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

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**A Merry Christmas and a Happy
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The swift, unvarying stride of Old Father Time has once more brought us to one of those epochs when it is customary to congratulate our friends on their safe passage o'er the past, and to wish them success in their progress through the future. Now it is that men take a retrospective view of the past and make good resolutions—too frequently to be broken—for the time to come. Now it is, that in countries like Old England, where sufficient nationality still exists to keep up the time-honoured customs of our ancestors, preparations are made in every quarter and by every rank to celebrate the Christmas festivities. Now are the hedges and the old oak and apple trees robbed of the holly—with its glossy green leaves and bright red berries—and of the misletoe to deck the dwellings of the multitude, from the cottage of the peasant to the palace of the prince. All preparations being duly made, the celebration of the season commences in earnest on Christmas Eve, when the elder wine is tapped, and, smoking hot, with delicate strips of nut-brown toast by its side, is handed round to drop-pers-in. Next follows Christmas-day, when devout people go to church to offer thanks to Heaven for past mercies, and return home to indulge in the good old fare of roast beef and plum-pudding; if he cannot afford which on one day in the year, John Bull thinks his affairs in woful flight. Nor, amidst the festivities of the rich, are the poor forgotten. In every workhouse throughout the kingdom the same substantial fare is provided, that the unfortunate inmates may not mourn at a time of general rejoicing. Peoples' hearts are opened and subscriptions raised to provide the poor with coals and blankets to enable them to resist the chilling assaults of Jack Frost in the coming winter. Now is the misletoe bough

suspended in the centre of the hall, under which every maiden caught is doomed to pay, (how seldom unwillingly) the penalty of a kiss. Friends meet—differences are reconciled—mince-pies vanish—men and maidens flirt. New Years' day approaches, and on New Year's Eve old acquaintances assemble to dance—while the bells ring—"the old year out and the new year in." Christmas is now half over; Christmas boxes and New Years' gifts are distributed, and great preparations are making to celebrate the last day of the season—Twelfth-night. Pastry-cooks' windows are crammed with "Twelfth-cakes," of every size: some of them highly decorated; while the outside of the window is surrounded, from the opening to the shutting of the shops, by admiring crowds of gazers. At length the eventful night arrives—friends congregate—the cake is cut, Kings and Queens are drawn—dancing commences or the merry tale and song go round;—bright eyes and rosy lips meet (sometimes boldly, oftener by stealth) under the misletoe bough—matches are made—old cronies meet and "fight their battles o'er again," while the young are speculating in the future. But all things must end and therefore must Christmas. Night is passing away—the clock is striking the "small hours of the morning," and all must separate. Hats, cloaks and comforters are in request, and with many a hearty shake and tender pressure of the hand, the guests and Christmas depart together.

In these remote regions, where there are no ties of old associations to hallow the memories of the past, old customs rigidly observed at home are forgotten or sink into desuetude; thus Christmas is comparatively little kept in Canada. It is customary however to offer our friends the "compliments of the season," which we do most heartily. We wish them all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year:—to maidens husbands—to bachelors wives—to all prosperity.

TRAITS OF AN ENGLISH WATERING PLACE.

In one of those strolls through different parts of the country in which I have so often indulged myself, and in which I have always found so much enjoyment from the varieties of scenery and character which they laid open to me, I once came upon a watering place on the coast that afforded me no small matter for a day or two's amusement. What could have been the cause of the setting up of such a place as a scene of fashionable resort, it would be difficult to tell, except that it possessed a most bounteous provision of two great articles in demand in the autumnal months in cities—salt water and fresh air, for which a thousand inconveniences would be endured. It was situated quite on a flat coast of a flat country, a few miles from one of its sea-ports, yet near enough to obtain speedily thence all those good things which hungry mortals require—and who are so hungry as people bathing in sea water, and imbibing sea air, and taking three times their usual exercise without being distinctly aware of it?

Strolling along the coast, I found a good hotel, with the usual marks of such an establishment about it. There were quantities of people loitering about the sands in front and in the garden, and other quantities looking out of the windows with the sashes up; some of them, particularly the ladies, holding colloquies out of the windows of upper stories with some of the strollers below; post-chaises and gigs, and shandray carts, standing here and there in the side scenes; a row of bathing-machines on the shore, awaiting the hour of the tide; and a loud noise of voices from a neighbouring bowling-green. The odours of roasting and baking that came from the hotel, were of the most inviting description; I inclined to take up my abode there for a few hours at least, but on entering, I found that as to obtaining a room, or a tithe of a room, or even a chair at the table of the ordinary, it was quite out of the question. "Lord bless you, sir," said the landlady, a woman of most surprising corporal dimensions, in a white gown, an orange-coloured neckerchief, and a large and very rosy face, as she stood before the bar, filling a whole width in the passage; "Lord bless you, sir, if you'd give me a

thousand golden guineas in a silken purse, I should not know where to put you. We've turned hundreds and hundreds of most genteel people away, that we have, within this very week, and the house is fit to burst now, it's so hugeous full. But you'll get accommodated at the town." "What town?" said I; "is there a town near?" "Why, town we call it, but it's the village, you know; it's Fastside here, not more than a mile off; if you follow the bank along the shore, you'll go straight to it. You can't miss it." Accordingly, following the raised embankment along the shore, I soon descried Fastside, a few scattered cottages, placed amongst the respective crofts and gardens, and here and there a farm-house, with its substantial array of ricks about it, denoting that the dwellers were well-off in the world. But I soon found that all the cottages and many of the farm-houses, had their boarders for the season, and that there was scarcely one but was full. I had the good luck to spy an equipage, and something like a departing group at the door of one of the cottages, and as it moved away, to find that I could have the use of two rooms, a parlour and chamber over it, if I liked to go to the expense. "Perhaps," said the neat cottage housewife, "as a single gentleman, you may not like to occupy so much room, for just at this season we charge rather high." "And pray," said I, "what may be the enormous price you are charging for these rooms, then?" "Seven shillings a-week each room, and half-a-crown for attendance," looking at me with an inquiring eye, as if apprehensive that I should be astounded at the sum. "What! the vast charge of sixteen and sixpence per week," I replied, smiling, "for two rooms and attendance?" "Yes," said the simple dame; "but then, you see, you will have to live besides, and it all comes to a good deal. But may be you are a gentleman that doesn't mind a trifle." Having assured her that there would, at all events, be no insupportable obstacle in her terms, I entered and took possession of two as rustic and nicely clean rooms as could be found under such a humble roof. I had taken a fancy to spend a few days, or a week at least there. It was a new scene, and peopled with new characters,

that might be worth studying. The cottage stood in a thoroughly rural garden, full of peas, beans, and cabbages, with a little plot round the house, gay with marrygolds, hollyhocks, and roses, and sweet with rosemary and lavender. The old dame's husband was a shrimper, or fisher for shrimps, whom I soon came to see regularly tracing the edge of the tide with his old white horse and net hung behind him. She had, besides me, it seemed, another lodger, who, she assured me, "was a very nice young man indeed, but, poor gentleman, he enjoyed but very indifferent health. Sometimes I think that he's been crossed in love, for I happened to cast my eye on one of his books—and there was a deal about love in it. It was all in poetry, you see, and so on; and then, again, I fancy he's consumptive, though I wouldn't like to say a word to him, lest it should cast him down, poor young man; but he reads too much, in my opinion, a great deal too much; he's never without a book in his hands when he's in doors; and that's not wholesome, you are sure, to be sitting so many hours in one posture, and with his eyes fixed in one place. But God knows best what's good for us all; and I often wonder whether he has a mother. I should be sorely uneasy on his account, if I was her." So the good dame ran on while she cooked me a mutton chop, and took an account of what tea and sugar and such things she must send for by the post-man, who was their daily carrier to the town. I listened to her talk, and looked at the pot of balm of Gilead, and the red and white balsams standing in the cottage window, and the large sleek and well-fed tabby cat sleeping on the cushion of the old man's chair, and was sure that I was in good hands, and grew fond of my quarters. Before the day was over, I became acquainted with the old shrimper, who came in after his journey to the next town with his shrimps, and was as picturesque an old fellow as you would wish to see, and full of character and anecdotes of the wrecks and sea incidents of that coast for forty years past. I had been informed all about who were the neighbours inhabiting the other cottages and farms, and had a good inkling of their different characters too; I had walked out to the bank when the

tide was up, and round the garden, and actually got into conversation with "the poor young man," my fellow lodger.

The next morning I was up early, and out to reconnoitre the place and neighbourhood; and this young man having found out that I was also addicted to the unwholesome practice of reading books, took at once a great fancy to me, and went with me as a guide and cicerone. I found that all the mystery about him was, that he was a youth articled to an attorney in great practice, and had stooped over the desk a little too much, but was soon likely to be as strong and sound as ever, being neither consumptive nor crossed in love, although in love he certainly was. A more simple-hearted, good-natured fellow it was impossible could exist. He had the most profound admiration of all poets and philosophers, and read Goldsmith, Shenstone, and Addison, with a relish that one would give a good deal for. As for Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron, and Tom Moore, he knew half of their voluminous poetical works by heart; mention any fine passage, and he immediately spouted you the whole of it; and as for the Waverly Novels, he had evidently devoured them entire, and was full of their wonders and characters. Yet, thus fond of poetry and romance, it was not the less true that he had a fancy for mathematics, and played on the fiddle and the flute into the bargain. Nor was this all the extent of his tastes: he had quite a *penchant* for natural history; had he time, he declared, he would study botany, ornithology, geology, and conchology too; and yet, although such a book-worm himself, he seemed to enjoy the company of the other visitors there who never read at all. There was a whole troop that he made acquaintance with, and whose characters he sketched to me, particularly those of a merry set who lodged at a cottage opposite, where he often went to amuse them with his fiddle. As my business was to see what were the characters and the amusements of such a place, I desired him to introduce me to them, but in the first place to let us run a little over the country.

The country was rich and flat, divided into great meadows full of luxuriant grass, grazed by herds of fine cattle, and surrounded by noble trees, which served to

break up the monotony of the landscape. Here and there you saw the tall, square, substantial tower of a village church peeping over its surrounding screen of noble elms. We were accustomed to stroll into these churchyards, admiring the singularly large and excellent churches, all of solid stone; the spacious grave-yard and the large heavy head-stones, adorned with carved skulls and cross-bones; and gilded angels with long trumpets figured above the simple epitaphs of the departed villagers. The farm-houses, too, surrounded also with tall elms, and with a great air of wealth and comfort, drew our attention. As we approached nearer to the sea, the country was more destitute of wood; consisted of very large fields of corn, then beginning to change into the rich hues of ripeness; fields also of woad, a plant used in dyeing, and there extensively cultivated; and these fields intersected no longer by hedges, but by deep wide ditches called dykes, in which grew plenty of reeds, water-fags, a tall and splendid species of marsh ranunculus (*R. lingua*) and yellow and white water-lilies. As we drew near to the village, if village such scattered dwellings could be called, we were struck with the peculiar aspect of the dry lanes, and the plants which grew there, so different to those of an inland neighbourhood. They were exactly such as Crabbe has described them in such a situation:—

There, fed by food they love, to rankest size,
 Around the dwelling docks and wormwood rise;
 Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root;
 Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit:
 On the hills of dust the henbane's faded green,
 And pencilled flower of sickly scent is seen;
 At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs,
 With fruit globose and fierce with poisoned stings.
 Above, the growth of many a year, is spread
 The yellow level of the stonecrop's bed;
 In every chink delights the fern to grow,
 With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below.

The great embankment secured all this from the invasion of the sea, and, winding along the flat sands, formed a delightful walk when the tide was roaring up against it. Here also the male portion of the visitors came to bathe; and when the tide was up, nothing could be more delicious. They could undress on the sunny sward of the mound at whatever distance from the others they pleased, for there were many miles of the bank; and the waves dashing gently against the grassy slope, received them on a secure and smooth sand, at a depth sufficient to

allow them either to wade or swim. They generally, however, undressed near enough to swim or wade in company, and to splash one another and play all manner of practical jokes.

