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COUNTRY TOWN SKETCHES.

The aspect of some of our little quiet provincial boroughs, basking, as it were, in the sunshine of a summer day, is very prepossessing. To the dwellers in large cities, or the inhabitants of the woods and fields, a small country town forms equally an object of curiosity; the latter wonder how anybody can be found to live in a town at all, and the city folk, how they can live in a small town; and certainly small towns are to active-minded persons more suited for casual visits than for a permanent abode. There are, however, many shades of difference between them; some give an idea of laziness, some of dullness, and some of quietude only; while some are dirty, and some are bustling—characteristics which strongly impress themselves upon the mind of a traveller, even should his sojourn be limited to the change of horses at an inn. In the metropolis, the spectator, as he surveys the crowd which throngs in every thoroughfare, wonders how inhabitants can be found for the masses of the people which seem to choke up the avenues; while, in country towns, he suspects, in spite of some slight indications to the contrary—smoke from the chimnies, and flower-pots in the windows—that the houses are destitute of inhabitants. It seems to be a rule of etiquette among the genteeler sort never to be seen; tiers upon tiers of windows, five in a row, will stretch themselves along some substantial brick mansion, adorned with the whitest of little muslin curtains, and bright with continual cleaning; but not a head, not even the housemaid, appears at one of them. The shops are gaily set out with ribbons and gauds of the most tempting description, but they seem to possess no attraction for the belles of the place; and if there should be a group of young ladies, either lounging at the door, or looking into the windows, ten to one but they belong to the carriage at the end of the street, which has just brought them in from the country.

A knot of two or three gentlemen may sometimes be seen congregating together under the portico of the chief inn, but the ladies are infinitely more secluded. Most of them, nevertheless, contrive not only to hear, but to see, all that is going on. The smallest movement in the place becomes known by a sort of magic. An event, no matter what, occurs at the eastern extremity of the town, and all about it is known in no time at the western boundary; the rapidity with which the intelligence travels resembling in some respect the velocity of an electrical shock, which is felt at both ends of a wire at the same instant of time. The incoming of any stranger is, in particular, a matter of extraordinary interest; it is as good as meat and drink—bed, board, and washing for a week—to half a hundred gossips, who are not long in ascertaining his pedigree up to the days of Noah, and his resources even to the odd pounds, shillings, and pence, lying in the hands of his banker. The arrival of a post-chaise is a great affair in these old-fashioned dreamy towns; and even the circumstance of the family carriage of the neighbouring squire having been seen on shopping excursions three times during the week, is a bit of news not to be despised. It is known beyond the possibility of doubt, that there will soon be a marriage in the family of the Barringers at the Lodge; that the postman has called at the cottage of Captain Riley five times within the last fortnight with letters, some of them with large red wax seals stamped with a coat of arms—crest, a stag passant; that Miss Humphries has sported a new bonnet, which must have come from London; and that all the Creswells have gone into mourning—facts, the two latter, at least, which, but for some extraordinary vigilance, could not have transpired until the following Sunday, when the church bells would of course bring out the whole population, and, should the weather prove fine, all attired in their very best.

There is generally very great diversity in the buildings of a small town; one tall mansion will have minikin neighbours on each side, little better than stalls; others are low, and occupy a large portion of ground; and some are oddly squeezed into corners, as if every inch of land was of the greatest consequence. Upon walking down the principal streets, we see through the shops, and back-parlour windows, pretty gardens filled with many-coloured flowers, or a sudden opening gives a bright glimpse of country. The rural air, and the excessive cleanliness of those shops, render them very attractive; even that of the butcher losing all its offensiveness in the absence of many of the appurtenances connected with the trade in larger places.

The servants belonging to a provincial town form one of its curiosities; they are distinguished alike from those domesticated in the country families, and those who are found in the metropolis. The women perhaps have an advantage in the comparison; they are fresher looking, and dress quite as gaily, but in a more picturesque style; the crowns of their caps reach a higher altitude, and the ribbons are of a more gaudy description. The male servitors are, on the other hand, anything but smart, either in appearance or manners. Their awkwardness seems to bid defiance even to the powers of a drill-sergeant; and, though as much addicted as their metropolitan brethren to standing at street doors, they never acquire the indolent lounge of the latter. If out of livery, there is no mistaking the man for the master, unless the latter be a very vulgar person indeed. Now, in London, the butler is sometimes the finer looking gentleman of the two, while the footmen perform the duties of their office with a grace which seems perfectly marvellous. Nothing incommoded by their long canes, they open the carriage doors, let down the steps, and present their arms to the ladies with the greatest possible ease and facility; they glide about dressing-rooms amongst the bijouterie, without raising alarm in the breasts of the beholders, performing the offices required of them with perfect command of countenance and action; the most ridiculous circumstance occurring in their presence would fail to move them to laughter, and they never speak except in a most respectful manner, and upon occasions of absolute necessity. In fact, they are so well bred in their official capacity, that it is rather a puzzle to know how they conduct themselves in private life, and whether the servants' hall is not equally as decorous as the drawing-room. Country servants, on the contrary, find it impossible to contain their merriment when anything ludicrous is said or done; they are loquatious upon every occasion, and nine times out of ten, are tolerably certain of extinguishing the candles should they attempt to snuff them, and of spilling the coals out of the skuttle when called upon to make up the fire. It is but justice, however, to recollect that what may be wanting in dexterity and polish, is compensated by fidelity and attachment—virtues of greater value. The country-town servant, who brews the beer, milks the cows, works in the garden, grooms the horse, drives the pony chaise, and waits at table, forms another species of person, an active hard-working man of much respectability. But it is the show-servants of some of the superior establishments who afford the best subjects for caricature, and may generally be ranked amongst the absurdities of the place.

The aristocratic principle is beautifully illustrated in places such as we allude to. The town and its suburbs are sectioned into compartments, of at least a dozen degrees of rank; all differing from each other, yet all nicely shading off down and down, from the most exalted to the most humble and poverty stricken. The members of each class, thus, visit among themselves and only recognise those below them at odd out-of-the-way times, or when their dignity may not be compromised by an appearance of familiarity. A stranger, therefore, paying a passing visit to the place, must take infinite care how he calls upon any one in, or attaches himself to, the wrong circle; for there, to a certainty, he must remain. No power or address can save him, or, in other words drag him upwards, after making the false step—that is, always providing, and being it understood, that he is not an unmarried man with a competence or fortune. For, then, the case is entirely altered; the higher order, somehow or other, having always lots of daughters of a marriageable quality, whom they are anxious to see established in life, and for whose sake they are willing for a time to make a concession to the spirit of democracy.

Sometimes a very slender line of demarcation separates the visitable from the unvisitable; a sort of suburb is considered quite distinct from the town, and goes by a different name; and the houses standing separate, with gardens around them, the inhabitants are to all intents and purposes entitled to the benefits of such a position. But, while one end of the town is thus rendered fashionable, the other, even though divided by a bridge, enjoys not the same privilege; the houses may be as good, the gardens as spacious, yet those who dwell there must be content to call themselves town's-people, and to limit their ambition to the society which the place affords. Should it happen that a person of low origin, thriving in business, who has realised a fortune, chooses to retire from trade, and to establish himself in a good house in the town, in all probability he will not be visited; but if another individual in the same rank in life should acquire wealth elsewhere, no great matter how, and return to spend it in the place of his nativity, he will find no difficulty in getting into society.

Some persevering individuals, however, belonging to families which have no pretensions to dignity of birth, generally are found to rise to eminence in a country town; and should the name happen to be odd as well as vulgar, such as Cabbage, or Hoggins, or Snugs, or Ruggleton, the nature of the origin becomes manifest. There will be Mr. Ruggleton the banker, a very great man indeed; Mr. John Ruggleton the lawyer, very nearly, if not quite as great; then comes one Richard Ruggleton, scarcely acknowledged by his proud relations, who keeps a secondary inn; James Ruggleton, a butcher, no connection at all, according to the statements of the grand people; while in some of the shabbiest lanes and alleys, a barber's pole will be seen protruding from the door of an extremely small shop, with Thomas Ruggleton written beneath it; and a little lower down, a placard of board, with the following inscription painted askew in white letters—"Mangling done here by Ann Ruggleton." The only roof under which these scions of the same stock meet, is the church. The Misses Ruggleton *par distinction*, the banker's daughters, walk up the principal aisle, attended by a servant in a bright blue livery coat, with bright yellow plush accessaries, carrying their prayer-books; the lawyer's family are followed by a boy in pepper and salt, cuffed and collared with red, it not having been yet discovered the family liveries should always be the same; the inkeeper's daughters walk in by themselves, and unluckily occupy a pew whence they can bow to their grand relations; the butcher's daughters sit in greater obscurity behind, but near to their cousins of the Dog and Duck, with whom they are upon terms of the closest intimacy, while the poorer sort establish themselves in the meaner order of seats. Ann Ruggleton thinks it hard that she cannot get the custom of these fine people, who are all of her own kith and kin, and whom she remembers to have been no better off than herself. The barber has turned radical, and abuses the aristocracy on account of the treatment which he has received from relations who look down upon him, and the butcher is sometimes restive; he is only conciliated at elections, and is hardly to be persuaded into voting the right way. A few other members of the family, such as the milliners, and the post-office Ruggletons, are content to visit their rich relations clandestinely as it were, that is, when they have no other company; they are wise enough to know that the rules imposed upon society are of a very despotic nature, and that the gentry of the town would object to meet them while they continued in the situation from which their relatives had raised themselves. In fact, while each complains of the pride of the other, the greater number are more or less jealous, and tenacious of their own consequence; the whole clan unite in their dislike of Ann Ruggleton, who takes in mangling, and were by no means pleased when the barber's brother got into the alms-houses; they would rather that he had been reduced to pauperism elsewhere; for, though unwilling to contribute to his maintenance, they were ashamed of his obtaining relief from the town funds.

