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HAY-CARRYING.

AT one end of the cluster of cottages, and cottage-like houses, which formed the little street of Hilton Cross,—a pretty but seclude village, in the north of Hampshire,—stood the shop of Judith Kent, widow, "Licensed," as the legend imported, "to vend tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff." Tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff formed, however, but a small part of the multifarious merchandise of Mrs. Kent, whose shop, the only repository of the hamlet, might have seemed an epitome of the wants and luxuries of humble life. In her window,—candles, bacon, sugar, mustard and soap, flourished amidst calicoes, oranges, dolls, ribbons, and gingerbread. Crockeryware was piled on one side of her door-way, Dutch cheese and Irish butter encumbered the other; brooms and brushes rested against the wall; and ropes of onions and bunches of red herrings hung from the ceiling. She sold bread, butcher's meat, and garden stuff, on commission; and engrossed, at a word, the whole trade of Hilton Cross.

Notwithstanding this monopoly, the world went ill with poor Judith. She was a mild, pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, with a heart too soft for her calling. She could not say, no! to the poor creatures who came to her on a Saturday night to seek bread for their children, however deep they might already be in her debt, or however certain it was that their husbands were, at that moment, spending, at the Checquers or the Four Horse Shoes, the money that should have supported their wives and families; for, in this village, as in others, there were two flourishing ale-houses, although but one ill-accustomed shop,—“but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable

deal of sack!” She could not say, no! as a prudent woman might have said; and, accordingly, half the poor people in the parish might be found on her books, whilst she herself was gradually getting in arrears with her baker, her grocer, and her landlord.

Her family consisted of two children,—Mary, a pretty, fair-haired, smiling lass, of twelve or thirteen, and Robert, a fine youth, nearly ten years older, who worked in the gardens of a neighbouring gentleman. Robert, conscious that his mother's was no gainful trade, often pressed her to give up business, sell off her stock, relinquish her house, and depend on his labour for her support; but of this she would not hear. Many motives mingled in her determination: a generous reluctance to burthen her dutiful son with her maintenance,—a natural fear of losing *caste* among her neighbours,—a strong love of the house which for five and twenty years had been her home,—a vague hope that times would mend and all come right again, (wiser persons than Mrs. Kent have lulled reason to sleep with such an opiate!)—and, above all, a want of courage to look her difficulties fairly in the face. Besides she liked her occupation,—its petty consequence, its bustle, and its gossipy; and she had a sense of gain in the small peddling bargains,—the pennyworths of needles, and balls of cotton, and rows of pins, and yards of tape which she was accustomed to vend for ready money,—that overbalanced, for a moment, her losses and her debts; so that in spite of her son's presages and warnings, the shop continued in full activity.

In addition to his forebodings respecting his mother, Robert had another misfortune;—the poor youth was in love.

About a quarter of a mile down the shady lane, which ran by one side of Mrs. Kent's dwelling, was the pretty farmhouse, orchard and homestead of Farmer Bell, whose eldest daughter Susan,—the beauty of the parish,—was the object of a passion, almost amounting to idolatry. And, in good sooth, Susan Bell was well fitted to inspire such a passion. Besides a light graceful figure, moulded with the exactest symmetry, she had a smiling innocent countenance, a complexion coloured like the brilliant blossoms of the balsam, and hair of a shining golden brown, like the fruit of a horse-chesnut. Her speech was at once modest and playful, her temper sweet, and her heart tender. She loved Robert dearly, although he often gave her cause to wish that she loved him not; for Robert was subject to the intermitting fever called jealousy,—causelessly,—as he himself would declare, when a remission of the disease gave room for his natural sense to act,—causelessly and penitently, but still pertinaciously, jealous. I have said, that he was a fine young man, tall, dark, and slender; I should add that he was a good son, a kind brother, a pattern of sobriety and industry, and possessed of talent and acquirement far beyond his station. But there was about him an ardour, a vigour, a fiery restlessness, commonly held proper to the natives of the south of Europe, but which may sometimes be found amongst our own peasantry. All his pursuits, whether of sport or labour, took the form of passion. At ten years old, he had gone far beyond all his fellow pupils at the Foundation School, to which, through the kindness of the squire of the parish, his mother had been enabled to send him; and even posed the master himself:—at eighteen, he was the best cricketer, the best flute-player, the best bellringer, and the best gardner in the country:—and some odd volumes of Shakspeare having come into his possession, there was some danger, at twenty, of his turning out a dramatic poet, had not the kind discouragement of his master, to whom some of his early scenes were shewn by his patron and admirer the head gardner, acted as a salutary check. Indeed, so strong, at one time, was the poetical *furor*, that such a catastrophe as an entire play might, probably, have ensued, notwithstanding

Mr. Lescombe's judicious warnings, had not love, the master-passion, fallen about this time in poor Robert's way, and engrossed all the ardour of his ardent temperament. The beauty and playfulness of his mistress, whilst they enchanted his fancy, kept the jealous irritability of his nature in perpetual alarm. He suspected a lover in every man who approached her; and the firm refusal of her father to sanction their union till her impatient wooer were a little more forward in the world, completed his disquiet.

Affairs were in this posture when a new personage arrived at Hilton Cross.

In addition to her other ways and means, Mrs. Kent tried to lessen her rent by letting lodgings; and the neat, quiet, elderly gentlewoman, the widow of a long-deceased rector, who had occupied her rooms ever since Robert was born, being at last gathered to her fathers, an advertisement of "pleasant apartments to let, in the airy village of Hilton Cross," appeared in the country paper. This announcement was as true as if it had not formed an advertisement in a country paper. Very airy was the pretty village of Hilton Cross,—with its breezy uplands, and its open common, dotted, as it were, with cottages and clumps of trees; and very pleasant were Mrs. Kent's apartments for those who had sufficient time to appreciate the rustic simplicity, and sufficient humility to overlook their smallness. The little chamber glittering with whiteness; its snowy dimity bed, and "fresh sheets smelling of lavender;" the sitting room, a thought larger, carpeted with India matting, its shining cane chairs, and its bright casement wreathed on one side by a luxuriant jessamine, on the other, by the tall cluster musk-rose, (that rose of which Titania talks,) sending its bunches of odorous blossoms into the very window; the little flower court underneath, full of hollyoaks, cloves, and dahlias; and the large sloping meadow beyond, leading up to Farmer Bell's tall irregular house, half covered with flaunting vine; his barns, and racks, and orchard;—all this formed an apartment too tempting to remain long untenanted in a bright month of August. Accordingly it was almost immediately engaged, by a gentleman in black, who walked over one fair morning, paid ten pounds as a deposit, sent for his trunk

from the next town, and took possession on the instant.

Her new inmate, who, without positively declining to give his name, had yet contrived to evade all the questions which Mrs. Kent's "simple cunning" could devise, proved a perpetual source of astonishment, both to herself and her neighbours. He was a well made, little man, near upon forty; with a considerable terseness of feature, a forehead of great power, whose effect was increased by a slight baldness on the top of the head, and an eye like a falcon. Such an eye! It seemed to go through you,—to strike all that it looked upon, like a *coup-de-soliel*. Luckily, the stranger was so merciful as, generally, to wear spectacles; under cover of which, those terrible eyes might see, and be seen, without danger. His habits were as peculiar as his appearance. He was moderate, and rather fanciful, in his diet; drank nothing but water or strong coffee, made, as Mrs. Kent observed, very wastefully; and had, as she also remarked, a great number of heathenish-looking books scattered about his apartment,—Lord Berner's Froissart, for instance,—Sir Thomas Brown's Urn Burial,—Isaac Walton's Complete Angler,—the Baskerville Aristos,—Gæthe's Faust,—a Spanish Don Quixote,—and an interleaved Philoctetes, full of outline drawings. The greater part of his time was spent out of doors.—He would, even, ramble away for three or four days together, with no other companion than a boy, hired in the village, to carry what Mrs. Kent denominated his odds and ends; which odds and ends consisted, for the most part, of an angling rod and sketching apparatus,—our incognito being, as my readers have by this time probably discovered, no other than an artist, on his summer progress.

Robert speedily understood the stranger, and was delighted with the opportunity of approaching so gifted a person; although he contemplated with a degree of generous envy, which a king's regalia would have failed to excite in his bosom, those *chef-d'œuvres* of all nations, which were to him as "sealed books," and the pencils, whose power appeared nothing less than creative. He redoubled his industry in the garden, that he might conscientiously devout hours, and half-hours, to pointing

out the deep pools and shallow eddies of their romantic stream, where he knew, from experience, (for Robert amongst his other accomplishments was no mean "brother of the angle,") that fish were likely to be found; and, better still, he loved to lead to the haunts of his childhood, the wild bosky dells, and the sunny ends of lanes, where a sudden turn in the track, an overhanging tree, an old gate, a cottage chimney, and a group of cattle or children, had sometimes formed a picture, on which his fancy had fed for hours. It was Robert's chief pleasure to entice his lodger to scenes such as these, and to see his own visions growing into reality, under the glowing pencil of the artist; and he in his turn would admire, and marvel at, the natural feeling of the beautiful, which could lead an uninstructed country youth, instinctively, to the very elements of the picturesque. A general agreement of taste had brought about a degree of association, unusual in persons so different in rank:—a particular instance of this accordance dissolved the intimacy.

Robert had been for a fortnight more than commonly busy in Mr. Lescombe's gardens and hot-houses,—so busy that he even slept at the Hall; the stranger, on the other hand, had been, during the same period, shut up, painting, in the little parlour. At last, they met; and the artist invited his young friend to look at the picture which had engaged him during his absence. On walking into the room, he saw, on the easel, a picture in oils, almost finished. The style was that of a delightful kind which combines figure with landscape: the subject was Hay-carrying; and the scene, that very sloping meadow,—crowned by Farmer Bell's tall, angular house, its vine-wreathed porch and chimneys, the great walnut-tree before the door, the orchard and the homestead,—which formed the actual prospect from the windows before them. In the fore-ground was a waggon, piled with hay, surrounded by the farmer and his fine family—some pitching, some loading, some raking after, all intent on their pleasant business. The only disengaged persons in the field were young Mary Kent and Harry Bell, an urchin of four years old, who rode on her knees on the top of the waggon, crowned and wreathed with

garlands of vine-leaves and blindweed and poppies and cornflowers. In the front, looking up at Mary Kent and her brother, and playfully tossing to them the locks of hay which she had gathered on her rake, stood Susan Bell,—her head, thrown back, her bonnet half off, her light and lovely figure shewn, in all its graces, by the pretty attitude and the short cool dress; while her sweet face glowing with youth and beauty, had a smile glowing over it like a sunbeam. The boy was nodding and laughing to her, and seemed longing—as well he might,—to escape from his flowery bondage, and jump into her arms. Never had poet framed a lovelier image of rural beauty! Never had painter more felicitously realised his conception.