When the tide was out, from this bank you had a view of a great extent of level sands, monotonous enough in themselves, but animated by the view of vessels in full sail passing along the Channel to or from the neighbouring port, and by the flight and cries of the sea-birds. Along these sands we ranged every day to a great distance, collecting shells, leaping the narrow channels of salt water left in the hollows, shooting gulls, watching the shrimps that were floating in the tide, and amusing ourselves with the crabs, which, left in the holes in the strand, were running sideways here and there in great trepidation, yet never so much alarmed as not to be ready to seize and devour those of their own species that were less in personal bulk and prowess than themselves. Then, again, we found a good deal of employment in botanizing amongst the patches of sea-wilderness, which were not so often submersed by the tide as to destroy the vegetation altogether, or to produce only fucus and other seaweeds. The rest-harrow, the eringo with its cerulean leaves, the stag's-horn plantain, the grasswort or common (not the true) samphire—these and many others had all an interest for us. In one place we found the sea-convolvulus blowing in its rich and prodigal beauty on the sands; and we came to wild hills of sand thrown up by the billows of ages, a whole region of desolation, overgrown with sea-wheat, and the tall yellow stems and umbels of the wild celery.

Such was the scenery; the people of the cottages were generally fishermen, with their families; and the visitors, farmers and persons of that class, often with their families. At the house opposite us, as I have said, was the merriest crew. My friend the young lawyer was in the habit of running in and out amongst them as he pleased. He proposed that we should go and dine with them, as they had a sort of an ordinary table, where you could dine at a fixed and very moderate charge, as all charges indeed were there. Here we found about a dozen people. One, who appeared and proved an old gentle-

man-farmer, a Mr. Milly, always took the head of the table; and a merrier mortal could not have been there, except he who occupied the other end, a fellow of infinite jest, like Sir John Falstaff, and to the full as corpulent. Who and what he was, I know not, save that he was a most fat and merry fellow and went by the name of Sir John between the young lawyer, whom I shall call Wilson, and myself. This joyous old gentleman had his wife and son and daughter with him. The son was a young man as fond of a practical joke as his father was of a verbal one; he was not short of a verbal one too, on occasions. He was of a remarkably dark-brown complexion, and on some one asking him how he came to be so dark, when the rest of his family were fair, he at once replied, "Oh, can't you fancy how that was? It happened when I was a child in the cradle, I got turned on my face, and had like to have been smothered. I got so black in the face, I have never recovered my colour again. My mother can tell you all about it—can't you mother?" At this repartee all the company laughed heartily, and truly it was a company that could laugh heartily. They had merry hearts. Then there was a good worthy farmer of the real old school. I was nearly saying that John Farn was old, but, in fact, he was not more than five-and-thirty, but his gravity gave him an appearance of something like age. He was dressed in a suit of drab, with an ample coat of the good old farmerly cut, and jack boots like a trooper. But John Farn had a deal of sober sound sense, and a mind that, had it been called out, would have been found noble. I became very fond of John. The rest were young farmers and tradesmen full of youth and life. They had brought their horses with them, and some of them gigs, and were fond of all mounting and scouring away on the shore for miles together.

The great business, indeed, was to bathe, and eat and drink, and ride or walk, and play at quoits or bowls. If the tide was up early in the morning, all would be up and out, and have their dip before breakfast. Then they would come back hungry as hunters, and devour their coffee, beef, and broiled ham, and shrimps fresh from the cauldron, and then out,

some to ride round to have a look at the neighbouring farms, or on the shore to see the fishing smacks go out or come in. Others got to quoits or bowls till dinner; and after a hearty meal and a good long chat, they would slowly saunter up to the hotel, and see what company was there, and take a glass and a pipe with some of them, and see the newspaper, and perhaps have a game of bowls there, and then back to tea; after which they grew very social, and called on the other boarders at the cottage near, and strolled out with the ladies to the bank, which was not far off; and so wiled the time away till supper. Four meals a-day did they regularly sit down to, and enjoy themselves as much as if they had not eaten for a day or two, praising all the time the wonderful property of sea-air for getting an appetite. As sure as shrimps appeared at breakfast did soles at supper; and after supper one drew out his bottle of wine, and another got his brandy and water, and all grew merry. Those that liked it took a pipe, and it annoyed nobody. There was plenty of joking and laughter that it would have done the most fastidious good to hear, and as much wit, and perhaps a good deal more, than where there does not exist the same freedom. More jovial evenings I never saw. Wilson gave them a tune on his flute, or took his fiddle; they cleared the floor of the largest room, invited some of the neighbouring visitors who had wives or daughters with them, and had a dance. On such evenings Sir John Falstaff sat in the large bay window of the apartment for coolness, and wiped his brow, and sang his merriest songs. His songs were all merry, and he had a host of them; it was a wonder where he had picked them up. His son often joined him, sometimes his wife and daughter too. It was a merry family. Surely never could care have found way into their house. Not even could the young man's brown complexion give him a care; it only furnished him with a joke, and made laughter contagious. Never could the old man have been so fat, had care been allowed to lay hold of him. The whole of that huge bulk was a mass of rejoicing. How his eyes did shine and twinkle with delight as he sang! what silent laughter played around his mouth, and stole over his ruddy

cheeks, like gleams of pleasantest lighting of a summer's night, as he lifted his glass to his head, and listened to some one else! But, alas! all his mirth was well nigh closed one day. He was tempted by the fineness of the weather into the tide, contrary to his wont, and his doctor's order. Some one suddenly missed him; all looked round; at a distance something like a buoy was seen floating; it was Sir John; his fat had floated; his head had gone down like a stone; they just pulled him up time enough to save him, but he was blacker in the face than ever his son had been in the cradle, and got a fright that spoiled all his mirth for some days.

But there was a ball at the hotel, and everybody was off to it; all except Wilson, who was not well, and myself, who stayed to keep him company. Even grave John Farn, in his drab suit and jack-boots, would go. Who would have thought that there was such a taste for pleasure in John Farn? John Farn was very fond of hearing Wilson and myself talk of books. He would come to our cottage, and sit and listen for hours to our conversation, or take up some of our books himself, and read. I perceived that there was an appetite for knowledge in him that had never been called out, because it had had nothing to feed on; but it was clear that it would soon, if it was in the way of aliment and excitement, become fearfully voracious. When he found the name of Dryden in a volume, he declared that he was born in the same parish. He put the book into his pocket, and was missed all that day. Somebody, by chance, saw him issue out of a great reed bed towards evening; he had read the volume through, and declared that he should think ten times better of his parish now for having produced such a man, who would have thought that John Farn, the Northamptonshire farmer and grazier, and who had lived all his life amongst bullocks, and whose whole talk was of them, would have fastened thus suddenly on a volume of Dryden's poems? But John used to accompany Wilson and myself, botanizing along the shore and the inland dykes; and it was curious to see with what a grave enthusiasm he would climb in his great jack-boots over the roughest fences; how he would leap

across those wide dykes; how he would splash through the salt-water pools and streams to tear up a flower or a sea-weed that we wanted; and with what an earnest eye he would look and listen as we mentioned its name, and pointed out its class in the volume, or related its uses! There was an undiscovered world, and a great one, in the soul of that John Farn.

The more I saw of that man, the more I liked him. The stores of yet unstirred life, both of intellect and feeling in his frame, became every day more strongly apparent. He would sit with us on the sea-bank for hours watching the tide come up, or watching its play and the play of light and shadow over it when at flood, and drink down greedily all that was said of this or other countries, all that had in it knowledge of any kind. His whole body seemed full of the joyous excitement of a youth that in years should have passed over him, but was yet unspent, and was now only found. He rose up one day and said, "Let us hire a ship and sail out to some other country." At the moment we laughed at the idea, but John Farn persisted with the utmost gravity in his proposal, and eventually we did hire a smack, and sailed across to Norfolk. We visited Lynn; walked over the grounds of the school where Eugene Aram was an usher when he was taken for the murder; and nothing but the threatening of the weather would have prevented us crossing over to the Continent. As it was, it was delightful to see the childlike enjoyment with which that grave man saw the breezy expanse of ocean, the fiery colour of its waters as the vessel cut through them in the night, the seals that lay on a mid-sea rock as we sailed along, and the birds of ocean screaming and plunging in its billows.

There was a legion of things in the bosom of John Farn that he knew nothing of all the years that he had been buying and selling cattle, but were now all bursting to the light with a startling vigour. I wonder whether they have since troubled him like blind giants groping their way to the face of heaven, or whether, amid his cattle and his quiet field, they have collapsed again into dim and unconscious dreams; but the last action which I witnessed in him, made me sure that his

moral feeling was as noble as I suspected his intellectual strength to be great.

There was a robbery at Uriah Sparey's. Money and other articles were missed from the packages of the guests. The suspicion fell on a servant girl. Great was the stir, the inquiry, and the indignation. Mrs. Uriah Sparey was vehement in her wrath. She insisted that the affair should not be talked of lest it should bring discredit on her house; but to satisfy her guests, she would turn the girl out of it that instant. The girl with tears protested her innocence, but in vain. When she came to open her own box, she declared that she was robbed too. Her wages, and the money given her by visitors, were all gone. Mrs. Sparey exclaimed, that "never did she see such an instance of guilty art as this! The girl to remove from herself the charge of theft, to pretend that she herself was robbed!"

If the girl was guilty, she most admirably affected innocence; if she was of a thievish nature, never did nature so defend vice under the fair shield of virtuous lineaments. All saw and felt this; all had been much pleased with the appearance and behaviour of the girl. Her vows of innocence were now most natural; her tears fell with all the hot vehemence of wronged truth; she earnestly implored that every search and every inquiry should be made, that she might at least regain her character; her money she cared little for. But Mrs. Uriah Sparey only exclaimed, "Minx! get out of my house! I see what you want; you want to fix the theft upon me!" All started at that singular exclamation, and fixed their eyes on Mrs. Sparey; she coloured; but no one spoke. The girl stood weeping by the door. Then said John Farn, "Go home, my girl, go home, and let thy father and mother see into the matter for thee." At these words, the girl, whose tears were before flowing fast but freely, burst into a sudden paroxysm of sobs and cries, and wrung her hands in agony. "What is the matter?" asked John Farn; "has the poor girl no parents?" "Yes, yes!" she exclaimed, suddenly looking at him, and the tears stopping as if choked in their bed; "but how can I go to them with the name of a thief?" The colour passed from her face, and she laid hold on a chair to save herself from falling.

"Mary!" said John Farn, "I will not say who is the thief; but this I say, I will hire thee for a year and a day, and there is a guinea for earnest, and another to pay thy coach fare down. Be at my house in a fortnight, and till then go and see thy mother. Let them call thee thief that dare!" With that he rose up, gave Mary his address, paid his bill to Mrs. Sparey, and marched out of the house with his little round portmanteau under his arm. We all hurried out after him, gave him by turns a hearty shake of the hand as he was about to mount his horse; and that was the last I saw of John Farn. I know no more of him, yet would I, at a venture, rather take the heart of that man, though compelled to take the long drab coat and the jack boots with it, than that of many a lord with his robes of state, and all his lands and tenements besides.

Such were a few days and their real incidents passed by me at a watering-place some years ago.

THE GREAT MAN OF THE FAMILY.

Every family, I believe, has its great man: my maternal uncle, Sir Nicholas Sawyer, is ours. His counting-house is in Mark-lane, where he lived for a period of twenty years; on his being knighted, however, he thought, and his wife was sure, that knighthood and city air would not coalesce; so the family removed to Bedford-square. Our family live in Lime-street, and I am in the counting-house. The knighthood and the Bedford-square house at once elevated my uncle to be the great man of the family, insomuch that we, the Wodehouses, are at present rather in the shade, and the Sawyers in the full blaze of the sun. My father is naturally too indolent a man to trouble his head about this; but my mother has a growing family that must be pushed. Sir Nicholas is apt to dine with us now and then, and my mother upon these occasions, schools us to what we are to say and do, as Garrick was said to have tutored his wife. My sister Charlotte is told to like Handel's music, to which the great man, being what is called "serious," is partial; my brother John, who is articulated to an attorney, is told to put Boote's suit at law out of his pocket; I am told to dislike port wine, and to be partial

to parsnips; and even little Charles is told to lisp "The Lord my pasture shall prepare." I question whether the Quaker meeting-house in White-hart-court can muster such a congregation of unfledged hypocrites. When Sir Nicholas issues one of his dinner edicts, it occasions as great a bustle in our establishment as Queen Elizabeth's created when she quartered herself upon Kenilworth castle. I will mention what happened last Wednesday. There is a little variety in the inflection. The narrative of what passed at one dinner may serve for a hundred.