Occasionally there are little histories connected with the inhabitants of the houses in these rural communities, which are very touching, although the town's-people themselves, long accustomed to the circumstances which have coloured the destiny of their neighbours, may attach little or no interest to them. One very respectable-looking house, with a large garden behind, situated in the centre of a particular town now in our eye, is inhabited by a lady, who has never crossed the threshold during the last fifty years. She is now seventy-three, and has always been in the enjoyment of excellent health. Her abjuration of the world was occasioned by the death of her husband, who expired suddenly on his wedding-day. The constitution and the intellects of the unhappy widow survived the shock, but she remained inconsolable in her grief. No persuasion could induce her to pass through the door which she had entered as a joyous bride—a long perspective of felicity opening before her—and whence the remains of her best beloved were taken to their last resting-place. Her firmness wearied her friends, who at length ceased their importunities; she has survived them all, and making no new acquaintance, receives no visitors. One confidential servant, some fifteen or twenty years younger than herself, manages her household, and attends her in her walks in the garden, the only place in which she is to be seen. Clad in the deepest widow's weeds, the old lady, on a bright summer day, passes up and down the broad gravel walk, or seats herself upon one of the grass plots, in an arm-chair brought out for the purpose, and a piece of carpeting under her feet. She tenants the back room in the house; and the idle passenger peering through the front windows, sees only two tolerably sized parlours, furnished exactly alike, with Turkey carpets covering the centre of the floor, a small table beneath the looking-glass opposite the windows, high-backed chairs all round, and fire screens papered up on each side of the grate. Every person in the town is acquainted with the story, but it seems to make little impression, except upon the breast of the stranger, who, saddened by the tale of long and quiet suffering, carries the recollection away, and often returns in thought to the widow's abode, speculating upon the nature of her feelings, and marvelling at the union of sensibility and apathy which seem to have been the characteristics of her mind; the one leading her to the resolution which she adopted, the other carrying her through it.

All country towns may not be equally fortunate, but another house in the birthplace of the Ruggletons, has a still more remarkable tale attached to it. It is tenanted by a widow, the heroine of the story. The husband of this lady happened to be a very singular character, strongly addicted to antiquarian pursuits. He had the upper part of the house, the attic, converted into a museum, and built a room amongst them, lighted and ventilated in a very peculiar manner. Amid other curiosities there were two skeletons, objects so alarming to the servants, that none disputed with him the privilege of dusting and brushing; offices which he took upon himself, in consequence of the dread he entertained of injury to these precious relics. The dread of the skeletons was so great, that not one of the servants willingly approached the staircase leading to the room in which they were deposited; and one and all united in declaring that very strange sounds had been heard to proceed from these same attics. No one felt much surprised when his first wife died, for he had not the credit of being a good husband; nor did they expect that he would grieve long after her, since her death put him into uncontrolled possession of a very handsome fortune. Some astonishment, however, was manifested at the change which took place in the outward appearance of the widower; he became spruce in his dress, gay and courteous in his manners, and purchased no more curiosities, attending, however, still very diligently to those in his possession. Before the expiration of a twelvethe cathedral; received the sacrament, and solemnly repeated his promise at the altar, that he would strictly and without mental reservation, perform his vow in every particular. The assassin having satisfied his zeal for justice, and being willing to secure safety, as well as that independence which he thought he deserved, immediately repaired to the palace, demanded an audience, and after strong assurances from the prince that he would religiously observe his oath, confessed himself the murderer of the persons who, at different times, had been found in the streets. The viceroy paused, and suppressing, as far as he was able, the strong emotions of horror and surprise which struggled in his breast, proceeded to argue with the reformer on the unjustifiable cruelty and irregularity of his proceeding in thus putting to death so many persons without judicial process. The mechanic defended his conduct on the plea of justice, and the interests of morality and virtue; insisted, that the characters of those he had destroyed were too notorious to require any legal trial; and concluded by severely reprimanding the chief magistrate for suffering so many bad men to live. The royal representative, whatever might have been his inclination, religiously kept his word, paid the stipulated sum; and as it was judged that Messina might not in every respect be a proper residence for the mechanic after what had happened, he embarked, with his family and effects, in a merchant ship bound to Genoa, and passed the remainder of his life in the territory of that republic. —We give this curious story as it has been told, but cannot suffer it to pass without reprobating in the strongest manner the principles upon which the cobbler is said to have acted. No individual has a right to arrogate to himself the duty of punishing the wicked, which must be left to regular tribunals. As in all cases, the person who is here spoken of was deficient in omniscience to render his decisions unerring; he was not able to dive, like Him to whom all hearts are open, into the deep seated motives of human action. It is not probable that he had entirely banished from his heart those malignant and base passions which are sometimes concealed under the mask of patriotism and public spirit; passions which, with all our efforts, we find it extremely difficult to shake off, whilst we continue in these tenements of clay.—*Lounger's Commonplace Book.*

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POOR RELATIONS.

A poor relation is—the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your escutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet, —Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet,—the bore *par excellence*.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. ——." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed.—He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again.—He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. —— will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth days and professeth he is fortunate in having stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret,—if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same as your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up he profereth to go for a coach—and lets the servants go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean, and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inqure the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. "He is an old humourist," you may say, "and affects to go thread-bare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L—s; or what does she at their house?" She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar; yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquanda suffiaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. —— requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *sir;* and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.—*London Mag.*

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SPRING-TIDE;

OR, THE ANGLER AND HIS FRIENDS.

Senex.—Julian.—Simon Paradice.

Julian.—Well, though not wedded to seclusion, I confess there are many charms in a country life; but much depends on association.

Senex.—He only whose early days were spent amidst rural scenes can truly love the country. Yet, as I stroll through these meadows, I feel, though lovely to look upon, they are, to my eyes, less beautiful than they were. The cowslip and the hare-bell blossom still; trees that were young when I was a boy, are still growing, and looking green; the lark carols as blithely as ever; the grasshopper vaults as high, and chirps as gaily; and the thrush sings from the hawthorn that feeds him in the winter. While nature each season renews her livery, man has but one Spring; and through the long vista of declining years regards the happy hours of youth as the first sinner looked back on Paradise.

> Still glides the stream, and shall not cease to glide;
> The Form remains, the Function never dies;
> While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise—
> We men, who in our morn of youth defied
> The elements, must vanish.

J.—I wonder what our friend Simon thinks of the country?

S.—You can ask him. I'll wager he would prefer his own native meadows to the streets of London, notwithstanding the legends once current hereabouts that they are paved with gold. Believe me, the countryman looks anxiously for the return of the swallow and the cuckoo. Doesn't he, Simon? What is it they sing of the cuckoo in our country?

Simon—

The cuckoo's a vine bird,
  A zengs as a vlies,
A brengs us good tidins,
  And tells us no lies;
A zuchs th' smael birds eggs,
  To make his voice clear,
And the mwore a cries "Cuckoo!"
  The zummer draaws near.

Now, vor my paart, I dwont pertickler like the wosbird. A's too vond o'other people's whoams; and, as to a's *voice*, a allus zeams to I to ha' zummut in's kecker. If a'd yeat a feaw scare o' snails, as the blackbirds and dreshes do, instead o' smael birds' eggs, a'd vind's zengin' mended 'oondervul, I'm zhure. But it's pleazant time when the cuckoo's about—that's zartin. The whate be chittin'; the mawing grass looks vrum; the elmin trees ha' got ael their leaves on, and the young rucks are makin' a caddle,

S.—What other verse is it they have about the cuckoo?

Simon—

The Cuckoo comes in April,
  Stays the month o' May:
Zings a zong at Midzummer,
  And then a gwoes away.

S.—Ay, that's it. The bird chooses the three most delicious months of the year; and, though his name has become a byword among us, his advent glads the heart of man, notwithstanding his "note of fear." The small birds, however, give him a dusting occasionally, either out of revenge for the petty larceny he commits on them, or for his resemblance to the hawk, with whom they sometimes venture too far, as with the owl, and suffer for their temerity.

J.—You spake of the thrush loving the hawthorn. There are several of those beautiful trees in this neighbourhood. One often sees them on the hills and downs, standing alone, their beautiful foliage exhibiting in strong contrast their gnarled and weather-beaten trunks. It is truly a most picturesque tree. Can you tell why they are so frequently seen thus detached?

S.—"A bird of the air shall tell of the matter." Many of them are of very great age. I can fancy the thrush, the ouzle, or the wood-pigeon, scared by the fowler in ancient times, dropping a berry here and there, which took root, to the amazement of the wandering swineherd. The Anglo-Saxons regarded this tree with superstitious veneration; and in some parts of Ireland, to this day, if you talk of cutting one down, you will create a terrible hubbub in the neighbourhood. I am hardly free from the imputation of tree-worship, so much denounced by the Anglo-Saxon laws, and have an especial regard for the hawthorn, beautiful at this season, while it teams with its delicious perfume, and cheerful to look upon, studded with countless ripening berries, when hoar winter nips both man and beast, and makes your hearthstone pleasanter than the meadows.

