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THE COUNT AND THE COUSIN,  
A STORY.

"Who is that beautiful girl to whom you bowed so familiarly?" said Charles Winstanley to Horace Grenville, as they proceeded down the steps of the city hotel.

"That was Adelaide Walsingham, your cousin and mine, Charles," said Horace; "really you must have left your memory among the beauties of Paris, if you cannot recognise your nearest of kin."

"You forget, Horace, that when I first saw Adelaide, she was a lively little hoyden, scarce ten years old;—the lapse of seven years makes a wondrous difference in a lady, whatever it may do with a gentleman."

"Nay, if you begin to discuss Time's changes, Charles, I must confess you cannot congratulate yourself upon having escaped a touch of his finger. Who, in that bronzed complexion and hirsute visage, could discover any traces of the smooth-checked boy whom I last saw on the deck of a French packet-ship some seven years ago? But tell me, why did you not write that you were coming home?"

"Because I did not know my own mind, Horace; I really was not quite certain about it until I had been a week at sea. The odd pronunciation of my German valet having caused my name to be placed on the list of passengers as Mr. Stanley, it occurred to me that the mistake would enable me to return *incognito*, and I thought I would humour the joke, if but to see how many of my old friends would recognise me. I arrived late last evening, and should now be a perfect stranger in my native city, had I not accidentally met you this morning;

and even you, Horace, did not at first know me."

"Know you, Charles! who the deuce could even see you behind that immense growth of brush-wood upon your lip and cheek? Do you really mean to wear those enormous whiskers and moustaches?"

"Certainly not longer than suits my present purposes, Horace. When I was in Germany, I learned to wear moustaches for the same reason that I learned to smoke the meerschaum—because every body else did it. In Paris I reduced them a little, but did not entirely banish them, because there also I found them the fashion. A lively little French lady, a passenger in our ship, wagered a pair of Paris gloves that I would not wear them a week in America; I accepted the bet, and for one week you will see me 'bearded like the pard.'"

"Nay, if you like them," said Horace, laughing, "you need not seek an excuse for wearing them; they are quite the fashion, and ladies now estimate a man, not as they once did, by his altitude, but by the length of his whiskers."

"I have no desire to win ladies' favour by wearing an unshaven face," answered Charles; "but pray, Horace, tell me something more about our pretty cousin."

"She is as lovely in character, Charles, as she is in person, but she has one great fault: like the most of our fashionable belles, she has a mania for everything foreign. Her manners, her dress, her servants, all come from abroad, and she has declared to me repeatedly her resolution never to marry an American."

"What is it that my fair country women so much admire in their foreign lovers?" asked Charles.

"Oh, they say there is a polish and

elegance of manner belonging to foreigners, which Americans never possess. Two of Adelaide's intimate friends have recently married scions of some antediluvian German family, and our lovely cousin is ambitious of forming an equally splendid alliance."

"If she were to marry a western farmer," said Charles, with a smile, "she would reign over a principality quite as large, and perhaps more flourishing, than usually belongs to these emigrant nobles."

"Adelaide is a noble-hearted girl," replied Horace, "and I wish she could be cured of her folly."

"If she is really a sensible girl, Horace, and that is her only fault, I think she might be cured."

Horace shook his head.

"Come and dine with me, Horace; be careful to tell no one of my arrival, and we'll discuss the matter over a bottle of fine old Madeira, if you are not too fashionable to drink it."

The windows of Mr. Walsingham's house poured a flood of light through the crimson silk curtains upon the wet and dreary-looking street, while the music heard at intervals told to the gaping crowd collected about the door, that the rich were making merry. The decorated rooms were brilliant with an array of youth and beauty, but fairest among them all stood the mistress of the festival. Attired in a robe of white crape, with no other ornament than a pearl bandeau confining her dark tresses, she looked the personification of joy.

"Cousin Horace," she exclaimed, as she saw her favourite cousin enter the room, "you have not been here these three days;" and then, in a lower tone, she added, "who was that splendid Don Whiskerando with whom I saw you walking yesterday?"

Horace laid his finger on his lip as a tall figure emerged from the crowd at the entrance of the room—"Miss Walsingham, allow me to present to you the most noble Count Pfeiffenhammer."

The blood mounted into Adelaide's cheek as the Count bowed low over the hand which he hastened to secure for the next quadrille. There was a mischievous sparkle in Horace's eye, and a deep and earnest devotedness in the stranger's manner, which made her feel a little un-

comfortable, though she knew not why. A single glance sufficed to shew her that the Count was attired in a magnificent court suit, with diamond buckles at the knee, and a diamond band looping up the elegant *chapeau-bras* which encumbered his arm. After some minutes she ventured to look more courageously at him. He was tall and exceedingly well shaped; his eyes were very bright, but the chief attraction was a beautiful mouth, garnished with the most splendid moustache that ever graced an American ballroom. Adelaide was delighted. He danced elegantly; not with the stiff awkward manner of an American, who always seems half ashamed of the undignified part he is playing, but with a buoyancy of step and grace of motion perfectly unrivalled.

Adelaide was enchanted. He spoke English very well; a slight German accent alone betrayed his foreign birth, and Adelaide did not like him the less for that. It is true she felt a little queer when she found herself whirling through the waltz in the arms of an entire stranger, and her brow flushed with something very like anger, when she felt his bearded lip upon her hand, as he placed her in a seat, but this was only the freedom of foreign manners.

The evening passed away like a dream, and Adelaide retired to her room with a burning cheek, and a frame exhausted by what she deemed pleasure. She was too much excited for sleep, and when she appeared at her father's breakfast table (a duty which she never neglected), it was with such a pale cheek and heavy eye that he was seriously alarmed:

"These late hours will kill you, my child," said he, as he kissed her forehead; "I shall return at noon, and if I find you still so languid, I'll send for Dr. —."

So saying, he stepped into his carriage and drove to his counting-house, where, immersed in business, he quite forgot Adelaide's cheek, until the dinner hour summoned him from his dingy little office to his stately mansion. As he entered the door, he recollected Adelaide's exhausted look.

"Poor child," murmured he, "I wonder how she is."

A low musical laugh struck on his ear as the servant threw open the drawing-room, and the sight of her radiant countenance,

looking more brilliant than ever, as she sat between Cousin Horace and the Count, soon quieted his fears.

Mr. Walshingham, in common with most Americans of the olden time, had a great prejudice against foreigners. "If they are real lords," he used to say, "they don't want my daughter; and if they are not real lords, my daughter don't want them." His notions of the Teutonic character were founded upon the wonderful stories which his mother used to tell him about the Hessians, and vague ideas of ruffians and child-eaters, were associated in his mind with everything German. The coldness with which he saluted the noble Count, formed a striking contrast to the cordial warmth with which he grasped the hand of his nephew.

"Glad to see you, Horace—couldn't speak a word to you last night, you were so surrounded with pretty girls. By the way, boy," drawing him aside, "who is that hairy-faced fellow?"

"That is Count Pipehammer, uncle."

"Count Pfeissenhammer!—well, the Germans have an odd fancy for names. Pray what is his business?" "Business!" said Horace, laughing; "why, his chief business at present is to receive the revenues of his principality."

"Principality!—fudge!—a few barren acres with half-a-dozen mud-hovels on it, I suppose. It won't do, Horace—it won't do! Adelaide deserves something better than a mouthful of moonshine. What the deuce did you bring him here for? I don't think I could treat him with common civility, if it were not for your sake." "Then, for my sake, dear uncle, treat him civilly, and I give you my word you shall not repent your kindness."

Every day saw the Count paying his devoirs to the lovely Adelaide, and always framing some winning excuse for his visit. A bouquet of rare exotics, or an exquisite print, a scarce book, or a beautiful specimen of foreign mechanism, were sure to be his apology. Could any girl of seventeen be insensible to such gallant wooing, especially when proffered by a rich young nobleman who wore such splendid whiskers, and whose moustache and imperial were the envy of all the aspirants after ladies' smiles? Adelaide soon began to discover, that, when the

Count was present, time flew on eagles' wings; and when, after spending the morning in her company, he ventured to make one of the gay circle usually assembled in her drawing room at evening, she was conscious of a degree of pleasure for which she was unwilling to account. His intimacy with her cousin Horace afforded him the opportunity of being her companion abroad as well as at home; and in the gay evening party, the morning promenade, or the afternoon ride, the handsome Count was ever her attendant.

A feeling of gratified vanity probably aided the natural goodness of Adelaide's temper, and enabled her to endure, with exemplary equanimity, the railleries of her young friends; but she was not so tranquil when her father began seriously to remonstrate against this imprudent intimacy.

"You have had all your whims gratified, Adelaide," said he; "now you must gratify one of mine. Adopt as many foreign fashions as you please, but remember that you never, with my consent, marry any other than an American. My fortune has been made by my own industry—my name was transmitted to me unsullied by my father, who earned his patent of nobility when he signed the declaration of independence, and no empty-titled foreigner shall ever reap the fruits of my toil, or teach my daughter to be ashamed of her republican father."

The earnestness of these admonitions from a father who had never before spoken except in the words of unbounded tenderness, first led Adelaide to look into the depths of her own heart. She was almost terrified at her own researches, when she found that she had allowed the image of the Count to occupy its most hidden recesses. Bitterly did she repent her folly.

"I wish he were an American," sighed she; "and yet, if he were, he would not be half so pleasing. How devoted his manners are!—how much feeling there is in all he says and does!"

Poor Adelaide! she was like the fascinated bird—she dreaded his power, yet she could not withdraw herself from its influence. She could not conceal from herself the fact that the manners of the Count too were greatly changed. From the courtly gallant he had gradually be-

come the impassioned lover. He treasured her every look and word, and she keenly felt that, in exposing her own peace of mind, she had also risked the loss of his.

This state of things could not exist long without an explanation. Six months had scarcely passed since Adelaide first beheld the noble stranger, and already her young cheek had lost its glow, and her step its buoyant lightness. She was sitting alone one morning, brooding over her melancholy forebodings, when the door opened, and the object of her thoughts entered. Seating himself beside her, he commenced a conversation full of those graceful nothings which women always love to hear; but Adelaide was in no mood for gaiety. The Count intently watched the play of her eloquent features, and then, as if he divined the tumult of her feelings, suddenly changed the topic to one of deeper interest. He spoke of himself—of his various adventures—of his personal feelings—and, finally, of his approaching departure for Europe. Adelaide's cheek grew paler as he spoke, but she suppressed the cry which rose to her lips. The Count gazed earnestly upon her; then seizing her hand and clasping it between his own, he poured forth the most passionate expressions of affection. Half fainting with the excess of her emotions, Adelaide sat motionless as a statue, until aroused by the Count's entreaties for a reply. With bitter self-reproach she attempted to answer him. Faulteringly but frankly she stated her father's objections to her union with a foreigner, and blamed herself for having permitted an intimacy which could only end in suffering for both.

