

THE  
BRITISH COLONIAL MAGAZINE.

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

NUMBER XVI.

PRICE 3d.; or 12s. 6d. per Annum.

STEPHEN LANE, THE BUTCHER.

The greatest man in these parts, (I use the word in the sense of Louis-le-Gros, not Louis-le-Grand,) the greatest man hereabout, by, at least, a stone, is our worthy neighbour Stephen Lane, the grazier, ex-butcher of Belford. Nothing so big hath been seen since Lambert the jailer, or the Durham ox.

When he walks, he overfills the pavement, and is more difficult to pass than a link of full-dressed misses, or a chain of becloaked dandies. Indeed, a malicious attorney, in drawing up a paving bill for the ancient borough of Belford Regis, once inserted a clause confining Mr. Lane to the middle of the road, together with wagons, vans, stage-coaches, and other heavy articles. Chairs crack under him, —coaches rock,—bolsters groan,—and floors tremble. He hath been stuck in a staircase and jammed in a doorway, and has only escaped being ejected from an omnibus by its being morally and physically impossible that he should get in. His passing the window has something such an effect as an eclipse, or as turning outward the opaque side of that ingenious engine of mischief, a dark lantern. He puts out the light, like Othello. A small wit of our town, by calling a supervisor, who dabbles in riddles, and cuts no inconsiderable figure in the poet's corner of a country newspaper, once perpetrated a conundrum on his person, which, as relating to so eminent and well-known an individual, (for almost every reader of the "H—shire Herald" hath, at some time or other, been a customer of our butcher,) had the honour of puzzling more people at the Sunday morning breakfast-table; and of engaging more general attention than had ever before happened to that respectable journal. A very horrible

murder, (and there was that week one of the first water,) two shipwrecks, an *elevation*, and an execution, were all passed over as trifles, compared with the interest excited by this literary squib and cracker. A trifling quirk it was to keep Mr. Stacy, the surveyor, a rival bard, fuming over his coffee until the said coffee grew cold; or to hold Miss Anna Maria Watkins, the mantuamaker, in pleasant though painful efforts at divination until the bell rang for church, and she had hardly time to undo her curl-papers and arrange her ringlets; a flimsy quirk of a surety, an inconsiderable quiddity! Yet, since the courteous readers of the "H—shire Herald" were amused with pondering over it, so, perchance, may be the no less courteous and far more courtly readers of these slight sketches. I insert it, therefore, for their edification, together with the answer, which was not published in the "Herald" until the H—shire public had remained an entire week in suspense:—*Query*—"Why is Mr. Stephen Lane like Rembrandt?" "*Ans.*—Because he is famous for the breadth of his shadow."

The length of his shadow, although by no means in proportion to the width,—for that would have recalled the days when giants walked the land, and Jack, the famous Jack, who borrowed his surname from his occupation, slew them,—was yet of pretty fair dimensions. He stood six feet two inches without his shoes, and would have been accounted an exceedingly tall man, if his intolerable fatness had not swallowed up all minor distinctions. That magnificent *beau ideal* of a human mountain, "the fat woman of Brentford," for whom Sir John Falstaff passed not only undetected, but unsuspected, never crossed my mind's eye but as the feminine of Mr. Stephen Lane.

Tailors, although he was a liberal and punctual paymaster, dreaded his custom. They could not, charge how they might, contrive to extract any profit from his "huge rotundity." It was not only the quantity of material that he took, and yet that cloth universally called broad was not broad enough for him,—it was not only the stuff, but the work—the sewing, stitching, plaiting, and button-holing without end. The very shears grew weary of their labours. Two fashionable suits might have been constructed in the time, and from the materials consumed in the fabrication of one for Mr. Stephen Lane. Two, did I say? Ay, three or four, with a sufficient allowance of cabbage,—a perquisite never to be extracted from his coats or waistcoats,—no, not enough to cover a penwiper. Let the cutter cut his cloth ever so largely, it was always found to be too little. All their measures put together would not go round him; and as to guessing at his proportions by the eye, a tailor might as well attempt to calculate the dimensions of a seventy-four gun ship,—as soon try to fit a three-decker. Gloves and stockings were made for his especial use. Extras and double extras failed utterly in his case, as the dapper shopman espied at the first glance of his huge paw, a fist which might have felled an ox, and somewhat resembled the dead ox-flesh, commonly called beef, in texture and colour.

To say the truth, his face was pretty much of the same complexion—and yet it was no uncomely visage either; on the contrary, it was a bold, bluff, massive, English countenance, such as Holbein would have liked to paint, in which great manliness and determination were blended with much good-humour, and a little humour of another kind; so that even when the features were in seeming repose, you could foresee how the face would look when a broad smile, and a sly wink, and a knowing nod, and a demure smoothing down of his straight shining hair on his broad forehead gave his wonted cast of drollery to the blunt but merry tradesman, to whom might have been fitly applied the Chinese compliment, "Prosperity is painted on your countenance."

Stephen Lane, however, had not always been so prosperous, or so famous

for the breadth of his shadow. Originally a foundling in the streets of Belford, he owed his very name, like the "Richard Monday," of one of Crabbe's finest delineations, to the accident of his having been picked up, when apparently about a week old, in a by-lane, close to St. Stephen's churchyard, and baptized by order of the vestry after the scene of his discovery. Like the hero of the poet, he also was sent to the parish workhouse; but, as unlike to Richard Monday, in character as in destiny, he won, by a real or fancied resemblance to a baby whom she had recently lost, the affection of the matron, and was by her care shielded, not only from the physical dangers of infancy, in such an abode, but from the moral perils of childhood.

Kindly yet roughly reared, Stephen Lane was even as a boy eminent for strength and hardihood, and invincible good-humour. At ten years old, he had fought with and vanquished every lad under fifteen, not only in the workhouse proper, but in the immediate purlieu of that respectable domicile; and would, have got into a hundred scrapes, had he not been shielded, in the first place, by the active protection of his original patroness, the wife of the superintendent and master of the establishment, whose pet he continued to be; and, in the second, by his own bold and decided, yet kindly and affectionate temper. Never had a boy of ten years old more friends than the poor foundling of St. Stephen's workhouse. There was hardly an inmate of that miscellaneous dwelling who had not profited, at some time or other, by the good-humoured lad's delightful alertness in obliging, his ready services, his gaiety, his intelligence, and his resource. From mending Master Hunt's crutch, down to rocking the cradle of Dame Green's baby—from fetching the water for the general wash, a labour which might have tried the strength of Hercules, down to leading out for his daily walk the half-blind, half-idiot, half-crazy David Hood, a task which would have worn out the patience of Job, nothing came amiss to him. All was performed with the same cheerful good-will; and the warm-hearted gratitude with which he received kindness was even more attaching than his readiness to perform good offices to others. I question

if ever there were a happier childhood than that of the deserted parish-boy.—Set aside the pugnaciousness which he possessed in common with other brave and generous animals, and which his protectress, the matron of the house, who had enjoyed in her youth the advantage of perusing some of those novels—now, alas! no more—where the heroes, originally foundlings, turn out to be lords and dukes in the last volume, used to quote, in confirmation of her favourite theory, that he too would be found to be nobly born, as proofs of his innate high blood;—set aside the foes made by his propensity to single combat, which could hardly fail to exasperate the defeated champions, and Stephen had not an enemy in the world.

At ten years of age, however, the love of independence, and the desire to try his fortunes in the world, began to stir in the spirited lad; and his kind friend and confidant, the master's wife, readily promised her assistance to set him forth in search of adventures, though she was not a little scandalized to find his first step in life likely to lead him into a butcher's shop; he having formed an acquaintance with a journeyman slayer of cattle in the neighbourhood, who had interceded with his master to take him on trial as an errand boy, with an understanding that, if he showed industry and steadiness, and liked the craft, he might, on easy terms, be accepted as an apprentice. This prospect, which Stephen justly thought magnificent, shocked the lady of the workhouse, who had set her heart on his choosing a different scene of slaughter—killing men, not oxen—going forth a soldier, turning the fate of a battle, marrying some king's daughter or emperor's niece, and returning in triumph to his native town, a generalissimo, at the very least.

Her husband, however, and the parish-overseers were of a different opinion. They were much pleased with the proposal, and were (for overseers) really liberal in their manner of meeting it. So that a very few days saw Stephen in blue sleeves and a blue apron—the dress which he still loves best—parading through the streets of Belford, with a tray of meat upon his head, and a huge mastic called Boxer—whose warlike name

matched his warlike nature—following at his heels, as if part and parcel of himself. A proud boy was Stephen on that first day of his promotion; and a still prouder, when, perched on a pony, long the object of his open admiration and his secret ambition, he carried out the orders to his country customers. His very basket danced for joy.

Years wore away, and found the errand boy transmuted into the apprentice, and the apprentice ripened into the journeyman, with no diminution of industry, intelligence, steadiness, and good-humour. As a young man of two or three and twenty, he was so remarkable for feats of strength and activity, for which his tall and athletic person, not, at that period, encumbered by flesh, particularly fitted him, as to be the champion of the town and neighbourhood; and large bets have been laid and won on his sparring, and wrestling, and lifting weights all but incredible. He has walked to London and back, (a distance of above sixty miles,) against time, leaping, in his way, all the turnpike-gates that he found shut, without even laying his hand upon the bars. He has driven a flock of sheep against a shepherd by profession, and has rowed against a bargeman; and all this without suffering these dangerous accomplishments to beguile him into the slightest deviation from his usual sobriety and good conduct. So that, when at six and twenty he became, first, head man to Mr. Jackson, the great butcher in the Butts; then married Mr. Jackson's only daughter; then, on his father-in-law's death, succeeded to the business and a very considerable property; and, finally, became one of the most substantial, respectable, and influential inhabitants of Belford,—every one felt that he most thoroughly deserved his good fortune: and, although his prosperity has continued to increase with his years, and those who envied have seldom had the comfort of being called on to condole with him on calamities of any kind, yet, such is the power of his straight-forward, fair dealing, and his enlarged liberality, that his political adversaries, on the occasion of a contested election, or some such trial of power, are driven back to the workhouse and St. Stephen's lane, to his obscure and ignoble origin, (for the noble parents whom

his poor old friend used to prognosticate have never turned up,) to find materials for party malignity.

Prosperous, most prosperous, has Stephen Lane been through life; but by far the best part of his good fortune (setting pecuniary advantages quite out of the question) was his gaining the heart and hand of such a woman as Margaret Jackson. In her youth she was splendidly beautiful—of the luxuriant and gorgeous beauty in which Giorgione revelled; and now, in the autumn of her days, amplified, not like her husband, but so as to suit her matronly character, she seems to me almost as delightful to look upon as she could have been in her earliest spring. I do not know a prettier picture than to see her sitting at her own door, on a summer afternoon, surrounded by her children and her grand-children,—all of them handsome, gay, and cheerful,—with her knitting on her knee, and her sweet face beaming with benevolence and affection, smiling on all around, and seeming as if it were her sole desire to make every one about her as good and as happy as herself. One cause of the long endurance of her beauty is undoubtedly its delightful expression. The sunshine and harmony of mind depicted in her countenance would have made plain features pleasing; and there was an intelligence, an enlargement of intellect, in the bright eyes and the fair expanded forehead, which mingled well with the sweetness that dimpled round her lips. Butcher's wife and butcher's daughter though she were, yet was she a graceful and gracious woman,—one of nature's gentlewomen in look and in thought. All her words were candid—all her actions liberal—all her pleasures unselfish—though, in her great pleasure of giving, I am not quite sure that she was so—she took such extreme delight in it. All the poor of the parish and the town came to her, as a matter of course—that is always the case with the eminently charitable; but children also applied to her for their little indulgences, as if by instinct. All the boys in the street used to come to her to supply their several desires; to lend them knives and give them string for kites, or pencils for drawing, or balls for cricket, as the matter might be. Those huge pockets of hers were a perfect toy-shop, and so the

urchins knew. And the little damsels, their sisters, came to her also for materials for doll's dresses, or odd bits of riband for pincushions, or coloured silks to embroider their needle-cases, or any of the thousand-and-one knick-knacks which young girls fancy they want. However out of the way the demand might seem, there was the article in Mrs. Lane's great pocket. She knew the taste of her clients, and was never unprovided. And in the same ample receptacle, mixed with knives and balls, and pencils for the boys, and doll's dresses, and sometimes even a doll itself, for the girls, might be found sugar-plums, and cakes, and apples, and gingerbread-nuts, for the "toddling wee things," for whom even dolls have no charms. There was no limit to Mrs. Lane's bounty, or to the good-humoured alacrity with which she would interrupt a serious occupation to satisfy the claims of the small people. Oh, how they all loved Mrs. Lane!