“Well, Robert,” exclaimed our artist, a little impatient of the continued silence, and missing the expected praise, “Well?” But still Robert spoke not. “Don’t you think it a good subject?” continued the man of the easel. I was sitting at the window, reading Froissart, whilst they were carrying the after-crop, and, by good luck, happened to look up, just as they had arranged themselves into this very group, and as the evening sun came slanting, exactly as it does now, across the meadow;—so I dashed in the sketch instantly, got Mary to sit to me,—and a very pretty nymph-like figure she makes,—dressed the boy with flowers, just as he was decked out for the harvest home,—the rogue is really a fit model for a cupid; they are a glorious family!—and persuaded Susan—at that name, Robert unable to control himself longer, rushed out of the room, leaving the astonished painter in the full belief that his senses had forsaken him.

The unhappy lover, agonised by jealousy, pursued his way to the Farm. He had, hitherto, contrived, although without confessing his motive, even to himself, to keep his friend and his mistress asunder. He had no fears of her virtue or of his honor; but, to Robert’s romantic simplicity, it seemed that no one could gaze on Susan without feeling ardent love, and that such a man as the artist could never love in vain. Besides, in the conversation which they had held together, he had dwelt on beauty and simplicity as the most attractive points of

the female character: Robert had felt as he spoke, that Susan was the very being whom he described, and had congratulated himself that they were, still, unacquainted.

But now they had met; he had seen, he had studied, had transferred to canvass that matchless beauty; had conquered the timidity which to Robert had always seemed unconquerable; had won her to admit his gaze; had tamed the shyest, coyest dove; had become familiar with that sweet face, and that dearest frame;—Oh! the very thought was agony!

In this mood he arrived at the Farm; and there working at her needle, under the vine-wreathed porch, with the evening sun shining full upon her, and her little brother playing at her feet, sate his own Susan. She heard his rapid step, and advanced to meet him, with a smile and a blush of delight,—just the smile and blush of the picture. At such a moment they increased his misery: he repulsed her offered hand, and poured forth a torrent of questions on the subject which possessed his mind. Her innocent answers were fuel to his frenzy:—“The picture! had he seen the picture?—and was it not pretty?—much too pretty, she thought, but every body called it like! and Mary and Harry—was not he pleased with them? what a wonderful thing it was to make a bit of canvass so like living creatures! what a wonderful man the strange gentleman was! She had been afraid of him at first—sadly afraid of those two bright eyes,—and so had Harry;—poor Harry had cried! but he was so merry and so kind that neither of them minded sitting to him, now! And she was so glad that Robert had seen the picture! she had so wanted him to see it! it was too pretty, to be sure,—but, then, Robert would not mind that. She had told the gentleman”——“Go to the gentleman, now,” interrupted Robert, and tell him that I relinquish you! it will be welcome news! Go to him, Susan! your heart is with him. Go to him, I say!”—and, throwing from him with a bitter laugh the frightened and weeping girl, who had laid her trembling hand upon his arm to detain him, he darted from the door, and returned to his old quarters at the Hall.

Another fortnight passed, and Robert still kept aloof from his family and his

home. His mother and sister, indeed, occasionally saw him; and sad accounts had poor little Mary to give to her friend Susan of Robert's ill looks and worse spirits. And Susan listened, and said she did not care; and burst into a passion of tears, and said she was very happy; and vowed never to speak to him again, and desired Mary never to mention her to him, or him to her; and then asked her a hundred questions respecting his looks, and his words, and his illness; and charged her with a thousand tender messages, which, in the next breath she withdrew. And Mary, too young to understand the inconsistencies of love, pitied and comforted, and thought it "passing strange."

In the mean time misfortunes of a different nature were gathering around Mrs. Kent. The mealman and baker, whose bread she vended,—her kindest friend and largest creditor,—died, leaving his affairs in the hands of an attorney of the next town,—the pest and terror of the neighbourhood; and, on the same day, she received two letters from this formidable lawyer—one on account of his dead client, the other on behalf of his living client, the grocer,—who ranked next amongst her creditors, both threatening that if their respective claims were not liquidated on or before a certain day, proceedings would be commenced against her forthwith.

It is in such a situation that woman most feels her helplessness,—especially that forlorn creature whom the common people, adopting the pathetic language of scripture, designate by the expressive phrase, "a lone woman!" Poor Judith sat down to cry, in powerless sorrow and vain self-pity. She opened, indeed, her hopeless day-book,—but she knew, too well, that her debtors could not pay. She had no one to consult;—for her lodger, in whose general cleverness she had great confidence, had been absent, on one of his excursions almost as long as her son,—and time pressed upon her,—for the letters,—sent with the usual indirectness of country conveyance—originally given to the carrier, confided by the carrier to the butterman, carried on by the butterman to the next village, left there for three days at a public house, and finally delivered at Hilton Cross by a return post-

boy,—had been nearly a week on the road. Saturday was the day fixed for the payment, and this was Friday night, and Michaelmas and rent day were approaching! and, unable even to look at the accumulation of misery, poor Judith laid her head on her fruitless account-book, and sobbed aloud!

It was with a strangely-mingled feeling of comfort in such a son, and sorrow so to grieve him, that she heard Robert's voice at her side, asking tenderly what ailed her? She put the letters into his hands; and he, long prepared for the blow, soothed and cheered her. "All must be given up," he said; "and he would go with her the next day to make over the whole property. Let us pay as far as our means go, mother," pursued he, "and do not fear but, some day or other, we shall be enabled to discharge all our debts. God will speed an honest purpose, in the meantime Mr. Lescombe will give us a cottage,—I know he will, and I shall work for you and Mary. It will be something to live for,—something worth living for. Be comforted, dear mother!" He stooped, as he said this, and kissed her; and, when he arose, he saw Susan standing opposite to him, and behind her, the stranger. They had entered separately, during the conversation between mother and son, and Susan was still unconscious of the stranger's presence. She stood, in great agitation, pressing Mary's hand, (from whom she had heard the story,) and immediately began questioning Mrs. Kent as to the extent of the calamity. "She had twenty pounds of her own, that her grandmother had left her;—But a hundred!—Did they want a whole hundred? And would they send Mrs. Kent to prison? and sell all her goods? and turn Mary out of doors? and Robert—Oh, how ill Robert looked!—It would kill Robert! Oh," continued Susan, wringing her hands, "I would sell myself for a bondswoman,—I would be like a negro-slave for one hundred pounds!"—"would you?" said the stranger advancing, suddenly, from the door, and producing two bank-bills; "would you?" well! we will strike a bargain. I will give you two hundred pounds, for this little hand,—only this little hand!"—"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Kent, "what can you mean?"

—“Nothing but what is fair and honorable,” returned her lodger: “let Susan promise to meet me at church to-morrow, and here are two hundred pounds to dispose of, at her pleasure, to night.”—“Susan! my dear Susan!”—“Let her alone, mother!” interrupted Robert; “she must choose for herself!”—and, for a few moments, there was a dead silence.

Robert stood leaning against the wall, as pale as marble,—his eyes cast down, and his lips compressed, in a state of forced composure. Mrs. Kent,—her head turning, now, towards the bank-notes, and now towards her son—was in a state of restless and uncontrollable instability; Mary clung, crying, about her mother and Susan,—her color varying, and her lips quivering,—sate, unconsciously twisting and untwisting the bank-notes, in her hand.

“Well, Susan!” said the artist,—who had remained in tranquil expectation surveying the group with his falcon eye,—“Well, Susan! have you determined?”—The color rose to her temples, and she answered, firmly, “Yes, sir!—Be pleased to take back the notes. I love nobody but Robert; and Robert loves me dearly, dearly!—I know he does! Oh, Mrs. Kent! you would not have me vex Robert,—your own dear son,—and he so ill,—would you? Let them take these things!” They never can be so cruel as to put you in prison—you, who were always so kind! and he will work for you, and I will work for you! Never mind being poor! better anything than false-hearted to my Robert!”—“God for ever bless you, my Susan!”—“God bless you, my dear child!” burst, at once, from Robert and his mother, as they, alternately, folded her in their arms.

“Pray, take the notes, sir!” repeated Susan, after a short interval. “No! that I will not do,” replied the stranger, smiling. “The notes shall be your’s,—are your’s,—and, what is more, on my own conditions! Meet me at church to-morrow morning, and I shall have the pleasure of bestowing this pretty hand, as I always intended, on my good friend Robert here. I have a wife of my own at home, my dear! whom I would not exchange even for you; and I am quite rich enough to afford myself the luxury of making you happy. Besides,

you have a claim to the money. These very bank-notes were gained by that sweet face! Your friend, Mr. Lescombe, Robert! has purchased the Hay-carrying! We have had a good deal of talk about you; and I am quite certain that he will provide for you all. No,” continued he, interrupting something that Robert was going to say,—“No thanks! no apologies! I won’t here a word. Meet me at church, to-morrow! But, remember, young man, no more jealousy!”—and, followed by a glance from Susan, of which Robert might have been jealous, the artist left the shop.—*Miss Mitford.*

AGE OF PLANTS.

PLANTS, as respects their age, may be divided into two classes—those which have a fixed period of duration, a period determined by the production of their fruit; and those, the exact period of whose existence cannot be determined. The first class comprehends annual and biennial plants (vegetables of one and two years’ continuance), such as garden plants, foxglove, hollyhock, &c. It is with the second class that we are to have to do at present, and it may be considered under two heads—first, those trees which, on account of the mode of their growth, cannot live beyond a certain period; and, second, those whose mode of growth admits of the possibility of their existing an indefinite period.

First. The first-mentioned class increase, when young, in diameter rather than in height, until a certain magnitude is attained, when they shoot up a stem, the diameter of which is never much altered. This is the mode of growth of the palm tribe of trees, and other intratropical plants; and it prevents them, as shall immediately be shown, from attaining a great longevity. All the new woody matter produced by the leaves is insinuated down the centre of the stem. The effect of this is the displacing of the pre-existing woody matter, which is pressed out towards the circumference. By the continuance of this process, the stem becomes so compressed that it is not capable of any further compression. Thus there is no space left for the introduction of new woody matter from the leaves. The consequence is, that the full action of the

functions of the leaves is prevented. The tree therefore perishes, because its vitality is dependent upon the full action of all its parts. From this it is evident, that trees belonging to the class under consideration cannot exist beyond a definite period, which is seldom found to exceed 200 or 300 years.

Second. The other class of plants referred to increase principally in length when young. They afterwards extend in diameter by means of longitudinal fibres being insinuated by the leaves under the bark, on the *outside* of the wood. The bark being capable of indefinite extension, it is evident that nothing independent of accident can put an end to the existence of such trees. Eminent botanists see nothing unplausible, and no one can point out any thing impossible, in the idea, that some trees of this kind at present existing may have been unconcerned spectators of the historical flood.