"Only tell me, Adelaide, that your father's prejudices are the only obstacle," said the Count passionately; "say that you could have loved me, and I shall be content." Adelaide blushed and trembled.

"For the love of heaven, answer me but by a look!"

Timidly that downcast eye was raised to his, and he *was* answered.

"Adelaide," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "we may yet be happy. Could you love the humble citizen as well as the noble Count?"

A slight pressure of the hand which lay in his, and a flitting smile on the tremulous lip, was a sufficient reply.

"Then hear me, Adelaide," said her lover; "I will return to my country—I will restore my honours to him who bestowed them, and then I may hope to merit —"

"My utter contempt!" cried Adelaide, vehemently. "What, resign your country—forfeit the name of your fathers—desert your inheritance of duties!—No, Count Pfeiffenhammer! if a love of freedom led you to become a citizen of our happy land, none would so gladly welcome you as Adelaide Walsingham; but never would I receive the sacrifice as a tribute to transitory passion." "A transitory passion, Adelaide!"

"Could I expect stability of feeling in him who can so easily abandon his native land, and forget the claims of his country? You have taught me a bitter lesson, Count. No American would have shown such weakness of character as I have witnessed in him whom I fondly believed to be all that his lips professed. Would we had never met," added she, bursting into tears, "Adelaide," said the Count, "those precious tears assure me that you love me. Be mine, sweet one;—your father will not be inexorable." "And therefore," said she, "you would have me make him wretched for life. Count Pfeiffenhammer, we must part! You do not understand my nature—I have been deceived in you." "You have! you have been deceived, my own sweet cousin!" cried the Count, as he covered her hand with passionate kisses. "You have rejected Count Pfeiffenhammer; will you also refuse the hand of your madcap cousin, Charles Winstanley, whose little wife you were seven years ago?"

Adelaide started from her seat in wild surprise. "What means all this?—Charles Winstanley!—the Count!" The sudden revulsion of feeling overpowered her, and cousin Horace entered the room just in time to see her sink fainting in Charles Winstanley's arms. The anger of the lady, when she recovered and learned the trick which had been practised upon her—the merriment of cousin Horace—the satisfaction of the father, and the final reconciliation of all differences—may be far better imagined than described.

A few weeks after, a splendid party was again assembled in Mr. Walsingham's drawing-rooms, but Adelaide was no longer the life of the party. Attired in bridal array, and decked with the rich jewels which once sparkled on the person of the false Count, she sat in blushing beauty beside her cousin Charles, who, now that he had shaved off his moustache and reduced his whiskers, looked like what he really was—a true American. "But why, Charles, did you woo me in such *outlandish* guise?" whispered she, smiling.

"Because you vowed to marry none but an *outlandish* wooer. Plain Charles Winstanley would never have been allowed the opportunity of winning the heart which Count Pfeiffenhammer so closely besieged." "Ay, ay, Charles," said the happy father, "if American women would only value a man for the weight of his brains rather than the lightness of his heels, and by the strength of his principles rather than the elegance of his manners, we should have less of foreign foppery, and more of homely virtue in our country."

## THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

### CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

The Sultan occasionally recompenses the faithful services of the slaves of the Imperial Serai by giving them their liberty, accompanied by a donation sufficiently liberal to enable them to establish themselves in an eligible manner. On a late occasion, he emancipated an elderly woman, who had secured his favour by her unremitted attentions to one of his wives during a protracted illness; and, being light of heart at the moment, and perhaps curious to learn how she would act on such an emergency, he desired her to put on her yeshmac, and to take a boat to Stamboul, where she was to hire an araba, and drive slowly about the city, until she saw an individual whom she desired for a husband; when, if he could be identified, she should be his wife within the week.

His Imperial Highness was obeyed on the instant. One of the palace eunuchs rowed to the door of the harem; and the freed slave, accompanied by an aged companion, stepped in, and was rapidly conveyed to Stamboul. On landing at "the Gate of the Garden," she walked into the house of Hussein the watchmaker, with whose wife she was acquainted; and while the stripling son of the worthy Musselmaun was despatched for an araba, she took her place upon the sofa, and partook of the grape-jelly and coffee that were handed to

her by the officious hostess. These were succeeded by the *kadeun-chibouk*, or woman's pipe; and she had not flung out half a dozen volumes of smoke from her nostrils, ere all the harem of Hussein the watchmaker knew that she was free, and about to choose a helpmeet from among the tradesmen of the city.

At every "Mashallah!" uttered by her auditors, the self-gratulation of the visitor increased; and she, who a day previously had not wasted a thought on matrimony, smoked on in silence, absorbed in dreams of tenderness and ambition.

The araba was, of course, a full hour ere it appeared, for the arabajie had to smoke his *narghilè*, or water-pipe; and the arabajie's assistant had to repair the damages which the last day's journey had done to the harness, and to wash away the mud that yet clung about the wheels; and after that, there were comments to be made upon the horses, as they were slowly attached to the vehicle; and on the unusual circumstances of a Turkish woman hiring a carriage, without previously bargaining with the owner for the sum to be paid.

But Yusuf, the son of Hussein, who found more amusement in watching the slow motions of the arabajie than in keeping guard over his father's chronometers, put an end to the astonishment of the party by informing them that the person that had engaged the vehicle was a slave of the Imperial Serai; a piece of information which tended considerably to expedite the preparations of the coachman, and to excite the curiosity of his companions.

The female Coelebs, meanwhile, had emptied three chibouks; and as the ashes of each were deposited in little brass dishes that rested on the carpet, brighter and fairer visions rose before her; and on each occasion that she drew from amid the folds of the shawl that bound her waist the cachemire purse that contained her tobacco, and replenished her pipe, she indulged in a more flattering augury of her day's speculation.

To render the circumstance more intelligible to the European reader, it may be as well to state that there are few tradesmen in Stamboul who would hesitate to marry an Imperial slave, whatever might be her age or personal infirmities, as she is sure to bring with her a golden apology for all her defects; and thus it was not astonishing that the wife of Hussein sighed as she remembered that her son Yusuf was yet a child, and that, consequently, she could not offer his hand to her visitor; and the more sincerely that the worthy watchmaker did not stand high in the favour of fortune; the "accursed Giaours," as the angry Hanoum did not hesitate to declare, selling, for the same price demanded by the Turkish artisan for his inferior ware, watches that were as true as the muezzin and as enduring as the Koran.

At length the araba drew up beneath the latticed windows; and the two friends, resuming their slippers, shuffled across the matted floor of the harem, followed by the compliments

and *teminas* of their hostess; mattresses and cushions were arranged in the vehicle by the hands of Hussein himself; and their yashmacs having been re-arranged, they were ere long jolting over the rough pavement of the city of Constantine.

They first bent their course to the Charshées; and the confidant pointed out many a grave-looking, middle-aged Musselmaun to the admiration of her companion; but the freed-woman only shrugged her shoulders, uttered a contemptuous "Mashallah!" and turned away her eyes.

The stream of life flowed on beside their path. Turbans of green, of white, and of yellow, passed along; but none of the wearers found favour in the sight of the husband-seeking fair one. Hours were wasted in vain; she was as far removed from a decision as when she stepped into the caïque at Beglierbey, and the patience of her companion was worn threadbare; she became silent, sullen, and sleepy—and still the araba groaned and drawled along the narrow streets. Human nature could endure no more; and after having been jolted out of a quiet slumber three several times, the confidant digressed from weariness to expostulation.

"May the Prophet receive me into Paradise! Is there not a True Believer in Stamboul worthy to become the husband of a woman whose hair is gray; and who has long ceased to pour out scented sherbet in the garden of roses? Had it been my *kismet*\* to come hunting through the throughfares of the city on the same errand, I should have chosen long ago."

The freed-woman only replied by desiring the arabajhe to drive to the quarter inhabited by the *sekèljhes*, or sweetmeat makers; the finest race of men in Constantinople. When they entered it, she began to look about her with more earnestness than she had hitherto exhibited; but even here she was in no haste to come to a decision; and although she passed many a stately Musselmaun whom she would not have refused in the brightest days of her youth, she "made no signs" until she arrived opposite to the shop of a manufacturer of *alva*, a sweet composition much esteemed in the East; where half a dozen youths, bare-legged, with their shirt sleeves rolled up to their shoulders, were employed in kneading the paste, previously to its being put into the oven.

"*Inshallah*—I trust in God! He is here—" said the lady as she stopped the carriage:—"See you not that tall stripling, with arms like the blossoms of the seringa, and eyes as black as the dye of Khorasan?"

"He who is looking towards us?" exclaimed her companion in astonishment; "The Prophet have pity on him! Why he is young enough to be your son."

The answer of the freed-woman was an angry pull at her yashmac, as she drew more closely together the folds of her feridjhe.

The young and handsome *sekèljhe* was sum-

moned to the side of the araba, and found to improve upon acquaintance; upon which he was informed of the happiness that awaited him, and received the tidings with true Turkish philosophy; and in a few days the bride removed into a comfortable harem, of which the ground-floor was a handsome shop, fitted up with a select stock of sweetmeats at the expense of the Sultan; and those who desire to see one of the principal actors in this little comedy, need only enter the gaily-painted establishment at the left-hand corner of the principal street leading into the Atmeidan, to form an acquaintance with Suleiman the *sekèljhe*.

#### THE FEZ MANUFACTURE.

No traveller should leave Constantinople without paying a visit to the Fèz Manufactory of Eyoub, where all the caps for the Sultan's armies are now made. The building, which is entirely modern, and admirably adapted to its purpose, stands in the port, near the place of Azmè Sultane, on the site of an ancient Imperial residence. It is under the control of Omer Lufti Effendi, late Governor of Smyrna, a man of known probity and talent; and its immediate superintendence has been intrusted to Mustapha Effendi: whose ready courtesy to strangers enables European traveller to form an accurate idea of the state and progress of the establishment.