Another and a very different class also loved the kind and generous inhabitant of the Butts—the class who, having seen better days, are usually averse to accepting obligations from those whom they have been accustomed to regard as their inferiors. With them, Mrs. Lane's delicacy was remarkable. Mrs. Lucas, the curate's widow, often found some unspoken luxury, a sweetbread, or so forth, added to her slender order; and Mr. Hughes, the consumptive young artist, could never manage to get his bill. Our good friend the butcher had his full share in the benevolence of these acts, but the manner of them belonged wholly to his wife.

Her delicacy, however, did not, fortunately for herself and for her husband, extend to her domestic habits. She was well content to live in the coarse plenty in which her father lived, and in which Stephen revelled; and by this assimilation of taste, she not only ensured her own comfort, but preserved, unimpaired, her influence over his coarser but kindly and excellent disposition. It was, probably, to this influence that her children owed an education which, without raising them in the slightest degree above their station or their home, yet followed the spirit of the age, and added considerable cultivation, and plain but useful knowledge,

to the strong and manly sense of their father, and her own sweet and sunny temperament. They are just what the children of such parents ought to be.—The daughters, happily married in their own rank of life; the sons, each in his different line, following the footsteps of their father and amassing large fortunes, not by paltry savings or daring speculations, but by well-grounded and judicious calculation—by sound and liberal views—by sterling sense and downright honesty.

Universally as Mrs. Lane was beloved, Stephen had his enemies. He was a politician—a Reformer—a Radical, in those days in which reform was not so popular as it has been lately: he loved to descant on liberty, and economy, and retrenchment, and reform, and carried his theory into practice, in a way exceedingly inconvenient to the tory member, whom he helped to oust; to the mayor and corporation, whom he watched as a cat watches a mouse, or as Mr. Hume watches the cabinet ministers; and to all gas companies, and paving companies, and water companies, and contractors of every sort, whom he attacks as monopolizers and speculators, and twenty more long words with bad meanings, and torments out of their lives;—for he is a terrible man in a public meeting, hath a loud, sonorous voice, excellent lungs, cares for nobody, and is quite entirely inaccessible to conviction, the finest of all qualities for your thorough-going partisan. All the Tories hated Mr. Lane.

But the Tories latterly have formed but a small minority in Belford; and amongst the Whigs and Radicals, or, to gather the two parties into one word, the Reformers, he was decidedly popular—the leader of the opulent tradespeople both socially and politically. He it was—this denouncer of mayor's feasts and parish festivals—who, after the great contest, which his candidate gained by three, gave to the new member a dinner more magnificent, as he declared, than any he had ever seen or ever imagined—a dinner like the realization of an epicure's dream, or an embodying of some of the visions of the old dramatic poets, accompanied by wines so aristocratic, that they blushed to find themselves on a butcher's table. He

was president of a smoking-club, and vice-president of half-a-dozen societies where utility and charity come in the shape of a good dinner; was a great man at a Smithfield cattle-show; an eminent looker-on at the bowling-green, which salutary exercise he patronised and promoted by sitting at an open window in a commodious smoking-room commanding the scene of action; and a capital performer of catches and glees.

He was musical, very, did I not say so when talking of his youthful accomplishments?—playing by ear, “with fingers like toes” (as somebody said of Handel) both on the piano and the flute, and singing, in a fine bass voice, many of the old songs which are so eminently popular and national. His voice was loudest at church, giving body, as it were, to the voices of the rest of the congregation, and “God save the King” at the theatre would not have been worth hearing without Mr. Lane—he put his whole heart into it; for, with all his theoretical radicalism, the King—any of the three kings in whose reign he hath flourished, for he did not reserve his loyalty for our present popular monarch, but bestowed it in full amplitude on his predecessors, the two last of the Georges—the King hath not a more loyal subject. He is a great patron of the drama, especially the comic drama, and likes no place better than the stage-box at the Belford theatre, a niche meant for six, which exactly fits him. All-fours is his favourite game, and Joe Miller his favourite author.

His retirement from business and from Belford occasioned a general astonishment and consternation. It was perfectly understood that he could afford to retire from business as well as any tradesman who ever gave up a flourishing shop in that independent borough; but the busybodies, who take so unaccountable a pleasure in meddling with every body's concerns, had long ago decided that he never would do so; and that he should abandon the good town at the very moment when the progress of the Reform Bill had completed his political triumphs—when the few adversaries who remained to the cause, as he was wont emphatically to term it, had not a foot to stand upon—did appear the most wonderful wonder of wonders that had occurred

since the days of Katterfelto. Stephen Lane without Belford!—Belford, especially in its reformed state, without Stephen Lane, appeared as incredible as the announcements of the bottle-conjurer. Stephen Lane to abandon the great shop in the Butts! What other place would ever hold him? And to quit the scene of his triumphs too! to fly from the very field of victory!—the thing seemed impossible!

It was, however, amongst the impossibilities that turn out true. Stephen Lane *did* leave the reformed borough, perhaps all the sooner because it *was* reformed, and his work was over—his occupation was gone. It is certain that, without perhaps exactly knowing his own feelings, our good butcher did feel the vacuum, the want of an exciting object, which often attends upon the fulfilment of a great hope. He also felt and understood better the entire cessation of opposition amongst his old enemies, the corporation party. “Dang it, they might ha’ shown fight, these corporationers! I thought Ben Bailey had had more bottom!” was his exclamation, after a borough-meeting which had passed off unanimously; and, scandalized at the pacific disposition of his adversaries, our puissant grazier turned his steps towards “fresh fields and pastures new.”

He did not move very far. Just over the border-line, which divides the parish of St. Stephen, in the loyal and independent borough of Belford, from the adjoining hamlet of Sunham—that is to say, exactly half a mile from the great shop in the Butts, did Mr. Lane take up his abode, calling his suburban habitation, which was actually joined to the town by two rows of two-story houses, one of them fronted with poplars, and called Marvell Terrace, in compliment to the patriot of that name in Charles’s days,—calling this *rus in urbe* of his “the country,” after the fashion of the inhabitants of Kensington and Hackney, and the other suburban villages which surround London proper; as if people who live in the midst of brick houses could have a right to the same rustic title with those who live amongst green fields. Compared to the Butts, however, Mr. Lane’s new residence was almost rural; and the country he called it accordingly.

Retaining, however, his old town predilections, his large, square, commodious, and very ugly red house, with very white mouldings and window-frames, (red, so to say, picked out with white,) and embellished by a bright green door and a splendid brass knocker, was placed close to the road-side—as close as possible; and the road happening to be that which led from the town of Belford to the little place called London, he had the happiness of counting above sixty stage coaches, which passed his door in the twenty-four hours, with vans, wagons, carts, and other vehicles in proportion; and of enjoying, not only from his commodious mansion, but also from the window of a smoking-room at the end of a long brick wall which parted his garden from the road, all the clatter, dust, and din of these several equipages—the noise being duly enhanced by there being, just opposite his smoking-room window, a public house of great resort, where most of the coaches stopped to take up parcels and passengers, and where singing, drinking, and four-corners were going on all the day long.

One of his greatest pleasures in this retirement seems to be to bring all around him—wife, children, and grand-children—to the level of his own size, or that of his prize ox,—the expressions are nearly synonymous. The servant-lads have a chubby breadth of feature, like the stone heads, with wings under them (*soi-disant* cherubim,) which one sees perched round old monuments; and the maids have a broad, Dutch look, full and florid, like the women in Teniers’ pictures. The very animals seem bursting with over-fatness: the great horse that draws his substantial equipage, labours under the double weight of his master’s flesh and his own; his cows look like stalled oxen; and the leash of large red greyhounds, on whose prowess and pedigree he prides himself, and whom he boasts, and vaunts, and brags of, and offers to bet upon, in the very spirit of the inimitable dialogue between Page and Shallow in the “*Merry Wives of Windsor*,” could no more run a course in their present condition than they could fly,—the hares would stand and laugh at them.

Mr. Lane is certainly a very happy person; although, when first he removed

from the Butts, it was quite the fashion to bestow a great deal of pity on the poor rich man, self-condemned to idleness,—which pity was as much thrown away as pity for those who have the power to follow their own devices generally is. Our good neighbour is not the man to be idle. Besides going every day to the old shop, where his sons carry on the business, and he officiates *en amateur*, attending his old clubs, and pursuing his old diversions in Belford, he has his farm in Sunham to manage, (some five hundred acres of pasture and arable land, which he purchased with his new house,) and the whole parish to reform. He has already begun to institute inquiries into charity-schools and poor-rates, has an eye on the surveyor of highways, and a close watch on the overseer; he attends turnpike meetings, and keeps a sharp look-out upon the tolls; and goes peeping about the workhouse with an anxiety to detect peculation that would do honour even to a radical member of the reformed House of Commons.

Moreover, he hath a competitor worthy of his powers in the shape of the village orator, Mr. Jacob Jones, a little whipper-snapper of a gentleman farmer, with a shrill, cracked voice, and great activity of body, who, having had the advantage of studying some odds-and-ends of law, during a three years' residence in an attorney's office, has picked up therein a competent portion of technical jargon, together with a prodigious volubility of tongue, and a comfortable stock of impudence; and, under favour of these good gifts, hath led the village senate by the nose for the last dozen years. Now, Mr. Jacob Jones is, in his way, nearly as great a man as Mr. Lane; rides his bit of blood a fox-hunting with my Lord; dines once a year with Sir John; and advocates abuses through thick and thin—he does not well know why—almost as stoutly as our good knight of the cleaver does battle for reform. These two champions are to be pitted against each other at the next vestry-meeting, and much interest is excited as to the event of the contest. I, for my part, think, that Mr. Lane will carry the day. He is, in every way, a man of more substance; and Jacob Jones will no more be able to withstand “the momentum of his republican fist,” than a soldier of light infantry could stand the

charge of a heavy dragoon. Stephen, honest man, will certainly add to his other avocations that of overseer of Sunham. Much good may it do him!—*Miss Mitford.*

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MAGAZINE DAY.\*

“Magazine Day” is a sort of monthly era in the life of a London bookseller. The orders for the forthcoming numbers of the various periodicals which he is in the habit of receiving for some days previously, keep it constantly in his mind's eye; and when it does arrive, the great contest among the trade is who shall be able to supply their customers earliest. Magazine Day can only be said fairly to commence about half-past nine o'clock, and before twelve you will see the various periodicals in the windows of every retail bookseller throughout the width and breadth of the metropolis. Perhaps in no other instance, that of newspapers alone excepted, is an article so rapidly circulated over town, as periodical literature on that day.

