. Accordingly, having left a few look-outs properly stationed, with orders to fire a musket should any vessel be seen nearing the island, I manned the galley with a couple of men, and taking Wolfe as my attendant, I set forward on my expedition.

It was a lovely morning for a pleasure excursion. The breeze was light, the water gently rippled, and a glorious tropic sun rode high in the clear azure of the heavens. "Merrily, merrily went the bark," bounding buoyantly through the harmless waters; and ere many minutes had elapsed, we found ourselves under the lee of the Sugar Loaf Rock. It was a threatening, dark-browed rock; its lower part rising perpendicularly out of the water, while its summit hung beetling outwards, and nodded fearfully over our heads.

We lay to for a moment to contemplate it, and to consider how it was possible to ascend to the top. But never was there a rock more forbidding to the climber. Steep; unbroken, wall-like masses of stone, girded its base, while its brow hung threateningly over the water; seeming, as it were, to dare us to the ascent. A shelving platform of rock, about ten or twelve feet in width, tangled with sea-weed, and washed by the rising and receding waves, seemed to form the foundation of this massive superstructure. Upon this rock, having backed in the boat stern foremost, Wolfe and I leaped without much difficulty; and ordering the men to lie off on their oars till our return, we set forward on our survey.

In the solid unbroken façade of the lofty wall of rock, that rose perpendicularly from the platform on which we stood, there was not a single projecting angle to clasp, nor the smallest crevice into which the foot of the climber might be inserted. Encrusted with limpets festooned with tendrils of dark-coloured sea-weed, and dripping with the spray which ever and anon was thrown over it by the rising waves, it stood in unsurmountable majesty before us.

An ascent at this place, therefore,

being impossible, we passed onwards along the slippery edge of the weed-tangled platform, in search of some more accessible spot; nor was it long till we discovered a narrow zigzag fissure, scarcely wide enough to admit the foot, but presenting, at various distances, as if the rock had been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature, small projecting notches, which might easily be grasped by the hand.

"Well, Wolfe," I said, as I ran my eye up this not very apposite-looking ladder, "shall we try it here?" "Why, sir," replied Wolfe, touching his hat with rather a remonstrative gesture, "the ascent is a dangerous one, sir; and before we are half way up, we shall wish ourselves down again." "True," said I; "but then it is the only accessible spot we can find." "Under your favour, sir," said Wolfe, "is there any necessity for going up at all?" "Necessity! why, no; not any necessity! But I've made up my mind to be on the top; and on the top, accordingly, I shall at least endeavour to be." "As you please, sir!" replied Wolfe; "though, under your favour, I scarcely think it worth while to risk our necks for the value of a few boobies' eggs." "You seem to be afraid, Wolfe," said I; "you're quite welcome to remain below. For my own part, I am determined to go; so there's an end of it." "Afraid! sir," said Wolfe, rather haughtily; "I never was afraid of anything. Come sir; there's no use losing time; let us mount!"

Accordingly, without further parley, we breasted the rock, and commenced the ascent; I taking the lead, and Wolfe following close behind.

It was an arduous undertaking, and, I have often thought since, a very foolishly hardy one. To trust mainly to the strength of our arms, and swing ourselves upwards, by means of the little projecting angles I have already mentioned, was our only alternative. Only now and then, and at considerable distances, could we find an opportunity of supporting ourselves by our feet; so that for the most part, we had to trust our weight entirely to our hands, which were not a little lacerated by the sharp edges of the rock we were obliged to clasp. Nor dare we allow ourselves a moment's breathing time,

during the perilous progress; for, so loosely were the little notches on which we depended connected with the main rock, that had we ventured to hang upon them for an instant, they would probably have been detached by our weight, and ourselves precipitated to the bottom.

Totally out of breath, with bleeding hands and aching arms, it was not without considerable delight, that, after an ascent of about fifty feet, my eyes came on a level with a small platform of between two and three feet square, indented, as it were, into the face of the rock. Upon this, with a single effort, I threw myself, enjoying the prospect for a few minutes' rest; but scarcely was I securely balanced on my precarious prop, when I saw Wolfe, about a foot lower down, hanging with both hands to a small angular notch, that seemed shaking in its infirm socket, as if about to separate from the parent rock! A single reach of his arm would have placed him on the enviable platform on which I stood. "For God's sake, Mr. Lascelles!" he cried, looking up with a face of consternation, "go on and leave a little room, sir, or I shall be precipitated to the bottom!" "I cannot stir an inch farther at present," I replied; "but quick! catch at my foot, and sway yourself up; here is room enough for us both."

Scarcely had I uttered these words, when the notch on which my poor comrade hung broke off, and, falling with a rumbling noise down the face of the rock, plunged into the sea. Just as it gave way, Wolfe, with an effort of desperation, stretched himself up, and in an instant his brawny hand was round my ankle. It was a perilous attempt for us both. Unsteadied by the weight, I staggered; and I certainly would have fallen from my place, had I not held firmly on by a projecting rock at my side. Poor Wolfe, in the meantime, saw my danger.

"Say the word, Mr. Lascelles," he cried; "say the word, and I shall let go my hold. Shall I come, or shall I not?" "Come! and be quick!" was my only reply; and with one strong effort, Wolfe swung himself up, and stood at my side. The small ledge of rock on which we were now poised, was not, as I have said, more than two or three feet square;

indeed, so narrow was the space, that we were obliged to clasp each other round the body to prevent ourselves from falling off. On two sides, this little platform was walled in by the adjacent rock, which rose up perpendicularly behind us to a sufficient height to admit of our standing in a crouching position, and, projecting horizontally forwards, hung over our heads—a black and craggy canopy. On its other two sides the platform was open, and the rock dipped sheer down from its edge, till it was lost some fifty feet below, amid the surf and spray of the ocean. Scarcely dare we hazard a look beneath, to where our diminished galley rode buoyantly on the surging waters, so dizzy and bewildering was the prospect.

We stood for some time in silence, for there was something too appalling in our situation to admit of speech. The wind whistled and howled among the rents and fissures of the rock; the sea leaped and roared far beneath, as if eager to engulf us; and the scared sea-fowl flew screaming, in eddying circles, round the place where we stood.

To have attempted to descend by the same path we had come up, would have been madness; and as for mounting higher, our progress upwards seemed completely cut off by the mass of rock that hung threateningly over our heads. "Have you considered what we ought to do, Mr. Lascelles?" said Wolfe at last; "we cannot remain here much longer; I almost think I feel the rock trembling under us." "I see nothing we *can* do," I replied. "It appears equally impossible to get either up or down." "Why, as to getting *down*, sir," said Wolfe, "that we might manage by a leap; and if we had deep water to plunge into, I would not mind trying it a rope's end. But I have no notion of jumping on that broad rocky platform at the bottom, and being smashed to a jelly in the fall." "Not to be thought of," I replied. "But what do you advise to be done?" "One thing, sir, I think is clear. There's no use remaining on this miserable point of a rock, to be devoured piecemeal by sea-gulls; so if we can't go down, we must just determine to go up, and trust to chance for finding some easier place of descent." "Go up!" I replied.

“From the place we stand, to go up, is utterly impossible.” “Difficult, sir,” said Wolfe, “but I don’t think impossible. I observed the place from beneath, and I am satisfied that the black-looking canopy over our heads is merely a ledge of the rock jutting out from the main mass—just as the canopy of a pulpit, sir, juts out from the wall of the church. At least so it seemed to me from below; and I think if we could once get on the top of it, we might then manage to mount still higher.” “If we could get upon the top of it,” said I, “how is this to be done?” “I can’t tell you how it is to be done, sir,” said Wolfe; “but I’ll at least show you how it is to be attempted! Remain you in the meantime, where you are, sir. If I succeed, I can easily pull you up after me; if I fall, why, then, all’s done, what is it but an end to Dick Wolfe, who must die one day at any rate. Farewell, sir, should we never meet again.” “’Tis madness to attempt it,” I cried. “Stop! consider what you do!” “Never say die, while there’s a shot in the locker, sir; that’s my maxim. So here goes!”