The age of trees belonging to this class can be ascertained by counting the number of rings into which they are divided. Every one of these rings must have been produced in neither more nor less than a year; and this is the ground upon which botanists have arrived at such precise conclusions concerning the longevity of some trees. We shall notice the ages of a few individuals as ascertained in this manner.

Decandolle mentions an elm 335 years old; a cypress about 350; a cheirostemon about 400; an ivy, 450; a larch, 576; an orange-tree, 630; an olive-tree, 700; an oriental plane, 720; a cedar of Lebanon, about 800; oaks, 870, 1080, and 1500; limes, 1076, and 1147; yews, 1214, 1458, 2588, and 2880!

At Ellerslie, the birth-place of Wallace, near Paisley, there is an oak tree which is said to have concealed under its branches that distinguished warrior and three hundred of his followers. However doubtful this may be, it is certain that "the Wallace Oak" cannot be much less than 700 years old.

Eight olive trees still grow in the garden of Gethsemane, near Jerusalem, which can be proved to have been there more than 800 years ago, and which are alleged to have been silent witnesses of our Saviour's agony!

Such great antiquity, however, is small when compared with the age of the

baobab, some specimens of which, growing in Africa, the illustrious Adanson found to be 5150 years old! Even this great age is surpassed by that assigned to the taxodium by Decandolle, who makes some specimens which he discovered in South America to be 6000 years old! Adanson ascertained some banian trees to be of equal antiquity.

A QUEER COIN.

One day Grimaldi had been fly-hunting with his friend from early morning until night, thinking of nothing but flies (Butterflies,) until at length their thoughts naturally turning to something more substantial, they halted for refreshment.

"Bob," said Gramaldi, "I am very hungry."

"So am I," said Bob.

"There is a public-house," said Grimaldi.

"It is *just* the very thing," observed the other.

It was a very neat public-house, and would have answered the purpose admirable, but Grimaldi having no money, and very much doubting whether his friend had either, did not respond to the sentiment quite so cordially as he might have done.

"We had better go in,"—said the friend; "it is getting late—*you* pay."

"No, no! you."

"I would in a minute," said his friend, "but I have not got any money."

Grimaldi thrust his hand into his right pocket with one of his queerest faces, then into his coat pockets, then into his waistcoat, and finally took off his hat and looked into that; but there was no money anywhere.

They still walked on towards the public house, meditating with rueful countenances, when Grimaldi spying something lying at the foot of a tree, picked it up, and suddenly exclaimed, with a variety of winks and nods, "Here's a sixpence."

The hungry friend's eyes brightened, but they quickly resumed their gloomy expression as he rejoined, "It's a piece of tin!"

Grimaldi winked again, rubbed the sixpence or piece of tin very hard, and declared, putting it between his teeth by way of test, it was as good a sixpence as he would wish to see.

"I don't think it," said the friend, shaking his head.

"I'll tell you what," said Grimaldi, "we'll go to the public-house, and ask the landlord whether it's a good one or not. They always know."

To this the friend assented, and they hurried on, disputing all the way whether it was really a sixpence or not; a discovery which could not be made at that time, when the currency was defaced and worn nearly plain, with the ease with which it could be made at present.

The publican, a fat jolly fellow, was standing at his door talking to a friend, and the house looked so uncommonly comfortable, that Gomery whispered as they approached that perhaps it might be best to have some bread and cheese first, and ask about the sixpence afterwards.

Grimaldi nodded his entire assent, and they went in and ordered some bread and cheese, and beer. Having taken the edge off their hunger, they tossed up a farthing which Grimaldi happened to find in the corner of some theretofore undiscovered pocket, to determine who should present the "sixpence." The chance falling on himself, he walked up to the bar, and with a very lofty air, and laying the questionable metal down with a dignity quite his own, requesting the landlord to take the bill out of that.

"Just right, sir," said the landlord, looking at the strange face that his customer assumed, and not at the sixpence.

"It's right sir, is it?" asked Grimaldi sternly.

"Quite," answered the landlord; "thank ye, gentlemen." And with this he slipped the,—whatever it was,—into his pocket.

Gomery looked at Grimaldi, and Grimaldi, with a look and air which baffle all description, walked out of the house followed by his friend.

"I never knew any thing so lucky," he said as they walked home to supper,— "it is quite a Providence that sixpence."

"A piece of tin, you mean," said Gomery.

Which of the two it was is uncertain, but Grimaldi often patronized the same house afterwards, and as he never heard anything more about the matter, he felt quite convinced that it was a real sixpence.

LONDON PORTER BREWERIES.

ACCUSTOMED as a provincial inhabitant of the United Kingdom is to estimate at a very high rate the extent of the London porter breweries, from his finding the beverage in abundance in every spot on which he may set his foot, yet the reality, when it is his fortune to visit the actual scene of the manufacture in question, will prove in general far to exceed any anticipations which may have been formed. Nothing which a stranger can behold in the whole British metropolis will strike and amaze his eye more than the mere appearance of one of the larger brew houses of the city, with its enormous coppers, huge fermenting vessels, and monster like store-vats; while, if he carries his observations farther, and examines into all the dealings and ramifications of such a concern, his mind will be filled with still greater astonishment at the seemingly incalculable amount of capital embarked in it, as necessary to sustain and carry it on. The first question which suggests itself to one's thoughts, on looking at the lakes of porter perpetually being manufactured in such places, is, "Who is to drink all this?" One can scarcely believe that any given number of human throats, even of the thirstiest order, can consume these seas of liquor as fast as they seem to be produced. Yet but a short residence in the mighty city which is the scene of this production, will remove much of this wonderment from the stranger's mind. He will soon discover that porter almost supplies the place of water in London, as the common and hourly means of slacking thirst. None so poor, none so miserable in London, but contemns the thin colourless product of the spring, and will have his deep-brown "stout," in pot or can, at home or abroad. With the labouring classes the beverage has become a necessary of life, and, indeed, even the most temperate and orderly among them would perhaps as soon want their solid food, as the "entire" to wash it down. In part, the origin, at least, of this habit may be owing to the rather impure sources of much of the water about the metropolis, and we have heard sensible men trace it to such a cause; but the cheapness, abundance, and quality of the liquor, not to speak of other circumstances, seem in a great measure sufficient to account for

the prevalence of the custom at the present day.

The difference in colour between porter and ale, as well as other malt liquors, is chiefly owing, as is generally known, to the condition of the malt used in preparing the former of these drinks. The malt in this case is slightly scorched in drying, or *curing* as it is more frequently termed, so as to acquire a *brown* hue, which it communicates to the liquor made from it. But there are other qualities for which porter is remarkable; and it is for the possession of these, more peculiarly, that the porter of London has obtained its great distinctive celebrity. The agreeable bitterness and empyreumatic flavour which characterise it, have been the envy of all the brewers, we may safely say, of the wide world, and fortunes have been thrown away in the endeavour to discover the source of these properties, and to imitate them. These attempts have always failed so signally, if not uniformly and universally, that at length mankind have almost agreed, by common consent, to rank the puzzle of London porterbrewing with the mystery of the Iron Mask, or that of the authorship of Junius. Numberless, indeed, were the explanations tendered by one party and another, before the point was thus given up; and as one of these notions may be said still, in some measure, to hold its ground, many persons may be glad of a little information upon the subject. Finding that no means whatever, tried in any quarter of the earth, could make porter taste as it did in London, some ingenious individual at length hit on the idea that the cause must lie in the Thames water, with which it was manufactured. As the Thames water was really known to have peculiar properties—that of keeping long fresh and pure at sea, for example, after undergoing several fermentations—many people regarded this solution as perfectly satisfactory; and one enterprising brewer of the Scottish capital actually went the length of bringing down the Thames water in casks, in full expectation of at length rivalling the metropolitan brewers. The attempt was unsuccessful; nor will the reader marvel at this, when informed how erroneous were the premises upon which the experiment was based. Only *four* of the London brew-houses do really make use

of Thames river water! In other words, not a sixth part of the London porter is manufactured with water from that source. The breweries have in most cases private wells, and the liquor brewed thus is no whit inferior in quality to that into which the river water enters. The public, at least, have never discovered any difference. So much for the Thames-water fallacy.

The real cause of the pleasing bitter relish and aroma of the London porter, we have good authority for asserting, rests with the malt used, and also the mode of curing it for use. The hops, of course, are a principal source of the bitter in all porter, but in the case of London porter the delightful bitter smack is not so much derived from the employment of a large allowance of hops, as from the use, in the brewing, of great quantities of brown or embrowned malt, which malt is cured along with dried wood of a stringent quality. This wood is mixed with the malt, and besides contributing to the spirit and strength of the beverage, is the ingredient that imparts to it its much prized aroma. In the introduction of this stringent wood consists the long-sought-for secret. All the stories which have been told of the unbounded use of liquorice, and drugs of every kind and name, are entirely erroneous as far as regards the leading brew-houses which supply the world with London porter.

From various causes, it would be extremely difficult to give any thing like a correct estimate of the capital embarked in one of the great London brew-houses. In the hop room alone of such a concern there lies a princely fortune, some single houses having usually a stock of hops on hand about two hundred thousand pounds in value. This is in some measure dormant capital, as such a stock would last a year or two. But the keeping of so large a store is a provision against a scarcity or a rise in prices, and the power of making such a provision is a magnificent proof of the means held at command. The stock of malt, again, in the larger houses, is on an equal scale. Malt and hops together will generally amount in value to about three hundred thousand pounds.* The

*The quantity of malt consumed in one year, by eleven of the principal breweries in London, exceeds five hundred thousand quarters.

stock-vats exhibit another immense absorption of money. In these vats, vast quantities of porter are stored up, to ripen and mellow for public use. The vessels in question resemble houses in size more than any thing else. In Messrs Whitebread's brewery there are about thirty vats, each between twenty and thirty feet high, and of a proportionate transverse diameter! They hold many thousand barrels each, and are usually full to the brim. These vats are bound with a succession of very strong iron hoops, set as close to one another as they can well go; and, in reality, the danger would be extreme, without powerful supports of this kind. A number of years ago a vessel of this nature burst in one of the large London brew-houses, and did no small damage, floating a family in a neighbouring house clean out of doors, besides other feats of the like order.