Sir Nicholas Sawyer is in the habit of looking in at our counting-house in his way to his own. That is to say whenever he condescends to walk. At these times he uniformly tells us why he cannot have the carriage. It is wanted by Lady Sawyer: upon one occasion to accompany Lady Fanny Plegethon to the opening of the new church at Kennington: upon another, to pay a kind visit to the poor Countess of Cowcross: upon a third, to attend Mr. Penn's Outinian Lecture, with Lady Susan Single. Last Wednesday morning he paid us one of his usual visits; and having skimmed the cream of the Public Ledger, asked my father if he dined at home that day? My father answered yes; as indeed he would have done had he been engaged to dine off pearls and diamonds with the Royal Ram. "Bob," said my father to me, "do run up stairs and tell your mother that your uncle will dine with us to-day." I did as I was bid, and on opening the parlour-door, found my mother teaching little Charles his multiplication-table, and Charlotte singing to the piano "Nobody coming to marry me." As she had just then arrived at "Nobody coming to woo," which last mentioned monosyllable she was lengthening to woo-hoo-hoo-hoo, in a strain not unlike that of the "Cuckoo harbinger of Spring." This was unlucky; the cadenza might have been heard down in the counting-house: and anything more opposite to Handel could not well be imagined. I delivered my message: my alarmed mother started up; Charlotte threw away her hymen-seeking ditty, and pouncing upon Acis and Galatea began to growl "Oh, ruddier than the berry." As for little Charles, he was left to find

out the result of five times nine, like the American boy, by dint of his own natural sagacity. A short consultation was held between my mother and Charlotte upon the important article of dinner. A round of beef salted, in the house: so far fortunate; a nice turbot and a few mutton-chops would be all that was requisite to add. The debate was now joined by my father; he agreed to the suggestion, and my mother offered to adjourn *instantér* to Leadenhall-market. "No, my dear, no," said my father; "remembering when your brother last dined with us, you bought a hen lobster, and one of the chops was all bone." My mother owned her delinquency, and my father walked forth to order the provisions.

Our dinner-hour is five, and my brother John dines with us, generally returning afterwards to Mr. Pounce's office in Bevis Marks. I met him on the stairs, and told him of the intended visit. Jack winked his left eye, and tapped a book in his coat-pocket, as much as to say "let me alone: I'll be up to him." At the hour of five we were all assembled in the drawing-room, with that species of nervous solicitude which usually precedes the appearance of the great man of the family. A single knock a little startled us; but it was only the boy with the porter. A double knock terrified us: Charlotte mechanically began to play, "Comfort ye my people;" my mother took the hand of little Charles, whose head had been properly combed, in anticipation of the customary pat, and advanced to meet her high and mighty relation; the door opened, and the servant delivered a twopenny-post printed circular, denoting that muffins were only to be had good at Messrs. Stuff and Saltem's, in Abchurch-lane, and that all other edibles were counterfeits. My father ejaculated "Psha?" and threw the epistle into the fire. Little Charles watched the gradually diminishing sparks, and had just come to parson and clerk, when the sudden stop of a carriage and a treble knock announced to those whom it might concern that his High Mightiness had really assailed our portal. The scene which had been just before rehearsed for the benefit of the twopenny-postman, was now performed afresh, and Sir Nicholas Sawyer was inducted into the arm-chair. I had the honor to receive

his cane, my brother Jack his gloves, and little Charles his hat, which he carried off in both hands without spilling. "What have you got in your pocket, Jack?" said the Great Man to my brother. "Only the first volume of Morkan's *Vade Mecum*," answered the driver of quills. "Right," rejoined our revered uncle; "always keep an eye to business, Jack. May you live to be Lord Chancellor, and may I live to see it!" At this he laughed, as Goldsmith has it; "and so did we: the jests of the rich are always successful." My mother, however, conceived it to be no jesting matter, and in downright earnest began to allege that John had an uncommon partiality for the law, and would doubtless do great things, if he was but properly pushed. She then averred that I, too, had a very pretty taste for printed cottons, and that when I should be taken into partnership, I should, in all human probability, do the trade credit, if I was but properly pushed. But for this a small additional capital was requisite, and where I was to get it Heaven only knew. Charlotte's talents for music were then represented as surprising, and would be absolutely astonishing if she could but afford to get her properly pushed by a few lessons from Bishop. As to little Charles, she was herself pushing him in his arithmetic. Never was there a mother who so pushed her offspring; it is no fault of hers that we are not every one of us flat on our faces long ago.

Dinner being announced the Great Man took his seat at the right hand of my mother: He was helped to a large slice of turbot, whereupon he tapped the extremity of the fish with his knife. This denoted his want of some of the fins, and my mother accordingly dealt out to him a portion of these glutinous appendages. Common mortals send a plate round the table for whatsoever they may require; but when the Great Man of the family graces the table, every thing is moved up to him. The buttock of beef being a little too ponderous to perform such a visit the Great Man hinted from afar off where he would be helped. "Just there, no, not there: a little nearer the fat: or stay: it is a little too much boiled: I will wait a slice or two: ay: now it will do: a little of the soft fat, and two spoonfuls of

gravy: put two small parsnips with it; and Thomas, bring me the mustard." It may be well imagined that these dicta were followed by prompt obedience. There are only two viands to which I entertain any aversion—parsnips and tripe. The former always gives me the notion of carrots from the catacombs, and the latter of boiled leather breeches. My polite mamma, aware of my uncle's partiality for parsnips, had lectured me into the propriety of assuming a fondness for them; adding, that Sir Nicholas had been married five years without children, and that I should probably be his heir, and that one would not lose one's birthright for a mess of pottage. It is whispered in the family that my uncle is worth a plum. It would, therefore, be a pity to lose a hundred thousand pounds, by refusing to swallow a parsnip. I contrived to get down a couple; and was told by Sir Nicholas that I was a clever young man, and knew what was what. My mother evidently thought that the whole of the above-named sum was already half way down my breeches pocket. "Has any one seen Simpson & Co.," inquired the Great Man, during a short interval between his mouthfuls. I was upon the incautious point of answering yes, and that I thought it a very good thing, when my father, with the most adroit simplicity, answered, "I met Simpson this morning at Betson's: his partner is at Liverpool." Hereat the Great Man chuckled so immoderately that we all thought that a segment of parsnip had gone the wrong way. "No, I don't mean them—come, that's not amiss—Simpson & Scott, of Alderman's Walk. Ha, ha, hah! No: I mean Simpson & Co., at Drury-Lane." "No," answered my mother, "we none of us ever go to the play." Lord help me it was but a week ago that my father, Jack and I, had sat in the pit to see this identical drama! Now came in the mutton chops. The process was electrical, and deserves a minute commemoration. First the Great man had a hot plate, upon which he placed a hot potatoe. Then our man Thomas placed a pewter dish, carefully covered, immediately under our visitor's nose. At a given signal, Thomas whisked off the cover, and my uncle darted his fork into a chop as rapidly as if he was harpooning

a fish. What became of the cover, unless Thomas swallowed it, I have not since been able to form a guess.

I pass over a few more white lies, uttered for the purpose of ingratiating. Such, for instance, as none of us liking wine or gravy; our utter repugnance to modern fashions in dress; our never wasting time in reading novels; our never going westward of Temple Bar, and our regularly going to afternoon church. But I cannot avoid mentioning that great men bear, at least in one point, a resemblance to great wits: I mean in the shortness of their memories. Bedford square and a carriage have driven from my poor uncle's sensorium all geographical knowledge of city streets. He regularly asks me whether Lime Street is the second or third turning; affects to place Ironmonger's Hall in Bishopsgate Street; and tells me that when he goes to receive his dividend at the India House, he constantly commits the error of directing his coachman to Whitechapel. Lord help me again! this from a man who, for the first ten years of his civic existence, threaded every nook and alley in the city, with a black pocket-book full of bills as Dimsdale and Company's out-door clerk!

Yesterday I overheard my maiden aunt Susan giving a hint to somebody, who shall be nameless, that Lady Sawyer, notwithstanding her five years' abstinence, is certainly "as women wish to be who love their lords." I mean to wait with exemplary patience to establish the fact, and to ascertain the sex of the infant. If it prove to be a male, I am of course cut out of the inheritance. In that case I shall unquestionably throw off the mask, and venture to eat, drink and talk for myself. At the very first uncle-given dinner after the *denouement* I can assure you, Mr. Editor, that I shall hate parsnips, take two glasses of port wine, tilt the dish for gravy, see Simpson & Co. at least six times, and read every novel in Lane's Circulating List. I am, &c.

AN AGITATOR.—M. Monchenut, an old man of eighty, afflicted with the palsy, was arrested during the reign of terror, under suspicion of being an agitator. Being asked what he had to say to the accusation, "Alas, gentlemen, it is very true, I am agitated enough, for I have not been able to keep a limb still for these fifteen years."

Editorial.

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

This is an old maxim, which, among the newspaper press of Canada, appears to be more honoured in the breach than the observance, and we think it high time to call some of our friends "over the coals." In making selections for our Magazine from the literature of the world, we wade through a vast amount of miscellaneous materials: frequently reading several hundred pages in order to cull five or six of choice matter for our subscribers; and, when possible to ascertain it, we always give the name of the author, or the source from whence the article is obtained. We therefore think it very unjust that our exchanges (as some of them are in the habit of doing) should fill their papers, and fatten upon our labours, without the slightest acknowledgment of the obligation. We have no objection to the extracts being made, provided credit is given to us for the articles, but our contemporaries must bear in mind that there is a wonderful difference between selecting *as we select*, and simply using the office scissors.

SOBER AS A JUDGE.

THE "western world" is celebrated as the abode of free and easy independence, where the fashion-wearied emigrant may shake from his feet the dust of old customs and the constraints and etiquette of civilized society. In the United States of America the difference in the habits and manners of the inhabitants of the eastern and western States is very striking to the observant European, and the same difference, although in a less degree, may be noticed in our Province as you leave the sea-board and penetrate into the interior. In fact the emigrant to the west generally glides very readily into the easy and careless habits of the settlers who have preceded him, showing the natural tendency of the human race, if unrestrained by the forms of artificial society, to return rapidly to that state from which it very gradually emerged, a state of nature, and exemplifying the correctness of the observation "that it is very difficult to transform an Indian into a white man, but very easy to convert a white man into an Indian." And thus it is that few British emigrants who have spent a few years on this side of the Atlantic, ever like to return and remain on the other side. They become in

fact de-civilized, and on their return to England feel pretty much "like fish out of water."

In a late progress through the western part of the Province, we were much impressed with the truth of these observations in the conduct of certain judicial functionaries. The British bar has long been celebrated for its wit, and the bench for its wisdom. In Great Britain however, a lawyer is seldom promoted to the bench till after many years of arduous and severe toil; his wild oats are sown, his judgments matured. But in a new country like Canada, where political influence must be obtained, and political friends served, *seniores priores* is not the rule but the exception.

We lately met, no matter where, a very jovial member of the aforesaid craft, while on his customary periodical tour for the disposal of disputes between thick-skulled litigants. The gentleman in question certainly had nothing particularly judicial in his appearance or manner, but there was such a joyous overflowing of good humour about his whole contour that we could not help thinking it must be a pleasure to a suitor to be condemned by him even to the payment of costs. Throwing off, with the judicial garment, the conventional gravity of the *forum*, this worthy told tales, broad, rich and racy, and kept the denizens of the inn-parlour in a perpetual succession of broad grins and boisterous peals of laughter. Such out-of-school descensions or condescensions however, have their drawbacks: other people besides Beau Brummell being apt to mistake a prince's affability for their own merit, and to cry "George, ring the bell!" "I say, Judge," quoth a stripling, nudging the learned functionary with his elbow, "I say, Judge, will you take a nip?" The judge, nothing loth, remembering that Bacchus was a divinity as well as Jupiter, assented, and the party adjourned to the bar-room, took their "nip" and returned to the sitting-room. Presently, Mr. Juvenile, having imbibed an additional portion of Dutch courage, returned to the charge—"I say, Judge! (another nudge with the elbow) I say, Judge, let's take a squint round town!" This however was too much, even for the merry lawyer, and the invitation was laughingly declined.