J.—I have no doubt many of these trees are of a great age, coeval, perhaps, with the oldest oaks and yews in the kingdom. Old records tell us of several of the latter two; but the hawthorn, perhaps, lost—if not its beauty—its dignity under the Norman rule. Speaking of the age of trees, did you ever notice the old saying that an oak is five hundred years growing, five hundred years in a state of maturity, and another five hundred in decaying. You will find it among the quaint list of "demaundes joyous," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1511.

S.—From what we have confirmed, as to the age of the oak, there seems some truth in this saying of our forefathers. The oldest men in this neighbourhood, and some have reached eighty years, say they remember trees which are "not a mossle chainged" since they were breeched. But much has been written on ancient trees known to have been standing before the Conquest. Yonder is an elm, which was a lusty tree when the Parliament men chased the fugitive Royalists across these meadows.

J.—Heaven grant that such quiet scenes may never again be the theatre of such fearful doings. History usually gives us but the outline of events, and many an episode of blood and pillage in those strifeful days is lost to remembrance.

S.—We may guess the fate of many a happy and innocent family at that period, abandoned to the rage and lust of an infuriate and licentious soldiery, whose characters may be inferred when we read of the devices borne by their officers. One Middleton, a Parliament man, had for his device an armed figure killing a bishop, with the motto, "Exosus Deo et sanctis," and underneath "root and branch." Langrish, another captain, bore a death's head, with a bishop's mitre, and "Mori potui quam papatus." But nothing can exceed the impiety and indecency of some of the Royalist captains, who adopted devices and mottoes which can neither be described nor written down. But come, Simon waits for us below the bridge; let us see what sport we are to have this fine morning. Ha! the May-fly is rising; the angler will not leave the river with an empty pannier to-day. "The insect youth are on the wing," as Paley prettily expresses it.

J.—When this fly is on the water, the fish will take no other, I have heard.

S.—Ask those who told you so if they ever tried. But we will soon put it to the test. The mention of that dogma reminds me that last season, in the month of April, with a cold north-west wind, which curled the surface of the water well, I took, in a part of this stream, within the space of half-a-mile, sixteen brace of fine trouts, and most of them with the artificial May-fly, though, of course, not one of these creatures had made its appearance. I have been equally successful with the May-fly's "counterfeit presentment" in streams where that insect is never seen. The fact is, that when the trout is really inclined to feed there are few things thrown lightly on the surface, or slowly drawn through the water, which he will not take.

J.—I have often observed fish rise and take the leaves which on a windy day are blown into the river. This seems to favour your opinion.

S.—True, but you will find the trout repeatedly reject them. I do not think them so obtuse as to seize everything as *food* which may fall near them; but, doubtless, experience, or perhaps instinct, prompts them to *examine* everything that comes in their way. Thus the hairy caterpillar, when feeding on a leaf, may, like the clown sawing the sign-board, on which he is perched, eat away until he is precipitated into the water. In this manner, though hardly discernible by us, the fish, perhaps, often devour any reptile or insect that may be launched on a floating leaf, which is sent adrift again as soon as it is cleared of the creatures sailing upon it. I have had wonderful sport in the months of August and September, the fish rising at almost every fly cast near them, while the leaves were falling occasionally, in consequence of a breeze. Now, then, on with a May-fly for "stretcher," and use a hackle for the "bob." Well, Simon, have you marked a good trout?

Simon.—Eez, zur; there's a featish good un, just under thuck bank yander, if Measter Julian can crape alang by them pales, and kip out o' zite.

J.—I'll try, Simon, I see him rising. Now see me give him "the line of invitation." There! ha! he's gone!

S.—Yes; there he goes up stream like a rocket. He saw the shadow of your rod. He is an old and cunning fish, and is not to be easily caught.

Simon.—The best woy to catch *he* is to drow a leetle bit aboove, and let the vly zail auver hin.

J.—That last word of our friend's puzzles me a little; is it a corruption of *him* or *it?*

S.—It is no corruption, but the pure Saxon pronoun *hyn;* though, strange to say, the compilers of our provincial glossaries have not remarked it; a proof, one may easily perceive, that they have but a very slight acquaintance with the dialects they have undertaken to illustrate. The compilers of some of these works are greatly deceived if they suppose any English dialect is to be illustrated by merely turning over the leaves of an Anglo-Saxon dictionary. Others err as much in concluding, that, as a certain provincial word is not to be discovered in these vocabularies, it is necessarily not of Anglo-Saxon origin, and, having searched all the ancient northern tongues for derivations, boldly assume that it was *imported!*

J.—But, is not this word sometimes pronounced like *un?*

S.—It is; and the same change was, doubtless, remarked by the scribes in Anglo-Saxon times; hence the variation which we find in their orthography, even in the same page.

J.—Then there is the word "thuck," which I do not remember to have noticed before, though I have frequently remarked "thick."

S.—The first word "thuck" is now not so frequently heard, and is only used by those who adhere to the "owld taak," as they style it. "Thick" is the natural corruption of "thilk," which you will find repeatedly in Chaucer, and "thuck" is an equally natural corruption of "thulk," which you will discover in Robert of Gloster's Chronicle, and in the MS. of Piers Ploughman, edited by Whitaker; so, you see, my friend here is only talking a language which the scholar and the gentleman once used.

Simon.—Won't 'e try a leetle bit lawer down, zur. Ize zartin zure ye'll vind a girt un or two in the mill-tail, if zo be Measter Julian 'oud like to try a minney.

S.—What say you to Simon's suggestion? Shall we walk to the mill-tail and try a minnow?

J.—With all my heart. Come along; and, as we walk there, tell me what you have to say on "Ize" which I often hear in this neighbourhood.

S—Ha, there you almost bring be to a *non plus*, and I fear you will get, in this instance, conjecture only, the hobby-horse of etymologists, in the place of illustration. The use of "Ize" or "Ise," is not so easily explained. I have little doubt that it dates from the twelfth century; but I don't remember meeting with it earlier than in Chaucer, in whose inimitable "Canterbury Tales" *I is* is used for I am, both by the Clerk and by the Miller. I cannot tell whether the illustrious old poet meant this for a *provincial* form of speech; but it is very likely to have been so. The introduction of Norman French produced many hybrid words, and it probably led to "Ize." The use of *w* for *v* is not confined to the cockneys, as some suppose: it is common in the county of Kent; but there you often find "*I are*" for *I am*, as the vulgar Breton says *Je sommes!* The "English of Kent," so much vaunted in old days, was doubtless a language to which Norman French was *adapted*, whereby it was made more cockney, and less truly English, than the dialects of the "Shires," as the county people of that county to this hour call the other parts of England.

J.—I notice that they use "on" instead of *of*, almost invariably.

S.—There is a precedent for that from the earliest times, and it was in use down to the seventeenth century. What says the song,

> Complain my lute, complain *on* him.

In the headings of the chapters of "Reynard the Fox," you find how the different animals complained *on* him; and Dame Julian Berners, counting the terms used by sportsmen in her day, when describing the ages of the deer, says,

> And ye speke of the Bucke, the fyrst yere he is
> A Fawyne soukynge on his dam say as I you wys.

You laugh at my illustrations; but I think you will find that I have authority for what I have advanced.

J.—In sober earnestness, I feel interested in them; and henceforward, shall endeavour to become better acquainted with the language of your humble neighbours.

S.—I am glad to hear your confession that I have not pleaded vainly in behalf of my smock-frocked friends and their dialect, which, though I am no philologist, I hope I have shewn is entitled to some consideration, if only on the score of its antiquity. And, now, let us try for one of Simon's trouts. for here is the mill-tail. Ho! Simon! a minnow for Mr. Julian. Why, what's the fellow about.

J.—He's making a detour to avoid the miller's bees, who seem disposed to resent his entering their fee-simple without leave,

Simon—'Begs yar pardon, zur; but they there wosbirds zeemed raythor cam and mischievul. When I went oon woy, they wanted to gwo there too. Um zeemed minded to ha' a turn wi' I as they did wi' Jack Ockle.

S.—Why, when was that, Simon?

Simon.—Laast zummer, zur. Jack 'ad cot a girt beg trout just agin thuck pwoast, and a run backerds to kip 's line tight, right bang auver oone o' they hives. Massey haugh! what a buzzin' and vizzin' there was, to be zhure! out um coomed like vengeance, and pitched into Jack as if they was mad. The miller zeed it ael, but cou'dnt come anighst un. Jack roared like a town-bull, and drowed down his rod, and jumped bang into the river to zave hizzelf; but the leetle wosbirds watched un till a coomed up, and went at un agen. Very lucky var'n it coomed on to rain very hard, and a craawled out purty nigh dead, wi' his yead and vace covered wi' stinges, zo that a cou'd only zee's woy whoam out o' the carner o' oone eye. Poor owld Molly cou'dn't thenk what galley craw 'twas as coomed whoam to her. "Who in the 'ouruld be you?" zays Molly. "Why, I'll be whipped if 't aint our Jack!" and awoy a hobbled up street to vetch Measter Smith, the cow-doctor. 'Twas a lang time avoor a looked like hizzelf agen.