Barclay, Perkins, and Company, have the most extensive porter brew-house in London. Their establishment is one of old standing, being the same which formerly yielded a noble fortune to Samuel Johnson's friend, Thrale. The quantity of porter now annually brewed by this house amounts to between three and four hundred thousand barrels. The following six brewing companies, Hanbury's, Reid's, Whitebread's, Meux's, Combe and Delafield's, and Calvert's, produce also very large quantities, the issue of none being less than one hundred thousand barrels a-year, while it is double that quantity in several of the cases. But neither a knowledge of the amount of the annual manufacture, nor an estimate of the stock and consumption of hops and malt, will lead us to any thing like a fair idea of the capital embarked in one of these concerns. The cause of this may be in part explained. The hop and malt rooms are natural and obvious quarters for the employment of the wealth of these brewing houses. But the funds of the same parties are absorbed also in less obvious ways. The most of the licensed public-houses in the city are connected with some brewing company or another, and hence are called "tied houses." The brewers advance loans to the publican on the security of his lease, and from the moment that necessity or any other cause tempts him to accept such a loan, he is bound to the

lending party. Indeed, the advance is made on the open and direct condition that he shall sell the lender's liquor, and his alone. The publican, in short, becomes a mere retail-agent for the behoof of one particular company. They clap their sign above his door, and he can no longer fairly call the house his own. The quantity of money thus lent out by the London brewers is enormous. One house alone, we know from good authority, has more than two hundred thousand pounds so employed. Perhaps the reader will have a still better idea of the extent to which this system is carried, when he is told that a single brew-house has *fifteen-thousand pounds worth of sign-boards* stuck up over London—rating these articles, of course, at their cost price. This explains what a stranger in the metropolis is at first very much struck with—the number of large boards marked with "Whitebread's Entire," "Meux's Double Refined," or "Combe and Delafield's Brown Stout House," that meet the eye in every part of London. These signs are of such size as to extend usually from side to side of the building on which they are placed, and if a house presents two ends, or even three, to public view, the massive letters adorn them all. Such boards cost from fifteen to twenty pounds a-piece, so that eight or nine hundred of them will amount to the sum total stated; and some breweries *have* that number up, in one quarter and another of the great city. This mode of advertising may look expensive, but it has its advantages. It is permanent, and readily points out to the favourers of particular brewing-houses where their favourite stout is to be found. One loves Meux's, another man Barclay's, a third Courage and Donaldson's, and these gilded placards show where the desired articles may be had by all parties. What an idea this "tie" system in itself gives us of the wealth of these brewers! a handsome fortune laid out on sign-boards!

In reality, however, the leading partners, whose names are at the head of these firms, are in many cases men possessed of extensive landed property, and to all intents and purposes private country gentlemen, though retaining, it may be, large shares in the establishment to which the wealth and standing of their

families were originally owing. There are always some of the principal partners in these concerns, nevertheless, who take an active share in their management. The mode of conducting them is thoroughly systematic, as much so, and necessarily as much so, as in the case of the Bank of England. The whole business is divided into sections, with responsible persons at the head of each. One man usually, and sometimes two, superintend the brewing department. These are the operative managers, who are a shrewd and intelligent class of men. Salaries in these extensive concerns are on the handsomest scale, the motto of the proprietors being, "best service, best pay." The number of operatives about these places is of course very great. They are usually stout, florid men, with countenances and persons alike redolent of the cherishing fluids amid which they live, move, and have their being. And when hard exercise is combined with this generous nutrition, they will, we have no doubt, be as healthy as they appear. Otherwise, they will be liable, it is to be feared, to apoplectic and dropsical affections. Numerous as are these common workers at the brewing business, however, those who conceive the employment flowing from these vast establishments to rest and end here, will form but a poor idea of the range of their influence. Hop-growers, iron-founders, coopers, colliers, publicans, horse-dealers, saddlers, cart-wrights, agriculturists in all the various lines of barley, corn, and hay growing, with many other trades and professions, are all directly and perpetually benefiting from the maintenance of these great concerns. It is astonishing how many of all these tradesmen one single brewing-house will sustain within its circle, disseminating its work and its payments with never-failing punctuality.

Serious attempts have frequently been made to shake the business of the great porter breweries, but the system was too deeply rooted to permit of its easy overthrow. A heavy though indirect stroke of this kind came from the ale-brewers of London, who some time since commenced brewing an ale article at so low a price as to encroach on the sale of "entire." In retaliation, the porter-houses, with the exception of three only, were

tempted to add a proportion of ale to their ordinary manufacture. They do not, however, carry this ale brewing to any great extent; and, on the other hand, their porter monopoly remains but little, if at all, impaired.

One point more about the London breweries, and we have done with these loose hints. The stables of one of these establishments, when filled with their allotted tenants, constitute one of the very finest sights that can be seen on the whole premises. To a Scotsman, the powerful make and general beauty of the horses of burden that are seen traversing the streets of the metropolis, is always a subject of wonder. The little carts of his own country, and the comparatively puny though active creatures which draw them, sink into absolute insignificance in his eyes when contrasted with the colossal waggons and horses of the south. One horse to one cart is the way in Scotland, while in England you observe a train of six or eight gigantic creatures dragging along a large and heavily-loaden vehicle, resembling a goodly haystack in breadth, height, and compactness. A lengthened line of such waggons is one of the most imposing sights imaginable. As the brewers keep the very best of horses, it is in their stables that the beauty of the breed can be seen to most perfection. They are kept in the very highest condition, plump, sleek, and glossy. The order maintained throughout these large establishments extends to their stabling arrangements. In Whitebread's, we observed the name of each horse painted above his stall, and were told that every one of them knew its designation as well as any biped about the place. Some of the most extensive breweries employ above one hundred such horses to disseminate their produce through all parts of the city and its suburbs.

A PEEP AT CHINA.

In the evening we were visited by our Chinese friend, who carried us to the garden, and were informed that he was a physiognomist. At our request he declared, after a close scrutiny of the countenance, what he thought to be the character of several persons present. He gazed at the individual under examination

for some time and then began, "Me think you good man;" and, after a second look, continued, "but you be more better in ten year more." A second individual, he declared, would be "more better" in twenty years; and a third one, who was "one of your fat men who sleep o'nights," he pronounced to be a very good man, saying, "Me think you very contenty in side, in fifty year more you be more better." * * * * *

These examinations afforded us much amusement; but the physiognomist was much struck when I explained to him the general principles of phrenology, and illustrated them by an examination of his head, expressing my opinion of him from its result. He frankly admitted all I said to be true, but seemed very much puzzled to comprehend how I could speak so minutely of his character. The subject was again explained to them, and, after examination, an opinion of the leading points of individual character was expressed. Those who knew the individual under question decided that the opinion was correct, and he himself acknowledged it to be true. In the same way several were examined with a like result. The interest in the subject increased, and all present became suddenly converts to the doctrine, and at once placed such implicit faith in phrenology that they sent for their clerks, here termed pursers, and requested me to express my opinion of their respective characters without reserve. One wished to know whether a young man, who had just submitted his head to examination, might be safely trusted if sent into the country to collect money. Another asked in relation to his clerk, "Can me trust that man go Nankin for pigeon, buy silk, suppose he no stop talk with gal, and no make he pigeon?" Another inquired if I could determine positively, by examining a married lady's head, whether her issue would be "one gal or one he child." Being very anxious for the latter, and having offered up many prayers to the goddess Kuanyin for a son, he was much disappointed to learn that the practical application of phrenology did not extend quite so far. * * * * *

In our walk through the garden we saw much to admire; we were led from it into an open field, and following a path along

a ditch met a number of women tottering along, owing to the deformity of their feet, produced by bandaging. They were just returning from the packing and sorting houses, where they had been employed. About three hundred women are attached to each tea-establishment, and receive for their respective labour about six cents a day, without other emolument of any kind. Those we saw were miserably clad, and their feet were bound with bandages, and in little shoes. If the bandages be left off the feet very soon spread, and by doing so they would become more useful and trustworthy members, but this would be at the cost of pride.

We entered a building where tea is manufactured. The people were just departing from their labours. On the second floor were apartments wherein the leaves are sifted and sorted by hand, and then packed after coming from an apartment below, where they undergo the process of manipulation in cast-iron pans, set diagonally in blocks of masonry about breast high. These blocks are arranged in rows, and each one has four pans with a furnace beneath them. We noticed here, among other things, a winnowing machine in all respects like those used in the United States, and were informed that it is employed in separating the several sorts of tea. The imperial, being the heaviest, falls first, next the young hyson, then the gunpowder, and so on.

Green teas are very little used by the Chinese, though the "cup that cheers but not inebriates," is universal throughout the whole of the Celestial Empire, and is brought forward on all occasions, and at all times of the day. Public tea-houses are found in every town and in every village in China.

The tea plant is a bushy evergreen shrub, which, if permitted to attain its greatest natural size, will grow to the height of about twelve feet. It constitutes by itself a distinct genus, of which there is but a single species; the plants yielding the different kinds of black and green tea being, in reality, according to the Chinese always, and now, according to the admission of European botanists, no more than permanent varieties, the result of long culture, as is the case with many other plants useful to man. The

tea is, probably, an indigenous plant of China. This may be concluded not only from its long culture in that country, but from its being found there in a wild state, and from the Chinese names for it having been borrowed by almost all foreign nations. These names are *Cha* and *The*. The first of these is the general term throughout China, and the last belongs to the dialect of Fokien. Most of the Asiatic nations have adopted the former, having received their knowledge of the plant from inland communication; and most of the European nations, their acquaintance with it having been derived directly from Fokien by maritime communication, the latter. The plant has been cultivated in China from time immemorial, and its use is as much buried in fable as that of wheat or barley, or wine, in Europe or Western Asia. As a branch of husbandry in China, it is at least as important as the culture of the vine in the southern countries of Europe. The latitudes in which it thrives best are from 23° to 30° north, or from the sea on the south to the great river Yangste Kiang on the north. The northern limits of its culture, however, extend much beyond the river; and there are in fact, few provinces or districts of southern or central China, in which the tea plant is not extensively cultivated, at least for domestic use. The tea, like the vine, is cultivated on the sides of hills, in preference to the plains. It is raised for the seed, and yields its first crop in from two to three years. Where the best teas are raised, the plant is carefully pruned, and prevented from attaining a height exceeding two or three feet. The production of good tea depends upon soil and locality, fully as much as that of good wine; like it, too, the produce varies according to the care with which the crop is collected and prepared for use. The quality of the crop varies, also, with the nature of each season, like the vintage. From the same plant are commonly taken, in each season, four crops, a circumstance which is another cause of the variety in tea, as it appears in the market. The younger the leaves when taken, the higher flavoured the tea, and the scarcer, and consequently the dearer the article. The earliest crop is taken in the beginning of spring, just when the leaf buds are opening; and the last crop in August,

when the leaves are coarse, abundant, and deficient in aroma and astringency.

The green and black teas present a parallel case to the white and red grape. In both cases they are only varieties of the same species. The growth of teas of sufficiently high flavour to keep for a considerable time, and fit, in consequence, for exportation to foreign countries, was for a long time confined to two provinces, or rather to a few districts of these provinces; for, in China, provinces, in so far as extent and population are concerned, are extensive kingdoms. These provinces were Fokien, which yielded black tea, and Kiangnan, which yielded green; the southern boundary of the first being in about the 24th degree of latitude, and that of the last in about the 30th—of late years, and in consequence of the great demand for teas in Europe and America, the culture of the plant for exportation has been extended to three additional provinces, namely, Canton, Kiansi, and Chekiang, all lying between the 23rd and 30th degree of latitude.