After a delightful row from Galata, we landed at the celebrated pier of Eyoub; and, accompanied by a personal friend of Mustapha Effendi, proceeded to the manufactory, which we entered by the women's door. As we passed the threshold a most curious scene presented itself.

About five hundred females were collected together in a vast hall, awaiting the delivery of the wool which they were to knit; and a more extraordinary group could not perhaps be found in the world.

There was the Turkess with her yashmac folded closely over her face, and her dark feridjhe falling to the pavement: the Greek woman, with her large turban, and braided hair, covered loosely with a scarf of white muslin, her gay-coloured dress, and large shawl: the Armenian, with her dark bright eyes flashing from under the jealous screen of her carefully-arranged veil, and her red slipper peeping out under the long wrapping cloak: the Jewess, muffled in coarse linen cloth, and standing a little apart, as though she feared to offend by more immediate contact; and among the crowd some of the loveliest girls imaginable.

At the moment of our arrival, Mustapha Effendi was at prayers: and we accordingly seated ourselves to await him in an inner apartment, well-carpeted, and occupied by half a dozen clerks, who were busily employed in recording the quantity of wool delivered to each applicant; their seats were divided from the women's hall by a partition about

\* I have again to record a plague-victim in this distinguished man; the intelligence of whose death has reached me since my return to England.

breast-high; and I remarked that the prettiest girls were always those whose accounts were the most tedious.

On the other side of this spacious office was a wool-store, where a score of individuals were busily employed in weighing and delivering out the wool; and all were so active and so earnest in their occupation, that the most sceptical European would have been compelled to admit, when looking on them, that the Turk is no longer the supine and spiritless individual which he has been so long considered.

Immediately that his prayer was completed, Mustapha Effendi invited us to pass into his private room; a pleasant apartment opening to the water, and most luxuriously cushioned. Here coffee and chibouks were served; and after which a couple of the knitters were introduced in order that we might see the different qualities of wool, necessary to the manufacture of the various kinds of fêz.

During their performance, Mustapha Effendi asked many questions relative to Europe; and particularly how the English government were now disposed towards the Turks; and expressed his curiosity to learn the impression which the present state of the people had made upon ourselves. He appeared to have been piqued by some American travellers who had visited the establishment; for at the close of the conversation he said earnestly: "Europe begins to know us better; and the Franks to judge us more honestly—*Inshallah*—I trust in God, that the day will yet come when we shall be able to convince even the Americans, that we are not wild beasts anxious to devour them."

When we had passed an hour with the Superintendent, we proceeded to inspect the establishment, which is on a very extensive scale, three thousand workmen being constantly employed. The workshops are spacious, airy, and well-conducted; the wool, having been spread over a stone-paved room on the ground floor, where it undergoes saturation with oil, is weighed out to the carders, and thence passes into the hands of the spinners, where it is worked into threads of a greater or less size, according to the quality of fêz for which it is to be made available. The women then receive it in balls, each containing the quantity necessary for a cap; and these they take home by half a dozen or a dozen at a time, to their own houses, and on restoring them receive a shilling for each of the coarse, and seventeen pence for each of the fine ones.

The next process is the most inconvenient, although perhaps the most simple of the whole. As soon as knitted, the caps are washed with cold water and soap; but, there being no rush of water sufficiently strong in the immediate vicinity of the capital, they are obliged to be sent to Smit, distant about ten leagues, where they are scoured and dried, and ultimately returned to Eyoub, in order to be completed.

Each fêz then undergoes three different operations of clipping and pressing; and at the termination of the third has no longer the slightest appearance of knitted wool, but all the effect of a fine close cloth. The next pro-

cess is that of dying the cap a rich crimson; and herein exists a difficulty which has been but lately overcome, and of which I shall give an account when I have sketched the whole routine of the manufacture.

Having been immersed during several hours in large coppers constantly stirred, and kept upon the boil, the caps are flung into a marble trough filled with running water, where they are trodden by a couple of men; and afterwards given to the blockers, who stretch them over earthen moulds to enable them to take a good shape. They are subsequently removed to the drying-room, where they are kept in a perpetual current of air until the damp is removed; and thence delivered up to the head workmen, who raise the nap of the wool with the head of the bulrush, and then clip it away with huge shears; precisely as cloth is dressed in England. Pressing follows, and the fêz is ultimately carried to the maker, who works into the crown the private cypher of the manufacture, and affixes the short cord of crimson, which is to secure the *flock* or tassel of purple silk, with its whimsical appendage of cut paper. The last operation is that of sewing on the tassels: and packing the caps into parcels containing half a dozen each, stamped with the Imperial seal.

The whole process is admirably conducted. The several branches of the establishment are perfectly distinct; and the greatest industry appears to prevail in every department. The manufactory was suggested and founded by Omer Lufti Effendi, in consequence of the extremely high price paid by the Sultan to the Tunisians, with whom this fabric originated, for the head-dress of his troops. Having induced a party of Arabian workmen from Tunis to Constantinople, he established them in the old palace, which has since been replaced by the present noble building; and under their direction the knitting and the shaping of the caps acquired some degree of perfection,

But the dye was a secret beyond their art; and the Turkish government anxious to second the views of the energetic Omer Effendi, made a second importation of Tunisians with no better success, although they were chosen from among the most efficient workmen of their country. The caps, while they were equal both in form and texture to those of Tunis, were dingy and ill coloured; and the Arabs declared that the failure of the dye was owing to the water in and about Constantinople, which was unfavourable to the drugs employed.

As a last hope, a trial was made at Smit, but with the same result; and the attempt to localise the manufacture was about to be abandoned, when Omer Effendi, suspecting the good faith of the Arabian workmen, disguised a clever Angorian Armenian, named Avanis Aga, as a Turk, whom he placed as a labourer in the dye-room. Being a good chemist and a shrewd observer, Avanis Aga, affecting a stupidity that removed all suspicion, soon made himself master of the secret which it so much imported his anxious patron to learn; and,



abandoning the ignoble besom that he had wielded as the attendant of the Tunisian dyers, immediately that he had discovered the fraud which, either in obedience to the secret orders of their Regent, or from an excess of patriotism, they had been practising ever since their arrival; he set himself to work in secret; and, with the water of the Smit, dyed two caps, which, being dried, he presented to Omer Effendi, who was unable to distinguish them from those of Tunis.

Delighted at this successful issue of his experiment Omer Effendi summoned the Arabs to his presence, and showed them the *fêz*, when, instantly suspecting the masquerade that had betrayed them, they simultaneously turned towards the Armenian, and, throwing their turbans on the ground, and tearing their hair, they cried out: "Yaccoup! Yaccoup!" (Jacob! Jacob!)

The Superintendent having dismissed them, after causing them to be liberally remunerated for the time which they had spent at Constantinople, sent them back to Tunis; while Avanis Aga, elected Head Dyer of the Imperial Manufactory of Eyoub, now enjoys the high honour of deciding on the exact tint to be worn by Mahmoud the Powerful, the "Light of the Sun," and "Shadow of the Universe."

Fifteen thousand caps a month are produced at the fabric of Eyoub, and they are said to equal those of Tunis. The finest Russian and Spanish wools are employed, and no expense is spared in order to render them worthy of the distinguished patronage with which the Sultan has honoured them. The Imperial apartments at the manufactory are elegantly fitted up, and sufficiently spacious to accommodate a numerous suit; and, as the building faces the arsenal, His Highness is a frequent visitor to the establishment of Omer Effendi, where he sometimes passes several consecutive hours.

*Miss Pardoe.*

## THE GOLD FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA.

### PRESENT STATE OF MELBOURNE.

The following is an extract from the private letter of an Indian officer upon sick leave:—

"Melbourne, June 18.—We arrived here on the 15th, after a very good and quick passage from Java Head. We found this place in a state of great excitement. The Bay is a most lovely one, and the entrance is narrow and difficult of entrance. At William's-Town, where the large ships lie, there is about fifty vessels lying, unable to get away. Melbourne is a fine large town, the streets broad and regular, all lying at right angles to each other. The houses, in size, are irregular, but none built of wood, the

government not permitting it. The excitement and business going on is wonderful. But I was most struck, upon landing by the number of idle-looking fellows wandering about. I asked what they were, and was told that they were gold-diggers, come down for a few weeks to spend their money. The hotels are numerous, but bad, being filled with these people. We put up at one called 'The Passengers,' something better than the others, and not, considering the times, very dear. Gold is being found in greater quantities than ever. As the winter advances food and necessaries will increase in price. They are already very high, the roads are cut up, and the creeks and rivers swollen. It is supposed that there are upwards of 40,000 people at the different diggings. The price of everything is exorbitant. Any man with some money might double it with the greatest ease and safety every month; but as to men of an income of £150 to £200 a-year, the commonest workmen are in a better position. A common carter makes £12 a-week; his expenses are perhaps £4. A cab, or rather a carriage driver makes £30 to £40 a-week, or above £1,400 a-year. Masons and carpenters receive £1 a-day, but they won't work even for this. There is nothing of any kind going on. All houses or public buildings that were in progress are now at a standstill. No one can get servants. The Chief-Justice told me that his had left him long ago. His son opened the door to us, and I believe his wife, as many ladies have had to do, washes her own clothes. The Governor has no servants; every man is so independent that they will not hire themselves to do anything unless they get what they ask. Going into a shop, if you ask them to abate in their exorbitant price, they quietly tell you to walk out, that they don't want to sell anything to you. A load of water is 18s., a load of wood £4, a pair of shoes £2, Jack-boots, which are much used at the digging, £7. Pistols fetch any amount. An invoice, valued at £60, arrived a short time since; in a week's time they were all sold, having realised nearly £700. The way they generally go to the diggings is this:—They form themselves into parties of three or four, buy a cart and two or

## THE IRON MINES OF PRESBURG.

The following account of a visit to the iron mines at Presburg is given by Dr. Clarke in his *Travels in Northern Europe*:—