Before I could interfere to prevent him, the intrepid fellow stretched his hands upwards, and grasping a projecting part of our rude rocky canopy, he was in an instant swinging in mid-air by the arms, without shifting the position of his hands, but pulling himself up by sheer muscular force, his head and shoulders were soon hid from my view, while his legs and the lower part of his body hung dangling over the edge of the rock.

It was a moment of painful suspense to me. As to whether he was likely to succeed in his design, or be precipitated to the bottom, I could not form the slightest conjecture, for not a sound of fear or of hope escaped the gallant fellow’s lips. Slowly and gradually, however, his quivering limbs were drawn upwards, till they entirely disappeared; and, the next moment, my ears were saluted from above by a loud and spirit-stirring “Hurrah!”

That he had succeeded in reaching the top of the ledge, which hung frowning over the place where I stood, I was now certified; but how I should be able to follow him in so difficult an ascent still seemed a mystery. Presently, however, a bare arm was suspended over the edge

of the canopy, the huge brawny tendons of which seemed almost sufficient to lift the rock itself. At the same time, the voice of Wolfe was heard hallooing from above.

“All’s right, Mr. Lascelles. Catch hold of my hand, and trust yourself to me.” “Are you firm?” I cried out. “Ay, ay, sir, as the rock itself.” “Then hold fast—here goes!” Stretching myself up as far as I could, I succeeded in grasping him with both my hands round the wrist. For one moment I was swinging to and fro in the air; the next I stood in safety beside my trusty comrade. The space we now occupied was considerably larger than that which we had just left; but a tall mass of black rock, yet to be surmounted, frowned threateningly over us. “Follow me, sir,” said Wolfe. “We must not halt till we get to the top;” and he forthwith commenced the ascent, I following behind.

The rock here was more craggy and broken than it was below, and afforded greater facilities to the climber. Without much difficulty, we succeeded in passing from one ledge to another, till at length, to our inexpressible joy, we found ourselves on the highest summit of all—a round flat space of some fifty or sixty feet in diameter. “Now for a splice of the main-brace, Wolfe,” said I, producing a small flask of spirits. “Ay, ay, sir; here’s luck to us down again,” and the worthy coxswain quaffed as much as a draught as would have sufficed to make most heads unsteady.

Having reached the top, half of our labour was accomplished; our next anxiety was, how we were to reach the bottom. “Had we not better try the other side of the rock?” I suggested. “Never, sir,” said Wolfe; “it would be utter madness. The weather-side of the rock, in these constant winds, becomes brittle and trustless. The very birds that hove over our heads, would not venture to perch upon the weather side of the Sugar Loaf. But here,” he continued, “is a place where we might venture. The rock here, sir, you will observe, is shelving and rugged, and affords some opportunity of clinging by our hands, when our footing is faithless. Shall we try?” “Certainly,” I replied; “if you advise it.” “Then let us strip to the

trowersers, sir. I am too old a cragsman to trust myself to a difficult descent with a weight of clothes upon my back. Nothing like a bare foot for a slippery footing!"

We stripped accordingly, as he directed; and having hailed the boat to lie off, we tossed our clothes over the precipice, in such a direction that they might easily be picked up beneath. In a few minutes we were prepared to start. "Now, Wolfe," said I, "Who goes first?" "I, of course," he replied. "By no means," said I. "In such a situation as ours, all rank sinks to the ground." "Then, sir," said Wolfe with a bitter smile, "I wish the ground would sink along with it, and leave us, without further ado, to breast the waves of old mother Ocean." "But since that's not likely to happen," I replied, "we had better settle which of us will go first. Come! shall it be a toss-up?" "As you please, sir."

I gathered up a small piece of flat stone, and wetting it on one side with my tongue, as I had often done at school, I tossed it twirling up into the air. "Wet, or no wet?" I cried. "No wet!" said Wolfe; and no wet it was; so the lot to be first in the perilous descent fell on me. "Warily, warily, sir," said Wolfe, as I dropped over the edge of the precipice; never loosen your hands till your foot is firm." "My foot is firm *now*." I replied; "come along." But scarcely had I unfastened my hands from the edge of the rock, in order to allow Wolfe to follow, when the faithless prop on which I rested began to tremble beneath me. I tried to clasp some of the protruding angles in my neighbourhood, to save myself. But in vain. My weight was too much for the stone on which I stood, which speedily detached itself from the parent rock, and bounded with a loud crash to the bottom.

Never shall I forget the sensations of that moment. I grasped at every angle I could reach; but all my efforts could only retard, not stop, my downward progress; and I was just about to give myself up to my fate, when I found myself firmly grasped by the hair of the head, and looking up, I saw Wolfe bending over the rock above me. With the support of his arm, and my own exertions, I succeeded, most unexpectedly, in once more reaching

the top. "Thank God," cried the generous fellow, when I again stood at his side. "Had you fallen, Mr. Lascelles, I should never have forgiven myself. No! never shall it be said that Richard Wolfe permitted a boy to precede him when danger was in question. Come on, sir! Follow me, and trust to my directions as to placing your feet. I hope we may yet reach the bottom in safety." "Wolfe," I replied, "I dispute precedence no longer. Go on—I follow!"

With our faces turned towards the rock, and with the utmost possible caution, we again commenced the descent; my faithful comrade constantly calling out to me as we proceeded, "Place your feet here, Mr. Lascelles, and here." At length, with considerable difficulty, but in perfect safety, we reached the bottom. The galley backed into the rock to receive us; and we had just stepped on board, when we were startled by the report of a musket. We pushed off with all the speed we could. Another shot was fired. They proceeded from the look-outs I had stationed on shore. "It's a small craft, sir, steering for the island," said Wolfe "we had better make all speed to be in time to receive her." "True," I replied. "Let us take to our oars. Stretch out, men; pull for your lives!"

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RAINING AND WATER PLANTS.

Let him who is disposed to observe the works of nature with reference to their utility, examine the Canadian Birch-wort, which carries at its base two concave leaves; or let him hear that each leaf of the Tilandria, or Wild-Pine of the West Indies, is furnished near the stalk with a hollow bucket, containing from half a pint to a quart of water, and he will say, "Surely these plants grow in a land where water is scarce, the thirsty traveller derives refreshment from them: birds also, and some animals, have no other supply." The air, too, he would conjecture to be sultry, the country a parched one, and his conjectures would be right. Birch-worts grow in those trembling and frothy-looking Canadian marshes, which dry up during the hot months: their concave leaves receive and retain, for a long time, the showers that fall occasionally, and also the heavy night dews: they are consequently very important to birds, small quadrupeds, and insects, which are thus provided with plentiful supplies of pure and wholesome water, in situations where it can rarely be obtained. The habitat of the Wild Pine is similarly parched, for it abounds in the most sultry parts

of the West Indies. Some kinds of Aloes, too, common to parched regions, secrete such a quantity of water in their cup-shaped leaves, as to afford a grateful refreshment for thirsty travellers.

The *Nepenthes Distillatoria*, or Pitcher plant, abounds in those stony and arid parts of Java, from which small birds and quadrupeds must migrate in search of water, were it not for this vegetable production. The traveller who passes through those sultry regions, is frequently attracted by its singular appearance, and by the number of birds that fly in and out among the branches. On drawing near, he observes a small bag, shaped like a pitcher, at the foot stalk of each leaf, furnished with a neatly fitted lid, and having a kind of hinge that passes over the handle of the pitcher, and connects it with the leaf. This hinge is a strong fibre, which contracts in showery weather, and when the dew falls. Numerous little goblets, filled with sweet fresh water, are thus held forth, and afford a delightful draught to such small animals as climb the branches, and to a variety of winged creatures. They hear the pattering of the heavy rain-drops on the dry leaves, while sheltered in their hiding-places; and when the rain is sufficiently abated, forth they come, and refresh themselves at every open cup. It is delightful to see them thus employed, and the pitcher plant is sometimes almost covered with these thirsty creatures: some drinking eagerly, others lifting up their little bills between each sip, as if grateful for the refreshing draught. But no sooner has the cloud passed by, and the warm sun shone forth, than the heated fibre begins to expand, and close the goblet so firmly, as even to prevent evaporation. This is a beautiful and prospective contrivance. The quadruped, bird, or insect, has had sufficient time to quench its thirst, for the heavens do not immediately become clear; and when the goblet is filled with dew, some time must necessarily elapse before the warmth of the sun is felt. But the plant also requires refreshment; rain-drops soon trickle from the arid place in which it grows, and the nightly dews are insufficient to refresh the sloping side of its assigned locality. The pitchers, therefore, are essential to its preservation, and a sufficient quantity of fluid is preserved by the gradual contraction of the lid. As long, too, as the lid stands open, the slender bill, the proboscis, or the tongue, can be readily thrust in, but as it gradually contracts, this is of course precluded; but, then, lest any poor thirsty creature should arrive late, or remain unsatisfied in the crowd, such pitchers as are covered with leaves remain much longer open, and it is probable that some never close at all. We may also remark, that neither one, nor two, nor even ten large pitchers, are assigned to each plant, but that every leaf-stalk has its own. Hence every leaf receives a necessary supply of moisture through tubes that communicate, like syphons, with its absorbing vessels. I scarcely know a single instance in which a wonderful adaptation of one part to another, of one vegetable to the animals that

surround it, is more clearly evinced than in this unassuming plant.

