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THE MILLER'S FAMILY OF SHADING-BROOK.

There is not a sweeter spot in England than the pastoral valley in which the mill of Shadingbrook is situated. It derives its picturesque name from the clear rapid little stream, which, fringed with drooping willows, cuts its rippling way through the emerald sod of these lovely lowland meadows, and forms the boundary of the miller's garden. As for that garden, with its velvet bleaching-green, its blooming parterres, and bowing fruit-trees, white with a snow of blossoms, or bending under their rich autumnal lading, it looked like a gay fertile island rising amidst a sea of verdure.

Many a rustic sportsman, or more sprucely attired angler from the adjacent market-town, might be seen on fine summer evenings loitering with rod and line on the banks of this pleasant stream—some in reality engaged in the fascinating but cruel amusement of beguiling the shining tenants of the brook from their native element, but far greater numbers sought these sylvan shades in the hope of obtaining an occasional glimpse of the miller's pretty daughter, Flora Mayfield, who might sometimes be seen tending her garden flowers, gathering fruit, feeding her poultry on the lawn, or assisting her elder sister Lydia in spreading the snowy linen on the bleaching-green, or withdrawing it, when dried, from the lines, or the close-clipped hawthorn hedgerow that enclosed the garden on either side.

Flora Mayfield, who was the beauty of the neighbourhood, was fully aware of the admiration she excited, and failed not to place the appearance of every angler on the banks of the adjacent stream to the attraction of her personal charms, apprehending no rival in her sister, the plain and unpretending Lydia.

Lydia was, however, endued with qualities which, in the eyes of the few who look deeper than the bright tints of lip or cheek, might have been considered of more value than the fair externals of which the lovely Flora could boast. Lydia had been educated by a wise and virtuous aunt, who occupied a respectable place in society in a populous town; and without seeking to acquire those frivolous accomplishments which she rightly judged would be out of place in a person in her station, she had laboured to strengthen and improve her mind by the attainment of useful knowledge, and a judicious course of reading. On the death of this relative, Lydia returned to the mill to take charge of her father's house, to keep his books, and to perform the difficult part of a friend and mother to her pretty volatile sister, who had been sadly spoiled by both her parents; and since the decease of her mother, she had been almost wholly emancipated from those restraints which, at her age, and with her peculiar inclinations, were so essentially necessary. Flora was vain, self-willed, petulant, and ambitious, and Lydia had of course an arduous task in repressing her natural disposition to levity and coquetry; yet her influence was so gently and judiciously interposed, that it was not wholly without effect.

"I know not how it is," would Flora observe, "that Lydia always contrives to carry her point with me. She is perpetually opposing my inclinations, and yet she makes me love her whether I will or not. I have often been very cross to Lydia, and said very offensive things to her, yet she has never in any instance answered me harshly, or complained to my father of me. Sometimes I wish I were as wise and good as my sister Lydia; but then, Lydia, with all her amiable

qualities, will be an old maid, for she is nearly five-and-twenty years old, and has never had a single lover in all her life, while I have had more than I can reckon; so I suppose men like silly people best."

Reasoning thus, Flora was not very likely to improve in wisdom, so she continued to bestow her whole time and attention on the adornment of her person, to coquet with the young farmers who brought their corn to her father's mill, and to play at bo-peep from among the garden flowers whenever she saw an angler take his stand on the banks of the neighbouring stream, till the village matronage began to shake their heads, and to prophecy that no sensible man would ever seek Flora Mayfield for a wife. Sensible men, however, are not always wise when beauty is in the case, and the little world of Shadingbrook knew not how to credit the report which soon after transpired, that Edwin Elmer, the curate of the village, was added to the list of Flora Mayfield's conquests. Yet such was the fact. Edwin Elmer, a gentleman's son, a man of learning and refinement too, was actually wooing the light-minded Flora for his wife. Had it been Lydia, the circumstance of his overlooking the differences of their station in society would have excited little surprise, because her character and pursuits were so congenial to his own, and he had evidently taken much pleasure in her conversation, and was accustomed to mention her in terms of the highest commendation. Was it possible that he could prefer her pretty silly sister to her? It was to no purpose that sage proverbs were quoted on the occasion, and the blind god's archery was arraigned by those who considered themselves better qualified to choose a helpmate for the accomplished curate of Shadingbrook than he was himself. Edwin Elmer was desperately in love with the fairest flower of his flock, and the very discrepancies of their characters appeared to strengthen his passion, which, to the additional wonder of the village worthies, was reciprocated.

The heart of the young beauty was, for the first time, touched, and the natural effect of her regard for Edwin Elmer was a conviction of her mental inferiority and unfitness to become the companion of an intellectual partner. She began to grow

serious and reflective. The nature of the things which she had heretofore despised and lightly regarded, impressed itself on her mind, and she voluntarily applied to her sister for that counsel and instruction which she had formerly rejected with scorn; while Lydia, rejoicing in the change in her sister's manners, and the prospect of the happy union that awaited her, redoubled all her efforts for her improvement.

Matters were in this auspicious position, the course of true love, as if on purpose to contradict the old adage, running smooth as a summer stream, when the lord of the manor died; and having no son, the hall and demense of Shadinbrook were inherited by a distant relation of his, a rich specimen of the old English squirearchy, to whose now exploded manners, customs, and dress, he adhered with a sturdy pertinacity, which had obtained for him the cognomen of Squire Western junior. Sound and sturdy as heart of oak, and as unbending too, he would not have concealed an opinion or sacrificed a prejudice, to have pleased the king, though king and constitution was a part of his theology.

Now, this rough diamond, instead of being, as some of my readers may have imagined, a queer-looking "Old Square-toes," on the shady side of fifty, was a handsome bachelor of six-and-thirty, a great admirer of beauty, and very much in want of a wife to hold his house in order; but, then, Cœlebs himself could not have been more particular in his choice of a helpmate than Squire Morewood. He cherished a most unqualified dislike to all the showy accomplishments which have been so perseveringly cultivated in modern education, "too often," as he observed, "to the exclusion of every useful acquirement." In short, notwithstanding his love of regularity, and dislike of the misrule and wasteful habits of a bachelor's household, he considered these evils preferable to the misfortune of having a fine lady at the head of his establishment. More than one fine lady, however, among the county belles, was ambitious of obtaining so rich a prize in the matrimonial lottery as Mr. Morewood, with all his oddities and antediluvian prejudices, was esteemed in that neighbourhood. Nor were there wanting, even among the young and fair, those who endeavoured to conciliate

his regard, through the medium of those very eccentric notions, as they were considered. Shirt-making had become the fashion in the vicinity of Shadingbrook manor, ever since the squire had said that he liked to see ladies so employed; and because he was a brother of the angle, his fair neighbours vied with each other in spinning and twisting hair lines and silk lines, and constructing artificial flies, so natural as to deceive the most suspicious trout that ever swam, but not clever enough to catch the wary squire, for whom they were covertly designed as a bait. He had been too well accustomed to anglers of their class, and was not backward in letting them know he was not quite such a gudgeon as they imagined him to be.

One evening it happened, when the squire was pursuing his favourite sport on the banks of the little trout stream, so often mentioned in the course of my tale—it happened that a heavy shower compelled him to take shelter in the mill-house. It was positive pleasure to such a votary of regularity and good order to enter so neat and trim a dwelling, the exterior of which, with its snowy white-washed walls, clear bright windows, and pretty porch entwined with honeysuckle and jasmine, afforded good earnest of the comfort to be found therein. The squire had caught more than one glimpse of the pretty Flora, when engaged in her sylvan labours among the gay parterres of the well cultivated garden, and he was not sorry that the storm, which had interrupted excellent sport in the stream, had afforded him a reasonable excuse for gratifying his desire of obtaining a closer view of the village beauty.

The family were assembled in the kitchen or common apartment when he entered, and he was immediately struck, not only with the exquisite neatness, but the prevailing good taste, with which not only the few articles of ornament, but even the culinary utensils, were arranged on the snowy shelves and dressers. Pots, with the choicest flowers of the season, were disposed to the best possible effect between glittering brass and block-tin candlesticks on the broad chimney-piece of carved black oak, and the polish which the diurnal labours of the brush and rubber had bestowed on the substantial chairs and table, might have supplied

an admirable substitute for a mirror, had such an article been lacking. There was, however, an excellent old-fashioned looking-glass in an elaborately carved oaken frame, relieved with a gilded rim next the diamond cut plate, and fancifully crowned with peacock's feathers. It was placed in the most suitable light for conveying an advantageous reflection of a pretty face.

The miller was reposing on his high-backed leathern elbow-chair, smoking his pipe over a foaming tankard of home-brewed ale, which stood on a small waiter-shaped table near him. Flora, seated on a low stool at her father's feet, was busily engaged in trimming a new straw bonnet with pink satin ribbon. At the unexpected entrance of so important a visitor as the squire she rose hastily, covered with blushes, and placed a chair for his accommodation; then, with a flutter of excitement, reseated herself, and coquetishly resumed her occupation, casting from time to time a furtive glance from beneath her long eye-lashes, to ascertain what effect her charms produced on him. Now, the squire, notwithstanding his characteristic bluntness of manner and familiarity of address, was not only a proud man, but a very nice judge of female propriety; and so far from being fascinated with the silent artillery which the pretty Flora thought proper to play off, he was somewhat displeased at the presumption of the young baggage in setting her cap at him in so undisguised a manner, as if she considered herself his equal truly! Neither did he approve of the showy pattern of the coloured muslin dress in which she was arrayed, the shortness of its skirt, nor the amplitude of its *gigot* sleeves, which were then the prevailing fashion in the *beau monde*, and had recently found their way into the little world of Shadingbrook. Squire Morewood had always waged war against *gigot* sleeves. He could not behold them with common patience in a country ball-room; but on the arms of a miller's daughter they appeared to him absolutely preposterous. He even felt disposed to say something rude to the little *grisette* on the subject, but the reflection that he had no business to concern himself with her follies, fortunately deterred him.

Lydia, meantime, in her slate-coloured

stuff gown and neat collar of snowy lawn, appeared to infinite advantage from the contrast, as she quietly pursued her employment of ironing and plaiting her father's Sunday shirt, without bestowing more attention on the squire than civility required. Still he could perceive that she was interested in the conversation that took place between her father and himself on the topic of the poor-laws.

Mr. Morewood was a magistrate, and very desirous of ameliorating the condition of the agricultural peasantry, though his plans for that purpose had been opposed by the leading men of the county; and in reply to some respectful queries from the miller, he entered into a full explanation of his views on that subject.—While he was speaking, he observed that Lydia moved her iron with a cautious hand, lest the rattling of the heater in the box should interrupt the discourse; and more than once involuntarily turned her face, beaming with intelligence, upon the colloquists.

“Do you understand the poor-laws, Miss Mayfield?” asked the squire, with a half-sarcastic emphasis.

“Very little, sir,” replied Lydia, blushing; “but my father being overseer of the parish, I unavoidably see much of the sufferings of our poor neighbours, and therefore feel deeply interested in any plan which affords a reasonable prospect of ameliorating their condition.” She then, without waiting for a rejoinder, hastily withdrew with the tray on which she had collected the linen she had been ironing.

“A very sensible, well-spoken young woman that, Mr. Mayfield,” observed the squire.

“Yes, sir, she is; and a great comfort to me,” replied the miller. “I don't know what I should do without her, if she were to marry; but there is small chance of that, because the young men all run after a pretty face, without considering that ‘virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, and her price is above that of rubies.’ Flora, I don't like so many bows and puffs on that bonnet of yours.”

Flora put the bonnet on her head with an air of child-like simplicity, and glanced at the squire, as if desirous of inquiring his opinion, and looked so very pretty at

the same time, that in spite of himself he could not refrain from saying, “Very becoming, but I am not fond of bows. A pretty face needs no such adornments.”

Flora immediately cashiered three yards of superfluous trimming, and crossed the ribbon over the front of the bonnet to tie under the chin.

From that day the squire was a frequent visitor at the mill-house. The village observation was, of course, excited by this circumstance, which gave rise to a variety of surmises, some of them not greatly to the advantage of that incurable coquette Flora Mayfield, especially as Edwin Elmer suddenly discontinued his visits in that quarter. He had been absent from his curacy on a visit to his own family at the critical period when the squire's intimacy at the mill-house commenced, and on his return was beset by all the busy-bodies of Shadingbrook, in clamorous contention which should be the first to assail his ears with their unwelcome hints and inuendoes on the proceedings of his betrothed. Smarting under the sense of his imaginary wrongs, he encountered Flora for the first time since his return, in a shady grove in Mr. Morewood's park.

“So,” said he, “I hear that Mr. Morewood has been a frequent visitor at the mill-house during my absence.”