In China, contrary to the universal usage of other great despotisms of Asia, the soil is private property; and, in consequence of the nature of the laws of inheritance, and of the tyranny which hinders the accumulation of property, the land is very minutely subdivided, and the proprietors are little better than peasants or cotters, each, with the assistance of his family, cultivating his own farm. This of course applies equally to the tea districts as to the other parts of the empire, and the tea is consequently cultivated only in small patches or gardens, not exceeding in extent the holding of an ordinary market gardener. The leaves are picked by the cultivator's family and conveyed at once to the market, where they are purchased by a particular class of dealers, who dry them under a shed, and in this imperfect state of preparation dispose of them to a second and higher class of traders, who sort the teas according to their qualities, and, after completing the process of manufacture, pack them in chests, dividing them in lots of from 100 to 600 chests, which are known in the Canton market under the name of chops, from their bearing the signet or mark (in Chinese, *chap*) of the merchants who make them up.

The tea arrives in Canton about the middle of October, and the busiest period of the trade extends from that time to the end of December. The commodity is conveyed, for the most part, by land carriages and by porters, and, generally speaking, from 400 to 700 miles, and the owners accompany it. The traders in green tea amount in number to not less than 400. The dealers in black tea are less numerous, but more wealthy. Both are in the habit of receiving advances, to some extent, from the *Hong*, or security merchants of Canton.

In the market of Canton the sorts of tea quoted for exportation do not, generally, exceed fourteen or fifteen in number; about eight of which are black and six green. They are as follows, with their respective ordinary prices:—

GREEN		Taels per Pecul.
Twankay	24 to 28.
Hyson Skin	24 to 28.
Young Hyson	44 to 54.
Hyson	44 to 54.
Imperial	50 to 60.
Gunpowder	59 to 62.
BLACK		Taels per Pecul.
Bohea	12 to 15.
Congo	24 to 28.
Campoi	24 to 28.
Souchong	20 to 36.
Ankoï	20 to 24.
Caper	24 to 25.
Orange Peko	25 to 26.
Flowery Peko	50 to 60.

In round numbers, one tael per pecul may be considered as equivalent to one halfpenny per pound, in estimating these prime costs. The terms under which the different sorts of tea are here described, are, for the most part, European corruptions, and some misapplications of Chinese words: but as they are of long established use, and perfectly well understood both by European and Chinese merchants, they describe the commodity intended with sufficient accuracy for all practical purposes.

The highest quality, of black tea is Peko, or more correctly Flowery Peco. This consists of the early spring buds of the finest black tea plants, intermixed, as is commonly believed, with the flowers of the fragrant olive, which is discoverable in the form of small white particles. This, as will be seen by reference to the prices current, runs up to the price of sixty taels per pecul, equal to 2s. 6d. per lb. The very same plant, in its second,

and more abundant crop, may yield Souchong, at thirty six taels per pecul, or 1s. 6d. per pound. Its third crop may consist of Congo, Campoi, of low Souchong, bearing no higher price than ten per lb.; and its fourth and last crop may consist of Fokien, Bohea, worth no more than fifteen taels per pecul, or 7½d per lb. The coarsest Boheas in the market, which are rated above at twelve taels per pecul, or 6d. per lb., are, however, frequently found as low as 5d. per lb. The lowest Boheas of the Canton market consist of the refuse or sweepings of superior Black teas, or of the inferior tea of Woping, in Canton. It may be remarked by the way, respecting this word Bohea, which is now applied by Europeans to the lowest denominations of Black tea—that it was, and still is, applied by the Chinese to the finest description of it—that which grows on the mountain Vuishan, in the province of Fokien, is as noted for its production of fine teas as the estate of Clos-Vugot for its Burgundy, or that of the Chateau-Margot for its claret.

Similar observations apply to the Green teas; although the range of qualities and prices here is not so great as in the Black. The highest quality of green tea is gunpowder. This consists of the first leaves of the vernal crop of the Green tea plant. As it comes to us, it is not mixed with flowers of any foreign plant, as Peko is; but such is the case with some of the Green Teas imported by the Russians, called Chulan, Imperial Hyson, and Young Hyson, which compose the second and third crops. The light and inferior leaves separated from Hyson by a winnowing machine, constitute Hyson Skin. The fourth and last crop constitutes Twankay, Singlo, &c. With respect to the last word, the same observation applies to it as to Bohea. Singlo, or more correctly Songlo, takes its title from a mountain of that name in the province of Kiangnan, where the finest green tea has been long produced.—*Ruschenberger*.

LIFE IN JAMAICA.

WHEN a gentleman of Kingston wants to banquet on cool air, and give his pores a holiday, he mounts his horse and rides into the mountains of Port-Royal or Liguanæa. A distance of half a dozen

miles makes a difference of a dozen degrees in the temperature; and one whose lungs have been labouring for months past at converting Kingston over-blasts into vital air, no sooner reaches the Blue Mountains, than he erects his head, expands his chest, and internally exclaims—'Respiro!'

To enjoy that satisfaction, I set out a few days ago with a friend of mine, to visit his coffee-plantation in the St. Andrew's mountains, about fourteen miles from Kingston, and seven from my abode at the foot of Liguanea. Prospect Pen, the place we were going to, is about 2500 feet above the level of the sea; and every foot of the 2500 is a furlong to a man accustomed to a decent road and a level country.

Our route, after leaving the plain of Liguanea, wound round a succession of mountains for four or five miles, covered to the top with the finest verdure. The path was impassable for any vehicle on wheels; but my friend Mr. H. called it "an excellent road." It verged in many places on frightful precipices, yawning chasms of perhaps hundreds of feet of craggy limestone, that it was any thing but agreeable to contemplate the possibility of toppling over the verge of. Nevertheless, as it was "an excellent road," I was ashamed to say any thing on the subject of the nature of the limit of the single footstep, that made the trifling difference between life and death. By and bye we came to a recent slip, that narrowed our path to about two feet and a halt; and here my obliging companion pointed out the spot where an amiable attorney had broken his neck; nevertheless, the road was excellent, and I had no business to be afraid.

We climbed another mountain, the road of which, if possible, "excelled" the former, and when we gained a platform that would have admirably served for a Tarpeian rock, we had just space enough to wheel round our horses, and view the precipice where a Mr. Davis had galloped a little out of his path of a dark night, and was merely hurled down a ravine of some sixty feet in depth, breaking his fall as he went below, from branch to branch of the impending trees: but these West India gentlemen take a great deal of killing; so when Mr. Davis reached

the bottom he merely shook his members, and the horse moved his limbs, and both came back again to the right path, though at rather a slower rate than they went down. It was, however, a consolation for a stanger to know "the road was excellent," and that accidents in the mountains were not always fatal.

We scrambled up another five or six hundred yards or so. The path appeared to me more craggy than ever. Here and there I came to a dead pause on the brink of a newly made chasm—but it was only a torrent that had torn away the bank,—to my view, that had swept away some twenty or thirty tons of rock from the roadside, and left our path about two feet wide, to totter over "in perfect security."

But notwithstanding the "general excellence of the mountain-roads," I was frequently reminded of the bridge of Al Sirat, which leads the Turkish traveller over a route like the edge of a sharp sword from this world to the other, and swings over the gulf of the region of the Shitan.

Still it is a great comfort, when a stranger is turning an acute angle of about forty-five degrees in a mountain-path, to be assured that the road-makers are abroad and in the course of another season may reach the route in question. It would, therefore, have been unreasonable to have spoken of the lively sentiment of the uncertainty of human life that I felt at every stumble, which the best of ponies will occasionally make over the very best of mountain-roads, and perhaps in the vicinity of the steepest precipices.

So we went on very comfortably, till my worthy friend very kindly pointed out the scene of another very extraordinary accident, which had happened to his companion some year or two before, who fell with his horse down a precipice as frightful as any I had yet seen. But, as I have before observed, there is no killing these people. The precipitated planter returned, after a short time, to his friend in the upper regions of the mountain air without a broken bone; the poor horse, however, remained below—in negro-parlance, mashed.

I had scarcely time to chime in with my friend's commendation of the increas-

ing excellence of the roads, when we came to another very pretty little precipice, exceedingly romantic and perpendicular: and here, only a few weeks ago, a mule, and, melancholy to relate, two barrels of salt beef toppled over the bank, and the consequences were fatal; the unfortunate son of an ass was killed on the spot—but the humane will be gratified to learn that, although the barrels were very seriously hurt, the beef was cured.

The object of this long episode is to keep the fact in your remembrance, that terror is an ingredient that must always enter into the composition of the sublime and beautiful. Well, the sublime and beautiful were indeed mingled with the prospect we had before us, when we reached the delightful spot that bears the romantic name of Dolly Moon's Gap. "What's in a name?" the view might please the eye as well with any other title; but oh, Dolly Moon! wherefore art thou Dolly? and why, in the name of all that is lunatic in far-fetched derivations, art thou denominated Moon? I am happy to say my antiquarian researches have furnished me with the *unde derivatur* of both names; and to put an end at once to the speculations of the learned, I proceed to inform you that Dolly Moon is a corruption of Dorothy Malowney, and the name is that of a lady who was in the planting line in this neighbourhood a great many years ago. But the view:—I verily believe I am keeping it out of sight, from the consciousness of my inability to describe it. You have read Tom Cringle; you probably remember his description of the prospect from the mountains,—one of the finest and most graphic of his admirable sketches. That sketch is so much to my purpose, that I am tempted to avail myself of an extract from Tom's log, to give you a far better idea of that glorious prospect than I could.

"Immediately under foot rose several lower ranges of mountains; those nearest us covered with the laurel-looking coffee-bushes, interspersed with negro villages hanging amongst the fruit-trees like clusters of birds' nests on the hill-side, with a bright green branch of plantain suckers here and there, and a white painted overseer's house peeping from out of the woods, and herds of cattle in the Guinea grass

pieces. Beyond these stretched out the lovely plain of Liguanea, covered with luxuriant cane-fields, and groups of negro-houses and Guinea grass pastures, oftener a darker green than that of the canes: and small towns of sugar-works rose every here and there, with their threads of white smoke floating up into the thin sky; while, as the plain receded, the cultivation disappeared, until the Long Mountain hove its back like a whale from out the den-like level of the plain; while to the right of it the city of Kingston appeared like a model, with its parade in the centre, from which its long lines of hot, sandy streets stretched out in every direction, with the military post of Uppark Camp, situated about a mile and a half to the northward and eastward of the town. Through a tolerable good glass the church-spire looked like a needle; the trees about the house like bushes; the tall cocoa-nut trees, like hare-bells; while a slow crawling black speck here and there denoted a carriage moving along; while waggons, with their teams of eighteen or twenty oxen, looked like so many centipedes. At the camp, the two regiments drawn out on parade, with two nine-pounders on each flank, with their attendant gunners, looked like a red sparkling line, with two black spots at each end. Presently, the red line wavered, and finally broke up as the regiments wheeled into open column, while the whole fifteen hundred men crawled past, three little scarlet spots denoting the general and his men. When they began to manoeuvre, each company looked like a single piece in a game of chess; and as they fired by companies, the little tiny puffs of smoke floated up like wreaths of wool, suddenly surmounting and overlaying the red lines.