Now, if the leaves were broad like those of a common chestnut, or the coltsfoot, neither rain nor dew could reach the pitchers: but, instead of this, they slope upwards: therefore, when the lid is open, the pitcher soon fills, and to its brimming goblet innumerable winged creatures eagerly resort. The insect has a long proboscis, with which to sip up the moisture; the bird introduces its narrow bill; but if the insect or bird had instead of these mouths constructed like a fish, and those peculiar tongues which distinguish aquatic natures, considerable difficulty would arise, and the pitcher be often broken, in the endeavour to procure a sip. We may also fairly assume that the little quadrupeds which resort thither are furnished with a long and slender member, which permits them to lap the water, through comparatively a narrow aperture. And as the claws of birds enable them to retain a firm hold on branches, when even rudely shaken by the wind, and the feet of insects are so formed as to grasp the smoothest stems, many little animals have likewise feet well adapted for climbing. The field mouse, for instance, which can run up a stack of corn, and all swift moving and defenceless quadrupeds, are thus constructed. The digging foot which is assigned to the mole, or one resembling a horse's hoof, would be useless in ascending slippery places. The pitcher at each leaf-stalk has also a twofold purpose; it refreshes the parent plant, and holds forth an open goblet to many a poor thirsty wayfaring creature. A few would not suffice either to the plant or its visitors, as I before observed, and, therefore, every leaf is similarly provided: nor is it less worthy of remark, that if the fibrous hinge contracted only in heavy rain, such birds, and quadrupeds, and insects, as fly or walk by night, would not be able to quench their thirst; but dew equally affects it; therefore it is for them also that the nightly goblet is thus bountifully replenished. And how multifarious are its uses, whether filled by rain or dew! Without the moisture which it thus retains, the beautiful green colour that adorns the plant would fade; the flower could not open, the seeds could not ripen, such creatures as subsist on the sweet nectarious juices of its open flowers would lose their daily banquet, and numerous small birds and quadrupeds must drag on a miserable existence, if, indeed, they could exist at all.

As the need increases, so do the means to supply that need. The burning sands of Africa exhibit a large tree, called by the negroes *Boa*. The trunk of this is a natural reservoir for water during the rainy months, and being shaded with thick foliage, continues fresh and cool during the heat of summer. Travellers are often saved, by the knowledge of this extraordinary fact, from perishing with thirst on crossing those sultry deserts, where, during six long months, not a single shower refreshes the parched earth. Vegetable fountains also rise on the arid rocks of the Antilles. They are called *Water Liannes*, and are so full of

sap, that if a single branch is cut, a quantity of pure liquor immediately exudes.

How wonderful is the Raining-tree of the Canaries, which affords a regular supply of water to an island which is destitute of so great a blessing. A mist arises every morning from the sea, which rests on the thick leaves and widely-spreading branches of a kind of laurel, and then distils in drops during the remainder of the day, till it is at length exhausted. The peculiar situation of the tree enables it more readily to attract the mist: for it springs from a rock, at the termination of a long and narrow valley. This interesting tree is an evergreen, of considerable size. The water which distils from it furnishes every family in its vicinity with what is sufficient for domestic purposes, and persons are appointed by the council to distribute the necessary supplies.

Observe, too, the peculiar character of the swamps that extend along the Bay of Campechy. The name swamp seems to indicate the presence of water, and this is correct, during the winter months; but when the heat of summer is set in, the swamps dry up, and no running stream is heard throughout the vast extent of their almost interminable forests. Yet these forests must be traversed during the hot months, and those who traverse them often lose their way, and would perish, were they not provided with living fountains in that hot land. A peculiar kind of fungus, called the pine-apple fungus, from its resemblance to that fruit, grows profusely on the trunks and branches of a native fir. These fungi are so full of sap, that, on being cut with a knife, nearly a pint of clear and wholesome juice immediately flows out. We may infer that the animals and birds which frequent these deep forests, are instructed to avail themselves of the valuable supply, for every created thing serves at least a twofold purpose: it ministers either directly or indirectly to the wants of man, and answers many important ends in the great economy of nature.

But it is not for man alone that vegetable fountains rise in arid places. We must again refer to the wonderful provision that is made for the many living creatures which are called into being, and which are not suffered to perish with thirst in their wilderness abodes. Carry your eye, my reader, towards the sultry deserts of Africa, where no cool breezes refresh the weary traveller, and no sound of running water is heard, where the heavens are unclouded, and the sun blazes with meridian splendour; where it often happens that for six long months, no water-urns of the firmament (as Arabian writers beautifully denominate the passing clouds) moisten the parched earth. It seems impossible that either animal or vegetable life can subsist on such a burning and sandy soil, and yet there is a class of vegetables, and certain small animals, that live there, which are admirably adapted to resist the effect of temperature and soil. Campbell mentions, that while crossing one of these burning plains, he remarked several creeping plants of luxuriant vegetation. Now, it is well known that the

plants of Africa have generally succulent leaves, like those of the aloe and mesembryanthemum, and that the sap-vessels are very large; this may easily be observed by holding a leaf to the light, when they appear like tubes open at each end, and are thus enabled to absorb any atmospheric moisture. Dews fall heavily in those hot countries, and the plant is thus preserved in health and vigour. But the plant does not exist for itself only; the moisture thus secreted is given out for the benefit of others: it is either covered with large juicy berries, or the superabundant moisture distils from off the leaves. But the first most generally occurs, and the berries which thus grow upon the stem or leaves, are filled with a clear transparent fluid, as essential to the well-being of the aborigines of those intolerable regions, as the cocoa-nut is to the inhabitants of the torrid zone. A small quadruped, resembling a mouse, abounds on the sand-hills, and these creatures were seen busily employed in nibbling off the berries, and carrying them to their holes, as seamen convey casks of water into their ships. Here is a real benefit conferred, and no doubt these little quadrupeds are of use, for we may certainly infer that no creature is placed without design in its allotted station. It may also be conjectured, that they are admirably adapted for the kind of life to which Providence assigns them; for we cannot admit, that as these vegetables are furnished with large sap-vessels for absorbing moisture, and with others through which the moisture distils into little berries, and all this expressly for preserving life in those small quadrupeds, that the quadruped itself has no purpose to fulfil. We may also briefly notice, how well the little animal is provided with teeth for nibbling off the berries. If the teeth were flat, or hook-shaped, as frequently occurs, the berries would in vain offer a refreshing draught to the thirsty quadruped; again, the quadruped draws out the superabundant moisture from the sand-plant, which is admirably furnished with large absorbing vessels, for the express purpose of drinking in the dew. Neither the plant nor animal can minister to the dew; and from this we may gain instruction:—that gracious Being, whose silent operations are compared to the dew which falls unseen, and yet refreshes the thirsty plant, derives no benefit from the mercy he imparts. He delights to bless his creatures, and, in blessing, to increase their happiness.