“Your first greeting on your return is particularly agreeable, Mr. Elmer,” rejoined Flora, who evidently felt hurt by the observation—“but your information is perfectly correct.”

“May I ask the purport of his visits, Miss Flora Mayfield?”

“Miss Flora Mayfield is not disposed to be catechised on that subject, sir,” she retorted.

“Vain heartless coquette, you have answered the last question with which I shall ever trouble you,” exclaimed the angry lover, and so they parted. No effort was made by either party towards a reconciliation. The breach was evidently considered irreparable by one, if not by both, and to Edwin Elmer it began to be a matter of painful diurnal meditation, not unmixed with self-reproach for the stern tone he had assumed in calling Flora to account for her conduct, before he had listened to the explanation she might have had to offer. One evening as

he was deliberating on the expediency of requesting the friendly offices of Lydia in this untoward business, he was roused from his cogitations by the entrance of Nehemiah, the parish-clerk, who, advancing with a funereal step, and looks of solemn commiseration, put into his hand a little twisted note, with these words,—
“From the squire, sir.”

The curate broke the seal with an ominous qualm, in anticipation of the contents, which were as follow:—“Mr. Morewood presents compliments to the Rev. Mr. Elmer, and will be obliged by his meeting him at the church to-morrow morning, at nine precisely, to perform the marriage ceremony.”

“To whom is Mr. Morewood going to be married?” asked the curate in a faltering voice.

“Lawk, sir, are you the last man in the parish to hear that? didn't you know the license had comed express by Will Tradely, the groom, only yesterday?” exclaimed the astonished Nehemiah. “Well, sir, I hope you won't take it too much to heart; for, you know, sir, that a beautiful woman without discretion is likened by King Solomon to a jewel in a swine's snout.”

“Is it Flora Mayfield whom Mr. Morewood is going to marry?” demanded the agitated lover.

“Why, sir, 'tis'nt of no use deceiving you, since you must know the truth to-morrow,” responded the sympathising clerk with a deep groan; “but now, sir, dear sir? if you have any love for me, or respect for yourself, do pluck up your spirit and go through the job like a man, and I will engage to put on your surplice and bands so gracefully, that she shall see there is some difference between you and the squire, who is full ten years older than you, and nothing of a scholar. And, after all, sir, I always did think Miss Lyddy would suit you far better than such a fly-away vanity-fair as the young one.”

“Silence, and leave me!” ejaculated poor Elmer, who could better brook the misfortune than the well-meant but misjudging consolations of his humble friend.

It was with a pale cheek and agitated step that Edwin Elmer entered the church the next morning, but he had reasoned himself into firmness sufficient for the trial that awaited him. He had occasion for

it all when he heard the arrival of the elegant equipage of his fortunate rival announced. The bridal party now approached. The miller of Shadingbrook, in all the glories of a new blue coat and buff waistcoat, entered first, looking a proud and happy man, with his eldest daughter on his arm. Lydia was attired with exquisite neatness, in a cambric morning dress and white silk cottage bonnet and shawl. They were followed by the squire and Flora, who was dressed—no matter how she was dressed. Edwin Elmer had never seen her look so lovely.

The greetings on his part were brief and cold. He received the license from the jolly bridegroom with an averted head; and though, to conceal his painful agitation, he affected to bestow all his attention upon that document; the letters swam before his eyes in general confusion, and he was incapable of distinguishing a single word of its contents.

The faithful Nehemiah, to whom the office of marshalling the bridal party before the altar had been silently deputed, cast a rueful look at his master's fevered brow as he placed the blushing smiling Flora at the left hand of his fortunate rival. At that sight the luckless curate, who had been vainly endeavouring to find the service for the solemnization of matrimony, dropped his book upon the pavement.—Nehemiah was ready to groan at such an unorthodox proceeding. Lydia started, the miller uttered an exclamation of wonder, the bridegroom shrugged his shoulders, and Flora, the unfeeling Flora, absolutely tittered.

The indignant colour rushed to the cheek of the insulted lover. Hastily recovering the volume, he opened it intuitively at the proper page, and, manfully confronting the candidates for matrimony, he, with a glance at Flora, that conveyed unutterable reproach, commenced the fatal service; but ere he had concluded the first sentence, he was interrupted by the miller exclaiming, in an accent of unfeigned wonder, “Halloo! Mr. Elmer, you are going to marry the wrong girl to the squire: Lydia is the bride, not Flora.”

The mistake was quickly remedied, surprise was expressed by no one, but the blushes heightened on the cheek of the lovely bride-maid, and her bosom fluttered with a livelier pulsation when she ob-

served the alteration from despair to rapture, which her lover's varying countenance betrayed as she resigned her station by the bridegroom's side, to her elder sister.

When the concluding benediction had been given, the final amen pronounced, and the parties, after the accustomed formalities of signing their names to the marriage register had been duly gone through, were quitting the vestry, Flora looked back at the white-robed priest with an arch smile, and said, "Are the squire's visits satisfactorily accounted for now, Mr. Elmer?"

"Ah, Flora, can you forgive my jealous folly?" was the whispered response.

"Why, yes—since you did not persist in marrying me to the squire, I suppose I must."

"Oh, if you had known what I suffered while I fancied you were the bride!"

"All your own fault; I might have been *your* bride if you had wooed me to as much purpose as he has done my sister."

"Will you marry me to-morrow?" rejoined the curate once more, depressing his voice to a whisper.

"To-morrow!" repeated Flora; "impossible. Do not you know that I have devoted myself to my sister's service for a whole month, in the capacity of bride-maid. When that engagement has been duly fulfilled, I may perhaps permit you to talk to me on the subject."

"This day month, then shall it be?" pursued the persevering lover.

"Ay, this day month—unless——"

"Unless, what?"

"You take another jealous fancy into your head, before that period of probation be expired," rejoined Flora, smiling.

"What are you loitering behind, and talking about, good folks?" said the miller.

"We have been settling the day for our marriage, Mr. Mayfield," said the curate, "which, if it meets with your approbation, is to be this day week."

"This day month, Edwin," interposed Flora.

"The sooner the better," cried the miller: "and this day week will suit me better than a month hence, which will be in the middle of harvest, when I never allow myself a holiday."

"From this decision Flora ventured no

appeal, and her bridal considerably shortened the nine days' wonderment of the village on account of her sister's marriage with the squire.

Miss Agnes Strickland.

THE RISE OF A PACHA,

A STORY OF DAMASCUS.

The annals of no other country on the face of the earth present us with such examples of men springing at once from poor estate to the summit of wealth and power, as those of the Ottoman empire. The manners and institutions of the Turks favour these sudden alterations of fortune; so much so, indeed, that the majority of the pachaliks attached to the Porte, and of all its high offices of state, have been for the most part filled, from time immemorial, by able adventurers, emancipated slaves, and men of the humblest origin. Of all the instances of rapid elevation, however, which the history of the empire exhibits, none perhaps was so remarkable in its character, and attended with so many strange circumstances, as that of Mohammed-Pacha-el-Adme, governor of Damascus for twenty-five years of the last century.

Mohammed and Mourad were the two sons of a rich merchant of Constantinople, who died when they had just arrived at manhood. The youths inherited considerable wealth, and, with his individual portion, Mourad continued the commercial business of the father, which prospered in his hands, to the great increase of his means. Mohammed, on the other hand, devoted his heritage to the pursuit of pleasure. He assembled round him a band of youths like himself, and plunged with them into follies and extravagances of every kind. The prodigious expenses consequent on such a way of life swallowed up the fortune of Mohammed in a single year, and then the prodigal youth found his associates drop from his side by degrees. Even his brother, under the plea of having forewarned him of ruin, closed his doors against Mohammed, and refused to see him. Although this was but the usual and natural course of things, the unfortunate young man was at first shocked and stupified by the treatment he met with; but, being of a buoyant disposition, he soon recovered from the lethargy into which he had been thrown, and nerved himself to bear his reverses with patience. He saw no way of sustaining himself but by accepting the alms of the mosques, and this accordingly he did for some time, always hoping that chance would turn up something better in his favour. And ere long, circumstances did occur which led to a striking revolution in his condition.

On every Friday, at that time, the sultan went to perform his devotions at mid-day, in one of the chief mosques of Constantinople. He was accompanied by all his principal officers of state, dressed in their richest costumes, and by his side marched two officers, bearing bags of money, which it was customary for the sultan to scatter with his own hands among

the people. The contents of these bags, nevertheless, were not wholly composed of money. Besides the ordinary gold and silver coins of the country, which were all folded up in pieces of paper, there were also small bits of glass wrapped up in the same way, but with this difference, that the envelopes of the bits of glass were one and all marked by short sentences in the sultan's own hand-writing. These sentences were usually maxims in praise of poverty, or short sayings, in which riches were decried. It may readily be believed that the precious metal was much more coveted by the crowd that followed the sultan's heels than the moral bits of glass. One day after his reduction to poverty, Mohammed joined the needy train of attendants on the royal cavalcade. He eagerly watched the sultan's movements, saw his hand inserted into the bags, and, when the desired shower fell around, pounced on one of the folded bits of paper. Mohammed did not open his prize immediately, but allowed the crowd to pass on, and then looked at it. His mortification was unspeakable, when in place of gold he found only a rounded piece of glass. He was about to dash it on the stones at his feet, when the writing caught his eye. The words were, "*Artifice and address will often lead men to dignities.*" This maxim, by some accident, was most unlike those usually selected for the same purpose. Mohammed reflected long upon the words before his eye, and he then put the paper and glass carefully into his dress. This done, he moved away with a firm and determined step. He had conceived a project.

In Constantinople there are merchants who make a practice of hiring out all sorts of dresses, from that of a vizier, glittering with precious stones, to the modest robe of the dervise. Stores of this kind seem as if intended for no other purpose than to aid men to accommodate themselves to the rapid changes of fortune common to the land. Nor do these merchants confine their traffickings to garments. They will procure at an hour's notice, horses, domestics, guards, household officers, and every conceivable appendage of a great establishment, which they let out to be paid for by the week or month. To one of these dealers Mohammed applied himself, and, having a noble figure and commanding air, he induced the merchant to furnish him on the instant with the richest dress of a pacha, with a beautiful horse, and with a suite of splendidly dressed domestics. One hour sufficed to transform the mendicant into a magnificent dignitary, who charmed all eyes by his gracious physiognomy, and the ease of his manners.

All these rich furnishings were to be paid for within a very brief period. Mohammed had no money, but he had an inventive genius. Attended by a portion of his suite, he directed his course to the house of his brother. Arrived there, he stopped his horse at the threshold, and dispatched one of his attendants to say to Mourad that his brother wished to see him. Mourad was about to give a harsh reply, when he chanced to get a glimpse of Mohammed

and his train through the window. To his astonishment, every thing bespoke the presence of a great pacha. Mohammed sparkling with jewels, and Mohammed a beggar, were two very different beings, and Mourad made all possible haste to reach the threshold of his house. "Mourad," said Mohammed, saluting his brother without leaving his horse, "our lord the sultan has named me Pacha of Damascus. I have need of a large sum of money to establish me creditably in my government. Have this money ready for me by to-morrow. I will reimburse you as a brother and a pacha should do."

"May heaven prolong the days, and increase the glory, of our lord and master the sultan!" replied Mourad. "Mohammed, you were born to do honour to our family. My fortune belongs to you henceforth; take it all, if you desire. Pacha of Damascus, may Allah reward you according to your merit!"

Mohammed employed the night in completing his arrangements. He enrolled fifty men as a body-guard, and added a number of Tartar couriers to his suite. In the morning he sent his treasurer to his brother's house to request twenty thousand pieces of gold. On receiving this sum, Mohammed paid all that it was absolutely necessary at the moment to pay, and soon after he crossed the Bosphorus with his train, and took the way—whither, does the reader think?—to Damascus!

Mohammed was no common scheming swindler. The lofty confident bearing which he assumed, together with the frequency of such hasty elevations, had persuaded his train, as well as every one with whom he came in contact, of the reality of his appointment to the pachalik of Damascus. Mohammed, however, kept himself very quiet until he was fairly at a distance from Stamboul. As he approached the Damascene territory, he began to distribute presents in the towns through which he passed. He was everywhere received with the honours due to a pacha, and exchanged gifts with the various governors in his way, who, remembering the great power of the Damascene pacha, did not allow the new possessor of that title to be the losing party in these exchanges. When Mohammed came at length within three days' journey of Damascus, he ordered his party to stop and erect their tents. He then called his secretary, and dictated to him a letter addressed to the principal emirs of Damascus, in which it was announced to them that the sultan, having great cause to be displeased with his grand vizier at Constantinople, had disgraced and beheaded him, and that the son of the vizier, the pacha of Damascus, having shared in his father's guilt, was doomed to the same punishment. Mohammed wrote this letter in his own name, and concluded it by stating, that, being appointed the new pacha, he had come to fulfil the sultan's orders, and now commanded the emirs to seize the vizier's son, and detain him to await his fate.