S.—A pretty episode in the life of an angler, and worthy to be recorded with the story I told you yesterday. Now, then, Julian, pitch your minnow into that eddy, and if you should peradventure hook a fish be warned by the fate of Jack Ockle, and don't run down a beehive in your ecstacy. You have him! steady! he's a fine fellow, and will fight for it; keep him clear of that post—that's well—wind up. No! another plunge, and another! don't pull him against the stream, or he's lost. Get below, and gently tow him down towards that slope. Give me the landing net. There he is! a fine fish, indeed; a good three-pounder, if I mistake not. Carry him into the miller's wife, and ascertain his weight, Simon. And, now, let me tell you a story of the voracity and daring of some of these larger fish, which, when not inclined to feed, you may tempt in vain, but at other times will suffer themselves to be caught by the veriest bungler. An elderly gentleman, fishing at Rickmansworth, on the river Colne, in Hertfordshire, in the summer of 1815, having laboured all day with the fly, and contributed but little to his pannier, before quitting the water-side, bethought of having a venture with a snail, which he substituted for his artificial temptations. In a short time he struck a very heavy fish, which, after playing for a while, he at length brought to the surface of the water, though not sufficiently near enough to make sure of him. The fish was a large one; and, the captor's attendant having quitted the ground, and gone to a neighbouring cottage, he was left without a landing-net. There was, consequently, no alternative but "playing him till tired,"—an antiquated practice now-a-days, and never resorted to but in desperate cases, like the present. The creature at length appeared to be exhausted, and was towed to the bank; but the angler, in trying to lift him out of the water, tore the hook from his mouth, and the prize slowly sunk to the bottom. The stream was at that spot deep and clear, but not swift; and the angler had the mortification of seeing his trout lying gasping almost within his reach. Perplexed and baffled, he put on another snail; but without hope. By this time the fish had recovered, and began to move out into the middle of the stream. The snail was placed before him, and, wonderful to relate, he darted at it, gorged it, and struck off up the stream. This time the angler was more successful; and, after a struggle of some minutes, during which his attendant returned, the fish was landed, and found to weigh five pounds. This is a well authenticated fact; and it is the more remarkable, as the fish must have seen his captor at their first encounter. But here's Simon, with our fish. Well, what does he weigh?

Simon.—Dree pound two ounces and a haaf, zur. A's a 'oondervul vine un, to be zhure. I 'oonders how many scare o' minnies it's tuck to vat' un.

S.—I think we may try for another in this mill-tail. Let me fit you with another minnow. Cast over to the opposite bank, and draw it towards you. There,—you had a run!

J.—Yes; he has taken my minnow, and got off.

S.—Try again. Another minnow, Simon.

J.—Here's another!

S.—Steady, Ha! he's gone! you lost that fish by pulling him against the stream; and, if I mistake not, a portion of your tackle, to book.

J.—Yes; confound him! he has taken my hooks, and about a yard of foot-line. I feel as much ashamed of this as a Spartan would have been at the loss of his shield.

S.—Don't fret about it. This is one of the chances of the angler; but, let me tell you, it is always most hazardous to pull a fish against the stream. It shoutd ever be your especial care, the moment he is hooked, to get below him as promptly as possible. Let us proceed further up the river, and perchance we may, as we return, happen on this very fish. That this is not altogether impossible I will show you, as we walk along, in a story told me by an old angler some time since; though you may not recover your hooks in the same way. This gentleman was fishing for trout with a minnow, when, either from the inadvertence of which you were guilty, or some fault of his tackle, it was carried away by a lusty trout. Having refitted with a fly, he proceeded down the stream, and met with good sport.—Returning by the pool where he had lost his tackle, he resolved to have another venture, and had scarcely made his cast, when he had the good fortune to hook a thumping fish.—He was greatly surprised, however, to find that his acquaintance, after a few plunges, came to the surface of the water reeling and dead-beaten. Having landed him, astonishment succeeded to surprise, when he discovered that, instead of hooking the fish, he had caught the dissevered tackle hanging from his mouth. During his absence the trout had evidently become exhausted by his endeavours to free himself from the hooks which he had carried away in the first assault. Here is a part of the stream where I have generally had good sport. We'll try it as far as that hawthorn-tree yonder, and then we'll see what Simon has in my second pannier in the way of luncheon, which we can eat beneath its shade, like true anglers, with the sauce of a good appetite. There, I think, if you can manage to cast your fly under those alder-bushes, you may raise a good fish; but, if you do, take care of that patch of weeds hard by.

J.—I have him! he's a thumping fish: he took the fly slowly, and, you see, is gone to the bottom?

S.—If I mistake not, you have hooked a chubb. Wind up a yard or two, and walk down stream with him. Yes; I guessed rightly. The landing-net, Simon,—there he is. He has taken your hackle, I see, as I predicted.

J.—You have a quick eye for a fish. How did you know it was not a trout?

S.—By the quiet manner in which he took the fly, and by his dull, leaden plunge. Though a large trout is not so brisk generally as a smaller one, he will give you infinitely more trouble than the chubb.

Simon.—A's a martal timerzome vish, zur; but still um likes a good vat bait, too; specially a dumbledore.

S—Yes, Simon is quite right; and, therefore, when you do fish for chubb, use a good, large, hairy palmer, or an imitation of the humble-bee or dumbledore, as they call it hereabouts. I have seen some in the fishing-tackle shops in London, dressed to perfection. And now I shall cross the ford here, and give you the meeting at the old hawthorn-tree, near which there is a foot-bridge. You will find some good fish just where the bank rises—*au revoir*. Simon will accompany you.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

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ADVENTURE IN A VOYAGE TO THE LEVANT.

One evening lately, when at a small social party, I had the pleasure of sitting beside an old acquaintance, a Mr. Kerr, one who had some time before returned from a foreign country, where for many years he had pursued a mercantile profession with advantage. In the course of our conversation, he alluded to a particular adventure he had once met in a voyage to the Levant, but immediately after seemed to shrink from the subject, as if the recollection of it were too painful to be endured. On my pressing the point, he at length, but with great reluctance, stated the following particulars:—[*]

"On my return some years ago," said Kerr, "from the eastern costs of the Mediterranean, which I had visited partly from curiosity, and partly with a view of furthering the mercantile pursuits in which I had engaged, I was induced, by what I had seen and learned, to freight small vessels at Liverpool, with goods of various kinds, which I proposed t ocarry either to Alexandria or Beiroot. The vessel selected for this purpose was an Italian Sloop, which seemed to me to be thrown in my way by a piece of great good fortune. It had brought over a cargo from Italy, and the master and crew, eight in number, all natives of that country, were waiting in the Mersey, after discharging their freight, for any chance that might occur of returning to the Mediterranean with fresh loading. This was an opportunity of the very kind I had wished, and an arrangement was speedily made with the Italian master, who engaged to convey my cargo to the first-mentioned port on very reasonable terms. This matter settled, and the weather being favourable, I lost no time in making the necessary preparations, and was soon enabled to set sail for the East, accompanied by my younger brother, the only other person on board besides the Italians and myself.

For a time our voyage was a pleasant one. But before we entered the Straits of Gibraltar, the wind changed, and with it came changes also of another and more alarming kind. The master of the sloop, who was a middle-aged man of sallow complexion, though with features not otherwise unpleasing, suddenly dropt the obsequiousness of his tone and manner, and appeared to shun all intercourse with my brother and myself. As the weather became more and more squally on our entering the Mediterranean, the man's behaviour became more and more distant and repulsive, and the expression of his eye at times was such as to excite the most unpleasant sensations in the mind of the two persons to whom it was directed, and who felt themselves wholly in his power. At length the thoughts brooding in the master's mind found vent in words. One day, as I stood on deck, the ship chanced to give a heavy lurch, and the Italian cried out, 'I am ruined, and that accursed fellow is the cause of it!' At that moment he pointed to me, and cast on me a look full of hate and menace, which was reflected from the countenance of more than one of the crew. Similar expressions fell in mutterings from his lips day after day, until I became seriously alarmed, and for the first time consulted with my brother, to whom I had been unwilling to communicate my awakening fears. He had observed all that had passed, however, as closely and clearly as myself. Both of us were inclined, at first, to think that the fears of the master and crew regarding the weather —for the Italians are timorous sailors—had only temporarily drowned their better feelings, and their reasons also, seeing that the storm came not at our bidding. This explanation of their conduct proved but a pleasing illusion. The weather *improved*, but this circumstance was far from producing any favourable alteration in the deportment of the master and the crew. Their looks became more and more lowering; and, finally, open threats of *murder*, in daylight, and in hearing of almost every man on board, were vented against us by the master of the sloop!

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[*] As stories like the above are often only said to be true, we think it necessary to take this additional means of assuring the reader that the "Adventure in a Voyage to the Levant" is an incident which really occurred. —*Ed. C. E. J*

My brother and myself had long been watchful and guarded in our movements, but this menace brought on a crisis. It was now but too plain that our destruction had been early meditated by the Italian captain, and that he had been hitherto merely lashing himself, as it were, into the proper pitch of fury, and gradually preparing the minds of his men for the entertainment and execution of the diabolical purpose. How dreadful was the condition in which we now found ourselves! In the centre of a vast sea—in which a thousand bodies might be buried and hid forever from the eye of day—cribbed up in a small vessel in the midst of wretches, ready and willing to destroy us—these enemies eight in number, while we were but two, and one of these two a youth of eighteen—the feelings of persons in such a situation can be but faintly conceived by those who have never confronted danger in so terrible a form. Though feeling, however, the full horror of our position, we did not permit ourselves to be overcome by despair. The cabin appropriated to us fortunately contained our own store of provision; and in this place, after the master's murderous threat, we shut ourselves up, barricading the door with all the heavy articles of furniture contained in the room. This proceeding was, as it were, a declaration of open war; it was an avowal of our knowledge of the purposes entertained against us; and it was the only step that could render us even for a moment secure.