Now, if the aloes, of which I have just spoken, grew in England instead of Africa, in a country where rain often falls, and the weather continues cloudy, their thick leaves would be unnecessary, for no animal requires a vegetable fountain in this land of running streams; hence the aloe never grows wild in England, and even the few English vegetables which in any respect resemble it, flourish on rocks and walls, and their juicy tubes secrete a liquid which is invaluable in medicine.

Such are the water plants which supersede the necessity of streams in countries where the existence of such streams is incompatible with the general arrangement.—*Progress of Creation.*

THE BEGGAR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Andrew Elliot—at least we shall call him by that name—was the eldest son of a small farmer in the south of Scotland. At the period when we commence our story, now a pretty old one, Andrew was about two or three and twenty years of age. He was a sharp, clever, active lad, of excellent dispositions and upright principles, and was held in high estimation by all who knew him. Andrew had at this time an uncle in London, an extensive and wealthy merchant. To this person he was sent by his father to push his fortune in the capital, there being little prospect of his being able to improve his condition in any way at home. On his arrival at his uncle's, he was immediately introduced by that person into his own counting-house, where he soon discovered such an aptness for business as induced his relative gradually to devolve on him some of the weightiest and most important transactions of the concern. His steady, upright conduct, in short, and agreeable manners, won the esteem of his uncle (who was a bachelor), and thus placed him on the high road to fortune. In time, the old man took young Elliot into partnership with him, and at his death, which occurred a few years afterwards, left him his whole business and fortune (which last was very considerable), with the exception of a few trifling legacies.

Here, then, was the young man raised, by a combination of his own deserts with favourable circumstances, at twenty-eight or so, to what a person of moderate ambition would call the top of fortune's ladder. The business left him by his relative was a prosperous one, and, in money, lands, and securities of various kinds, he might, besides, be worth nearly twenty thousand pounds. For two or three years after this, matters went on exceedingly well with Mr. Elliot. He was a man of consequence upon 'Change, and his credit was unbounded—this last circumstance not more owing to his wealth than to the excellence of his character, which was honourable and upright to the last degree. He was, moreover, generous and benevolent, and had ever a ready hand for the relief of the necessitous. These qualities, however, though they gained him the universal esteem and respect of his fellow-men, could not shield him from those reverses that chequer human life. A series of losses by shipwreck, and of extensive failures in the city, reduced him, in a very few years, to bankruptcy, and placed him precisely in the situation in life whence he had set out. But he was a bankrupt in fortune only, not in fame. His excellent character still remained to him, and now stood him in good stead.

During all this time, Mr. Elliot continued to reside in his late uncle's house—now his own, however—which was at the distance of about half a mile from the counting-room. He had taken up his abode there when he came to London first, and there he still remained. In going to and from the counting-house to his residence, a road which he had now traversed several times a day for many years, Mr. Elliot

had to pass a certain corner, at which was stationed a cripple mendicant, who had occupied the post for upwards of twenty years. To this needy and unfortunate person Mr. Elliot had been exceedingly generous in the days of his prosperity; throwing him a shilling several times a-week, but not unfrequently making it half a crown; for he was taken with the modest demeanour of the man, who never sought the charity he gave. But from this benevolent practice Mr. Elliot was compelled to desist when his reverses came upon him, and to pass his old pensioner without putting his hand in his pocket. He still, however, gave him a trifle now and then, but it was latterly more proportioned to his means than his disposition, and was given, besides, only at long intervals. Thus, then, matters stood between Mr. Elliot and the beggar, and thus had they stood for several weeks, when, as the former was returning home one evening in the dusk (it was the month of October), the mendicant, who was just in the act of leaving his station, as Mr. Elliot passed, called after him by his name. Surprised that the man should have known it, and a little irritated at the interruption, Mr. Elliot turned sharply round, and demanded to know what he wanted.

"You have not been so kind to me of late as you used to be, Mr. Elliot," said the cripple, with a smile. "There are reasons for everything," replied the former, "and of course one for that too. I am not so able now to relieve you as I was." "I know that," said the beggar. "Indeed!" replied Mr. Elliot, more and more surprised at the knowledge of him and his circumstances which the cripple seemed to possess. "Pray, how do you happen to know that?" "It doesn't matter," said the mendicant; "I do know it, and I am sorry for it; but I am not certain, that, poor and humble as I am, I could not be of some service to you in your present difficulties. If you could think, Mr. Elliot, of calling at No. 36 Crutched Friars, to-morrow evening at eight o'clock, I could perhaps introduce you to a friend from whom you might hear of something to your advantage. Will you do this?"

Confounded by the singularity of this address, it was some seconds before Mr. Elliot could make any reply. At length, thinking there could be no harm in making the call to which he was invited, however strange the circumstances, he replied, "that he had no objection—that he certainly would." "Well," said the little old beggar, for he was a man of diminutive stature, "do so, and inquire for John Johnstone. Recollect, John Johnstone," and he hobbled away.

The appointment which he had thus made, Mr. Elliot resolved to keep—not from any idea whatever that it could possibly produce any benefit to him, but from sheer curiosity to know in what it would end. On the following night, accordingly, he made his way to Crutched Friars; having previously remarked, however, at an earlier period of the afternoon, that the little old beggar was not, as usual, at his station. The number to which he had been

directed, Mr. Elliot at once found: it was on a neat, genteel, green painted door. He rapped. A modest, well-dressed servant girl opened the door. He said he had come there by appointment to meet a Mr. John Johnstone. He was instantly admitted, and shown into a small but remarkably clean and well-furnished apartment. Knowing nothing of the person whose house he was in, Mr. Elliot had no idea who he was to see. What was his surprise then, when, after he had been seated for a few minutes, his old friend the cripple entered the apartment, but now so clean, and neatly, even handsomely dressed, that it was some seconds before he recognised him. The old man smiled at Mr. Elliot's surprise, but requested him to be seated. When he had done so, the former sat down opposite him. "Now, Mr. Elliot," he said, "let us proceed to business at once. I am myself the person whom I proposed to you to meet, and I will begin with giving you a brief sketch of who and what I am.

"I am a countryman of your own, Mr. Elliot, and a native of the same place. I thus knew all your relations perfectly, and I knew them to be respectable people. I was bred a brick-layer, and in that capacity came to London about twenty years ago. Soon after my settlement in the metropolis, I had the misfortune to fall from a scaffold, and was by the accident lamed as you now see me. Incapacitated for working, and seeing my wife and family starving around me, for I was already married and had several children, I resolved on adopting the last resource of the destitute—to solicit charity on the public streets. In pursuance of this resolution, I sought a distant corner—that where you found me—took my station, and soon found my receipts considerable, much more, perhaps, than you would readily believe. Thus encouraged, there I have remained ever since; and the result is, that I am now worth a sum that cannot be called trifling. My wife and all my children, excepting one daughter, have been dead these many years. Now, Mr. Elliot, added the old man, "I have a proposal to make to you, and you must not take it amiss, for it is well meant; and if it is not agreeable to you, you have only to say so, and there will be no more of it. We will part as good friends as ever, notwithstanding. You were generous to me, Mr. Elliot, when you had the means, and I know your character to be all that is honourable, and these are the reasons that have induced me to take this step. But before I make the proposal I spoke about, Mr. Elliot," continued the old man, at the same time stretching his hand towards the bell-pull, "you must see my daughter." He rang, and the latter soon after entered the apartment, a modest, beautiful, and apparently highly educated girl.

Mr. Elliot was introduced to her by her father, and a conversation ensued which discovered to the former that the young lady—for such she was at least by manners and education—was indeed all that she appeared to be. After she had remained in the apartment for about half an hour, "Now, my dear," said her father, addressing her, "do you retire and

prepare a little supper for us, as I have something to say to our friend Mr. Elliot here." When she had withdrawn, "Now, sir, that you have seen my daughter," said the old man, addressing Mr. Elliot, "I feel—but it may be a parent's partiality—more confidence in making my proposal to you. That proposal is, Mr. Elliot—and I beg you will not be startled by it, but just take it all easy, for, as I said before, if it does not suit you, you have only to say so—that you should marry the girl whom you have just seen, and I will give you, on the day of your marriage, five thousand pounds! Now, take time to consider of it. I neither expect nor require an immediate answer on a question so important to you, but if you do not decide unfavourably on the instant, let me know the result of your reflections on the subject as soon as you conveniently can. You will no doubt at first consider it a degrading alliance, perhaps the very proposal degrading to you; but such an idea would not stand the test of reasoning. Notwithstanding my lowly station in life, my daughter has been brought up in comfort, I may say in affluence, and has had the best education which London can afford. I have spared no expense upon her; and I believe there are few accomplishments becoming her sex, of which she is not possessed; and I hope I need scarcely add, that she is as amiable and virtuous as she is accomplished."