For grandeur of effect, filling the mind of the spectator with a degree of wonder which amounts to awe, there is no place where human labour is exhibited under circumstances more tremendously striking. As we drew near to the wide and open abyss, a vast and sudden prospect of yawning caverns and prodigious machinery prepared us for the descent. We approached the edge of the dreadful gulf whence the ore is raised, and ventured to look down, standing upon the verge of a sort of platform, constructed over it in such a manner as to command a view of the great opening as far as the eye could penetrate amidst its gloomy depths; for, to the sight, it is bottomless.—Immense buckets, suspended by rattling chains, were passing up and down; and we could perceive ladders scaling all the inward precipices, upon which the work-people (reduced by their distance to mere pigmies in size) were ascending and descending. Far below the utmost of these figures—a deep and gaping gulf—the mouth of the lowermost pit was, by its darkness, rendered impervious to the view. From the spot where we stood down to the place where the buckets are filled, the distance might be about seventy-five fathoms; and as soon as any of these buckets emerged from the gloomy cavity we have mentioned, or until they entered it in their descent, they were visible, but below this point they were hid in darkness. The clanking of the chains, the groaning of the pumps, the hallooing of the miners, the creaking of the blocks and wheels, the trampling of the horses, the beating of the hammers, and the loud and frequent subterraneous thunder, from the blasting of rocks by gunpowder, in the midst of all this scene of excavation and uproar, produced an effect which no stranger can behold unmoved. We descended with two of the miners and our interpreter into this abyss. The ladders, instead of being placed like those in our Cornish mines, upon a series of platforms, as so many landing-places, are lashed together in one unbroken line, extending many fathoms; and being warped to suit the inclination or curvature of the sides of the precipices, they are not always perpendicular, but hang over in such a manner, that, even if a person held fast by his hands, and if his feet should happen to slip, they would fly off from the rock, and leave him suspended over the gulf. Yet such ladders are the only means of access to the works below; and as the labourers are not accustomed to receive strangers, they neither use the precautions nor offer the assistance usually afforded in more frequented mines. In the principal tin-mines of Cornwall, the staves of the ladders are alternate bars of wood and iron: here they are of wood only, and in some parts rotten and broken, making us often wish, during our descent, that we had never undertaken an exploit so hazardous. In addition to the danger to be apprehended from the dam-

aged state of the ladders, the staves were covered with ice or mud, and thus rendered so cold and slippery, that we could have no dependence upon our benumbed fingers if our feet failed us. Then, to complete our apprehensions, as we mentioned this to the miners, they said, "Have a care! It was just so, talking about the staves, that one of our women fell, about four years ago, as she was descending to her work." "Fell!" exclaimed our Swedish interpreter, rather simply; "and pray, what became of her?" "Became of her!" continued the foremost of our guides, disengaging one of his hands from the ladder, and slapping it forcibly against his thigh, as if to illustrate the manner of the catastrophe, "she became (pankaka) a pancake."

As we descended farther from the surface, large masses of ice appeared, covering the sides of the precipices. Ice is raised in the buckets with the ore and rubble of the mine; it has also accumulated in such quantity, in some of the lower chambers, that there are places where it is fifteen fathoms thick, and no change of temperature above prevents its increase. This seems to militate against a notion now becoming prevalent, that the temperature of the air in mines increases directly as the depth from the surface, owing to the increased temperature of the earth under the same circumstances, and in the same ratio; but it is explained by the width of this aperture at the mouth of the mine, which admits of a free passage of atmospheric air. In our Cornish mines, ice would not be preserved in a solid state at any considerable depth from the surface.

After much fatigue, and no small share of apprehension, we at length reached the bottom of the mine. Here we had no sooner arrived, than our conductors, taking each of us by an arm, hurried us along through regions of "thick-ribbed ice" and darkness, into a vaulted level, through which we were to pass into the principal chamber of the mine. The noise of countless hammers, all in vehement action, increased as we crept along this level, until, at length, subduing every other sound, we could not hear each other speak, notwithstanding our utmost efforts. At this moment we were ushered into a prodigious cavern, whence the sounds proceeded; and here, amidst falling waters, tumbling rocks, steam, ice, and gunpowder, about fifty miners were in the very height of their employment. The magnitude of the cavern, over all parts of which their labours were going on, was alone sufficient to prove that the iron ore is not deposited in veins, but in beds. Above, below, on every side, and in every nook of this fearful dungeon glimmering tapers disclosed the grim and anxious countenances of the miners. They were now driving bolts of iron into the rocks, to bore cavities for the gunpowder for blasting, and a tremendous blast was near the point of its explosion. We had scarcely retraced, with all speed, our steps along the level, and were beginning to ascend the ladders, when the full volume of the thunder reached us, as if roar-

ing with greater vehemence because pent amongst the crashing rocks, whence being reverberated over all the mine, it seemed to shake the earth itself with its terrible vibrations.

#### THE LAST SHILLING.

He was evidently a foreigner, and poor. As I sat at the opposite corner of the Southgate stage, I took a mental survey of his wardrobe,—a military cloak, much the worse for wear—a blue coat, the worse for tear—a napless hat—a shirt neither white nor brown—a pair of mud-coloured gloves, open at each thumb—grey trousers, too short for his legs—and brown boots too long for his feet. From some words he dropped, I found that he had come direct from Paris, to undertake the duties of French teacher at an English academy; and his companion, the English classical usher, had been sent down to London to meet and conduct him to his suburban destination. Poor man, thought I, thou art going into a bitter line of business; and the hundredth share which I had taken in the boyish persecutions of my own French master—an *emigre* of the old noblesse—smote violently on my conscience. At Edmonton the coach stopped. The coachman alighted, pulled the bell of a mansion inscribed in large letters 'Vespasian House,' and deposited the foreigner's trunks and boxes on the foot path. The English classical usher stepped briskly out, and deposited a shilling in the coachman's anticipatory paw. Monsieur followed the example, and with some precipitation prepared to enter the fore-garden, but the driver stood in the way. "I want another shilling," said the coachman. "You agreed to take a shilling a-head," said the English master. "You agreed to take one shilling for my head," said the French master. "It's for the luggage," said the coachman. The Frenchman seemed thunderstruck; but there was no help for it. He pulled out a weazel-bellied brown silk purse, but there was nothing in it save a medal of Napoleon. Then he felt his breast pockets, then his side pockets, and then his waistcoat pockets; but they were all empty, excepting a metal snuff-box, and that was empty too. Lastly, he felt the pockets in the flaps of his coat, taking out a meagre, would-be-white handkerchief, and shaking it; but not a dump. I rather suspect he anticipated the result, but he went through the operations *seriatim*, with the true French gravity. At last he turned to his companion, with a "Mistare Barbieri, be as good as to lend me von shilling." Mr. Barber, thus appealed to, went through something of the same ceremony. Like a blue-bottle cleaning itself, he passed his hands over his breast, and down the outside of his thighs, but the sense of feeling could detect nothing like a coin. "You agreed for a shilling, and you shall have no more," said the man with empty pockets. "No—no—no—you shall have no more," said the moneyless Frenchman. By this time the housemaid of

Vespasian House, tired of standing with the door in her hand, had come down to the garden gate, and willing to make herself generally useful, laid her hand on one of the foreigner's trunks. "It shan't go till I am paid my shilling," taking hold of the handle at the other end. The good-natured housemaid quitted her hold of the trunk, and seemed instantly to be bent double by a violent cramp, or stitch, in her right side, while her hand groped busily under her gown—but it was in vain. There was nothing in that pocket but some curl-papers and a brass thimble. The stitch and cramp then seemed to attack her other side; again she stooped and fumbled, while hope and doubt struggled together on her rosy face. At last hope triumphed. From the extremest corner of the huge dimity pouch she fished up a solitary coin, and thrust it exultingly into the obdurate palm. "It won't do," said the coachman, casting a wary eye on the metal, and holding out for the inspection of the trio a silver-washed coronation medal, which had been purchased of a Jew for two pence the year before. The poor girl quietly set down the trunk which she had again taken up, and restored the deceitful medal to her pocket. In the meantime the arithmetical usher had arrived at the gate in his way out, but was stopped by the embargo on the luggage.—"What's the matter now?" asked the man of figures. "If you please, sir," said the housemaid, dropping a low curtsey, "it's this impudent fellow of a coachman will stand here for his rights." "He wants a shilling more than his fare," said Mr. Barber. "He does want more than his fare shilling," reiterated the Frenchman. "Coachman! what are we waiting here for?" shouted a stentorian voice from the rear of the coach. "Bless me, John, are we to stay here all day?" cried a shrill voice from the stage's interior. "If you don't get up shortly I shall get down," bellowed a voice from the box. At this crisis the English usher drew his fellow tutor aside, and whispered something in his ear, which made him go through the old manual exercise. He slapt his pantaloons—coat tails—and felt about his bosom. "I haven't got one," said he, and, with a shake of his head and a hurried bow, he set off at the pace of a two-penny post-man. "I an't going to stand here all day," said the coachman, getting out of all reasonable patience. "Thank goodness," ejaculated the housemaid, "here comes the doctor;" and the portly figure of the pedagogue himself came striding pompously down the gravel walk. He had two thick lips and a double chin, which all began wagging together. "Well, well, what's all this argumentative elocution; I command taciturnity!" "I'm a shilling short," said the coachman. "He says he has got one short shilling," said the foreigner. "Poo, poo, poo," said the thick lips and double chin, "pay the fellow his superfluous claim and appeal to magisterial authority." "It is what we mean to do, sir," said the English Usher, "but—" and he laid his lips mysteriously to the doctor's ear. "A pecuni-

ary bagatelle," said the doctor. "Its a palpable extortion, but I'll disburse it—and you have a legislative remedy for his avaricious demands." As the man of pomp said this, he thrust his forefinger into an empty waistcoat pocket—then into its fellow—and then into every pocket he had, but without any other product than a bunch of keys, two ginger lozenges, and the French mark. "It is very peculiar," said the doctor; "I had the prepossession of having currency to that amount. The coachman must call for it to-morrow at Vespasian House—or stay—I perceive my house-keeper. Mrs. Plummer, pray just step hither and liquidate this little commercial obligation." Now, whether Mrs. Plummer had or had not a shilling, Mrs. Plummer only knows, for she did not condescend to make any search for it; and if she had not, she was right not to take the trouble. However, she attempted to carry the point by a bold stroke. Snatching up one of the boxes, she motioned the housemaid to do the like, exclaiming in a shrill treble voice, "here's pretty work indeed about a paltry shilling! If its worth having its worth calling again for; and I suppose Vespasian House is not going to run away!" "But may be I am," said the inflexible coachman, seizing a trunk with each hand. "John, I insist upon being let out," screamed the lady in the coach. "I shall be too late for dinner," roared the thunderer on the dickey. As for the passenger on the box, he had made off during the latter part of the altercation.—"What shall we do?" said the English classical usher. "I do not know," said the housemaid. "I am a stranger in this country," said the Frenchman. "You must pay the money," said the coachman. "And here it is," said Mrs. Plummer, who had made a trip to the house in the meantime: but whether she had coined it, or raised it by a subscription among the pupils, I know no more than the man in the moon.

#### ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF GEM ENGRAVING.

It is difficult to trace the origin of Gem Engraving; doubtless the mode of cutting and preparing hard stones was devised by the necessities of early nations, and employed by them in the formation of tools and military weapons, the knowledge of the superior utility of metals for those purposes being comparatively, if not quite, unknown. The antiquity of this invention is established beyond all question. Mr. Croly, in his remarks on this subject, in the "Gems," so charmingly etched by Dagley, remarks—

"That India, the common source of all the arts, probably gave birth to it. Signets of lazuli and emerald have been found with Sanscrit inscriptions, presumed to be of antiquity beyond all record. The natural transmission of the arts was from India to Egypt; the whole symbolic mythology of the latter people occurs upon hard stones of almost every

description. The stones of the Jewish High Priest's breastplate were engraved with the names of the twelve tribes, and of these stones one was a diamond!

"The Etruscans, a singular nation, whose existence is scarcely known but in the fragments of their arts, but who, on the faith of those fragments, must take a high rank among the polished nations of the old world, have enriched our collections with gems of a compound style. Their general shape is like the Egyptian—that of the Scarabæus; and where the shape differs, the Scarabæus was frequently found engraved. The subjects are chiefly Greek, but of the most ancient story of Greece: the war of Chieftians at Thebes; Peleus devoting his hair; Tydeus after bathing; Hercules bearing the tripod," &c.

There appears no proof that mechanical skill attained in the infancy of the art any considerable perfection. The Indian characters are sufficiently rude, and most of the Egyptian hieroglyphics are as coarsely indented as possible; indeed, if we give the case a moment's reflection, it could not be otherwise—the operation must have been chiefly effected, with much labour and loss of time, by the hand. Whatever conjectures might be hazarded upon the subject, it is quite clear that the Greeks have no claim to the invention of the machinery by which the process of gem engraving is effected. The merit of it appears to rest with the Egyptians; but as the art travelled from the banks of the Nile to the shores of Attica, it became invested with a character of dignity and importance proportionate to its merits: and, patronised by the great names of antiquity, it kept pace with the higher studies of sculpture and painting. Thus, with the lapse of ages, and the progress of civilization the feeling of enthusiasm for this beautiful study, and the knowledge of its mechanical execution, increased; and in the time of Pericles, when Greece was at her loftiest eminence of splendour, the art of gem sculpture attained its justly boasted perfection.

The beauties of Grecian art expired not with her liberties. When the phalanxes of those whose ancestors conquered at Marathon and Plataea were scattered before the cohorts of Rome; when the spirit of freedom departed, the genius of the arts lingered behind, and shed a ray, dim and imperfect, but still lovely, over her vanished glories. The arts, in general, flourished with the rising majesty of Rome; nor were our beloved gems forgotten. On the contrary, their triumphant march continued; and prior to the reign of Augustus, as well as during that period, some of the Roman artists rivalled the excellence of their Greek predecessors. The works which yet remain to us incontestibly prove how much this art was appreciated—how much it was encouraged; and the consequent elevated station which was gained by those employed in its cultivation. Indeed the very large size of the apotheosis of Augustus and the Vienna gem (cameos of singular beauty), would almost induce a belief that the apparatus employed in those days differed

somewhat from that with which we are now acquainted.

Here a blank occurs in our history. The mother of nations was at length hurled from her pinnacle of universal empire, and it is bootless to seek for aught allied with mind, during the despotism of men who boasted "that no green thing ever flourished on the soil, where their horses' hoofs had once trod."

In the fifteenth century gem engraving revived; Italy was the chosen place for the recommencement of her career; and there are some interesting and curious specimens of her progress during that period still remaining.

We hasten now to more modern times. The names of Pikler and Natter, among the Germans, are familiar to every amateur of gems. Their productions (particularly those of the latter) approach very nearly to the beauty of the antique. Mr. Croly, in his work, has mentioned with praise-worthy complacency the very high rank which some of our own countrymen have attained in this department of art—the names of Brown and Marchant are sufficient to attest this fact—but why is that of *Burch* omitted, who was unquestionably the father of gem engraving in this country? To this list might safely be added the names of Wray, Dean, and Frewin, as not likely to be forgotten by those who are capable of appreciating excellence in works of this description.

Mr. Tassie, in his invaluable repository, has impressions of almost all the various collections of gems in the world, by means of which those works, which otherwise would have been buried in comparative oblivion, are attainable at a very trifling expense by every lover of the Fine Arts. This is the most complete collection in Europe, amounting to nearly twenty thousand in number, and comprising casts of almost every gem, whether antique or modern, of known celebrity.

It is not so fully known as it should be, that in Tassie's collection there are also above twelve hundred fine impressions from the splendid Greek and Roman coins, collected at an immense expense by the late Dr. Hunter. The importance to these also, deserves to make it a favourite study with the accomplished mind of England. These relicts of antiquity, as well as the gems, may be truly said "to revive the forgotten skill and varnished beauty of by-gone ages." T. T.

#### GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

Antiparos is one of the Cyclades, and is situated in the Ægean Sea, or Grecian Archipelago. It is a small island, about sixteen miles in circumference, and lies two miles to the west of the celebrated Paros, from which circumstances it derives its name, *anti* in the Greek language signifying *opposite to*. Its singular and most interesting grotto, though so inferior in

size to the cavern in Kentucky, has attracted the attention of an infinite number of travellers. The entrance to this superb grotto is on the side of a rock, and is a large arch, formed of craggy stones, overhung with brambles and creeping plants, which bestow on it a gloominess at once awful and agreeable. Having proceeded about thirty paces within it, the traveller enters a low narrow alley, surrounded on every side by stones, which, by the light of torches, glitter like diamonds; the whole being covered and lined throughout with small crystals, which give, by their different reflections, a variety of colours. At the end of this alley or passage, having a rope tied round his waist, he is led to the brink of an awful precipice, and is thence lowered into a deep abyss, the gloom pervading which makes him regret the "alley of diamonds" he has just quitted. He has not as yet, however, reached the grotto, but is led forward about forty paces, beneath a roof of rugged rocks, amid a scene of terrible darkness, and at a vast depth from the surface of the earth, to the brink of another precipice, much deeper and more awful than the former.

Having descended this precipice, which is not accomplished without considerable difficulty, the traveller enters a passage, the grandeur and beauty of which can be but imperfectly described. It is one hundred and twenty feet in length, about nine feet high, and in width seven, with a bottom of a fine green glossy marble. The walls and arched roof are as smooth and polished as if they had been wrought by art, and are composed of a fine glittering red and white granite, supported at intervals by columns of a deep blood-red shining porphyry, which, by the reflection of the lights, presents an appearance inconceivably grand. At the extremity of this passage is a sloping wall, formed of a single mass of purple marble, studded with sprigs of rock crystal, which, from the glow of the purple behind, appear like a continued range of amethysts.

Another slanting passage, filled with petrifications, representing the figures of snakes and other animals, and having towards its extremity two pillars of beautiful yellow marble, which seem to support the roof, leads to the last precipice, which is descended by the means of a

ladder. The traveller, who has descended to the depth of nearly one thousand five hundred feet beneath the surface, now enters the magnificent grotto, to procure a sight of which he has endured so much fatigue. It is in width three hundred and sixty feet; in length three hundred and forty; and in most places one hundred and eighty in height. By the aid of torch-light, he finds himself beneath an immense and finely-vaulted arch, overspread with icicles of white shining marble, many of them ten feet in length, and of a proportionate thickness. Among these are suspended a thousand festoons of leaves and flowers, of the same substance, but so glittering as to dazzle the sight. The sides are planted with petrifications, also of white marble, representing trees; these rise in rows one above the other, and often enclose the points of the icicles. From them also hang festoons, tied as it were one to another in great abundance; and in some places rivers of marble seem to wind through them. In short, these petrifications, the result of the dripping of water for a long series of ages, nicely resemble trees and brooks turned to marble. The floor is paved with crystals of different colours, such as red, blue, green, and yellow, projecting from it, and rendering it rugged and uneven. These are again interspersed with icicles of white marble, which have apparently fallen from the roof, and are there fixed. To these the guides fasten their torches; and the glare of splendour and beauty which results from such an illumination may be better conceived than described.

Dr. Clarke, who visited this celebrated grotto in 1802, thus describes it:—

“The mode of descent is by ropes, which, on the different declivities, are either held by guides, or are joined to a cable which is fastened at the entrance around a stalactite pillar. In this manner, we were conducted, first down one declivity, and then down another, until we entered the spacious chambers of this truly enchanted grotto. The roof, the floor, the sides of a whole series of magnificent caverns, were entirely invested with a dazzling incrustation as white as snow. Columns, some of which were five-and-twenty feet in length, pended in fine icicle forms above our heads; fortunately some of them are so far above

the reach of the numerous travellers, who, during many ages, have visited this place, that no one has been able to injure or to remove them. Others extended from the roof to the floor, with diameters equal to that of the mast of a first-rate ship of the line. The incrustations of the floor, caused by falling drops from the stalactites above, had grown up into dendritic and vegetable forms, which first suggested to Tournefort the strange notion of his having here discovered the vegetation of stones. Vegetation itself has been considered as a species of crystallization; and as the process of crystallization is so surprisingly manifested by several phenomena in this grotto, some analogy may perhaps be allowed to exist between the plant and the stone; but it cannot be said, that a principle of life existing in the former has been imparted to the latter. The last chamber into which we descended surprised us more by the grandeur of its exhibition than any other. Probably there are many other chambers below this, yet unexplored, for no attempt has been made to penetrate farther: and, if this be true, the new caverns, when opened, would appear in perfect splendour, unsullied, in any part of them, by the smoke of torches, or by the hands of intruders.”

#### REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA,

*By a banished Lady. 2 vols.*

Siberia is not such a terrible place after all, if we are to trust to the representation of this “banished lady,” whose revelations are submitted to the English reader through the medium of Col. Lach Szyrma’s translation. She met with very good sort of people there, and partook of some entertainments that would make the heart of a London Alderman rejoice. Her offence was a political one, and her place of exile Beresov, the most northern part of the penal settlement, where, having spent about two years, she has much to tell of the characters and modes of life of the people. The book, however, has twice undergone the Russian censorship, and we may assume that everything unpalatable to the government has been struck out. The popular notion as to a Siberian climate will receive a corrective from her account of the warm season at Beresov, of the incredible vigor of sudden vegetation, the more than tropical nuisance of mosquitoes, and the welcome shade from the sultry noon in the

deep forest of larch trees. At page 159 we read:—"The heat now grew unsupportable, and kept us imprisoned in doors; there was no dew at night, no cooling breeze of sunset, no fresh air of morning—but ever and ever incessant sunshine burning and scorching unremittingly. The sun made scarcely a momentary dip under the horizon, even then not entirely concealing his burning rays, and soon he lifted up his fiery orb again. It was impossible to breathe, impossible to sit in a chair, or do any work; utter lassitude crept over the whole frame, repressing all vigor or vital power. I threw myself on the floor, deluged myself with buckets of cold water, but the benefit was but momentary, from the overpowering hot blast of the atmosphere." Not less novel or strange is the description of luxurious interiors and household elegance among the government functionaries, as well as a few voluntary residents. A fop, and even a "bloomer," are found in full blossom under a polar sky; visits and pic-nics are plentiful, and card parties give further evidence of civilisation. Some of the ladies are masculine in their habits, and among these a curious example will be found in a certain Madame X., a genuine Siberian, who wore men's clothes, was a good shot, devoted to hunting, and kept a collection of arms. She treated all the forms and usages of society with contempt, spurned them as shackles imposed upon free-will, fetters on the mind; and considered herself superior to the rest of her sex, in so far as she differed from them by the boldness of her conduct, and the singularity of her dress and manners. The Cossacks appear to have greatly degenerated; for our authoress found boys of twenty years of age crying like babies when they were kept waiting for their tea.

#### A TARTAR BEAUTY.

"At one of the post-stations between Kazan and Perm, a chief of a village, actuated, as I suspected, less by politeness than curiosity, arrived to pay his respects to us. He was no longer young, but looked robust. He was dressed in a broad kaftan, with a turban on his head, and led his wife by the hand, whom he presented to me. A long veil was thrown over her head, concealing the whole of her waist, and her other dress. Her face, however, was uncovered; but it was horrible to look at, so thickly was it overlaid with rouge, white and crimson; and her eyebrows were painted jet black. It bore not the slightest appearance to

a human face, but more that of a hideous mask, or a doll made of parchment. Her be-dizen'd visage, and her fantastic costume, made me think that we, at that moment, were at a masquerade, and had one of its most perfect patterns before us. It was not, however, long before I repressed my foolish wonder at her figure and resumed an earnest countenance. Having formerly had frequent opportunities of seeing the Tartars, and not being at all a stranger to their manners, I entered into conversation with this strange couple. 'How many wives have you got?' I asked the Mus-sulman. 'Four,' replied he. 'Why did you not bring them all here?' 'All the others are old and ugly; I never take them with me. This one is but thirty-two years, and I am proud of her,' answered he, casting a doating glance on his better half. 'How many children have you?' 'Only four sons and nine daughters,' replied he, with a mournful shake of his head, as if desirous we should pity him. To give his sorrow on that account, a ludicrous turn, I continued; 'They are handsome, lusty maidens, surely, and you will get a good round sum of money for them.' 'But has it not cost me much to rear them?' I much doubt that I shall get back my money,' replied he. Such was this worthy and calculating *pater familias* of the Steppe."

#### THE BIRD-CATCHER.

Old Robin had not always been a bird-catcher. He had what is called fallen in the world. His father had been the best-ac-customed and most fashionable shoemaker of the town of B., and Robin succeeded, in right of eldership, to his house, his business, his customers, and his debts. No one was ever less fitted for the craft. Birds had been his passion from the time that he could find a nest or string an egg; and the amusement of the boy became the pursuit of the man. No sooner was he his own master than his whole house became an aviary, and his whole time was devoted to the breeding, taming, and teaching the feathered race; an employment that did not greatly serve to promote his success as a cordwainer. He married an extravagant wife, and a neglected, and, therefore, unprosperous business, drove him more and more into the society of the pretty creatures whose company he had always so greatly preferred to that of the two-legged, unfeathered animal, called man. Things grew worse and worse; and at length poor Robin appeared in the Gazette—ruined, as his wife and his customers said, by birds; or, as he himself said, by his customers and his wife. Perhaps there was some truth on either side; at least, a thousand pound of

bad debts on his books, and a whole pile of milliners' and mantua-makers' bills, went nigh to prove the correctness of his assertion. Ruined, however, he was; and a happy day it was for him, since his stock being sold, his customers gone, and his prospects in trade fairly at an end, his wife (they had no family) deserted him also, and Robin, thus left a free man, determined to follow the bent of his genius, and devote the remainder of his life to the breeding, catching, and selling of birds.

For this purpose he hired an apartment in B. called the Soak, a high spacious attic, not unlike a barn, which came recommended to him by its cheapness, its airiness, and its extensive cage-room; and his creditors having liberally presented him with all the inhabitants of his aviary, some of which were very rare and curious, as well as a large assortment of cages, nets, traps, and seeds, he began his new business with great spirit, and has continued it ever since with various success, but with unabating perseverance, zeal, and good-humor—a very poor and a very happy man. His garret at Soak is one of the boasts of B.; all strangers go to see the birds and the bird-catcher, and most of his visitors are induced to become purchasers, for there is no talking with Robin on his favourite subject without catching a little of his contagious enthusiasm. His room is quite a menagerie, something like what the feathered department of the ark must have been—as crowded, as numerous, and as noisy.

The din is really astounding. To say nothing of the twitter of whole legions of linnets, goldfinches, and canaries, the latter of all ages; the chattering and piping of magpies, parrots, jackdaws and bullfinches, in every stage of their education; the deeper tones of Black-birds, thrushes, larks, and nightingales, never fail to swell the chorus, aided by the cooing of doves, and screeching of owls, the squeaking of guinea-pigs, and the eternal grinding of a barrel-organ, which a little damsel of eight years old, who officiates under Robin as feeder and cleaner, turns round, with melancholy monotony, to the loyal and patriotic tunes of *Rule Britannia*, and *God save the King*—the only airs, as her master observes, which are sure not to go out of fashion.

Except this little damsel and her music, the apartment exhibits but few signs of human habitation. A macaw is perched on the little table, and a cockatoo chained to the only chair; the roof is tenanted by a choice breed of tumbler pigeons, and the floor cumbered by a brood of curious bantams, unrivalled for ugliness.

Here Robin dwells in the midst of the feathered population, except when he sallies forth at morning or evening to spread his nets for goldfinches on the neighbouring commons, or to place his trap-cages for the larger birds. Once or twice a year, indeed, he wanders into Oxfordshire, to meet the great flocks of linnets, six or seven hundred together, which congregate on those hills, and may be taken by dozens; and he has had ambitious thoughts of trying the great field of Covent-garden.

But in general he remains quietly at home. The nest in the Soak is too precious a deposit to leave long; and he is seldom without some especial favourite to tend and fondle. At present, the hen nightingale seems his pet; the last was a white blackbird; and once he had a whole brood of gorgeous king-fishers, seven glorious creatures, for whose behoof he took up a new trade, and turned fisherman, dabbling all day with a hand-net in the waters of the Soak. It was the prettiest sight in the world to see them snatch the minnows from his hand, with a shy mistrustful tameness, glancing their bright heads from side to side, and then darting off like bits of the rainbow. I had an entire sympathy with Robin's delight in his king-fishers. He sold them to his chief patron, Mr. Jay, a little, fidgetty old bachelor, with a sharp face, and hooked nose, a brown complexion, and a full suit of snuff-colour, not much unlike a bird himself; and that worthy gentleman's mismanagement and a frosty winter killed the king-fishers every one. It was quite affecting to hear poor Robin talk of their death. But Robin has a store of tender anecdotes; and any one who has a mind to cry over the sorrows of a widowed turtle-dove, and to hear described to the life her vermilion eye, black gorget, soft plumage, and plaintive note, cannot do better than pay a visit to the garret in the Soak, and listen for half an hour to my friend the bird-catcher.

Miss Milford.

#### DANGERS OF CHINESE AUTHORCRAFT.

One of the prevailing peculiarities of China is, that nothing which is established in that country must ever be changed. A severe despotism preserves every thing exactly as it happens to exist. Some time ago, an individual, named Whang-See-Heou, who followed the dangerous profession of author, so far forgot himself as to make some alterations on an existing dictionary of the Chinese language. His crime is thus set forth in the report of his judges:—

“We find,” they say, “1st. That he has presumed to meddle with the great dictionary of Kang-hi; having made an abridgment of it, in which he has had the audacity to contradict some passages in that excellent and authentic work. 2d. In the preface to his abridgment we have seen with horror that he has dared to write the little names (that is, the primitive family names) of Confucius, and even of your majesty; a temerity, a want of respect, which has made us shudder. 3d. In the genealogy of his family and his poetry, he has asserted that he is descended from the Whang-tee.

“We asked why he had dared to meddle with the great dictionary of Kang-hi; he replied, ‘That dictionary is very voluminous and inconvenient; I have made an abridgment, which is less cumbersome and expensive.’

“Being questioned how he could have the audacity to write in the preface to this dictionary the little names of the emperors of the



reigning dynasty, he answered, 'I know that it is unlawful to pronounce the little names of the emperors. I introduced them into my dictionary merely that the young people might know what those names were, and not be liable to use them by mistake. I have, however, acknowledged my error, by reprinting my dictionary, and omitting what was amiss.'

"We replied, that the little names of the emperor and of Confucius were known to the whole empire. He protested that he had long been ignorant of them, and that he had not known them himself till he was thirty years old, when he saw them for the first time in the hall where the literari compose their pieces in order to obtain degrees.

"When we asked how he had dared to assert that he was descended from the Whang-tee, he said, 'It was a vanity that came into my heart. I wanted to make people believe that I was somebody.'

If there were in these charges anything really reprehensible, according to the broad principles of universal morality, it was in the fabrication of an illustrious genealogy; this imposture, censurable in any case, might have been designed to make dupes, and perhaps to make a party; but the judges of Whang-See-Heou attached less importance to this charge than to the other two. They declare the author guilty of high treason on the first charge, and pronounced this sentence:—

"According to the laws of the empire, this crime ought to be rigorously punished. The criminal shall be cut in pieces, his goods confiscated, and his children and relatives above the age of sixteen years put to death. His wives, and his children under sixteen, shall be exiled and given as slaves to some grandee of the empire."