To my eyes, however, the sea-view was infinitely finer than the surrounding scenery of hills and plains, even beautiful as this was. The noble harbour, with its long narrow line of land extending from Rockfort to Port-Royal, is the glorious feature of this view; and the beauty of it is tricked out with all the adjuncts such scenery can be enhanced by, either by ornaments of art or nature, with the vessels of war at the entrance of the port, in the stillness of the morning, "reposing on their shadows;" and

the numerous merchantmen crowded under the shore at Kingston, and the long line of coast, as far as the eye could reach on the western boundary of the prospect; and the vessels in the offing at widely distant intervals, dotting the horizon, and veering in the distance, as the land-breeze setting in effected the course of the vessels inward or homeward bound. I certainly never beheld a more glorious prospect, and no picture that I have seen of it does any thing like justice to its beauty.

Dolly Moon's Gap is one of those clefts in the summits of the mountains that abound in this country, and are the records of the awful commotions in the earth that have been occasioned in past times by earthquakes or volcanoes. The whole face of the country in these mountainous districts bears evident marks of the agency of the latter:—precipitate cones, suddenly emerging from the tops of the hills; abrupt declivities, breaking all at once the level platforms; irregular masses of rock, of enormous size, that have been detached from the surrounding hills, scattered over the plains and along the face of the mountains; in some parts, a regular gradation of conical tumuli slanting with the mountains as they ascend towards their summits.

There is no volcano now in action in the island; nor, I believe, is there any record of an eruption of this nature. At some distance from Mr. H—s—pen, I should think nearly three thousand feet above the sea, there is a small lake of brackish water, which is situated in a little valley, entirely enclosed by the surrounding hills. The face of these hills has the same irregularities I have spoken of above; and the spot on which the lake is situated has all the appearance of the crater of an extinct volcano. But neither lava, pumice, or spring, either thermal or sulphureous, exist in the neighbourhood; at least, I could find no traces of them. The only stone I could discover that had the appearance of having undergone the action of fire, was a hard black species of basalt, that readily broke with a dull shining fracture.

On our arrival at the residence of Mr. H, the door was soon besieged by a host of negroes from the hot-house, or hospital, complaining of dysentery—a very prevalent disease at certain seasons in the

mountains. Mr. H, prescribed for them all, and, as I thought, judiciously as to the remedy; though a medical man might have regulated its administration with a little more attention to the difference of age, sex, and constitution. My friend, however, was not a medical man, and therefore could not be supposed to know much about the necessity of discriminative treatment. He was not to blame; but the circumstances under which medical treatment is afforded to the negro, except where a medical man is living on the property, cannot be otherwise than unfavourable for the sick. The hot-house doctor is generally a negro disqualified by age or infirmity for labour in the field. He has charge of the medicines,—the care of compounding them; and he can neither read nor write. The medical attendant is paid a dollar a-head* for visiting the property once a week; and, with all the desire on the part of that attendant to do his duty humanely to the negroes, it is impossible for him, considering the distance he has to come, and the various other most laborious duties he has to perform; to give adequate attention to each individual that may be brought before him. He must trust a great deal to the hot-house doctor; and it depends on what terms the sick negro is with that person, how he is attended to, and when he is looked upon as a sick man or a shammer. I say this out of no disrespect to the medical gentlemen who have charge of the negroes on the several properties: I believe, generally, they do their duty as well as they can do it under existing circumstances; but consequences do occur to the negroes which do not come under the eye of the medical man, but do come every day under that of the magistrate, which are productive of more complaints both from masters and negroes than all the other causes of disagreement put together.

A STORY FROM HERODOTUS.

ONCE on a time there sat on the throne of Egypt a prince named Rhemphis, or Rampsinitis—it is no great consequence which; he was an aged gentlemanly sort of person, very fond of amassing riches; a propensity he had so unremittingly endeavoured to gratify during his whole

* This was during the existence of slavery.

career, that he had become ultimately one of the wealthiest monarchs that ever swayed the Egyptian sceptre. But was he happy after he had arrived at this consummation of his wishes? Not exactly so; and on this rests our present story, the facts of which are faithfully taken from the Greek historian Herodotus, though we claim and use the privilege of relating them in our own humble way.

Rhemphis, then, had accumulated great treasures of gold, and silver, and precious jewels. It was perfectly delightful to the old king to look upon them, but the fear of losing them came in the way to mar his enjoyment. The monarch distrusted his servants and every body about him, naturally enough supposing that every one regarded such objects with eyes as covetous as his own. This idea became the torment of the king's life. What was to be done? To do him justice, Rhemphis was not cruel or tyrannical, and although particular persons among his dependents might be the chief objects of his uneasy suspicion, he never once thought of the plan of inviting them to a banquet, and letting loose executioners upon them in their hour of unguarded relaxation; which was the plan adopted by a certain successor of his, some two or three thousand years afterwards, in order to get rid of four or five hundred servants (usually called Mamelukes) who had become objects of jealousy and dislike to their master. Rhemphis never took such a scheme as this into his head. The plan that he did fall upon was the simple one of building a secure place for the reception of the gold which he was afraid of losing. With this view he called an architect, or rather several architects, before him, to consult about the stone strong-box he had resolved to build. We say *several* architects, because there is strong reason to believe that the job was executed by contract. The builder to whom the employment fell executed it, at least, in a way and manner very different from the employer's wishes, which renders the presumption of its being a contract very strong. The new treasury was erected close to the side of the palace walls, and had no opening whatever, excepting one to the private apartments of Rhemphis, in the interior of the royal building. Nothing but a blind blank stone wall, of most sufficient strength,

was presented to gazers from the outside; and as for the door leading to and from the palace, the king took excellent good care both that the keys of it should never for a moment leave his own royal girdle, and that its strength should be such as to render access without these lock-pickers impossible.

Rhemphis was absolutely happy, or at least wonderfully merry, when once he had got this strong-box fairly made, and his treasures deposited in it. Every day after dinner, to the great astonishment and also to the satisfaction of his only daughter—a creature young and beautiful as the dawn—he would make an attempt to carol an emphatic ditty, which, being translated from the Coptic, approached very nearly in signification to our own "Begone, dull care!" But this state of complacency did not continue long. On one of his solitary visits to his strong-box, it struck the king that things were not as he had left them at his previous visit. He missed some portion of his golden hoards; but their total amount was so immense, that he could not be certain of the fact until he had made a mark, and examined a second time. His suspicions were confirmed; his gold had been pilfered, and that in no small quantities! From that hour, as may be supposed, the king's comfort was utterly destroyed, and the more so, because he could not form the slightest conception of the authors of the robbery, or the manner in which it had been effected. The lock and seals—for he was in the habit of using the additional precaution of sealing up the door—were apparently untouched. It was next to impossible that any person could have entered by the door, and, as Rhemphis held up his lamp, and looked around the dead walls, he thought it equally out of the question to suppose any one could pass through *them*. Nevertheless, on succeeding visits the monarch perceived the diminution of his gold still to continue. Never was old gentleman so puzzled, so distracted. How could the thief get in, and who could the thief be? All that Rhemphis could determine on the matter was, that the pilferer must be one of his own servants; and having arrived at this conclusion, the next question was, How to catch him? To place guards around the place would have been ridiculous, as

the unknown plunderer would thereby have been deliberately warned of his danger. At length Rhemphis resolved to place traps *inside* of the treasure-house, and around the vases containing the precious hoards. The king's confidential artificer got the traps made accordingly, and they were, with all possible speed, set in the requisite situation. But before we tell the issue, we must introduce the thief, or rather the thieves to the reader.

The job of building the stone strong-box, it has been hinted, was in all probability done by contract. This is to be hoped at least, seeing that poor payment would furnish some little apology for the conduct of the builder. That personage so disposed one of the large stones of the wall on the outside, that it could be easily removed by two or even one man of ordinary strength, and a ready access thus opened to the treasures within. The architect never made use, personally, of this avenue to wealth; but he fell ill soon after the completion of the building, and being more anxious about the monetary comfort of his wife and his two sons than about the preservation of their honesty, he told the youths of the manner in which he had provided for their future prosperity by the artifice of the hole in the wall. Not long after their father's death, the sons went to the spot, crept into the treasury, and carried away enough to supply their wants for the time being. When their necessities called upon them, they went back again and again. But, in the mean time the traps were set, and on one of their visits the elder of the brothers was caught therein! He comprehended his situation instantly, and being a bold determined fellow, called upon the younger to kill him instantly. "It is the only means," exclaimed he, "to save our mother and yourself. If when found here I am known, the whole affair will be detected, and all of us will perish at once. Therefore, since I cannot escape, and must die, cut of my head, brother, and carry it away. It will be impossible for them *then* to know me." The younger was most reluctant to obey the other's desire; but at length, with a sad heart, he did as he was requested. He then lifted his brother's head, crept out and replaced the stone, and ran home to his mother.

By daylight Rhemphis was in his trea-

sury to discover the result of his scheme, and never, perhaps, was king or common man so surprised as when he found the headless body of a man in the trap, while at the same time no possible mode of egress or ingress was yet to be seen. The affair was ten times more mysterious than ever. Rhemphis, however, formed some hope of unravelling it by means of the corpse. This he ordered to be exposed near the spot, while at the same time he placed a band of soldiers hard by, with orders to seize any one who should express sorrow at the sight. "This weak invention" never would have brought the truth to light, as the surviving thief was too wise to take any notice of the matter; but his mother compelled him to interfere. The old lady was exasperated at the treatment of her lost son's body, and plainly told the survivor that if he did not fall on some means of bringing it away, she would go and tell the whole to the king. In vain did the youth endeavour to excuse himself; the mother knew his inventive genius, and was obstinate. Finding this to be the case, the son bethought himself of a plan to effect her wish. Loading some asses with skins of wine, he drove them in the evening close to the spot where the soldiers were stationed, and then secretly drew out the pegs from two or three of the skins. "Oh, my wine! my beautiful wine! From Mareotis every drop of it!" he began to howl in such a manner, as speedily to bring the soldiers to his side. Instead of helping him, however, to replace the pegs, they began to drink freely from the gushing skins, as he expected. He affected at first to be angry, but when they only laughed and made game of him, he seemed to become pacified, and to admire their drollery. Nay, in token of that admiration, he gave them a skin of wine, and helped to drink it, appearing enchanted with the merriment. The issue was, that every man became intoxicated, and in time fell asleep. The youth allowed the night to come on, and then took down his brother's body, which he put into a sack provided for it, and laid on the back of one of his asses. Being a fellow of irrepressible drollery, he could not help leaving the soldiers, and the king also a parting token of his derision, by cutting off a portion of the whisker on the right cheek of each of the men.