The point from which the magazines and other periodicals all start when their distribution is about to take place, is Paternoster-row, which, with that fondness for brevity of expression so characteristic of the people of London, is invariably called “the Row.” The Row is not only the great, but may be said to be the only emporium of periodical literature on Magazine Day. Most persons unacquainted with the London bibliopolic trade, fancy that every bookseller in town, who receives an order for a certain periodical from the country, must go for it direct to the particular publisher of that periodical. This is not the fact. The party receiving the order sends it at once to the Row, where he gets the periodical in question, and where he gets, at the same time, all the other periodicals which other customers may have ordered. If he had to go for each periodical to the place of publication, he would find it impossible to get through his business, if of any extent, with the requisite expedition, as the publishers of such works are scattered in all directions throughout the metropolis. Only fancy a person having to

\* This article is contributed by the Author of “Random Recollections of the House of Commons,” “The Great Metropolis,” &c.

go, say from the middle of the city, first to a house in Leadenhall-street, for the "Asiatic Journal," and then westward to Regent-street for "Frazer's Magazine," "Bentley's Miscellany," or the "Metropolitan Magazine." Instead of this, however, he has only to go to the Row, where he at once gets, from the house he is in the habit of dealing with, all the periodicals for which he may have orders.

The actual publishers of periodicals, therefore, have, properly speaking, nothing to do with the sale of their respective works on Magazine Day, and they seldom have any idea of the actual number sold of their own publications on that day. I have known instances in which the proprietors of some new periodical, or the new proprietors of some old one, have been extremely anxious to know the effects of the expenditure of a very large sum of money in advertisements, and yet have not been able to form the least idea on the subject on Magazine Day. The plan adopted by the publishers of periodicals, is to send to the various wholesale houses in the Row large quantities of their respective works, either on the evening before or early in the morning of Magazine Day. Different houses receive different quantities, according to the relative amount of business done. These houses all take them on the condition that the unsold copies shall be returned. They have a small commission on the number sold, over and above the regular trade allowance of twenty-five per cent. This enables them to supply the trade on the same terms as if each periodical were purchased direct from its publisher. These wholesale houses in the Row scarcely ever, by chance, meet with any other customers than the trade; and, consequently they never get full price for any magazine or other periodical they vend.

The number of these wholesale houses in the Row is not great. Including those whose business is chiefly confined to cheap publications, it does not exceed a dozen. The leading houses are not above half a dozen in number. The quantity of business which some of these houses go through on Magazine Day is immense. I know one house which draws, on an average, from 1200*l.* or 1500*l.* Only fancy the number of periodicals, varying from sixpence to three shillings and six-

pence, which must be turned over from the shelves of the establishment to the hands of the purchasers, before such a sum of money could be taken! The house to which I refer disposes of from five hundred to seven hundred and fifty of some of the more popular periodicals. The business done on Magazine Day is all for ready money. There are no credit transactions whatever. The best customers know, that, without money, they will not be supplied, and consequently no credit is either asked for or expected.

The constant bustle kept up from morning till night in these wholesale houses, exceeds anything of which a person who has not witnessed it could form any conception. The premises are full of young men and boys, all struggling for a priority of "supply." I have often seen as many as fifty or sixty wedged into a shop of the ordinary size. What between the rapid and noisy movement of their feet on the floor—the chinking of sovereigns, and shillings, and pence, on the counter—the quarrelling among themselves—the loud announcement of the names of the works supplied, and the amount of money to which each person's order comes, by the parties behind the counter, and the calls of the customers for the different publications wanted—what between all these discordant sounds, kept up without one moment's intermission, a stranger becomes literally stupefied before he has been many minutes in the place. Anything more confused, either to the eye or the ear, it were difficult to conceive. I have often thought that some of the houses in the Row would furnish a fine example, on Magazine Day, of a miniature Babel. The unfortunate persons doomed to spend that day behind the counter, undergo an incredible amount of hardship. Negro slavery, under its worst aspects, never exhibited anything to parallel the labour and fatigue which these persons are fated to encounter. The only thing that sustains them is the consideration that the day happens only once a-month. I am satisfied that a week consecutively of such labour as is undergone in these houses on Magazine Day, would be more than the strongest constitution could endure.

To a person unacquainted with such matter, who chanced to spend a few



minutes in a large house in the Row on Magazine Day, all that he heard would be quite unintelligible. The individuals ordering periodicals scarcely ever call the periodicals they wish to procure by their proper names. The love of brevity, to which I have already referred is observable in every word they utter. The "Gentleman's Magazine" never gets any other name than the "Gents." "Tait's Magazine" is simply "Tait." The "New Monthly Magazine" is the "New Month." The "Metropolitan Magazine" is abbreviated to the first three letters, with the addition of an s. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" is the "Ency. Brit." The "Court Magazine" is the "Courts;" the "Lady's Magazine and Museum" is reduced to the dissyllable of "Ladies;" so that it is quite common to hear one person singing out, in one breath, "two Gents," "six Tait's," "four Blackwood," "dozen Chambers" (meaning monthly parts), "three New Months," "three Mets," "one Court," and "two Ladies." But to form some idea of the ludicrous effect which such unintelligible jargon must have in the ears of a stranger, it will be necessary that the reader imagine to himself that a battery of such terms, levelled, if I may use the expression, at the parties behind the counter, is kept up incessantly by fifteen or twenty persons at once.

The incessant bustle kept up from morning till night in these houses in the Row, coupled with the crowds of persons, chiefly young men, who are always in them, afford excellent opportunities to those youths who may be disposed to exercise their light-fingered capabilities. Handkerchiefs often disappear from one's pockets on such occasions; but when it chances to be a rainy day, and umbrellas are in requisition, the possessors of such articles will require to keep what is called a sharp look-out if they mean to retain them for their own use. A few years since, I had occasion, on a rainy Magazine Day, to be in one of the wholesale houses in the Row. I laid down an excellent silk umbrella while I paid for a magazine; it instantly vanished. I mentioned the circumstance to one of the proprietors of the establishment; his answer was, "Oh, sir, everybody must take care of himself on Magazine Day."

While mortified at the circumstance, I could not help admiring the remarkable dexterity with which the theft had been committed. I hung the article on the counter, close beside me, and I am sure half a dozen seconds could not have elapsed before I discovered that it was gone.

Magazine Day always occurs on the last day of the month, except when that last day happens on a Sunday. In such a case, Magazine Day takes place on the Saturday. The appearance of the Row on such days exhibits a remarkable contrast to what it does on any other day of the month. On other days of the month, the Row has a dull aspect. You only meet with a single individual at distances of from twenty to thirty yards. The place has quite a deserted appearance. Very different is it on Magazine Day. Then you see crowds of persons, chiefly young men, flying about in all directions, with bags thrown over their shoulders, either partially or wholly filled with "Mags," as the case chances to be. They could not appear in greater haste though they were running to save their lives.

I have referred to the quantity of business done in one of the largest houses in the Row on Magazine Day. What the entire number of periodicals which are sold by the booksellers in the Row on that day is, I have no data by which I can arrive at a positive conclusion; but, from calculations I have made, I should think the number of periodicals which issue from the Row on the last day of every month cannot be much under fifty thousand; and I should think the entire sum received over the counter for these is not less 7000*l.* or 8000*l.*

The Row is well adapted for being the emporium of literature. It is exactly in the centre of London, being in the immediate vicinity of St. Paul's. And yet, while thus in the very centre of this great and busy metropolis, it is, as I have said before, so very quiet, except on Magazine Day, that, if a stranger were taken from the country, and dropped down into it blindfolded, he would, on opening his eyes, conclude that he was in some small provincial town. The Row is almost exclusively occupied by booksellers and stationers. The only premises of any note possessed by any other tradesman, are

those occupied by a candle-maker. I have often thought it a pity that he could not be induced by some means or other to go and manufacture his rushlights, his sixes, &c., in some other quarter. The association between tallow and literature is quite an odd one.

I have said that Magazine Day is a sort of era in the history of the bibliopolic trade; so it is also in that of another class of persons—I mean authors of books and contributors to periodicals. Every Magazine Day, by ten o'clock, authors are attracted to the Row, from all parts of the metropolis, to see what is said of their productions in the literary notices; while contributors, or rather would-be contributors, are drawn to the same locality, to see whether their articles are inserted, or whether they can read their fate in the notices to correspondents. Neither authors who expect their books to be reviewed, nor candidates for admission into magazines, have resolution to wait till the periodicals are regularly published. Their anxiety to ascertain their doom, in such cases, is so intense, that they will rather walk from the most distant parts of London to the Row—the magazines being here first seen—than wait for two or three hours, till brought to them. When the result is agreeable, they do not regret their early rising, or the distance they have walked; when it is otherwise they reproach themselves with their folly in having tormented themselves before the time.

Magazine Day is not confined to the metropolitan circulation of periodical literature. On that day, works of this class are collected for all parts of the country, and sent off in packages by the earliest conveyance. Since the late establishment of steam communication between London and almost every port of any importance in the kingdom, the periodicals which first see the light in the Row, on Magazine Day, are in the hands of readers in the remotest parts of the country in less than a week. The quantity of literature thus sent off in monthly parcels to the country is immense, and has been vastly increased since the introduction of cheap publications into the bibliopolic market.

*Chambers' Journal.*

WHAT IS HONOUR?

Not to be captious, nor unjustly fight;  
To confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

GLANCES AT THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

**Huddersfield.**—The Huddersfield Tunnel is a most extraordinary work. Between Huddersfield and the village of Marsden, where it commences, there are on the canal forty-two locks—the turnpike road leading by the side, along higher ground, through a very romantic glen, which assumes gradually a more and more mountainous character. The mouth of the tunnel is about seven miles distant from Huddersfield, a little to the north of the canal. Here the Manchester-road commences a stupendous ascent, of a mile and a half in continuation, so that, were it not that the tunnel proclaims its own wonder, being in length three miles and a quarter, cut through the middle of a solid mountain—the face of the country altogether would seem to bid defiance to such a work of art. The cost is said to have been 300,000*l.*, which brings the expense to 1*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* per inch; but notwithstanding, the line is regularly worked, the undertaking has failed to reimburse the original proprietors. As the dimensions are too small to admit of two boats passing each other during their passage through, strict regulations are enforced as to the times when they are permitted to enter at either end. Accordingly they adopt intervals of four hours, continually, during day and night; when the towing horses are sent over the hill in charge of a man, who receives sixpence for conducting each horse. The span of the circular aperture is about ten feet; the height not sufficient to allow a man to stand upright in the boat—those used in this navigation being of a narrow, compact build, suited to the service, and capable of carrying from twelve to twenty tons.

The operation of working the boats through is a singular one; and performed by a description of labourers adventitiously hired for the purpose. As there is generally work to be had, a sufficient number of these continually present themselves, who having remained a few days or a week, or as long as it suits them, receive their payment, pursue their march, and choose another occupation. These men, from the nature of their service, are called "leggers," for they literally work the boat with their legs, or kick it from one end of the tunnel to the other; two "leggers" in each boat, lying on their sides, back to back, derive a purchase from shoulder to shoulder, and use their feet against the opposite walls. It is a hard service, performed in total darkness, and not altogether void of danger, as the roof is composed of loose material, in some parts continually breaking in. Two hours is the time occupied in legging a boat through, and a legger earns a shilling for a light boat; after twelve tons he receives one shilling and sixpence, and so on. Adjacent to the tunnel are considerable reservoirs of water on the higher ground; I saw one containing about twelve acres; another considerably more elevated, is a great deal larger. This latter I did not see, but a miller, whose works receive the stream

as it passes towards the lower reservoir, told me it enabled him, on its transit, to set on three pairs of stone of four feet ten inches diameter, for three weeks, day and night; he said it measured forty acres.