Availing himself of the offer of time for reflection on this most unexpected and most extraordinary proposal, Mr. Elliot said—for he certainly was startled by it, and was by no means reconciled on the instant to marry the daughter of a street beggar, even with five thousand pounds in her pocket—"that he was much obliged by the proposal, that he felt exceedingly grateful for it, and that he certainly would take the matter into his consideration, and let him know the result in a day or two."

"Ay, do so, do so," said the old man, again extending his hand to the bell-pull. "Now, no allusion to what we've been talking about; not a word," he added, and he rang. His daughter again entered. In a short time after, a neat, nay, even elegant supper, was served, and a bottle of excellent wine followed. The repast, of which the old mendicant's beautiful and accomplished daughter did the honours, afforded Mr. Elliot an opportunity of further studying her merits; and these he found of so pleasing a character, that he sensibly felt his repugnance to look on her in the light of his future wife, rapidly subsiding. He found her, in short, all that he could desire in a companion for life; and a few more visits, which he contrived to make subsequently, on various pretences, without her father's presence, confirmed him in the opinion which the first interview inspired.

In less than a fortnight after, Mr. Elliot led, in the phrase of the newspapers, the fair Isabella Johnstone to the hymenial altar, and, on the same day, eight thousand pounds in receipts of the Bank of England were put into his hands by the father of his bride. He had

increased his daughter's portion by three thousand, saying to his son-in-law, "I have done this, Mr. Elliot, because I wish you to pay off all your creditors in full (Mr. Elliot had previously informed him that somewhere about three thousand would do this); by doing which, you will recover all your former credit, and get on, perhaps, as well as ever."

With this proposition, which accorded so well with his own honourable disposition, Mr. Elliot eagerly closed. He paid off all his old debts, began business anew, and aided, soothed, and cheered by the society of an amiable and affectionate wife, for such she proved, he soon found himself again in flourishing circumstances, and finally died one of the wealthiest men in London.

Mr. Elliot left a son by this marriage, an only child, whose name may be recognized as a principal partner in one of the oldest and most respectable banking-houses in the metropolis.—*Chambers.*

SCHINDERHANNES, THE GERMAN ROBBER.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, and for some time after, the two banks of the Rhine were the theatre of continual wars. Commerce was interrupted, industry destroyed, the fields ravaged, and the barns and cottages plundered; farmers and merchants became bankrupts, and journeymen and labourers thieves. Robbery was the only mechanical art which was worth pursuing, and the only exercises followed were assault and battery. These enterprises were carried on at first by individuals trading on their own capital of skill and courage; but when the French laws came into more active operation in the seat of their exploits, the desperadoes formed themselves, for mutual protection, into copartnerships, which were the terror of the country. Men soon arose among them, whose talents, or prowess, attracted the confidence of their comrades, and chiefs were elected, and laws and institutions were established. Different places of settlement were chosen by different societies; the famous Pickard carried his band into Belgium and Holland; while on the confines of Germany, where the wild provinces of Kirm, Simmerm, and Birkenfeld, offered a congenial field, the banditti were concentrated, whose last and most celebrated chief, the redoubted Schinderhannes, is the subject of this brief notice.

His predecessors, indeed, Finck, Peter the Black, Zughetto, and Seibert, were long before renowned among those who square their conduct by the good old rule of clubs; they were brave men, and stout and pitiless robbers. But Schinderhannes, the boldest of the bold, young, active, and subtle, converted the obscure exploits of banditti into the comparatively magnificent ravages of "the outlaw and his men;" and sometimes marched at the head of sixty or eighty of his troop to the attack of whole villages. Devoted to pleasure, no fear ever crossed him in its pursuit; he walked

publicly with his mistress, a beautiful girl of nineteen, in the very place which the evening before had been the scene of one of his criminal exploits; he frequented the fairs and taverns, which were crowded with his victims; and such was the terror he had inspired, that these audacious exposures were made with perfect impunity. Free, generous, handsome, and jovial, it may even be conceived that sometimes he gained the protection from love which could not have been extorted by force.

It is scarcely a wonder that with the admirable regulations of the robbers, they should have succeeded even to so great an extent as they did in that unsettled country. Not more than two or three of them were allowed to reside in the same town or village; they were scattered over the whole face of the district, and apparently connected with each other only by some mysterious free-masonry of their craft. When a blow was to be struck, a messenger was sent round by the chief to warn his followers; and at the mustering place the united band rose up, like the clan of Roderick Dhu from the heather, to disappear as suddenly again in darkness when the object was accomplished. Their clothing, names, and nations, were changed perpetually; a Jew broker at Cologne would figure some days after at Aix-la-chappelle, or Spa, as a German baron, or a Dutch merchant, keeping open table, and playing a high game; and the next week he might be met with in the forest at the head of his troop. Young and beautiful women were always in their suite, who, particularly in the task of obtaining and falsifying passports, did more by address than their lovers could have effected by their courage. Spies, principally Jews, were employed throughout the whole country, to give notice where a booty might be obtained. Spring and autumn were the principal seasons of their harvest; in winter the roads were almost impassable, and in summer the days were too long; the light of the moon, in particular, was always avoided, and so were the betraying foot-prints in the snow. They seldom marched in a body to the place of attack, but went thither two or three in a party, some on foot, some on horseback, and some even in carriages. As soon as they had entered a village, their first care was to muffle the church-bell, so as to prevent an alarm being rung; or to commence a heavy fire, to give the inhabitants an exaggerated idea of their numbers, and impress them with the feeling that it would be more prudent to stay at home, than to venture out into the fray.

John Buckler, *alias* Schinderhannes, the worthy, whose youthful arm wielded with such force a power constituted in this manner, was the son of a currier, and born at Muhlen, near Nastœten, on the right bank of the Rhine. The family intended to emigrate to Poland, but on the way the father entered the Imperial service at Olmutz, in Moravia. He deserted, and his wife and child followed him to the frontiers of Prussia, and subsequently the travellers took up their abode again in the environs of the Rhine.

At the age of fifteen, Schinderhannes commenced his career of crime by spending a louis, with which he had been entrusted, in a tavern. Afraid to return home, he wandered about the fields till hunger compelled him to steal a horse, which he sold. Sheep stealing was his next vocation, but in this he was caught and transferred to prison. He made his escape, however, the first night, and returned in a very business-like manner to receive two crowns which were due to him on account of the sheep he had stolen. After being associated with the band as their chief, he went to buy a piece of linen, but thinking, from the situation of the premises, that it might be obtained without any exchange of coin on his part, he returned the same evening, and stealing a ladder in the neighbourhood, placed it at the window of the warehouse, and got in. A man was writing in the interior, but the robber looked at him steadily, and shouldering his booty, withdrew. He was taken a second time, but escaped, as before, on the same night.

His third escape was from a dark and damp vault, in the prison of Schnepfenbach, where, having succeeded in penetrating to the kitchen, he tore an iron bar from the window by main force, and leaped out at hazard. He broke his leg in the fall, but finding a stick, managed to drag himself along, in the course of three nights, to Birkenmuhl, without a morsel of food, but, on the contrary, having left some ounces of skin and flesh of his own on the road.

Marianne Schoeffer was the first avowed mistress of Schinderhannes. She was a young girl of fourteen, of ravishing beauty, and always "se mettait avec une élégance extreme." Blacken Klos, one of the band, an unsuccessful suitor of the lady, one day, after meeting with a repulse, out of revenge, carried off her clothes. When the outrage was communicated to Schinderhannes, he followed the ruffian to a cave where he had concealed himself, and slew him. It was Julia Blaesius, however, who became the permanent companion of the young chief. The account given by her of the manner in which she was united to the destiny of the robber is altogether improbable. A person came to her, she said, and mentioned that somebody wished to speak to her in the forest of Dolbach; she kept the assignation, and found there a handsome young man, who told her that she must follow him—an invitation which she was obliged at length by threats to accede to. It appears sufficiently evident, however, that the personal attractions of Schinderhannes, who was then not twenty-two, had been sufficient of themselves to tempt poor Julia to her fate, and that of her own accord.