We are not of those who look upon the gravity of the owl as emblematic of wisdom, or imagine that for a judge to be just he must abstain from fun and frolic; but the world in general judges too much by appearances, and

it becomes necessary that the evening's relaxation should be followed by a much stricter adherence to the rules of rigid justice than would be necessary but for the previous indulgencies; and the difficulty of securing deference to opinions, and confidence in decisions, must be much greater than when the girdle of authority has not been so much loosened. After all, the legend tells us that

"Old King Cole was a jolly old soul."

and surely, if a *king* may be jolly, a *judge* may occasionally "cast away care."

PUBLIC NUISANCES.

No greater nuisance can exist than a plank road out of repair, on which people are obliged to travel. We lately had the felicity of driving on that known as the "Hamilton and Port Dover" road. The first few miles beyond Hamilton being covered with a kind of gravel and sand (at least we took it for something of the kind), was, at the time in question, before the last frost, in a state of "*mush*," through which it was impossible to proceed beyond a walk.—After wading through this we reach the plank, which was in many places in bad condition: and between Caledonia and Jarvis it was in a most dangerous and disgraceful state; although the tolls were higher than on any other road, five pence being charged at each gate for a "horse and buggy." We understand that when the public roads were sold by the government the purchasers were compelled to give security for keeping them in good travelling order. Whose duty is it to look after them? Travellers have no time, although they are the greatest sufferers, and to compel the payment of tolls on such roads is genuine *highway robbery*. The most extraordinary circumstance is that persons living along the line, who are compelled to use the road, do not pull the gates down. In all ordinary circumstances, if we saw an outrage committed against the "majesty of the law" we should consider it our duty to bear testimony against the offender, but in a case of this kind, if we saw some Canadian "*Rebecca*" demolishing the barriers, we should certainly deem it an act of justice to the public and the Province to "look another way." In the meantime the travel is leaving the road, as none but those who cannot avoid it will run the risk of injuring their horses and breaking their vehicles.

If a few more roads are to be sold on the same terms—to take the tolls and spend nothing in repairs—we would like to get one or two.

CASTLE BUILDERS.

Certain great geniuses have been notorious for castle-building. Fontenelle, the centenarian, was so accustomed to indulge in erecting these airy fabrics, that he may be said, fairly enough, to have lived as much out of the world as in it, and by this means there can be no doubt he prolonged his life. His perfect indifference to all those matters that commonly raise a great interest among mankind in general, made his temper even and placid, and his love of castle-building contributed to his long good health. Deaths, marriages, earthquakes, murders, calamities of all kinds; scarcely affected him at all. He built castles by day and by night, in society and out of it. His body was a machine with a moving power, and went through its actions mechanically; but his mind was generally in some region far remote from the situation it occupied. He got at one time among the stars, found them peopled, and began to study the laws, manners, and dispositions of the inhabitants of worlds many million times farther from the earth than thrice to "th' utmost pole." Going one day to Versailles early in the morning, to pay a visit to the court, he was observed to step under a tree, against which he placed his back, and beginning to castle-build, he was found pursuing his architectural labours in the evening upon the self-same spot. Kings, courtiers, and such "small gear," were unable to abstract him from following his favourite amusement, when the temptation of enjoying it was strong. Perhaps Fontenelle and Newton may illustrate the difference between the profound thinking of the scholar, and the amusement of which we are treating. Newton directed all his faculties into one focus upon any single object, proceeding by line and rule to develop the mystery which it was his desire to unravel. No play was allowed to the fancy, nor operation to more than one faculty of the soul at once; it is this which is so wearying to the frame, that gives pallor to the student's complexion, and frequently abridges life. Your castle-builder, on the contrary, may be a ruddy, florid, and healthy personage. He quaffs an *elixir vite*; his abstractions arising only from a pleasurable pursuit in following his wayward fancies, and not from painful attention to a single subject. Sancho Panza was something of a castle-builder, jolly-looking as he was. I mention him merely to shew its effect on the person. When he appeared asleep, and his master demanded what he was doing, he replied, "I govern," being at that very instant busy in regulating the internal affairs of the island of Barrataria, of which the worthy Don had promised him the government when he had conquered it himself. Don Quixote, on the other hand, was not a castle-builder of the higher class. He called in the strength of his arm to aid his delusions, believing to be matter of fact those airy nothings which the true castle-builder regards as recreative illusions, and which cease to be harmless, if he attempt to realize them. The Knight of Cervantes took shadows for substances, and this leads me to

denominate the style of castle-building, which I contend is so agreeable, refreshing, and innoxious—the Poetic, in contradistinction to what may be called the Prose order. The last species is a delusion respecting something, the attainment of which is possible, though it is extremely difficult and improbable. In furtherance of the actual realization of our schemes, we lay under contribution every moral and physical aid. Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was an adept in this kind of castle building, as his conversation with Cincas proves. When we have taken Italy, what do you design next? said Cincas; Pyrrhus answered, to go and conquer Sicily. And what next?—then Libya and Carthage. And what next?—why then to try and reconquer Macedon, when, his legitimate-ship said, they might sit down, eat, drink, and be merry, for the rest of their days. Cincas drily advised the king to do that which was alone certainly in his power—the last thing first. In like manner, a German author has recently constructed a castle; he has undertaken a work, which for bulk and labour will leave Lopez de Vega and Voltaire sadly in the lurch. It is to include the history, legislation, manners and customs, literature, state of arts, and language, of every nation in the world, from the beginning of time; and this, which he proposes to complete himself, will occupy him laboriously for half-a-century, and carry his own age several years beyond the hundred. The French are clever at this style of castle-building: they plan admirably well, commence their labours with enthusiasm, but leave off in the middle of them. Canals, harbours, triumphal arches, constitutions, and Utopian plans of polity, abundantly attest this. Who but a Frenchman would have written to Franklin, offering, with a preliminary apology for his condescension, to be king of America, and actually expect pecuniary remuneration for humbling himself to such a purpose! Poor Falstaff was one of this latter class of castle-builders, though it must be confessed he had something of a foundation upon which to erect his edifice, when he heard the Prince of Wales was king, and exclaimed, "away Bardolph, saddle my horse—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities." So are lovers who cherish extravagant hopes, and imagine their mistresses to be something between a very woman and an angel—like fish, neither flesh nor fowl. The supporters of a balance of power in Europe, for which England has entailed on herself and upon her posterity such an enormous debt, is, like Falstaff's interest with the new king, and together with the payment of the said debt, a piece of castle-building worthy of king Pyrrhus.

But poetical castle-building alone is a pleasant and harmless amusement of the fancy, which we must lay by when we pursue our every-day avocations, without suffering it to interfere with the realities of existence. It is the mixing these up with its air-built pleasures that produces mischievous effects. An example of this may be found in the worthy country

divine, who, having preached a score or two of orthodox sermons, thought, therefore, in the simplicity of his heart, that he had some claim for patronage upon all good statute Christians, whom he determined to edify by publishing his labours for their benefit. He little guessed, greenhorn that he was, the real hold of religion upon his supposed patrons, and the true state of the market in respect to such commodities. His guilelessness of soul made him suppose that where there was a church-establishment, there must necessarily be among its numerous members a high value for religious discourses such as his were—an error he fell into for want of knowledge of the world. He calculated everything, not forgetting the expenses or the profits of his undertaking; and that he might keep within the bounds of modesty, and show nothing like self-presumption in respect to the worth of his lucubrations, he determined to limit the impressions of his volume to one copy for every parish. He printed, therefore, fearlessly, eleven thousand copies. The sequel may be gathered by inquiring about the affair in the Row.

“The wisest schemes of nice and men,
Gang aft awry,”

says Burns. In these matters, therefore, castle-building must give place to dry evidence and the matter-of-fact testimony of the senses. Those who act otherwise in these affairs waste their years in running round a circle, and find themselves in the end at the point from which they set out. Among these materializers of the airy nothings of the mind, are the perpetual-motion-hunters, who astound society with their discoveries, and are at last obliged to creep off, as the sporting people say, “like dogs with their tails between their legs.” The credulous experimenters after the discovery of the philosopher’s stone; of an universal remedy, the chair of life, by which man is to defy sickness and defer death for a thousand years; the gambler’s martingale for subduing chance; and the navigators to the moon—afford examples enough of the folly of endeavouring to realize the fantasies of imagination, and of trying to build with sunbeams and prismatic colours the coarse and ponderous edifices of man’s erections.

These objections, however, do not affect castle-building of the right kind; the enjoyer of which truly believes his visions too subtle for the common world, from which he must withdraw himself to see them. He sets out with the perfect consciousness that the feast of which he is going to partake belongs not to tangible existence, that it consists of ethereal aliment laid out in the universe of spirit, and that consequently it is an intellectual entertainment upon “ambrosial food,” which, while he tastes, must receive from him no alloy of corporeal substances. He knows that this pleasure is an illusion, like all others, even those that consist of better things; but he, nevertheless, derives a temporary satisfaction from it. Pleasant to him is the short interval of rest in his arm-chair after dinner, for, when the foolish world thinks him taking his nod, he

is in an elysium—pleasant are his silent devotions to Raleigh’s soothing weed, to the solace of his segar and hookah—pleasant is the still hour of night when sleep is deferred a little only to be sounder when it comes, and the unslumbering fancy revels in unwearied luxury, and rears the noblest edifices in her matterless region—pleasant, in short, is castle-building whenever the mind wants renovation, or amusement of its own peculiar character, and can so employ itself without a waste of time or attention from more important objects.

New Monthly Mag.

ANECDOTES OF A DIANA MONKEY.

An old ship-companion of mine was a native of the Gold Coast, and was of the Diana species. He had been purchased by the cook of the vessel in which I sailed from Africa, and was considered his exclusive property. Jack’s place then was close to the caboose; but as his education progressed, he was gradually allowed an increase of liberty, till at last he enjoyed the range of the whole ship, except the cabin. I had embarked with more than a womanly aversion to monkeys, it was absolute antipathy; and although I often laughed at Jack’s freaks, still I kept out of his way, till a circumstance brought with it a closer acquaintance, and cured me of my dislike. Our latitude was three degrees south, and we only proceeded by occasional tornadoes, the intervals of which were filled up by dead calms and bright weather; when these occurred during the day, the helm was frequently lashed, and all the watch went below. On one of these occasions I was sitting alone on the deck, and reading intently, when, in an instant, something jumped upon my shoulders, twisted his tail round my neck, and screamed close to my ears.—My immediate conviction that it was Jack scarcely relieved me; but there was no help; I dared not cry for assistance, because I was afraid of him, and dared not obey the next impulse, which was to thump him off, for the same reason. I therefore became civil from necessity, and from that moment Jack and I entered into an alliance. He gradually loosened his hold, looked in my face, examined my hands and rings with the most minute attention, and soon found the biscuit which lay by my side. When I liked him well enough to profit by his friendship, he became a constant source of amusement. Like all other nautical monkeys, he was fond of pulling off the men’s caps as they slept, and throwing them into the sea; of knocking over the parrots’ cages to drink the water as it trickled along the deck, regardless of the occasional gripe which he received; of taking the dried herbs out of the tin mugs in which the men were making tea of them; of dexterously picking out the pieces of biscuit which were toasting between the bars of the grate; stealing the carpenter’s tools; in short, of teasing everything and everybody; but he was also a first-rate equestrian. Whenever the pigs were let out to have a run on deck, he took his station behind a cask, whence

he leaped on the back of one of his steeds as it passed. Of course the speed was increased, and the nails he stuck in to keep himself on, produced a squeaking; but Jack was never thrown, and became so fond of the exercise, that he was obliged to be shut up whenever the pigs were at liberty. Confinement was the worst punishment he could receive, and whenever threatened with that, or any other, he would cling to me for protection. At night, when about to be sent to bed in an empty hencoop, he generally hid himself under my shawl, and at last never suffered any one but myself to put him to rest. He was particularly jealous of the other monkeys on board, who were all smaller than himself, and put two out of his way. The first feat of the kind was performed in my presence; he began by holding out his paw, and making a squeaking noise, which the other evidently considered as an invitation; the poor little thing crouched to him most humbly; but Jack seized him by the neck, hopped off to the side of the vessel, and threw him into the sea. We cast out a rope immediately, but the monkey was too frightened to cling to it, and we were going too fast to save him by any other means. Of course, Jack was flogged and scolded, at which he was very penitent; but the deceitful rogue, at the end of three days, sent another victim to the same destiny. But his spite against his own race was manifested at another time in a very original way. The men had been painting the ship's side with a streak of white, and upon being summoned to dinner, left their brushes and paint on deck. Unknown to Jack, I was seated behind the companion door, and saw the whole transaction; he called a little black monkey to him, who, like the others, immediately crouched to his superior, when he seized him by the nape of the neck with one paw, took the brush, dripping with paint, with the other, and covered him with white from head to foot. Both the man at the helm and myself burst into a laugh, upon which Jack dropped his victim, and scampered up the rigging. The unhappy little beast began licking himself, but I called the steward who washed him so well with turpentine, that all injury was prevented; but during our bustle Jack was peeping with his black nose through the bars of the maintop, apparently enjoying the confusion. For three days he persisted in remaining aloft; no one could catch him, he darted with such rapidity from rope to rope; at length, impelled by hunger, he dropped unexpectedly from some height on my knees, as if for refuge, and as he thus confided in me, I could not give him up to punishment.