DEWSBURY.—The town of Dewsbury is not only celebrated for its manufacture of blankets, but also for a novel business or trade which has sprung up in England, in addition to the arts and sciences, of late years—namely, that of grinding old garments new; literally tearing in pieces fusty old rags, collected from Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent, by a machine called a "devil," till a substance very like the original wool is produced: this, by the help of a small addition of new wool, is respun and manufactured into sundry useful coarse articles; such as the wadding which Messrs. Stultze and Co. introduce within the collars of their very fashionable coats, and various descriptions of druggets, horse sheeting, &c.

The trade or occupation of the late owner, his life and habits, or the filthiness and antiquity of the garment itself, oppose no bar to this wonderful process of regeneration; whether from the scarecrow or the gibbet, it makes no difference; so that, according to the transmutation of human affairs, it no doubt frequently does happen, without figure of speech or metaphor, that the identical garment to-day exposed to the sun and rain in a Kentish cherry orchard, or saturated with tobacco smoke on the back of a beggar in a pot-house, is doomed, in its turn, "perfusus liquidis odoribus," to grace the swelling collar, or add dignified proportion to the chest of the dandy. Old flannel petticoats, serge, and bunting, are not only unravelled and brought to their original thread by the claws of the devil, but this machine, by-the-way, simply a series of cylinders armed with iron hooks, effectually, it is said, pulls to pieces and separates the pitchmark of the sheep's back—which latter operation really is a job worthy of the very devil himself. Those who delight in matters of speculation have here an ample field, provided they feel inclined to extend their researches on this doctrine of the transmigration of coats; for their imagination would have room to range in unfettered flight, even from the blazing galaxy of a regal drawing-room down to the night cellars and lowest haunts of London, Germany, Poland, Portugal, &c. as well as probably even to other countries visited by the plague. But as such considerations would only tend to put a man out of conceit with his own coat, or afflict some of my fair friends with an antipathy to flannel altogether, they are much better let alone; nevertheless, the subject may serve as a hint to those whom a spirit of economy may urge to drive an over-hard bargain with their tailor, or good housewives, who inconsiderately chuckle at having been clever enough, as they imagine, to perform an impossibility—that is to say, in times while the labourer is worthy of his hire, to buy a pair of blankets for less than the value of the wool. These economists may treasure up much useful information, by considering

well the means by which materials may be combined to suit their purpose; for the "shoddy," as it is called, may be, as occasion requires, mixed with new wool in any proportion; so as to afford, by the help of various artists, in this free country, equal satisfaction to all parties, whether the latter be tidy or dirty by nature.

As I was anxious to see somewhat of the above process, I walked from Dewsbury to the village of Battley Carr, on the river Calder, about a mile distant, where there are several rag mills, and paid a visit to one of them. The rags were ground, as they term it, in the uppermost apartment of the building, by machines, in outward appearance like Cook's agricultural winnowing machine, and each attended by three or four boys and girls. The operation of the machinery was so thoroughly incased in wood, that nothing was to be seen, though it consisted, as has been before observed, of cylinders armed with hooks, which, being of different sizes, perform their office one after another till the rags put in at the top come out at the bottom to all appearance like coarse short wool. A single glance at the ceremony going forward was quite sufficient to convey a tolerable idea of the business—a single whiff of air from the interior of the apartment was almost more than could be endured.

I will not undertake to render intelligible to the other senses what is an affair of the nose alone—in other words, I will not attempt to describe an ill smell; first, because the subject is not agreeable, and next, because it is particularly difficult; indeed, I know not even whether it be a physical or a metaphysical question, whether or not a smell be, *de jure*, a noun and the name of a thing, having substance and dimensions, or whether it be an ethereal essence void of material particles—as it were the benediction of animal matter departing from the physical to the metaphysical world, and at that very critical moment of its existence, or non-existence, when it belongs to neither. But if the smell of the rag-grinding process can be estimated in any degree, and an inference drawn, by the quantity of dust produced, the quality of the latter at the same time not being forgotten, then some little notion may probably be given by stating, that the boys and girls who attend the mill are not only involved all the time it works in a thick cloud, so as to be hardly visible, but whenever they emerge, appear covered from head to foot with downy particles that entirely obscure their features and render them in appearance like so many brown moths.

It is really extraordinary to observe, on taking a portion of shoddy in the hand as it comes from the mill, the full extent of its transmutation—how perfectly the disentanglement of the filament has been effected; although, notwithstanding its freshened appearance, time and temperature must have inevitably brought it nearer to the period of ultimate decay.

The shoddy thus prepared in the mill is afterward subjected to the usual process of

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manufacture, and together with an admixture of new wool, and the help of large quantities of oil, it is passed through the discipline of the carding machine, mules, &c., till a thread is formed, which latter is handed to the weavers. But, alas! there is no such thing as perfection in human nature, or the works of man:—notwithstanding all possible exertion, there are certain parts and particles appertaining to these fusty old rags that cannot be worked up into new coats, do what men will; and of which the shoddy, to do it justice, may be said to be wholly liberated and purified: such things, for instance, as the hides of ancient fleas that have lingered through a rainy season and died of rheumatism, and so forth. Yet, in the present day, such is the enlightenment of man's understanding, that even all these, be they what they may, are scrupulously turned to account, being mixed up together with all the refuse, and that part of the shoddy too short to spin, packed in bales, covered with coarse matting, and thus shipped off to Kent as manure for hops. In this state, called "tillage muck," it fetches about forty-seven shillings a ton. In a yard adjoining Raven's wharf, which though a mile from the town of Dewsbury, and the road is extremely hilly, is the usual place of shipment, I saw a large heap of this compost which very much resembled—"horresco referens"—"I have a crawling sensation as I write"—the stuffing I have occasionally seen, nay, slept upon, in inferior mattresses. Workmen were at the time employed in lading a cargo of these bales, as well as the compost that lay in bulk in the yard; they were then heating most violently. Impressed, on account of the vessel, with the apprehension of fire, for never did I see goods put on board in such a state, I asked the man at the crane whether he did not think there was danger. After looking at me for some seconds with attention, his reply was at least emphatic—"I like, sir," said he, "to see 'em sweat."—*Sir George Head.*

## RAMBLES IN MEXICO.

### THE GULF.

The Halcyon was a small, two-masted vessel, of about trifling burden, in fact, of far too great a draught for the trade in which it was engaged, as will be seen hereafter. The peculiar details of the rig I spare you; first, because you would hardly be wiser for them, and secondly, because I have forgotten them. Our freight below deck consisted of *notions*, or a mixed cargoe of European and American manufacture, suited to the Mexican market. The hold was gorged to the hatches; the forward deck encumbered with two large piles of merchandise and lumber, and the cabins, fore and aft,

were filled to a certain extent, much to the discomfort of the live stock on board, under which head our trio, and about forty passengers—inclusive of women and children, and exclusive of half a dozen of hands belonging to the vessel—must be comprised.

The low after-cabin measured twelve feet by eight. It was furnished with four confined double berths, each containing a dirty mattress, a blanket, and on an average five hundred cockroaches and other creepers. Half a dozen passengers might have been accommodated with some decency in this den; nevertheless, as it was, it was devoted to the free use of five-and-twenty. In brief, the manner in which the vessel was crammed to repletion with live and dead stock, to the exclusion of any chance of ease, was discreditable to the owners and officers of the ship. But what could we expect from beings such as we now had to deal with!

The day spent at anchor, within the bar of the Mississippi, had given us some foretaste of our position, and of the character of those among whom we were thrown; and during the succeeding days, we had ample time for closer observation.

As to the nations and pursuits, there was distinction enough among the forty souls on board: as to character, one term would suffice; they were rogues all; ourselves excluded. De Vignes, the captain, was a Provençal, the same who, if report said true, commanded the Calypso slave ship, with three hundred slaves on board, which was captured by an English cruiser off Mantanzas. Within sight of his port, his evil star prevailed; he was observed and chased—was obliged to run his ship aground, and only escaped certain hanging by leaping overboard, and swimming for his life to the shore. Though a slave dealer and excessively choleric, he was not without his good points. When not irritated, he might be termed good natured, and evinced generous and charitable feelings. He was doubtless a good seaman. His general manner, however, gave you the impression of being soured by adversity, and by a constant struggle with misfortune. Among the crew under his command, you might enumerate probably as many

nations as individuals; and nothing could be more amusing than to hear the orders, whenever he was in a bustle, given and responded to in English, Spanish and French.

Among those who were entitled, by right of payment, to the same accommodation as ourselves—with the exception of the special enjoyment of the berths and cockroaches, which we had timely secured—there were characters such as would make the fortune of any of the present herd of tale-weavers for the annuals and magazines. I cannot linger, however, with either Don Peblo, a fat old Spaniard, full of conceits, and odd scraps of songs, with a good chance of being hung as a Guachupin; or Don Garcia, an exiled Mexican officer, of Iturbide's party, repairing secretly thither with reasonable expectation of being discovered and shot; or Cortina the captain, who had lost his ship; or Celestina, the *farceur* of the company. Neither can I give you the history of the conjuror on board; nor describe the boisterous singing and gaming, the impure orgies and impious airs of the *mauvais sujets*, French, Spanish, German nor give the history of the fair Creole emigrating from New Orleans, with her squalling child, under the protection of a fat and portly schoolmaster of Tamaulipas, jealous and suspicious of every man on board. One personage, however, was too striking not to be singled out.

A tall athletic figure, with strongly marked features; a countenance roughened with the signs of long addiction to a life of passion and adventure; shabby travel-worn habiliments, and a slouched hat, under which, he could, when occasion suited, throw his changeful features into shadows, indicated the bravo, *soi-disant* Monsieur le Marquis de Maison Rouge, of the ancient and noble house of Maison Rouge de Perpignan. According to his own account, he had been born and bred in Louisiana, and had been cheated of some hundred thousand million acres of fat and fertile land in that state, as his lawful patrimony. He had been compelled by a stern and uncivil guardian to study civil engineering, and, according to his own testimony, with considerable success. Subsequently, he was taken prisoner by the English, when acting as sentinel in the marshes, at the

time of the attack upon New Orleans. Whether his brain or his morals had become unsettled from a knock on the head from the but end of a musket, which he had received on this occasion, and had not yet digested, I cannot say; but it was evident that he had never acted like a man of education, breeding or noble birth since. He had adopted the creed of Sardanapalus; and at New Orleans, in the attakapas, at the Havanna, in the islands, and on the main land, had led, for years, a shameless life of sin and crime. As he acquired gold, he spent it in brawls and violence. His person bore the marks of the cutting and stabbing frays in which he had often been an actor, and not unfrequently a victim. Now, penniless, he was going to Mexico, to make his fortune in some wild speculation, in reference to which he could neither point out the means by which it was to be set on foot, nor the ultimate ends which were to be gained. When not excited, he was good tempered, and his voice was one of the most musical I ever heard. When conversing, which he did at times most agreeable and well, you could hardly believe that those bland tones were the production of such a stormy machine; or that the same lips could pour forth that uncontrolled torrent of impure language, in hot vehemence of rage, when the possessor was under the influence of passion. Never did I see before me an example like that here afforded, of the wakefulness of conscience while the body slept. He never gave himself up to rest like other men. It seemed that his nerves were never unbraced, and his muscles never in complete repose—that the bow was never unstrung. The first impulse of his muscular arm on being disturbed, was to place itself in a position to guard his body; the first expression of his lineaments was that of suspicion. He never seemed to dream of his innocent childhood, but always of the scenes of his misspent and stormy manhood, and they truly were not calculated to lull his slumbers.

Thus crowded together and surrounded, it was a blessing to be favoured by wind and weather, and to have a reasonable hope of a speedy termination to our voyage. The meals, which occurred twice a day, were hasty and rude repasts, of

which, hunger compelling, we all partook, standing round the raised roof of the after-cabin: below decks, it would have been impossible to assist at them.