When Rhemphis heard of this, he was, you may be sure, in a dreadful passion, though his admiration of the thief's ingenuity and boldness was almost equal to his anger. The old king could do nothing after these events but think and dream of that same thief. When his daughter asked him at dinner what he would like best to have, "the thief," was the usual reply. In fact, he grew a sort of monomaniac upon the subject; and had he not been born ruler of millions, would assuredly have been heartily beaten twenty times over, seeing that he got into such a species of dotage on this point as at last to ask every body about him, not excepting even his prime minister, "Are you *the* thief—*my* thief?" At length he fell upon a strange plan to discover the cause of all his troubles. He commanded his beautiful daughter to receive the addresses of any man on condition that he would tell her the most artful as well as wicked thing he ever did. Rhemphis conjectured that either the hope of marrying the princess, or the sheer audacity that seemed to distinguish him, would bring forward the rogue; and he was not disappointed. The young thief came forward at once, but, guessing at the king's plan, he provided himself accordingly. He went on his courting expedition to the princess, and remained with her till it was dark, when, according to the plan, the young lady put the question to him. The youth replied unhesitatingly, "The most wicked thing I ever did was to cut off the head of my brother, who was caught in a trap in the king's treasury; and the most artful thing I ever did was to make the king's guards drunk, and carry off my brother's body." As soon as this answer was given, the princess, as had been arranged, seized the youth's arm and gave the alarm, that he might be apprehended. But what was her astonishment and terror when the arm she grasped came away from the body, and remained alone in her possession, while the thief quietly glided off, and made his escape. On lights being brought, the princess found that she had a dead man's arm in her grasp!

Rhemphis was now in perfect despair. This extraordinary thief was too much even for a king to contend with. The daughter could not explain the circumstance of the arm, as the thief had

appeared to her a most agreeable youth, with arms like those of other mortals. Fairly baffled, Rhemphis now proclaimed that if the wonderful thief would come forward, he would not only be pardoned, but rewarded handsomely. The young trickster trusted the royal word, and immediately presented himself before the king, to whom he candidly explained the whole secret of the moveable stone in the wall. "But the arm—the dead arm?" said the monarch. The youth smiled, and replied that, guessing the princess would have orders to seize him after his confession, he had brought the arm with him under his cloak for the purpose, having taken it from the body of a person recently dead. The old king was delighted with the manners and address of the young thief. In fact, "he looked upon him (says Herodotus) as the cleverest of human beings," and gave him his daughter in marriage—an arrangement to which the young princess is not recorded as having offered any objections.

Thus happily ends the history of one of the most famous thieves of antiquity: an ending very different, indeed, from what similar practices would have entailed on the doer in these our unromantic days.

PROFESSIONAL MODESTY.—"Is Mr. Sharpe at home?"

"No," replied the clerk.

"No! why I see him in his office."

"He is not at home, Sir."

"Well, I must speak to his ghost, then," he rejoined, approaching my room; there was no time to be lost; I rose from my seat, rushed into the clerk's office, nearly overturning the intruder in my haste, and angrily exclaimed to my clerk, "What do you mean by this, you young rascal? did I not tell you, when Mr. Tricker called, to deny me? I tell you I am *not* at home, Sir; I am attending the Common Pleas!" and slamming the door in his face, and audibly turning the key, I left him aghast at finding for once his own impudence outdone!

PROGRESSIVE INCREASE OF POPULATION.—In every seven minutes of the day a child is born in London, and in every nine minutes one of its inhabitants dies! The population of London is, roundly, 2,572,000. If the averages of the last fifty years continue, in thirty-one years from this time as many persons as now compose its population will have died in it, and yet in about thirty-nine years from this time, if the present rate of progress continue, the metropolis will contain twice as many persons as it does now.

WEDDING BELLS.

Twilight shade is calmly falling
 Round about the dew-robed flowers;
 Philomel's lone song is calling
 Lovers to their fairy bowers.

Echo, on the zephyrs gliding,
 Bears a voice that seems to say,
 "Ears and hearts, come, list my tidings,
 This has been a wedding day!"

Hark! the merry chimes are pealing,
 Soft and glad the music swells;
 Gaily on the night-wind stealing,
 Sweetly sound the Wedding Bells.

Every simple breast rejoices;
 Laughter rides upon the gale;
 Happy hearts and happy voices
 Dwell within the lowly vale.

Oh, how sweet on zephyrs gliding,
 Sound the bells that seem to say,
 "Ears and hearts, come, list my tidings,
 This has been a wedding day!"

Hark! the merry chimes are pealing,
 Soft and glad the music swells;
 Gaily on the night-wind-stealing,
 Sweetly sound the Wedding Bells.

Eliza Cook.

OH! THIS WERE A BRIGHT WORLD?

Oh! this were a bright world,
 Most pleasant and gay,
 Did love never languish,
 Nor friendship decay!
 And pure rays of feeling
 That gladden the heart,
 Like sunshine to nature,
 Did never depart!

To fair eyes no weeping,
 To fond hearts no pain—
 Did hope's buds all blossom,
 All blooming remain!
 No sorrow to blighten,
 No care to destroy,
 Oh! then what a bright world
 Of gladness and joy!

Did time never alter,
 Nor distance remove,
 The friends that we cherish,
 The fond ones we love!
 A sky never clouded
 Nor darkened by woe!

Oh! then, how serenely
 Life's streamlet would flow!
 Were pleasures less fleeting,
 Nor brought in their train
 The mem'ry of joys fled,
 That come not again;
 Oh! then, what a bright world,
 All gladsome and gay,
 Did love never languish,
 Nor friendship decay!

Gilfillan.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
 And born in bed, in bed we die;
 The near approach a bed may show
 Of human bliss to human woe.

I'VE PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

I've pleasant thoughts that memory brings
 In moments free from care,
 Of a fairy-like and laughing girl,
 With roses in her hair;
 Her smile was like the starlight
 Of Summer's softest skies,
 And worlds of joyousness there shone
 From out her witching eyes.

Her looks were looks of melody,
 Her voice was like the swell
 Of sudden music, notes of mirth,
 That of wild gladness tell;
 She came like spring, with pleasant sounds
 Of sweetness and of mirth,
 And her thoughts were those wild flowery ones
 That linger not on earth.

I know not of her destiny,
 Or where her smile now strays,
 But the thought of her comes over me
 With my own lost sunny days,
 With moonlight hours, and far-off friends,
 And many pleasant things,
 That have gone the way of all the earth
 On times resistless wings.

Mrs. L. P. Smith.

THE SEASONS.

Who loves not Spring's voluptuous hours
 The carnival of birds and flowers?
 Yet who would choose, however dear,
 That Spring should revel all the year?
 Who loves not Summer's splendid reign,
 The bridal of the earth and main?
 Yet who would choose, however bright,
 A dog-day noon without a night?
 Who loves not Autumn's joyous round,
 When corn, and wine, and oil abound?
 Yet who would choose, however gay,
 A year of unrenewed decay?
 Who loves not Winter's awful form?
 The sphere-born music of the storm?
 Yet who would choose, how grand soever,
 The shortest day to last for ever?

Montgomery.

MICKEY FREE'S LAMENT.

Then fare ye well, ould Erin dear;
 To part—my heart does ache well.
 From Carrickfergus to Cape Clear,
 I'll never see your equal.
 And, though to foreign parts we're-bound,
 Where Cannibals may ate us,
 We'll ne'er forget the holy ground
 Of poteen and potatoes.

When good St. Patrick banished frogs,
 And shook them from his garment,
 He never thought we'd go abroad,
 To live upon such varment;
 Nor quit the land where whisky grew,
 To wear King George's button,
 Take vinegar for mountain dew,
 And toads for mountain mutton.

Lever.

VEGETABLE SERPENT.—According to some *English Journals*, a new organized being has been discovered in the interior of Africa, which seems to form an intermediate link between vegetable and animal life. This singular production of nature has the shape of a spotted serpent. It drags itself on the ground; instead of a head, has a flower, shaped like a bell, which contains a viscous liquid. Flies and other insects, attracted by the smell of the juice, enter into the flower, where they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes, and remains shut until the prisoners are bruised and transformed into chyle. The indigestible portions, such as the head and wings, are thrown out by two spiral openings. The vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white and soft flesh, and instead of a bony skeleton, a cartilaginous frame filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it a delicious food.—*English Paper*.

“WHITECHAPEL SHARPS.”—In Yarriba and elsewhere, it was a general practice with us to pay the carriers of our luggage with needles only, but here we are endeavouring to dispose of them in order to purchase provisions for our people. We brought with us from England nearly a hundred thousand needles of various sizes, and amongst them was a great quantity of “Whitechapel sharps,” warranted “superfine, and not to cut in the eye!” Thus highly recommended, we imagined that these needles must have been good indeed; but what was our surprise some time ago, when a number of them which we had disposed of was returned to us with a complaint that they were all *eyeless*, thus redeeming with a vengeance the pledge of the manufacturer, that they would not cut in the eye.” On an examination afterwards, we found the same fault with the remainder of the “Whitechapel sharps,” so that to save our credit we have been obliged to throw them away.—*Lander’s Travels in Africa*.