The only way in which I could control his tricks was by showing him to the panther on board, which excited his fears very strongly. I used to hold him up by the tail, and the instant that he saw the panther he would become perfectly stiff, shut his eyes, and pretend to be dead. When I moved away, he would relax his limbs, and open one eye very cautiously; but if he caught a glimpse of the panther's cage, the eyes were quickly closed, and he re-

sumed the rigidity of death. After four months sojourn together, I quitted Jack off the Scilly Islands, and understood that I was much regretted: he unceasingly watched for me in the morning, and searched for me in every direction, even venturing into the cabin; nor was he reconciled to my departure when my servants left the vessel at Gravesend.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

I have met with very few unmarried ladies who have not appeared to me to feel, after the age of 30, that their existence was thoroughly comfortless and wretched. Many have I heard express it openly; and that such is the fact, can very easily be discovered by an accurate observer of the human countenance. It is also certain that three out of every five of the young English ladies of the present day must remain unmarried, because no man can *exist* on less than two thousand a-year when married; and how few young men there are with two thousand a-year, compared with the number of young ladies! Five, six, eight, sometimes in one family; generally all tolerably pretty, and most of them pleasing and accomplished women—many possessing talents of no ordinary stamp—yet, perhaps in our *salons* the lovely and accomplished beings are completely neglected by the other sex, “because” (I must repeat the sentiments I have heard from thousands of young men of fashion) “I never talk to girls—I dare not pay attention to unmarried women, because I am not a marrying man—my friend—flirted with so and so, and was accused of behaving ill—I don't like to excite false hopes—I shall never marry, unless I can find a wife with at least two or three thousand a-year, because I am much richer, unmarried, with the fortune I have.”

It is of no use to quarrel with the state of society as it is at present constituted, for we cannot alter it; but I think it might be beneficial to give a few hints on the education of women, which might perhaps be useful in procuring them, in a state of *single blessedness*, as it is very falsely called, a greater share of happiness, or a less load of misery, than they at present appear to me to possess after the awful age of thirty.

A girl at thirty is called an *old maid*—she goes to a ball, and generally sits neglected all the evening, or dances with some gentleman who has been often asked to dine at her father's house, and who, perhaps, remarks, “Miss— is rather *passe*—a good old girl—and I must do duty there; and now I shall dance with the beautiful Miss—.” My heart always bleeds for the mortifications I see endured by these poor old girls continually. There are certainly some single women whose talents have made them as much considered in society as they ought to be; but then I have generally observed that they have fortunes, or have had advantages above others to bring them into notice, and to give to the natural

ambition of the human species some scope of action.

I will suppose a case in which there are four girls—a moderate proportion in one family—and two sons; and I will suppose their father possessed of fifteen hundred a-year. The estate, of course, goes to the eldest son; the second must be a clergyman, if his relations have any preferment, or he must be of some profession; of course, he can never marry without a large fortune—unless at the age of forty-five he has made one for himself. The eldest son, having been to Eton and Cambridge, has learnt that fifteen hundred a-year is nothing, and, in all probability, determines (not to be *taken-in*) not to marry any lovely girl, without, at least, forty or fifty thousand pounds. I now come to my four young ladies. I will suppose one very pretty, one tolerably pretty, and the other two rather plain. They have been educated, in all probability as the greater proportion of English girls are. First of all, they go every Sunday to church—and are, as I conceive all, or nearly all, the class of moderately rich English gentry to be, perfectly honourable, upright, and well-principled. It is only for their own happiness that I would propose *any* change in the education of a class for whom I entertain so high a respect.

To return to the four young ladies. They have all been brought up with the idea that they will become wives and mothers, and are taught to cherish those natural affections which, if by some remote chance, one out of the four ever does marry, make them so amiable and lovely as such. They are all allowed to read modern novels, as least all such as are considered to have a moral tendency. Now, I maintain, that there is scarcely one of these works which does not impress any young woman with the idea that happiness can alone be found in love and marriage. The heroine is very amiable and perfect, surrounded with admirers, all contending for the honours of her least notice; but where is the novel which represents four poor, pretty, unnoticed girls, who are destined to pass their young years without perhaps so much as one admirer between them? Year after year passes—their bloom and beauty fade—and my four lovely and accomplished warm-hearted beings, having seen all their youthful castles fall one by one, become listless and unhappy. They have little in life to interest them; one dies of a complaint in the spine; another lives many years on arrow-root and calf's-foot jelly, and is enveloped in flannel; a third is under the care of Dr. S. for indigestion; and perhaps the fourth is made of tougher materials, and born with less feeling than the others—or perhaps from having something to occupy her mind, in preparing the arrow-root for one sister, and ordering the hard dumplings prescribed by Dr. S., for the other—outlives her sorrows and disappointments; and if she takes an interest in her brother's children, or a share in their education, or in something which gives vent to those affections which are implanted by nature in the breast of woman, she becomes happy.

This, then, appears to me to be the secret too much neglected in female education. Teach them by all means, that one great source of happiness consists in the indulgence of virtuous affection; but do not teach them that there is no affection capable of producing this happiness, except such as may be felt for a lover or a husband. If the heart be properly regulated, it may take a warm and sufficiently engrossing interest in many objects less intimately connected with it. Marriage is a sad lottery; and, at the best, is a state full of cares and anxieties. Freedom and independence ought not to be lightly parted with, or set down as possessions of little value.—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

YOUNG AND OLD.

Ever since the beginning of the world, we believe, there have been two great contending parties in it, the young and the old—at least, there must have been such two parties ever since any portion of the race grew up into anything like age. These two parties appear, throughout all history and literature, as they do at the present moment in the living world, animated by entirely different and irreconcilable principles—the young being all for this and that and t'other thing, and the old setting themselves right against all these things, and doing all in their power to prevent the young from getting them. Never yet, we suppose, was there a human being who, at twenty, did not think that he was far too much kept down by his seniors in almost all things he had a tendency to, and far too much be-preached about all kinds of things to which he was repugnant. And never yet was there a human being who, at sixty, did not believe that young men are apt to take far too much of their own way, and at once to do the very things they ought not to do, and neglect the things which it is their duty and interest to attend to. It is the same being, who is thinking in both cases, but thinking under the influence of different feelings and different circumstances.

The best way, perhaps, to place these differences in a striking point of view, will be to suppose a man existent at the two different periods of life at once, but under different names (it may easily be supposed he has changed his name in the interval for a succession), and to place his sentiments on various matters, as entertained at the two different periods, in juxtaposition. We shall suppose him a Mr. Torrington at the one period, and a Mr. Chillingworth at the other.

TORRINGTON.—“Well, that was a nice girl I saw at the Fancy Ball last night. Handsome foot and ankle—sweet engaging face. And, if I don't flatter myself, she did not seem at all displeased with my attentions. Pity, though, her father and mother are such stiff old frumps. Say he is rich, and determined on having a good match for her. Horrid old rascal, to think of forcing the affections of his daughter. No consideration for young feelings in these flinty fathers. I dare say he would not care to

marry her to some old fellow of three or four-and-thirty, if he only had a title. What a sacrifice that would be! Dear, enchanting girl—if she would but trust herself to me, I should be delighted to rescue her from her impending fate. True, I am only a student of medicine, not too well off for pocket-money. But poverty with such an angel would be the wealth of the Indies. And we might hope that old Chillingworth would relent—especially if he saw her kneeling with three babes at his feet, and knew that he could not make a better of it. Needn't ask my father about this, for he always preaches to me the necessity of getting on a little in the world before I marry. Plague on all these old people together! They crush young hearts. Hang me if I would care to marry the girl to-morrow, just to spite them. Well, I'll go out and take a walk in the New Town, and perhaps I may meet her. It would be delicious to come upon her sitting by herself in one of the arbours of the Prince's Street Gardens. Might speak to her there about my love for her, and propose running off."

CHILLINGWORTH. "Maria, my dear, I'm told by your mother that you danced last night with a young fellow, who was only introduced by one of the stewards, and that you seemed rather to like him. Take care, my dear, of those young fellows who come to balls, and whom nobody knows. Very likely a scribblers clerk, or some medical student, who may be a handsome fellow enough, but what is that? Twenty thousand people may be as handsome, while far more eligible otherwise. In fact, my dear, you must be on your guard. You know you will have most of my fortune, and that should get you a good match. I am but a physician, it is true, but one of the first in town, and money excuses everything. Then you are a smart-looking girl. You ought to have a baronet, at the least. I have been thinking of Sir James Doneup, who seemed a good deal taken when he last visited us. Any how, beware of nameless young fellows, such as he who danced with you last night. You will, of course, cut that fellow if you meet him on the street. He may have some design on you, pretending it is all for love and that kind of thing, while, in reality, he thinks of my cash. But I shall be upsides with him, for you know, if you do not marry prudently, and with the approbation of your parents, you are to be cut off with a shilling. Now, mind, cut him without mercy. Rascal, to think of even dancing with *my daughter!*"

TORRINGTON. "My dear Tom, what are you about in that stupid place you have got to? All rurality and innocence now, I suppose. We have been getting some famous fun here. Dick and I went to the theatre last night, to ogle one of the actresses—a very pretty girl, I can tell you. I think she rather liked it, but the house thought us troublesome, and we got turned out. We adjourned to the Café, and had some oysters and gin punch—they make it famous there. A gentleman near us gave a song, and we sat quite happy for two hours, thinking of nothing but the bar-maid's pretty

hand. I told Tom I had just got in a hundred cigars from Twist's, and asked him home with me to smoke a few of them. The governor does not like to be disturbed; so I have got a pass-key, which lets me in at any hour. Jenny was easily bribed to give us hot water in a quiet way; so we set to work, and drank and smoked the whole night, just to see if we could do it. I found my stock of cigars half finished this morning; so you see we had made a night of it. I do love a cigar. It is the true spell to banish all care. I smoke five every evening just now on Prince's Street, which is two more than any other fellow does of my acquaintance. I have lately taken a little to rhyming, and have written a song on smoking and drinking, which some of my friends say is worthy of the German burschen. They come just now in flocks every night to hear it at my lodgings; and as it is quite ineffective till the fifth tumbler, you may suppose I am not profiting by my authorship. However, they are all capital fellows, and it is pleasant to see them so happy over my whisky and verse. The old gentleman, however, has got rather restive of late. He laid his hands somehow upon a bill of Twist's for twelve pounds ten shillings, being my year's cigars, and he has since then scarcely spoken to me. If it were not for mamma, I don't know how I should carry on the war. Hope soon to see you in town, and to have a merry evening with you. Till then, believe me your sincerest friend—J. B. T."

CHILLINGWORTH. "Ellen, my dear, did you hear John come in last night? Between one and two it was, for I struck my repeater. And he brought in one of his worthless companions too, and I am told by Jenny that they did not part till long after daylight. That boy is running entirely off his feet. He does nothing but smoke and drink all night, and sleep all day. He is running sadly into debt, and not a day passes but I am applied to for payment of some of his scores. I have settled the cigar bill, liable to proper discount; but I have told Twist that I will never pay another. He is becoming quite notorious in town. I am sure we brought him up carefully enough. He never was allowed to be out later than seven o'clock, till he was past sixteen. Plenty of sound advices too he got. But all has been in vain. I really do not understand the young men of the present day. They seem to be entirely given up to amusements, and to such besetting amusements too! I am sure it was very different with the young men of *my* time. Wife, wife, that boy is going headlong to destruction."