"She fled to the forest to hear a love tale."

It may be, indeed, as she affirmed, that she was at first ignorant of the profession of her mysterious lover, who might address her somewhat in the words of the Scottish free-booter—

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien—
A bonnet of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
'Twas all of me you knew."

But it is known that afterwards she even accompanied him personally in some of his adventures, dressed in men's clothes.

The robberies of this noted chief became more audacious and extensive every day, and at last he established a kind of "black mail" among the Jews, at their own request. Accompanied one day by only two of his comrades, he did not hesitate to attack a cavalcade of forty-five Jews and five Christian peasants. The booty taken was only two bundles of tobacco, the robbers returning some provisions on a remonstrance from one of the Jews, who pleaded poverty. Schinderhannes then ordered them to take off their shoes and stockings, which he threw into a heap, leaving to every one the care of finding his own property. The affray that ensued was tremendous; the forty-five Jews who had patiently allowed themselves to be robbed by three men, fought furiously with each other about their old shoes; and the robber, in contempt of their cowardice, gave his carbine to one of them to hold while he looked on.

His daring career at length drew to a close, and he and his companions were arrested by the French authorities, and brought to trial. The chief, with nineteen others, were condemned to death in November 1803, and Julia Blaesius to two years' imprisonment. The former met his fate with characteristic intrepidity, occupied to the last moment with his cares about Julia and his father.

Foreign Quarterly Review.

BOOKS, BOOKSELLERS, AND BOOKMAKERS.

The greatest mistake made by authors is to suppose, that, educated as gentlemen, and enjoying their society and mode of life, authorship can support them. No man ought to expect more from authorship than payment for his manual labour in writing. If he will estimate his work as a law-stationer does, by the same number of pence per folio, he will probably not be disappointed, on the supposition that he is not a man of talents and judgment. Sir Walter Scott may be quoted as an exception, and we give those who differ from us all the benefit of this single instance. Southey might, perhaps, be mentioned as an exception also; but setting aside the receipts for articles in reviews, which we exclude from present consideration, we would venture to assert that had he spent the same time in the office of a law-stationer, or other copyist, that he would have been equally well paid for his time. It follows, that all headwork must be thrown in; consequently no man, unless he derives a sufficient livelihood from other sources, can afford to write books. Novels and Poetical Tales, such as those of Byron, may perhaps be quoted against us; and the munificence of Mr. Colburn referred to as a proof of the unsoundness of our doctrine. Let it however be remembered, that a man can only write two or three novels of the class alluded to in his lifetime; his experience will of necessity be exhausted. That

it is an easy thing for an idle man to write one or two, and that consequently crowds of competitors are entering the field, composed of persons moreover who possess the grand recommendation of having distinctions to be puffed, and not standing under the necessity of imposing hard terms upon the publisher. Genius of a very rare character might spring up in either of these departments; the genius, to a certain extent, is secure—we are speaking of superior, but at the same time ordinary acquirements.

In other classes of publication, if a man has accumulated practical or theoretical information, it is probable that a demand exists for it when condensed into a book—but one book may hold all the information which a life has accumulated. In cases where the information has to be collected from a vigorous and intelligent perusal of other works, as in the compilation of a history, it will be found that a common clerk in a banking-house is better paid. Let the reader refer to the accounts which exist of the price given for such works as Gibbon's History for instance, and then set against it the outlay in books, and the quantity of time bestowed upon it. Gibbon received, we believe, six thousand pounds for his work; a sum not exceeding the expense of the library he found necessary to supply the materials;—deducting, however, only the interest of this sum, and taking into account the number of years during which he was occupied upon his work, he probably received at the rate of two hundred pounds a year; an income which at Lausanne might perhaps pay his house rent, and keep his sedan. We have heard that Mr. Mill received fifteen hundred pounds for his work on British India; judging from the labour consumed in this elaborate work, and estimating the remuneration at the rate a confidential attorney's clerk is paid, we are convinced that five thousand pounds would not have been an equivalent for the copyright to him. Probably the sum given was fully equal to the marketable value of it. We are acquainted with instances of authors, who, pursuing the more dignified lines of study, have published several works accounted works of importance and deep research in the world of literature, and which have raised their names to high consideration in the public estimation; these gentlemen have declared themselves not merely unremunerated for either time or talent, but considerably out of pocket. There are other instances of men paying publishers' bills to the amount of four or five hundred a year, for the pleasure of enlightening a world which will not be enlightened. These gentlemen complain loudly of the stupidity and ingratitude of the public for its wretched taste, of its love of trash, of the baseness of critics. The truth is, that men ought not to write for a pecuniary return; much less ought they propose to make literature a profession, and expect to live by the sale of their productions. This not only causes much pain and disappointment in the parties themselves, but the idea that literature is a good trade misleads many an

unhappy individual, and seriously injures the quality of literature itself. This is done in many ways, by producing a great number of works which injure one another by a ruinous competition: by creating hasty and undigested publications, which, written only to serve a temporary purpose—the procuring of money, are hurried into the world by their authors as fast as their own imperfections hasten them out of it: by degrading the general character for authors who undoubtedly would stand much higher with the world, and consequently take a higher place in their own respect, if they were induced to publish wholly or chiefly by a desire to inform or improve mankind, or to secure a lasting fame. No one can tell how low the expectation of pay has descended in literature, unless he has been admitted into the confidence of a periodical publication. The mere boys and girls, who can scarcely spell, scribble their first lines under a notion that they will be paid, and well paid.—*London Magazine.*

VULGAR ERRORS.

1. That when a man designs to marry a woman that is in debt, if he take her from the priest clothed only in her shift, he will not be liable to her engagements.
2. That there was no land-tax before the reign of William III.
3. That if a criminal is hanged an hour and revives, he cannot be executed.
4. That a funeral passing over any place, makes it a public highway.
5. That a husband has the power of divorcing his wife, by selling her in open market with a halter round her neck.
6. That second cousins may not marry though first cousins may.
7. That it is necessary in some legal process to go through a fiction of arresting the king, which is done by placing a riband across the road, as if to impede his carriage.
8. That the lord of the manor may shoot over all the lands within his manor.
9. That pounds of butter may be of any number of ounces.
10. That bull beef should not be sold unless the bull has been baited previously to being killed.
11. That leases are made for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, because a lease of a thousand years would create a freehold.
12. That deeds executed on a Sunday are void.
13. That in order to disinherit an heir-at-law, it is necessary to give him a shilling by the will, for that otherwise he would be entitled to the whole property.—*Stationers' Almanack, Family and Parochial.*

A genius has invented a capital way to prevent the smell of cooking in a house. It is to have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner and supper.

The following notice appeared on the west end of a chapel in Watling Street:—"Any person sticking bills against this church will be prosecuted according to law, or any other nuisance."

FAMILIES SUPPLIED.—An old bachelor, on seeing the words "Families supplied," over the door of an oyster shop, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

NETS AND CAGES.

Come listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply—
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth, sometimes, like Eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers!

Young Chloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learned to frame,
That none in all our vales and groves
E'er caught so much small game.
While gentle Sue, less given to roam,
While Chloe's nets were taking
These flights of birds, sat still at home,
One small, neat Love-cage making!

Much Chloe laughed at Susan's task,
But mark how things went on;
These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask
Their name and age, were gone.
So weak poor Chloe's nets were wove,
That though she charmed into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.

Meanwhile young Sue, whose cage was wrought
Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love with golden pinions caught,
And caged him there forever;
Instructing thereby all coquettes,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That though 'tis pleasant weaving nets,
'Tis wiser to make cages.

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply;
May all who hear like Susan smile,
Ah! not like Chloe sigh!

Moore.

O, YE VOICES.

O, ye voices, round my own hearth singing!
As the winds of May to memory sweet,
Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing,
Would those vernal tones the wanderer greet
Once again?