Before dispatching this letter, however, Mohammed sent off a trusty and active courier with orders to introduce himself into the palace

of the Pacha of Damascus, and there privately inform the vizier's son that his father was beheaded, and that he himself was about to undergo the same doom at the hands of a successor to the pachalik, then on his way to the city. The courier arrived before the bearer of the letter to the emirs, and such was the effect of his disclosures, that the poor pacha, believing death otherwise inevitable, and knowing himself to be very unpopular, left the palace in secret, mounted his fleetest horse, and was soon in full flight from Damascus, leaving treasures, wives, and all behind him. As for the emirs, as soon as they received the letter addressed to them, they met to deliberate upon the course to be adopted. While thus engaged, a second courier reached them, with missives of similar import. A third and fourth messenger followed from Mohammed, each new one bearing mandates more imperious than the preceding. At length, seriously alarmed for the consequences of refusal, the emirs gathered their followers, and roused the citizens to seize the old, and receive the new pacha. Having got the citizens together, the emirs proceeded with a great crowd to the palace, and, no one presenting any opposition, they soon penetrated to every corner of the vice-regal dwelling. But what was their consternation to find that the bird was flown—no pacha there.

The now excited crowd blamed the emirs for their dilatoriness, and riot and pillage would certainly have ensued, had not the sound of loud acclamations been heard at a little distance. In a minute or two, Mohammed appeared in the midst of his train, splendidly attired, and scattering gold on all sides among the people. The first words which Mohammed spoke when he sprang from his horse in front of the palace were, "My prisoner? where is he?"

The emirs were alarmed at the firm, stern tone of the speaker. "May it please your excellency," said one of them, "he had doubtless received private news from Constantinople; for when we forced the palace, he was gone!" "Gone! Escaped!" cried Mohammed. "Unhappy emirs, know that my orders were the orders of the sultan himself, our master, You shall answer to me for the fugitive with your heads. Retire! You shall soon know the doom reserved for those who fail to execute the will of the sultan!"

This last menace filled the emirs with fear and consternation. Already had the new pacha conciliated the favour of the people by his liberality. Resistance to his authority seemed impossible. While thoughts of this nature oppressed the minds of the Damascene emirs, Mohammed sent for them one by one, and, laying aside his anger entirely, gave each a most gracious reception, dismissing them all with rich presents (from the late pacha's treasury), after consulting them on the condition and wants of the country. Their fears thus changed into joy, the emirs either did not think of asking, or did not dare to ask, the new pacha to go through the usual form of exhibiting his firman or commission from the

sultan to the great nobles and office-bearers of the place. Glad to have their dilatoriness with respect to the late pacha overlooked, they would not risk a new offence. Meanwhile, Mohammed, who was really a man of powerful talents, and endowed with many good qualities, spent the commencement of his administration in relieving the burdens of the people, in reforming abuses, and in establishing new and wise rules for the protection of commerce and agriculture. Winning thus the esteem of the good, he perfected his popularity by giving splendid fetes, and by a generous disbursement of his predecessor's funds. He behaved with the utmost liberality to the late pacha's family, and raised all the chief emirs to new dignities.

There was comparatively little intercourse in those days between Damascus and Constantinople, and a considerable time elapsed, partly through the care of Mohammed, ere any information respecting these extraordinary events reached the capital of the sultan. The pacha so strangely deposed was the person through whom the truth was at length made known. On leaving Damascus, the pacha had passed by weary stages across the desert, and finally arrived at Bagdad. At first he was obliged to subsist on the charity of the mosques, but afterwards hired himself as assistant to a pastry-cook, concealing his name and history through the fear of yet meeting the fate which he believed his father, the grand vizier, to have undergone at Constantinople. Familiar with sudden rises, the Turks are equally accustomed to rapid falls, and the poor pacha toiled away in peace and resignation for some months, never daring to let his father's name cross his lips, and avoiding all public society for fear of some chance recognition. At length a secret agent of the Ottoman government met the pastry-cook's assistant. "How, my lord," cried the agent, "your excellency here, and thus! Surely—surely you are the pacha of Damascus!" "You are deceived, sir," was the reply, delivered with visible tremor: "I am a poor artizan, a pastry-cook of this city." "Oh, no!" said the other; "I recognize you perfectly. You are the son of my master, the grand vizier. What would your father say could he see you in this miserable disguise?" "In the name of Allah!" whispered the poor ex-pacha, "if you have been my father's friend, by his shade I conjure you to be silent and not to betray me!" "Shade, do you say, my lord?" was the agent's answer; "your father is not dead. I had letters but yesterday from him."

This led to a full explanation, and the overjoyed son of the vizier gladly consented to go to the agent's dwelling, where he was clothed in garments worthy of his rank. After consulting together respecting the now obvious imposture which had deprived him of his government, the ex-pacha resolved to set out immediately with the agent for Constantinople, and there demand justice from the sultan himself. This journey was undertaken without delay. On their arrival at Constantinople nothing could exceed the astonishment with

which the old vizier listened to the recital of his son's misfortunes. The matter seemed utterly mysterious to the vizier, as it did also to the sultan, when his minister demanded an audience, and related the circumstances. Nevertheless, the sultan promised redress, and immediately dispatched a *capdji-bachi*, or officer, to Damascus, with orders to bring the usurping pacha to Constantinople. Four hundred guards accompanied the messenger of the sultan.

During the eight months that Mohammed had ruled in Damascus, he had made his administration a blessing to the inhabitants, who found in him a father rather than a pacha. When the officer of the sultan arrived, Mohammed kissed the imperial mandate, placed it on his brow in token of submission, and demanded only a few hours to prepare for the journey enjoined on him. In this interval he convoked the emirs, told them that the sultan had called him to Constantinople, and took an affecting farewell of them. Scarcely had he left the city with his guards, when the emirs took the resolution of addressing a petition to the sultan, to preserve Mohammed in the pachalik of Damascus. They sent this off, but as it did not appear strong enough to them on second consideration, they wrote another document, in which they detailed the benefits conferred on the pachalik by Mohammed, and declared firmly that they could not receive any other governor. As if Mohammed's own example at his arrival had inspired them, the emirs sent yet other letters, in some of which they held out no very unintelligible threats of revolt.

Meanwhile, Mohammed pursued his journey to Constantinople, and was taken to the presence of the sultan.

"Who art thou, unhappy wretch?" cried the sultan.

"One of your pachas," replied Mohammed, with respect but without fear.

"Who signed thy firman of investiture, thou miserable imposter?"

"Your highness," answered Mohammed firmly.

"This is too much!" cried the sultan; "show it, show it to me, if thou wouldst not die on the spot!"

"Behold it!" cried Mohammed, taking from his bosom the piece of paper that enveloped the bit of glass found in the street. The sultan took the scrap held out to him, examined the words, and recognised his own handwriting. He sat buried for some moments in reflection, while the vizier stood a little apart, hopeful of revenge, and Mohammed bent his knees, hopeful of pardon.

At this moment the first courier arrived from the emirs. Representing his missives as of the first importance, they were instantly delivered to the sultan. They saved the life of Mohammed, or at least decided the sultan's mind on that point. Ere long, courier after courier arrived, with letters to the same purport, and always increasing in urgency. The issue was, that the sultan addressed

these words to the vizier and Mohammed, both standing before him;—

"Vizier! I cannot inflict any punishment on this man without endangering the tranquillity of the empire. I will give your son another pachalik. Mohammed, I restore you to your government; but, remember, that if it is by artifice you have raised yourself to the rank of a pacha, it is because you have shown great abilities and a good disposition that I ratify your title and grant you pardon. It is well that so bad a maxim has not fallen into worse hands. Retire."

Mohammed ruled wisely and happily in Damascus for twenty-five years.

PERSONAL ADAPTATIONS.

We often hear of the fine correspondence which exists between the various mental characters of the human race on the one hand, and on the other, the various duties and tasks to which they are put, and the various positions into which they settle. Generals are needed, and lo there are men fitted to be generals. Chimney-sweeps are needed, and behold there are men qualified and contented to be chimney-sweeps. It is necessary also, that there should be some to rule over and regulate for the rest; and only see what careful provision has been made for this, in the at least ten times more would-be rulers and legislators than there is any room for! Such speculations are all very well; but it is surprising that no one has ever thought of pointing out the equally nice adaption of the forms and figures of men for the various situations they have to fill, and the various trades, crafts and professions they have to follow. It has a thousand times struck me that there are particular duties which require men of a particular cut to execute them, and that there are many men born, who from their build and aspect, could not on any account be brought to suit any but a certain range of occupations.

It is most obvious, for instance, that a nice relation exists, all over the world, between corpulency and corporations. An anterior convexity is universally regarded as a qualification for the magistracy; and no artist who has occasion, in a fancy piece, to paint a mayor or a bailie, would ever think of putting a lean man upon his canvass. Nobody could associate two such ideas. It would seem as a great violation of the fitness of things, as to paint a blue cow or a red elephant. So essential is it considered in Holland that magistrates should be fat, that if we are to believe that veracious chronicler, Diedrich Knickerbocker, they are chosen by weight. In the same way, we always think of a miser as a thin old emaciated wretch; it seems impossible that avarice and parsimony should be connected with youth and good looks. So also the common mental image of an inn-keeper—of a "mine host"—gives a jolly, rotund, aproned figure, like Boniface in the play. We cannot imagine an inn-keeper either skranky or melan-

cholic. Again the prevailing idea of a fashioner of virile attire sets him down as a small ill-made-up sort of a being,—a mere fraction of humanity; and when (as sometimes happens) we do meet with a reasonably personable man in this profession, it shocks our whole sense of the fitness of things. Our ideas of noblewomen are extremely perplexing. We do not look for any great loftiness or width in a countess or baroness; but a duchess is always expected to be a superb figure, and a marchioness considerably so. One could let off the inferior dignitaries, and even a marchioness, with but a tolerable share of impressiveness of aspect; but really a duchess ought to be a grand sort of a person, to satisfy the most moderate imagination. Kings, as far as we recollect, have generally been of respectable, if not dignified make, with visages capable of making a feasible impression on their coins. Now, how is this? No doubt, they have not been many in number, as we are reminded by Quivedo's joke;* yet quite enough to have afforded a chance of some few of the number cutting a shabby figure, if kings had been formed according to ordinary rules, and not in a mould of their own. It would evidently never do if kings were to be of paltry configuration. Suppose Charles I., instead of that melancholy majesty which marked his figure, to have possessed a face like Mr. Liston the comedian, he could not have been the subject of a civil war—could not have been brought to the block—could not have been any thing of Charles I. The current of our history would have gone into a different channel. The present political condition of the British nation would have been quite another thing. But still greater divergencies from personal majesty might be devised than Mr. Liston's face. Suppose an emperor with the form of Elshender the Recluse. Why, he would not have a leg to stand upon in two months. It is quite unimaginable that a great people could submit to a ruler under five feet three. The regimental number of limbs appears quite indispensable. We must really take care how we amputate majesty—that would be a way of depriving it of its externals indeed.

The truth of all this is shown most significantly on the stage. Managers uniformly proceed upon a supposition of these popular understandings of the relations of things. They never send in a dumpy woman as Lady Macbeth. Lady Macbeth was, as all mankind could swear, a woman of the largest size, and her theatrical representation must be something conformable. Neither would they put forward a great red-nosed broad visaged fellow as Hamlet. Hamlet, every body knows,

* Quivedo's joke is this. He describes himself visiting a place whose name is seldom mentioned to ears polite. He is shown through it by a fiend of some urbanity. Seeing a small group of figures by themselves, he asks who they are, and is informed that they are kings. Expressing his surprise at the smallness of the number, he is answered by his cicerone, with all the coolness compatible with the locality, "They are all that ever reigned."

was a pale thin youth, of delicate features, always dressed in black; and the stage Hamlet must be the same. Theatrical people are duly anxious to have kings and great tragedy heroes of the proper height and grandeur of aspect; but we do think they might contrive to have better Venetian senators, and admirals on courts-martial, than they generally give us. They are unerring in inn-keepers:—Boniface is always Boniface. They are also very well in waiting-maids, observing the proper diminutiveness of form—though we have seen one or two an inch too tall, and not quite light enough.