We read every day of such opposite sentiments in men at different periods of life and in different circumstances, and think little of them, regarding them as the sentiments of different men, and therefore no more than what is to be expected. But if we were to consider the authors of such various sentiments as in reality one person, only acting at different periods of his life, and under the influence of different circumstances, the case would appear to us in a much more interesting light. Such, there cannot be the least doubt, is its real light. He

who to-day deems it quite right and fitting to inveigle a rich heiress into matrimony, and looks on all the sober connections who oppose the plan as selfish and unfeeling, is the very man who, twenty or thirty years after, considers it one of his first duties to warn his children against a rash engagement of their affections, and looks upon all like what he once was as so many compounds of folly and knavery, who would steal his daughters and money if they could. But it is not only between twenty and sixty years that such differences exist. We could easily suppose a much more ample illustration of the case. In one room there might be assembled, besides the youth of twenty and the old gentleman of sixty, a child of five years, a middle-aged man, and a reverend signior of some eighty or eighty-four. We might then see the gentleman of sixty not only lecturing the youth on his gadding after young ladies and his propensity to cigar-smoking and the wearing of uncalled-for spurs, but expressing his surprise at the man of five-and-thirty being so much engrossed in politics—a study which he has long given up as profitless and vain. Occasionally, as his lecture proceeded, he would threaten to turn the little fellow of five out of the room for running his mimic wheelbarrow over his gouty foot, and making such an incessant din in the course of his senseless sports. He would endeavour in vain perhaps to engage the middle-aged gentleman in a disquisition on the stock of various insurance and railway companies he had purchased into—said middle-aged gentleman not caring for anything in the meantime but the Morning Chronicle's account of the last triumph of his party in the House of Commons. Our youth, after listening with contempt to that part of the lecture which applied to himself, would heartily sympathise in that part of it which referred to the gentleman with the newspaper—a man for whose taste he could in no way account, and which he utterly detested. He would also cordially sympathise in the anathema launched at the noisy youngster, and, after seconding it by thrusting the little chap out of the room (youngster going off, as usual, squalling and looking upon all seniors as tyrants), would set himself down in a corner, to insert in a pretty green and gold album certain original verses not oftener than thrice printed, beginning, "Isabel, those eyes of blue." All this time, the venerable octogenarian in the chimney corner would be despising in his heart alike the sexagenarian with his endless details about prices of stock, the middle-aged newspaper-reader, full of party politics, and the youth penning his sonnet to his mistress's eye-brow, and scarcely looking with more forbearance on the poor child with his merry voice and his toy cart, seeing that all he now wants is permission to doze. Yet, it is quite conceivable that the child, the youth, the man of thirty-five, the sexagenarian, and the lean and slippered pantaloon, are all *one person*, only allowed for the hour to exist in five different periods of human life, separately, with all the predilections and intolences peculiar to each.

To reflect on this possibility may not be without its advantages. If the youth, when disposed to blame his seniors for severity and want of sympathy with his inclinations, or when indulging in habits which he knows that they condemn, were to consider that in time, if he continues to live, he may be disposed to think exactly as they do, he might see reason to fear that his present conduct and principles were not quite so sure to be reasonable and justifiable as he has hitherto supposed. A corresponding recollection on the part of the mature, that they once felt exactly as their sons now feel, might lead them to take more tolerant views of the conduct of the young, and to appeal to them rather by reasoning than by vituperation or force. To all, the effect of the consideration ought to be a lesson of mutual toleration and forbearance.—*Chambers.*

COUNT RUMFORD.

The several biographical sketches, hitherto published, of Benjamin Thompson, better known by his German title of Count Rumford, have all, for various reasons, been imperfect. The present memoir, brief as it comparatively is, will be found to be the only one which presents, in a complete and accurate form, the whole details of his eventful and useful life.

Benjamin Thompson was the son of a respectable farmer, of English origin, at Woburn, Massachusetts, where he was born on the 26th of March 1753. When he was about eight months old his father died, and the necessity for active exertion, to which he was thus subjected, is regarded by himself as having been the main cause of all his future distinction. His childhood, however, was not without guardians to watch over it. His mother married a second time, and from his step-father young Thompson appears to have received every necessary attention. At the proper age he was sent to the grammar-school of Woburn, and acquired, under the excellent teacher Mr. Fowle, a considerable knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Latin tongue. Subsequently, he was sent, for further improvement, to the neighbouring schools of Byfield and Medford, where he was taught mathematics and some of the higher branches of knowledge. It was at Medford that he first gave indications of remarkable talent. When only twelve years of age, he surprised his mathematical instructor by bringing to him one day the calculations of an eclipse, which he had made without assistance; and which proved to be singularly accurate.

At the age of thirteen, the youth engaged himself to an apothecary at Salem, but that person's business was destroyed by the commencing troubles between Great Britain and the colonies, and young Thompson was thus thrown out of employment. He seems next to have tried a school, and afterwards to have engaged himself as a clerk at Boston. His habits at this time may be gathered from the words of his Boston employer, "that Benjamin was oftener *under* the counter, with knives and

saws, constructing machines or reading books of science, than *behind* it, serving customers with cloths." From this uncongenial occupation he removed, in 1770, to Concord, New Hampshire, then called *Rumford*, in which place he was invited to instruct a school. Before going to Concord, however, he spent some months in attending a course of philosophical lectures at Harvard University, Cambridge, the only university instructions he ever received. Soon after taking up his residence in Concord, his fine person and dignified and gentle manners, not to speak of his merits otherwise, won for him the hand of a wealthy lady, Mrs. Sarah Rolfe, widow of Colonel Rolfe. At the time of this marriage Thompson was only nineteen, and the lady a few years older. This event elevated him into considerable local importance; but this was a circumstance not very desirable at the time, when the country was on the eve of becoming the seat of war, and obscurity only could ensure quietude. When the contest did break out, it involved Thompson in such difficulties as led to his permanent expatriation. Baron Cuvier and others say that the subject of our memoir adopted from the first side of the royalists. This, whether to his credit or otherwise, is a mistake. He was, at first, a decided friend to American independence; but a strong impression to the contrary spread among his countrymen, founded chiefly on the circumstance of his wife's relations being avowed royalists. So much did Thompson suffer, between 1772 and 1775, while the war was only in contemplation, from this impression, that he demanded from his countrymen an inquiry into his conduct and opinions. A committee of investigation sat on the point at Woburn, and gave a decision that all the charges against him were based upon vague rumours; but they could neither give him a public acquittal, nor permit him to publish the proceedings. Thompson was justly exasperated at this illiberal treatment, and, finding himself to be still the butt of obloquy, and his very life to be insecure, he came to the desperate resolution of quitting forever his native country, and deserting her cause.

This resolution, which is to be lamented rather than blamed, was soon made known to the royalists, and, by way of rewarding his conduct, they selected him as the bearer of dispatches to Britain, announcing the evacuation of Boston by the English troops. Thompson, with some difficulty, got on board the Scarborough ship of war, leaving behind him his wife, whom he never saw again, and whose only child by him was born a few days after his departure. He reached England towards the close of 1776, and on delivering his missives, was fortunate enough to make a very favourable impression on the mind of Lord George Germaine, then secretary of state for the American department. Lord George showed the young American very great attentions, and, after receiving various proofs of his talents and fidelity, raised him, in 1780, to the post of assistant or under-secretary to the American department. The few years which Thompson

spent in London, previously to this appointment, were occupied chiefly with scientific experiments, generally of that practical character for which all his after labours were remarkable. In 1778, he made various experiments on the force of gunpowder, which procured him admittance into the Royal Society. He also made at this time some curious inquiries into the cohesion of bodies. These investigations plainly showed to what subjects his active mind naturally directed itself, when circumstances allowed him the requisite leisure from the more pressing affairs of ordinary life.

The situation under Lord George Germaine was a promising place for a young man of abilities and energy, but Thompson soon found that the unfavourable character of the colonial contest threw a degree of odium on the office to which he was attached, and all connected with it. He therefore preferred to engage in active service, in the cause which he had espoused. He resigned his place, and in 1781 sailed for New-York, where he raised a regiment of dragoons, of which he was appointed colonel, and remained with the British army until the close of the war. In his military capacity he acquired considerable distinction, and became ardently attached to the profession: so much so, that, after returning from America with the rest of the British forces, he resolved to offer his services to the emperor of Austria, whose contest with the Turks offered the only chance of military distinction at the time in Europe. He was actually at Strasburg, on his way to Vienna, with this view, when fortune threw in his way advantageous prospects of a more pacific kind. It chanced that Prince Maximilian, nephew of the Elector of Bavaria, while reviewing a regiment at Strasburg, observed on the parade our hero, who was dressed in his uniform as an English colonel, and entered into conversation with him. So captivating was the address and converse of the American, that, on learning his intention to pass through Munich, the Bavarian capital, the prince gave him strong recommendations to Charles Theodore, the reigning Elector. The Elector was not less charmed with the stranger than his nephew had been, and, after a short time, held out flattering inducements to him to enter the Bavarian service, partly in a military and partly in a civil capacity. Finding the Elector to be a man of taste and ability, Colonel Thompson at once accepted the offer, premising, of course, as a condition, that the British sovereign's consent should be obtained to the arrangement.

In order to apply for this, our American hastened over to Britain, where his wish was not only granted, but the honour of knighthood also conferred upon him by George III. As Sir Benjamin Thompson, then, he returned, in 1784, to Munich, where, in the course of the long residence which followed, many other honours of a similar nature were bestowed on him. He held successively, and in part conjointly, the offices of lieutenant-general, privy councillor of state, and chamberlain; was made at one time commander-in-chief of the army; was decorated with several orders, domestic

and foreign; and was created Count Rumford, after the name of a place, already mentioned, in America. The services which merited these honorary rewards from the Bavarian court were of a widely extended nature, and had reference, partly to the military and partly to the civil affairs of the electorate. Of his military services, it may be simply said, that, besides his active employment in several campaigns, he was instrumental in introducing a new and incomparably better system of order, discipline, and economy, among the troops, than prevailed before.

The greatest of the civil services rendered by Count Rumford to Bavaria, consisted, certainly, in his extinction of mendicity throughout the country. This evil had grown to an almost incredible extent, and set at nought all common means of suppression. Mendicity had not only become a regular trade, but its professors formed a distinct class, or caste, among the inhabitants, and in general a very numerous one. Each beggar had his particular beat, within which it was not lawful to disturb him; and these beats were inherited like ordinary property, or sold, or farmed out by the possessors. Thieving, and every other vice, prevailed in an almost equal ratio. The measures which Count Rumford took to put a stop to these practices, so full of misery to the mendicants themselves, and so harassing to the community at large, reflect lasting honour on his name. His first object was to prepare for the happiness of the mendicants in a *new* mode of life, before he took them from the *old*. Having convinced the authorities and respectable classes of Munich that the maintenance of these beings in a regular way would cost less than the existing system did, he was enabled to prepare a large building for their reception, and to store it with materials for hemp and flax spinning, with the implements of other mechanical arts, and with food of a plain, healthy kind. Then on a certain day, all the beggars in Munich were led before the magistrates, who told them that begging would be no longer permitted, but that they would find, at the new workhouse, warm rooms, good diet, and work for all who were in a condition to labour. The vast change which was in a short time effected not only on the condition of these people, but on their very wishes and habits, amply repaid Count Rumford for his trouble. "By rendering them happy (says he) they were taught to be virtuous." They became industrious workers, being employed chiefly on the army clothing, and all surplus expenses were paid by voluntary subscription. Most of the beggars, after a time, left the house, and became good citizens. What a pleasing reward must it have been to Count Rumford, when, on one occasion, being confined to a sick-bed, he asked what caused the noise under his window, and was answered, that it was a procession of the poor going to pray for their benefactor!*

The observations which he made in the course of his arrangements of the mendicant establishment, and also during his inquiries into the economy of the military life, led to the noted discoveries or inventions which have rendered his name illustrious in the annals of science. The subject to which he was most naturally led, first of all, in this manner, was that of food: and though he can scarcely be said to have made any invention with respect to it, yet it is certain that he laid down many maxims of great value, relative to the cheapest and best way of feeding large bodies of men. The most important, perhaps, of these maxims, was, that water is not a mere diluent in the preparation of food, but is itself highly *nutritive*. Hence, soups were his great dependence in the economisation of diet, and one of his receipts for what is called the Rumford soup, is well known in charity kitchens. Economy of *fuel* was another point to which he attended with as much practical advantage, as to economy of food. The principles which he laid down on this subject have long been acted upon, more or less, over Europe. He showed that by building close fireplaces, the heat of fuel might be so economised as to make one-eighth part of the quantity of wood or coals generally used serve any given purpose. In one of his Munich establishments, a dinner for three thousand persons was cooked with ninepence worth of fuel—less, perhaps, than served a common family of a few persons for one day. The construction of these fireplaces could not be properly explained without plates; reference, therefore, must be made to his own essays by those who would inquire further into the subject.