The energies, bodily and mental, of human beings, frequently rise and become commensurate with the demands which occasion makes upon them. So I felt it to be with myself when I first laid down my head upon my pillow under the circumstances described. Above me I heard the tread of assassins, whose thirst for my blood would not permit them to rest; beside me lay a beloved brother, entrusted to my charge by a doating mother far away; a sense of fearful danger and deep anxiety were kept graven on my mind from these two present causes, independently of all considerations of individual peril to myself, and yet I did not feel sickened or depressed by the prospect before me. On the contrary, I felt a buoyancy, an energetic vigour, both of mind and body, which can only be ascribed to the exciting nature of the circumstances in which we were placed. As I painted to myself the possibility of a death-grapple—a struggle for the lives of my brother and myself—with the men by whom we were surrounded, I felt my muscles become as hard in every limb as a cable rope, and was conscious of possessing such capabilities of exertion as would render my death no easy matter for even eight foes to accomplish.

This excited spirit did not forsake me. In the afternoon of the day following that on which we shut ourselves up, my brother and I found it impossible to endure any longer the close confinement of the cabin, without enjoying a mouthful of the fresh air; and after a consultation, the second that we held that day, we came to the resolution of going together on deck. At the same time determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. We armed ourselves, before leaving the cabin, with two large carving-knives with which the room was fortunately provided, and also took with us every other defensive weapon which we possessed. Thus equipped, we stepped upon the deck, locking the cabin behind us. Glaring eyes like those of hungry tigers, were fixed upon us by the master and the crew, but the fire of watchful determination lit up the glances that were returned for theirs, and the villains quailed at the thought of attacking two determined men, or, more probably, they calculated upon having a future opportunity of taking us off our guard. We were allowed at least, to return to our cabin unmolested. But upon this we could build no hope of bettering our position. No man had spoken to us; no one had bid us good-morrow; every countenance was sullen, dark and lowering.

For many consecutive days a similar scene was repeated. Armed in the manner described, we went once every twenty-four hours upon deck, and barricaded ourselves at every other time within our cabin. During each of these two visits to the open air, every motion made by us was performed with such caution as became those whose movements were watched by demons, ready to spring upon their victims on the slightest show of incaution. But although it seems impossible that they should have been unsuccessful in a combined attack, their hearts uniformly failed them; for they saw well that some of them must have fallen—that we should not *die alone!*

Matters were in this situation—a situation still perilous and terrible, though we were growing accustomed to it—when by my calculations of time, it seemed to me that we should be approaching the eastern Mediterranean coasts, as our course had not been changed, as far as I could observe. An alarming confirmation of this conjecture was presented to me one night as I sat alone in the cabin, my brother having laid himself down to sleep. The night was calm, and all was silent as my own brooding and voiceless thoughts, excepting the tramp—that often heard, that perpetual tramp—of two men walking upon the deck; these were the master and his mate—worthy and inseparable associates! Either they spoke louder, or the evening was stiller than usual; for I distinctly heard the murmur of their voices, which, in the like situation I had frequently endeavoured to catch in vain. I placed myself in the most favourable position for hearing, but my ear could gather sound only, not sense. At last, however, the voices increased in loudness—a violent stamp was made upon the cabin roof—and I heard the master's voice exclaim with a curse which I shall not repeat, and in tones which showed that passion had for the moment got the better of prudence, 'It *must* be done to-morrow, Antoine! Cowards! to think that we should have shrunk so long from two men! But, to-morrow they must die, or we lose our chance. We are close on shore, and will be boarded by some one immediately!' The mate appeared to have reminded him of his imprudence in making this loud exclamation, as they recommenced their walk, and their conversation sunk to the same murmuring tone as before.

On that momentous night I closed not my eyes, the ruminations that kept me awake were of a mixed character. The sentence which I had overheard, although in one sense a death-knell, was in another a signal of hope. We were approaching the neighbourhood of human beings who were not our enemies—of those who might rescue us from the fangs of the murderous harpies in whose clutches we were. But, alas! could we repel the attack, could we survive the death-struggle, which was impending? To be ready for whatever might happen, I packed up all our most valuable articles, partly in a box and partly about my person. I resolved also, to acquaint my brother with the words of the master, but to go upon deck by myself on the following day, and bear the brunt of the anticipated assault alone. That I should go on deck, I was determined, as *there* only could the means of emancipation be found.

But my brother had not been asleep; he had heard the words of the master as distinctly as myself, and he insisted in the morning upon going with me upon deck, and sharing my peril, whatever that might be. Again at this critical moment, did I feel in its full force all that tension of mind and body, of nerve and muscle, of which I have spoken. As I stept on deck, I felt that the scowl that was cast upon me by the master was returned by a glare of as tiger-like a character as his own. My glance rolled keenly from side to side as I observed some more suspicious movements than usual on the part of the master and mate, and I prepared to buckle my dear beloved brother's body with my own, and die—if I was to die—like a brave man! The fatal moment—the collision—was evidently drawing nigh, and I again and again—silently but fervently—commended my soul to my Maker, when suddenly —'A ship! a ship in the offing!' was the cry from one of the crew. The master and the rest all ran to the farther end of the sloop and gazed towards the vessel. I also would have fain gone and made signals to it, but dare not move from the spot. Things remained in this position for a few minutes, the crew being still busy with the ship in the distance, when my brother touched me on the arm, and whispered hurriedly, 'A boat! a boat close under us!' It was so. A small boat, with four men in it, had come near to us unobserved. I made eager signs for it to lie to, and at the same time motioned my brother to bring the box from the cabin. He did so, noiselessly; in one moment it was into the boat, and in another we had sprung into it also, with all the energy of desperation. 'Row! row! for our lives and for your own; and for *this*,' was my earnest whisper to the boatmen, showing a purse well filled with gold. The men seemed at once to comprehend that it was a case of peril, and pulled swiftly in the direction in which I pointed, which was, the reader may be assured, the opposite one to that in which the Italians still gazed. All this was the work of a moment, for it was work done by men whose faculties of exertion were indescribably aroused. When the crew of the sloop did observe our departure, we had made a considerable way from them, and all that they could do in their impotent rage and vexation was to send an unoffending shot or two after us. They did not attempt to follow. It may be, that on consideration, they congratulated themselves on the possession of the cargo, which must have been the main object of their desire, and trusted never to see us again.

The first thought, it may be supposed, of my brother and myself, on finding ourselves fairly free of the Italian sloop, was our gratitude to heaven for our deliverance from that awful bondage. Our rescuers proved to be fishermen of the Delta, dwelling near the mouth of the Western Nile. Once safely ashore, and the personal jeopardy of my brother and myself ended, my mind—such is human nature—reverted to my property, and I resolved not to let the treacherous Italians off without making some attempt to reclaim what was my own. Calculating, from the point at which I was landed, that they would most probably run in for the port of Alexandria, I hired a boat to carry us across the Bay of Aboukir, and through Lake Mareotis to that city. My conjecture was correct; the Italian sloop was in the harbour. The authorities were applied to, and so strong were my proofs of a right to the cargo, that the greater part of it was yielded up to me; but a due consideration of the scanty chances of justice there; and a deficiency of evidence, made me depart from my original purpose of charging the wretches with their perfidious intent to murder. I was even obliged to enter into intercourse and compromise with the villainous master, before my goods could be unshipped and disposed of.

My brother and I afterwards pursued our

course by another vessel to Beiroot, where we made an advantageous sale of our cargo. It is only," Mr. Kerr added, " because you have in a manner forced me to tell this story, that I have been induced to go through its details, for nothing can be more positively painful to me than to enter upon it. For months after my escape, I could not sleep soundly. For two years I could not allude to the incidents without loosing a night's rest in consequence; and, even now, the mention of the circumstances puts me into a state of nervous agitation of a very distressing kind. May you never, my good friend, pass twenty-two days in the way I spent them on my second voyage to the Levant!'—*Chamb Ed. Journal.*

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SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER IN NORTH AMERICA.

In the year 1799, when the war with America was conducted with great spirit upon that continent, a division of the English army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favoured by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was rather a species of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to his soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for retreat, and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best of engineers." So true was the maxim of the American General, that the English soldiers had to contend with little else. The Americans had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and, with their arrows and tomahawks, committed daily waste upon the British army,—surprising their sentinels, cutting off their stragglers, and even when the alarm was given and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses whither it was dangerous to follow them.

In order to limit as far as possible this species of war, in which there was so much loss and so little honour, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its outposts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station sentinels some miles in the woods, and to keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was at this time stationed upon the confines of a boundless Savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the sentinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from its ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The sentinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm, or being heard of after.

Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, who could not be brought to rank it as treachery, were content to consider it as a mystery which time would unravel.

One morning, the sentinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sun-rise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The sentinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert!"

The relief company returned to the guard-house.

The sentinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment the man was gone! They searched round the spot, but no traces could be found of his disappearance, It was now necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and terror ran through the regiment. The Colonel being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the sentinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone!

Under these circumstances, the Colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company on the spot, or whether he should again submit the post to a single sentinel. The cause of this repeated disappearance of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot.

"I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

"I will leave no man," said the Colonel, "against his will,"

A man immediately stept from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a bird chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter: but you must take the chance as the condition of the discovery!"

The Colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and awaited the event in the guard-house.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the Colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up with him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required.

"I told your honour," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life. I had not been long on my post when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees and amongst the leaves, As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated: I took my aim; discharged my piece; and the animal was instantly stretched before me with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment, when I found that I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and so completely; his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal's, that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest inspection, He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk."

Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other sentinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice; watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the sentinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bearing their bodies away, concealed them at some distance in the leaves. The Americans gave them rewards for every scalp of an enemy which they brought.

◆

MARRIAGES OF THE PERSIANS.

The mode of matrimonial courtship in Persia does not allow the eyes of the parties to direct their choice till they are mutually pledged to each other.—An elderly female is employed by the relations of the youth to visit the object selected by his parents or friends, or guessed at by himself; and her office is to ascertain the damsel's personal endowments, and all other subjects suitable to their views in the connection. If the report be favourable, the friends of the proposed bridegroom dispatch certain sponsors to explain his merits and pretensions to the relations of the lady, and to make the offer of marriage in due form. If accepted, the heads of the two families meet, when the necessary contracts are drawn up; the presents, ornaments, and other advantages proposed by the bridegroom's parents discussed and arranged; and when all is finally settled, the papers are sealed and witnessed before the cadi.

On the morning of the day fixed for the wedding, the lover sends a train of mules laden with the promised gifts for his bride, to the house of her parents; the whole being attended by numerous servants, and preceded by music and drums. Besides the presents for the lady, the procession carries all sorts of costly viands on large silver trays, ready prepared to be immediately spread before the inmates of the house. The whole of the day is spent in feasting and jollity; towards evening the damsel makes her appearance enveloped in a long veil of scarlet or crimson silk, and being placed on a horse or mule splendidly caparisoned, is conducted to the habitation of her affianced husband by all her relations, marching in regular order to the sound of the same clamorous band which had escorted the presents. When alighted at the bridegroom's door, the lady is led to her future apartments within the house, accompanied, by her female relations and waiting-maids. Her friends of the other sex meanwhile repair to those of the bridegroom, where all the male relations on both sides being assembled, the feasting and rejoicing recommence; the drums the other musical instruments still playing the most conspicuous part. When the supper-feast is over, the blushing bride is conducted to the nuptial chamber, and there the impatient lover first beholds his love, and the marriage is consummated without farther ceremony. The bridegroom, not long after, returns to his party, and an ancient matron in waiting leads the lady back to her female friends. A prescribed time is allowed for both sets of relations to congratulate the young people on their union, after which they repair to the bridal chamber for the night, leaving their separate companies to keep up the revelry, which generally lasts for three days.

The marriage-contract stipulates the settlement on the bride of such jointure as may be agreed upon. It consists of a sum of money, proportionate to the fortune of the bridegroom, and other presents. If he is in middling circumstances he presents her with two complete dresses, a ring, and a mirror.—This jointure, called *mihïr* or *kavin*, is destined for the support of the wife in case of divorce. The husband also supplies the requisite furniture, carpets, mats, culinary utensils, and other necessaries.

It would be deemed the greatest possible disgrace to take back the bride after she had left her own house to go to the house of the bridegroom. When, therefore, the latter has promised a jointure beyond his means, a curious scene sometimes ensues. He shuts the door against the cavalcade, and declares he will not have the girl unless the jointure be reduced to a certain sum. A negotiation takes place between the parties, and the matter is finally adjusted according to the wishes of the bridegroom.—*Persia in Miniature.*

◆

THE SECRET BANDIT.

There lived formerly in Denmark a wealthy noble, who had an only child, a fair daughter. The maiden lacked not suitors, both for her beauty and amiable qualities, and for the lands she would one day inherit; but among them all she selected one who was distinguished by his handsome person and gallant bearing, nor less so for his apparent riches, although he was a stranger in those parts, and no one could tell where lay his possessions, or whence he came. In short, the day was fixed for their betrothment, upon which occasion a magnificent entertainment was to be given by the nobleman.

It chanced, however, that on the preceding eve the maiden walked out, unaccompanied by any attendant; and ere she was aware of the distance she had wandered, had lost herself in the intricacies of a deep wood. At length meeting with what seemed to be a path, she pursued the track, but found that it conducted to a dismal cavern, that extended for some way beneath the ground. Struck with wonder at its romantic appearance, she determined to explore it; and, advancing onward, soon discovered a spacious vault, that had every appearance of being inhabited, and that, too, not by a hermit or religious recluse, but by one who had a taste for wealth and luxury. She next proceeded into an inner chamber, where she saw a shining heap of gold and silver, which, on examination, she found to consist of richly chased goblets and other costly vessels, and gold coin. Continuing her search, she came to a third chamber, where, to her exceeding dismay and horror, she beheld the remains of human carcasses, dead men's bones, and hideous sculls. She was now certain that she was in a retreat of robbers and murderers, and was about to make her escape as quickly as possible, when the sound of approaching footsteps warned her to conceal herself instantly behind a kind of projecting pillar at the extremity of this chamber of death. Hardly had she screened herself before a robber entered, bearing in his arms the dead body of a lady richly attired, from which he began to strip the jewels and valuable ornaments. While the barbarian was thus employed, the maiden caught a glimpse of his features, and a cry of horror nearly escaped her lips, as she discovered them to be those of her lover. He had now plundered the body of all but a very beautiful ring, when in his impatience to get it, he cut off the finger with his sword, but with such violence, that it flew to some distance very near the spot where the maiden was concealed. Fortunately, however, he did not stay to search for it, but having heard a signal from without, hurried away to rejoin his comrades. For some minutes the maiden stood rooted to the spot with horror at what she had just witnessed, and dread for her own fate; at length, hearing no noise whatever, she ventured from her hiding place, and soon after stole out of the cavern, having first picked up the finger that had been cut off, and succeeded in finding her way home, where she found her father awaiting her return in the greatest anxiety. She excused herself by saying that she had wandered much further than she intended, but mentioned not a word of the cavern, or the scene she had witnessed there.

On the following day the bridegroom arrived at the castle, attended by several companions, all splendidly attired, and the lady welcomed him as befitted one who was to be her future lord. As they afterwards sat at the festal board, and the goblet passed round, each guest recited some legend or wondrous tale. At length it came to the lady's turn to be narrator; whereupon she began to relate the adventure of a damsel, who, having lost herself in a forest, took shelter in a cave that was used by banditti for the purpose of concealing their booty. The bridegroom listened with the utmost anxiety.—"Within this cave," continued the lady, "were many fair chambers, one of which was filled with heaps of gold and silver; in another were hands and legs, and other remains of dead bodies." The bridegroom could scarcely conceal his agitation; yet seemed to lend an ear of unconcerned attention to the story, which proceeded to state how the damsel was surprised by the return of the robbers; how she concealed herself, and the shocking scene she beheld. "Ha! a pleasant tale truly," exclaimed he, when the lady had finished; "yet methinks better for an old crone's fireside, than a banquet like ours."—"I have reason to believe, however," returned the lady, "that it is not a mere gossip's legend, but a fact." "A fact!" exclaimed several of the guests. "Yes: one does not care to vouch for the truth of stories of the kind in general, but I am inclined to believe this, because—'tis, indeed, a very odd circumstance—I happen to have the very finger and ring that the robber cut off." What now followed may be easily conjectured. He who entered the castle as a welcome guest, was detained along with his comrades as a prisoner, and shortly after delivered up to the arm of justice. As for the lady, she thanked Heaven for having rescued her in the first place from imminent peril, and in the next from a union with a guilty assassin.

◆

"WATER BEWITCHED."

A widow of the name of Betty Falla kept an alehouse in one of the market-towns frequented by the Lammermuir ladies (Dunse, we believe), and a number of them used to lodge at her house during the fair. One year Betty's ale turned sour soon after the fair; there had been a thunder-storm in the interim, and Betty's ale was as they say in that country, "strongest in the water." Betty did not understand the first of these causes, and she did not wish to understand the latter. The ale was not palatable, and Betty brewed again to the same strength of water. Again it thundered, and again the swipes became vinegar. Betty was at her wit's end,—no long journey; but she was breathless.

Having got to her own wit's end, Betty naturally wished to draw upon the stock of another; and where should she find it in such abundance as with the minister of the parish. Accordingly, Betty put on her best, got her nicest basket, laid a couple of bottles of her choicest brandy in the bottom, and over them a dozen or two of her freshest eggs; and thus freighted, she fidgetted off to the manse, offered her peace-offering, and hinted that she wished to speak with his reverence in "preevat."

"What is your will, Betty?" said the minister of Dunse. "An unco uncanny mishap," replied the tapster's wife.

"Has Mattie not been behaving?" said the minister. "Like an innocent lamb," quoth Betty Falla.

"Then—? said the minister, lacking the rest of the query. "Anent the yill," said Betty.

"The ale!" said the minister, "has any body been drinking and refused to pay?"

"Na," said Betty, "they winna drink a drap."

"And would you have me to encourage the sin of drunkenness?" said the minister.

"Na, na," said Betty, "far frae that; I only want your kin' han' to get in yill again as they can drink."

"I am no brewer, Betty," said the minister gravely.

"Gude forfend, Sir," said Betty, "that the like o' you should be evened to the gyle tub. I dinna wish for ony thing o' the kind."—"Then what is the matter?" asked the minister.

"It is witched, clean witched; as sure as I'm a born woman," said Betty. "Naebody else will drink it, an' I canna drink it mysel'!"

"You must not be superstitious, Betty," said the minister. "I'm no ony thing o' the kin'," said Betty colouring, "an' ye ken it yoursel'; but twa brusts wadna be vinegar for naething." (She lowered her voice.) "Ye mun ken, Sir, that o' a' the leddies frae the Lammermuir, that hae been comin' and gaen, there was an auld rudas wife this fair, an' I'm certie she's witched the yill; and ye mun just look into your buiks, an' tak off the witchin!"