The subject has its other front: people are evidently formed for particular employments and positions. Lieutenant Longmore stands six feet seven inches and a half in his stockings. It is quite clear he could never have answered as a man-milliner, or indeed as any kind of a shop-keeper. Your tall strapping fellows gravitate to the army and navy, as if led by instinct. Conscious from the very first that they were designed for ornament and to be fired at, they obey the law of their being, and, if gentlemen, get commissions, and, if commoners, enlist, all as naturally as any thing. Long legs point as clearly to the army as if it were the business of a soldier to run away. If it were at all supposable that a very tall fellow could be confined to a desk or counter, what a pitiable fate would be his! Condemned to carry about a superfluity of limb—obliged to be constantly slackening himself down to the level of his customers—forced to pack twice as much bone and muscle underneath his desk-stool as desk-stools are fitted for—life would become a burden to him. The men whom nature has designed for shop-keeping are of the middle and under sizes—plain modest figures that suggest no displeasing comparisons, and whose movements and whole arrangements of body are suitable to the scene of operations. Five feet ten is the very utmost height at which a shop-keeper is endurable, and the nearer five feet six the better. A shop-keeper, moreover, should never wear whiskers. Whiskers are for the ornamental positions in life, not the modestly useful. If a man finds himself manifest a great tendency to abundance of whiskers, he should take it as a hint that he was destined for a dragoon, a bandit or a gentleman. True, they may be cut; but that would be mere working against nature. Whiskers accompany certain characters, and, if that character be fitted for one particular class of stations, it is not safe or expedient to try to bend it to another. But after all, in matters capillary, each man must legislate in a great measure for himself. It has been somewhere said that certain girls show, in their earliest years, that they are destined to become old maids. That such should be the case, is quite conformable to the philosophy of our speculations. One does see about certain little chits a certain angularity of outline and stiffness of manner that betokens this destiny. There is surely also something about some boys that shows they are to be clergymen. One detects it in

a moment; and yet it is indescribable. It is something, however, that grows. In boyhood one sees but its bud. It comes to full blossom and fruit in the actual clergyman at last. How unmistakable are all the members of this profession! How impossible to imagine one converted to any other employment or use! but there are also born vergers and bedrals. Those singular looking creatures who crawl about aisles and open pews, and put Bibles into pulpits, are all created on purpose, and are totally inapplicable to any thing else. The macers too, of civic corporations and law courts, are undoubtedly a peculiar genus—all of certain diminitiveness and witheredness of body, and a certain mock majesty of deportment necessary for the above, and which would qualify them for no other duty on earth. How kind of nature to make even the carrying maces a subject of her peculiar care! The puzzle is—did the genus originate contemporaneously with the corporations and courts, or did it exist before, in a state of inutile expectancy? But we will not bewilder ourselves.

Whether, then, we regard particular offices as calling for particular figures of human beings to fill them, or particular human beings as evidently fitted and designed by external figure for particular offices, we see clearly that there is a relation between the outward, as well as the inward man, to certain circumstances in the world. To make the doctrine practically obvious, let us only imagine ourselves going to a boarding-school, for the purpose of placing a beloved child there. Suppose, if it be possible to suppose such a thing, that, instead of a decent quiet-looking thoroughly tamed man for master, we should be introduced to a fellow of some six feet four, with a pair of monstrous mustachios, military cut of frock-coat, and a fierce imperious visage; should not we be much startled, and would not we immediately back out, with our beloved child in our hand, and proceed to try another academy? Yet, if any one believes that character is altogether independent of an outward figure, he would need to believe that the kind of a man here sketched would be as suitable to keep a boarding-school as to be a lieutenant-colonel of the Guards, and he would also be bound to show why boarding-schools are never kept by such persons. Again, suppose we were in the management of a large hotel, and wished a supply of waiters. If amongst those who applied for the situations, there were a man of great solidity and bulk, and extreme deliberation of movement, like a stall-fed butcher, we never should think of engaging him. It would appear as the greatest possible natural absurdity that such a man should think of becoming a waiter. Should we not rather hire a few of those light springy electric beings, whom one generally sees acting as waiters—in fact, members of the genus waiter? In like manner, the disbeliever in our theory would be bound to show that he was as willing to hire the heavy man as the light. But there is no man who would do so.

Seeing that it is an institution of nature,

mankind ought of course to conform to it. When one is about to launch into the world, he should take a measure of himself, and not only internally, as well as all the good-boy books advise, but externally, with a foot-rule, if he will—and then surveying his aspect carefully in a glass, determine on what he is fit for. I know a man at this moment who has been all his life struggling miserably against untoward outward manifestation. He had the misfortune to begin the world in a business which requires great demureness and innocence of look, whereas he is a fellow designed by nature to have the very opposite aspect. He has a tendency to whisker that would suit General Zumalacaregu in a hedge theatre. He has a merry, lively eye, and a laughing mouth. His person is tall and imposing, and when he walks, there is a swagger in his gait that would knock over a thin man only to look at it. Now this honest friend of mine has been paring himself down, like Cinderella's sisters, ever since I can recollect—taming his looks, restraining his swagger, and repressing his whiskers; and yet after all, there is an alarming look about him, that makes him next thing to unfit for his profession. Let all take warning by this case. We would say that it is even of more importance to accommodate the body than the mind, to the course which a man is to take in life. One may do a good deal in this world to conceal a want of mental capacity, and also disguise the natural feelings: but the externe speaks for itself—every body can at a glance detect a disqualification there. Poor Jackson, Roderick Random's friend, with all his cleverness, when he endeavoured to pass himself off as an old man upon the College of Surgeons, was found out, and sent back in disgrace. He would have had a much better chance of tricking them, if their examinations had been confined to Latin and the Pharmacopœia.—*Chambers.*

BOOK-LOVE.

"Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which
Men are, and ought to be, accountable,—
If not to Thee, to those they influence:
Grant this, we pray Thee, and that all who read
Or utter noble thoughts may make them theirs,
And thank God for them, to the betterment
Of their succeeding life."—*BALLET'S Festus.*

Cicero calls a library "the soul of a house!" "Beside a library," says Professor Davis, "how poor are all the other greatest deeds of men! Look at that wall of motley calf-skin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Aladdin's lamp was a child's kaleidoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—twenty-four (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt and the lyrics of Burns."

Bacon compares books to ships, and says, "If ships are to be commended, how much

more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast space of time, and make ages so distant participate in the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other." Plutarch tells us, with great quaintness, "that we ought to regard books as we do sweetmeats; not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomeness; not forbidding either, but approving the latter most." While Milton, in sublimer mood, calls a good book "the precious life-blood of a master spirit!" Seneca terms books "his friends;" and hints somewhere that we should be alike careful in choosing our most intimate companion. Certain it is that we make acquaintance with very many books in the course of our lives, and form close friendships with but few—those few, perhaps, exercising a secret and powerful influence over our future destinies. So that the old adage may be reversed and changed into—"Tell me what books you read, and I will tell you what you are."

"Of all priesthoods, aristocracies, and governing classes at present extant in the world," observes Carlyle, "there is no class comparable for importance to the priesthood of the writers of books!" And the good Jean Paul Richter evidently understood all the sacred responsibilities of that priesthood, when he tells us so simply, and yet with such a beautiful moral, that "Herder and Schiller both proposed to be surgeons in their youth. But Providence said No, there are deeper wounds than those of the body; and both became authors." "It is indeed," says Mrs. Child, "a blessed mission to write books which abate prejudices, unlock the human heart, and make the kindly sympathies flow freely." And oh, how pleasant to read such!

Book-love is a home-feeling—a sweet bond of family union—and a never-failing source of domestic enjoyment. It sheds a charm over the quiet fireside, unlocks the hidden sympathies of human hearts, beguiles the weary hours of sickness or solitude, and unites kindred spirits in a sweet companionship of sentiment and idea. It sheds a gentle and humanising influence over its votaries, and woos even sorrow itself into a temporary forgetfulness.

Book-love is a good angel that keeps watch by the poor man's hearth, and hallows it; saving him from the temptations that lurk beyond its charmed circle; giving him new thoughts and noble aspirations, and lifting him, as it were, from the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation. The wife blesses it, as she sits smiling and sewing, alternately listening to her husband's voice, or hushing the child upon her knee. She blesses it for keeping him near her, and making him cheerful, and manly, and kind-hearted,—albeit understanding little of what he reads, and reverencing it for that reason all the more in him.

Book-love is a magician! and carries us with one touch of its fairy wand whithersoever it will. We fling ourselves down in delicious abandonment, and are straightway transported

to the far-off East—the land of our wildest day-dreams! We visit spots hallowed by Scripture and tradition—our hearts burn within us!—we join the slow caravan of the desert:—we toil—we thirst—we exult like Hagar, when God opened her eyes in the wilderness of Beer-sheba, and she beheld "a well of water!" We visit the Pyramids of Egypt—we wander by the dark and sullen waters of the Dead Sea. Suddenly the spell changes—we are once again in Old England—with its lakes and mountains—its quiet scenery—it sweet cottage-homes!—or La Belle France—the undiscovered plains of China—the sunny skies of Italy—or the frozen regions of the North Pole! We have only to express a wish and it is realised, and to choose our own companions among the gifted of the earth. A quiet "Day in the Woods" with our favorite Miller—a country walk with Miss Mitford—or, we are in a wilder mood, a visit to Fairyland itself! There is nothing that this great magician, aided by his attendant sprites, cannot compass.

Book-love is also an artist. Where its glowing tints are true to nature it is impossible that they should ever fade or die out, and succeeding ages gaze upon them with an ever fresh delight. It is not only a portrait and landscape painter, but can portray the mind as well as the features, and that with such admirable and life-like distinctness that the sketch may be recognised in an instant. The most highly finished and carefully worded-up productions of this wonderful artist are called "Biographies." "Poetry," it has been beautifully said, "can paint whole galleries in a page, while her sister, Art, requires heaps of canvass to render a few of her poems visible." Spenser was a great painter; while the terrific grandeur of some of Milton's conceptions is inimitable. Crabbe took his sketches from rural life. Keats has left us some sweet cabinet pictures, full of high promise. Byron, whose productions have been, perhaps, more copied and admired than any other artist, drew with great power and freedom; but his colours want subduing and softening down. Wordsworth paints entirely from nature, and has established a school of his own. There remains a long list of artists now living, whom we could easily name; but enough has been said to illustrate this part of our subject.

Book-love is a physician! and has many a healing balm to relieve, even where it cannot cure, the weary sickness of mind and body—many a powerful opiate to soothe us into a sweet and temporary forgetfulness. In cases of lingering convalescence, its aid is invaluable. Great watchfulness is, however, necessary with regard to the purchase of the aforesaid medicine, for the want of which, a slow and subtle poison has not unfrequently been administered. Unfortunately there is no law to forbid the makers and vendors of such dangerous compounds from suffering them to go forth into the world without some such caution to the heedless and the unwary as men think proper to observe with regard to the sale of arsenic and other destructive ingredients—not

half so much to be dreaded as the poison to which we have alluded.

Book love is a preacher! Our hearts melt beneath its calm and gentle teachings—so still, so voiceless, so replete with wisdom! It tells us truths that we could not bear to hear from living lips. It pleads and wrestles with our prejudices and infirmities. It beguiles us of tears that have little of sorrow in them, and anon makes us smile amid our weeping. It leads us to the "Book of Life;" and, under the illumination of the Holy Spirit, becomes our guide, not only in the wilderness of the world, but through the dark valley of the Shadow of Death.

There is a strange, sometimes a sad, pleasure in recalling the loves of our youthful days.

"Merry books, once read for pastime,
If ye dared to read again,
Only memories of the last time
Would swim darkly up the brain."

Robinson Crusoe, unrepresentable as he now appears in his rough and shaggy coat of skins, was one of our first loves! How our hearts thrilled within us when he discovered the prints of naked feet in the yellow sand! Then there was *Paul and Virginia*, so exquisitely simple—so sweetly plaintive, that it was a luxury to weep. *The Arabian Nights*, full of the wild and wonderful, even to weariness—but, somehow, we never grew weary in those days. *Griselda*—not the *Griselda* of the German dramatist, Friedrich Halm, so ably translated by Q. E. D.—but our own English *Griselda*—the ideal of patient womanhood.

"Willing to suffer, droop, and die,
Do all things—but resent!"

When we are young we enjoy; and it is only in after years that we begin to analyse. The story of *Griselda* is, no doubt, exaggerated in conception and details; but it is true to nature—woman's nature more especially. Few are called upon for such singular demonstrations of lowly and loving obedience; but there are many *Griseldas* in the world nevertheless—as patient, as devoted, as self-sacrificing; bearing each her burthen of trials, diversified only by time and circumstances, with the same meek, forgiving spirit. The strong love in *Griselda's* heart cast out all pride; and the beautiful moral of this most touching history is wholly lost in the German version.