Of another of his practical discoveries, connected with the same subject, Baron Cuvier thus speaks:—"But it was in the employment of steam for heating, that Count Rumford, so to speak, surpassed himself. It is known that water, kept in a vessel which it is unable to burst, acquires an enormous heat. Its vapour, at the moment when it is let loose, carries this heat wherever it is directed. Baths and apartments are thus heated with wonderful quickness. Applied to soap works, and especially to distilleries, this method has already enriched several manufacturers of our southern districts [of France]; and in the countries where new discoveries are more slowly adopted, it has afforded immense advantages. The brew-houses and distilleries of England are heated in this way. In them a single copper cauldron boils ten large wooden vats." The same principles have been applied, with great success, to the heating of liquors in tan-pits. So far did Count Rumford carry his economising, that he put to use the very heat of smoke before he let it escape; which caused a friend to say to him, that he would soon find a plan of cooking his

tion was a step in advance of the age—that the Bavarians were not enlightened enough at that period to appreciate fully the advantages of Count Rumford's labours, or to foresee their permanent utility. A new king, besides, ascended the throne in 1799, and the decay of the workhouse might be in part owing to the political changes consequent upon that event.

* The workhouse at Munich, it is painful to add, survived only for one year the departure of the count, in 1798, from Bavaria. The probability is, that the institu-

dinner with the smoke from his neighbour's chimney.

But perhaps the most useful of all his practical suggestions, at least the one which has spread his name farthest over the civilised world, is that relating to the prevention and cure of smoke in chimneys. He found the cause of this evil to be a very simple one, and his remedy was equally so; but still, like Columbus with the egg, no one had discovered the way before him. All the houses had chimneys with large *open throats*, and smoke was an universal nuisance. Count Rumford showed upon philosophical principles, that the size of the throat caused the mischief, and that the diminution of that throat cured it. Where the stonework could not be changed properly, he proposed the use of a certain species of grate, or stove with upright cheeks, of which all the world has heard under the name of the Rumford grate. Blacksmiths, indeed, speak to this day, and will probably do so for many centuries to come, of Rumfording a fireplace. All his observations on the subject of chimneys are most valuable, and have been turned, in a thousand ways, to practical advantage. He was also the inventor of a particular lamp, well known by his name.

Hitherto we have only considered Count Rumford in the light of a practical man of science. His character as a theoretical philosopher does not stand so high. Though no one evinced more sagacity in applying to practical purposes what experimental truths he discovered, yet his more abstruse speculations and conclusions have been generally regarded as unhappy, and indeed incorrect. Unfortunately, too, those of his more recondite speculations on heat, deserving of most praise, were found so closely to resemble certain previous discoveries of Mr. Leslie, as to throw suspicion on the count's pretensions to originality. On these points, however, it is not our purpose to dwell; though we cannot help remarking, that it would have been well, if many of those who sneered at Count Rumford's claims to the character of a philosophic theorist, had won for themselves half the title he had to be enrolled as a true benefactor of his kind.

To return to Count Rumford's life. In 1798, he received an honour for which he had long ardently wished—the appointment of Bavarian ambassador at the court of England. But he was doomed to a sad disappointment on proceeding to that country. The usages of Britain do not admit that a born subject of the empire should represent a foreign power at the court of St. James, and the custom was not infringed in the case of Count Rumford. In the following year, the count met with a more severe misfortune in the death of the Bavarian sovereign, his friend and patron. Count Rumford was still in London when this event happened. He had been received there with much distinction; and ere he left the British capital, he gave many proofs of his devotion to the cause of science. He was the principal instrument in establishing the Royal Institution, and it was he who selected Humphry Davy to fill

the chemical chair. He also founded two prizes, to be annually assigned by the Royal Society of London and the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, to the authors of the most important experiments on heat and light, in whatever part of the world they were made public.

In 1802, Count Rumford left England, and went to Paris. Next summer he visited Munich; but he did not long remain there, notwithstanding that the new prince was his former friend Maximilian, nephew of the late sovereign. After reorganizing the Bavarian Academy—his last gift to the country of his adoption—the count returned to France, having resolved to make that country his future residence, which a pension of 1200*l.* from the Bavarian government enabled him to do. It ought to be mentioned, to the credit of the United States, that on Count Rumford being thrown out of employment, as it were, by the death of his royal patron, they offered him an important place in his native country, which, however, he did not think proper to accept. At a country-house at Auteuil, about four miles from Paris, he took up his abode. Here he almost secluded himself from society, spending his whole time in cultivating his grounds, and in solitary scientific pursuits. A matrimonial alliance, which he had entered into shortly after leaving London, with the widow of the chemist Lavoisier, proved unhappy, and terminated in a separation. Count Rumford's temper indeed, originally, perhaps, somewhat peremptory and unyielding, seems to have been latterly soured by circumstances, and he was very far from being on a good footing with the learned of France, or with the people in general. During his stay there, he composed several essays, marked by his usual ingenuity, but which it is unnecessary to specify. A sudden and violent fever carried him off at Auteuil, on the 21st of August 1814.

CHINESE POLITENESS.—There is one striking particular in which the Chinese politeness is quite the reverse of ours. To take off their caps when they salute one another, or even accidentally to appear uncovered, is esteemed the height of ill breeding and indecency.

A FATHER had three sons, in whose company he was walking when an old enemy of his came running out of an ambush, and inflicted a severe wound upon him before any of the bystanders could interfere. The eldest son pursued the assassin, the second bound up his father's wound, and the third swooned away. Which of the sons loved his father best?

MRS. BILLINGTON.—At a rehearsal of *As You Like It*, Mrs. Billington, who sustained the principal female character, called out in a very peremptory manner, "Fellow, bring me my crook." Mr. Simmonds, the property man, immediately replied, "Madam, your fellow is not here." She felt the rebuke, and made the request more successfully in more proper language: thus by hook or by crook obtaining it.

SONG.

Leave us not, leave us not!
Say not adieu!
Have we not been to thee
Tender and true?

Take not thy sunny smile
Far from our hearth!
With that sweet light will fade
Summer and mirth.

Leave us not, leave us not!
Can thy heart roam?
Wilt thou not pine to hear
Voices from home?

Too sad our love would be,
If thou wert gone!
Turn to us—leave us not!
Thou art our own!

Mrs. Hemans.

GERMAN SONG.

Listen, fair maid, my song shall tell
How Love may still be known full well,
His looks the traitor prove;
Dost thou not see that absent smile,
That fiery glance replete with guile?
Oh! doubt not then—'t is Love.

When varying still the sly disguise,
Child of caprice, he laughs and cries.
Or with complaint would move:
To-day is bold, to-morrow shy,
Changing each hour he knows not why.
Oh! doubt not then—'t is Love.

There's magic in his every wile,
His lips, well practised to beguile,
Breathe roses when they move;
See now with sudden rage he burns,
Disdains, implores, commands, by turns:
Oh! doubt not then—'t is Love.

He comes—without the bow and dart,
That spare not e'en the purest heart;
His looks the traitor prove;
That glance is fire, that mien is guile.
Deceit is lurking in that smile,
Oh! trust him not—'t is Love!

Mrs. Hemans.

EPITAPH ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST.

Tread lightly here; for here, 't is said,
When piping winds are hush'd around,
A small note wakes from under-ground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.
No more in lone and leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;
—Gone to the world where birds are blest!
Where never cat glides o'er the green,
Or school-boy's giant form is seen;
But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring,
Inspire their little souls to sing!

Rogers.

WINTER SONG.

Rouse the blazing midnight fire,
Heap the crackling fagots higher;
Stern December reigns without,
With old Winter's blust'ring rout.

Hark! without the tempest howls,
(And the affrighted watch-dog growls;
Witches on their broomsticks sail—
Death's upon the whistling gale.

Heap the crackling fagots higher,
Draw your easy chairs still nigher;
And to guard from wizards hoar,
Nail the horse-shoe on the door.

Kirke White.

ANSWER TO "A TRUE LOVE SONG."

Gentle Sir, if you'll excuse
The humble rhyming of my muse,
And promise you'll not be unkind
To the effusions of my mind,
I'll tell you now my expectations
From all my friends and dear relations.

First, my sire is just three-score,
And dear ma' owns to forty-four;
But if the truth I needs must tell,
I think she's past the dreadful L.
You ask if sisters I have many?
To this I answer, No, not any.
Brothers? Alas! yes, I have four;
This is, I own, a shocking bore;
But soon to this you'd get inured—
"What can't be cured must be endured."

Then I've an uncle, very old;
We all think he's got stores of gold
In some dark vault or coffer hid.
Ah! think what joy to raise the lid,
And gaze upon the glittering store—
Some thirty thousand pounds, or more!
And hear you bless, with joy and pride,
The day that I became your bride!

Well, then, I have a grandpapa,
Who very angry was with ma',
Because she ran to Gretna Green
With pa', when only seventeen;
And so he swore he'd ne'er forgive
Dear ma', nor help poor pa' to live.
But kind friends urged, and he consented
To see their child (me) and repented;
And once, when very ill, confess'd
He'd left me all that he possessed;
And always gave me pocket money
To buy me knicknacks; but, my honey,
To spend it so I was too wise,
And guarded safe these kind supplies;
And so, in case I fly like ma',
I have enough without papa.

But first I must some questions ask—
Believe me, sir, a painful task—
If I should leave my home with you,
Will you be kind, and constant too?
Say, when we are made man and wife,
Will you then guard me with your life?
Will you no jealous tyrant prove,
But love me as yourself you love?
If so, come—you can't too soon—
Oh! what a treat!—a honeymoon!

A SCOTTISH RURAL DROLLERY.

In a certain parish in the west of Scotland, there lived, about twenty years since, and for aught we know to the contrary, they live there still, a couple of swains of the names of Andrew Dobbie, and Robert Logan. They were both farm-servants, and resided near each other, their employers being neighbours.

At the distance of about a mile from the residences of these worthies, there lived another party of no less importance to our story. This person was a pretty girl of the name of Betsy Hamilton. She was the only daughter of a small laird, and was, on this account chiefly, but partly also, there is no doubt, on account of her beauty, sadly annoyed with lovers, but most especially by Andrew and Bob. Others came only at intervals, stopped but a short time if they met with no encouragement, and could be dismissed at pleasure. Not so with the two just named. They were both most pertinacious if not welcome wooers. Their visits were frequent, and no discouragement could damp the ardour of their pursuit, nor any hints, however unequivocal, abbreviate their stay. In this respect, in firmness of purpose, so far as courting was concerned, they bore a wonderful resemblance to each other, as the object of their regards found to her sad experience, for she liked neither of them, and was heartily sick of their pertinacity, but she could not help herself. She could by no means get quit of them, and at this Betsy was the more annoyed that the visits of these two lovers frequently interfered with and interrupted certain tête-a-têtes with a more favoured suitor, one whose calls were always welcome. This happy person was George White, a young man, a gardener with a gentleman in the neighbourhood. After what we have said, it would be quite superfluous to observe that Andrew and Bob were rivals, and quite as superfluous almost would it be to say, that they hated each other most cordially, and were morbidly jealous of one another's success with their fair enslaver, whom each endeavoured to prejudice against the other. Although both were in the habit of visiting Betsy, yet they rarely met on these occasions, as, from a perfectly natural feeling, they studiously avoided each other, and so arranged their proceedings as to come in contact as seldom as possible. Their visits were always made after nightfall, that they might not be seen by Betsy's father; a crusty, sturdy old carle, who would have broken their legs had he caught them after his daughter. In daylight, therefore, they durst never be seen within a mile of Winnlestead, which was the name of old Hamilton's farm. They must come under the cloud of night. This, neither of the lovers would have reckoned any great hardship—no hardship at all, indeed, were it not that in going to Winnlestead, they had to pass close by an open country churchyard, and, that of course, after dark too. Now, there was nothing on earth that Andrew and Bob dreaded so much as ghosts, witches, and other members

of the hobgoblin fraternity. The passing of the churchyard, therefore, in the dark, was a dreaded trial to their nerves, and such a one as nothing but the charms of Betsy Hamilton could have induced them to submit to. Having mentioned these particulars, which will be found to be intimately connected with the sequel of our tale, we shall ourselves pay a visit to Winnlestead, and in doing this, we shall find Bob Logan with Betsy Hamilton in earnest and apparently loving confab together through the kitchen window, she on the inside and he on the out; for it was thus that all the interviews were carried on, Betsy's lovers always tapping at the window when they wished to speak with her. Bob was delighted in the change of manner in his sweetheart; and in the confidence which it inspired, ventured to complain of the visits of his rival.