Sunday was, of course, in nowise distinguished from other days, by a greater propriety of demeanor or calmer temper of mind. We were quite beyond the Sabbath: and the only thing which marked that such a day was entered on the log, was a quarrel, knife in hand, between the supervisor of provisions and the cook, arising from a claim to the honor of mixing the Sunday pudding, upon which each insisted. I forget who gained the victory ultimately, but I remember that the pudding was very badly mixed, and as tough as parchment.

The morning of the fifth day after quitting the Balize, as I have related, it fell calm. A golden mist hovered over the surface of the sea, and the green color of its waters betokened our having come upon soundings. The weather, as the day advanced, maintained the same character. Portuguese men-of-war floated by hundreds about the goelette; and whenever the white vapours, in which the horizon was swathed, broke in our vicinity, and the sunlight burst upon us, the air was delicious. The state of inaction, however, was disagreeable, and the constant jar of what our captain in his piebald language, called the *pumtackle*, as the bark rolled on the swell, not the less so. We were drifting slowly on the current to the northward. As the sun sunk, however, the sea breeze filled our sails; and the mist dispersing, we proceeded to the westward; and, coming in full view of the low, sandy hills on the beach, anchored after sunset in about nine fathoms, in the roads of Tampico, directly opposite the bar at the entrance of the river Panuco, distant about three miles.

This was not so much amiss. But our pleasant dreams of a speedy termination to the present state of duration vile were, as yet, far from being realized.

The night was clear and starlight—how bright and brilliant the constellations stood in the heavens, I cannot describe to you. Even after our short voyage, the breath of the land was delicious, and the heavy dull sound of the breakers on the bar that engirdled the land of wonders before us,

was music to our ears as we lay under our blankets stretched on the roof of the cabin. We hailed our escape from the arms of winter; from the marshes, quags, mud and snow of New Orleans, its thick and polluted air, where the worshippers of Mammon alone can find delight, to the mountains, the vegetation, the eternal summer of New Spain.

Still, if I may depict my own feelings, I must confess that there was a weight on my spirits, which, though it could not entirely crush those pleasant hopes and reflections, seemed to prevent their soaring and running riot. I would not shut my eyes to some signs of probable difficulty which all might have noticed; and I could not prevent certain portents of coming troubles from depressing on my mind.

Among the former I may mention the knowledge, that as there was only six or seven feet of water on the bar, while our vessel had full ten feet draught, she must consequently be unloaded before she could enter the river. Further, that where we lay, as well as on the whole shelterless and iron-bound coast to the north and south, no vessel could maintain its ground, should any of the prevailing winds arise. In addition, it was whispered about the vessel, that no inconsiderable quantity of contraband goods were concealed on board, and that a recent change in the custom house of Tampico, combined with the bad name which the Halcyon had already acquired, would probably bring the vessel and all on board into difficulty, in this semi-barbarous country, where the law was but imperfectly understood, and still more imperfectly administered.

Moreover, the eyes and ears of some of us on board were witnesses of much calculated to throw a yet darker veil over the future.

Lovely as the weather had been for some time, the signs of a coming change had gradually thickened upon us. The deep blue of the southern sky, had of late, occasionally, towards evening, been flickered with one or two light vapoury and feathery clouds, like the tail of a comet, seemingly balanced over our heads in the upper regions of the atmosphere. The cessation of the steady breeze, the fluctuating calm of the preceding day, the superabundant dews, and more than

all, the restless swell now heaving upon the shore from the depths of the gulf, had all betokened to the practised eye and long experience of De Vignes the near approach of a *norte*, one of the most dreaded of those violent winds which agitate this land-locked and deceitful sea; and while others were dreaming of land, he was evidently thinking of storm and tempest, and was preparing for it accordingly. Our chain cable was fitted with a buoy, and arrangements made to slip it at a moment's warning. Before he went to his repose, the topmasts and yards were lowered, and every sail on board double reefed, and the decks cleared as far as it was possible to clear them.

With the approach of morning, driving bodies of cold mist covered us once more, and veiled the land from our view. Hour went after hour, and the evil omens thickened around us; the sky became blurred with shapeless masses of reddish clouds; as the sun rose, a broken and discolored rainbow was seen in the west. Ill-omened arch! how different from the bow after summer rain, spanning the eastern sky at eventide, which we have learned to hail as full of promise!

About ten o'clock a. m. the sea breeze dispersed the mists on the smoothed but heaving surface of the water, but had no power on the sky, which imperceptibly grew of a deeper dun, especially from the zenith to the southeast.

Our eyes were anxiously turned to the west, where we could again descry the range of coast, the foam-covered line of breakers on the bar, and the tall masts of a number of vessels within it. Six or eight of various burden were seen riding at anchor, in the open roadstead; either watching, like ourselves, for communication with the shore, or outward bound, for the reception of their cargo. Our glasses were constantly directed to the bar for some indication that the signals for a pilot were observed; but hours came and went, without the slightest sign of recognition. As the day passed the meridian, however, a black spot was seen among the breakers, and then another, and we soon distinguished two custom-house boats pulling north and south, to communicate with other ships. When it became evident that neither considered us within their

beat, the captain resolved to send the shallop with two men to communicate with them. Two more hours of uncertainty followed, when the boatmen came back, stating that the answer returned by the officers was, that we must come and anchor near the shore, before they would board us. Old De Vignes gave a terrific growl on hearing this; and glanced at the thickening sky, and at the eastern horizon; and, after a moment's hesitation, gave the necessary order to obey, and to run the goelette in. The anchor was weighed; and a momentary exultation was felt by all, as we found ourselves at length riding at anchor again within hail.

What then occurred is now like a dream to me; that a boat should come aboard of us, and that hardly an individual should leave the goelette, when at this time our fate might have been foreseen by the most heedless on board, seems to me to be perfectly incomprehensible. The crowded state of the vessel was a source of discomfort to all; our water and our biscuit were both known to be running short, and the signs of the impending tempest could no longer be misunderstood. Yet no one stirred—for why, no one could give a reason but the poor one, that the few who went, must go without baggage ashore, and the impulse seemed to be “to stick by the stuff.” The boat was, after an instant's parley, pushed off again with its wild, savage looking crew, who were accompanied by the supercargo of the goelette, after giving the promise, that early next morning all the passengers should be landed, and the discharge of the cargo forthwith commenced. They hoisted the sail—were soon carried to the bar, and disappeared among the huge waves which broke upon it.

The momentary bustle over, we had time to comprehend our position, and it grew more dreary every instant. The wind now blew steadily from the southeast, and the swell rose with it. The sky began to lose its uniform shade, and to jag and to rend into shapeless masses of broken clouds. The man-of-war bird was seen high up in the atmosphere, breasting the breeze, and scudding out to sea; while the bands of white pelicans, which we had watched soaring and diving

in the roadstead during the morning, quit-  
ted their toils and wheeled their heavy  
flight over the breakers to the sheltered  
sands and lagoons of the land. It seemed  
as if all were leaving us and our illstarred  
neighbours to their fate. It was evident  
that the latter had taken the alarm, and  
were hastily preparing for the coming  
struggle with the powers of the air and  
ocean. One brig partly discharged,  
which lay about a mile nearer the bar,  
trusting probably to the weight of water  
which was now rolling in upon the land,  
resolved to attempt the passage, and set-  
ting her sails, stood in boldly for the  
shore. The day must have been near  
its close, for we had difficulty to descry  
her motions distinctly in the thickening  
haze. She was seen to career midway  
among the breakers, when suddenly her  
change of position and inclination told us  
she had struck. A few minutes of intense  
anxiety followed. To return was impos-  
sible, and if she did not advance, her  
total loss was unavoidable. We saw her  
heave and strike heavily three or four  
times, as the sea rolled in upon her, and  
had given her up for lost, when providen-  
tially a heavier billow than ordinary  
carried her over the last ridge, and righting,  
she was in safety. How we envied her!

As evening darkened, the deck, the  
wind increased, and the captain no  
longer made a secret of his conviction  
that we should be driven out to sea before  
morning. There was something like des-  
pair painted on the visages of some,  
when this became known; and a volley  
of curses, deep, not loud, answered the  
announcement.

We were not long left in uncertainty.  
"The ship to the southward is scudding!"  
said one. "There goes the brig!" ex-  
claimed another. I remember I was in  
my usual position on the deck near the  
little tiller; now and then glancing at  
the dim form of our nearest neighbour;  
or searching into the gloom to windward,  
striving to penetrate the dusk out of  
which one spectral foam-tipped billow  
was heaving and passing under us after  
another, urged by the impulse of a strong  
but steady wind, when all of a sudden  
the goelette received a shock from the  
opposite quarter which staggered all upon  
deck, and steadied her completely for the  
moment.

"*El norte!*" yelled the mate at my  
elbow, as a torrent of wind and spray  
swept over the deck. "*El norte!*"  
echoed Cortina, the shipless captain, "I  
lost my ship in the last!" "*El norte!*"  
shouted the bravo, excited with the  
coming struggle with the elements, for  
which he had been preparing himself by  
stripping himself almost naked, and tying  
a ragged handkerchief about his head.  
"Helm hard down—slip the chain  
cable!" responded the captain, as he  
hoisted the jib with his own hands; and  
instantly the harsh sound of the iron was  
heard passing out at the bow: The vessel  
began to change her direction, when  
suddenly she was brought to again with a  
jerk, and a cry forward announced that  
the last bolt of the chain refused to pass  
through the hawse hole.

A cold chisel was procured, and while  
it was employed to cut the bolt, all who  
were aware of the circumstance were in-  
clined to check their breath. Our  
position was truly one of no ordinary  
peril, as the strain upon the forward  
timber threatened to tear it out of the ship,  
in which case we must intantly have gone  
down.

At length the bolt was severed, and  
the vessel free from all obstacles, whirled  
round, and began to fly before the wind.

Such a wind I had till then never im-  
agined. The sea was apparently levelled  
under its pressure; and far and near  
seemed like a carpet of driving snow,  
from the sleet and foam which were  
raised and hurried along its surface.

Thus we turned our back on the shore,  
and drove hour after hour in storm and  
darkness into the unknown void before  
us.

What appearance there was in the  
sky I do not know, as our vision was  
limited to a narrow circle of half a furlong  
around us; but if the disorder of the  
clouds answered that of the waves, there  
must have been awful doings over our  
heads.

The sea, in spite of the tremendous  
force of the wind which I have alluded  
to, was not long to be lulled in this un-  
natural slumber, but began to rise and  
toss us about in fearful wise; and yet it  
was not until we had run under shortened  
sail for many hours, in a direction that  
carried us out of all danger of the coast



and we lay to under three-reefed mainsail and trysail, that we felt all the discomfort of our situation.

By this time the decks, washed by the sea, had been cleared of all lumber. The cocks and hens had been drowned in the coops, the boat had been half staved, the binnacle and compass broken, and all the inhabitants forced by the wet and chillness of the atmosphere to herd together below deck.

Meantime, what between the crowded state of the cabins, the violence of the storm, the shocks received from the strife of waters in which we were involved, the fears and terrors of some, the horrid and blasphemous language uttered by others of the desperadoes about us, the dirt and impurity surrounding us, and the quarrelling and caballing of the crew, our position was truly unenviable.

Morning brought no cessation of the tempest. The wind continued to blow with terrific violence, and daylight found us rocking and riding among a tumult of billows, whitened by the driving surf, and enveloped by a gray misty cloud of agitated vapour. The pumps were sounded every half hour. The *Halcyon* was however sound, and the captain's arrangements well and knowingly made; and there we rode, while one immense billow after another swelled up like huge monsters out of the mist to windward, advanced topling towards us, with its broad spread moving slopes marbled by the bands of creamy foam, and after a moment of seeming hesitation whether it should go over or under us, was seen vanishing to leeward.