But we must not omit our chief favourite—everybody's favourite—*The Pilgrim's Progress*. We have somewhere read a charming story of a little child who knew nothing of allegory, and, taking it all for reality, actually commenced her pilgrimage through the wicket-gate in her father's grounds. How natural that was! We love to think of the many weary and yet happy pilgrims still travelling homeward even to this day. *The Trials of Margaret Lindsay* stands last but not least on our list, valued for its quiet pathos and deep religious feeling, as well as for the sake of one whose gift it was. Many and various are the several links in the golden chain of memory and association.

We have known Book-love to be independent of the author, and lurk in a few charmed

words traced upon the title-page by a once familiar hand—words of affectionate remembrance, rendered, it may be, by change and bereavement, inexpressibly dear! Flowers in books are a sweet sign, and there is a moral in their very withering. Pencil-marks in books frequently recall scenes, and sentiments, and epochs in young lives that never come again. The faint line portrays passages that struck us years ago with their mournful beauty, and have since passed into a prophecy. Thoughts and dreams that seem like a mockery now are thus shadowed out. But memory's leaves are not all blanks, or tear-stained, but interwoven, thank God, with many a bright page. Pencil-marks in books have sweet as well as sad recollections connected with them. We point them out to one another, and call to mind particular periods in our past lives. They also serve to register the change that has gradually and imperceptibly stolen over our own thoughts and feelings.

There are some books which forcibly recall calm and tranquil scenes of by-gone happiness. We hear again the gentle tones of a once familiar voice long since hushed. We can remember the very passage where the reader paused awhile to play the critic, or where that eloquent voice suddenly faltered, and we all laughed to find ourselves weeping, and were sorry when the tale or the poem came to an end. Books read for the first time at some particular place or period of our existence may thus become hallowed for evermore, or we love them because others loved them also in by-gone days.

Posthumous works are the very saddest of all books. They are too sacred for blame, and come too late for praise. We were once called upon to edit and complete the unfinished manuscript of a late celebrated writer. The stern realities of death had broken suddenly in upon the fictitious joys and sorrows of a beautiful romance, snapping asunder the subtle chain of thought, and leaving it like the recorded fragment of a dream. It was a mournful task, but not without its moral.

But what shall we say of the author's own book—the embodied idea that has haunted him from his youth upwards, realised at length in a tangible form—the altar upon which he has poured out the richest treasures of his intellect—the great poem of his life!—a spirit self-created by the power of his own genius, and sent forth on a mission of good or evil to his fellow men, and whose influence must survive his own? The author gives his volume of thoughts to the world, but retains the key for himself. No one else may ever trace the faint line of demarcation between truth and fiction, imagination and experience—the passages that were written in tears, or the scenes and events which gave rise to them. Scarcely a page or a chapter but has its memories for him. Or it may serve to recall the wild dreamings of youthful ambition—talents wasted, misdirected, or buried in the earth, awakening a vain lament for the "might have been."

Books written by those with whom it has

been our happy privilege to dwell in close companionship and sweet interchange of sentiment and idea are exceedingly precious. In reading them, we converse, as it were, with the author in his happiest mood, recognise the rare eloquence to which we have often sat and listened spell-bound, and feel proud to find our affectionate and reverential homage confirmed by the unanimous plaudits of the world. The golden key, before mentioned, has been given into our keeping, and we unlock at will the sacred and hidden recesses of Genius and association.

Book-love, in its simplest and holiest form, may occasionally be met with in quiet country places, more especially in Scotland; and clinging about things well worthy its deepest reverence. We can remember a poor old woman who, with little romance but much right feeling, would never suffer anything to be placed upon her Bible, except, perhaps, a flower. And this is by no means a common instance. The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the light and ornament of their humble dwellings. Thanks be to God, it is a treasure within the reach of the very poorest!

Years ago, there stood a little cottage, situated in the most beautiful part of Wiltshire,—the inmates of which knew us well. It could boast of no furniture beyond a table and a few wooden chairs; but the old family Bible, with its green baize cover, lay on that table, and its owner would often say that she wanted nothing else. One long, hard winter, we missed it from its accustomed place; and during the weary months of sickness that succeeded, it was ever by the bedside or on the pillow of the meek and patient sufferer, who fell asleep at length with the bright smiles of faith upon her countenance, and her pale finger still resting on one of its most beautiful promises. Many a summer flower has bloomed and withered upon her lowly and nameless grave in the village church-yard; but the Bible lies in its old place, and has succeeded in soothing and blessing the survivors. "I was sadly cast down at one time," said her eldest daughter, and the sole support of the bereaved family for many years. "My burden was greater than I could bear, until I opened my Bible, and it seemed as though my dear mother still pointed out where my only strength lay. It was the hand of God!" Her eyes were bent down reverently upon the volume before her; and we felt that the Book-love in that young heart was a sacred and hallowed thing.

It was Book-love in its highest and sublimest sense, that caused the English Bible at the time of the Reformation to be everywhere received with an ecstasy of joy wholly incredible save to those who witnessed it. Many learned to read in their old age, that they might have the pleasure of instructing themselves from its inspired pages. Apprentices kept it hidden under the straw of their beds; and the most delicate maidens were ready to part with life itself rather than yield up this precious treasure. In the dead of night it was brought from its place of concealment, beneath floors

or from behind secret panels, and read aloud, while all listened in breathless attention. With the Bible in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other to guard them, persecuted Christians met at strange hours in woods and glens, beneath the blue sky and the bright stars of Heaven. We are told by the author of *Cranmer's Life and Times*, "that very frequently, when the services of the Sabbath were over,—and these were generally prolonged until sunset,—a group collected to hear the Bible read in the churchyard, scattering themselves on the mossy stones, or the mounds covered with fresh grass, to listen to those solemn and beautiful words—'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!'" But we are soaring far above our subject, and feel that we want a new name for the strong love implanted by God himself in the hearts of the saints and martyrs of old times.

A Hymn-book may also become an object of affectionate veneration, even in old age. Hymns are the first things we learn, and generally the last to be forgotten. They bring back memories of our innocent childhood, and we weep with Hood to find ourselves further off from Heaven than we were then. They recall the death-beds of little children, or those of riper age, to whom those sweet hymns used to be as "songs in the night," and who are singing now in Heaven! We have an old hymn-book which we would not part with for its weight in gold! so bright and golden are the recollections interwoven with its solemn and sacred melodies.

Neither must we forget to mention, in connexion with this part of our subject, the Prayer-Book, which we once thought it such an honour to be permitted to carry, and looked upon with a loving reverence that years have had no power to abate. But the bright binding and the gilded leaves have become tarnished and time-stained—ay, and tear-stained—since then. The sweet voice is hushed that mingled with ours in prayer and psalm. God forgive us if we sometimes forget to pray in listening to its gentle responses; for every Prayer-book has its associations.

Leigh Hunt tells us, that his love of books is so great, that he has "a fond custom of writing upon one in preference to a desk, although he begs to say, for dignity's sake, he has a desk!" and observes, with great truth, that "it is not at all necessary to love many books in order to love them much. How natural it was," writes he, "in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to Chapman's *Homer*." Yes, it was very natural! And we have done the same thing ourselves before now—only not to Chapman's *Homer*.

Petrarch died with his head resting on a book; and many have envied him a death so much in unison with his poetical and romance-loving life. For ourselves, dearly as we like books, and romance too, for the matter of that, there is but one on which we desire to lean at such an hour; and, resting on its sweet promises of redeeming grace, so pass away in

peace! The poor woman, in her little cottage in Wiltshire, was more to be envied than the great Italian poet, much as there has been said and sung about the latter. And this brings us back to Seneca and our old hypothesis—that Book-love, like all other love, is capable of exercising a deep and lasting influence over the minds of its votaries, either for good or evil; and that it behoves us to be very careful in the selection of those who are to be the companions of our solitary hours, and the silent modellers of our future thoughts and lives.

Book-love is the spirit of hearth and homestead! the great agent of civilisation and refinement, or, as we have elsewhere endeavoured to shew—an enchanter!—an artist!—a physician!—and a preacher! Its ministers are “a glorious priesthood!”—its worshippers a countless multitude of all ages and countries. Here and there false teachers have risen up, and clouds of bewildering sophistry and error are ever darkening and sweeping over its clear hemisphere; and it is for this reason that we would have all upon their guard lest they should be tempted to make shipwreck of this most sweet faith.

“A blessing,” writes Harriet Martineau, “upon all writers of voyages and travels!” A blessing, say we, upon Book-love, and Book-lovers, and Book-writers, all over the world!—so that their aim be the good, the beautiful, and the true!

Fraser's Magazine.

THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERY BODY.

Some few summers ago, I spent several weeks at a pretty little watering-place, in one of the southern counties of Scotland. The village, during the period of my stay, was filled with visitors of all classes and descriptions. Numbers of real or imaginary invalids from among the wealthier orders of society were spending at the spot their usual term of country residence, while many of a humbler rank were seeking relief from true illness by the use of the medicinal springs in the neighborhood. Amongst all the various residents, for the time being, a perfect equality reigned, and, indeed, this was in a measure inevitable, seeing that there was no alternative between absolute solitude, and the adoption of such companions as chance was pleased to bring in the way.

Those who lodged in the inn of the village, in particular, being young men, like myself, who had come to wile away a week or two in fishing and other amusements, were brought into daily and hourly fellowship, having to breakfast, dine, and sup, at a common table, and, in short, enjoying nothing individually and undividedly but their bedrooms. For my part I enjoyed this fortuitous associate-ship very much, for the three or four weeks of my residence in the village. A great part of this enjoyment was owing to one individual, the only one among my co-lodgers who had any thing remarkable about him; the rest being all, gentlemanly young fellows of an ordinary

cast. Not that I mean to insinuate that the individual particularised was not as idly and gentlemanly as any of them; only, he was not an “ordinary” personage, and there lay the distinction. The first extraordinary thing about him was, that nobody knew his name, or who and what he was, though he knew every body, and all about every body. He was generally termed “Mr. S.” or the “gentleman with the whiskers,” his visage being decorated with an ample pair of these appendages. The chambermaid it was, I believe, who gave us this initial glimpse at his name, having observed the letters J. S. on his portmanteau. Genteel in his person, courteous, even to excess, in his manners, and scrupulously neat, if not elegant, in his attire, Mr. S. was calculated, at first sight, to excite a prepossession in his favor; and on further intercourse with him, this impression certainly had no tendency to decrease. Of the every-day small talk of society he was a first-rate master; he abounded in anecdote of the most pleasing conversational kind, his stories generally relating to living persons of note, and rank in the world: and what was best of all about the good things he told, he almost uniformly gave you them at first hand, exactly as they had fallen from the lips of the parties concerned, in *his* presence. No common-place culler and retailer of fifty times told and written bon-mots was the gentleman with the whiskers. Every thing that came from his mouth bore the stamp of freshness and novelty. You could not mention one man's name, but Mr. S. would tell you something about him you never heard before.

The reader must have a touch of S.'s vein, in order to comprehend the mysterious curiosity respecting him that gradually crept over my mind while I lived beside him. This curiosity, as has been already said, none of the rest of our watering-place companions could gratify. He was unknown to all; though, strange to tell, several of them were at times firm in the belief that they had seen him somewhere before—but where or when, they puzzled their brains in vain to recollect. Over my own mind a glimmering feeling of the same kind occasionally came, and ended in the like dark uncertainty. The general impression among us came to be, that Mr. S. was a man of consequence, who found it convenient, from some temporary pecuniary difficulty, to keep himself and his whereabouts quiet for a short while. How could we think otherwise, when we found a man capable of describing accurately, from personal observation, the appearance, dress, and manners of every peer and gentleman of note in the country? Suppose the subject of the turf and its heroes to be started by our little club of diners at the ordinary, out came S. with his observation—“Odd lengths keen sportsmen do sometimes go, to be sure, with their passion for racing and betting. Some men from morning till night, seem to think of nothing else; and though one would say that they could not carry on turf-sports and dine at the same time, yet I have actually known it done. I once heard Lord K. offer a heavy

wager at dinner, that he would leap his famous hunter Rozinante over a chair back, directly in the face of a rousing fire. The bet was taken on the spot, and the stakes tabled. The horse was brought into the dining-room in a few minutes afterwards, and the chair placed, according to agreement, at the distance of a certain number of feet from the fire. His lordship mounted, and in another instant the docile animal had cleared the chair, and stood stock-still within a few inches of the blaze." After some remarks had been made by the company upon Mr. S.'s anecdote, I chanced to observe, that "where sportsmen could not conveniently make their dining-rooms a race course or hunting-field, they could always bet, at least, and could never be at a loss for things to bet upon, as every one would allow, that recollected the story of the two sportsmen, who, when confined to the house on a wet day, commenced wagering with each other on the comparative speed of the rain drops coursing down the window panes." S. instantly *capped*—as they say at Cambridge—my good old Joe Miller with an anecdote, fresh as a daisy, and which showed his familiar intercourse with the great as much as the last one did. "They don't always bet in a way so harmless to themselves," said he of the initials. "The well-known Murphy, as keen a sportsman as ever wore spurs, once laid a very heavy wager he would stick a hundred pins, of the common length, up to their heads in one of his limbs. He fulfilled his undertaking with the courage of a martyr, and won his bet. But the consequence of his feat was, that he was confined to bed for months, and ran great risk of losing both his limb and his life. I heard the engagement entered into, but its execution, I believe, took place in his own bedroom. Not quite so dangerous to himself," continued S. "was the manner in which another keen sportsman, Captain Murray, afterwards Lord E—, exhibited his betting propensities. So proud was the captain of the iron firmness which a long course of hard exercise on horseback had given to his limbs, that he was in the habit of laying bets that no one could nip or pinch him in that quarter of his body. When he could get nobody to take up such a wager with him, it was no uncommon thing for him to offer half-crowns, sometimes in a public market, to any one, groom, hostler, or jockey, who could succeed in effecting a *nip*."