RAILWAY COMPENSATIONS.—The great difference between the sums claimed by proprietors and the sums offered by railway companies, for occupation of land and damages, has frequently excited remarks and surprise. The difference in the case of the Edinburg and Glasgow Railway, and the directors of the Glasgow Lunatic Asylum, presents, perhaps, a greater difference than was ever before witnessed in the Kingdom, and would almost lead to the supposition that the claim had been made by the inmates rather than by the directors. The first claim made was 44,000*l.*, but, before trial, this was reduced to something a little above 10,000*l.* The sum awarded by the jury was 873*l.*

THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERS.—In the autumn of 1818, her late majesty, Queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient, that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, the estate of a rich widow belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the Queen’s intention, and

a message returned that she should be welcome. Our illustrious traveller had, perhaps never before held any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to “the man George, called king by the vain ones.” The lady and gentleman who were to attend the august visitants had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would at least say *thy* majesty, or *thy* highness, or madam. The royal carriages arrived at the lodges of the park, punctual to the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made, no hostess nor domestics stood ready to greet the guests. The porter’s bell was rung; he stepped forth deliberately with his broad-brimmed beaver on, and unbendingly accosted the lord in waiting with “What’s thy will, friend?” This was almost unanswerable. Surely” said the nobleman, “your lady is aware that her majesty—Go to your mistress and say the Queen is here.” “No, truly,” answered the man; “it needeth not; I have no mistress nor lady, but friend Rachel Mills expecteth *thine*; walk in.” The Queen and Princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly-attired Rachel, who, without even a curtsey, but a cheerful nod, said, “How’s thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter; I wish thee well. Rest and refresh thee and thy people, before I show thee my grounds.” What could be said to such a person? Some condescensions were attempted, implying that her majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the society to which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unawed she answered, “Yea, thou art right there; the Friends are well thought of by most folks, but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place, and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I shall do the like to thee, friend Charlotte; moreover, I think well of thee as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so had thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through hers”—(she alluded to the Princess Charlotte.) It was so evident that the Friend meant kindly, nay, respectfully, that offence could not be taken. She escorted her guests through her estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed in her hen-house a breed of poultry hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of those rare fowls, imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as a law; but the Quakeress merely remarked, with characteristic evasion, “They are rare, as thou sayest; but if any are to be purchased, in this land or in other countries, I know few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease.” Her Royal Highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those she now beheld. “I do not buy and sell,” answered Rachel Mills. “Perhaps you will give me a pair?” persevered the Princess, with a conciliating smile. “Nay, verily,” replied Rachel, “I have refused many friends; and that which

I denied to mine own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belonged only to our own house, and I can make no exception in thy favour."

[We copy the above from a manuscript scrap-book, lately put into our hands. We believe the story to be true in every particular, and it affords us one of the finest instances of a placid disposition, unmoved by external circumstances, ever given to the world.]

PADDY'S STORY ABOUT A FOX.

"PADDY," said the squire, "perhaps you would favour the gentlemen with that story you once told me about a fox?"

"Indeed and I will, plaze your honour," said Paddy, "though I know full well not one word iv it you believe, nor the gentlemen wont either, though you're axin' me for it; but only want to laugh at me, and call me a big liar, whin my back's turned."

"May be we wouldn't wait for your back being turned, Paddy, to honour you with that title."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not sayin' you wouldn't do it as soon forninst my face your honour, as you often did before, and will again, and welkim —"

"Well, Paddy, say no more about that, but let's have the story."

"Sure I'm losin' no time, only telling the gentlemen before-hand that it's what they'll be callin' it a lie, and indeed it is uncommon, sure enough; but you see, gentlemen, you must remember that the fox is the cunning'ist baste in the world, barrin' the wren."

Here Paddy was questioned why he considered the wren as cunning a *baste* as the fox.

"Why, sir, bekase all birds builds their nest with one hole to it only, excep'n the wren; but the wren builds two holes on the nest, so that if any inimy comes to disturb it upon one door, it can go out on the other; but the fox is cute to that degree, that there's many a fool to him, and, by dad, the fox could buy and sell many a Christian, as you'll see by and by, whin I tell you what happened to a wood-ranger that I knew wanst, and a dacent man he was."

Well, you see, he came home one night, mighty tired, for he was out wid a party in the domain, cock-shootin' that day; and when he got back to his lodge, he threw a few logs o' wood on the fire to make himself comfortable, and he took whatever little mather he had for his supper, and, after that, he felt himself so tired that he wint to bed. But you're to undherstan' that, though he wint to bed, it was more for to rest himself, like, than to sleep, for it was early; and so he jist went into bed, and there he diverted himself lookin' at the fire, that was blazin' as merry as a bonfire on the hearth.

Well, as he was lyin' that-a-way, jist thinkin' o' nothin' at all, what should come into the place but a fox? But I must tell you, what I forgot to tell you before, that the ranger's

house was on the bordhers o' the wood, and he had no one to live wid him but himself, barrin' the dogs that he had the care iv, that was his only companions, and he had a hole cut on the door, with a swingin' board to it, that the dogs might go in or out, accordin' as it plazed them; and, by dad, the fox came in, as I told you, through the whole in the door, as bould as a ram, and walked over to the fire, and sat down forninst it.

Now, it was mighty provokin' that all the dogs was out; they were rovin' about the woods, you see, lookin' for to ketch rabbits to ate, or some other mischief, and it so happened there wasn't so much as one individual dog in the place; and I'll go bail the fox knew that right well before he put his nose inside the ranger's lodge.

Well, the ranger was in hopes that some o' the dogs 'id come home and catch the chap, and he was loath to stir hand or fut himself afear'd o' freghtenin' away the fox; but he could hardly keep his temper at all at all, whin he seen the fox take the pipe aff the hob, where he lift afore he wint to bed, and puttin' the bowl o' the pipe into the fire to kindle it (it's as thrue as I'm here), he began to smoke forninst the fire, as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

"Musha, bad luck to your impidence, you long-tailed blackguard!" says the ranger, "and is it smokin' my pipe you are? Oh thin, by this and by that, if I had my gun convaynient to me, it's fire and smoke of another sort, and what you wouldn't bargain for, I'd give you," he said.

So, with that, he watched until the fox wasn't mindin' him, but was busy shakin' the cinders out o' the pipe whin he was done wid it, and so the ranger thought he was goin' to go immediately aither gettin' an air at the fire and a shaugh at the pipe; and so said he, "Faiks, my lad, I wont let you go so easy as all that, as cunning' as you think yourself;" and with that, he made a dart out o' bed, and ran over to the door, and got between it and the fox; and, "now" says he, "your bread's baked, my buck, and maybe my lord wont have a fine run out o' you, and the dogs at your brish every yard, you moradin' thief, and the divil mind you," says he, "for your impidence; for sure if you hadn't the impidence of a highwayman's horse, it's not into my very house, undher my nose, you'd daar for to come;" and with that he began to whistle for the dogs; and the fox, that stood eyeing him all the time while he was spakin', began to think it was time to be joggin' whin he heard the whistle, and says the fox to himself, "Throth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty great ranger now," says he, "and you think you're very cute; but, upon my tail, and that's a big oath, I'd be long sorry to let sitch a mallet-headed bog-throtter as yourself take a dirty advantage o' me, and I'll engage," says the fox, "I'll make you lave the doon sood and sudent;" and, with that, he turned to where the ranger's brogues was lyin', hard by, beside the fire, and, what would you think, but

the fox tuk up one o' the brogues, and wint over to the fire, and threw it into it.

'I think that'll make you start,' says the fox.

'Not a bit,' says the ranger; 'that wont do, my buck,' says he; 'the brogue may burn to cinders,' says he, 'but out o' this I wont stir; and thin puttin' his fingers into his mouth, he gave a blast of a whistle you'd hear a mile off, and shouted for the dogs.

'So that wont do,' says the fox. 'Well, I must thry another offer,' says he; and, with that, he tuk up the other brogue, and threw it into the fire too.

'There now,' says he, 'you may keep the other company,' says he, 'and there's a pair o' ye now, as the devil sitch to his knee buckles.'

'Oh, you thievin' varmint!' says the ranger, 'you wont lave me a tack to my feet; but no matther,' says he; 'your head's worth more than a pair o' brogues to me, any day; and, by the Piper o' Blissintown, you're money in my pocket this minit,' says he; and, with that, the fingers was in his mouth agin, and he was goin' to whistle, whin, what would you think, but up sitch the fox on his hunkers, and puts his two fore paws into his mouth, makin' game o' the ranger. Well, the ranger, no wondher, though in a rage, as he was, couldn't help laughin' at the thought o' the fox mockin' him, and, by dad, he tuk sitch a fit o' laughin' that he couldn't whistle, and that was the cuteness o' the fox to gain time; but when his first laugh was over, the ranger recovered himself and gey another whistle; and so says the fox, 'By my sowl!' says he, 'I think it wouldn't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I musn't be triflin' with that blackguard ranger any more,' says he, 'and I must make him sinsible that it is time to let me go; and though he hasn't undherstan'ing to be sorry for his brogues, I'll go bail I'll make him lave that,' says he, 'before he'd say *sparables*;' and, with that, what do you think the fox done? Why, he took a lighted piece of a log out o' the blazing fire, and ran over wid it to the rangers bed, and was goin' to throw it into the straw and burn him out of house and home; so whin the ranger saw that, he gave a shout—

'Hilloo, hilloo! you murdherin' villin!' says he, 'you're worse nor Captain Rock! is it goin' to burn me out you are, you red rogue of a Ribbonman!' and he made a dart between him and the bed, to save the house from being burned; but, my jew'l, that was all the fox wanted; and as soon as the ranger quitted the hole in the door that he was standin' forninst, the fox let go the blazin' faggit, and made one jump through the door and escaped.

But before he wint, the fox turned round and gave the ranger the most contimplible look he ever got in his life, and showed every tooth in his head with laughin'; and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say, 'You've missed me, like your mammy's blessin'! and off wid him—like a flash o' lightnin'!'

Lover.

GOOD ADVICE.—The following words, it has been well said, are deserving to be written in

letters of gold, like those over the principal gate of Athens, in the days of her pride and glory. "Keep thy feet dry—thy skin clean—thy digestion regular—thy head cool—and a fig for the doctors."

GERMAN WINES.—The Philadelphia Gazette assures its readers that some of the German wines are as sour as vinegar and as rough as a file. "It is remarked of the wines of Stuttgart," says this authority, "that one is like a cat scampering down your throat head foremost, and another is like drawing the same cat back again by the tail.

CANDOUR.—An honest brewer divided his liquor into three classes—strong-table, common-table, and *lamen*-table.

LAZINESS.—A father asked a lazy son what made him lie in bed so long. "I am busied," said he, "in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up, sloth to lie still; and as they give me twenty reasons for and against. It is my part to hear what is said on both sides: and by the time the cause is over, dinner is ready.

THE BARBER AND THE MADMAN.—A pimple-faced madman, with a loaded pistol in his hand, compelled a barber to take off his beard, declaring that if he cut him in a single place, he would blow out his brains. After successfully accomplishing his difficult task, the barber was asked whether he had not been terrified during the operation. "No, Sir," he replied, "for the moment I had drawn blood, I had made up my mind to cut your throat!"

"If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father."

In the mountainous parts of some of the northern portions of the Burman empire, where the plant, judging from its native name, appears to be indigenous, tea is cultivated for a use to which no other nation puts it. The leaf is preserved in oil and eaten as a dainty, pretty much after the manner in which European nations use Olives.

"Industry must prosper," as the man said when holding the baby while his wife chopped wood.

A wag, reading in a shop window, "Table bear sold here," asked if the bear was the man's own *bruin*.

"French kid" gloves are made of the skins of rats caught in the sewers of Paris.

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