The history of hours thus spent, must be passed over. The first day the *Halcyon's* stomach seemed to be annihilated. Nobody cared for sustenance, and cooking was out of the question. Some hope had been entertained that the storm might lull at sunset, the same hour at which it had arisen; but the evening apparently darkened over us more gloomily than before, and all the livelong night the wild wind and wild waves continued to struggle on the agitated bosom of the gulf. Our cabin was a Pandemonium.

Towards noon the second day the wind began to abate, the vapour to disperse, and the clouds to grow more transparent. An imperfect observation

taken at twelve o'clock showed us that we had been driven about one hundred and fifty miles to the southeast of Tampico. With evening it fell a dead calm, while the sea continued to roll mountains high, and the goelette for the following twenty-four hours was tossed about like a cork in a boiling pot.

Both bread and water were becoming scarce, and we were put upon an allowance of the latter. After the cessation of the norte the sky became perfectly clear, and the weather warm, with glorious moonlight nights. The lightness and variableness of the wind, however, had allowed us to make but little way; the more so, as we were during the calms at the mercy of the powerful currents in these seas.

To cut a long story short, you may imagine us on the afternoon of the fifth day from the date of our mishap, once more within sight of land; and approaching our anchorage with feelings which you can well conceive, when you recollect the hearburning we had before experienced, and the hopelessness of a speedy communication with the shore, combined with the present state of the vessel, the nausea, which we could not but feel at our prolonged contact with the most godless and abandoned set of human beings I ever was in company with; and more than all, the fact that the signs of another norte had been thickening around during the day, and now at the approach of night were becoming too evident to admit of misinterpretation. Upon one subject we were all agreed this time, that if we left the *Halcyon* without a rag, we would not let another opportunity slip through our fingers. Well, our signal was once more fluttering in the wind, and we came to our old anchoring ground. One or two of our former neighbours were also seen regaining their port—the greater part were yet missing. With what anxiety we directed our eyes to the bar! An hour went by, evening with its menace narrowed the horizon; the wind which had brought us in blew stiffer and stiffer. I had begun to give up my hope, for, without being able to account for it, I had indulged a little—and had as a duty begun to school myself into resignation to the will of God, whatever that might be—when two specks were seen

in the breakers, and shortly we saw two boats pulling for us with might and main. The one was a revenue barge, and the other was a cockle shell of a boat belonging to an American brigantine within the bar, whose captain, out of friendship for De Vignes, risked the passage with two sailors, and came to warn him of the bad ordour in which the Halcyon stood at Tampico, and the difficulties which would attend his proceedings.

I saw at once that as far as our captain was concerned he was contented to remain out at sea, till time should permit his agents to make the necessary arrangement with the custom-house officers, which was not as yet terminated; and that the fate of his passengers was nothing in his eyes. He, however, clamoured for water, and that earnestly; and made no secret of his belief that he must again go out to sea. But we needed no spur to make us wish to escape from the Halcyon. There was no bond between us and our companions, but that of dire necessity, and chivalrous deference or devotion was here quite out of place. It was evident that each must shift for himself. Besides, among the many kinds of justices to be done, that kind usually termed "justice to one's self" is not always to be disregarded. A timely application to the captain of the brigantine secured us the use of his skiff, which was in truth a mere toy, so fragile that the weight of my two companions and myself was almost too much for it, and sank it to the water's edge. To this we speedily consigned our persons, leaving our goods and chattels to their fate. De Vignes had quarrelled with his acquaintance the instant he set his foot on deck, so that he had nothing to detain him; and after three minutes' stay, the little boat was scudding under a thin linen lugsail, over the broad swell, which was now rolling, in increasing volumes at the lapse of every ten seconds, in towards the land.

The feeling of exultation was warm in our bosoms as the distance between us and our late prison increased. There was, however, a peril in advance, which soon claimed our attention, and that was the passage of the bar, which now exhibited a broad band of breakers. But we felt stout hearted, even in a moment of

indecision, when it was suspected that we were missing the narrow passage and driving to destruction. There was an instant when we seemed on the point of being overwhelmed by the huge masses of foam which rose like columns on either hand, and took the wind out of the sail. In fact, we gave the southern breakers a very perilous shave; yet all sat steady, and in another minute, the bar and the gulf were behind us, and we were passing with wind and tide up the river Panuco.

*Latrobe.*

#### TURKISH JUSTICE.

The following summary of a remarkable case of litigation in Cairo is given by Mr. Lane, in his work on the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians:—"A Turkish merchant residing in Cairo died, leaving property to the amount of six thousand purses (about 30,000*l.*), and no relation to inherit but one daughter. The chief of the merchants of Cairo, hearing of this event, suborned a common fellah, who was the bowwab or doorkeeper of a respected sheykh, and whose parents (both of them Arabs) were known to many persons, to assert himself a son of a brother of the deceased. The case was brought before the Cadee, and as it was one of considerable importance, several of the principal Oolama of the city were summoned to decide it. They were all bribed or influenced by El-Mahbroockee (chief of the merchants), as will presently be shown; false witnesses were brought forward to swear to the truth of the bowwab's pretensions, and others to give testimony to the good character of these witnesses. Three thousand purses were adjudged to the daughter of the deceased, and the other half of the property to the bowwab. The chief Mooftee was absent from Cairo when the case was tried. On his return to the metropolis, the daughter of the deceased merchant repaired to his house, stated her case to him, and earnestly solicited redress. The Mooftee, though convinced of the injustice which she had suffered, and not doubting the truth of what she related respecting the part which El-Mahbroockee had taken in this affair, told her that he feared it was impossible for him to annul the judgment unless there were some singularity in the proceedings of the court, but that he would look at the record of the case in the register of the Mahkemeh. Having done this, he betook himself to the Basha, with whom he was in great favour, for his knowledge and integrity, and complained to him that the tribunal of the Cadee was disgraced by the administration of the most flagrant injustice; that false witness was admitted by the Oolama, however evident and glaring it might be; and that a judgment which had been given in a late case, during his absence, was the general talk and wonder of the town.

The Basha summoned the Cadee, and all the Oolama who had tried this case, to meet the Mooftie in the Citadel, and, when they had assembled there, addressed them, as from himself, with the Mooftie's complaint. The Cadee appearing like the Oolama highly indignant at this charge, demanded to know upon what it was grounded. The Basha replied, that it was a general charge, but particularly grounded upon the case in which the court had admitted the claim of a bowwab to relationship and inheritance which they could not believe to be his right. The Cadee here urged that he had passed sentence in accordance with the unanimous decision of the Oolama then present. 'Let the record of the case be read,' said the Basha. The journal being sent for, this was done; and when the secretary had finished reading the minutes, the Cadee, in a loud tone of proud authority, said, 'And I judged so.' The Mooftie in a louder and more authoritative tone exclaimed, 'And thy judgment is false.' All eyes were fixed in astonishment, now at the Mooftie, now at the Basha, now at the other Oolama. The Cadee and the Oolama rolled their heads and stroked their beards. The former exclaimed, tapping his breast, 'I, the Cadee of Musr, pass a false sentence!' 'And we,' said the Oolama, 'we, Sheykh Mahdee, we, Oolama el-Islam, give a false decision!' 'O Sheykh Mahdee,' said Mahhroockee (who, from his commercial transactions with the Basha, could generally obtain a place in his councils), 'respect the Oolama as they respect thee.' 'O Mahhroockee,' exclaimed the Mooftie, 'art thou concerned in this affair? Declare what part thou hast in it, or else hold thy peace: Go speak in the assemblies of the merchants, but presume not again to open thy mouth in the council of the Oolama.' Mahhroockee immediately left the palace, for he saw how the affair would terminate, and had to make his arrangements accordingly. The Mooftie was now desired by the other Oolama to adduce a proof of the invalidity of their decision. Drawing from his breast a small book on the laws of inheritance, he read from it: 'To establish a claim to relationship and inheritance, the names of the father and mother of the claimant, and those of his father's father and mother, and of his mother's father and mother, must be ascertained.' The names of the father and mother of the pretended father of the bowwab, the false witnesses had not been prepared to give: and this deficiency in the testimony (which the Oolama, in trying the case, purposely overlooked) now caused the sentence to be annulled."

#### THE ABERDEEN PROVOST.

Once upon a time it struck the good people of Aberdeen that it would not only add to their dignity, but also to their profit, that a West India ship should directly sail from their port to Jamaica. They had long looked with an envious eye upon the profits of the high-fed and punch-consuming burgesses of Glasgow,

and grudged them the accumulated treasures won from the successful navigation of the Atlantic. They considered within themselves that every pound of sugar which softened the tea of the fair, or seasoned the toddy of the sages of the city, paid an indirect tax to those rum-bibbing varlets, and they resolved in their own minds that this was a growing evil that must be abated; so, after much consultation, they formed the magnanimous resolution, that they should possess the means of supplying themselves with such outlandish luxuries as had added to the profit of the Glasgowegians. After many mature consultations, therefore, and a great consumption of thought and toddy, it was resolved that a ship should be built, manned, and equipped, to undertake a voyage (which they looked upon as in the last degree doubtful and dangerous) by a kind of joint-stock company, of which the provost patriotically consented to become the head.

Week after week and month after month passed away, and doubts and fears were hinted at, for the safety of "the boaty!" but still it came not. At last some murmurs were expressed by owners to the amount of pounds, that it would have been better to have allowed the men of Glasgow to have taken both the risks and profits of sugar and rum speculations, than for the decent and sober burgesses of Aberdeen to have left the safe and profitable stock-trade with Holland, for any such outlandish speculation. At last, when hope had grown sick, the joyful tidings were spread that "the boaty" was safely moored, and all was as it should be. All the substantial, sponable men of the city, hastened on board, with the provost at their head, to behold with their own eyes a ship that had actually passed twice over the Atlantic; a feat to which Captain Parry's voyage now would seem the mere crossing of a ferry.

Captain Skene received them at the gangway with the gruff hospitality of a seaman, and heartily welcomed his owners on board. But what pen can describe the wonders that met their admiring eyes! There was a cocoa nut, husk and all—a head of Indian corn enveloped in its blades—a negro—a shark's jaw, with its triple row of teeth—a land tortoise—a turtle—a plantain to cure wounds—a centipede in a doctor's phial—a dolphin's tail—and a flying fish preserved in rum. When they had satiated their eyes in admiring these tropical wonders, they were summoned to a dinner in the cabin, rich with all the delicacies of a foreign voyage. There were the Chili pickles that made the eyes to water—the pine apple, which had lost every flavour save that of the spirits in which it had been preserved—the barbecued pig, and the sea pie of innumerable contents—with the terapia baked in the shell, and the lobsous reeking from the coppers.

The provost never felt himself so great a man before. He was now on board of a trader which had visited foreign parts, and of which he was undoubtedly the principal owner. He had been the great means of introducing a new trade into his native city, and he was now in

the full fruition of these gratifying reflections. He felt elated with a double portion of dignity, and was laying down the law with a relative portion of his usual solemnity, when he was most indecorously interrupted by a sudden and violent pulling at his pig-tail from behind. He looked round in wrath; but seeing his assailant was a sickly, weak-looking, dark-complexioned lad, who had skipped off the moment he was observed, and having compassion for his want of breeding, he rebuked him with mildness and dignity, and resumed the thread of his discourse. Scarcely had he done so, however, when the attack was resumed; this was too much to be borne—he forgot in a moment both his age and his place, and exclaimed in peevish fretfulness, “Laddie, but gin you come that gait again, I’ll put ye in the heart o’ auld Aberdeen” (the jail). “What’s the matter wi’ ye, provost!” said the captain. “It is only that unchancy laddie o’ yours,” replied the provost, “has pu’d my tail as an’ he wud tug it oot by the roots.” “What laddie, provost?” cried the captain. “Why, that yin there wi’ the rough mouth and the sair een.” “Laddie! bless you, provost, that’s only a monkey we hae brocht wi’ us.” “A monkey ca’ ye it?” said the astonished provost; “I thoct it was a sugar-maker’s son frae the West Indies, come hame to our university for his education.”—*From the Scotch Haggis, a collection of Anecdotes.*

\* “STOP MY PAPER!”