Never, never! Spring hath smiled and parted
Oft since then your fond farewell was said;
O'er the green turf of the gentle-hearted,
Summer's hand the rose-leaves may have shed,
Once again.

Or if still around my hearth ye linger,
Yet, sweet voices! there must change have come;
Years have quelled the free soul of the singer,
Vernal tones shall greet the wanderer home
Ne'er again!

Mrs. Hemans.

THE WAGER DECIDED.

Such little hopes I'd always found,
Of gaining Betty for my wife;
That I had wager'd Dick a pound
I should not win her all my life.

But, thanks to Heaven! my anxious care
Is all removed; the knot is tied;
And Betsy, fairest of the fair,
Consents at length to be my bride.

To Dick, then, as in honour bound,
Well pleased, I hold myself in debt;
Thus, by the oddest luck, 'tis found,
I lose my *wager*—win my *Bet*.

OUR NATIVE SONG.

Our native song—our native song!
Oh! where is he who loves it not?
The spell it holds is deep and strong,
Where'er we go, what'er our lot.
Let other music greet our ear
With thrilling fire or dulcet tone,
We speak to praise, we pause to hear,
But yet—oh yet—'tis not our own!
The anthem chant, the ballad wild,
The notes that we remember long—
The theme we sung with lisping tongue—
'Tis *this* we love—our native song!

The one who bears the felon's brand,
With moody brow and darken'd name,
Thrust meanly from his fatherland,
To languish out a life of shame;
Oh, let him hear some simple strain—
Some lay his mother taught her boy—
He'll feel the charm, and dream again
Of home, of innocence and joy!
The sigh will burst, the drops will start,
And all of virtue, buried long—
The best, the purest in his heart—
Is waken'd by his native song.

Self-exiled from our place of birth,
To climes more fragrant, bright and gay,
The memory of our own fair earth
May chance awhile to fade away;
But should some minstrel echo fall,
Of chords that breathe old England's fame,
Our souls will burn, our spirits yearn,
True to the land we love and claim.
The high, the low, in weal or woe,
Be sure there's something coldly wrong
About the heart that does not glow
To hear its own, its native song!

Eliza Cook.

THE SECRET.

In a fair lady's heart once a secret was lurking;
It toss'd and it tumbled, it long'd to get out;
The lips half betrayed it by smiling and smirking,
And tongue was impatient to blab it, no doubt.
But Honour look'd gruff on the subject, and gave it
In charge to the teeth, so enchantingly white,
Should the captive attempt an elopement, to save it,
By giving the lips an admonishing bite.
'T was said and 't was settled, and Honour departed,
Tongue quivered and trembled, but dared not rebel
When right to its tip Secret suddenly started,
And half in a whisper escaped from its cell.
Quoth the Teeth, in a pet, we'll be even for this,
And they bit very smartly above and beneath;
But the lips at that instant were bribed with a kiss,
And they popt out the secret in spite of the teeth.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL for November contains a dissertation on the Treasures of the Forests and Woods of North America; Remarks on Thermometrie Registers, by Capt. Lefroy; Gas Patents, by Professor Croft; Hints to Painters in Water Colours; Plants and Botanists; Meeting of the British Association; Vortex Water Wheel; Sleighs; Cultivation of Flax, &c. &c. With two well-executed wood engravings of single and double Sleighs.

The number for December contains the Annual Report; an article on Canadian Railroads; the Ancient Mines of Lake Superior; Natural History of the British Seas; Government School of Mines; Monthly Meteorological Register; with a variety of miscellaneous matter. It also contains engravings of a Pendulum Steam Engine, by Mr. Vincent Parkes.

The "Canadian Institute" has received a grant of £250 from the public purse, with the use of apartments in the old government house.

THE SAILOR AND THE BEAR.

A Hull whaler was moored to a field of ice, on which, at a considerable distance, a large bear was observed prowling about for prey. One of the ship's company, emboldened by an artificial courage, derived from the free use of his rum, which in his economy he had stored for special occasions, undertook to pursue and attack the bear that was within view. Armed only with a whale lance, he resolutely, and against all persuasion set out on his adventurous exploit. A fatiguing journey of about half a league, over a surface of yielding snow and rugged hummocks, brought him within a few yards of the enemy, which, to his surprise, undauntedly faced him, and seemed to invite him to the combat. His courage being, by this time, greatly subdued, partly by the evaporation of the stimulus he had employed, and partly by the undismayed and even threatening aspect of the bear, he levelled his lance in an attitude suited either for offensive or defensive action, and stopped. The bear also stood still. In vain the adventurer tried to rally courage to make the attack; his enemy was too formidable, and his appearance too imposing. In vain also he shouted, advanced his lance, and made feints of attack; the enemy either not understanding them, or despising such unmanliness, obstinately stood his ground. Already the limbs of the sailor began to shake, the lance trembled in the rest, and his gaze, which had hitherto been steadfast, began to quiver; but the fear of ridicule from his messmates still had its influence, and he yet scarcely dared to retreat. Bruin, however, possessing less reflection, or being more regardless of

consequences, began, with the most audacious boldness, to advance. His high approach and unshaken step subdued the spark of bravery and that dread of ridicule that had hitherto upheld our adventurer; he turned and fled. But now was the time of danger. The sailor's flight encouraged the bear to pursue; and being better practised in snow travelling, and better provided for it, he rapidly gained upon the fugitive. The whale lance, his only defence, encumbered him in his retreat, he threw it down, and kept on. This fortunately excited the bear's attention; he stopped, pawed it, bit it, and then resumed the chase. Again he was at the heels of the panting seaman, who, conscious of the favourable effect of the lance, dropped a mitten: the stratagem succeeded, and while bruin again stopped to examine it, the fugitive, improving the interval, made considerable progress *ahead*. Still the bear resumed the pursuit, with the most provoking perseverance, excepting when arrested by another mitten, and finally by a hat, which he tore to shreds between his teeth and his paws, and would no doubt have soon made the incautious adventurer his victim, who was rapidly losing strength and heart, but for the prompt and well-timed assistance of his shipmates, who, observing that the affair had assumed a dangerous aspect, sallied out to his rescue. The little phalanx opened him a passage, and then closed to receive the bold assailant. Though now beyond the reach of his adversary, the dismayed fugitive continued onward, impelled by his fears, and never relaxed his exertions until he fairly reached the shelter of the ship! Bruin once more prudently came to a stand, and for a moment seemed to survey his enemies with all the consideration of an experienced general; when, finding them too numerous for a reasonable hope of success, he very wisely wheeled about, and succeeded in making a safe and honourable retreat.—*Scotesby's Journal*.

RIVAL LANDLORDS HOAXED.

After the defeat of the French at the battle of Leipsic, that city became full of a mixed medley of soldiers, of all arms, and of all nations; of course a great variety of coin was in circulation there.—A British private, who was attached to the rocket brigade, and who had picked up a little broken French and German, went to the largest hotel in Leipsic, and displaying an English shilling to the landlord, inquired if this piece of coin was current there. "Oh, yes," replied he, "you may have whatever the house affords for that money; it passes current here at present." Our fortunate Bardolph, finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about him most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by bottles of the most expensive wines, were dispatched without ceremony. On going away he tendered at the bar the single identical shilling, which the landlord had inadvertently led him to believe would perform such wonders. The stare, the shrug, and the ex-

clamation excited from "mine host of the grater," by such a tender, may be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation, much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord, took place, who quickly found, not only that nothing more was likely to be got, but also that the laugh would be tremendously against him. This part of the profits he had a very christian desire to divide with his neighbour. Taking his guest to the street door of the hotel, he requested him to look over the way. "Do you see," said he, "the large hotel opposite! That fellow, the landlord of it, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the last of it. Now, my good fellow, you are not only welcome to your entertainment, but I will instantly give you a five franc piece into the bargain, if you will promise on the word of a soldier to attempt the same trick with him to-morrow, that succeeded so well with me to-day." Our veteran took the money, and accepted the conditions; but, having buttoned up the silver very securely in his pocket, he took his leave of the landlord, with the following speech and a bow, that did no discredit to Leipsic;—"Sir, I deem myself in honour bound to use my utmost endeavours to put your wishes in execution. I shall certainly do all that I can, but must candidly inform you, that I fear I shall not succeed, since I played the very same trick on that gentleman yesterday, and it is to his particular advice alone, that you are indebted for the honour of my company to-day."