"I'm sure I dinna want to see him," replied Betsy to an insinuation of this kind. "I dinna want to see the face o' him again. I canna be fashed wie the hav'rel." "Are you speaking true, Betsy?" said the simple swain, with a sheepish tenderness in his look and manner; very naturally conceiving that what his rival lost in favour he gained. "Indeed am I," replied Betsy, "and I only wish I could put him frae comin' here, for he's just a plague to me." "And what for dinna you tell him that?" said the delighted lover, "and get quat o' him at ance." "Haith, lad, it's easy spoken. It's no so easy gettin' quat o' him as ye think. I've tell't him a hunder and a hunder times that I dinna want him to be comin' about me, but see if he'll believe me or stay awa' a bit the mair on that account. My heart's just broken wi' him; for quit o' him I canna get, do what I will. Od, man, if ye war worth your lugs, Bob, ye wad fa' on some way o' keepin' him awa' frae me." "What can I do, Betty?" said the unsuspecting Bob. "If he'll no tak' your word, far less will he tak' mine." "I'll tell you what you might do, Bob, and I'm sure it wad cure him o' comin' here. Ye ken Andrew dislikes passing the kirkyard at night, though, as every body kens, there's naething to be feared for. Now, could na ye just throw a white sheet about you some night and waylay him on the skirts of the kirkyard, close by the road, and I warrant if he get a glint o' you, he'll no come my way in a hurry again, and the coast wad be clear for yourself, man, Bob," added Betsy with a sly alluring look.

Bob appreciated the proposal, but by no means relished the idea of performing the business of it. He therefore looked rather blank on its being submitted to him; for he was every bit as great a fool as his rival, and equally dreaded passing the churchyard, so that a worse or more unsuitable hand for frightening another could scarcely have been found. Betsy knew all this very well, but she knew also as well that she had influence enough over Bob to induce him to do almost anything. It was some minutes, however, before Bob made any reply to the daring and horrifying proposal, and during this time he was inwardly cogitating on the possibility of

his being able to command nerve enough to go through with it. At length, however, he said with a grim smile, that he "thocht it wad na be a bad plan, and that he would undertake it." But even while he expressed this determination, a cold shiver came over him, and his teeth chattered in his head. The prize and the reward held out to his valour was a splendid one; the undivided society of Betsy (for Bob knew nothing of the visits of the gardener), and he resolved to secure it at all hazards. "But," said Bob, with a desire of alleviating as much as possible the part he was to act, "I may wait lang eneuch for Andrew, unless I kent precisely the nicht and the hour he wad pass, and ye ken the kirkyard's but an eerie place to wait in." "Oh, but I'll manage that Robbie, lad," quoth Betsy. "Andrew 'ill be here the morn's nicht—that's Wednesday; now, I'll engage him to come again on Thursday night at eight o'clock, so that if ye're at the kirkyard by about half-past seven or sae, ye're sure to ha'e him in less than a quarter o' an hour." The lover grinned with satisfaction, and shortly after took his leave; having, however previously again promised to Betsy to enact the part assigned to him.

On the following night, as Betsy had calculated, Andrew made his appearance, and was received with an unwonted welcome by his fair captivor. Andrew was delighted with his reception; for, as in the case of his rival, it was so marked as to be at once perceptible. "When did you see Bob, Andrew?" "No this some time," replied the latter, "and I carena if I should never see him." "Nor me either," rejoined Betsy; "he's a stupid gomerall." "And what do you encourage him for then, Betty?" inquired her lover. "We encourage him! My word, I gie him no encouragement! I canna bide the sicht o' him, and wad gie the best gown I hae to get quat o' him."

To make a long tale short, the wicked Betsy played off precisely the same game with Andrew that she had done with Bob; he was to frighten his rival the following night, and in the same manner. This matter arranged, Andrew shortly after went his way, but it was by no means with a light heart; for the promise he had made hung heavy on his spirits, and the thoughts of the part he had undertaken to act, chilled him not a little. He, however, determined to go through with it; the hope of supplanting his rival rising superior to his fears, and endowing him with a desperate resolution that by no means belonged to his natural character. The reader will observe that the two made-up figures were, by Betty's wicked ingenuity, now fairly pitted against each other at the same place and hour. The plot was no doubt reprehensible. The eventful night having arrived, and the appointed hour being at hand, Bob slipped out of his master's house, with one of the sheets of his bed rolled up in a pocket handkerchief, and stuffed beneath his buttoned jacket. Thus provided, with a beating heart, and by no means the firmest step, or most tightly braced

nerve, he proceeded to the scene of action. The night was admirably adapted for this purpose, there being just the precise quantity of moonlight that shows him off to the best advantage; not so much as to divulge details, but just enough to set the imagination on the stretch, and to set it a working on the slightest hint.

As Bob approached the churchyard, a cold sweat broke out over him, and he felt his knees very sensibly yielding under him at every two or three steps. He pushed on, however, and having gained the burying-ground, selected a large flat gravestone, raised in the usual way on four short pillars, as a place of concealment—that is, making it so, by lying behind it. The stone lay a little way into the churchyard, and at the distance of about ten yards from the road by which Bob expected Andrew to pass. There was one equally good for the former's purpose close by that he had chosen, and parallel to it, but the one he had selected was, on the whole, the best, being a little higher than the other, and perhaps a trifle longer—qualities which Bob thought, during the momentary consideration he gave the subject, more than compensated the advantage the other stone possessed in being a little nearer the road. Having selected his locality, Bob crouched behind the stone, and commenced his toilet. In an instant he was enveloped from head to foot in the snowy covering. Flinging himself now down at full length behind the gravestone, he there lay quietly and immovably waiting the sound of his rival's approaching footsteps, which he proposed should be the signal for making his appearance.

Leaving Bob thus disposed of for a time, it will not be unamusing, perhaps, to follow out briefly the proceedings of Andrew, in connection with the business of this eventful evening. These, in truth, however, very much resembled those of the former. Andrew also provided himself with a sheet, and, when the appointed hour approached, repaired with it concealed about his person to the churchyard. This, however, he did with no greater good will than his rival, and by no means with any greater degree of courage. In truth, he was, if possible, still more oppressed by fear than his rival. Still he determined to go through with the thing, for the motives were strong that impelled him—love for Betty, and hatred of Bob. Wrapping the sheet about his person, and with as stout a heart as possible, he stepped over the wall of the rural cemetery, which was a low one, and walked forward in quest of an advantageous position. His eye caught the two large stones already spoken of, and behind one of which Bob was ensconced, and he thought them both eligible, but he preferred the one nearest the road, not Bob's, and accordingly strode towards it, for he entertained the same purpose of seeking concealment, until he became aware of the approach of his victim. Bob heard a footstep. He looked up, but without moving, and beheld—oh, horrible! oh, distracting! oh, annihilating sight!—a tall figure in white approaching him. He would have

emitted a murderous shout, blending together all that is appalling in sound, but his tongue refused its office. He would have started to his legs, but they failed him in his need. They were powerless. His vital energies were locked up with terror, he was chained to the spot by it; and all that he could do was to stare with suspended breath, dilated nostrils, and frightful distended eyeballs, on the hideous phantom. It approached. Bob's head began to swim, his eyes became dim, and in the next instant he was unconscious of his situation and of the appalling presence he was in. He had swooned.

Andrew, in the meantime, wholly unaware of the powerful effect he was producing, moved on towards the place of concealment he had fixed upon, and having arrived at it, stretched himself down at full length parallel to Bob by the side of the adjoining stone, to await in this situation the approach of his rival. The matter thus disposed of, all remained quiet for some time. At last Bob recovered a sense of his horrible predicament, and had begun to stare around him again in quest of the appalling vision that had blasted his sight, but not seeing it, he gradually raised himself on his elbow to command a wider view, and finally raised his head above the surface of the stone behind which he was concealed. Now, it happened that Andrew becoming impatient at the non-appearance of his victim, raised his head above the level of his stone at the very same instant, and thus two pale faces and sheet-hooded heads fairly confronted each other, and at the distance of only a few yards. It was an awful moment. Petrified with horror, they stared at each other for several seconds in motionless agony of overwhelming, inexpressible terror; but at length both sprung to their feet, and each thinking the other was about to come to closer quarters, both gave a desperate and unearthly shout, and took to their heels in opposite directions. Bob, whose route was inland, flew over the churchyard with an amazing speed and lightness of foot, but unhappily stumbled frequently in his route. He in truth came down every two or three paces, some of his falls were severe; but so rapid were his motions—under the influence of the maddening terror by which he was impelled—that they scarcely seemed to interrupt his progress for the shortest imaginable space of time. He was on his feet instantaneously, and away, again, like the wind. The churchyard wall, for it was walled at the upper end and at one of the sides, he cleared at a bound, sheet and all, and away over the open country he went, clearing hedges and ditches with the agility of a harlequin.

Andrew, in the meantime, had gained the road, amongst which he, too, was flying with desperate speed, and with horror and distraction in his looks. The two wayworn figures finally arrived, in most piteous plight, at their respective homes, but both having taken the precaution to divest themselves previously of their sheets. It was not for some time certainly known what had happened to them, as

they would divulge nothing themselves. That they had got some dreadful fright or other, however, was the first conviction of both the families to which they respectively belonged; their horror-stricken looks, when they arrived, and the fact of both keeping their beds for nearly a week after, strongly confirming this view of the case. Both heard of each other's mysterious adventure and subsequent illness, together with a whisper that they had seen something "no canny," but this, in place of leading them to a discovery of the fact, only confirmed their previous impressions; both believing that they had encountered the same object. We need hardly add, that neither Andrew nor Bob ever went near Winnlestead again. They durst not go in daylight, for a reason already mentioned; and for another reason, which the reader will readily guess, they would not go after dark for all the wealth of the world. It may not be unnecessary to state, that in less than three months after the exhibition in the churchyard, Betty Hamilton and Geordy White were married, and that, soon after that event, the real facts of the story, as we have told it, got abroad, to the great confusion of the unlucky "gomerals" who had been the victims of it.

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GROUNDS OF RECOGNITION.—A man went to a restaurateur's (or chophouse) in France, to dine. He perceived another man in the room and hurried away to tell the master. "If you do not, Sir, order that man who is dining alone at the table in the corner out of your house, a respectable individual will not be able to sit down in it."—"How is that, Sir?"—"Because that is the executioner of R——." The host, after some hesitation, at length went and spoke to the stranger, who calmly answered him: "By whom have I been recognized?"—"By that gentleman," said the landlord, pointing out the former. "Indeed, he ought to know me, for it is not two years since I whipped and branded him."

PIGS.—One day when Giotto the painter was taking his Sunday walk, in his best attire, with a party of friends, at Florence, and was in the midst of a long story, some pigs passed suddenly by, and one of them, running between the painter's legs, threw him down. When he got on his legs again, instead of swearing a terrible oath at the pig on the Lord's day, as a graver man might have done, he observed, laughing, "People say these beasts are stupid, but they seem to me to have some sense of justice, for I have earned several thousands of crowns with their bristles, but I never gave one of them even a ladleful of soup in my life.—Lanzi.

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