"When do you brew, Betty?"—"This blessed day, gin it like you Sir."

"Then, Betty, here is the thing you want, the same malt and water as usual."—"Nae difference, Sir?"

"Then when you have put the water to the malt, go three times round the vat with the sun, and in *pli's* name put in three shoolfu's of malt; and when you have done that, go three times round the vat against the sun, and, in the devil's name, take out three bucketfuls of water; and take my word for it, the ale will be better."

"Thanks to your reverence; gude mornin."—*Mirror.*

◆

Roasted Monkeys.—The manner of roasting these anthropomorphous animals contributes singularly to render their appearance disagreeable in the eyes of civilized man. A little grating or lattice of very hard wood is formed, and raised one foot from the ground. The monkey is skinned, and bent into a sitting posture, the head generally resting on the arms, which are meagre and long; but sometimes these are crossed behind the back. When it is tied on the grating, a very clear fire is kindled below. The monkey, enveloped in smoke and flame, is broiled and blackened at the same time. On seeing the natives devour the arm or leg of a roasted monkey, it is difficult not to believe that this habit of eating animals, that so much resemble man in their physical organization, has, in a certain degree, contributed to diminish the terror of anthrpophagy among savages. Roasted monkeys, particularly those that have a very round head, display a hideous resemblance to a child; the Europeans, therefore, who are obliged to feed on quadrumanes, prefer separating the head and the hands, and serve up only the rest of the animal at their tables. The flesh of monkeys is so lean and dry, that Mr. Boupland has preserved in his collection at Paris an arm and hand, which had been broiled over the fire at Esmeraldi; and no smell arises from them after a great number of years.—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative.*

Spinsters.—Amongst our industrious and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim, that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen.—From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation they still retain on all law proceedings.

THE CHOSEN ONE.

"Here's a long line of beauties—see!
Ay, and as varied as they're many:
Say, can I guess the one would be
Your choice among them all—if any?"

"I doubt it—for I hold as dust
Charms many praise beyond all measure,
While gems they treat as lightly, *must*
Combine to form my chosen treasure."

"Will this do?"—"No: that hair of gold,
That brow of snow, that eye of splendour,
Cannot redeem the mien so cold—
The air so stiff, so quite *un-tender*.

"This, then?"—"Far worse! can lips like these
Thus smile as though they asked the kiss?
Thinks she that e'en such eyes can please,
Beaming—there *is* no word like *this?*"

"Look on that singer at the harp—
Of her you cannot speak thus—ah, no!"
—"Her!—why, she's *form'd* of flat and sharp—
I doubt not she's a fine soprano!"

"The next?"—"What, she who lowers her eyes
From sheer mock-modesty—so pert,
So doubtful-mannered?—I despise
Her, and all like her—she's a *Flirt!*

And this is why my spleen's above
The power of words: 'tis that they can
Make the vile semblance be to Love
Just what the Monkey is to Man!

But yonder I, methinks, can trace
One *very* different from these:
Her features speak—her form is Grace
Completed by the touch of Ease!

That opening lip, that fine frank eye,
Breathe nature's own true gaiety—
So sweet, so rare *when thus*, that I
Gaze on't with joy—nay, ecstacy!

For when *'tis* thus you'll also see
That eye still richer gifts express;
And on that eye there still will be
A sighing smile of tenderness!

Yes! here a matchless spirit dwells,
E'en for that lovely dwelling fit!
I gaze on her—my bosom swells
With feelings, thoughts—oh, exquisite!

That such a being, noble, tender,
So fair, so delicate, so dear,
Would let one love her and *befriend* her—
Ah, yes, *my* Chosen One is here!"

London Magazine.

LEAVE ME NOT YET.

Leave me not yet—through rosy skies from far,
But now the song-birds to their nests return;
The quivering image of the first pale star
On the dim lake scarce yet begins to burn:
Leave me not yet!

Not yet!—oh hark! low tones from hidden streams
Piercing the shivery leaves, e'en now arise;
Their voices mingle not with day-light dreams—
They are of vesper's hymns and harmonies:
Leave me not yet!

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear love,
By day shut up in their own still recess:
They wait for dews on earth, for stars above,
Then to breathe out their soul of tenderness:
Leave me not yet!

Mrs. Hemans.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

The hollow wind begins to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head,
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernell.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack—
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry;
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine;
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings.
Puss on the hearth with velvet paws
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies;
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,
Illum'd the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest.
Though June, the air is cold and still;
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones, on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight—
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

Dr. Jenner.

NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest:
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose—
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams:
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife:
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Montgomery.

ORANGES.

Bear me to the *Citron* groves:
To where the *lemon* and the piercing *lime*,
With the deep ORANGE glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend.—*Thomson.*

THE migration of oranges into England, will, no doubt, render some account of this universally admired fruit acceptable to our readers: it is extracted from *Mr. Phillips's Pomarium Botanicum.* The China, or sweet oranges, with which this country is now so amply supplied, and at such moderate prices that all classes of society enjoy them as perfectly as if they had been indigenous to the climate, were introduced into Europe about the eleventh or twelfth century. At this time, several varieties of the orange were cultivated in Italy, whence they were taken to Spain and Portugal. The orange is now grown to so great an extent in Italy, that there are almost *forests* of them. Prince Antonio Borghese, at his palace near Rome, has upwards of seventy sorts of orange and lemon trees, among which are some very rare kinds; it is a fruit so much esteemed in Italy, where it thrives well, that apples, pears, and cherries, have almost become extinct in that country. The delightful perfume of an orange-grove is such as to scent the air for miles: and the tree gives a succession of flowers during the whole summer, on which account it is cultivated in all greenhouses, and large orangeries have been built for the express purpose of housing these trees: the most magnificent one is that of Versailles, built by Louis XIV. A fine orange-tree in this collection is called the "GREAT BOURBON," and is more than *four hundred years old!*

Oranges were known in this country in the time of Henry VIII.; but it does not appear that they were cultivated prior to Queen Elizabeth's reign. Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., had an orange-house and orange-garden at her mansion, Wimbledon-hall, in Surrey; and when this property was sold by order of the parliament in 1649, we find that *forty-two* orange-trees, "bearing fayre and large oringes," were valued at *ten pounds a tree*, one with another; and a lemon-tree at twenty pounds.—Orange-trees have been grown in the southern parts of Devonshire for more than one hundred years past. When trained to walls they produce large handsome fruit, but not of equal value to the lemons grown in the same situation. Most of these were raised in this country from seeds, and they are thought to be more hardy than trees imported; but the orange-trees which are brought every year from Italy, and sold principally at the Italian ware-houses, in London, are as large as those of our own growth would be in twenty years. With proper care, these trees will have good heads, and produce fruit in about three years. The Mandarin orange was not cultivated in England until 1805. We have lately seen orange-trees imported from the south of France, which have arrived in small tubs; and so well packed that the fruit and blossoms remained on the trees when they reached the neighbourhood of London.

In the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 114, there is a very remarkable account of a tree standing in a grove near Florence, having an orange stock, which had been so grafted on, that it became in its branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit, three-formed; some emulating the orange, some the lemon or citron, and some partaking of both forms in one. These mixed fruits never produce any perfect seeds; sometimes there are no seeds at all in them, and sometimes only a few empty ones. The Maltese graft their orange-trees on the pomegranate-stock, which causes the juice to be of a red colour, and the flavour to be more esteemed. The Rev. Mr. Hughes, in his *Natural History of Barbadoes*, mentions the golden orange as growing in that island. He describes the fruit as a large fine orange, of a deep colour within, from whence it derives the name of *Golden Orange.* He adds, "this fruit is neither of the Seville nor China kind, though it partakes of both, having the sweetness of the China, mixed with the agreeable bitterness and flavour of the Seville orange."—*Time's Telescope for* 1828.

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MISERIES OF A SCHOOLMASTER.

The Groans of Pædagogus and his Usher, with a few Sighs from his Wife.

Pæd. Having a boy brought to your school, with the character of a great genius, which you soon find out to consist in doing everything he ought not to do, and avoiding every thing he ought to do.

Usher. Being accountable for this boy out of school hours.

Mrs. Pæd. Receiving a long letter once a fortnight from a maiden aunt, requesting me to see that he takes his medicine every night, and puts on his hat whenever he goes into the playground.

Pæd. Explaining a difficult passage, and suddenly discovering that the eldest boy in the class has drawn a caricature of you on a blank leaf of his Virgil, and is handing it round to the rest.

Usher. Finding you have been walking half a dozen times to and fro before a lady's boarding school in the neighbourhood with a paper on your back informing the world that you are an ass.

Pæd. Being informed by a parent that he is very well satisfied with your school, but he thinks his boy would come on faster, if he were removed now and then.

Usher. Yes, upon the same principle, I suppose, that a gardener transplants cabbages, to make them grow more rapidly.

(*Enter servant, bringing letters. Pædagogus opens and reads.*)

Sir,—Per Defiance I send back to school my son William—think him partic. deficient in correspondence—Please let him write me as often as convenient to improve his style. I shall always answer per first opportun. to show him how things ought to be done. Know the old prov. prac. makes perf.—Brings with him

"Advice to Young Tradesmen," which please set him to read for his amusement out of school-time. His mother wishes him to learn some poetry against a do which we are going to have, but I think it would be more improving for him to get off some of the Ready Reckoner. Hoping you'll attend to these directions,

I remain,
Yr hhble servt.
Lon. Augt. 6th. 15. Mm. Widlikens.