Of all the silly, short-sighted, ridiculous phrases, this, as it is frequently used, is the most idle and unmeaning. We are called an infant nation, and truly we often individually conduct ourselves like children. We have a certain class of subscribers who take our paper, and profess to like its contents, till, by-and-bye, an opiniou meets their view, with which they do not agree. What do they then, in their sagacity? Turn to their nearest companion with a passing comment upon the error they think they have detected?—or direct a brief communication to the editor, begging to dissent therefrom in the same pages where the article which displeased them has appeared? No. Get into a passion, and, for all we know, stamp and swear, and *instantly*, before the foam has time to cool on their lip, write a letter, commencing with, “Stop my paper!” If we say rents are exorbitantly high, and landlords should be too generous to take advantage of an accidental circumstance, round comes a broad hat and a gold-headed cane, with “Sir, stop my paper!” Does an actor receive a bit of advice? The green-room is too hot to hold him, till relieved by those revengeful words, “Stop my paper!” If we ever praise one, some envious rival steals gloomily in, with—“Sir, if you please, stop my paper!” We dare not hope to navigate the ocean with steam boats, but our paper is “stopped” by a ship captain. Our docter nearly left us the other day because a correspondent had praised an enemy of “our college”—and we expect “*feri facias*” in the office presently, on account of something which we understand somebody has said against

some law suit, in we do not remember what court. But all those affairs were outdone yesterday, by the following:—We were sitting in our elbow-chair, ruminating on the decided advantage of virtue over vice, when a little withered Frenchman, with a cowhide as long as himself, and twice as heavy, rushed into our presence. “Sair!” and he stopped to breathe. “Well, Sir?” “Monsieur!” he stopped again to take breath. “Diable, Monsieur!” and he flourished his instrument about his head. “Really, my friend,” said we, smiling, for he was not an object to be frightened about, “when you have perfectly finished amusing yourself with that weapon, we should like to be the master of our own leisure.” “No, Sair: I have come to horsewhip you wid dis cowhide!” We took a pistol from a drawer, cocked it. “Pardon, Sair,” said the Frenchman; “I will first give you some little explanation. Monsieur, if you have writ dis article!” We looked it over, and acknowledged ourselves the author. It was a few lines referring to the great improvement in rail-roads, and intimating that this mode of travelling would one day supersede every other. “You have writ dat in your papair?” “Yes, Sir.” “Well, den, Sair, stop your rascaille papair. I have devote all my life to ride de *balloon*! I shall look to find every one wid his little *balloon*—to ride horseback in the air—to go round de world in one summair, and makng me rich like Monsieur *Astain* wid de big hotel. Well, Monsienr, now you put piece in you papair to say dat de *rail-road*, Monsieur, de little rail-road supersede—dat is what you say—supersede every ting else. Monsieur, I have de honour to inform you dat de rail-road nevair supersede de *balloon*; and so, Monsieur, stop you vile papair!”—*New York Mirror.*

THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.—The fish commonly called by seamen the “Portuguese Man of War,” is the *holothuria physalis* of Linnæus, and a species of mollusca. It consists of a small bladder about seven inches long; very much resembling the air bladder of fishes; from the bottom of which descends a number of strings, of a bright blue, and red; some of them three or four feet in length; which, upon being touched, sting like a nettle, but with much more force. On the top of the bladder is a membrane, which is used as a sail, and turned so as to receive the wind whichever way it blows; this meabrane is marked in fine pink-coloured veins, and the animal is, in every respect, an object exquisitely curious and beautiful.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—Colonel Despraux, in his pamphlet on the police of Paris, remarks, there seem to be different periods for different crimes. He had always observed the summer months to be comparatively months of low riot. November began the burglaries, January and February the stealing pocket-handkerchiefs and snuff-boxes, probably from the confux to the theatres at that time. But swindling transactions, and all frauds that require peculiar dexterity, were prevalent about *March*.

(To the Editor of the British Colonial Magazine.)

SIR.—The following Poem is the production of the late William Mains of Glasgow. I know not of any poem of its kind, with the exception of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," at all equal to it; and, as it never appeared in any literary Magazine, I transcribe it for the readers of the "British Colonial."

Yours, AB. McLACHLAN.

#### THE WARLOCK'S DEATH BED.

Wha's that a glowing ayont my head  
 Wi' thae fiery wullcat een,  
 Wha asks in a voice that mak's me fley'd,  
 If my lang dead sark be clean:  
 There's a haun' on my breast like a lump o' lead,  
 But it's no the haun' o' a frein.

It's a bonny nicht, and the three-quarter moon  
 Is sailing along the sky;  
 My kimmers are a' in the lift aboon,  
 And sweepin' the licht clouds by;  
 They should hae been here wi' waefu' crew,  
 And seen the auld Warlock die.

Wha's that wi' an eerie soun' at the door?  
 It's the win' soughing mournfu' an' licht—  
 It used to come wi' a joyfu' roar  
 When it wanted me out at nicht,  
 To gang awa down to the wreck-heap'd shore,  
 And laugh at some drowning wicht.

It will often come to the auld Warlock's grave,  
 An' o'er the headstanes spring,  
 An' through the blae nettles wi' anger rave  
 When it canna death's house o'er-ding:  
 But sometime or ither the wa's maun wae,  
 And then I'll awa on its wing.

There's a wee bit spark in the gatherin' coal  
 That lies on the cauld hearth-stane;  
 There's a wee bit spark in the poor auld fool  
 That lies on this bed his lane:  
 The morn's the Sabbath, but 'gin bell tolls,  
 Baith o' the sparks will be gane.

I mind when I swirled o'er the wa's sac steep,  
 O' an auld castle down by the sea,  
 When I drap't the big stanes wi' a powerfu' sweep  
 Down in the dark saut bree;  
 How the thundering noise that cam' frae the deep  
 Made me laugh wi' a fearsome glee.

But a louder storm is now in my ear,  
 For death is at wark in my breast,  
 And riving my thochts wi' an awesome tear  
 Awa' frae their earthly rest,  
 And driving them down a dark ocean of fear,  
 But the laugh o' the Warlock has ceased.

I mind when I was a bit thro' ither thing,  
 O' gaun to a fierce rinnin' burn,  
 And sending a boat, wi' a coup an' a spring,  
 Awa' wi' its sails a-torn;  
 And I clapped my hauns, and wi' joy did sing,  
 For I kent it would ne'er return.

And now I am speeding down a tide  
 Which is baith rapid and black,  
 And the auld farrant spirit that's stauning beside  
 Twirls his hauns wi' a joyfu' smack,  
 And says to himself in the heicht o' his pride,  
 Will the Warlock ever come back?

I mind when I was a bit thro' ither wean,  
 But I canna' remember the word  
 I said, when I was in my bed alane,  
 Whan nane but my Maker heard:  
 I strive to remember, but a' in vain,  
 It's like the lost sang o' a bird.

There's surely somebody lying ayont.  
 For I fin' a het, het breath,  
 And the claes hae a smell as if they were brunt,  
 But it's no' wi' the fever o' death;  
 They'll soon be here wi' their dogs to hunt  
 The poor foolish Warlock's wraith.

I'll up an' awa' to the awmyr neuk,  
 An' sit in my big arm-chair,  
 Whar' after I read the black words o' his beuk,  
 And learnt his accursed lair;  
 And I'll dee, drawin' roun' my bare tatter'd cloak,  
 To keep out the cauld, cauld air.

#### EVENING MUSINGS.

I sit in the dreamy evening light,  
 The lake is sleeping, the stars are bright:  
 My head is pillow'd on thy dear breast,  
 Its burning throbbings are hush'd to rest;  
 My eyes are filled with unbidden tears,  
 For the sad sweet thoughts of other years.  
 I see the visions of youth sweep by,  
 As the golden clouds float o'er the sky,  
 Those visions of perfect love and bliss  
 Not realized in a world like this;  
 As one by one they vanished in gloom,  
 My heart grew cold as a ruin'd tomb,  
 When only the flowers of memory bloom.  
 My bosom's treasures are dead or chang'd,  
 Many are absent—a few estrang'd—  
 And fickle fortune frowns on me now,  
 Deep griefs have furrow'd my youthful brow.  
 Hope—friends—life's pleasures—all, all are gone,  
 I live forsaken! bereft! alone!  
 Forgive me, dear one, LOVE still is mine,  
 While thou dost tenderly call me—thine,  
 I'll think no more of the mournful past,  
 These sighs and these tears shall be my last:  
 The world's contempt I'll no longer dread,  
 Thou art here to raise my drooping head,  
 Thy loving heart shall my refuge be,  
 I will only live for Heav'n and thee.

Mrs. C. Holwell.

#### WHERE ARE THE VISIONS?

"Where are the visions that round me once hover'd,  
 "Forms that shed grace from their shadows alone:  
 "Looks fresh as light from a star just discover'd,  
 "And voices that music might take for her own?"

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,  
 Heard me say, "Where are those visions, oh where?"  
 And, pointing his wand to the sunset before me,  
 Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There!"

Fondly I looked, when the wizard had spoken,  
 And there, 'mid the dim-shining ruins of day,  
 Saw, by their light, like a talisman broken,  
 The last golden fragments of hope melt away.

Moore.

**LEPROSY.**—There is near to the walls of Morocco, about the north-west point, a village, called the Village of Lepers. I had a curiosity to visit it: but I was told that any other excursion would be preferable; that the lepers were totally excluded from the rest of mankind; and that, although none of them would dare to approach us, yet the excursion would not only be unsatisfactory but disgusting. I was, however, determined to go; I mounted my horse, and took two horse guards with me, and my own servant. We rode through the lepers' town; the inhabitants collected at the doors of their habitations, but did not approach us; they, for the most part, showed no external disfiguration, but were generally sallow. Some of the young women were very handsome; they have, however, a paucity of eyebrow, which it must be allowed, is somewhat incompatible with beauty; some few had no eyebrows at all, which completely destroyed the effect of their dark animated eyes. They are obliged to wear a large straw hat, with a brim about nine inches wide: this their *badge of reparation*, a token of division between the clean and the unclean, which, seen in the country or on the road, prevents any one from having personal contact with them. They are allowed to beg, and accordingly are seen by the sides of the roads, with their straw hat badge, and wooden bowl before them, to receive the charity of passengers, exclaiming "Bestow on me the property of God," "All belongs to God!" reminding the passenger that he is a steward, and accountable for the appropriation of his property; that he derives his property from the bounty and favour of God. When any one gives them money, they pronounce a blessing on him; as "May God increase your good!" &c. The province of Haha abounds in lepers; and it is said that the Arganic oil, which is much used in food throughout this picturesque province, promotes this loathsome disease.—*Jackson's Morocco.*

**PROMPT ANSWER.**—Chateaufort, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII. when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is?" "My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where he is not."—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

**DR. JOHNSON.**—When Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Potter, whom he afterwards married, he told her that he was of a mean extraction; that he had no money; and that he had had an uncle hanged. The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with the doctor, replied, that she had no more money than himself, and that though she had not had a relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging. And thus was accomplished this very curious affair.—*The same.*