The sovereign was graciously pleased to mitigate the severity of this sentence, in an edict to this effect:—"I favour Whang-See-Heou in regard to the nature of his punishment. He shall not be cut in pieces, and shall *only* have his head cut off. I forgive his relatives. As to his sons, let them be reserved for the great execution in autumn. Let the sentence be executed in its other points—such is my pleasure."

**HANDWRITING.**—At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, some papers were read relative to handwriting. Among the facts stated the most remarkable was, that no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his nation. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in the French style; if German, Italian or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. I myself have observed the same circumstance. I am acquainted with a Frenchman who has passed all his life in England, and who is English in dress, habits, tastes, everything; who speaks English like one of our countrymen, and writes English with ten times more correctness than ninety-nine in the hundred of us, but who cannot, for the very life of him,

imitate our mode of writing. I have also heard speak of a Scotch youth who was carefully educated in this country, and for eighteen years of his life mixed exclusively with French people, but who, though he had a French writing master, and perhaps never saw anything but French writing in his life, always wrote in the same style as we all do: it was really national instinct. In Paris all the writing-masters profess to teach the English manner of writing; but with all their professions and all their exertions, they can never get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French. Some person pretended that he could tell the characters of individuals from their handwritings. I know not whether he spoke truth or not, but assuredly he might have asserted, with the most perfect confidence, that he could distinguish a man's country by his handwriting. The difference between our writing and that of the French is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and a hundred written by a hundred of our own countrymen, and no one could fail to say which was the British and which the French, even though they should all be written in the same language and with the same pens and ink and paper. The difference between Italian and Spanish and German styles of writing is equally great. The truth is, there is about as great a difference between national handwritings as there is between national languages. And it is a singular truth, that though a man may shake off national habits, accent, manner of thinking, style of dress—though he may become perfectly identified with another nation, and speak its language as well, perhaps better than his own, yet never, never, can he succeed in changing his handwriting into a foreign style.—*Edinburgh Weekly Review.*

A GENTLEMAN at table being famous for allowing the wine to remain a long time placed before him, was checked in the following manner:—"I am sorry," observed a *bon vivant*, "our friend opposite has been so reduced in circumstances as to patronise the office of a bottle-holder!"

**BEN JONSON.**—This eccentric man was a bricklayer and a soldier, and acquired great celebrity as a dramatic writer, with the assistance of his friend Shakspeare. At the accession of James I., he had the honour of preparing the device for the entertainment of the king in his passage from the Tower to Westminster Abbey. In 1621, he was appointed poet laureat, when the annual salary of 100 marks was raised to 100*l.* He died in 1637, and on his grave-stone, in Westminster Abbey, is the following short inscription:—

"Oh, rare Ben Jonson!"

At the examination of Col. Thompson, before the Lord Chancellor, a person present said, from his witty remarks, he thought him a *dry dog*. "You would be satisfied of that," said a gentleman at his elbow, "if you were to see the quantity of wine he drinks."

## NEAR THEE, STILL NEAR THEE!

Near thee, still near thee!—o'er thy pathway gliding,  
 Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low sigh;  
 Life's veil enfolds thee still, our eyes dividing,  
 Yet viewless love floats round thee silently!  
 Not 'midst the festal throng,  
 In halls of mirth and song;  
 But when thy thoughts are deepest,  
 When holy tears thou weapest,  
 Know then that love is nigh!

When the night's whisper o'er thy harp-strings creeping,  
 Or the sea music on the sounding shore,  
 Or breezy anthems through the forest sweeping,  
 Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore;  
 When every thought and prayer—  
 We loved to breathe and share,  
 On thy full heart returning,  
 Shall wake its voiceless yearning;  
 Then feel me near once more!

Near thee, still near thee!—trust thy soul's deep dream—  
 Oh! love is not an earthly Rose to die! [ing;  
 Ev'n when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,  
 Thine image wanders with me through the sky.  
 The fields of air are free,  
 Yet lonely, wanting thee;  
 But when thy chains are falling,  
 When heaven its own is calling,  
 Know then, thy guide is nigh!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## SONG.

'Tis now the hour—'tis now the hour  
 To bow at Beauty's shrine;  
 Now whilst our hearts confess the power  
 Of woman, wit, and wine;  
 And beaming eyes look on so bright,  
 Wit springs—wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour—in such an hour,  
 In such an hour as this,  
 While pleasure's fount throws up a shower  
 Of social sprinkling bliss,  
 Why does my bosom heave a sigh  
 That mars delight?—She is not by!

There was an hour—there was an hour  
 When I indulged the spell  
 That love wound round me with a power  
 Words vainly try to tell—  
 Though Love has filled my checker'd doom  
 With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom.

Yet there's an hour—there's still an hour,  
 Whose coming sunshine may  
 Clear from the clouds that hang and lower  
 My fortune's future day;  
 That hour of hours beloved will be,  
 The hour that gives thee back to me!

*Campbell.*

## EPIGRAM.

They say, my friend, that you admire  
 Yourself with all a lover's fire.  
 Men who possess what they desire,  
 Like you, are happy fellows;  
 But you can boast one pleasure more,  
 While blest with all that you adore,  
 "That no one will be jealous."

## BEAUTY AND DRESS.

Spare not, fair maid, each glittering gaud to seek—  
 Grudge not the wasted hour—  
 Tinge with a borrowed rose thy tender cheek,  
 Heightening thy beauty's power;  
 Summon more maidens for the mystic rites,  
 To aid thee at thy call;  
 Arrange the mirrors, and dispose more lights,  
 Then deck thee for the ball.

It was not always thus, in days gone by,  
 Simplicity, not Art,  
 Was thy first charm. Not to attract the eye,  
 But to subdue the heart.  
 Thoughtless of admiration, how could men  
 Not worship such as thou?  
 Success was certain to attend thee then.  
 As sure as failure now.

A modest blush supplied the frequent rose,  
 Flowers decked thy flowing hair;  
 No laboured arts delayed the toilet's close—  
 No foreign aid was there!  
 Then thou wert simple, innocent, and free—  
 Would thou wert so again;  
 Free—for the world had not then trammelled thee  
 With self-accepted chain.

Now let thy flowing flounces' ample round  
 Thy empty pride convey,  
 And thy fair locks, where ornaments abound,  
 A faulty taste display;  
 Let the imprisoning whalebone aptly show  
 Thy intellect confined;  
 The feather, with its restless, dancing flow,  
 Present thy fickle mind.

The softest satin of the loom shall e'en  
 Thy polished skin outvie;  
 And diamonds of Golconda, with their sheen,  
 Outsparkle the bright eye.  
 Thus deck'd thou wilt attract each passing look,  
 But not one heart retain:  
 The gaudiest bait that floats, without a hook,  
 Would floating, float in vain.

*Hon. E. Phipps.*

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

As light as down from nestling's wing  
 Is woman's love, they say,  
 Which every fickle gale in spring,  
 Will blow from spray to spray.

But woman's love, where'er it flew,  
 Too like the down would stay,  
 If man, as fickle, never blew  
 That tender love away.

## CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

## ON A GOOD WIFE.

Here lies my poor wife, much lamented;  
 She's happy, and I'm contented.

## IN A CHURCH-YARD IN NORFOLK.

Here lies Matthew Mud,  
 Death did him no hurt;  
 When alive he was Mud,  
 And now dead he's but dirt.

## MISHAPS OF JACK ALLBUT.

My friend Jack Allbut was almost all that he ought to be, but not entirely so. He was almost tall enough, almost well proportioned, almost handsome; but in all those particulars he fell short of the proper standard. Better would it have been for Jack had he been irremediably ugly or diminutive, or had he possessed that consistent mediocrity of appearance between which and every approach to beauty the line is strongly marked. But unluckily he had enough of the latter quality to stimulate, though not to satisfy his vanity; enough to excite the hope of admiration, but not to secure him against frequent disappointment.

His person had, as Brown would have said, its capabilities; and, whether for his own sins or those of his ancestors, he was cursed with a genius to take advantage of them. He devoted himself altogether to the study of dress. His talents, which might have raised him to respectability if rightly employed, were wholly directed to the improvement of his exterior, and early in life he arrived at the unenviable distinction of being a first-rate coxcomb. Five hours out of every day were devoted to the adornment of his person, and the principal part of the rest to its exhibition.

The art of the toilette, like every other, is not to be completely acquired at once. Time and practice are requisite for its perfection. Jack's first attempts in this way did not evince any extraordinary degree of skill or judgment, and his failures sometimes exposed him to ludicrous distresses. He was, as I have observed, rather under the middle size. In the effort to appear tall, he acquired in walking a habit of springing upon his toes, and stretching his neck upwards like a fowl in the act of swallowing water. This gave him a fantastic and ridiculous air. He next adopted heels of a tremendous height, which combining with the tightness of his boots, made him hobble in his gait, and produced upon his feet corns, bunions, and callosities, in all their torturing varieties. The consequence was, that between boot-makers, chiropedisti, infallible salves, and unrivalled solvents, he was reduced at the age of five-and-twenty to the predicament of a gouty cripple.

He either had, or fancied he had, at one time a tendency to grow corpulent. His "beau ideal," with regard to the person, consisted in a slender shape, and his clothes were made so excessively tight, that they were perpetually bursting, and consequently were very soon worn out. All his movements were horribly impeded by his unnatural state of tension. He could not make a bow without the dislocation of a brace, or the detachment of a button. He could not stoop to pick up a lady's fan without making a vent in the knees of his breeches. A heavy dinner was sure to work serious damage in his costume. In winter the tenuity of his covering refrigerated the system, and its tightness in summer acted as a perpetual diaphoretic. Syncope was produced by his stays, and strangulation by his cravat; a

compression of the midriff resulted from the one, and a constant cephalalgia from the other. These, however, were not the most ridiculous of his afflictions. His hair was inclining to red, though not of a disagreeable shade, but his eye-brows and eye-lashes were naturally of an intense white. This anomaly he determined to rectify. He had heard of crude antimony as a specific for the disease of white eye-brows, and resolved to try it. The colour it produced formed an absurd contrast to his hair, and to his eye-lashes, which he did not venture to touch; and it was laid on with so little skill and discretion as to be palpable to every observer. The skin was coloured as well as the hair, and his countenance thus assumed a mingled expression of ludicrous ferocity. Thus disguised, he went among his intimates, and was everywhere received with a horse-laugh.