Who, thought I and all present, when our friend with the whiskers gave us such stories as these—who is this, that is or has been so intimate with nobles and gentlemen of rank, as to have been a witness of the sayings and doings of their most convivial moments? If a suspicion of his being simply a retailer of things heard from others ever crossed our mind it was immediately removed again by the discovery of his correctness in some point or other, that could scarcely have been known to any one but an eyesight observer. And yet, would a man of high rank live unattended in a paltry little country inn, and the inn, too, of a watering place, a public resort? Besides,

if he were a man of note, surely somebody or other should have known him.

One remarkable point in the character of this strange personage puzzled me much. I never heard him utter a single remark on literature or books, although I often endeavored to lead him into the subject. This induced me, after much cogitation, to set him down as an author; he did not wish to commit himself on the matter of other men's writings; like Sir Walter Scott, he wished to live at peace with all his brethren. Therefore, when this train of thought sprung up in my mind, I set him down as an author—only to set him down as something else within the next ten minutes. Neither did I ever hear him give utterance to a single remark on science, unless, indeed, ventriloquism be ranked as one. On this subject, I remember, he once told us a very curious incident, which had taken place, as usual, under his own eye. Mr. Carmichael, a ventriloquist of some note, was invited to a hotel by some admiring patrons. A bottle of wine was ordered, when, just as the waiter was about to draw the cork and decant it, he and the company were astounded by a plaintive voice exclaiming, "Oh! gentlemen, help me out of the *lum*"—that is, the chimney. The landlord was called, and on the voice repeating its plaintive petition, he exclaimed, "How, in the name of wonder, did you get there?" "I can down the wrang lum this morning," cried the prisoner, "and I canna gang up again, and, oh dear, as little can I get down!" The angry landlord declared the fellow must have intended thievery, sent for a policeman, and at the same time procured a couple of chimney-sweeps to examine the vent, while every now and then the voice kept crying, "I can't get down!" The sooty-men explored the chimney, and declared that the man was gone. A repetition of the "I can't get down" belied their words, and the landlord was on the point of sending for masons to break into the vent, when, to the astonishment of all, including the ventriloquist's patrons, who were completely taken by surprise as well as the others, the dexterous juggler revealed the deception. He had imitated the crying of a person from the chimney, and no one had noticed the deception.

After spending a week or two in daily listening to such anecdotes as those that have been related, my desire—and I believe it was participated in by many others—to know who Mr. S. really was, knew no bounds. From his stories, one sometimes would have imagined him to be a peer, sometimes a sporting squire, sometimes a lawyer, a merchant, a physician, or a daily associate, at least, of one or other of these classes of the community. Sometimes I imagined the mystic being might be a member of our senate, but, seeing that half-a-dozen at least of M. P.'s bore the same initials, I was here as much at a loss as ever.

The appointed term of my stay in the little watering-place approached, and I was wretched. Had it not been for the medicinal waters which I drank every morning, I must have fallen into a "curious" consumption. The

man with the whiskers—he of the initials—J. S.—had made me miserable. He was as courteous, as much admired, and as anecdotal as ever. One day, however, while half a dozen of us were sitting at the ordinary, and just as I was thinking of announcing my departure on an early day, one of the party who had taken up a newspaper remarked that visitors had at last begun to return from the country to town, and read a long list of arrivals, including many of the nobility, at the National Hotel. For the first time, as this list was read, I saw emotion depicted on the usually unperturbed countenance of the mysterious S.—that countenance which I had so long watched with absorbing interest. “An attachment,” was my immediate thought, “to some lady named in the list of arrivals.” As soon as I could, I got the paper into my hands, and instantly looked at the arrivals. The celebrated beauties, the Hon. Misses A., were among the number. “Poor J. S., or happy J. S., as it may be, has an attachment to one of them, it is quite clear,” was my cogitation, and it was confirmed by his announcement, shortly after, of his intention to return to town by next day’s coach. Doubtless the ardour of his passion induced him to fly to his love without delay. More deeply interested in my friend of the initials than ever, I quickly formed and made known my resolve to depart by the same conveyance.

After I had taken my seat, at an early hour next morning, on the top of the coach, J. S. made his appearance, but, to my great surprise, his cheeks were as bare as my hand. His whiskers were completely gone. As I was ruminating on the cause of this, S. jumped up beside me on the coach, and everything was nearly ready for a start, when one of our companions of the ordinary, of whom we had taken leave on the preceding night, came to the door of the inn, and looking up to us, was about, as I thought, to say “good bye,” but, instead of that, he fixed his eyes on my companion’s unwhiskered countenance with a look of amazement, gave a slap to his leg, and cried, “I have him at last! it’s the —.” Ya hip! cried the coachman; off dashed the horses, rattle went the wheels, and what the gentleman was about to say was drowned in the commingled noise. But it was not altogether lost upon me. I saw that the speaker so untimely interrupted had at last discovered, by the denudation of his cheeks, who J. S. really was. What would I not have given for one moment’s delay of that coach’s career! As it was, I learned something. The last word which I had heard—the *the*—indicated that J. S. was no common man. He had a title. People talk of the Viscount, the Lord Advocate, the Lord Provost, but no man in an ordinary situation of life, no lawyer, or merchant, can be distinctively pointed out by the prefixure of the definite article *the*. The gentleman with the initials must unquestionably be a man of no mean distinction.

With this impression on my mind, I confess I almost insensibly heightened the respectfulness

of my tone in addressing my coach companion as we bowled along the road, and it seemed to me that he also became more respectful, while there was a pensive reserve about him also, which I attributed to his meditations, poor fellow, upon one of the Hon. Misses A. As we were driving along, dying with curiosity as I was, I did not like to offer an exchange of cards, which would be next to asking his name, a thing he seemed desirous to keep secret. The end of our journey approached, and I thought internally, with a bitter sigh, that it must be left to some future chance to unfold this mystery. The coach reached Edinburgh. Before it came to what is called its stand, the mysterious bearer of the initials jumped off. He touched his hat, and bade me good-bye. My heart sunk within me, with vexation and disappointment. As a last resource, having observed S. to speak in a familiar whisper to the coachman, it struck me to ask the latter if he knew the gentleman who had left us. Coachee was a sort of half Cockney. “Vy,” says the handler of the whip, “I knows him very vell. It’s Joe Swipes, as is the vaiter at the National. A rum feller he is too, and no mistake. I’ll varrant now he’s been a playing the gen’lman somewere, wile the ’ouse is slack. And a right good gen’lman he makes. I never heard sich stories as Joe can pump out. But *visker-time’s* over, as we says, wot knows him—the gentry’s a’-coming in, and he must look sharp a’ter bisness now!”

Waiter or lord, Joe Swipes was a gentleman.
Chamb. Edin Jour.

JENNY AND THE WATCH.

In some of the country parts of Scotland, a custom prevails of young men giving their watches in trust to young women for whom they have declared their attachment. The watch is kept and carried in the bosom of the fair one until the anxious couple are united in the bonds of wedlock, when, as a matter of course, the pledge of sincerity is delivered up to its original owner. This is imagined by country lasses to be an infinitely better plan of securing the fidelity of a sweetheart than that of breaking a sixpence. A watch is a valuable and highly prized article. It is worth at least a couple of pounds; and the loss of that sum by an individual in a humble condition of life, is a very serious matter. Still, we believe, there are cases in which the proposed match is broken off, and the watch abandoned for ever; though doubtless this is only in cases of great fickleness, or when weighty reasons for desertion intervene.

The following laughable incident regarding a watch so entrusted, occurred a few years ago. Jenny Symington, a well-favored sprightly girl in a certain farm-house in Galloway, had been entrusted with the watch of her sweetheart, Tam Halliday, a neighboring shepherd, and which she carried with scrupulous care in her bosom; but even the most carefully kept articles will sometimes disappear in spite of all the precautions considered necessary to

preserve them. Jenny, be it known, was esteemed a first-rate hand at preparing potatoes for the family supper; none could excel her in serving them up, beaten and mashed up in the most tempting style. On one occasion, in harvest, when the kitchen was crowded with a number of shearers waiting for their evening meal, and while Jenny was busy beating a mess of potatoes, what did the unlucky watch do, but drop from her bosom, chain, seals, and all, into the pot among the potatoes! Jenny's head being turned away at the moment, she knew nothing of the disaster, and therefore continued to beat on and on at her task. She certainly was a little surprised when she felt there was still a hard potatoe to beat, notwithstanding her previous diligence; but thinking nothing of it, she continued to beat, occasionally giving the hard potato, *alias* the watch, a good thump with the end of the beetle. At length she thought she had fairly completed the business; and so infusing a large jar of sweet milk into the mess, she stirred all together, and placed the vessel ready for the attack of the hungry onlookers.

Behold, then, the pot—a round gawsy tripod—planted in the middle of the floor. A circle was formed round it in a trice, and horn for horn the shearers began to stretch and strive. Many mouthfuls had not been taken before certain queer looks began to be manifested. "Deil's in the tatties," says one, "I think they've got banes in them." "Banes!" says another, "they're the funniest banes ever I saw; they're made o' broken glass and pieces o' brass; I'll sup nae mair o' them." With that, another produced a silver watch-case, all battered and useless, from his capacious horn spoon, and a universal strike among the suppers ensued. It was clear that a watch had been beaten up with the potatoes; so the good wife had nothing for it but to order the disgraced pot out of the way, and to place a basket of oatmeal cakes and milk in its stead.

What were poor Jenny's feelings during this strange denouement? On the first appearance of the fragments of the watch, she slipped her hand to her bosom, and soon found how matters stood. She had the fortitude, however, to show no symptoms of surprise; and although every one was wondering where the broken watch had come from, she did not disclose her knowledge how it came into the pot. As it had belonged to no one in the house, the materials were not identified; and as Jenny was a young woman of great prudence and modesty, and had never shown any one that she had a watch in her possession, no one teased her about it. In a short time the noise of the circumstance died away, but not till it had gone over the neighborhood that the family had found a watch in the potato pot; and, among others, it came to the ears of the owner, Tam Halliday, who was highly pleased with the conduct of his beloved Jenny; for he thought that if she had cried or sobbed, and told to whom the watch belonged, it would have brought ridicule on them both. Tam was, in short, delighted with the way the matter had been

managed, and he thought the watch was well lost, though it had been ten times the value.

Whatever Tam's ideas were on the subject, Jenny felt conscious that it was her duty to replace the watch. Accordingly, next time she met her lover, she allowed no time to elapse before she thus addressed him:—"Now, Tam, ye ken very weel, how I have demolished your good silver watch, but it is needless to regret what cannot be helped. I shall pay you for it, every farthing. The one half I will give you when I get my half-year's wages at Marti'mas, and the other half soon, as my brother is awn me three pounds, which he has promised to pay me afore the next Eastern's e'en fair." "My dear Jenny," said the young man, taking her kindly by the hand, "I beg you will say nothing about that ridiculous affair. I do not care a farthing for the loss of the watch; mair by token, I have gotten a rise in my wages frae the new laird; for I maun tell ye, I'm now appointed chief herd in the Ca's Hope. However, to take any payment from you, to rob you of your hard-won penny-fee, would be disgraceful. No, no, I will take none of your wages; but there is one thing I will take, if you are willing, and which, I hope, will make us baith happy for life." "And what may that be, Tam, now that ye're turned a grand head shepherd?" "I will take," said he, "yourself; but mind I do not ask you as a recompense for a paltry watch; no, in my eyes your worth is beyond all estimation. If you will agree to be mine, let it be done freely; but whether you are willing to marry me or not, from this time henceforth the watch is never more to be spoken of."