**A GOOD REBUKE.**—Sir William B. being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know

that I have been at two universities, and at two colleges in each university?" "Well, sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."—*The same.*

**FOUR FUNNY FELLOWS.**—Theo. Cibber, in company with three others made an excursion. Theo. had a false set of teeth—a second a glass eye—a third a cork leg—but the fourth had nothing particular excepting a remarkable way of shaking his head. They travelled in a post coach, and while on the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every baiting-place they would all affect the same singularity. When they came to breakfast they were all to squint—and language cannot express how admirably they all squinted—for they went one degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had done at breakfast. At tea they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the ship at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter—"Here, you fellow, take out my teeth." "Teeth, sir?" said the man. "Ay, teeth, sir. Unscrew that wire, and they'll all come out together." After some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered. This was no sooner performed, than a second called out—"Here you—take out my eye." "Sir," said the waiter, "your eye?" "Yes, my eye. Come here you stupid dog—pull up that eyelid, and it will come out as easily as possible." This done, the third cried out—"Here, you rascal—take off my leg." This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was a cork, and also conceiving that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken: the fourth watched his opportunity, and while the frightened waiter was surveying, with rueful countenance, the eye, teeth and leg, lying on the table, cried out in a frightful hollow voice—"Come here, sir—take off my head." Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarin upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room—and after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran madly about the house, as if terrified out of his senses.—*The same.*

**ARIOSTO,** the celebrated Italian poet, began one of his comedies during his father's life-time, who rebuked him sharply for some great fault, but all the while he returned no answer. Soon after his brother began to scold him on the same subject; but he easily refuted him, and with strong arguments justified his own conduct. "Why, then," said his brother, "did you not so satisfy your father?" "In truth," replied Ariosto, "I was just then thinking of a part of my comedy, and methought my father's speech to me was so suited to the part of an old man chiding his son, that I entirely forgot I was concerned in it myself, and considered it only as forming a part of my play."

**PHOSPHORUS.**—This singular substance was accidentally discovered in 1677, by an alchemist of Hamburg, named Brandt, when he was engaged in searching for the philosopher's-stone. Kunkel, another chemist, who had seen the new product, joined one of his friends, named Krafft, to purchase the secret of its preparation; but Krafft, deceiving his friend, made the purchase for himself, and refused to communicate it. Kunkel, who at this time knew nothing farther of its preparation than that it was obtained by certain process from urin, undertook the task and succeeded. It is on this account that this substance long went under the name of Kunkel's phosphorus. Mr. Bayle is also considered as one of the discoverers of phosphorus. He communicated the secret to the Royal Society of London, in 1680; and the process to Godfry Hankwitz, an apothecary, who for many years supplied Europe with phosphorus. In the year 1737, a stranger having sold to the French Government a process for making phosphorus, the Academy of Science charged Dufay, Duhamel, and Hellot, to superintend it, and an account of the success of the experiment was published. In 1743, Margraf made great improvements in the process; but still it continued to be obtained with difficulty, and in a very small quantity. In the year 1774, the Swedish chemists, Gahn and Scheele, made the important discovery that phosphorus is contained in the bones of animals; and they improved the processes for procuring it.

**COMPOSITION FOR PRESERVING EGGS.**—Take and put into a tub or vessel one bushel measure of quicklime, thirty-two ounces of salt, eight ounces of cream of tartar, and mix the same together with as much water as will reduce the composition or mixture to that consistence, that it will cause an egg, put into it, to swim with its top just above the liquid; then put and keep the eggs therein, which will preserve them sound for the space of two years at least.

**GUNS.**—The invention of guns is indisputably the Germans, which was produced by an accident in this manner:—One Barthoe Schwartz, a friar, in making chemical experiments, mixed some salt-petre and brimstone with other ingredients, and set them upon the fire in a crucible, but a spark getting in, the pot suddenly broke with great violence and noise: which unexpected event surprised him at first, but he repeated the experiment, and finding the effect constant, set himself at work to improve it: for which purpose he caused an iron pipe to be made with a small hole at the lower end to fire it at, and putting in some of his new ingredients, together with some small stones, set fire to it, and found it answered his expectation, in penetrating all before it. This happened about the year 1330, and was soon improved to the making of great ordnance, &c.

**NUMERAL LETTERS.**—The first obvious mode of reckoning, Pasquin supposes in his *Recherches de la France*, to have been upon the fingers, each finger standing for I, and representable by an upright stroke, so that the number 4 was represented by IIII, but there being no more

fingers on one hand wherewith to continue the number, 5 was considered as formed by the first finger and thumb, which when the hand is displayed has something of the V-like figure. The representation of 5 having been thus fixed on, its double, or 10, was produced by joining together two V's at their points, which formed a figure like an X. The letter C anciently written [ ] being the initial letter of the Latin word *Centum*, was a very natural and obvious abbreviation of the number 100, and the ancient letter being divided into two horizontally, each half was a kind of L. That letter was therefore adopted to signify 50, and for the like reason the letter M, the initial letter of the Latin word *Mille*, signifying 1,000, is made to stand for that sum: being divided down the middle, it split into two letters, each resembling a D, and a D accordingly, is the numeral letter for 500, or half 1,000.

**GHOST STORY.**—A gentleman journeying towards the house of a friend, who lived on the skirts of an extensive forest, in the east of Germany, lost his way. He wandered for some time among the trees, when he saw a light at a distance. On approaching it, he was surprised to observe that it proceeded from the interior of a ruined monastery. Before he knocked at the gate, he thought it proper to look through the window. He saw a number of cats assembled round a small grave, four of whom were at that moment letting down a coffin with a crown upon it. The gentleman, startled at this unusual sight, and imagining that he had arrived at the retreats of fiends and witches, mounted his horse, and rode away with the utmost precipitation. He arrived at his friend's house at a late hour, who sat up waiting for him. On his arrival, his friend questioned him as to the cause of the traces of agitation visible in his face. He began to recount his adventures, after much hesitation, knowing that it was scarcely possible that his friend should give faith to his relation. No sooner had he mentioned the coffin with the crown upon it, than his friend's cat, who seemed to have been lying asleep before the fire, leaped up, crying out, "Then I am king of the cats!" and then scrambled up the chimney, and was never seen more.

**ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.**—The celebrated Earl of Peterborough crossing the King's Mews one evening in a chair, soon after the arrival of the Duke of Marlborough from one of his victorious campaigns, was mistaken by the populace for his Grace, and was soon surrounded from curiosity to see the man who had given the French so many drubbings. His Lordship finding that the multitude had followed his chair upon a wrong scent, ordered the men who carried the vehicle to stop; and putting down the front glass, he thus addressed the mistaken crowd:—"I can assure you, gentlemen, that I am not the Duke of Marlborough; and to convince you that I am not, (continued his Lordship,) throwing a handfull of money amongst them, here is something for you to drink."—The well known avarice of his Grace

gave a strong point to his Lordship's speech, and proved at once his non-identity with the hero of Blenheim.

**PATHETIC REJOINER.**—A celebrated literary character, in a northern metropolis, had a black servant, whom he occasionally employed in beating covers for woodcocks and other game. On one occasion of intense frost, the native of Africa's sultry shores was nearly frozen to death by the cold and wet of the bushes, which sparkled (but not with fire-flies), and on which, pathetically blowing his fingers, he was heard to exclaim, in reply to an observation of his master, that "the woodcocks were very scarce," "Ah, massa, me wish woodcock never been!"

**CONVICTS.**—Among numerous instances of bare-faced hypocrisy among the convicts on board of ship, Mr. Cunningham mentions that of one Breadman, who, on arriving at Sydney, was in the last stage of consumption, and unable to sit up without fainting. This expiring wretch, who grasped his bible to the last, mustered strength enough, while the hospital-man was drawing on his trousers, to stretch out his pale trembling hand towards the other's waistcoat pocket, and actually to pick it of a comb and a pen-knife:—next morning he was a corpse. "Yet," says Mr. Cunningham, "during his whole illness, this man would regularly request some of the *sober-minded rogues to read the scriptures to him, and pray by his bed-side!*"

The women are described as infinitely more difficult to manage than the men; but those composing the cargo which our author once superintended, were pretty well kept under by "an old sybil of seventy," a "most trust-worthy creature," who had been, during forty years of her life, in all the houses of correction, prisons, and penitentiaries of the metropolis. Some of Mrs. Fry's reformed damsels from Newgate, very soon after getting on board, set about *papering their hair* with the religious tracts that this good lady had supplied them with for their edification.—*Cunningham's New South Wales.*

**SUBTERRANEAN GROWTH OF POTATOES.**—A mixture of two parts Danube sand, and one part common earth, was laid in a layer an inch thick, in one corner of a cellar; and, in April, thirty-two yellow potatoes, with their skins, placed upon its surface. They threw out stalks on all sides, and at the end of the following November more than a quarter of a bushel of the best potatoes were gathered, about a tenth part of which were about the size of apples, the rest as large as nuts. The skin was very thin, the pulp farinaceous, white, and of a good taste. No attention was given to the potatoes during the time they remained on the sand, and they grew without the influence of the sun or light. This trial may be advantageously applied in fortified places, hospitals, houses of correction, and, in general, in all places where cellars or subterranean places occur, being neither too cold nor too moist, and where it is important to procure a cheap but abundant nourishment for many individuals.

**ANCESTRY OF FIELDING.**—The immortal Fielding, says Gibbon in the history of his own life, was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the courts of Habsburg, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century, Duke of Alsace; far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Habsburg; the former, the Knights and Sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the Emperors of Germany, and Kings of Spain, have threatened the liberty of the old, and invaded the treasures of the new world. The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain their brethren of England; but the Romance of "Tom Jones," that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the Palace of the Escorial, and the Imperial Eagle of the House of Austria.—*Lord Sheffield's Life of Gibbon.*

**THE HALCYON,** so often alluded to by the poets, is the bird called the King Fisher. It was believed by the ancients that while the female brooded over the eggs, the sea and weather remained calm and unruffled; hence arose the expression of "halcyon days."

**GUDE NEWS.**—While Christie tells them wha dinna ken, that he has a public house, first door down Libbertown Wynd, in the Lawn Market, whaur he keeps the best o' stuff; gude nappy Yill frae the best o' Bruars in big bottels an' wee anes, an' Porter frae Lunnon o' a' sorts; Whuske as gude as in the Toun, an' o' a' strength, an' for cheapness ekwall to ony that's gaun. Jinger Beer in wee bottels at Tippence, an' Sma' Beer for three bawbees the twa bottels out of the house, an' a penny the bottel in.

N. B.—Toddy cheap an' unco' gude if 'tis his ain mackin. S. H.

**BELL RINGING.**—A poor Swiss, who was in the madhouse of Zurich, was rather afflicted by imbecility than madness, and was allowed his occasional liberty, which he never abused. All his happiness consisted in ringing the bells of the parish church; of this he was somehow deprived, and it plunged him into despair. At length he sought the governor, and said to him, "I come, sir, to ask a favour of you, I used to ring the bells; it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, but they will not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure then of cutting off my head! I cannot do it myself, or I would save you the trouble." Such an appeal produced his re-establishment in his former honours, and he died ringing the bells.

**AN EXPLETIVE.**—A Newspaper tells us that an old woman died April 26, at Wolverhampton, aged 150 years.

Published for the Proprietors by HENRY ROWSELL, Wellington Buildings, King-street, Toronto, by whom subscriptions will be received. Subscribers' names will also be received by A. H. Armour & Co., H. Scoble, Wesleyan Book Room, J. Leslie, Toronto; M. Mackendrick, Hamilton; J. Simpson, F. M. Whitclaw, Niagara; and by all Booksellers and Postmasters throughout the Province.

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