He next tried the pencil, but with no better success. The skin was darkened, but the white hairs still glistened above it. After a variety of experiments, he found means to make a tolerable imitation of nature with some kind of brown paint. Still, however, the operation of painting was tedious: if it should not be performed with excessive care, the deception might be discovered, and the effect was always liable to a casual removal. When he had succeeded thus far, an advertisement chanced to meet his eye, setting forth the marvellous virtues of some infallible die for the eye-brows and whiskers. It was to produce a colour natural, beautiful, and permanent. It bade defiance to the shrewdest scrutiny and to all the detergent powers of alkaline abluion. His ears pricked up at the intelligence, his heart beat with anticipated triumph; he lost not a moment in procuring the valuable liquid, for a bottle of which he only paid the moderate sum of thirty shillings. He was so confident of the success of his intended experiment, that he invited a large party of friends to dine with him at a coffee-house on the very day on which he intended to apply the liquid. He enjoyed in prospect the admiration his appearance would excite. How would he dispel the lurking doubts of some, and confirm the wavering faith of others! He meant to pass his hand repeatedly across his brows, and complain of the excessive heat; to call for a napkin to wipe his forehead, and even to apply a wet cloth to it under the pretext of an insipient head-ache. How would he startle the infidel by the result of these experiments! what incredulity could be proof against the evidence of the senses.

But alas! those splendid day-dreams were destined to be rudely dissipated. He applied the liquid, and, after the expiration of an hour, he went to the glass to witness its effect. But oh, what language can describe the appalling apparition that burst upon his sight? His brows, the hair, skin, and parts adjacent, presented one blaze of the most intense crimson. He looked like an Irishman with the recent marks of an affectionate shillelah upon his

temples, or like the blood-boltered ghost of Banquo. He tried, but ineffectually, to remove the sanguine stain. He washed, he scrubbed, he scraped, all to no purpose. One part of the advertisement at least was true, and he found to his cost that the permanence of the dye was no empty boast. So far was the discolouration from yielding to his efforts, that every washing seemed to increase its depth and intensity. The only effect of his labour was to add to the disfigurement of his countenance a most violent degree of pain and irritation. Finding that it was useless to make farther attempts for the removal of the stain, he shut himself in his room, pretended illness, and despatched notes of apology to his friends whom he had invited to dinner. No one received his notes; the gentlemen met, and dined together at their own expense; one of them indulged himself in very severe reprobation of what he termed Jack's ungentlemanly conduct. The latter heard of this, and as soon as he was able to appear abroad, sent a challenge to the offender. They met, and my friend was severely wounded in the left shoulder. Such was the result of his eccentricity!

*Lady's Magazine.*

A travelling gentleman saw by the side of the road, on a sandy heath, a colony of rats moving in grand divisions, and in the most perfect order, from a dilapidated mill towards a parson's barn. This was not so wonderful; but upon a nearer approach, to his great surprise, he saw, by the help of a good glass, two rats leading their aged parent, who was blind, in the following extraordinary manner:—A long wheat-straw was held in the centre between the gums of the old rat, for he was toothless as well as blind, at the extremities of which each of the sons, marching gently, conducted their sire to the destined spot.

**CAPABILITY BROWN.**—There came over to this country with King William III. from Holland a decided Dutch taste, and this was perhaps most apparent in the manner in which gardens and parks were laid out after this period. Every thing was in straight and formal lines, and trees were planted in avenues like troops in open order. Mr. Brown (or Capability Brown as he was called, from that word being constantly in his mouth) was the first to break through this outrage of nature, and to give a more free and appropriate figure to the romantic scenery of England, and several of the parks were laid out by him, particularly Stowe and Blenheim, which to this day stand unrivalled monuments of his correct taste. This proceeding was at that time thought to be a bold measure, but the good sense of the nation got the better of their former prejudices, and with the assistance of Hogarth's "line of beauty," were again brought to a proper view on these important points. When Blenheim came to the hands of John the great Duke of Marlborough, much was done at the expense of the nation, but as "a place" it was far from perfection. After entering at the great arch, a small stream met the eye, not by any means in character with the composition;

and politics running high, Dr. Evans seized hold of these two points, the arch and the stream, for an epigram, which was said at once to express the character of the hero. He was reported to be ambitious, and neither to reward or promote those who had assisted in his success. The epigram was this;—

The lofty arch his high ambition shews  
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

This epigram was in the mouth of all, and none felt it more than the duke; and Brown at this period having met his grace at Blenheim, pointed out a spot possessing capability, and recommended that a lake should be formed at the entrance. This plan was eagerly caught at by his grace, as the sting would be taken out of the epigram and Blenheim become in all respects what it should be, and he left the whole management to Brown, who, finding that the ground was for some distance a dead level merely threw a dam across a mouth or outlet, and in a few days that fine lake which breaks upon the astonished view of the observer at the entrance of the park, and over which the bridge is thrown, presented itself. The duke returned—the *tout ensemble* was complete. Dr. Evans had obtained his *quietus*, and his grace was in raptures. Brown had watched the duke's countenance—he had witnessed his astonished look—he heard his exclamations with delight and satisfaction. At last the duke cried out "Good Heavens, Brown, why this is beyond my utmost expectations—how magnificent—how grand—it is quite extraordinary." "Yes," returned Mr. Brown, with dignity and gravity, elated with his achievement, drawing up his body and throwing back his head, "Yes, my lord duke, *I think I have made the River Thames blush to day.*"

#### THE IRISH BAR.

Lord Avonmore was subject to perpetual fits of absence, and was frequently insensible to the conversation that was going on. He was once wrapped in one of his wonted reveries; and, not hearing one syllable of what was passing, (it was at a large professional dinner given by Mr. Bushe), Curran, who was sitting next to his lordship, having been called on for a toast, gave "All our absent friends," patting, at the same time, Lord Avonmore on the shoulder, and telling him that they had just drunk his health. Quite unconscious of anything that had been said for the last hour, and taking the intimation as a serious one, Avonmore rose, and apologizing for his inattention, returned thanks to the company for the honour they had done him by drinking his health.

There was a curious character, a Sergeant Kelly, at the Irish bar. He was, in his day, a man of celebrity. Curran gave us some odd sketches of him. The most whimsical peculiarity, however, of this gentleman, and which, as Curran described it, excited a general grin, was an inveterate habit of drawing conclusions directly at variance with his premises. He had acquired the name of Counsellor Therefore. Curran said that he was a perfect human personification of a *non sequitur*. For instance, meeting Curran one Sunday near St. Patrick's,

he said to him, "The Archbishop gave us an excellent discourse this morning. It was well written and well delivered; therefore I shall make a point of being at the Four Courts tomorrow at ten." At another time, observing to a person whom he met in the street, "What a delightful morning this is for walking!" he finished his remark on the weather, by saying, "therefore, I will go home as soon as I can, and stir out no more the whole day."

His speeches in Court were interminable, and his *therefores* kept him going on, though every one thought he had done. The whole Court was in a titter when the Sergeant came out with them, whilst he himself was quite unconscious of the cause of it.

"This is so clear a point, gentlemen," he would tell the jury, "that I am convinced you felt it to be so the very moment I stated it. I should pay your understandings but a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute; therefore I shall now proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible." Into such absurdities did his favourite "therefore" betray him.—

*Clubs of London.*

A FELLOW stole Lord Chatham's *large gouty shoes*: his servant not finding them, began to curse the thief.—"Never mind," said his Lordship, "all the harm I wish the rogue is, that the shoes may *fit him!*"

COLLEY CIBBER visited the Duke of Wharnton at Winchendon, and taking an airing with his Grace, the carriage could hardly be dragged through the heavy clay. "It has been said," observed Cibber, "that your Grace ran through your estate, but I defy you to *run* through this."

A YOUNG Englishman whilst at Naples was introduced at an assembly of one of the first Ladies by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend—"There (said he) that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?"—"Take care (said the other) that man is of the first quality."—"I do not care for his quality (said the Englishman) I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it."—"Pray, (said his friend) be quiet and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and as he entered—"There (said he) I have brought you your snuff-box." "Well how did you obtain it?"—"Why, (said the Neapolitan Nobleman) I did not wish to make any noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket of it."

CHARADE.—A natural production, neither animal, nor vegetable, nor mineral—neither male nor female, yet often produced between both; it exists from two to six feet high, is often spoken of in romances, and strongly recommended by precept, example, and Holy Writ—A *kiss*.

ACCORDING to the Asiatic Researches, a very curious mode of trying the title of lands is practised in Hindostan:—Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the plaintiff and defendant's lawyers put one of their legs and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the *Client* and not the *Lawyer* who puts his foot into it.

A WILTSHIRE CICERONE—One of the countless victims to the Fonthill Epidemic, at the moment of exhibiting that infallible incipient symptom which betrays itself in a visit to the princely mansions of the Pembrokes, found his attention arrested at the very entrance by the noble equestrian statue of *Marcus Aurelius*. After bestowing on this superb effort of the sculptor's art its due degree of silent admiration, he turned on a decent-looking native who stood high, and inquired for whom that figure was intended? "Thot ther, Zur?" was the reply, 'iss shuer I know't—'tuz *Marquis O'Riley's*.'

WOMAN.—Nothing sets so wide a mark "between the vulgar and the noble seed" as the respect and reverential love of womanhood. A man who is always sneering at women is generally a coarse profligate or a coarse bigot, no matter which.

ANGLING.—We have often thought that angling alone offers to man the degree of half-business, half-idleness, which the fair sex find in their needle-work or knitting, which, employing the hands, leaves the mind at liberty, and occupying the attention so far as is necessary to remove the painful sense of a vacuity, yet yields room for contemplation, whether upon things heavenly or earthly, cheerful or melancholy.—*Quarterly Review*.

GRAMMATICAL LEARNING.—An author left a comedy with Foote for perusal; and on the next visit asked for his judgment on it, with rather an ignorant degree of assurance. "If you looked a little more to the grammar of it, I think," said Foote, "it would be better." "To the grammar of it, sir! What! would you have me go to school again?" "And pray, sir," replied Foote, very gravely, "would that do you any harm?"

TIMELY REPARTEE.—A soldier of Marshal Saxe's army being discovered in a theft, was condemned to be hanged. What he had stolen might be worth about five shillings. The marshal meeting him as he was being led to execution said to him, "What a miserable fool you were to risk your life for 5s." "General," replied the soldier, "I have risked it every day for five-pence." This repartee saved his life.

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