What followed may be easily imagined. Tam and Jenny were married as soon as the pleasing for the cottage at the Ca's Hope could be prepared; and at the wedding, the story of the watch and the potato pot was made the topic of much hearty mirth among the assembled company. The last time we visited Jenny's cottage, we reminded her of the transaction. "Houts," said she, "that's an auld story now; the laird has been sae weel pleased wi' the gudeman, that he has gien him a present o' that eight-day clock there; it cost eight pounds in Jamie Lockie's at the east port o' Dumfries, and there's no the like in a' the parish."

SHAKING HANDS.

There are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands, and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess that when I consider to what unimportant and futile concerns the attention of writers and readers has been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to handle so important a subject as this, and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a subject on which I have myself theorised a good deal, and I beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find in the ancient writers any distinct mention of *shaking hands*. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown-up persons in Europe, and children in our country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality.

When the ancients trusted the business of salutation to the hands alone, they *joined*, but did not *shake* them. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail in which the knights were cased, prevented their embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch, or joining of the hands, would have been but cold welcome; so that a long junction was a natural resort to express cordiality; and as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might naturally have been introduced. How long the practice may have remained in this incipient stage, it is impossible, in the silence of history, to say; nor is there anything in the *Chronicles de Philip de Comines*, or the *Byzantine historians*, which enables us to trace the progress of the art into the forms in which it now exists among us.

Without, therefore, availing myself of the theorists, to supply, by conjecture, the absence of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms;—

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its name, force, and character, this shake should be performed with a steady motion. No attempts should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity; as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the *pump-handle* shake should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally towards your friend's, and after the junction is effected, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use, which needs particularly be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon, when you meet with a person who has been educated to the *pump-handle* shake. It is well known that people cling to forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them. I had two uncles, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the *pump-handle* shake, and the other had brought home the *pendulum* from a foreign voyage. They met,

joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavoured to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened; and it was at last a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting diagonally, in which line they ever after shook: but it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it; and as usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet* is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of blood in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend as far as you can in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend. Particular care ought to be taken, if your own hand is as hard and as big as a *frying-pan*, and that of your friend as small and as soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the *tourniquet* shake to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. It is seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons. A hearty friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist, by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion gave his gouty uncle the *tourniquet* shake, with such severity, as reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle's fingers got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grievous touch* is in opposition to the cordial grapple. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are monopolised by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly to be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the *prude major* allows you to touch them only down to the second joint. The *prude minor* gives you the whole of the fore-finger. Considerable skill may be shewn in performing these, with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or stretching a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a long list, sir, of the *gripe royal*, the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake with *malice prepense*, but these are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described, as the *pump-handle*, the *pendulum*, and the *tourniquet*; the *loving pat*, the *reach romantic*, and the *sentimental clasp*, may be reduced in their main movements to their various combinations and modifications

of the *cordial grapple*, *Peter Grievous touch*, and the *prude major* and *minor*. I should trouble you with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the modes of shaking hands, as an indication of characters, but as I see a friend coming up the avenue, who is addicted to the *pump-handle*, I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

Boston Book.

PERUVIAN LADIES.

The ladies have the full benefit of the various nunneries and establishments for instruction, which abound in this capital. They are generally endowed with great beauty, and their figures boast that rich fullness of person which is the truest symptom of health in a warm country. They have very small feet and ankles, and no means are resorted to, to produce this effect*. Their persons are shown to great advantage in the usual walking-dress, the *saya* and *manto*. The former is composed of an elastic silk petticoat, like a stocking, which is drawn over the head down to the ankles, and then fastened round the waist with a buckle; this is the *saya*. It is usually worn of a deep blue, black, or cinnamon colour. Its elasticity makes it set perfectly tight, showing the contour of the person; and some ladies wear it so contracted at the ankles that they can scarcely step over the little streams which run down the streets. The *manto* is formed of a large square piece of silk, which is first placed behind, and two strings attached to the corners are tied in front; it is then brought over the back of the head down to the waist, and held there by the arms, which are enveloped in it. One eye is alone visible, and generally the left. It appears at first impossible to recognise one's acquaintance in the street in this costume, but custom soon overcomes the difficulty. This is the walking-dress of all respectable persons, indeed of every class above the menial slaves, and they may be seen occasionally with an old *saya* that does not fit them, which belonged to their mistress. An Englishman, who arrived at Lima during my stay there, observed a remarkably fine figure in the street, and determined to find out her abode. He followed her down several streets, and as she entered her house she threw back her *manto*, and to his great regret he discovered a black face. I am informed that ladies wear, during the warm months, under the *saya* and *manto*, merely a shift finely ornamented with lace, and a neckhandkerchief. The ladies, when concealed in this dress, are termed *tapadas*, and the appearance of so many in the street is not a little extraordinary.

In the house, the costume partakes more of the ordinary fashion of Spain than of France. The hair is ornamented with flowers, and a black veil is thrown back on the head. The manners of the ladies are extremely agreeable, and they are as kind and attentive to foreigners as the Spanish women everywhere show them-

* Some of the most beautiful women in Lima are natives of Guayaquil.

selves. In their persons they are extremely cleanly, taking the cold bath several times a day, although it must be stated that they smoke a little, and occasionally take snuff. They get rid of the unpleasantness which attends the former operation by chewing paper. It is not unusual for them to smoke a little at the theatre, but they always choose small cigars, and, placing their fan before them, retire to the back of the box. This custom may be therefore considered on the wane. It proceeds, in a great measure, from the almost constant fogs which prevail in Lima, and from an idea, not without foundation, that it prevents stomach attacks. The habits of the people have generally a tropical turn in everything. Dances are not so common as in Chile, nor any of those games so prevalent in that country. Cards, chess, and music, which require little exertion, and sitting tranquilly at the bull-ring, are the more usual enjoyments of Lima. The people of rank rise early, and their slaves bring them directly a light breakfast of chocolate and fruit; sometimes, it must be confessed, stewed meat is added. Dinner takes place about two o'clock, and consists of excellent fish, meat dressed in a variety of ways, and highly seasoned. The wine is either Peruvian or European. The siesta follows until six o'clock, and about nine o'clock, a cup of chocolate forms their supper. At evening parties, which are of constant occurrence, punch is the more usual beverage.

Caldcleugh's South America.

JOURNEY AT THE PUBLIC EXPENSE.—John Kilburn, a person well known on the turf as a list-seller, was at a town in Bedfordshire, and, according to a turf phrase, quite broke down; it was in harvest time, the week before Richmond races, near which place he was born; and to arrive there in time, he hit on the following expedient:—He applied to a blacksmith of his acquaintance to stamp on a padlock the words "Richmond jail," which, with a chain, was fixed to one of his legs, and he comported himself into a corn field to sleep. As he expected, he was soon apprehended, and taken before a magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two constables to guard him in a carriage to Richmond, no time being to be lost, Kilburn saying he had not been tried, and hoping they would not let him lie till another assize. The constables, on their arrival at the jail, accosted the keeper with, "Sir, do you know this man?" "Yes, very well: it is Kilburn; I have known him many years." "We suppose that he has broken out of your jail, as he has a chain and padlock on with your mark." "A prisoner! I never heard any harm of him in my life." "Nor," says Kilburn, "save these gentlemen, sir. They have been so good as to bring me out of Bedfordshire, and I will not give them any further trouble. I have got the key of the padlock, and I'll not trouble them to unlock it; I thank them for their good usage." The distance he thus travelled was about one hundred and seventy miles.

SONG.

Round Love's Elysian bowers
The fairest prospects rise;
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
There shine the purest skies,
And joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudless heaven of Beauty's smile.

Round Love's deserted bowers
Tremendous rocks arise;
Cold mildews blight the flowers,
Tornadoes rend the skies:
And Pleasure's waning moon goes down
Amid the night of Beauty's frown.

Then, Youth, thou fond believer!
The wily Siren shun:

Who trusts the dear Deceiver
Will surely be undone.

When Beauty triumphs, ah! beware:
Her smile is hope—her frown despair.

Montgomery.

GOOD NIGHT.

Day is past!
Stars have set their watch at last,
Founts that through the deep woods flow
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,
Flowers have shut with fading light—
Good night!

Go to rest!
Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast!
If within that secret cell
One dark form of memory dwell,
Be it mantled from thy sight—
Good night!

Joy be thine!
Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine!
Go, and in the spirit-land
Meet thy home's long parted band,
Be their eyes all love and light—
Good night!

Peace to all!
Dreams of heaven on mourners fall!
Exile! o'er thy couch may gleams
Pass from thine own mountain streams;
Bards! away to worlds more bright—
Good night!

Mrs. Hemans.

I GO, SWEET FRIENDS.

I go, sweet friends! yet think of me
When spring's young voice awakes the flowers:
For we have wander'd far and free,
In those bright hours—the violet's hours.

I go—but when you pause to hear,
From distant hills, the Sabbath bell
On summer winds float silvery clear,
Think on me then—I loved it well!

Forget me not around your hearth
When cheerly shines the ruddy blaze,
For dear have been its hours of mirth
To me, sweet friends! in other days.

And oh! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to love and grief are stir'd—
Think of me then! I go! I go!

Mrs. Hemans.

A LOVE SONG.

Dear Kate, I do not swear and rave,
Or sigh sweet things as many can;
But though my lip ne'er plays the slave,
My heart will not disgrace the man.
I prize thee—aye, my bonnie Kate,
So firmly fond this breast can be,
That I would brook the sternest fate
If it but left me health and thee.

I do not promise that our life
Shall know no shade on heart or brow;
For human lot and mortal strife
Would mock the falsehood of such vow.
But when the clouds of pain and care
Shall teach us we are not divine,
My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,
And I will strive to lighten thine.

We love each other, yet perchance
The murmurs of dissent may rise;
Fierce words may chase the tender glance,
And angry flashes light our eyes:
But we must learn to check the frown,
To reason rather than to blame;
The wisest have their faults to own,
And you and I, girl, have the same.

You must not like me less, my Kate,
For such an honest strain as this:
I love thee dearly, but I hate
The puling rhymes of "kiss" and "bliss."
There's truth in all I've said or sung:
I woo thee as a man *should* woo;
And though I lack a honey'd tongue
Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

Eliza Cook.

Written at the time Bonaparte was preparing to invade England.

When green is red, and red is white;
When pigs and poultry curse and swear;
When light is dark, and dark is light;
When people shut their eyes to stare;

When herrings grow on apple trees;
When Hampstead Hill o'er Highgate hops;
When lawyers do refuse their fees;
When rumps of beef are mutton chops;

When fire is cold, and ice is hot:
When pewter plates are made of tin;
When your old shirt's an iron pot—
The water boils, and I jump in;

When brewers' drays are barbers' shops;
When barbers' blocks talk French with ease;
When mops are brooms, and brooms are mops;
When sign-posts turn aside to sneeze:

When oysters grow on orange trees;
When silver is to gold preferred;
When this old hat's a Cheshire cheese,
And my grandmother's George the Third,
Then little Boney will come over,
And land a million men at Dover!

Epitaph in Bewdly Church-yard, Worcestershire.

Low beneath this greensward, oh!
Lies the wife of Thomas Rowe;
Her body's here, her soul's in heaven,
17 hundred 67.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SCOBIE'S CANADIAN ALMANAC FOR 1852.—An Almanac, in these busy times, becomes almost one of the necessaries of life; although the days are happily past when a large proportion of her Majesty's subjects resorted to the pages of Moore or Murphy as unerring guides to the state of the weather—wet or dry—damp or dusty. Not many years since few excursions were undertaken, no matter whether a jog to market, a wedding trip or a pic-nic, without first consulting the Almanac, and ascertaining that fine weather was predicted at the wished-for period. In the present day we are wiser than our ancestors—at least we think so—and we look to these annual visitants for information of a more matter-of-fact, or, at all events, of a more reliable kind. "Scobie's Canadian Almanac" contains ninety pages, closely filled with a variety of useful information.

ON DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

In all ages, and in all countries, barbarous or civilized, the higher orders of precious stones have been the objects of attention, and sought after with avidity. In the remotest periods of antiquity they have been selected from among all the productions of nature as emblems of perfection; the most eloquent and imaginative among the poets have found nothing, in the whole range of nature, better adapted to the illustration of their ideas of all that is of incomparable value and absolute completeness.