Mrs. Widlikens *complements* to Mr. *Pædagogus* begs he wlll teach the young *Gentelman* to speak *Collins* ode on the *Passions*, with proper *haksent* and *gestikalation:* also *Macbeth's* speech about the *dager*, and a few *helegant vusses* out of Mr. Wordsworth, in the moving and the pathetick line.—Mrs. W. will do *'erself* the pleasure of riding *hover* on the 20th *Ult.* *Opes* Master W. will perfect by that time, as she intends to give a *speciment* of his talents to a select party of *amatoors* of *theatrikals*, which may be of use to Mr. *Padigogus's* school, which she will feel pleasure in *patrinising*, all as *luys* in *my* power, if so be as I am not disappointed in the speeches. Mrs. Jobbins informs me that *er* son is *studdyin* in the *belleter;* if its *noo* and *fashonable*, my young *gentelman* shall learn, if so, you'll *obleege* me by *purchising* one for him the *fust* time you come to town, which if not immediately I can do for you if you will send me a description.

Yours and so forth.
Martha Angelina Widlikins.

P. S. As restraint may cramp his *genus*, which I am *credably enformed* is all the rage of the *ier sirkles*, *youell* not suffer him to study to much.

Monday Morning.

Complements to Mrs. P.—*Wen* I see you I may *praps truble* you with a *foo idears* on *hedicashun* as I dare say you *kno* your *intrest* to well not to wish to be *enformed* what it is as is most required in *junteel life.*

Fish Street Hill, Monday Morning.

Hope Mrs. P. will attend to Master W.'s teeth *reglar.*

◆

GENEVA

Has very little, as a city, to recommend it. It is characterized by much active industry within doors, the *savans* and *mechaniciens* being pent up in their closets and ateliers, and very little gaiety prevades the promenades. Some parts of the town are sufficiently picturesque; the overhanging roofs, for which it is remarkable, are, however, too lofty to screen the pedestrian from the rain, especially if accompanied by a high wind, and form no shade from the sun. The pavement of the streets is bad, and their irregularity is a considerable drawback from the internal appearance. The pavement of the inclined plane in the Hotel de Ville, of which we gain the arduous ascent that conducts us to the passport office, is a curiosity of its kind, and perhaps unique. The city is tolerably well fenced in with walls within walls, draw and suspension bridges, and gates; while stakes and chains secure from surprise on the part of the lake. The small canton of Geneva, though in the vicinity of the Great Alpine chain and the mountains of the Jura, includes no mountains. The name of the city and canton has been traced by the etymologists to a Celtic origin; *Gen*, a sally-port or exit, and *av*, a river, probably because the Rhone here leaves the Leman lake. The eagle on the escutcheon of the city arms indicates it having been an imperial city; and it is believed the key was an adjunct of Pope Martin V., in the year 1418. The motto on the scrole, "Ex tenebris lux," appears to have existed anterior to the light of the Reformation. The number of the inhabitants may now be estimated at about 22,000; but it appears by a census in 1789, to have been 26,148, In this moral city, it is computed that every twelfth birth is illegitimate. The number of people engaged in clock and watch-making and jewellery, may be safely rated at 3,000. In years favourable to these staple manufactures 75,000 ounces of gold are employed, which is almost equally divided between watches and jewellery. The daily supply of silver is about 134 ounces. Pearls form an article of considerable value in the jewellery, and has been rated at no less sum than 1,200 francs daily. 70,000 watches are annually made, only one-twelfth of which are in silver. More than fifty distinct branches are comprised in the various departments, and each workman, on the average, earns about three shillings a-day.—*Mr John Murray's Tour.*

An Intelligent Maid-Servant.—I declare it really wasn't prudent to trust that Emma to do a thing; and even that little lamb of a Kitty of mine was scarcely safe with a stupid like her in the house. For I recollect once, I had been thinking the simpleton had a great deal of spare time on her hands, and might just as well do a little needlework as sit twiddling her finger and thumb of an evening, so I told her that my little poppet of a Kitty was growing so fast that all her things were getting too short for her, and that she really wanted a tuck out in her best frock, and would certainly look all the better for it, so I would thank her to attend to it that night, and let it be done before she went to bed. In the evening, I was in the parlour, boiling down some quince pips to make a nice fixature for my hair, and all the while I could hear that sweet little cherub of mine down stairs crying; so I said to myself, "What the dickens can that idiot be doing with the child in the kitchen at this time of night, when it ought to have been undressed and in bed a good hour ago?" Off I trotted to see what precious bit of stupidity my lady was at now. When I reached the kitchen I thought I should have fainted, for there sat that Emma, with my little angel on her knee, dressed out in its best frock, and with its dear little innocent face daubed all over with treacle, just as if it had been tarred. "What on earth have you been doing with the child, Emma?" I exclaimed. "I thought you said it was to have a tuck out in its best frock, ma'am," she replied; "it could have nothing nicer than plenty of bread and treacle." And then, to my horror, I learnt from her, that when I told her I fancied the child would look all the better for having a *tuck out* in its best frock, bless and save us if the stupid oaf didn't imagine that I wished it to have a *grand feast* in its Sunday clothes.—*The Greatest Plague of Life.*

An Irishman's "Morning."—At Galway assizes, Patrick Fox and others were charged with stealing flour in January last. Thomas Concannon, one of the principal witnesses, was cross-examined by the prisoner Patrick Fox.

Prisoner:—Were you drunk? Witness;—Ah, give me none of your blarney; no I wasn't. (Laughter.)

Prisoner:—You were. You did not know what you were doing.

Judge Ball:—Did you drink anything that morning? W.:—Yes, my lord.

Judge:—How much did you drink before you left Galway? W.;—Two dandies of punch.

Judge:—How much porter? W.:—I took two pints of porter.

Judge:—Very well: how much raw spirits did you take? W.:—I drank two naggins of whisky. (Laughter.)

Judge:—Would I be safe in going any farther? W.:—You would not, my lord. (Laughter.) This was drank in Galway before I left it. When I came to Oranmore I drank a naggin of spirits.

Judge:—How much punch? W.:—No punch there, my lord. It was too early, and the kettle wasn't boiling. (Loud laughter.). After drinking the naggin, I got a pint of whisky in a bottle, and put it into my coat, and as I went on I took some out of the bottle. When I came two miles further on, I stopped aud I took another glass of whisky; and then I eat my breakfast. (Loud laughter.) Was sober enough to identify the prisoner. Often drank so much that I could not remember the number of glasses; but on these occasions had not anything else to do. (Laughter.)

THE VICISSITUDES OF COMMERCE.

In the year 1346, at the taking of Calais, Yarmouth assisted the king with 43 ships, on board of which were 1075 mariners; and it appears by the roll of the High Fleet of King Edward the Third before Calais, that there were 700 ships, and 14,157 mariners employed on that memorable occasion, and that Fowey then supplied the King with more ships than any sea-port in England, London not excepted. The following is a part of the list:—Fowey 47—Yarmouth 43—Dartmouth 31—Plymouth 26—Shoreham 26—London 25—Bristol 24—Sandwich 22—Dover 21—Southampton 21—Winchester 21—Weymouth 20—Looe 20—Newcastle 17—Boston 17—Hull 16. The ships carried from 16 to 30 men each, and the average might be from 25 to 30 each. The navy of England was at that period fitted out in a similar manner to which the militia is raised at present; every seaport, and other considerable town being obliged to contribute its quota; the King, on the part of the government, furnishing 25 ships. The circle of importance of the different towns of that day, about 470 years since, when compared with what they are now, gives a most striking proof of the vicissitudes to which commercial places are subject. Truro, in Cornwall, sent nearly twice as many ships as London did, and the mames of many of the towns which stood very high in the list, are now almost forgotten.

Catching Tigers—In some parts of South America, a great many tigers are caught with the lasso by the Indian and Creole inhabitants, for the sake of their skins. They are also sometimes entrapped in the following manner:—a large chest, or wooden frame, is made, supported upon four wheels, and is dragged by oxen to a place where the traces of tigers have been discovered. In the furthest corner of the chest is put a putrid piece of flesh, by way of bait, which is no sooner laid hold of by the tiger than the door of the trap falls; he is killed by a musket ball, or a spear thrust through the crevices of the planks.—*Memoirs of General Miller.*

Potatoes.—One is almost induced to imagine that certain orders of London conceive that "*taters*," as they commonly call them in their uncooked state, is a generical term; and that they only become entitled to the prefix of "*pot*," after they have been boiled.

A dog of my acquaintance found a bitch in the streets who had lost her master, and was ready to whelp; he brought her home, put her in possession of his kennel, and regularly carried his food to her (which it may be supposed he was not suffered to want) during her confinement.—*Southey's Omniana.*

Tarring and Feathering.—Tarring and feathering, it seems, is an European invention. Holinshed mentions that one of Richard Cœur de Lion's ordinances for seamen was, "that if any man was taken with theft or pickery, and thereof convicted, he should have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he might thereby be known as a thief, and at the next arrival of the ships to any land be put forth of the company to seek his adventure, without any hope of return to his fellows."

Dead March.—On the evening before Dr. Chubbe died, his physician feeling his pulse with much gravity, and observing that it beat more *even* than upon his last visit; "My dear friend," said he, "if you don't already know, or have not a technical expression for it, I will *tell you* what it beats—it beats the *dead march.*"

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