SUMMARY FOR THE YEAR.

"Poor Robin" for December, 1757, says, pleasantly enough, "Now comes December; after which, January, for new-year's gifts; February for pancakes and valentines; March for leeks for the Welshmen; April for fools; May for milkmaids and garlands; June for green peas, mackerel, beans and bacon, and what not—(this is a plentiful time); July for hay in the country; and August for corn; September for oysters; October for brewing good beer; and November for drinking it. After all these are past, some for working, but all for eating and drinking, after all comes December, with the barns full of corn, the larders full of beef and pork, the barrels full of beer, the oven full of Christmas pies, the pocket stored with money, the masters and mistresses full of charity, and the young men and maids full of play."

Truly I know not how better to conclude this short summary of useful and agreeable information, than by wishing that this description of the present month, and this close of the present year may be completely realized, with all hearty and honest wishes for the signal prosperity of A. D. 1853.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD YANKEE.—*Yankee* is the Indian corruption of the word *English*—*Yonglees*, *Yanglees*, *Yankles*, and finally *Yankee*. It got in general use as a term of reproach, thus:—About the year 1713, one Jonathan Hastings, a farmer, at Cambridge, in New England, used the word *Yankee* as a cant word

to express excellence, as a *Yankee* (good) horse, *Yankee* cider, &c. The students at the College having frequent intercourse with Jonathan, and hearing him employ the word on all occasions, when he intended to express his approbation, applied it sarcastically, and called him *Yankee Jonathan*. It soon became a cant phrase among the collegians to designate a simple, weak, and awkward person; from college it spread over the country, till from its currency in New England, it was at length taken up and applied to the New Englanders generally, as a term of reproach. It was in consequence of this that the song *Yankee Doodle* was composed.

PRISON LIFE.

A Frenchman who had been several years confined, for debt, in the Fleet Prison, found himself so much at home within its walls, and was withal, so harmless and inoffensive a character, that the jailor occasionally permitted him to recreate himself by spending his evenings abroad, without any apprehension of the forfeiture of his verbal engagement. His little earnings as a jack of all trades, enabled him to form several pot-house connexions; and these led him by degrees to be less and less punctual in his return, at the appointed hour of nine. "I'll tell you what it is Mounseer," at length, said the jailor to him, "you are a good fellow, but I am afraid you have lately got into bad company; so I tell you once for all, that if you do not keep better hours, and come back in good time, I shall be under the necessity of locking you out altogether."—*Sweepings of my Study.*

SPARTAN HEROINE.—Pyrrhus, a warlike king, attempted the liberty of the Spartans, and, advancing to the gates of the city with a powerful army, the inhabitants were struck with such terror, that they proposed sending off their women to a place of safety; but Archidamia, who was delegated by the Spartan ladies, entered the Senate-house with a sword in her hand, and delivered their sentiments and her own in these words:—"Think not, O men of Sparta, so meanly of your countrywomen, as to imagine that we will survive the ruin of the state; deliberate not, then, whither we are to fly, but what we are to do." In consequence of this harangue, the whole body of citizens exerted themselves with such undaunted courage, that they repulsed Pyrrhus in all his attempts to destroy the city.

TRAVELS.—There is nothing very new in books of travels being written by persons who never travelled. On the contrary, that excellent book, known as Marco Polo's, is supposed to have been compiled from conversations and scraps of memoranda by the traveller while in prison. The travels of honest John Bell of Antermony, are said to have been compiled by Professor Barron, of the University of Aberdeen. It is still a matter of doubt whether Gemelli Carreri, who has published an entertaining account of his travels round the world, was ever out of Italy. The adventures and discoveries of Mungo Park are said to have

been drawn up by Bryan Edwards. The enterprising Belzoni could not write English; and the amusing travels of M. Le Vaillant among the Hottentots, full of fiction and romance, are the production of a French Abbé, who had probably never passed the barriers of Paris.—*Quarterly Review*.

ORIGIN OF THE TERMS ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR.

"In the time of our Saxon ancestors," says a work entitled *Heraldic Anomalies*, "the freemen in every shire met twice a year, under the presidency of the shire-reeve or sheriff, and this meeting was called the Sheriff's Torn. By degrees the freemen declined giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who did attend carried with him the proxies of such of his friends as could not appear. He who actually went to the Sheriff's Torn, was said according to the old Saxon, to go at the Torn, and hence came the word attorney, which signified one that went to Torn for others, carrying with him a power to act or vote for those who employed him. I do not conceive, continues the writer, that the attorney has any right to call himself a solicitor, but where he has business in a court of equity. If he chose to act more upon the principles of equity than of law, let him be a solicitor by all means, but not otherwise; for law and equity are very different things; neither of them very good, as overwhelmed with forms and technicalities; but, upon the whole, equity is surely the best, if it were but for the name of the thing."

THE EARWIG—The name of this insect in almost all European languages, has given it a character which causes a feeling of alarm even at the sight of it. Whether or not they ever did enter the human ear is doubtful,—that they might endeavour to do so, under the influence of fear, is more than probable; and this, perhaps, has been the origin of their name, and the universal prejudice against them. As it is said that anatomists deny the possibility of their deep and dangerous entrance into the ear, it is a pity that this is not generally known, as it might defend the constitutionally timid from unnecessary alarm, and give a more favourable idea of a part of animal creation, which forms a necessary link to the chain of being.—*Brand's Journal*.

CHEAP CURSES—The Puritans were more severe in the punishment of swearing than cursing; for when an Irishman was fined twelvepence for an oath, he asked what he should pay for a curse? They said sixpence. He threw down sixpence, and cursed the whole committee.

EXECUTIONS IN SPAIN.—The executioner places the head of the culprit between his two thighs, and on the signal being given, they both swing off together, the former sitting *à cali fourchon*, on the shoulders of the latter; he then twists the body round and round with the utmost velocity, at the same time kicking violently with his heels on the breast and lungs of the criminal, and raising himself up and down (as one does in a hard trot), to increase the weight of the hanging man; all this the Spa-

niards assure us is to put the unhappy wretch the sooner out of his misery. We leave our feeling readers to judge of the real effect which must thus be produced on the unhappy sufferer. The face is never covered, and the bodies are left hanging the whole day, with all the horrible distortion produced on the countenance by so frightful a death. The moment the hangman throws himself off with the criminal, all the spectators take off their hats and begin saying *Ave Marias* for the soul of the dying man, which continue all the while that the executioner is twisting and twirling and swinging and jumping. The Spaniards have the oddest way of praying it is possible to conceive; they begin in a high, loud tone, *Santa Maria, Madre de Dios*, and gradually descend to a low buzz, scarcely audible; this, added to the lively motions of the hangman, change entirely the effect of so awful a scene; for when observed from a short distance, it appears literally as if two men were waltzing together, while the spectators are humming a slow march. A large black robe, with a broad white collar, is the costume of all condemned criminals in Spain.

The *British Whig* of December 17th contains an article headed "Men of our time:" the last name in the list being Queen Victoria!

MORE PLAIN THAN POLIPE.—The *Kingston British Whig* says:—"The American women dress like ladies, and they eat like pigs."

"Mr. Smith," said a lady to one of her boarders, "will you do me the favour to help the butter." "Shan't do it," replied the imperturbable Mr. Smith. "Why not, Mr. Smith?" asked the fair proprietress of the establishment. "Why?" retorted Smith, "because it's strong enough to help itself!"

The following singular epitaph was copied from a tomb in the parish churchyard of Pewsey, in Dorsetshire:—"Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great niece of Burke, commonly called 'the Sublime'; she was bland, passionate, and deeply religious; also, she painted in water colours, and sent several pictures to the Exhibition; she was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Wit is brushwood, judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

"Wife," said a man looking for a boot jack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," she said, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

By one only recompense can I be led
With this beautiful ringlet to part;
That should I restore you the lock of your head,
You will give me the key of your heart.

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