The wildest extravagance of oriental fiction, when bent on the most prodigious accumulation of splendour, can do no more than multiply and magnify these costly products of the secret laboratory of nature. Staffs of emerald, and cups excavated from a single ruby, are the proudest addition they have given to the real treasures of the Caliphs; and the splendid palaces of imaginary beings, the works of peris and magicians, could only be made to excel the substantial edifices of mortal potentates, by the unmeasured profusion of jewels with which they were adorned by the hand of fiction. Even the talismans by which the powers of another world were controlled, were gems; and the seal of Solomon, and the far-famed carbuncle of Giamschid, were alike rare in substance and tremendous in their properties.

When the glories of the new Jerusalem were revealed to the eye of the rapt Evangelist, and the visions beheld in Patmos were to be commemorated in language not altogether unsuitable to the wonders he had seen, in describing the ineffable splendours of the Holy City he found no imagery more worthy of presenting to the minds of men an idea of the effulgence of its walls, than the united brightness of all kinds of precious stones; the ramparts were of all imagined splendours, and the very foun-

dations an accumulation of sapphire, emerald, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, amethyst, and chryso-prase.

Diamonds, the most rare and most valuable of all precious stones, are sold by a particular standard, which appears to be universally adopted. The integer of weight is termed a carat, and it is divided into four grains.

Diamonds, when well set, always appear larger than when they are loose, and this circumstance gives great advantage to the seller. Shallow brilliants, that have a great surface, are for this reason always in request, and are generally set *close*. A brilliant is said to be *close set* if the setting has a back; it is said to be open, *au jour*, if it has no back. Fine brilliants are always set open. Thus a stone of only a carat may appear as large as a well-proportioned stone of six grains.

The smallest flaw, or *foul* (as it is called) greatly diminishes the price of the diamond; and if it be tinged with yellow, brown, &c., a fault characterised by the technical term of *colour*, its value falls very considerably, and is frequently reduced from a third to one-half. To counteract these defects, and to conceal the appearance of what are deemed imperfections, great ingenuity is exercised, and often with success, so that an inferior stone obtains the price of a perfect brilliant.

White topazes and rock crystal have been exposed for sale as diamonds, and glass has also been made into peculiar forms to resemble the rough gem. These deceptions have often been practised abroad, and sometimes with success.

Brilliants from two grains to three, may be bought in lots at from 7 gs. to 8*l.* per carat; from three to four grains, if fine; they are worth from 8 gs. to 9*l.* per carat; from five to six grains, if pure, worth 13 to 14*l.*

Brilliants of two carats each are worth from 27 to 30*l.* Stones of this weight, if well proportioned, are considered of a fine size, and well calculated for pins, or the centre of clusters. Indeed, well proportioned diamonds from six grains to two carats each, are always in demand, and are retailed at from 20 to 35*l.* each according to their degree of perfection, or as the retailer may think fit to charge them.

For brilliants of three carats, if fine and well formed, from 70 to 80*l.* may be obtained.

Brilliants of four carats, if fine, are worth from 100 to 130*l.*

Brilliants of five carats are not frequently met with in general trade, and are variable in price, as the dealers exact more if they know that such stones are wanted, than they would in the regular course of business. The prices may be said to vary from 130 to 200*l.*

Brilliants of six carats, as before stated, are not common; they are suitable for centre stones of expensive necklaces, and single stone rings, if perfect and well shaped, they sell from 230 to 250*l.* or more.

Rough diamonds, selected as fine, and well formed for cutting, may be estimated as follows: Square the weight of the stone, multiply the product by two, and the result will be the value

in pounds sterling. This rule, however, is by no means in general use. Brilliants, if fine, may be estimated by squaring the weight in carats, and multiplying the product by eight, which will give the amount in pounds sterling.

The Mirror.

ADVANTAGES OF SYSTEMATIC CIVILITY.—We learn from the Memoirs of Sir John Sinclair, by his Son (a very interesting book), that the venerable baronet was deeply sensible of the advantage of systematic or universal civility. "His ancestors," says the biographer, "had acquired a right of superiority over the burgh of Wick, the county town; and in virtue of that right he possessed a veto on the election of the provost and bailies. Considering the minority of their superior a favourable opportunity for the invasion of his rights, certain malcontents in the burgh and neighbourhood had recourse to intimidation, offering various insults to himself and his adherents. These outbreaks of local violence were met by proper firmness on the part of the young proprietor. He resolved that no concession should be wrung from him by threats; he sent a special summons to his own tenantry and those of his surrounding friends; and, assembling an array of twelve hundred persons, overawed the disaffected burghers so completely, that they abandoned their design of interrupting the election. From this affair Mr. Sinclair received a lesson which he never afterwards forgot. 'One of the leaders in these disturbances,' he says in his private memoranda, 'informed me that he was exasperated to oppose me by my neglect in not answering a letter. I was thence induced never to fall again into the same error.'" The biographer elsewhere makes the following statement:—"Sir John, when president of the Board of Agriculture, observed invariably a rule to receive with civility all visitors, whether they came to ask or to give intelligence. He knew how frequently the conductors of a public department consider themselves insulted by individuals presuming to advise them, as if advice implied aspersion on their sagacity or knowledge. For his own part, he made no pretensions to this official plenitude of wisdom. Even when the propositions made to him were manifestly absurd, he listened to his adviser with attention, and dismissed him with urbanity. A gentleman, who proposed to drain the kingdom with the broken *shims* of the East India House, was so pleased with his polite reception, as to offer, in return, his vote at the next election, either for Kent or Middlesex."

SERIOUS CALCULATIONS.—Some animalculæ are so small, that many thousands together are smaller than the point of a needle. Leewen- hock says there are more animals in the milt of a codfish, than men on the whole earth, and that a single grain of sand is larger than four thousand of these animals. Moreover, a particle of the blood of one of these animalculæ has been found, by calculation, to be as much less than a globe of 1-10th of an inch in diameter, as that globe is less than the whole earth.

He states, that a grain of sand, in diameter but the 100th part of an inch, will cover 125,000 of the orifices through which we perspire; and that of some animalculæ, 3000 are not equal to a grain of sand. Human hair varies in thickness, from the 250th to the 6000th part of an inch. The fibre of the coarsest wool is about the 500th part of an inch in diameter, and that of the finest only the 1500th part. The silk line, as spun by the worm, is about the 5000th part of an inch thick; but a spider's line is perhaps six times finer, or only the 30,000th part of an inch in diameter, inasmuch that a single pound of this attenuated, yet perfect substance, would be sufficient to encompass our globe. Speaking of odours, the author says, a single grain of musk has been known to perfume a room for the space of twenty years. How often, during that time, the air of the apartment must have been renewed, and have become charged with fresh odour! At the lowest computation the musk had been subdivided into 320 quadrillions of particles, each of them capable of affecting the olfactory organs. The diffusion of odorous effluvia may also be conceived from the fact, that a lump of *assafetida*, exposed to the open air, lost only a grain in seven weeks. Again, since dogs hunt by the scent alone, the effluvia emitted from the several species of animals, and from different individuals of the same race, must be essentially distinct, and being discerned over large spaces, must be subdivided beyond our conception, or powers of numbers. The human skin is perforated by a thousand holes in the space of a square inch. If, therefore, we estimate the surface of the body of a middle-sized man to be sixteen square feet, it must contain not fewer than 2,304,000 pores. These pores are the mouths of so many excretory vessels, which perform the important function in the animal economy of *insensible perspiration*.—*Shaw's Nature Displayed.*

ON THE USE OF ROLLERS.—The most remarkable instance of the application of rollers is the transport of the rock which now serves as the pedestal of the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg. This rock, a single block of granite, was discovered in the centre of a bog, four miles from the waterside; it weighed, after being cut into a convenient shape, 1217 tons. Notwithstanding its enormous weight, it was raised and turned upon its side, and placed upon a frame. A road was made across the bog, and a timber railway laid down; the whole was then left till the depth of winter, when the boggy ground was frozen, and the operations then commenced. The railway consisted of two lines of timber, furnished with hard metal grooves; similar and corresponding metal grooves were fixed to the under side of the sledge, and between these grooves were placed the rollers, which were spheres of hard brass, about six inches diameter. The impossibility of confining cylindrical rollers to a perfectly parallel direction, and without which the friction would have been considerable, rendered the adoption of spherical rollers or balls running in a groove

a matter of necessity, as otherwise the small surface upon which they can bear, and the consequent danger of crushing, or at least flattening that surface, is a serious objection to spheres: once placed upon the rollers, it was drawn by means of capstans. The resistance does not appear to have been great, considering the enormous weight, since sixty men at the capstans, with treble purchase blocks, moved it with ease.

The transport of this enormous rock under such disadvantageous circumstances of country, over a distance of four miles, and its subsequent passage of thirteen miles by water, in a vast cassoon or vessel constructed for the purpose, was a work surpassing anything of the sort attempted by the ancients; and, indeed, in modern times the only thing which can be compared to it is the dragging a ship of the line up a slip; the weight is in this case nearly the same as that of the rock, but the distance traversed is short, and the difficulties to be overcome much less.

MATRIMONIAL BALANCE.—An American paper a few years ago related the following anecdote: "Not long since a reverend gentleman in Vermont, being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of snow upon the roof of his barn might do some damage, was resolved to prevent it, by seasonably shovelling it off. He therefore ascended it, having first, for fear the snow might all slide off at once, and himself with it, fastened to his waist one end of a rope, and giving the other to his wife. He went to work, but fearing still for his safety, 'My dear,' said he, 'tie the rope round your waist,' no sooner had she done this, than off went the snow, poor minister and all, and up went his wife. Thus on one side of the barn the astounded and confounded clergyman hung, but on the other side hung his wife, high and dry, in majesty sublime, dinging and dangling at the end of the rope. At that moment, however, a gentleman, luckily passing by, delivered them from this perilous situation.

THE TORTOISE.—The tortoise may occasionally be met with in gardens in this country. The *Testudo geometrica* I have certainly seen here; but the occurrence is rare. One of three tortoises (the common) laid three eggs in a garden at Montrose. one of these I forwarded to Professor Jameson, of Edinburgh. The size to which this creature occasionally attains is quite monstrous. I remember, some years ago, to have seen one, then semi-torpid, exhibited near Exeter Change, London, which weighed, if I recollect aright, several hundred-weight. Its shell was proportionally thick, and its other dimensions bore a corresponding ratio. It was stated to be about eight hundred years old. In the library at Lambeth Palace is the shell of a land tortoise, brought there about the year 1623; it lived until 1730, and was killed by the inclemency of the weather during a frost, in consequence of the carelessness of a labourer in the garden, who, for a trifling wager, dug it up from its winter retreat, and neglected to replace it. Another tortoise was placed in the

garden of the Episcopal Palace at Fulham, by Bishop Laud, when bishop of that see, in 1628: this appears to have died a natural death in 1753. It is not known what were their several ages when placed in the gardens. That of which I am about to give an account, I saw in the bishop's garden at Peterborough, adjoining the Cathedral, in the summer of 1813. It died only four or five years ago. Why this Episcopal predilection, is a question perhaps not unworthy antiquarian research! The *Testudo Græcia* is found in the island of Sardinia—generally weighing four pounds, and its usually computed age is about sixty years. From a document belonging to the archives of the Cathedral, called the *Bishop's Barn*, it is well ascertained that the tortoise at Peterborough must have been two hundred years old. Bishop March's predecessor in the see of Peterborough had remembered it above sixty years, and could recognise no visible change. He was the seventh bishop who had worn the mitre during its sojourn there. If I mistake not, its sustenance and abode were provided for in this document. Its shell was perforated, in order to attach it to a tree, &c., to limit its ravages among the strawberry borders. This animal moved with apparent ease, though pressed with a weight of 80 stone; itself weighed 13½ pounds. In cloudy weather, it would scoop out a cavity, generally in a southern exposure, where it reposed, torpid and inactive, until the genial influence of the sun roused it from its slumber. When in this state, the eyes were closed, and the head and neck a little contracted, though not drawn within the shell. Its sense of smelling was so acute, that it was roused from its lethargy if any person approached even at a distance of twelve feet. About the beginning of October, or latter end of September, it began to immure itself, and had, for that purpose, for many years selected a particular angle of the garden; it entered in an inclined plane, excavating the earth in the manner of the mole; the depth to which it penetrated varied with the character of the approaching season, being from one to two feet, according as the winter was mild or severe. It may be added, that for nearly a month prior to this entry into its dormitory, it refused all sustenance whatever. The animal emerged about the end of April, and remained for at least a fortnight before it ventured on taking any species of food. Its skin was not perceptibly cold; its respiration, entirely effected through the nostrils, was languid. I visited the animal, for the last time, on the 9th June 1813, during a thunder-storm; it then lay under the shelter of a cauliflower, and was apparently torpid.

Murray's Experimental Researches

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